Circular to the Wisconsin Volunteers,

ROOMS OF THE

State Historical Society of Wisconsin,

Aladison

To:

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 meagreness 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 justly 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. By keeping a Diary for the Society of such interesting events as you may deem proper of record and preservation—and especially full details of skirmishes and battles in which you, or any portion of our Wisconsin troops, may be engaged, together with anecdotes, exploits, and deeds of personal prowess and bravery.

2d. 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.

3d. 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.

4th. 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.

5th. 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 tales multiplied, as 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. Soc'ety of Wis.
Correspondence of Wisconsin Vols
Vol 11
For 1862

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Regiment</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Third</td>
<td>1-65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fourth</td>
<td>65-148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifth</td>
<td>148-248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sixth</td>
<td>248-270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seventh</td>
<td>274-298</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Letter from the Third Regiment.

Correspondence to the Jenn.

FREDERICK, Md., Jan. 7.

I am very happy to inform the friends of the Wisconsin Third that they are now in their Winter quarters, and are likely to remain there till to-morrow morning, perhaps a little longer, having their two days’ extra rations on hand, and holding themselves ready for a march at an hour’s notice, and perhaps through the winter. However, longer or shorter, they are for the present snugly ensconced in their board barracks, and at night most comfortably stowed away in pairs, in bunks, three boards high, and well filled with straw. They seem to enjoy their new quarters, greatly. Had you been any where within a half mile of us during almost any evening of Christmas week, I am not sure that our reputation for strict sobriety would not have suffered somewhat in your estimation. Our “boys,” it must be confessed, did use their liberty and their lungs most lustily. Three cheers were nothing; and three times three in definitely repeated alone seemed to satisfy their exuberant hilarity. Well, we were all glad at the change which substituted these comfortable apartments and comfortable berths for the tented tents, cold and comfortless, with beds of mother earth, and no superabundance of straw at that. This was novel living for the last of November, even in Maryland; and not a little sickness ensued from this exposure, which is now rapidly passing away under the influence of their new comforts. Their exposure to tent-life was quite too long for their safety. And yet there seemed to be no help for it, at least so far as any power in the regiment was concerned. However, they are now in comfortable quarters, and seem to enjoy them much. But how long they will be permitted to do so is, as I have already intimated, quite an uncertain matter. We have now for several days been living under a standing order to be ready to march at an hour’s notice, with two days’ extra rations on hand.

This order was issued to the whole division last Sabbath. Early on Monday morning, the Third Brigade, Gen. Williams, started for Hancock, on the Upper Potomac, to meet a threatening assault of the enemy. The remaining brigades are yet held in reserve for further developments. Of course we do not know what a day, or even an hour, may bring forth. In the meantime we mean to make the best of our winter quarters, and enjoy them to their full capacity.

Letter from Third Regiment.

FREDERICK, Md., Jan. 7.

I am very happy to inform the friends of the Wisconsin Third that they are now in their Winter quarters, and are likely to remain there till to-morrow morning, perhaps a little longer, having their two days’ extra rations on hand, and holding themselves ready for a march at an hour’s notice, and perhaps through the winter. However, longer or shorter, they are for the present snugly ensconced in their board barracks, and at night most comfortably stowed away in pairs, in bunks, three boards high, and well filled with straw. They seem to enjoy their new quarters, greatly. Had you been any where within a half mile of us during almost any evening of Christmas week, I am not sure that our reputation for strict sobriety would not have suffered somewhat in your estimation. Our “boys,” it must be confessed, did use their liberty and their lungs most lustily. Three cheers were nothing; and three times three in definitely repeated alone seemed to satisfy their exuberant hilarity. Well, we were all glad at the change which substituted these comfortable apartments and comfortable berths for the tented tents, cold and comfortless, with beds of mother earth, and no superabundance of straw at that. This was novel living for the last of November, even in Maryland; and not a little sickness ensued from this exposure, which is now rapidly passing away under the influence of their new comforts. Their exposure to tent-life was quite too long for their safety. And yet there seemed to be no help for it, at least so far as any power in the regiment was concerned. However, they are now in comfortable quarters, and seem to enjoy them much. But how long they will be permitted to do so is, as I have already intimated, quite an uncertain matter. We have now for several days been living under a standing order to be ready to march at an hour’s notice, with two days’ extra rations on hand.

This order was issued to the whole division last Sabbath. Early on Monday morning, the Third Brigade, Gen. Williams, started for Hancock, on the Upper Potomac, to meet a threatening assault of the enemy. The remaining brigades are yet held in reserve for further developments. Of course we do not know what a day, or even an hour, may bring forth. In the meantime we mean to make the best of our winter quarters, and enjoy them to their full capacity.

Letter from Third Regiment.

From a very interesting letter from Judge McNegial of Lancaster, who is serving with Capt. Limbocker. He is a native of Tennessee, in which State he received his early training and a good education. He left Tennessee some four or five years ago, and most of the time since has resided in Lancaster. We believe he supported Douglas or Bell for President. His general intelligence and more than ordinary conservatism entitle his opinions to consideration. The letter was not designed by the writer for publication, but as we can detect nothing in it objectionable we print it entire:

Mr. J. C. Cover—Dear Sir:—Your favor of November came to hand yesterday, (having been delayed beyond measure,) for which I am grateful. Our Regiment is now at Frederick, having been detailed from Gen. Hamilton’s Brigade, as Provost guard for the city. This important position in some of the Regiments seem to think, as it keeps us on a continued routine of guard duty, and this is the hardest duty.

Hamlet’s Badger Boys.

BY E. K.

We're Hamilt0n’s Badger Boys, and kisser have come,
From ‘Woody Wisconsin,’ our deary loved home,
To fight for the Union, to conquer or die,
And to rout the foe and end our wild battle cry.

Prom “Hooey Wisconsin,” our dearly loved home,
We’re hamilton’s badger boys,
And hither hate

Oh, we have left our loved kindred, in far Prairie
And come forth to battle, a strong-hearted band.
We could never remain in our homes afar,
When both Union and glory called us forth to war.

Our Governor equipped us and told us to go,
To fail out the Union’s most traitorous foe,
And to bound him right well on God’s threshing floor.
And not to turn homeward, till rebellion was o’er.

Brave Hamilton commanding our stern ranks o’ gray,
We all sworn to follow where he leads the way.
He’s the man not to quail, when war’s cannon roar,
For he has won glory in hot battle before.

And when we are marshalled in battle array And gallantly led on, where fierce is the fray,
There we’ll strike O.K., we’ll charge! No thought then to fly,
As we dash on to the foe with our wild battle cry.

Charge away, O.K.

From a very interesting letter from Judge McNegial of Lancaster, who is serving with Capt. Limbocker. He is a native of Tennessee, in which State he received his early training and a good education. He left Tennessee some four or five years ago, and most of the time since has resided in Lancaster. We believe he supported Douglas or Bell for President. His general intelligence and more than ordinary conservatism entitle his opinions to consideration. The letter was not designed by the writer for publication, but as we can detect nothing in it objectionable we print it entire:

Mr. J. C. Cover—Dear Sir:—Your favor of November came to hand yesterday, (having been delayed beyond measure,) for which I am grateful. Our Regiment is now at Frederick, having been detailed from Gen. Hamilton’s Brigade, as Provost guard for the city. This important position in some of the Regiments seem to think, as it keeps us on a continued routine of guard duty, and this is the hardest duty.
known to a soldier. The other Regiments composing the Brigade are in the vicinity of Frederick. Since our return to this place, we have erected Barracks and are safely housed in them, the weather being too cold and unpleasant to remain longer in tents, though the weather has been warm and pleasant up to the 15th December. Our Barracks are in the suburbs of the city, in the yard surrounding the old Washington Barracks built by the British over a century ago. They were once occupied by Gen. Washington and soldiers; they are now used for Brigade Hospitals, and are admirably adapted to that purpose. We have a great deal of sickness among the soldiers, mostly of a Pneumonia and Typhoid character. I think most of our Physicians know very little about how to treat these diseases in this climate, hence a great many deaths; however the company has lost but one man since we left home. They are a tough lot of boys, being almost invincible to disease and hardships.

I think we will remain here until spring unless the grand Army of the Potomac should be seized with more fighting spirit than has seemed to characterize them hitherto. But I will not complain of inactivity of the Army if we only succeed in quelling the rebellion in two or even only one year. You ask me what I think of the war by this time? In the first place I think the Federal Army has grown up to be the masterpiece of its kind, of modern times, and in the second place, I think and am going to whisper and whip them severally. Why just look at Old Abe: (a better man than I thought the Republican party could produce,) he is as calm and determined as he is honest and fair in carrying out the fixed purpose of the government, deciding even his devotions and devotion nothing which the most ultra democrats could object. Although he has been harassed by extremists of all parties and influences, still he moves along in the same quiet way as if our return to this place was our only care. I think the petitions for abolition and bills of emancipation offered in the early part of Congress, were wrong. I think it unfair to attempt to force these issues upon us at this time. But when emancipation or abolition becomes a military necessity, then I am for it heart and hand, but not till then. Just give old Abe and his boys a little time and they will make accession curse the day of its birth, and that time is not far distant. Just look at the Union armies, stone floats, Mississippi flotillas, armies of invasion and armies of occupation, engulfing the domain of accession by sea and by land; now what does the future unfold to the drama of accession darkness and a mass of ruins. Then will be heard voices of distress, crying for help, and the tongues of the traitors will be hushed in fear and shame. Secession began with a contemplative strut and hadl of a good government. But already it begins to doubt; soon it will pause; anon it will return; by and by I will shout for the stars and stripes, and then I am ready to come to Wisconsin, but not till then.

I was pleased to find you in good health and so cheerful amid the gloomy condition of affairs, and contending with a hopeful spirit for a prosperous future. I more than ever admire the independent course you have always taken on the slavery question, though it was contrary to mine; but after laying aside much prejudice and early training on the subject with a better acquaintance of free institutions, I am almost ready to say you are not far from right.

With an acknowledgment of a package of Heralds weekly for which you will have our thanks to the end of the war, I close with the highest consideration.

Your humble servant,

X.R. McCracken.

Letter from the Third Regiment.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

Editors of the Sentinel:—The "Third" was on as usual. Two long buildings, united by a third, constitute the barracks of the men. These structures were built by the soldiers of the Regiment under the supervision of Capt. CLARK, of the 45th Wisconsin Company. Boards of inch pine set on end and battened, constitute the walls, while the roof is of the same material and construction, with wider battens. Rough enough, but a great improvement over tents in this windy country. The officers’ quarters are on the fourth side of our quadrangle, and are just like the men’s barracks in construction, differing only as to the internal arrangements. Besides these, we have built a large guard house, and a hospital, and are comfortably fixed for any length of time.

Since I wrote last, the exercises in camp life have been conducted by two horns and a semi-tune, namely; a Grand Masonic Celebration on the 3d, a Grand Military Party on the 7th, and a small scare on the 5th. Shall I describe them? Listen, then:

Col. MURRAY, of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, is a venerable gentleman of 65 years of age, but, young friend, do not think of crutches, nor flowing gray locks, nor rheumatism, nor deliberation—no, no fat. No, indeed, my juvenile! the gallant Colonel is as active as when, in 1814, he fought our ancient enemy, and as when, in 1845, (or thereabouts,) as Chief Marshal of the City of Philadelphia, he put down the National American riots of that Quaker town. Tall, straight, quick as a cat and bold as a lion, and a heart, wishal, as big as an ox—eapital drill master, a veteran soldier—that is Col. Murray.

"God bless the Old Hero!"

Col. MURRAY is a Free Mason, and has been since 1818, and, moreover, is one of the few who “survived the flood.”

When we were all down in that dol- ftest of all dirty, disagreeable, dark, damp, drizzly, diabolical places—to wit: Madu Branch—the old Colonelbethought himself to get the Free Masons of the Division together. There was a large number in his regiment, twenty or thirty in ours, or thereabouts in the Indiana Twenty-seventh, all of which was accidentally learned by the Colonel, and he, being the only antiabolitionist “about the lodge,” took the responsibility of calling a meeting at his marque. The brethren in the division were hunted up and notified, and they came. General WILLIAMS was there from the Third Brigade, with Lieut. Colonel BROWN, of the Twenty-eighth New York, Capt. MORRISON and Quarter-master JAMISON, of the Twenty-seventh Indiana, Dr. BAILEY and Capt. LINDSEY, of the Third Wisconsin, Capt. KING and Chaplain QUINT and Major DWIGHT, of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania, Chaplain QUAY and Major DOWLING, of the Second Massachusetts, Major CRANE and Lieut. WYNDME, from the staff of the Second Brigade, and any quantity of good-looking Masons from the First Brigade. Brother BANKS was there—Major General though he is—and they had a grand reunion.

But in the midst of preparations for a festival of the Nativity of St. John, we had orders to move, and we all came here. The Lodge here, (Columbus Lodge No. 58,) learning of our designs in connection with the day, invited us to join them in the mystery. The invitation was accepted, and every arrangement made for a grand time. “But best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley.”

And St. John’s Day found us unprepared for a due celebration of it, and it was postponed a week.

On the 3rd, a large number of Free Masons from our Regiment and Army Lodges met at the Lodge Room in this city, and were marshalled in Masonic order for a procession. We marched to the Lutheran Church, preceded by the Soldiers’ Band, and proceeded to the City Hall, where the installation of the officers was performed.

Dr. J.B.G. BAXTER of our Regiment, (since promoted to be Brigade Surgeon,) was the installing officer. And he put on his solemnest countenance and gravest face, and went through with it in due and ancient form. D’ye know the Doctor? No? Well he is a very solemn individual
—never guilty of a joke—never laughed over twice between musters—strictly temperate—and, as an old lady told us in Baristown, a "morial pyrus man."—When he put his forage cap on and charged the master elect "to walk answerably to his calling in all grace and truth," you would have taken him for a tight-baptist elder or a monk of La Trappe.

Installation over, we listened to a most eloquent address from Rev. Mr. Quint, of the Second Massachusetts, and then we marched back to the Lodge Room and were re-marshall’d for dinner. One hundred and fifty sat down at the splendidly furnished board at the drill house. Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Wisconsin were blended with the National colors with a very fine effect. Uniforms of artillery, infantry, cavalry and staff corps were sprinkled plentifully, aye crowdingly, among the charming toilettes of the beautiful ladies of Monocacy Valley and Frederick City. Sashes, epaulettes, chapeaus, orders, decorations, shoulder straps, brass buttons, blue coats and red trousers made it the most brilliant assemblage I ever saw.

Dancing commenced almost immediately, Gen. Banks leading off with Mrs. Maulsby—and, of course, with Col. Maulsby and Mrs. Banks as vis-a-vis.

"Do you know" Ham Gray of Darlingtown?—the jolly, honest, persevering politician of Centre,—confided in by Democrats, loved by Land Agents, on the back patted by the lame ducks of the La Crosses railroad?—Well, sprinkle upon his head the brown hair "in the place where the hair ought to grow,"—add a wrinkle or two to his forehead,—give a half inch more of mouth, and you have Col. Maulsby.

"Such dancing as we had—and such sky-larking generally. The hospitable Colonel laid in an immense stock of fluids, and they were duly appreciated.—In fact, by two o’clock a considerable number of gallant officers were hora-du-combat, and very few could be found who could distinctly articulate "truly rural." Shall I tell you of the magnificent supper which midnight brought us? Shall I attempt any description of the graceful and high-spirited Union ladies who captivated us? Shall I go crazy and spookey over the eyes, and the faces, and—and—and—no, indeed, words can do no justice to the subject. No, my son, you have perhaps been to grand parties, and can phancy my feelins.

We came away, or I did, at three o’clock, mounting my Romante when the Egyptian gentleman brought him up, and jogged homeward thankful for this display of Georgian hospitality, and glad that no one of our Regiment present had forgotten the reputation of his corps.

with rummer, and the "boot and saddle" was the cry. Orders came to pack baggage and cook two days rations. Everyone rallied from his long inaction, and for an hour or two we had lively times again. The sick got well, and the lazy worked with a will.

But we waited vainly for the command to march. It didn’t come—and by nightfall we had unpacked and eaten our supper with good appetites.

Either Jackson or the Adjutant had postponed the fight.

S. I. E.

**Editorial Correspondence.**

**HEAD-QUARTER’S 2d REG’T W.S. VOL.-
CAMP BROWNL0W, FREDERICK CITY,
MD., JAN. 27, 1862.**

Since my last writing, nothing has occurred aside from our regular routine of duty, except the execution of John Lanahan, a private of the 46th Pennsylvania Regiment.

It will be remembered that, while maddened with liquor, this man shot the Major of that Regiment, last September, near Darnestown, killing him instantly, because the Major had ordered him punished for drunken and disorderly conduct. Lanahan was tried by a court martial, and sentenced to be hung. The sentence of the court was confirmed by Gen. McClellan, and ordered to be carried into execution. Gen. Banks, as Division commander, fixed the time of the execution on the 23d of December.

Col. Ruger, as Provost Marshal, was required to execute the sentence. Our Regiment, as Provost Guard, was required to guard the prisoner, he expiated his crime.

At 12 o’clock of the fatal day we marched to the guard post, where he was confined and escorted the prisoner to the gallows, erected some four miles out of the city. His arms were pinned to his side; he was drawn in a covered carriage, surrounded by a heavy guard, the Regiment marching behind. Arrived at the place of execution, the regiment formed square around the gallows, the prisoner mounted the steps first, and alone, and with a light step, mounted upon the platform, from which he was to be launched into eternity. A thrill of mournful admiration went through the assembled soldiers, to see him step with so bold a stride, so erect, so man-like. He seemed perfectly prepared to die, and to tell with gladness, the hour of his release. In answer to the inquiry "Have you anything to say?" he shook his head and told them he was ready. A white cap was drawn over his eyes, Capt. Bertram, Assistant Provost Marshal, alighted the fatal noose over his head, adjusted it, bound his limbs, and left the scaffold. All being ready, Col. Ruger dropped his
handkerchief as a signal, and the hangman, who was disguised, set his face and head shrouded with black, struck the drop fell, a shudder ran along the lines, as the rope straightened with a tug. A few contortions and writhings of the body for perhaps a half minute, and the head shrouded with black, struck the ground with a thud.

The scene was well calculated to banish any lingering doubt, we might have, of the propriety of abolishing the death penalty. The startling question was suggested to me,—was not his execution a more cold-blooded murder than the one for which his life was taken? Instinctively we looked upon him, blood-stained as he was, as a martyr, meeting death with a fortitude that elicits those sympathies the deepest, because they spring alike from pity and admiration.

Christmas passed off pleasantly. The hospitabilities of the town broke forth liberally in eggnog and Christmas cake. If a soldier missed a Christmas dinner, it was his own fault. We licked nothing but friends, home and peace, to make Christmas merry as it was wont to be of old.

The accessions here and there of British soldiers are not without their effects. Among the Union men the feeling, as among the intelligent men of the army, was one of humiliation, at first, but approval of Seward's dispatch on reflection.

In my opinion the United States never gave evidence of so true greatness as in acceding to their demand. By this act we vindicate principles we, as a nation, have long advocated, when they tell against us. We show that the belligerent attitude of England, though it has stung our pride to the quick, has not warped our sense of justice.

England betrays herself by taking an insult where some was intended, but we must not forget that she stands much upon punctilio, and that technicalities may destroy the ends of justice in cases arising under the law of nations just the same as in cases arising at common or statute law. By giving up Mason and Slidell, we tell the world that neither the baseness of their treason, nor the undisclosed exigencies of the hour, neither the shameful array of British precedents, nor her enmity bearing towards us, now, could constrain us from a close adherence to the principles we have sought to establish as international law.

Commander Wilkes had a clear right to seize the Trent, send her into port to be tried in a court of admiralty, as a neutral vessel charged with carrying contraband of war. His omitting to do so was, in legal effect, an admission that no such charge lay against her. As a legal consequence he had no right to take anything from her, either persons or property, as contraband of war. By taking Mason and Slidell he assumed upon himself to condemn the officers of the Trent, of violating the proclamation of neutrality, and then let her go without a trial before a proper tribunal, making himself judge and executing his own decision. The illegality of this proceeding is sufficiently plain.

England appears anxious to pick a quarrel with us. She knows there never was a better time to pitch in. It is her disposition to be "counted in" at every fight; she is prompted to it by her ruling principle, self-interest. Our rapid strides toward a greatness that threatens to eclipse her own have roused her envy, and to arouse that is to arouse her pugnacity. If she seeks a war with us, let us give her no cause, either in substance or technically, and then let her come on. Her sympathies are with the rebels just at present because her interests seem to be with them. She knows that in their blind madness the rebels would prefer that the south should become a colonial dependency upon her rather than to be again subject to the Constitution. It would please her to see the British flag waving over the cotton garden of the world, to see the production of that fabric snugly arranged under British monopoly. She would like, furthermore, to "rectify," as the English Journals say, the southern line of her possessions in the North. But she must furnish the pretext and stand, before the world grossly in the wrong, if she provokes a war, and with the sympathies of the nations on our side. In a war so holy to the defenders we could fight as never heroes fought before. And we might teach a haughty and cumbrous foe that our resources of pluck and of means are not quite exhausted yet.

We await with much interest the reception of Seward's dispatch in England, half expecting that our magnanimity will be misconstrued into fear, and that a new bellicose forth of arrogance and insolence will be the result.

E. B. C. E.

Editorial Correspondence.

CAPT. RUGER, FREDERICK MD.,
JANUARY 20th, 1862

What Maryland was at the commencement of the Rebellion in political status, she is now as regards the weather—a debatable land between the North and the South—between a winter and a wet season. One day the sun shines down upon you with a subdued gladness like the smiles of a widow environed with weeds, and as you throw open your door to enjoy the warmth, a fog rises, increases in density, till it is a mist, and finally a rain. All underfoot is then splashed as nasty and conniving as a batch of local politicians. In this state our barracks yard reminds me of Monroe, as it was before his municipal regeneration. The dismal sky looks on a more dismal earth for a day or two; then falls a sprinkling of snow, just enough for sleighing but not for sleighing. By this time old Bareas, goaded by the "On to Richmond" cry, makes an advance, and anon, the ground—frozen harder than Jeff Davis' heart and as rough as the countenances of Old Abe. Such is the weather programme here repeated weekly. A constitution to endure it must needs have its kinks either in oil or whiskey. Perhaps much coughing and sneezing has prejudiced me, but just now I am prepared to say that such a climate is a fit habitation only for water proof toppers, and foots of the web footed species. Give me it preference Lapland with its frigid consistency or the torrid uniformity of the tropics.

Campaigning under such circumstances is fraught with difficulties. If it is impossible, it is deemed impracticable to advance. As we should be marching into a country that is completely ravaged and laid waste, every article of subsistence and forage would have to be dragged long distances through the deepest of mud at a fearful sacrifice of property in males. Hence it is deemed less expensive to remain for the present inactive than to be moving. The men would cheerfully take up the march to push forward and close the war, but such a course in this horrid weather would soon lay up at least one-third of our fighting men with colds, remittances &c. This restless life of invasion may do for some, but to see it is intolerable, more so than the follies of the march.

It must be borne in mind that the enemy have one great advantage on the Potomac....
operations, and have therefore, far the
tecting Washington has been a clog to the
i Congress aro all remaining patient under
est admiration expressed for McClellan's
to rush now' upon Manassas. Its flanks
raunications threatened, and this effected
raw
ngained, its com.
confident of its siKCCssnnd this confidence'
have an ink'ing of the plan seem perfectly
paign that will soon open. Those who
thought that this will bo done ns soon ns
military genius, and the plan of the cam­
fest than for sotne time hitherto.
ations ngainsl the enemy There is more
of the weather keeps us from active ope­
thing that would subsist an army.
patience that prevails throughout the
nnd deferred again is sickening -the great
North nnd Xorlh west. Hope deferred
others to hope, ttiut the tinat result will
british visions of triumph thus held out
comprehensive, so thorough, with all con-
feel IS quite as bad as a sense of danger.
promise.
We are a.ssured now thnt only the state
that del.iay produces
more dotnoralizntion with him than with
Obliged to keep the bulk of the force
before Washington, there has been little or
no opportunity for those strategic move­ments
that often gains victories without the
firing of a gun.
We are assured now that only the state
of the weather keeps us' from active ope­
rations against the enemy. There is more
hopefulness, more confidence now mani­
fest than for some time hitherto.
Among military men there is the highest
admiration expressed for McClellan's
military genius, and the plan of the cam­
paign that will soon open. Those who
have an inkling of the plan seem perfectly
confident of its success and this confidence
is passing down from rank to rank without
a very definite idea of what is to be done,
attending it.
It would be folly, criminally murderous,
to rush now upon Manassas. Its flanks
must be broken in, its rear gushed, its com.
munications threatened, and this effected
Manassas would be ours. It is generally
thought that this will be done as soon as
the roads and weather will permit. It
could not now be accomplished except by
long, circuitous marches through a country
stituteff of forage, and stripped of every­
thing that would sub sist an army.
We are painfully aware of the general
impatience that prevails throughout the
North and Northwest. Hope deferred
and deferred again is sickening the great
heart of the masses, and the suspense they
feel is quite as bad as a sense of danger.
We, of the army, are not allowed to grum­ble,
not to speak disrespectfully of the
powers that be. I can only hope, and urge
others to hope, that the final result will
justify this seeming delay.

The plan of the campaign— the move)
ment, it is promised us—will be so vast, so
comprehensive, so thorough, with all con­
ingencies anticipated and provided for.
at all point, that rebellion will be over­
whelmed completely. The army and
Congress are all remaining patient under
the bright visions of triumph that hold out
to them. The feeling is not apathy but
the quiet waiting of those who believe a
promise.
There is one grand consolation in all
this; that is, that the enemy is suffering
far more than we are, that delay produces
more demoralization with him than with
us, and that a general despair is setting
down upon him, that the little he has acc­
plished creates distrust and murmur­

among the masses of the South. That
the Southern people had been promised
more than they realized, that their
disappointment has shrouded their faith in
the omnipotence of Davis and his Govern­
ment is to us a source of encouragement.

But, still, believing all this, putting in
confidence in our leaders, what is to be the
end? When the South is conquered, hum­
bled and repentant, then the conservat­
tVe tell us is the time to commence about
slavery and to dispose of it. Yes. As
soon as we have whipped them, and re-
established the Constitution, the old pro-
tection to slavery will come in, and there
will be such an eagerness to "make up" that
narrow will be granted and slavery
will be as strong as ever. Shall not hu
manity have some compensation for so
much blood and treasure? Shall the ac­
curred system of slavery embroil us in a
war, and after drenching us in blood and
wasting our substances, outlive the storm
and raise us up and be his own an ace? Is
it discord? God forbid. I fear that after
we have won the hard fought battle field,
after the blood of freemen has been poured
out as water, the conservative (?) sentiment
of the country will shrink from looking the
slavery question in the face. I fear a dis­
honorable peace—dishonorable because the
cause of our national discord and peril will
be permitted to escape and be the lesser
sufferer by the war. I am troubled with
the question, what will such a Union be
worth?
For the delay in military operations
I can see a necessity. I can see reason for
the North's being patient; but the test and
the struggle for which we must also be
prepared, is to come after we have con­
erquered; it is that between pro-slavery and
freedom. We should be on the alert
soon, when we are conquerors, that we
lose not the golden opportunity of stabliliz­
ing slavery to the heart. Else has our labor
and our expenditure, our sacrifice of blood
been for nought.

E. E. B.

Letter from 'Ewing.'

HEAD-QUARTERS 5th BRIGADE,
BANK'S DIVISION FRANKFORD, MD.
February 23d, 1862.

DEAR REPUBLICAN:—I hope you will ex ­
cuse me leaving La Crosse without wishing
you good luck, or saying good-by, or any
little civility of the kind, for you must re­
member that I am not a "free man," though
"free born" and an order from the consti­
tuited authority, has only to be obeyed with­
out any questioning on the part of the re­
cipient; so please accept this as my apology
and through your columns, allow me to of­
fer the same to the numerous friends whom
I should liked again to have taken by the
hand, and said as I now say, Good-bye—
God bless you.
I left La Crosse Friday morning.
Editorial Correspondence

Camp Roger, Frederick City, Md.
Feb. 24th, 1862.

Back again, from two feet of snow, to two feet buried in the mud—from where the toes snapped at 27 degrees below zero, to where they repose as fossil remains in the center of quagmire continua, that are dragged on each foot—"Sic transit gloria.

Leaving Wisconsin Tuesday, the 18th inst—a sweet cold day it was—the next morning found me in Ohio, the ground in dingy nakedness, and a dismal rain falling. Struck snow and ice again on the Alleghenies, east of Pittsburgh. It extended down their eastern slope, to the valley of the Susquehanna, where the mud again reigned o'er all the land.

At all points between Chicago and Pittsburgh, and troops were met hurrying to Cairo, eager to join the victorious army, now rushing like an avalanche upon the dispirited and panic-stricken myrmidons of rebellion. Every station was alive with blue coats, and all of rejoicing over the success of our arms.

At Allenton, Ohio, we met the train, which was transporting some seven hundred soldiers, selected from the army on the Potomac, to man the gun-boats, about to move down the Mississippi. They were a tough crowd—mostly sailors and boatsmen, and having been mostly members of the regular service in good and regular standing. If they make half the havoc among the rebels which they did with the cars that conveyed them, and the restaurants, along the route, at the waystations, they will prove a choice visitation to Dixie. The windows and doors of every car were cracked. One of the roughs had been killed, and two or three others had been stabbed. However, once under the command of the Commodore, they will be brought up with a short tether, and will make excellent fighting material. Such men are the most respectable in that line of service.

Detained at Harrisburgh, I took occasion to visit the State Capitol. It stands on a rise of ground, in the heart of the city, overlooking the Susquehanna, and from its dome a fine view of the river and city is presented. The edifice is large, covering however too much area for its height. It produces on the mind that unpleasant effect incidental to seeing anything out of proportion, and reminded me of a squat hat on a big Irishman. The Halls of the House and Senate are on the lower floor, and the offices and Committee rooms are above. The entrance halls and space under the offices are the most spacious rooms in the building.

The Legislature is in session, and I sat for an hour and heard the members discussing about the "manning"—no other term so well expresses a steal perpetrated by a legemderman—of a few dollars worth of postage stamps from the post office of the legislature. The bad all kinds of declamation on the subject, and one dry, practical old member remarked that their per diem for time spent in that discussion would amount to as many dollars as the stamps were worth. The members were a fine intelligent appearing body of men with a kind of hard lawyer look on most of them.

At Camp I find everything in state muddy quo. The Division is in perfect trim for a campaign, the weather, only, detaining the rank and file eager to emulate their Western brothers in winning glorious victories.

On Saturday, the 22d, a grand military parade of the first Brigade of our Division took place, in honor of the anniversary of Washington's birthday. The scene was a stirring one. The march through the streets, in perfect time, of a regiment of Cavalry and four regiments of Infantry, with all the bells of the city ringing their merriest peal, the cannon firing a salute, and the bands and bugles sounding: Ah! it thrills you as only the multitude in common cadence and purpose can. It is this feeling that makes men brave in the grand charge of merited ranks, this that inspires them in battle; it is this power of the mass over individuals, that makes them, all at once, panic-stricken, and sends them simultaneously and ignominiously from the field.

I learn from an officer of Stone's command, that there was great rejoicing on the part of the troops under Stone, on his arrest. They hold him responsible for the slaughter of their comrades at Ball's Bluff. They charge him with compelling them to give battle to a foe without support and with no base of operations, no place to retreat to, except the river, and with no chance to get a foot hold to meet the foe to advantage.

There are a few, however, who defend Stone, and say that he ordered Baker to throw over only a regiment at Conoy's Ferry, intending this only as a feint to draw the enemy in that direction, while he having crossed below, at Edward's Ferry, pushed on and struck them at Leesburg or near there. Baker, they claim, sent over the Regiment, and on its being impelled by the advance of the enemy, he bravely threw his other forces across to its rescue, and thus lost his life.

The truth will yet be known. Stone's friends admit his correspondence with the enemy, but say that he was corresponding with them with a view of procuring papers which came into their possession at Ball's Bluff, and which would vindicate hi from all blame.

An occurrence took place a few evenings since, that has occasioned much ill feeling against our Regiment, or rather intensified an ill feeling of long standing. A private of the Shalabough Company, while on guard, in town, attempted to arrest a member of the Maryland Home Brigade, who had come into town disguised as a citizen, and was having, with two or three companions a spree. The Maryland man, who, by the way, was one of the Baltimore Plug Uglies, resisted the arrest, drew his revolver whereupon young Wisconsin drew his revolver, and shot the man; from the effects of the wound, he died in a few minutes. A military commission is investigating the matter, and a strenuous effort is made to make the shooting appear unnecessary. The attempt will fail.

During my absence, an elegant sword, belt and sash was presented by the officers of the Regiment to Col. Roger, and to his wife, now here, several articles of silver table ware—testimonials of respect, esteem and confidence, most worthily and appropriately bestowed.

Capt. Bertman of my Company, was also the recipient from the men of the company of a superb sword, double scabbards, sash, and belt.

Strong are the ties growing that bind our organization together. We are learning each other. Daily intercourse is wearing off first and unfavorable impressions and all are being measured by their true worth. These presentations may, therefore be regarded as evidences of a durable popularity, founded on confidence and a knowledge of merit.

F. H.

Editorial Correspondence

Harper's Ferry, Va.
February 27th, 1862.

On the "Sacred Soil" once more! Our Division left Frederick on Tuesday, the 25th, and came, by rail road, to Sandy Hook. There we assisted a corps of engineers in throwing a boat bridge across the Potomac. This is built of boats or bateaux, anchored in the river, and parallel to each other and to the shore, about 18 feet apart. String pieces are laid from boat to boat.

On these the planks are lashed and a bridge is thus made, over which the Regiments can pass as over a bridge of stone.
and iron. The bridge was brought from Annapolis. Yesterday, the 26th, our Regiment crossed, being the advance guard of the Division, and "good old Company A" was cut up into squads, and was thrown forward as scouts, under the command of Bertram and your servant.

In our reconnoissance, we captured three horses, belonging to the rebel pickets. We knew the country on Bolivar Heights. It rained, during the night, and darkness as black as treason itself. The line of rebel pickets, as seen at sunset, were within musket shot of us. Shiveringly, on tip-toe, we went about, listening for every sound. The patterning of the rain on the trees, the whinnying of horses, the groaning of far-off pipes, the crowing of cock, the barking of dogs, faintly heard, were listened to till the sounds were analyzed. We peered thro' the darkness till the eyes ached, while the merciless rain oozed down our necks, thro' sleeves to our innermost hides. St. Paul, when tempest tossed at sea, could not have "wished for the day" more earnestly than we did, without breaking something inside. We strained the watching faculty to its utmost tension. As the darkness began to turn grey, the wind changed, and the mud and water in our clothes began to freeze.

Such was our inhospitable welcome to the shores of "Dixie." Luckless are we indeed it proves an omen.

Banks' Division, excepting the 3d Brigade, Gen. Williams, has crossed over, and we are all in chaotic confusion, quartered in the deserted houses of Harper's Ferry and Bolivar. My company has taken quarters in the brick house near which Stewart Mosher was killed. Its bullet-marked walls testify to the hotness of the battle.

We shall remain here for a short time, till the Richmond bridge is reconstructed, and our supplies forwarded, and depots established. This will require but a few days, and then you may expect to hear of a movement with us simultaneous with the movement along the Potomac.

Gen. McClellan came up and saw us cross, and came out to our pickets, on Bolivar Heights, and made a reconnoissance. Sedgwick's (formerly Stone's) command and Gorman's Brigade, Gray's 15th Company regiment, and the Maryland Home Brigade are to move with us. As we push inwards, toward Winchester, Lander quite likely will move southward and join us. Our column will then be irresistible, and you may look out for a bold push towards

FISH OF THE DAY.

The jail where "Old Osawatomie" spent his last days, was occupied, last night, by the Provost Guard,—the very room, table and chair.

It pulls hard on the forbearance of our boys to pay fifty cents for a meal of bread and rye coffee,—butter, sugar and salt being out of the question. Our humanity is not appreciated. The Charlestown F. F. V.'s expect, and claim, better treatment of us than they get from the rebel army, while they look upon us with all the concentrated scorn that generations of arrogance could simmer down. For my part, I never had my latent piety so severely tested before. I hankered to say amen, when the boys petitioned for license to "burn the town." If vandalism was ever justifiable, it is now, and here.

We have confiscated several hundred barrels of C. S. A. flour, angrily stored away in the depot, and two or three splendid horses, also captured a few rebels of the Cavalry picket.

Jackson—Stone-wall Jackson, as the rebels call him, because he stood at Bull Run, and didn't run—is at Winchester,—whither our column is headed, and you may expect business there, before long.

He is strongly entrenched, and some 25,000 strong, it is said, and quite likely will be reinforced from Manassas. We shall probably have some 40,000 when we attack him. This is conjectural—but the fact that McClellan is with us looking after things satisfies me that there is work before us, and that right early.

Now we are in the field in earnest. Now we must go days without a washed face, a combed head, or a decent meal partaken in that serenity which promotes digestion. Now we lie down to sleep in our uniform with an eye open, and haunted by the expectation of the "long roll." Now we are on that perpetual tension that wears and wears the nerve, but the cry of the spirit is "Onward to Winchester." Thence Southward.

CHARLESTOWN, VA., (March 34th, 1862.)

We are still occupying the churches of this town, and doing a vigilant picket duty on the out posts. Our scouts of Cavalry are scouring the country for miles around, and find that, this side of Winchester, the enemy is in no considerable force.

We have seized, in and around town, a large quantity of flour belonging to the Confederate army, also a number of teams and "contrabands," which are turned over to the Quartermaster, and put to work in that department.

Numbers of citizens have been arrested, and required to take the oath of allegiance to the "Old Government," as they call it. A bitter pill for them.
Troops and batteries are still crossing at the Ferry, but I am not at liberty to state the amount of our forces. Publication of Army movements is now suppressed.—

Only such as is approved and revised by McClellan, is permitted to be published in the papers likely to circulate in this section of the seat of war.

Lieut. Brotherson, the "Porte Crayon" of Harper's Magazine, and now a member of Banks' Staff, is well acquainted in this part of Virginia, and having friends and relatives scattered all about, is well aware of the prevailing sentiment and feeling—He is confident no stand will be made by the enemy, anywhere this side of Richmond. Furthermore, he thinks that the rebel army will dwindle away. He is confident of a great desmoralization, discouragement and disgust in the ranks of the enemy. However such statements, though pleasing to the ear, should not be much relied upon. The enemy evinces a desperate determination and will fight with all the energy of despair. I am convinced that the Union sentiment has been somewhat overrated—Those of this latitude who oppose secession did so more from dread of civil war, than from love of the Union. The evil is upon them, and they feel that the North is principally the party in fault, and regard us as invaders. Because we could not live peaceably together, we should have separated peaceably, other hold, and curse the north because they would not consent to a dissolution of the Union, when the revolted States "shoved out." Some say that the State went for secession and as loyal Virginians, they should follow suit, have done so, and must abide the consequences—

Pretty talk, this, for the proud spirited souls, who embody the quintessence of honor, independence and chivalry!

There is plenty of the staples of food, grain and cattle—in this country, but coffee, sugar and eteeteras are scarce. You see no new clothes here, except those of coarse woolen gray. This kind of cloth is manufactured in the few country mills that used to supply the fabric for neger clothing, but are now the sole dependence. The negroes are dressed in coarse woolen or shoddy, of a pumpkin-and-milk color. They look on with the nonchalance of those who have nothing to lose, something perhaps to gain, and seem well posted, and are quite willing to communicate to us all they know. Their manner shows that they are hoping for liberty, and view us as friends. Numbers of boys have been pointed out to me, as slaves, who had not a tint nor a lineament of the negro features. You can meet bright molattoes with the proud carriage and calm, haughty expression of the old families of the aristocracy. Gen. Banks is quartered, with his staff, in the mansion of Hunter, now a Senator in the rebel Congress. McClellan and his staff are at Sandy Hook, and are expected here to-morrow, I am told. Gen. Hamilton, who is in immediate command in the town,—the other Brigades being encamped about us,—is quartered in the Carter House—the principal hotel.

Charlestown, in palmyer days, had a population of some 2,000 whites, and was possessed of much wealth. Its churches are elegant and modern, and all have fine organs, and its streets are all paved and the town lighted with gas.

Every thing shows dilapidation now. The principal citizens, being the prominent rebels, have fled, and either occupy positions in the rebel army or Government. The nobodies are left behind, and even they are tainted strongly with treason.

Here in the cemetery is the grave of Edgar Ross, of Company C, who was wounded at Bolivar and taken prisoner. He was tenderly cared for by the ladies of the town,—especially by one worthy widow lady. His youth, beauty and misfortunes touched the chord of humanity here, and he had every attention a mother could wish for a suffering son. His few pocket effects were given over to Lieut. O'Brien, by the lady above mentioned, whose kindess and motherly demeanor had won the confidence of the poor boy.

The recruit enlisted by Captain Flood have arrived here safely, and have been distributed among the weaker companies. Company C has six of them. Their introduction is into active service, and they are highly spoken of, by the officers of the Regiment, as fine soldierly men.

CHARLESTOWN, Va.
March 1st, 1862.

DEAR OBSERVER:—On the 25th ultimo, Gen. Bank's Division took up its line of march for the "sacred soil of Virginia;" some by railway, and others by foot. Our Brigade, however, had the pleasure of the iron horse, from Frederick to Sandy Hook, a distance of thirty miles.

We commenced building the famous Pontoon bridge the next morning across to Harper's Ferry, which was completed in four hours; it required forty-three boats. It was built by the Third, assisted by a corps of U. S. Engineers. Soon as finished, troops appeared on the shore, and crossing soon went on rapidly; and over 5,000 troops crossed before darkness surrounded us. Upwards of 30,000 were safely over the next day, including most of trains and Artillery.

The rebels were suspected of watching our movements from London heights and Col. Geary, (Pa. 28th,) despatched 300 of his men there which they found all quiet, till the following morning about three o'clock they heard the ponderous wheels of artillery ascending the summit. It being dark, they moved for a clear place in the road and halted, until they made their appearance, which was in a few minutes. When they came along they pounced upon them, and captured all without a shot being fired; four pieces, 30 or 40 horses and twenty men, consisted the prize. They were getting ready to shell us out of Harper's Ferry, but were foilled in their design.

Yesterday morning the Wisconsin 3d, Mass, 2d, 1200 of Michigan cavalry, and two full batteries advanced on Charlestown, which we now hold. The rebels hearing of our advance, evacuated the place, and fell back on Winchester, where they have a good force, according to tales of deserters.

The cowardly "devils" won't fight unless they have two to one.

The Third took a commissary department yesterday, which belonged to Jackson's forces; four hundred barrels of flour amounted to the most that we captured, which was valued at $111 per barrel. We are in the hot beds of secession here, so much so that intelligent looking young ladies throw out their spit upon us by spitting into the faces of all they meet, which we consider a most beautiful practice.

Five churches are here, which furnish spacious quarters for us. They are all magnificent and costly buildings—not seecess to the back bone.

The right wing of our regiment is quartered in the 3d Presbyterian church which is a splendid room. A costly organ is here, which affords the boys much music.

I am now writing in the pulpit, where the first sermon was preached denouncing John Brown. It affords a good writing desk, but a place which I have been an entire stranger to, till now, but seecess gave me an introduc-
Jeff’s Proclamation for “fasting and prayer” was not heeded here yesterday, only by the troops of Uncle Sam. The rebel citizens grumble much about the destruction of their property, but they must remember that our profession at present, is death and destruction!

Several of our boys and a few of the 2nd Mass. went into a printing office yesterday afternoon, and secured a number of copies, amongst the lot was a “strict adherence to the proclamation of the President of the Confederate States of America.” We upset the type, and came out with our proclamation, which started them in no small degree.

We press into the service everything in the shape of poultry, sheep, hogs, grain, honey, etc. that comes in our way. Coffee, rice, is selling here at $1.50 per pound; sugar 30; butter 75 and 80; pickled pork 40; flour 5.50 ct.; and everything is the same proportion. Some of the boys wishing to write home paid five cents a sheet for paper, and the same for envelopes brown paper at that.

Gen. McClellan and staff has been with us since the 25th ult., and expresses a good opinion of Gen. Banks’ command. Forty-five thousand troops will be here before to-morrow night. Twenty thousand are already here in the vicinity. The rebels are making a desperate stand at Winchester, but they must soon fall. Manassas will soon be cleared, to reinforce other points.

We are all in good spirits; good health prevails in general. I must quit writing, for so much noise forbids me adding anything more. I will write again from Winchester.

Yours, &c., C. N. B.

P. S.—The Boys are visiting the place now, where old Dungaree was hung, his scaffold in part still remains. Much comment is made by officers and privates, whom they wish was alive now, to command an independent army.

From “Hingen” in Banks’ Division.

Jefferson Hamilton, Honduras, Va., March 10, 1862.

Edward Ewing:—I finally date letters to you from the “sacred soil.” My last, written at Bolivar, gave you a short account of the movements of the Division up to that time, and having a little more time now I will write a little more about it. We left Frederick on the 25th ult. by rail, for Sandys Hook, opposite Harpers Ferry, or at least Hamilton’s Brigade did so. The rest of the troops did not follow until a few days later. Wednesday morning the Pontoon Bridge arrived on a special train from Baltimore, and under the direction of Capt. Paine of the engineers corps, was thrown across the river by 8 o’clock A. M. ready for the crossing of the troops. Capt. Paine is certainly deserving of great credit for his exertions in the prompt construction of the bridge and the unperturbed attention he has bestowed upon the attempt to add a new link to the chain that shall soon bind Virginia to the Union by bonds that cannot be broken. Generals McClellan and Banks were the first to cross after the completion of the bridge, followed by General Hamilton at the head of his Brigade, the 3d Wisconsin having the right of the advance.

Wednesday night the 2d Brigade occupied Bolivar, and the 3d camped upon the ground where last night they met the rebels and where so many of our brave boys laid their lives upon the altar of their country—good—450 horses of them, their merit shall remain green in our hearts forever.

Friday morning we were pushed on to this place (8 miles from Harpers Ferry) and so rapidly were the movements of Gen. Hamilton that the rebels had no time to dispose a large quantity of provisions they had stored at this point, which we captured, besides three of the rebel cavalry and their horses. The rebels are now driven entirely away from the Potomac above Leesburg. The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. is open its entire length and with the force now at work upon it I should judge the cars would run from Baltimore to Wheeling within the next three weeks. This is the more immediate effect of this last movement of Banks’ Division—what results may plan for it in the future. Quia Sebe.

Contrabands flock in by the hundreds from all the country around here, and are treated just as I think they should be—employed if there is any thing for them to do, if not they are allowed to go about their business the same as other men.—This is the finest country I have seen since I left Badger’s land. You cannot conceive anything more beautiful or better cultivated than the land between Harpers Ferry and this point. A large breadth of ground has been sown to wheat, which looks finely and gives promise of a good crop to feed the Union men and troops that there will inhabit this, the most beautiful of Virginia, a lovely valley.

Charleston, of course every one is familiar with, as the place of trial and execution of Old John Brown; and today, in company with Dr. Baxter of the Mass. 12th, I visited the jail where he was confined; the Court House, where he was tried and the very spot where he was executed. Last summer the field was cultivated and corn grew luxuriously upon the ground where he yielded up his spirit to God who gave it, and Democrat as I am, I could but wish he was alive now—that he might view the consummation of the conflict that he heralded. His punishment was just, but I can but think he was burned by a band of—Traitors. Charleston is now pre-eminently a rabid Seceeh town, and I do not think there are more than three or four out and out Union men in it, but there are a large number, perhaps one third at least, of the inhabitants of this county, if they once see that thing that the Union army is to be permanent, and that they will be surely protected by the Old Flag. Instead of being left to themselves as they were after Patterson’s brief occupation last summer of this county, will be outspoken and earnest in their support of the union cause, and Virginia valley will soon be added to the rest of loyal Virginia by the acts of her own people.

March 7th.—Yesterday morning we received marching orders, and the 2d Brigade pushed on to this place [Smithfield] on the Opequan river, 8 miles from Charlestown, on the north road to Winchester.

Lieutenant Colonel Pinkney, with four companies of the Wisconsin 3d, had occupied the place two days before, being the advance of the army; and the “Old Hero” looked decidedly happy when the Second Brigade came up; not that he feared all the rebels that could be brought against his small command, for they were all Badgers, but it was delightful loneliness so far from home.

March 9th.—For the past two days nothing of any interest has transpired, more than the ordinary picket and scouting daily, with more or less skirmishing between the outposts of the two armies. Tuesday night the 2d Brigade occupied a large part of Bolivar, and the 3d camped upon the ground around it. The troops are driven entirely away from the Potomac above Leesburg. The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. is open its entire length and with the force now at work upon it I judge the cars would run from Baltimore to Wheeling within the next three weeks. This is the more immediate effect of this last movement of Banks’ Division—what results may plan for it in the future. Quia Sebe.

Contrabands flock in by the hundreds from all the country around here, and are treated just as I think they should be employed if there is any thing for them to do; if not they are allowed to go about their business the same as other men.—This is the finest country I have seen since I left Badger’s land. You cannot conceive anything more beautiful or better cultivated than the land between Harpers Ferry and this point. A large breadth of ground has been sown to wheat, which looks finely and gives promise of a good crop to feed the Union men and troops that there will inhabit this, the most beautiful of Virginia, a lovely valley.

The Union sentiment here is much stronger than in Charlestown, many halling with delight the Stars and Stripes again floating over them.

Doubler’s Hill, March 10th.—The plans of the powers that be seem to be complete, and the time fully come to clear this valley of rebels, and early this morning we left our camp on the Opequan river and came on to this point, over the most horrid road you can imagine, and through a dreary vale still scarred and torn within twelve miles of Winchester, and have a good turnpike road the rest of the way to that place. How large Jackson’s force at that point is I do not know; but one thing we do know—that they are strongly fortif—
fled and have an abundance of heavy and light artillery; and if they stand they will give us much trouble and undoubtedly facet a severe loss upon our troops. Their principal intrenchments are upon the Manches-ter Turnpike, and over that we shall advance. General Hamilton is in command of our right wing (the troops here at Bunker's Hill), and if labor and violation can effect with success he will most certainly succeed. The troops have the utmost confidence in him as a leader, and are eager for the hour to come when they can show what discipline and drill has been accomplished under their able commanders. Before this reaches you, you will have learned of our success or defeat, or our quiet occupation of Winchester through the cowardice of its defenders, or that many a heartstone in Wisconsin has been made desolate, and many a heart and soul, they can show what discipline and drill has accomplished under their able com-mands, and are eager for the hour to come when they will渲染 of the time when peace shall fold upon the post. All things must have an end," and so did that night; morning was hailed by us cheer-fully.

On the 27th of February a reconnoissance in force was made, the detail was the First Michigan Cavalry, Second Massachusetts, Third Wisconsin, and four pieces of artillery. All were called for, and off we started in good spirits, braced by a stiff breeze from the North West. Every man was on the alert. On the other side of a line of skirmishers from the Second Michigan, and the other by First Lieutenant E. E. BRYANT, of the same company. Both parties of the rebels took up a position in the vicinity of Winchester; they at once assumed the responsibility of quarters for their men, ordered them to About Face, and brought them back to town—teams, flour, and all. In addition to this we found nine hundred barrels of flour at the depot alone, bound for the same destination; a guard was immediately posted, and the next day three cars loaded more of flour were found about three-fourths of a mile down the track towards Winchester, and the boys drove this back, by hand, and immediately pressed it into the service.

Since coming here, two New York Ninth Michigan soldiers have been prisoners by the rebels, and two of the First Michigan Cavalry, but we are still afraid of them, for we have seen eight or ten teams, beside three cavalry. The health of the regiment is good.

But the Company A advanced toward Winchester last night. This company is leading the guard. Our whole force seems to be ready to take Winchester. We are approaching it from three directions, with 25,000 men on each road, and nine batteries of artillery—enough to throw four hundred shell per minute.

We may get a second brisk fight on East Broad, but we do not anticipate another Bull Run on Bull's Run affair. It is reported that Major General McCLELLAN is com-manding this move, and we put our trust in his plans completely; and willing, yes, anxious, to go where he commands.

After arriving in this place, General McCLELLAN ordered us to occupy the town, which order was eagerly complied with, as we don't like the idea of retreating. We found the churches both ample and comfortable to hold our men, though it called for much labor and a little book and bitter excommunications of the citizens. This village deserves a place in our memories as being the town where the brave Captain Antes was killed, and his followers were tried, convicted and hanged. Many have been in to look at the log cabin that he occupied while in prison. More anon.

Yours affectionately, A. W.

Commander in Chief.

In Quarters, Charleston, Va.

Gen. Hamilton's Brigade moved out yesterday toward Winchester leaving my company here as Provost Guard. Have taken quarters in the Court House and am now snugly bestowed in a low office, once
in the middle of the river, have gone too far to retrace their steps and still the "show" for getting further is growing checkfully dubious. The blow at Fort Donelson has confused them, changed the programme entirely, and though their press, like the besiegged boy, whispers the louder the darker it grows, still there is a conviction gaining ground among the masses that the Southern Confederacy is gone up. My guest tells me that at the inauguration of Jeff. Davis, there was less than a thousand spectators exclusive of the soldiers. Think of that. Was it not the conviction that that ceremony was a mockery that deterred Richmond from turning out en masse to witness it?

With coffee at a dollar per pound, ten
four, salt at forty dollars per sack; sugar
31 cents per pound, gritty at that; with
cotton thread at 30 cts. per spool, boots at
from fifteen to twenty five dollars per pair, and
spuny at that, and all these items hard to obtain at these figures, the great
heart of Rebellion is beginning to think that Secession is not synonymous with God-
liness—it is "not profitable for the life that now is," to say the least. Furthermore,
he tells me that he saw a regiment of rebel soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were nearly barefoot and
clad, while snow was on the ground in cot-
el soldiers who were near...
ed to take our coffee before starting.—

Aroused by the rub-a-dub of the reveille, I rubbed my eyes. It was as dark as Egypt; the stars twinkled down at us as if they thought we had made a mistake.

The camp-fires blazed up merrily on all sides. A reconnoissance under such circumstances, seemed absurd; we were ordered to get ready and wait till dawn.

During the interval we extemporized quite a huge fire cracking jokes and enjoying ourselves. Two hours passed before a faint streak of light appeared; then a bustle among the men, and soon the band played Dixie, and the companies rapidly falling into line. Just as we were ready to "forward march," the General and Staff rode up and announced that the reconnoissance had been given up and that the whole column would advance towards Winchester.

Three regiments were selected to deploy and lead the march. Ours in the centre, on the right of the road the 12th Indiana, and on the left the 13th Massachusetts. The regiments being drawn up in line of battle, each regiment sent forward three men from each company as videttes, then two companies as skirmishers. The companies went forward at gun-shot distance and then deployed out, i.e. spread apart as skirmishers, making a beautiful dotted line, the men five paces apart. Beyond them, about the same distance ahead, went the videttes, skulking along behind trees, crawling up the hills on hands and knees, looking cautiously over, approaching every house with gun cocked ready to fire at a moment's warning. Behind these two advance guards followed our three regiments, led by the mounted officers, watching eagerly every movement of the skirmishers, and listening intently for the firing of the videttes. Each regiment was followed by a gloomy train of ambulances with the surgeons, and the band to carry litters and assist the surgeons when the fight began. Thus we went on across acres, through woods, taking down bars and pulling down stone-walls. It was most fascinating, everything so well planned and so complete. Thus we proceeded until we came within sight of the intrenchments, when we halted and waited for the report of our skirmishers. It was soon ascertained that the intrenchments were deserted, and then we were ordered forward with bands playing and colors flying, we marched into Winchester.—

The streets are lined with people, the greatest part being negro form divine in every conceivable variety. One or two wave their handkerchiefs, and one hangs out a United States flag. They look at us as they would at a traveling menagerie or circus. We march in and out a few streets, and then marching to the outskirts of the town, select a camping place.

Our regiment pitched upon a hill-side orchard, and the Colonel ordered me to go and ascertain if a house which stood near by was occupied. I went up to it, and it was a large, white stucco house, on a hill-side, the lawn filled with trees, and a winding road leading to the door. It was deserted. I went in. Piles of papers, old letters and papers addressed; Hon. James M. Mason, Winchester, Va., lay scattered over the bare floors. The furniture had been carried off, the curtains torn up, the carpets destroyed, and the house abandoned. I established a guard, and sent the servant to clean it up. Now we are here, quite comfortable. We sleep upon the floor, and hang our clothes in the closets, have established our office in the library, and hang our large garrison flag over the pino.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

 Winchester, Va., March 15, 1862.

Here at last! Here where "Stone Wall Jackson" has long reigned supreme and persevered the faithful; here, where Patterson ought to have come last July; here, where the rebel tracks are fresh and their camp-fires yet smouldering; here, in the stronghold of the enemy's left flank are we at last, snugly quartered.

We came in on the 12th inst., but the dudes of the camp and field have prevented my telling of it before.

The Column that first entered the town was commanded by Gen. Hamilton, and consisted of several thousand men—

Hamilton's Brigade moved out from Charleston on the 7th, to Smithfield, and thence south, to Banker Hill. Thence, on the 11th, we moved out upon the Martinsburg 'Pike', within four miles of Winchester, and camped for the night. Our company had joined the regiment, to be in at the fun. During the latter part of the day our advance guard, the 46th Pennsylvania was skirmishing with the enemy, and a cannonading kept us in a state of excitement, until darkness closed in.

At night the Adjutants and Aids were around communicating orders—ammunition was distributed to the men in double quantities, and the general expectation was for a battle on the morrow.

At three in the morning the cooks were turned up to prepare breakfast. The men jumped up with alacrity and gathered around the camp fires, eating with the prospect of a brush.

At day break we formed lines of battle, our regiment on the left of the turnpike, the 12th Indiana and 13th Massachusetts on the right, and on our left the 16th Indiana. The flank companies of each regiment were thrown out, and deployed as skirmishers. Our Regiment was assigned by Gen. Hamilton to the front of the enemy's heaviest fortifications. We pushed on through fields and groves, tearing down stone walls, and unpaving rail fences. All eyes bent forward, watching eagerly and hungrily for the enemy they had come so far and had wanted so long to see. It was a splendid sight to see that line of burned arms glinting in the morning sun of the brightest day of the season.—

And then, the line of skirmishers, moving so regularly, every man five paces from his comrade; the line extending from a ridge to the right of the "pike," far down through the fields, completely covering the line of battle, and some four hundred yards in advance of it. Immediately behind the line of battle were the batteries, drawn up across the pike, and behind them the 1st Michigan Cavalry, moved in column, the slatter of their thousands of boots blending with the crunching of collapsed stone walls, the crashing of underbrush and the clarion words of commands of the Colozels. If Jackson had been there to see it, I dare say the sight of that sturdy line would have affected him somewhat as its advance did the other stone walls.

At length, emerging from the grove, the sunning ridge on the right, covered with camp huts and battery plates and earth works, was in sight. In front of us was a fortification of earth and barrels filled with stone—a lunette fort, as it is called, commanding the pike and the rail road. The advance began to be interesting. Altho' we supposed the enemy had evacuated, still we were not sure, and felt our way with as much care and vigilance as though we expected the battles to cover a formidable foe. Finding the fort and earth works evacuated, our skirmishers assembled and Companies A and B of our regiment marched boldly into town. The boys grumbled that no enemy had been seen, but they were leaving a trail of smoke and the enemy
Jackson has fallen back upon Strasburg. His rear guard, consisting of a force of infantry, cavalry, and a battery of guns, is some eight miles distant south of us, and two more days' march will bring the Union people in our rear. Part of our regiment went out yesterday and tried to draw the enemy into ambuscade. Failing to do this we recoiled and had much excitement scurrying along for some two or three miles. A heavy fog settling down made our advance in an unknown country quite risky, and we returned. To-day another regiment and a battery went out and had quite a little fight, driving the rebels from the town.

As soon as drafts can be established and communications opened from our base of operations to the several corps de armes, an advance will again be made.

Gen. Hamilton has left us. He is promoted to Acting Major General of Heintzelman's Division. His efficiency, and soldierly qualities are fully appreciated by McClellan. He will do honor to Wisconsin.

With the deepest regret we part with.

E. F. B.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WILMINGTON, V. A.
March 24, 1862.

I seize a moment to recount the stirring scenes that have been for the last two days enacted here in the desperately fought battle of Winchester.

Our division and regiment marched on Saturday morning for Manassas—a seventy miles march crossing the Shenandoah and Blue Ridge at Solico's Gap. Shields division was left here to advance in due time via Strasburg.

—My company with several others detailed for Provost Guard, were intending to leave for Manassas this morning, bringing up the rear and guarding the prisoners and trains. Jackson, who had fallen back some forty miles to Mount Jackson, heard that we had left Winchester and pushed back by a forced march to re-occupy the town.

By a blunder our pickets and scouts on the Strasburg road had been withdrawn and none of Shields' were thrown out by a short distance. Supposing Jackson was falling back upon the new line of defenses we all felt secure, when at three o'clock P. M. of Saturday, a cavalry patrol rushed in, declaring that the enemy were upon us in heavy force. None could believe the news but it was soon confirmed.

Shields' command at the time was lying in camp to the northward of the town.

The enemy supposing the town to be nearly evacuated marched boldly to its suburbs, planted their batteries, deployed into formidable line of battle and were making rapid strides upon us.

The town was in a terrible excitement—others had mostly friends in the troops attacking us. My company chafed and clamored to be sent into the fight but our duties forlorn. Already the booming of cannon close at hand told us that there was work to be done and that right speedily.

While we were all lingering with excitement, a cheer away up to the North end of the street told us that Shields' was coming to the rescue. Infantry at double quick, cheering and yelling like mountain devils; artillery at a brisk neck gallop thundered over the pavement; Putnam's dare-devil Rangers swept along in a fury and stampede, followed by the first Maryland cadets, gallantly rushing to the fray. At the head of this rushing column rode Shields himself, his face beaming with enthusiasm, and as eager as a warhorse snuffing the battle after off.

Still they came. Regiment after regiment, Buckeyes, Hoosiers, and Suckers—Shields' command contains many Western troops—and among the rest a company of Sharpshooters armed with telescopic rifles weighing some thirty pounds.

Soon our line of battle was formed, our batteries brought in range and the sharp roar of our Parrot field pieces announced that the Union orators had opened the argument on their side.

While the deployment of his infantry was going on Gen. Shields rode imprudent and among a cluster of mounted officers. Into this group the enemy threw a shell with such precision that it struck the General's horse in the face during the bone and mangling the flesh. A horse was killed by the same shell.

While his arm was being crossed the General gave orders for the dispositions of his forces. The skirmishing went on lively, and our artillery soon silenced their nearest battery.

The enemy finding us prepared for them fell back leaving 20 of their dead upon the field. Shields was of opinion—correctly as the event proved, that the enemy were in heavy force and designed to renew the attack with vigor on the morrow.

Darkness setting in prevented Shields from following up the withdrawing enemy. He therefore, to be prepared for the assault from any direction, drew his forces back into the suburbs of the town while they lay on their arms till morning.

Yesterday—Sunday—morning the fight began with artillery, at long range, some two miles from the south end of the town, and continued during the forenoon neither decisive or bloody. Col. Kimball of the 14th Indiana Regiment, acting Brigadier of the 1st Brigade, commanded in the field, the wound of Gen. Shields preventing him from being out. Fearing flank move...
ments our line fell back nearer town. The enemy got hold of a fine position on their left, our right, planted a mischievous battery and supported it by weak lines of infantry safely lodged behind a long stone wall. Shells were being aimed at this, sent up at 4 o'clock P. M. the 1st line order to "charge on the battery."

It was executed in grand style. The 4th Ohio, an Indiana Regiment and the 10th Pennsylvans, of Tyler's Brigade, made upon the battery as gallant a charge as history ever recorded. Across an open field, upon the stone wall, from every cranny of which a well aimed shot was sped, leaving a trail of dead and wounded behind them the gallant Brigade pushed on, driving the enemy from behind the wall. As they rose to flee the Brigade poured a volley into them, that left one continuous line of dead.

And now the roar of cannon, and musketry was incessant. Blood flowed, and shell screamed in the air from the battalions with terrible effect. For two hours, we heard nothing but continued volleys and the booming of batteries and the bursting of shell.

But still that gallant Brigade pushed on. The enemy fell back reluctantly still keeping up a murderous fire. At last the Bregade reached their last battery and as it fell back was confusion, a yell that echoed thro' the town told that the day was ours.

The route was complete. The enemy fell back completely demoralized, fatigued and prostrate. After them the gallant but decimated Brigade pressed; the cavalry rushed in; and the capture of prisoners began. Notwithstanding the thick darkness which covered their straggling flight three hundred were captured, including a dozen officers, among whom two aids de camp of Jackson himself.

All night long the cavalry were bringing in the wounded. The hospitals, the Seminary, the Court House, the vacant stores were taken for hospitals, and the wounded of both armies were brought in by hundreds. Every where it was gore, pale brows, mangled forms, and groans, which filled the heart, and the pitious wail, "water, water. Oh come water!" Go where you would, and here lay one whose face was shapeless, torn past recognition by the fragments of shell; there penting in his last agony one whose head was torn open, his brains and his hair clotted upon his blancket; another with his jaw shot out and his mouth a shapeless mass of hanging teeth, and splinters, and froth. There a little fellow with his shoulder shot away, hearing his agony with a fortitude that brought tears to my eyes. In one place lay a rebel captain shot across the face tearing out both his eyes. Shattered arms—battered riddled limbs—bodies impaled—thights mangled with shell. Ah, come and see; ye who exult over the victory, come and behold the price, and with your sympathies almost stung at the pressure of misery around you; let no vulgar cheer celebrate the achievement bought with so much agony and blood.

We spent the night in ministering to the suffering ones. To day the surgeons are busy dressing their wounds. Women who had sons, husbands or relatives in the attacking army are wandering frantically through the streets from prison to prison, from hospital to hospital, seeking for their friends among the wounded and captive.

There are haughty Southerners, but thank God, there are those who go to the hospitals as angels of mercy. True to womanly instincts they recognize neither friend or foe among the mangled sufferers.

It is impossible yet to tell our loss. It must be in killed and wounded some four to five hundred, and those mostly from our Brigade. The enemy have suffered severely. They succeeded in getting off many of their wounded, but their dead still lie in gory heaps upon the field. Over three hundred of their dead are already counted.

Col. Murray of the 110th Penn., was shot through the heart. Several Captains and Lieutenants have fallen and several more are badly wounded.

This afternoon the prisoners were sent to Harper's Ferry by Rail Road. They will be sent probably to Baltimore. They are a hard looking set, with, however, a sprinkling of fine looking, proud boys of the old Dominion who talk of the invincibility of the south as glibly as though they were victors. One fellow burst into tears at the kind treatment he received. It was executed in grand style. The hospitals are busy dressing their wounds. Women who had sons, husbands or relatives in the fighting, the prisoners with tears seize the hands of their benefactors and thank God through the tongues and the hands, still they could not stifle the tender sentiment of our soldiers and the North.
to cherish no grudge against the helpless humanity under their care. As they tenderly moved the wounded confederates and touch lightly the wounds, take their blankets to wrap them in, they seem to forget that they have ever warred with the unhappy sights before OicB?, E. E. B.

mauds

eel to the events which had transpired previous...

battle at Winchester

the wood, and the enemy, receiving all the combined fire, fell back with the

-tinged two 6-pound iron guns, hurried on, being cleared in front, death and destruction

in order to drive in our pickets the day before, but continued their fire.

I report at 9:30 a.m. to Col. Kimball, Acting Brigadier-General, that I stationed on a hill about one-half mile west of Kersote, which latter place is intersected by a teakettle leading to Straberg. There I informed myself as to the events which had transpired previous to my arrival, and I found that the enemy, who had been evading, had decided to drive in our pickets the day before, had been repulsed, had opened with their artillery, and was then...

in that therefore we engaged responding to his battery of four guns, which he then had play, and in endeavoring to repel his small but harassing attacks of cavalry upon our chain of sentinels.

The following is the official report of Capt. R. C. Shribner of Gen. Shields's staff concerning the recent battle at Winchester:

**THE WINCHESTER BATTLE.**

**THE OFFICIAL REPORT.**

**LISTS OF THE CASUALTIES.**

The following is the official report of Capt. R. C. Shribner of Gen. Shields's staff concerning the recent battle at Winchester:

**WINCHESTER, March 25, 1862.**

To Brigadier-General JAMES SHIELDS, commanding 24 Division, 5th Army Corps:

**GENERAL:** I beg respectfully to report to you after having been placed in line of battle on Saturday, March 20, at 9 o'clock a.m., an order to report for duty an Aid-de-Camp on your staff, I left headquarters for Kerrstown to assist Colonnos Kimball, Tyler, and Sullivan, the 18th Indiana, and 81st Pennsylvania, and 4th Ohio, to fight the enemy under Gen. Jackson, and to

in order to prevent a junction at Centreville of the forces of Gen. Banks with those of Gen. McCollum, determine not to advance further in the direction of Winchester after the action of Sunday, Gen. Jackson was ordered to his post at Straberg, and from the last place to the scene of the engagement on Saturday.

**REBEL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE.**

**BALTIMORE, March 28, 1862.**

The following is the official report of the command near Winchester, on Sunday last, as related by the most intelligent of the prisoners here in this

**KILLED AND WOUNDED.**

The Surgeon's return of the 84th Pennsylvania Regiment shows the following killed and wounded:

**KILLED.**

Col. Wm. G. Murray, Capt. Patrick Gal-

Paul L. Larry, Job Miller, John Belfour, Aaron B. Wright, James Myers, Lewis Koch, Wm. Fowler, John Kelly, Jeremiah (sotions), Thomas Hancock, Simon Keiser, Joseph McClave, Jacob Wainwright

**WOUNDED.—Prives William A. Davis (mortal).**

TENNESSEE HOSPITAL.


defense, the troops on both sides suffered heavy casualties. The Union forces had the advantage in numbers, but the Rebels put up a fierce resistance.

A Rebel soldier who survived the battle described the experience:

"The fields were red with the blood of our fallen comrades. Every foot of the ground was strewn with the bodies of the enemy. The air was filled with the sound of cannon and musket fire. The sun was setting behind a cloud of smoke and dust."

The Rebel soldier went on to say that the battle had lasted for hours, with both sides suffering heavy losses. The Union forces eventually prevailed, and the Rebel soldier was captured and taken to a hospital.

The hospital was filled with wounded soldiers from both sides. The doctors and nurses worked tirelessly to save as many lives as possible. The soldier described the conditions:

"The hospital was crowded with patients. The beds were packed together, and the air was thick with the smell of medicine and disinfectant. The doctors and nurses worked like mad, but we knew that many of our comrades would not survive."
boat was soon arranged for the heavy train.
I think there was never a more thankful company of human beings than those of us who stood upon the shores of Maryland last night.

To-day at five o'clock nearly all the trains had crossed. Gen. Banks and staff came in about noon. The enemy had been several hours among the wounded. It is a pitiful sight to see them brought in covered with blood. Poor fellows! they bear their misfortunes with serenity. Few generals could, with a force so disproportionate, have been equal to General Banks—fewer still would have had the bravery even to defend their supplies in so masterly a manner. There was no confusion, no flinching. The saddest part of the matter is the treatment we have reason to fear the Union people will experience from the hands of the rebels. They have no humanity. They kill our wounded soldiers, and even our women nurses are said to be shot. It is evident that they are too lenently dealt with. Several companies carried the black flag, and their cry was: "No quarter!" It is rumored that Shadwell is in their rear. If he is, therefore, to the rebel army of the valley. On this side of the river our artillery is planted—they are hemmed in as they never were before. Should Winchester be retaken soon, we have reason to believe it will be, I shall return to...

MARY A. DENISON.

From the Third Regiment.

(Camp 3rd Wis. Vols., near Edinburgh Va. April 8th, 1862.)

EDITORIAL TIMES.-We are making some progress in this part of the world, and although it seems slow yet it is sure. We reached this place a week ago, and have since been waiting for something to turn up; but what that something is we do not know. Our present location is about 35 miles southwest of Winchester and a short distance from the Shenandoah river. A stream of considerable size, called Stony Creek, runs across the valley and empties into the Shenandoah a short distance below here, between the two armies. The pickets of both forces occupy the hills on either side of the creek, and amuse themselves by firing at one another as opportunity offers. This so far has proved a perfectly harmless sport to our side at least, and so far as known to the rebels also.

Co. D was stationed on the outpost Sunday, and had a little share in the amusement. The rebels commenced firing about 9 o'clock in the morning, and kept it up all day. They would come around through the timber and behind hills—sighting as near as they could without exposing themselves—would watch an opportunity, and send their compliments in the shape of a leaden message. A few shots from our men would stop the fun there and they would commence in a new place—the distance all the time being so great that it would be a mere accident if any one was hurt. The rebels occasionally bring a battery of 24 pounders on a hill about two miles from our camp, and treat us to a few shells. We have a battery of 10-pounder Parrott guns between our camp and the rebels. Three or four shells from them sent the rebels back out of sight, and we have no more from them that day. The immense superiority of our artillery is exhibited every day in these little affairs. The health of the men generally is good and all are in the best of spirits. Wm. C.

Wood and Henry Brounwich are in the Hospital at Frederick and Edwin Thompson and Samuel Smith are at Phila-...
nia was the synonym for all that is hospitable, loyal, and chivalrously devoted to the Government her sons had helped so much to found.

From the Shenandoah to Aldie the country has been but little ravaged. The foot-prints of the rebels are scarcely visible until you leave the pike and turn down to Centreville.

The wagon tracks then cover the entire surface of the ground, and, of course, all lead to the last named place. The former—unmilitary—Centreville was a disgracefully shabby hamlet, needing a deal of paint and much general cleaning up to render it a fit ornament for an angle in the road. As you approach—holding the nose for the stench of the hundreds of carcasses of horses, that lie in squadrons outside the fortifications, the dirt-colored cabins and the long lines of earth-works appear before you. The position is commanding, though but slightly elevated, so that the four or five forts cover the approaches from every direction, for a range of from one-half to three-fourths of a mile. The forts and rifle pits are built within a circle of about one-third of a mile. With in and without this supposed circle, in convenient locations, are the winter quarters for some twenty or thirty thousand men. They are the rudest of mud chinked huts, with a huge fireplace at one end—the only feature at all suggestive of comfort.

The forts are built in this wise. First, stakes, or piles, are driven into the ground so as to describe a semi-circle, or more precisely the curvature of a horse shoe. Outside of these rails are closely laid, and against these the dirt is thrown up. Ditches are dug around these rail fences at a distance of some twelve feet from the line of posts, and the dirt dug from them is thrown up against the rails and well pounded down. The height of these works is some eight feet. Embrasures are made through the dirt walls—for the guns to point outward, and the embrasures widen outward so as to permit the guns to be fired in any direction within an angle of, say, sixty degrees. Three or four guns were mounted, in each of these forts, upon raised platforms. In divers other places batteries could be advantageously planted, and doubtless were.

To the left and right of Centreville, some four or five miles distant, can be seen fortifications and villages of huts, where heavy forces had been stationed during the winter to prevent the positions at Centreville from being turned, and also to guard the approaches to Manassas from other directions.

From Centreville to Bull Run you take a "corduroy" road of mud and pine poles—a deadly mule trap, as the carcasses lying on either side of the road most adroitly testify. Beyond the Run is a ridge covered with pines, and at its base on the banks, for over a half mile, the rebels have thrown up entrenchments—the most formidable of any I have seen, as well in position as in structure.

We passed to the westward of the battle-ground, and soon found ourselves in Manassas.

The eighth wonder of the world it is—until you have been there. For Manassas as it is, imagine a square league of wagon tracks and stumps festooning and festooning on the side of the ridge—in the distance, as the moon rose, two lines of light trains were thrown up by the rebel forces. Two railroad tracks come together, with the usual switch tracks, turning table etc., of a modest railroad station.

Along the track, near the junction are the charred remains of platforms and the chimneys and foundation of a small hotel. Also the vestiges of the temporary military storehouses, which, to all appearances, were many and large. A barn and a small farm house are still standing. Around the Junction are acres covered with boxes innumerable, trunks stowed in, demolished camp chests, satchel iron by the thousand, showing that the officers had to burn their baggage, kettles, plates, pans, knives, forks, spoons, harness trimmings, all burned, of course, lay around in bewildering abode, with rags enough of every texture, hue and variety to enrich half the ragpickers of London; puddles of dough, where flour was destroyed, and stacks of tainted bacon, piles of pigs' heads, rains of teats, list poles, damaged accoutrements, in short every conceivable thing of ordinary utility is scattered around in profusion and confusion. Two or three acres are covered by a mass convention of wagons of the Pennsylvania pattern, taken from the farmers and left by the rebels. A number of caissons of light artillery are also left. In sight are several villages of the huts above described. The barracks, built of boards, were all burned. I judge that the greater part of the forces were kept quartered below the Junction, as there is quite a city of huts standing there.

Around the Junction every little crest of ground in the undulating field is made the site of one of the horse shoe or lunette forts—similar in kind and size to those at Centreville. These are so placed as to command the town in every direction, and the attacking party would be exposed, come from what quarter he would, to the fire of two or three of these batteries. Between the forts and around them, wherever, in fact, the confirmation of the ground permits, rifle pits are thrown up. The woods have been cut away to afford range to the guns. For miles around the Junction fortifications of the same rude kind are thrown up to guard the approaches.

These fortifications are far inferior to those built by our forces around Washington. The rebel generals depend less on them than on the prudence of our generals in attacking them, and on their own forces. As specimens of engineering skill our officers regard them with contempt, and I am of the opinion that in case of an attack the enemy would have made their most vigorous defense on the outposts, as they would, in any event, have been forced to depend much on their troops in open field.

The approaches to Manassas, when the roads are good, are not difficult. Nature has interposed but few obstacles. Bull Run is the most formidable.

We have now a march of forty miles before us to find our Division, which is pushing on after Jackson, who declines making a stand, but gives all an annoyance possible without running risk.

**EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE**

**WOODSTOCK, Va. April 14, 1862.**

Here we are in the quiet, old, rotten borough of Woodstock—a village, until the advent of our armies, free from all taint of progressiveness. Though the locomotives of the Manassas Gap Railroad have been screaming bugle notes of civilization this old community has resolutely refused to wake up, and the old Court House built in 1793—now occupied by the office of State and Bank staff—is by far the most modern looking institution of the town.

The forces are mostly above us, between Yorktown and Edinburgh. Jackson is beyond them, supposed to be six or eight miles from our outposts. Our brigades, now commanded by Col. Gordon of the 21st Massachusetts regiment, is on the out-post. Five companies of our regiment are supporting a battery within a half mile of the enemy's pickets. A few shots are exchanged daily, and shell are thrown into our camps frequently.

The rebels have initiated the barbarous practice of shooting pickets, and are now neglecting their pay with interest. Several casualties have happened to our men, but none to our regiment, while not a few of the skulking rebels have stood their last turn at picket.

The patron saint of this part of Virginia is Col. Ashby, the commander of a so-called regiment of cavalry—but more properly the leader of a horde of mounted guerillas. He is the right hower of Jackson, covers his retreats, feels his way in advance, and for general scouting around, plundering the people, picking up prisoners from those who can't quite forget the old flag, for occasionally shooting a picket, or making some straggler he has gotten to be quite a hero. He has made a name of himself in the War of the Revolution, and has succeeded to this extent namely, that he keeps well out of the way.
He is an annoyance to us, it is true.—But it is that kind of annoyance that benefits us more than him, or his cause. His hovering about us tends to keep the men on the alert. The fact that he is thus making our picket stations excellent schools for out, past duty, and the occasional skirmishing so he calls out is just the kind of initiation for boys, to make them cool and deliberate, and wary before the enemy. His guerilla tactics and picket murdering seem to exasperate our men, and, on the whole he is an injury to his cause. Still, that he possesses considerable shrewdness and deliberation, and wary before the enemy.

I have hired "substitutes," paying $1,000 or a larger sum; others have filed into the mountains rather than drift into the rebel army. Some have sought protection within our lines. Those who have been forced into Jackson's army improve the first opportunity to escape.

They are a simple minded people, pure and peaceful, but too ready to acquiesce in the powers that be, to make very valuable citizens of a Republic. Your "my kingdom-is-not-of-this-world" folks so heavily inclined that they can not interfere with the devils plans of mischief on earth are usually the devil's dupes and as good as allies. I don't like 'em.

Of the same stripe are these passive, dul- lapse Yeovanny who went out of the Union—like a pile of pumpkins on a raft—because "Old Virginias" did, without lifting a finger to prevent her; bah! Such nobodies ought to be persecuted into a little independence and taught the value of liberty by a little deprivation. They are no more fit for the responsibilities of self-government than babies and sucklings are.—Any bold, bad man can enslave them out of their liberties. If this war's horrors shall sharpen the dull wits of the ignorant masses of the South and wake them up to a truce of vigilance—the price of liberty—it will have been to them a benefit.

A word upon military matters.

Our troops are now occupying Harrisonburg 15 miles in advance of this place.

Some remarks is occasioned by the seat of war. It seems the citizens of a Republic. Your "my kingdom-is-not-of-this-world" folks so heavily inclined that they cannot interfere with the devils plans of mischief on earth are usually the devil's dupes and as good as allies. I don't like 'em.

The centre of this valley is the natural road for the highway. The pike has but slight irregularities of grade. The landscape seems to have suspended its unities of undulation and to have left thro' the centre a thread comparatively level for man to cast up a highway upon, from which he might behold all the enchantments on either side.

Whenever the needs of travel require a road over the mountains, Nature has consideredly formed one of those depreations here known as "Gaps." Over these the pikes run in the serpentine course of...
Award from Edingburg in the advance; captured, taken from Stratsburg; also at a point seven and bailing their horses, they found rounds around them. He has no stomach, but 29th Penn., 2d Mass., and 3d Wis. There are doing a heavy picket duty in the other the regiment got back, everything was on — the firing through the streets. No; not always! A whole company, officers and all, of his command, were picketed on a by-road some days ago, had quartered themselves in an old church, and were enjoying the "offium cum dignitate" or lazy dignity of soldiers on easy duty; when one morning just as the early rising portion were out rubbing their eyes and bailing their horses, they found themselves surrounded by four companies of Ohio Infantry and a Company of cavalry. Resistance was folly. They were completely entrapped, nabbed, scooped out and denied the glory of "dying in the last ditch." The greater part were awakened by the cheers of their captors from dreams of confederate independence, when six months after the ratification of peace their shiplaster money would all be redeemed, to the humiliating consciousness that they were prisoners of war, overcome by force of numbers, as they said, and their — morning nap.

The officers were a life enjoying trio, intelligent and jolly. They took their capture, ignoble as it was, with good grace; they agreed 'twas a joke on 'em. As my mess subsisted them till they were sent to Baltimore, they ate our bacon and drank our coffee as though they had been for a lifetime tenants in common of our larder. The pay after their capture the boys nabbed also another of Ashby's Lieutenants, named "Shin O'Brien, and a handsomely rollicking fellow he was. I don't believe any of them felt a sigh of regret at being captured.

Our regiment is having its share of hard service with a wide margin. It moved forward from Elizabethtown in the advance; was on picket three days and nights in a drenching rain. Then one night of storm and darkness it was ordered to march back to New Market forthwith, and over the mountain on the Luray pike, to Burner's Springs, to the support of the 39th Illinois, which was threatened by five or six of Ashby's cavalry. Other Regiments on the flank could have reached this place by a march of five miles, but the 3d Wisconsin now having no Hamilton — was the victim, and marched twelve miles in the rain and darkness. In my snug quarters I pitied him, living in time to join us. I feel, may intended victims. More to aid the

For the Rest.

Letter from the Third Regiment.

WILLIAMSPORT, Md., April 20th, 1862.

J. C. Cover — Dear Sir:—Probably no one has written to the Herald concerning our late battle, I deem it a duty on my part to undertake it, in order to relieve suspense and anxiety of friends and relatives of those belonging to the 24 Grant County Company.

The remnant of Gen. Banks corps, was stationed at Strasburg, when the enemy were advancing upon us. Except a supposed sufficient force, who were guarding several railroad bridges along the Strasburg and Manassas R. R. On the afternoon of the 29th inst., messengers informed the General, that the rebels were attacking our guard at Front Royal, (twelve miles distant from Strasburg;) also at a point seven miles this side; both attacks being made about the same time. Company G, of our regiment and company B, 27th Indiana, were at this latter place. Gen. Banks immediately ordered regiment, to reinforce those, but when we arrived it was dark, and all was over. We remained till morning, when, at seven o'clock Col. Reger ordered Capt. Limbocker to detail a squad for the purpose of making a reconnaissnace which he did. It consisted of Orderly Sergeant Jasper Woodford and eight Private, viz:—Thomas Barlow, Brainard Hopkins, C. Oraun, W. H. Pride, E. R. Streeter, Robt. Thorp, Harvey Sinnert and Geo. H. Merson. Shortly afterward, we proceeded back to Strasburg, but they did not arrive in time to join us. They are prisoners, undoubtedly. When the regiment got back, everything was on the move, and a retreat was imminent, according to appearances. We halted a moment to let the trains get ahead; then commenced our long march.

In less than two hours the enemy were in Strasburg, and pursuing us. Firing was heard in our rear most of the day, which, however, did no serious damage, only to capture several wagons, &c. Artillery was ordered back to cover our retreat, with the assistance of a special squadron of cavalry, thus enabling us to get on rapidly. Night came on, and a halt was made of a mile from Winchester. We remained till about four o'clock in the morning, (25th,) when rapid firing was heard on our pickets. The "long range" called us to arms, and shortly we were out in line of battle. We marched up on a side hill, leaving a ravine between us and the enemy. We were on the right wing which consisted of the 27th Ind., 29th Penn., 23 Mass., and 3d Wis. The following regiments composed the left:—6thConn., 28th N. Y., 46th Penn., 12 pieces of artillery was all we had; 6 pieces belonging to the U. S. 4th, and to the N. Y. 1st. The New York battery was the first to open the cannonade, and was soon answered by the enemy. Speedily, our other battery was in position; then the artillery fight became general. The sun was just rising, and a brighter sun never shone; a slight breeze wafted over us and all nature seemed gay. The howling of artillery, cavalry dashing, &c. seemed more to many like a prismatic scene, than of a battle. The infantry were fast advancing on ours, and at last they made their appearance on our left, in twenty minutes more they were on our right. At this time the fight became general and the leader rain was pouring fearfully. The left held its ground firmly, but the right had to fall back, owing to the superior of their force, but were soon at it again. The Indiana 27th began the retreat, seeing so many on our front, besides six regiments going "double quick" for the purpose of flanking. A stone-wall stood between us (3d Wis.) and the city, so we fell back behind that and were the last to leave it. Overpowered by such an overwhelming force, orders were given for a retreat; on we went mile by mile through the streets of Winchester, in such a confused mass, we hoped never to witness again: wagons, ambulances, soldiers, horses and mules in a pile together, making big tracks for the Potomac, then 27 miles distant. Soldiers throwing off knapsacks, guns, accoutrements, clothing and in fact everything to accelerate their speed — the last hope left. Astonished we were, though not unexpectedly, did citizens of the city, including women and all, fly to our troops from their windows, which killed and wounded quite a number. Several "ladies" while taking deliberate aim at our troops, were knocked down with muskets, by order of the officers. Here the life of many intrepid soldiers. More to add the excitement, were some three or 4,000 cavalry dashing through the streets, killing and capturing large numbers who couldn't keep up with the main body.

Laughable instances occurred which I cannot here enumerate; however, I will give one because it is too good to be lost: Lieutenant Bently seeing a number of his company behind, resolved to go back; a short distance to inform them that they would
Death of Gov. Harvey—Action of Wis­consin 3d Regiment.


At a meeting of the Officers of the 3d Regiment Wis. Vols., of which Col. Thos. H. Rager was made President, and Lieu­tenant Warham Parks, Secretary, called to ex­amine, in behalf of their regiment, their deep grief at the sudden death of Governor or Luke P. Harvey, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

The Officers of the 3d Regiment Wisconsin Volunteer, having received confirmation of the startling news of the sudden death of Luke P. Harvey, the Governor of their State, and having assembled in behalf of themselves, for the purpose of re­mem­bering the virtues and the excellences which made him so distinguished a man, and to take such action as should be thought appropriate to the occasion, do unanimously resolve that:

That the officers of the 3d Regiment Wis. Volunteers, in common with their fellow citizens at home, do sorrowfully tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;

That the officers of this regiment will wear in mourning the day of his funeral, no greater peculiarity of mourning to be observed, and that the officers of this regiment will tender their deepfelt sympathy in the loss of Luke P. Harvey, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, a man noble, a good soldier, and so true, that his death seems personal bereavement;
Letter from Col. Ruger of the 3d Regiment

[Headquarters of the 3d Regiment, Near New Market, Va., May 14th, 1862]

Messrs. Editors—Sir:—A copy of the Fond du Lac Reporter of April 27th has been shown me, and which contains the following paragraph:

A letter of the 3d Wisconsin regiment that on a recent occasion, where the rebels came dangerously near Major Crane and made such fast time to the rear that he has been sick ever since. We are very sorry to hear of the Major's misfortunes in being pursued, I run from the enemy, and trust he may make the opportunity run towards them, to sustain his claim to those benefits.

Well-assured that justice will be done to me, I am, gentlemen,

Very respectfully,

L. H. D. CRANE, Major 3d Wis.


The undersigned, officers of the Third Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers, hereby state:

They have been exceedingly surprised to find the following paragraph in the Saturday Reporter, of Fond du Lac, of April 26th, 1862:

“A letter from the Third Wisconsin Regiment states, that on a recent occasion, when the rebels came disagreeably near, Major Crane made such fast time to the rear, that he has been sick ever since.”

They further state, that the above item is absolutely and utterly false, and that no such thing was ever heard of in the Regiment, unless the appearance of the newspaper containing it.

They further state, that Major Crane has never, to their knowledge, or in their opinion, been sick, or in want of personal comfort, during his connection with the Regiment; and they request that all newspapers which have inserted the above item, will also insert the contradiction thereof.

This statement is signed by Col. Ruger, Lt. Col. Pickney, and all the commissioned officers except Capt. Geo. J. Whitman.

Major Crane in an article accompanying the above vindication has the following to say:

“To the Press of Wisconsin. — The undersigned has been detailed from the camp of the 3d Wisconsin Volunteers, to the rear, that he has been sick ever since.”

The undersigned detailed from the Regiment for a very small time, has no reason for his refusal. I have therefore demanded a Court of Inquiry of Major General Banks, when that officer can have ample opportunity to make good, if he can, the statement which he seems willing should stand uncontradicted.

Very respectfully,

L. H. D. CRANE, Major 3d Wis.


The undersigned has been exceedingly surprised to find the following paragraph in the Saturday Reporter, of Fond du Lac, of April 26th, 1862:

“A letter from the Third Wisconsin Regiment states, that on a recent occasion, when the rebels came disagreeably near, Major Crane made such fast time to the rear, that he has been sick ever since.”

They further state, that the above item is absolutely and utterly false, and that no such thing was ever heard of in the Regiment, unless the appearance of the newspaper containing it.

They further state, that Major Crane has never, to their knowledge, or in their opinion, been sick, or in want of personal comfort, during his connection with the Regiment; and they request that all newspapers which have inserted the above item, will also insert the contradiction thereof.

This statement is signed by Col. Ruger, Lt. Col. Pickney, and all the commissioned officers except Capt. Geo. J. Whitman.

Major Crane in an article accompanying the above vindication has the following to say:

“To the Press of Wisconsin. — The undersigned has been detailed from the camp of the 3d Wisconsin Volunteers, to the rear, that he has been sick ever since.”

The undersigned detailed from the Regiment for a very small time, has no reason for his refusal. I have therefore demanded a Court of Inquiry of Major General Banks, when that officer can have ample opportunity to make good, if he can, the statement which he seems willing should stand uncontradicted.

Very respectfully,

L. H. D. CRANE, Major 3d Wis.


The undersigned has been exceedingly surprised to find the following paragraph in the Saturday Reporter, of Fond du Lac, of April 26th, 1862:

“A letter from the Third Wisconsin Regiment states, that on a recent occasion, when the rebels came disagreeably near, Major Crane made such fast time to the rear, that he has been sick ever since.”

They further state, that the above item is absolutely and utterly false, and that no such thing was ever heard of in the Regiment, unless the appearance of the newspaper containing it.

They further state, that Major Crane has never, to their knowledge, or in their opinion, been sick, or in want of personal comfort, during his connection with the Regiment; and they request that all newspapers which have inserted the above item, will also insert the contradiction thereof.

This statement is signed by Col. Ruger, Lt. Col. Pickney, and all the commissioned officers except Capt. Geo. J. Whitman.

Major Crane in an article accompanying the above vindication has the following to say:

“To the Press of Wisconsin. — The undersigned has been detailed from the camp of the 3d Wisconsin Volunteers, to the rear, that he has been sick ever since.”

The undersigned detailed from the Regiment for a very small time, has no reason for his refusal. I have therefore demanded a Court of Inquiry of Major General Banks, when that officer can have ample opportunity to make good, if he can, the statement which he seems willing should stand uncontradicted.

Very respectfully,

L. H. D. CRANE, Major 3d Wis.


The undersigned has been exceedingly surprised to find the following paragraph in the Saturday Reporter, of Fond du Lac, of April 26th, 1862:

“A letter from the Third Wisconsin Regiment states, that on a recent occasion, when the rebels came disagreeably near, Major Crane made such fast time to the rear, that he has been sick ever since.”

They further state, that the above item is absolutely and utterly false, and that no such thing was ever heard of in the Regiment, unless the appearance of the newspaper containing it.

They further state, that Major Crane has never, to their knowledge, or in their opinion, been sick, or in want of personal comfort, during his connection with the Regiment; and they request that all newspapers which have inserted the above item, will also insert the contradiction thereof.

This statement is signed by Col. Ruger, Lt. Col. Pickney, and all the commissioned officers except Capt. Geo. J. Whitman.

Major Crane in an article accompanying the above vindication has the following to say:

“To the Press of Wisconsin. — The undersigned has been detailed from the camp of the 3d Wisconsin Volunteers, to the rear, that he has been sick ever since.”

The undersigned detailed from the Regiment for a very small time, has no reason for his refusal. I have therefore demanded a Court of Inquiry of Major General Banks, when that officer can have ample opportunity to make good, if he can, the statement which he seems willing should stand uncontradicted.

Very respectfully,

L. H. D. CRANE, Major 3d Wis.


The undersigned has been exceedingly surprised to find the following paragraph in the Saturday Reporter, of Fond du Lac, of April 26th, 1862:

“A letter from the Third Wisconsin Regiment states, that on a recent occasion, when the rebels came disagreeably near, Major Crane made such fast time to the rear, that he has been sick ever since.”

They further state, that the above item is absolutely and utterly false, and that no such thing was ever heard of in the Regiment, unless the appearance of the newspaper containing it.

They further state, that Major Crane has never, to their knowledge, or in their opinion, been sick, or in want of personal comfort, during his connection with the Regiment; and they request that all newspapers which have inserted the above item, will also insert the contradiction thereof.

This statement is signed by Col. Ruger, Lt. Col. Pickney, and all the commissioned officers except Capt. Geo. J. Whitman.

Major Crane in an article accompanying the above vindication has the following to say:

“To the Press of Wisconsin. — The undersigned has been detailed from the camp of the 3d Wisconsin Volunteers, to the rear, that he has been sick ever since.”

The undersigned detailed from the Regiment for a very small time, has no reason for his refusal. I have therefore demanded a Court of Inquiry of Major General Banks, when that officer can have ample opportunity to make good, if he can, the statement which he seems willing should stand uncontradicted.

Very respectfully,

L. H. D. CRANE, Major 3d Wis.

for we have as yet been in no general engagement with the enemy, though we have for the greater part of the time since the battle of Winchester, formed the advance of Bank's Division. But for long marches through mud and rain, climbing steep mountains, fording deep streams, and doing arduous and dangerous picket duty, we have proven the 3rd Wisconsin not inferior to any regiment in Bank's Division. After Jackson's defeat at Winchester, he retreated up the Shenandoah river, following the Winchester and Staunton turnpike, closely pressed by the advance of our infantry and the Vermont 1st Cavalry, between whom and the celebrated Ashby Cavalry frequent skirmishes took place, convincing the chivalry that the Green Mountain Boys had not degenerated since the days of Ethan Allen. We frequently came in sight of their rear guard, the long roll beaten throughout our lines, the line of battle formed, field pieces hurried to our front and those of the enemy to their rear, a few shells exchanged and the rebels were off in double quick; then a smoke ahead, the clattering of horses feet, rattling of sabres, and the Vermont boys were off to extinguish the flames of some bridge which the rebels had fired to retard our advance. Thus we have followed them for 70 miles, until the Shenandoah valley, the garden of Virginia, is once more under the protection of the stars and stripes, and Jackson's army, disheartened by defeat, and decimated by desertion, is driven across the Blue Ridge, to seek safety farther down in Dixie; but the coils of the Boa Constrictor are tightening around him, and fly where he may he cannot avoid its deadly volume.

THE PEOPLE AND COUNTRY.

The villages through which we have passed are almost entirely deserted by the white male population; the few that remain look careworn and haggard, and if ignorance is bliss, they live in an enviable state of felicity. I went to one house near Newmarket to exchange flour for bread. The lord of the manor, a man of forty-five or fifty years of age, who owned 400 acres of cultivated land and 34 slaves, asked me what regiment I belonged to. I told him the 3rd Wisconsin. "Wisconsin," he said, "is that in Massachusetts?" A six foot Vermonter who was with me told him that it was, that it was only another name for Bunker's Hill, but that he was from Kentucky. So secession sold him the bread, but would have nothing to do with me. They are very poorly posted in war matters, and differ materially as to its origin, one lady declaring "that Breckenridge received the most votes for President, but the Yankees got Lincoln to Washington first and made him President, and the South wouldn't stand it."

I did not expect to see such ignorance in Virginia, the birth-place of so many Presidents and statesmen; but I have seen but one schoolhouse since leaving Harper's Ferry! The slaves are as well posted in political and war matters as their masters, the only information in vogue being tradition or hearsay, which is alike acceptable to white and black. And these are the people that call us "mudsills." They may have had intelligent people here, but if so they have certainly gone to the war.

The Shenandoah or valley of Virginia is productive and well cultivated, most of the farms or plantations are sown in wheat, which is now about knee high, and looks well. This valley extends from Harper's Ferry to Staunton, a distance of 106 miles. It is bounded north by the Shenandoah, and south by the Mapanutten mountains, which run parallel to the Blue Ridge. We are camped at Harrisonburg, 26 miles east from Staunton.

That it is healthy here, it is sufficient to say that we have but eight sick in the hospital.

CURRENCY.

The only money or representation of money (as they have no money) in circulation is Jeff's promise to pay, or shinplasters. I read you two specimens of the latter, which if you refused to take at par here, your loyalty to the Southern Confederacy would be at once questioned, and, before our advent, summarily dealt with. My four hours have nearly expired, and I must take my post. All from Richland Co. are well. Yours, &c.

Ed. Livingston.
Banks' Retreat from Strasburg

THE THREE DAYS' OPERATIONS.

HAGERTOWN, MD., May 25th, 1862.

Friday's Fighting.

The Maryland First had been sent from Strasburg to Front Royal, a small village twelve miles distant, just beyond the Massanutten range, which commence its course just at this point, and upon the eastern bank of the Shenandoah, over which is the large bridge of the Massanutten Gap Bridge, which has now again for the third time been destroyed by the rebels.

Yesterday, they were known to be in danger, and so much had our apprehensions for them increased before night, that the commanding officers were ordered to remain at their posts to await instructions. At midnight, came to the different brigades that the news from Front Royal was very unfavorable, with orders to prepare to march immediately.

Col. Kenley, the lamented officer of the Maryland First, received notice of the approach of the enemy only by the surprise and capture of one of his pickets. No intimation of their coming had been received, and it was, therefore, impossible to have supported him in season to have prevented the sad havoc which succeeded.

He defended himself through the entire day with an ability and energy which speak loud praises for him in the hearts of all his loyal countrymen. With some of his chosen men in his command, he was compelled to sustain himself against the three full brigades of Gen. Ewell, who had abandoned his camp, fifty miles above in the valley, for the purpose of making this descent upon a regiment of loyal Marylanders.

Three o'clock and a detachment of cavalry, a hundred men, Companies B and I, of the 1st Maryland Guard, commanded by Major Vought, arrived from Strasburg, and reported immediately to Col. Kenley, who ordered them to take up the enemy. The cavalry obeyed the order, charging upon them with great force, though greater than in their former experience. The enemy quickly gave way, and the cavalry pursued them with the remainder of the little force, doing noble service, and holding in check successfully not less than six times their number. Seeing the danger of their position, the commander of the brigade gave the order to retreat, which they did in excellent order across the Massanutten Bridge, which was then burned by the rebels, which was accordingly fired by placing upon it piles of fences rails, but was not destroyed. The cavalry came on so closely and hotly that we were driven away, and did not succeed in the attempt.

They soon arrived at and crossed the bridge on the north branch of the Shenandoah, which they burned in firing and destroying it, but not, however, in detaining the rebels, who, cavalry and infantry, plunged in and forced it, and were soon upon the road and left.

So received the unwelcome news that the enemy had surrounded them, flanking them with their superior numbers both by right and left.

Our men, undaunted, dashed upon them with such vigor as to effect their escape, and our losses from the coils of the rebels, thrown around them, not, however, without being again surrounded and so effectually beat on every side, behind and before, that their superior numbers and the numbers and freshness of the rebel troops, that they were completely destroyed or captured, together with their noble Colonel and other field officers.

The severity of the fight beggars all attempts at description.

No man upon the field of battle ever governed his men with more coolness, judgment and bravery, than did Col. Kenley. His cry to his men was not "go," but "come on," and they did so, every man of them. When ordered to surrender, he shot the one who demanded it, and when overpowered and summoned to give up his sword, he broke the blade in halves, was shot, wounded and placed in an ambulance.

He was a Baltimorean, and a lawyer of ability, appointed by a large number of his friends. His loss is deeply felt in the division, and his worth acknowledged by all.

The forces engaged upon our side comprised eight companies of the Maryland First, two companies of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania, two companies of the Maryland Guard, two platoons of Capt. Knap's battery, and Capt. Mapes' Pioneer Corps of fifty men.

One gun which was carried off the field and brought within a few miles of Winchester, was abandoned, necessarily, and was captured by the enemy before the following morning.

A considerable number of the Maryland regiment have come in.

Saturday's Fighting.

At 1 o'clock Saturday morning, I was awakened to make preparations for a immediate retreat. The enemy had entrenched upon the road which connects Strasburg with Front Royal, and the enemy were known to be in close pursuit of us. Their position, too, seemed evidently intended to cut off our connection with Winchester, and we saw, very naturally, before us the prospect of an enemy (Ewell) between us and Jackson, whom we had known to be behind us near Harrisonburg, seemed more than probably intending to push upon us in our rear, placing us between two fires, each double larger than the little command which remained to Gen. Banks, after the withdrawal of so large a portion of it to reinforce other exposed divisions of the army.

We soon learned that the forces of Ewell were on the road upon which we were retreating, and had proceeded three miles beyond Strasburg, had crossed the Creek Bridge, and ascended the hill beyond. A consultation seemed to have been held ahead of us, indicated by the return of sutlers, teamsters, and servants who had been separated from us, indicating that they probably had decided upon an immediate battle and retreat. The order was given to order, and to collect all the wagons, which we immediately began to collect, burning out the road.

We were on the front, while Jackson, whom we had known to be behind us near Harrisonburg, seemed more than probably intending to push upon us in our rear, placing us between two fires, each double larger than the little command which remained to Gen. Banks, after the withdrawal of so large a portion of the army.

We soon learned that the forces of Ewell were on the road upon which we were retreating, and had proceeded three miles beyond Strasburg, had crossed the Creek Bridge, and ascended the hill beyond. A consultation seemed to have been held ahead of us, indicating by the return of sutlers, teamsters, and servants that they had probably decided upon an immediate battle and retreat. The order was given to order, and to collect all the wagons, which we immediately began to collect, burning out the road.

The other end of our column encountered the force which was to have been sent to attack our rear. First the Zouaves do de l'Afrique, body guard of Gen. Banks, had been stationed in the rear to burn the bridge across Meadow Creek, three miles from Strasburg, after all had passed except the rest of the column. Hatch, who was yet to come up, and who would ford the river. While they were being marched the bridge with far, unsuspecting any danger, the enemy charged down upon them
from the mountain on the left, cutting them up in a most unmerciful manner, and capturing all of them except five. The rapid flight of cavalry caused a great panic among the teamsters, who lost their heads, and by the time the column reached the town they were in a confused state, and more than a hundred wagons were taken possession of by the enemy.

The cavalry, who were better supplied with arms and ammunition than the infantry, had the advantage, and Maj. Short, who was in command of the cavalry, led his men in a most picturesque manner, and the infantry, under Maj. Skidmore, took the enemy by surprise. They were out of sorts by the enemy and were compelled to retreat. The enemy was in a hasty retreat; and, as I saw flames rise from the wood at night and heavy volumes of smoke roll up, I knew that a desperate fight was about to ensue.

At one point the enemy came up in a large hollow square, single line upon the front and double line upon the flank, when being opened upon by an enfilading fire from the enemy who had come upon our flank, they had to escape from the town, as they were in vastly superior numbers.

SUNDAY'S FIGHTING.

After a long and anxious day's march I retired to rest in the town of Winchester.

By daybreak the following morning, the voices of cannon and the rattle of muskets struck me from every side, and an officer who came through the window, brought me suddenly to the consciousness that another day must be broken of its peaceful quiet by the fierce and unnatural pursuits of war. I listened to the sounds and saw the smoke which rose from the hills, but three miles distant.

During breakfast I heard the trampling of horses upon the road, and the heavy rolling of artillery over the pavements. Certainly, I thought, there can be no haste; we shall not be compelled to leave Winchester.

Presently there was a commotion, a sobbing among the women, and a running to and fro, which brought me to my feet in time to see our forces were started on a hasty retreat; and, as I saw flames rising from the burning buildings not far off, and heavy volumes of smoke roll upward and fill the air on every side, we were to abandon Winchester. The enemy were in the other end of the town, as the raftle and echo of the musketry up the street was distinctly heard. The retreat, as plainly indicated all the streets were in confusion. Cavalry was rushing disorderly away, and infantry, frightened by the rapidity of their mounted companions, were in consternation. All were trying to escape faster than their neighbors, dreading most of all to be last.

Presently the enemy's cannon boomed in the rear, and a small cloud in smoke in the sky suddenly appearing, and then dissolving, showed where the ball had exploded. We could see the muskets of our men, and the panic was quite general for a short time. Guns, knapsacks, cartridge-boxes, bayonets, and bayonet cases, lay scattered upon the ground in great confusion. We were to leave our baggage and follow the soldiers. But this confusion and disorder were not of long duration.

Gen. Banks, riding continually among the soldiers, was seen among them kindly and familiarly, shamed them to a consideration of their unbefitting consternation. At length, stationing himself and staff, with several others of the line, the soldiers were rapidly facing, the men were ordered to stop their flight, were formed line into line, and made to march on in a soldier-like manner.

What occurred in the street rear of the column is too well known to state with consideration. Col. Donnelly, acting Brigadier-General, the fate of one of whose regiments— the First Maryland—has been already stated, with his entire command, in the assault of the stone wall in New York and Fifth Connecticut, is reported, and on good authority, as captured. During the flight, which continued for a time, before the enemy, the brigade behaved admirably, and repulsed the enemy, but being outflanked by superior numbers, it was compelled to withdraw. Col. Donnelly's regiment, the 2d New York, was the left, and Gen. Brown's right, in position along a gorge between two hills.

The Second Massachusetts was firing upon the enemy from both a stone wall, when being opened upon by an enfilading fire from the enemy who had come upon our flank, they had to escape from the town, as they were in vastly superior numbers.

After a long and anxious day's march I retired to rest in the town of Winchester.
The battery was not in the battle at Winchester, but have since been picking duty on our advanced lines, being placed three days at Pease's Hotel, holding a most important position, and was regarded by our commanders as a veritable fort or garrison, with a commissary officer for gallant service at Maysville. He entered the service in a company of Col. Waller's Maryland infantry, and was regarded by his comrades as a true leader. He was a lawyer, and, as such, was called to the call of his country to assist in crushing the rebellion.

[We are permitted to copy portions of two letters received from Mr. Gibbons of this city, and his daughter, who was in assurance in the hospitals when the Rebel forces marched against that place. The receipt of the first, dated May 30, being followed in a few days by those reports of the attack on the city, it was in the middle of which the rebel forces were without any advice from them for six days, and no instructions to be given or orders to be issued.]

...
I was made a new coat as soon as I got more

A Letter from Capt. Scott.

WilliamSPORT, May 28th.

DEAR SIR—Don't have that list of men
that I sent you published, for they are coming in.

Among a number of letters and papers, I have been

engagement. He reports none of the
Company killed, and but one wounded.

Sergeant Thomas, who was seen to
stagger as if hit. Some eighteen or
twenty of the company were taken prisoners, two
of whom, Irwin O'Hara and C. H. Pauley, are known to have been
killed. The following is a list of the prisoners as far
as Mr. L. could remember: Serg't Woodford, Serg't Thomas, E. R. Strooker, B.


Greenman.

Below will be found portions of letters written by Frank Russell the day after the

battle.

"We have had the hardest time I ever
saw in my life. The rebels attacked us
between 5 and 6 o'clock, at the Junction of Steam

road. One man was killed and two wounded out
of Co. G, and Orderly Sergeant Woodford

and nine others of our company were taken.

We marched to Winchester, where we took

tea and camped out. In the morning we

were drawn up in line of battle, and fought

our way through the town upon their return thereto.--

Mr. Livingston says all the Generals in the

service cannot prevent our men from burning
to town upon their return thereto.

Now these people have been actually fed
by the Union arm since they have been there.

It is in entire keeping with most of their doings.

It seems as if it
to retreat, and at that time the rebels

were within a hundred yards of us. We

started to run, and I never saw such a

panic in my life; we were whipped all to

pieces. They ran us thirty-six miles that day.

I marched 15 miles that day on a

hard pike road, without a shoe to my foot.

My feet were all blistered, but I managed to

keep up, out of the way of the rebels.

Bendley was taken prisoner twice. But cut

his way through and got away. I had

gone shot out of my hands, but the bullets
did not touch me. I thought every

moment was my last.

Mr. B. was shot down right by my side, and

another wounded. They were shot in the

streets of Winchester, by a woman. The

ladies, if they can be called such, shot these

men as they went along the side-walk."

Gallantry of our Third Regiment.

We never hear of the doings of our Wis.
sidens in the Eastern armies, through the

N. Y. papers, until they have chronicled,
with due exaggerations, the wondrous achievements of their own and other

eastern soldiers. It was so after Bull

Run. The "gallant 69th" was lauded to the
skies for its unparalleled bravery, while no

intimation was given of a certain

"Wisconsin 2nd," which, after their same

69th had left the field in confusion, kept

on fighting, till to remain was utter

madness. This proceeding, if it be permitted,

has been but too well followed, and

we have now another instance. The New

York World has just ascertained that.

"A brave defense, which has never as
yet received any mention, occurred upon the day when Gen. Lincoln was attacked and routed by the Confederates at Front Royal. It was at Druckton, a station of the Manassas Gap Railroad, four miles west of Front Royal. Company G, of the Third Wisconsin Regiment, under Capt. Davis, and Company Twenty-seventh Indiana, are the ones who deserve so much credit for their excellent conduct on that occasion. They were attacked by 600 of the rebel cavalry about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The two companies at once deployed as skirmishers and kept the force of the enemy at bay for the remainder of the day, when, as night approached, Col. Reger came to their relief with the whole of the Third Wisconsin, and the enemy was compelled to withdraw. A portion of these two companies at one time retreated across the river, but subsequently recovered and maintained their ground for the remainder of the day.

These two companies having, with the relief received from Col. Reger, repelled the enemy, fell back, and the next morning moved on to join the main column, which they found on the retreat near Winchester.

Better late than never. The steadiness and gallantry of the 3d Wisconsin will surprised none who know the material of which it is composed, and the character of its officers. This is the regiment which was raised by Colonel—now General—Hamilton. Col. Reger, who has had command nearly a year, is eminently fit for his position, being a graduate of West Point, where he received the highest honors of his class, and having those qualities which secure the confidence and attachment of his Regiment. The Third has always sustained an excellent reputation for its high state of discipline.

The Third Wisconsin.

Editors of State Journal: In noticing the retreat of Gen. Banks, an officer of the regular army writes me as follows:—

* * * * * The regular officers unite in saying, that the 3d Wisconsin, Col. Reger, did splendidly throughout the retreat, and was with other troops (in a measure abandoned to themselves after the river was reached) were raising the d—l to get across anyhow, the 3d Wisconsin formed as on parade, crossed in detachments under proper officers, and were then re-formed ready for duty on this side. Other Regiments behaved well, but the 3d took the palm.* * * * *

N. B. VAN SLYKE.

— The correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Williamsburg, speaks thus of the Third Wisconsin: "In the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania and Twenty-seventh Indiana, some of the officers and men were left behind, but these will be promptly proceeded against as deserters by Col. Gordon; but in the Second Massachusetts and Third Wisconsin I hear from the men nothing but the most unbounded confidence in their officers; from the officers nothing but the greatest pride in the men."

— Col. Gordon, commanding the Brigade to which the Third belonged, says in his official report:

"Where all the regiments in my brigade behaved so well, it is not intended to reflect in the least upon others, in mentioning the steadiness and discipline which marked the acts of the Second Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, and the Third Wisconsin, Colonel Reger. The enemy will long remember the destructive fire which three or four companies of the Third Wisconsin and a like number of the Second Massachusetts poured into them, as these sturdy regiments moved slowly in line of battle from the field."

Gallantry of the Third Wisconsin Regiment.

The N. Y. Evening Post, in an account of Banks' retreat, pays the following compliment to the 3d Wisconsin, Col. Reger, commanding. The writer says that at the commencement of the retreat near Winchester, "The Third Wisconsin, as cool as if on parade—faced about and marched the whole line down the hill towards town."

Afterwards, as the troops passed out of Winchester, after speaking of the gallantry of the 2d Massachusetts, in the same brigade, he adds:—

So, also, the 3d Wisconsin moved in excellent order out of town, although exposed to a galling fire. As this regiment came down the hill, three companies formed behind a stone wall, and poured into the advancing rebels a withering fire.

Our Gallant Boys—The 3d Wisconsin.

We are proud to perceive that whenever and wherever our regiments are called to show the real material of which they are made, they always prove themselves worthy representatives of the noble State from which they are sent. During Gen. Banks' retreat the 3d Wisconsin had opportunities to exhibit every quality that graces the good soldier. Their coolness, their obedience to orders, their unwearied industry, and the good spirits which they maintained during that destructive retreat, pursued by the enemy at least five times their number, has become already proverbial. Col. Gordon, acting brigadier general, thus speaks of the two first-class regiments, the 2d Massachusetts and the 3d Wisconsin:

"Where all the regiments in my brigade behaved so well, it is not intended to reflect in the least upon either, in mentioning the steadiness and discipline which marked the acts of the Second Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, and the Third Wisconsin, Colonel Reger. The enemy will long remember the destructive fire which three or four companies of the Third Wisconsin and a like number of the Second Massachusetts poured into them as these sturdy regiments moved slowly in line of battle from the field."

Gen. Banks' Retreat—Our Late Battle—Our Gallantry at Winchester.

The fullest and best account of the recent masterly retreat of Gen. Banks before our camps, and were taken prisoners. But
In the Indiana boys were, and gave play upon us until we run across the railroad bridge to many of our men. They not being more than ten or fifteen miles above the knee. The Indiana boys all done nobly, with but one or two wounded. A. A. Edwards was shot in the division. There are twenty-seven casualties. Dodge and Van Dz. was missing in our company, but we hope it will not matter very much, as we suppose them to be taken by a squad of Bushwhackers from the mountains.—But on Friday afternoon, at about five o'clock, some five hundred rebel cavalry came down upon us; we seized our guns and run across the railroad bridge to where the Indiana boys were, and gave them a volley or two; we then all retired across the bridge and got behind the grading to the railroad, over which we fired volley after volley into their ranks, they not being more than ten or fifteen rods from us. Every volley told well, and they were soon glad to retreat out of the range of our guns, but kept up a fire with their carbines at long range until dark, but without any effect, when the firing ceased. We immediately sent for reinforcements, which came about nine o'clock. Our loss was, one killed and four wounded. A. Edwards was shot in the head and killed; Van Dz. was shot in the hip, and Corporal Dodge in the leg above the knee. The Indiana boys all done nobly, with but one or two wounded. A. A. Edwards was shot in the division. There are twenty-seven casualties. Here we found six dead rebels on the field and everything they had, and ran as men only will run to save their lives. We kept up our retreat all day long, the rebels all the while picking off men from our ranks until within ten miles of here where our artillery and cavalry got into position and checked them. That night we stopped on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and yesterday morning came over into Maryland. It is supposed that we lost at least twenty-five hundred out of the division. There are twenty-seven casualties. They were as calm, cool and collected as ever old veterans dared to dream of being.

The regiment was not in the engagement on the 23d, 21st, and 22d inst. It is supposed that we lost about 100 men in this engagement, including killed, wounded and missing Co. G, 3rd Wisconsin, received the heaviest loss of any company engaged.

[Letter from the "Neenah Guards"]

The following letter has been kindly furnished by a friendly correspondent with Company "G," Neenah Guards, and is full of interest, as it relates personally to our own flesh and blood now offering up their lives, their all upon the altar of freedom. It gives us a faint glimpse of the horrors of war:

Camp at Williamsport, Md., May 27, 1862.

Willie and I got through safe, but had to do some tall running for it. Willie had his gun stove to pieces by a shell. We are in hopes that before many weeks we shall have a chance to recross the river and go back to Winchester. I just want the privilege of helping to burn that town and butcher everybody. We could not understand why we had to go back, and why we were attacked at all, but we had to go back to Winchester. We arrived at Winchester as the sun was dropping down behind the mountains, tired and fatigued with our day's labor. We lay on our arms, and at day-light were again attacked. We could not muster 4,000 men, but we kept them in check until we got through the town and into the woods. We were supported by about 15,000 infantry, when we were obliged to retreat; and at this juncture it seemed as though our little army might be annihilated, but we fell back to the other side of the city, and thence to this place.—Morris' Vermont Cavalry covered our retreat.

Our retreat looks disgraceful, but it could not be helped; we could not hold them with so small a force. We retreated that day 35 miles, and the day before 25. So you can judge whether we are good at running or not. When we got here we were almost worn out, and we go like old men now, but we shall be all right again when we get rested. We have just learned that Fieut. Giddens was taken prisoner and not killed.

Old friend, Ben. Sherry, has been missing for a while, but he has just come in. He says he had a tough old time, but seems to enjoy the life of a soldier, because of its excitement and the amount of personal danger and gallant feats continually being rehearsed by one another. Ben's ready to size his pike with any of them; tough and hearty, and always ready for the "Star Spangled Banner."
Company G, "Neeram Guards," as far as are known:

- A. A. Edwards, killed on Friday.
- G. W. Dodge, wounded.
- Vandalen.
- Jake Cady, missing.
- H. Coats.
- John Kitto.
- C. Shibley.
- L. A. Thompson.
- G. J. Fenris, reported killed, Sunday.
- E. H. Hamilton, wounded near where Capt. Hubbard was standing, not serious.
- H. Parker, sick in hospital, supposed taken prisoner on Sunday.
- Corporal Reed, ball in his side, dangerous on Sunday.
- A. J. Whiteneck, missing.
- Chauncey Bebe.
- A. Jorgerson.
- A. Hooker.
- Martin Carr.
- Geo. Hawk.
- A. Post.
- E. A. Spaulding.
- P. S. Scorrier.
- James Scott.
- H. C. Tait.
- J. Elliot.

From the Third Regiment,

Mrs. L. B. Balcom has kindly permitted us to publish the following letter from her husband, who is Ordery Sergeant of Co. D.

CAMP NEAR WILLIAMSPORT, May 27th, 1862.

DEAR WIFE—I presume you will be anxious to hear from me before this reaches you. We have been driven from the sacred soil of Virginia in a style not very flattering. When I last wrote you we were in camp at Strasburg, not dreaming of the disaster that has befell us. On the evening of the 23d inst., as the shades of evening were gathering, we were ordered to march, and when we got to Cedar Creek we found the rebels had got around our right and left us with a galling fire, at the same time charging, and yelling like devils. Our ranks were fast thinned, and they broke and ran in considerable confusion.

With our regiment we kept a good line, returning the fire of the rebels as we marched down the hill, covering the retreat of the regiment that broke. At the foot of the hill we made a stand behind a stone wall, and kept the enemy back until the other regiment passed through town. * * * I am well, but lost, my knapsack in getting away from their cavalry.

Yours affectionate husband,

J. B. BALCOM.
and pickets were sent out. We lay on charged upon and checked their ad
our arms, without having had anything vance for a little time. The citizens,
to eat all day, and having marched twenty-one miles. Between 12 and 1
o'clock that night the firing commenced
between the pickets off to our right and
was kept up at intervals until daylight,
when we were ordered to a position
further to the right, where the right
wing was formed in line of battle,—the
2d Mass. on our right and the 27th and
and 30th Penn. on our left—our regi-
ment, with the three named and a field
battery of four guns, forming the right,
and three regiments and a battery of
six guns, the left. There were also two
guns near the center. The 19th Maine
and a small force of cavalry were held
in reserve. Our whole forces besides
the cavalry was about 3,600 infantry
and twelve field guns. The rebel force,
as near as I can judge, was about 15,000
infantry and 2,000 cavalry, with plenty
of artillery. Some of our officers say
they counted twenty-eight rebel regi-
ments, making at least four to our one,

At the time our regiment was march-
up to take its position in the line the
fight commenced, and we were fired on
all the way while we were marching.
The artillery opened and the action be-
came general all along the front, and
was kept up for three or four hours, the
artillery firing constantly and the in-
fantry engaged at different points.—
About seven o'clock the rebels sent five
fresh regiments to turn our right flank
and succeeded in outflanking us for half
a mile, when, as the batteries were short
of ammunition, and it was evident that
we should all be taken prisoners if we
did not retreat, the order was given to
fall back. Our regiment fell back about
fifty rods, halted, faced about, fired a
volley, and then continued to fall back
in line until we came to the edge of the
town, when we again halted by some
stone walls, where we fought some fifteen
minutes, holding five rebel regiments
in check that were in front of us until
most of our men had passed the town
and the rebels were doubling around
us, when the order was given to retreat
through the town, which was obeyed in
very good order; the rebels charging
through after us, and firing on us from
two ways. When we emerged from the
town their advance was within twelve
or fifteen rods of us. Our cavalry here

It was kept up until about daylight, some
three of four miles, where a halt
was called, a line formed, and our bat-
yery was a smart brush for ten minutes.
We then moved on to Bunker Hill and
made another stand. And in this way
we continued our retreat until we came
to Martinsburgh and halted, when the
cavalry was ordered to the rear, charged
on the rebels, capturing three pieces of
artillery which they brought off with them.
This stopped the pursuit, and we
then moved on to the river opposite this
place, where we arrived about dark, and
lay until after daylight this morining,
and then commenced crossing. It is
impossible to ascertain our loss at pres-
tent; but there were missing from our
regiment this morning about ninety, but
I think some more will yet come in; as three
of my men have arrived since I commen-
ted writing this statement. Capt.
Hammer, at Mayville, is one of the
missing, and Lieut. Giddings is report-
ded killed. Seven of my company are
missing. Seven of my company are
missing, but I am in hopes most of them
will yet come in. Their names are
John Killaloe, (reported killed) Andrew Wi-
J. Buskirk, Alexander Besant, Hezekiah
L. Kilby, Edwin S. Thompson, Jacob
Snider and Marshall A. Dille. I think
none of the six latter are killed or
wounded. They are either pris-

See the army correspondence.

wary to know if the soldiers are
in the valley of the Shenandoah as far as I have been,
with very few exceptions, and not only
secession but a treacherous, cowardly set
of devils.

J. CLARK.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

WILLIAMPORT, MARYLAND,
May 28th, 1862.

EDIT in STATE JOURNAL:—I will give a
brief account of the battle of the "Third
Wisconsin" the retreat of General Banks
from the valley of Virginia, its fatigue
and its losses.

After General Shields' division left
Banks' command to join McDowell, Gen.
Banks fell back upon Strasburg, and his
command consisting of two small brig-
dades, with their complement of artillery
and cavalry, lay in camp, several compa-
nies being detached. Gen. Banks and the
brigade and track of the Manassas Gap Railroad
from Strasburg to Front Royal, while oth-
ners were at work upon the fortifications
then erecting for the defense of the posi-
tion.

On Friday, the 28th inst., while our
regiment came off the field in the
best order of any, and was the only regi-
ment that made a stand in or near the
Regiment was quietly at supper, a report
came to camp that Capt. Hubbard's
company, (the Nezana Guard) then
escorted the bridge at Buckstown Station,
and was attacked and overwhelmed.

The news of the attack upon the 1st May-
land Regiment, at Front Royal, came also,
and order for Colonel Roger to march
immediately.

In a few minutes our Regiment was on
the double quick down the track towards
Front Royal. Keeping this gait for five
miles, they reached the station where
Capt. Hubbard had made a small defense against the fierce onset of a large
force of rebel cavalry. He was in com-
mmand of his company and one of the 27th
Indiana. Driven from his position here
by Gen. Banks and leaving him with
some small force so far in the enemy
country. We were three months dri-
ving the rebels from the valley, and
have lost all we gained and considerable
more in three days, which makes it
rather discouraging for us who have
worked night and day. But we have
one consolation we have done our duty
and cannot be blamed for the disaster.

All we ask now is a force sufficient to
drive them back again, and we'll do it
or drive them negroes and all to a hotter
place than they have been used to, if no
meanner. So long as the treacherous
farmers are allowed to keep their slaves
to raise food for the secesh devils, so
long will they keep up the rebellion.
Here we have been guarding and taking
care of their property, and as soon as
we had to leave they shoot down our
men in the streets from their own homes.
That does not look like loyal-
ism. They are all secesh in the valley
of the Shenandoah as far as I have been,
with very few exceptions, and not only
secesh, but a treacherous, cowardly set
of devils.

A. CLARK.
Hi-loss was two killed and seven wounded while the cavalry opposed to him lost two Captains, one, Captain Tate, quite a notable man, was killed, and so were Capt. Fitch, thirteen men and eight horses, and one was captured by a prisoner taken from their party.

As our Regiment remained here until morning, when it was ordered back to Staunton, where it arrived just in time to take position in the brigade as it moved onward to its rendezvous at Winchester.

The retreat of Saturday was one of thrilling excitement. Our bag supply and ambulance train, with a team of thirty to forty horses, stretched out for several miles; the enemy, who had broken through our lines at Front Royal, were hovering on its front, flank and rear. Our brigade was marching to the centre of the train. Between Middle ton and Newton the train was attacked behind the wagon and some fifty wagon, a company of Zouaves, and two squadrons of cavalry cut off. They marched back to Staunton, took a boy and after a pursuit caused the carriages of one thousand and forty miles, performed in two days and nights, reached the Potomac above Hancock.

Our troops marched back to the point of attack and deploying in line of battle, kept the enemy at bay by hour after half an hour until midnight. In this brisk fighting our Regiment did not participate. Having been on duty the night before, we were held in reserve. Thus the troops passed easily through Winchester, the two brigades being brought up without loss of the rear guard.

At very early dawn the enemy in overwhelming force was seen moving down on our right flank. Our column, followed by Col. Gordon, of the 2d Maine batteries, was brought into line of battle on the right and west of the Brock-ridge. Our Lobdell's battery took position on the left and commanded the entrance from Front Royal. Behind these lines, near the town, on eminences, were placed our batteries.

By the time these positions taken than the long lines of the enemy were seen stretching far away to our left, in front of Danville, an enemy that after a regiment appeared upon the summit of the ridge in front of our right. From this point our batteries drove them in great disorder, forming a line of battle under our whole protection and force. Then occurred an ominous halt, in which we could see that they were deploying their heavy columns behind the ridge to sweep our round our right and approaching the town from the westward, completely out of sight. Soon they appeared in overwhelming force along our right, and upon its flanks and got our batteries in line of position.

Then seeing that he was overthrown, on flank and the delay, Col. Godwin ordered a retreat. The 2d Massachusetts and 27th Indiana fell back immediately. Col. Rutger ordered his regiment to "about face." With this order given the regiment turned to the right and marched to the rear. Approaching a stone wall, the Colonel ordered them to make a stand before they had done 150 yards, checking the rapid advance of the enemy and forcing him again to halt and plant his batteries. Again marching in retreat, our men were thrown upon a little field in the suburbs, surrounded by a strong wall. In one corner of this, which faced the enemy, companies B, Captain O'Conor, C, Captain Flood, and H, Captain

...
John W. wasi, taken prisoners on the 24th, with train; Wm. H. Fleek, Geo. L. Booth, taken this side of Winchester, not supposed to be wounded.

Company D.—Private A. J. Buck, Marshall Dillen, Edwin Thompson, not heard from since the 22d; Alexander Heir, Alex. Heir, L. Killey, Jacob Snyder, last seen some distance this side of Winchester, probably prisoners and unhurt. John Killalea was last seen in the Front Royal on the 22d, in the thickest of the fire, fighting like a tiger. He belonged to the pioneer corps.

Company E.—Capt. G. Hammer took to the mountains upon the attack on the train near Strasburg, and was taken to Winchester, again carried to the 22d, then carried to the 23d. Michael Clark, private Edward Parrot, Herman Luechee, John Van Et, Joseph T. L. Gurney, taken near Strasburg on the 24th; Fred Panikow, seriously wounded by a shell this side of Winchester, probably a prisoner in Winchester.

Company F.—1st Lieut. H. B. Bentley, temporarily disabled by a blow from a musket; was twice taken and escaped. 1st. Sergeant, Jasper Woodford.

Private G. H. Meiser, Robert Thorp, E. R. Straw, Thomas Baratow, Harvey Senvo, Brainard Hopkins, Wm. H. Pride, Christian Ousum, were sent on the morning of the 24th ult., towards Front Royal, to make connections with our forces there, with instructions to return at all events in two hours. They have not been seen since; it is hoped that they were re-captured by McDowell's forces at Front Royal.

Private Thos. Farnsworth, R. F. McGonigle, Charles Shielbly, James H. Beott, John E. Yorktown, rebel forces to the valley of Virginia, and have not been heard of since.

Meissner, Robert Thorp, Co. G.—2d Lieut. Ephraim Giddings, took to the mountains, or in hiding elsewhere. The prisoners and wounded are well treated.

FROM THE THIRD REGIMENT.

Camp near Williamsport, Md., May 29.

Dear Record:—Since my last, the most important battle and the only retreat of this corps has been fought and effected. The transfer of masses of the Yorktown rebel forces to the valley of the Shenandoah, and their concentration on the detached and diminished command of General Banks, was the cause of the disaster.

On Friday the pickets guarding the Manassas Gap Railroad were attacked by General Ewell, with a large body of troops; isolated from sufficient support we were defeated at Front Royal, although at other points we were successful. At a small station seven miles from Strasburg there was a company of our regiment; they were attacked about five o'clock in the afternoon, and held the place until our regiment arrived to reinforce them; company K was on picket that day, and left their picket post to reinforce the company attacked. We marched the seven miles in less than an hour, but on our appearance at the scene of the action the rebels fell back. Our loss here was three killed and some wounded and prisoners, the exact number of which can not yet be ascertained. We slept on the Railroad track that night. On Saturday morning we were ordered to Strasburg. On the field of this first skirmish the rebels left two dead.

At Strasburg we found everything in progress for a hasty retreat. Stores of all descriptions were in flames; some seventy wagons for which there were no teams formed a part of them. Rumors were current of our being cut off by a part of the force who had cut their way through Front Royal, and rumor proved true for once. From Strasburg to Winchester was a running fight. Reaching Winchester at dark we formed line of battle. Company K was ordered to the front as pickets. All Saturday night we kept up continuous firing; the rebels were moving their forces, getting them in line of battle, placing batteries, etc.

Shortly after daylight Sunday morning cannonading commenced. We left our picket post and took our place in line of battle. Our line was composed of seven regiments: 3d Wisconsin, 27th Indiana, 29th Pennsylvania, 2d Massachusetts, 5th Connecticut, 47th Pennsylvania, N. Y. 28th and two batteries. To strengthen our line the center was left open for about eighty rods. I could see the rebel line reaching half a mile beyond us on either hand, and the fields back of their line were black with troops, moving to increase their line. At last they swung their left on our right, and flanked us, exposing us to a raking fire. To remain was to be taken prisoners; and the order was given, "about face!" forward march!" Our regiment moved off the field in although some others broke ranks.

Passing through the streets of Winchester our ranks were thinned by the fire of citizens and women from the doors and windows of the houses. Many a brave man escaped the danger of open battle to fall by the pistol or torpedoes of the cowardly assassins male and female of Winchester. Emerging from Win-
cheste our regiment found itself flanked on either hand by the rebel lines.—
Round shot and shell were showered on us in profusion as we came out from the
course of the houses. When we gained
the woods, a short distance from the
town, we halted. One Michigan cavalry
wheeled and charged; a rear guard was
formed and then we fell back in good
shape. From Winchester to Martins-
burg I might say every step was hotly
contested. Our rear guard would fire
accompanied us, among whom was ocoa-

...
like a horse guided by the hand

I caonot close this letter without expressing my admiration of our gallant Colonel. He remained wounded all the time, and of course was more exposed to the rebel fire of officers of the line, and was the observed of all. All were anxious knowing how he would conduct his regiment in its trying situation, and all were astonished at his determined bravery and coolness. In all of his commands, that self-possession and clearness of voice was manifested that distinguished him on the drill ground, and in fact I have not seen or heard of one single officer or soldier in the regiment having shown any symptoms of fear or cowardice, and I have never seen such a much-pride of his regiment at this time.

I will only give you the list of casual ties in my company, as the figures in other companies are not of the same style; they would not be particularly interesting to you, owing to their homes being so far from Madison, and entirely unknown in Dane county.

Horatio V. Maione was killed in the fight at front Royal. He was temporarily attached to pioneer corps, and at work on the Shenandoah bridge, at Winchester, Andrew Johnson was killed by a pistol shot, discharged from the window of a house. One man belonging to another regiment was afterwards shot dead in the same spot. Johnson resided in Stogdon, where he leaves a large family to mourn his loss. I was only a few feet from him when he fell; the bullet entered his left side, and no doubt passed entirely through his body. He was a good soldier, and much respected by all. Samuel J. Johnson had a bullet pass through his cap; one also passed into his knapsack, but did not go through. Andrew Towley, was slightly wounded in the head, the ball passing through his collar. Charles Raik, acting hospital steward, John Swensen, John W. Dunn, C. H. Cole, and Andrew Wagner, are still missing. Some of them are no doubt killed or wounded, or all of them may be prisoners.

And now permit me to go back to Strasburg, and give you an account of our march from that place, and relate some things that came under my notice, that have not found their way into the papers.

Capt. Hubbard, of Company B, was detailed, a few days before our retreat, to go with his company and one company of the Indiana 27th to Buckton Bridge, six miles from Strasburg, towards Front Royal. On Friday night, May 28th, news came to us that he had been attacked by a large force and entirely routed, and our company detailed, a few days before our retreat, to go with his company and one company of the Indiana 27th to Buckton Bridge, six miles from Strasburg, towards Front Royal. On Friday night, May 28th, news came to us that he had been attacked by a large force and entirely routed, and our company was sent to Strasburg, on the march in thirteen hours, and arrived at Buckton just after the firing had ceased; but instead of finding Capt. Hubbard all safe, we received the report that he had taken his position gallantly against five companies of cavalry, repulsing them in three different charges. Capt. Hubbard's defense of Buckton is considered by our officers the most brilliant.
Editor Northwestern:

Dear Sir—I have delayed to send a report of the missing in my Company, for the reason that it was impossible to tell how many of those who were killed or taken prisoners. The number is reduced from twenty-one to the following, ten, who are, at least, prisoners.

Lieut. Spencer was shot in Winchester, by the Major of the 24th Mass. Regt., who was taken a prisoner, and released on parole. He says Spencer was not wounded—he did not see any of the rest.


Corps A. W. Morley, had his leg broken by a musket ball.

PRIVATE.


Shenandoah Valley, June 5, 1862.

Dear Father:—I wrote you some time since that your telegram had been written by this, but for the past month I have not had time to write to any one—in fact Saturday and week days are all one to me. Perhaps you would like to know what makes me so busy; I will tell you:—About a month ago, while we were at Fredericksburg, I was detailed to re-establish guarding a bridge of the Manassas Railroad, for the following:

We are indebted to Major Crane, of the Wisconsin Third, for the following:

The enemy began to gather upon our front on the 23d of May. At that time the Regiment was at Strasburg, and were on that day attacked by an overpowering force commanding officers so in all there are 10 attacked by an overpowering force commanding officers. I am detailed as an engineer. We built the big railroad bridge across the Rappahannock river at Fredericksburg, it was 700 feet long and 56 feet high; also built on the ward to Fredericksburg, we built a railroad upon the railroad six miles beyond the latter place, and when Gen. Banks retreated the rebels burnt all the railroad bridges. Gen. McDowell sent for me immediately; we took the cars and went to Aquia Creek, a distance of 15 miles, then took the boat up the Potomac to Alexandria, a distance of 45 miles, then took the Manassas Gap railroad, got about 35 miles Friday noon, and found seven bridges burned within in five miles of each other, then we rebuilt two of them that afternoon, and built the other 5 the next day. Then we went on about 10 miles and found three quarters of a mile of track torn up, we put that down in short time, then came on Shenandoah river and found the bridge across had been cut in several places and burnt in six places. The bridge is about 500 feet long and 40 feet high. It only took us one day to rebuild it so that the cars could cross. We were at this place when the First Maryland was cut pieces. We are about a mile and a half from Front Royal where Gen. Banks was defeated. I was there yesterday, it has been retaken by our troops. This afternoon we are going on to Strasburg six miles from here, to rebuild another bridge.

We are a gay set, have our own transportation boat and cars, have large Sibley tents, live high and work hard, this will be our occupation during the war. I must explain how the squads are regulated. We have three squads of framers, two of howitzers, two of howitzers, one of picks and shovels, one to get out ties and one of track layers they are all soldiers. I am the only engineer in the corps. We are now in the mountains and it rains most of the time, but that don't make any difference to us. I presume as soon as we get through here we will go back on to the Fredericksburg & Richmond Railroad.

Correct List of Lost in Co. H.

WILLIAMSPORT, Md., June 9, 1862.

From Winchester, Va.

UNION HOTEL HOSPITAL, Winchester, Va.

Editors Journal:—Among the 246 patients in the Hospital, in this place, that are prisoners of war, only two were members of Co. K, 3d Wisconsin Volunteers, formerly " Dane County Guards, " Captain Wm. Hawley, viz.: Andrew Wagner, who died to-day of typhoid fever, and myself, who has been connected with the Hospital Department since the Regiment left the State.

We are treated well.

Yours, etc.,

CHAR. J. RASCH.

At present Hospital Steward, Union Hotel Hospital, Winchester, Va.
The writer gives some interesting details of the retreat of Gen. Banks, showing that Union sentiment at the South depended much on surrounding circumstances.

**Office Medical Pursuer.**

**Department of the Shenandoah.**

**Editors Republican.**

The 15th of April, I was appointed Medical Pursuer of this Department, and established a depot at the city of Winchester. At the time Gen. Banks' force was about 20,000 men, consisting of Williams, Shields and Blenker's Divisions; Williams' Division the smallest, as one entire brigade had been taken from it, to reinforce McDowell. At that time Williams and Shield's Divisions were at Edinburgh, and Blenker's at Winchester, waiting orders.

About the 19th, Banks advanced on Jackson's force from Edinburg, driving him rapidly up the valley to Harrisonburg, within one good days march of Stanton, on the Virginia Southwestern Railroad, and an important point. The real key to the whole valley of the Shenandoah. To defend this, Jackson rallied all the forces possible, and took up a strong position, determined to give battle to save the Railroad and Stanton. Banks determined to fight him, and had everything ready, with forage and rations for a number of days, up from his base of operations, distance some seventy miles. Hospitals were prepared ready for war's victims, and everything done that could be, to ensure success, or relieve the necessity of the suffering after the battle was over.

The men were eager for the fight, and every one expected it, when orders came for Shields to reinforce McDowell with his whole command. (Blenker's had been previously or dered to Fremont.) While Banks was ordered to fall back to Strasburg, and hold that point with Williams' Division now reduced to less than 6,000 men. He was also to protect the Manassas Railroad for a long distance. Remonstrances were made, but with no effect and strong men kept in the bitterness of their disappointment. Shields left, and Banks fell back to Strasburg as ordered. Things remained quiet apparently, until the 24th of May, when Col. Kenly of the 1st Maryland Infantry, who was stationed with his regiment at Front Royal, was attacked and defeated by a large force of rebels coming down the South branch of the Shenandoah. This movement of the rebels turned Banks' position at Strasburg, and compelled him to fall back on Winchester, which he did on Saturday, the 26th, fighting nearly the whole distance of 18 miles. Here Banks expected reinforcements, but none came. He was now on ground just south of the city, near the battle field of last March—but under what different circumstances were our boys now placed. Then we outnumbered the rebels largely—now our little band of about 5,000 confronted a party of at least 25,000—flushed with their victory of the day before at Front Royal, and confident of making an easy prey of us. At daylight our pickets were driven in, and the echoes of the sabre were for the second time awoke among those hills and valleys, by the roar of artillery. Col. Gordon in command of the 3d Brigade had the sight of our line of battle, and Col. Dansby in command of the 2d had the Left. Ten Parrott guns, and six brass smooth bore guns constituted our whole force of artillery, and nobly did it sustain its orde. When one expected it, when our little band of about 5,000 was driven in, and the echoes of the sabre were for the second time awoke among those hills and valleys, by the roar of artillery. Col. Gordon in command of the 3d Brigade had the sight of our line of battle, and Col. Dansby in command of the 2d had the Left. Ten Parrott guns, and six brass smooth bore guns constituted our whole force of artillery, and nobly did it sustain its orde.
rumbled back from the field, I set them on fire, and stayed by them for about twenty minutes, until they were well in flames, then mounted my horse and rode out to the street, when to my surprise, I found that the 3d had already passed, and the rebels were coming down the street. Just that time I did not think the climate of the South very salubrious. I at once determined that my body should go North a corpse rather than South a prisoner, and dashed into the street, making the best time possible after the 3d Wisconsin. Now commenced a scene, that if I had not witnessed, I should certainly believe to be the end of things—men ordered to be shot for their own safety. From both sides of the street post-o-las were fired and hand grenades thrown, at any, and everything wearing the U. S. uniforms, by men and women, from the windows and doors of their houses. The first compliment of the kind I received, was from the Taylor Hotel, where I had boarded, and among others engaged in the sport, was the smooth faced seccros that kept the house, and pretended to be a Union man; yes he was trying to shoot me down like a dog in the street.

Seymour—The Book says:—"Vengeance is mine and I will repay, saith the Lord;" and I don't doubt the promise; but in this case I had rather not wait, and think it would yield more pleasure to take the matter in my own hands, and not trouble the Lord with such contemptible trash as that.

Past the Taylor House, and after traversing three blocks of such compliments, I came up with the 3d, Major Crane bringing up the rear. Imagine a Fourth of July and the boys very busy with fire crackers in the streets, and then substitute a pistol shot or hand grenade for each cracker, and you can form some idea of the Sabbath morning. Steadily through the storm moved the 3d. If any were shot and fell, the living closed up. No gaps were left in their rank. I saw one man shot from a house on the left—he fell and died in the gutters. Another was shot by a grenade from the right, tearing away the whole lower part of his face—for an instant he staggered on and then he too fell, dying the stones of Winchester's street with his blood—crying for a revenge that will yet be wreaked on that city. Our boys are prepared to go into the field and stand up like men—giving and taking hard knocks, harboring no revengeful feelings towards those who meet them in a fair fight, whether we are victorious or defeated: but when the inhabitants of a city like Winchester, whose property they have protected—whose every right has been secured to them, and peace and quiet enjoyed under their protection, turn upon them in the hour of adversity and shoot them down in the assassinating cowardly manner they did there, they must not find fault if a feeling little short of Hell is aroused in the breasts of our soldiers, that will finally bear its harvest of vengeance—of death. I don't blame our boys for feeling ugly towards Winchester. They are human, and when they see a comrade they respect and love, and one who has stood up for hours in the field against an open foe—manfully; when they see him shot down like a dog by one too cowardly to meet him face to face, it wakes up all the devil in his nature—that will not down until the cry for blood is appeased. I know for one, that there is one man in Winchester, (or was,) if I should ever meet him in this life, I would shoot with as little compunction of conscience as I would kill a venomous serpent, and if we meet in the next world, it matters not where, there will be a row. The scene as we emerged from Winchester, beggars description. The rebel cavalry were coming down from both sides of the town, and the road, and fields, for a distance of half a mile, where one mass of fleeing fugitives—men mounted and dismounted—infantry and dragoons, men women and children—black, white and copper colored—carriages and cart horses, mules and donkeys were mixed in one confused, inextricable mass of stragling frantic life. The moving power was fear, and their only object escape. The crowd was as one in that respect, but each was actuated by his own fears, and each trampled remorselessly upon whoever impeded their flight. Their yells of mortal fear, whenever a shell would explode in the air over them, I cannot forget. Fear lent speed to their efforts, and the multitude was soon out of the way. Our infantry and artillery came out upon the Martinsburg road burning of the buildings which contained in very fair order, and moved rapidly the military stores we were obliged to destroy; when Jackson's forces dashed into town in hot pursuit, as disorderly in their charge as we were in flight, elated beyond all bounds because their 30,000 had put for his first stand, to check pursuit, and as the troops came up he assigned to each their position, with a coolness and calmness I never saw excelled. He was as cool as though in a parlor. Near him was Gen. Williams trying to light a cigar, and laughing over the attempt made by the resem to shoot him as he passed through the street. Here a stand was made for near an hour, when we again fell back, and so all the way to Martinsburg, a distance of 22 miles, was the retreat continued, disputing stubbornly the way, so as to give the baggage train time to get off. Below Martinsburg we were not followed by any considerable force of the rebels, and on Monday, most of the train and the troops were crossed into Maryland. Bank's was the last to cross the river.

From the Third Wisconsin Regiment.

At Winchester again—Wild scenes during the Rebel Occupation—The Ragged Army—Our Boys—Banks was one of the forces that came down the street, making the best time possible after the 3d Wisconsin. Now commenced a scene, that if I had not witnessed, I should certainly believe to be the end of things—men ordered to be shot for their own safety. From both sides of the street post-o-las were fired and hand grenades thrown, at any, and everything wearing the U. S. uniforms, by men and women, from the windows and doors of their houses. The first compliment of the kind I received, was from the Taylor Hotel, where I had boarded, and among others engaged in the sport, was the smooth faced seccros that kept the house, and pretended to be a Union man; yes he was trying to shoot me down like a dog in the street.

Seymour—The Book says:—"Vengeance is mine and I will repay, saith the Lord;" and I don't doubt the promise; but in this case I had rather not wait, and think it would yield more pleasure to take the matter in my own hands, and not trouble the Lord with such contemptible trash as that.

Past the Taylor House, and after traversing three blocks of such compliments, I came up with the 3d, Major Crane bringing up the rear. Imagine a Fourth of July and the boys very busy with fire crackers in the streets, and then substitute a pistol shot or hand grenade for each cracker, and you can form some idea of the Sabbath morning. Steadily through the storm moved the 3d. If any were shot and fell, the living closed up. No gaps were left in their rank. I saw one man shot from a house on the left—he fell and died in the gutters. Another was shot by a grenade from the right, tearing away the whole lower part of his face—for an instant he staggered on and then he too fell, dying the stones of Winchester's street with his blood—crying for a revenge that will yet be wreaked on that city. Our boys are prepared to go into the field and stand up like men—giving and taking hard knocks, harboring no revengeful feelings towards those who meet them in a fair fight, whether we are victorious or defeated: but when the inhabitants of a city like Winchester, whose property they have protected—whose every right has been secured to them, and peace and quiet enjoyed under their protection, turn upon them in the hour of adversity and shoot them down in the assassinating cowardly manner they did there, they must not find fault if a feeling little short of Hell is aroused in the breasts of our soldiers, that will finally bear its harvest of vengeance—of death. I don't blame our boys for feeling ugly towards Winchester. They are human, and when they see a comrade they respect and love, and one who has stood up for hours in the field against an open foe—manfully; when they see him shot down like a dog by one too cowardly to meet him face to face, it wakes up all the devil in his nature—that will not down until the cry for blood is appeased. I know for one, that there is one man in Winchester, (or was,) if I should ever meet him in this life, I would shoot with as little compunction of conscience as I would kill a venomous serpent, and if we meet in the next world, it matters not where, there will be a row. The scene as we emerged from Winchester, beggars description. The rebel cavalry were coming down from both sides of the town, and the road, and fields, for a distance of half a mile, where one mass of fleeing fugitives—men mounted and dismounted—infantry and dragoons, men women and children—black, white and copper colored—carriages and cart horses, mules and donkeys were mixed in one confused, inextricable mass of stragling frantic life. The moving power was fear, and their only object escape. The crowd was as one in that respect, but each was actuated by his own fears, and each trampled remorselessly upon whoever impeded their flight. Their yells of mortal fear, whenever a shell would explode in the air over them, I cannot forget. Fear lent speed to their efforts, and the multitude was soon out of the way. Our infantry and artillery came out upon the Martinsburg road burning of the buildings which contained in very fair order, and moved rapidly the military stores we were obliged to destroy; when Jackson's forces dashed into town in hot pursuit, as disorderly in their charge as we were in flight, elated beyond all bounds because their 30,000 had put
4,000 to their speed.

Again, on Sunday the 1st, while the town was held by Jackson's men, was one gala day of rebel rejoicing. From every rebel bastion the Stars and Bars flapped from the windows till the air fluttered. Poor, foot-sore rebels saw their lovers once more, who told them strange yarns of Yankee insolence and despotism, and re-fired the Southern heart. No Carnival at Venice ever presented a more motley and grotesque assemblage than was there collected on that day. The streets were thronged with the ragamuffin army, clad in every style, some in suits of calico, some in summer clothes, others in dingy grey wherein dirt and grease had formed a perpetual coalition, some donning some elegant article of Federal officer's uniform, which contrasted strangely with their other dirty and tattered garments. They were armed with every conceivable invention from the old Queen's arm through all the ancient and modern improvements down to Colt's latest and best. Some without bayonet scabbards, stack their bayonets through their shirts, and marched about while the bayonets dangled from their coat tails. Others for want of cartridge boxes crammed their pockets with ammunition. Many toted a dirty bed quilt for a blanket, and seemed to be uniformed from the cast-off duds of all nations and kindreds. All bore the marks of great fatigue and immediate starvation. Confederate money was the only article of which they had an abundance. Of that the supply of paper seems to be the only limit. Whiskey—rebel whiskey, such as would kill a Missouri "puke" at a blow—sold at eight dollars per canteen full, and on this horrible stuff rebellion took a drink.

The "secession" of the Valley all came into town on that day to see their friends in the army and to celebrate the redemption of Winchester.

The sixteen hundred Federal prisoners who were confined in the Court House yard, were, of course, objects of interest and curiosity; but I learn from all sources that they bore their part like plucky sons of Uncle Sam. They cracked sarcastic jokes on their ragged captors; they cheered lustily for "Old Abe" and Uncle Sam; they groaned for Davis. When they saw a rebel dressed in Federal uniform, they yelled and hooted at him, telling him to "Git out and dress your clothes on," and the band ascended Jackson, opposite to their prison yard, they sang "The Star Spangled Banner" with such congregational action that the tooting of the band was drowned. They ridiculed the rebel regiment for their awkward drill, telling them to "go home and learn the tactics, while the women patched their clothes!" The poor prisoners had their dress parades, and bore up so cheerily in captivity, that they won the regard of the rebels who guarded them, and notwithstanding they sacned their spectacles to their human content, and made light of Confederate things, the guard permitted no one to insult or abuse them.

Of these prisoners some eighty were from our regiment. From those released on parole and left here by Jackson, I learn that the prisoners were well treated. That they suffered for want of food, but so did the rebels themselves. They were allowed to replenish their wardrobes from the captured clothing, and permitted to select blankets, and that they marches away in the spirits, singing patriotic songs as they trudged along.

Now, Jackson is flanked, and Sigel's command and Banks's advance have the town, they have dispensed with "the small sweet courtesies" they at first extended to this rebellious city. Now, they propose to let "the old burl," and her rebellious denizens feel the discomforts of military occupation. The town is full of soldiers, quartered about in every public building save the churches. Horses are stabled in stores, while their riders lodge in the chambers. The rebel women are in dismay, and are begging for safeguards, and petitioning the Provost Marshal for deserts for horses missing, for plundered gardennes, desolated yards, and general tribulation. Short-lived and expensive was their gratulation over Jackson's visit. Severe is their penalty for seeking to murder our retreating soldiery. They will, despite all the endeavors to protect them, be taught the place of non-combatants, and if they would enjoy the immunities of citizens, they must maintain the passive attitude of citizens.

The valley is now flooded with Federal armies. Fremont is hard upon the heels of Jackson. Sigel and Banks are here, and Shields at Front Royal. "Stone-walls" bold dash has set a pack after him from which he will hardly escape.

In all the fighting during Banks' retreat the enemy were the principal losers. They left several hundred wounded to fall into our hands. Four hundred prisoners arrived to-day, captured by Fremont.—Hundreds have deserted, and hundreds are giving themselves up.

In consequence of the great fatigue and exposure, the perpetual and bootless marching they are subject to, the starvation, and suffering from want of clothing and shoes, they are dying and deserting for more rapidly than their places can be filled by new conscripts.

The writer of the following letter is a citizen of Fulton, in this county, and we publish it at the request of his friends, and because it describes one of the hardest fought actions of the war. It was without result, because General Shields sent 5,000, and did not go himself with his 8,000 men:

LURAY, Va., June 12th, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER DRAKE,—I will write you a hasty line in the midst of the confusion of war. I am almost worn out with the toil and hardships of war. We, General Shields's men, 3,000 of them, have just returned from the head waters of the Shenandoah river, where we encountered the enemy, about 16,000 or 20,000 strong, where we had the most fierce and desperate battle I have yet been engaged in. The rebels were being driven by General Fremont towards Gordonsville, and we were dispatched 30 miles, on a forced march, to head them off at the only crossing, called Port Republic. We arrived in good time weary and foot sore—the rebels being hard pressed by Fremont's troops, and being apprized by the treacherous inhabitants of our small force on the south side of the river, came boldly on, crossed the river on Sunday night, and in the morning made an attempt to annihilate our small force; but they soon found that it was General Shields's troops they were contending with. The field was nearly level, and about one mile wide between the mountain and the river, and we had some of the best cannon in the service, and some of the bravest cannoniers that ever charged a gun.

We had one battery planted on a small eminence near the base of the mountain, for long range; then we planted a grape shot battery in the center of the field, right in the face of the rebels, with our horses under a dead run, where we could rake the field in every direction. About 8 o'clock the battle raged with great fury, our boys charging and re-charging with the bayonet, driving the rebels at every point. Soon, in some parts of the field, the contest became hand to hand. Some colonels having their horses shot, rushed on with their swords, leading their men to the charge.

The 7th Indiana took a rebel battery three times, with the bayonet, and there being so many horses killed they could not drag off the guns. Then the three regiments of our men formed in line across the field for a last charge on the center, and so fierce was the charge and so great the number of the rebels, that our boys were nearly surrounded, and were forced to fall back a few miles over a rugged mountain road. Our cannoniers had fired incessantly, and had made vast inroads in the rebel ranks, nearly annhilating whole regiments. One regiment of ours, the 29th Ohio, came out with only 92 men out of 600, some being killed, and some cutting their way to the mountains. Our cannoniers stood to their guns to the last, beating off all advancing rebels with pieces of their
From Bank's Army.

Dr. Conant writes as from Williamsport, in part as follows:

I arrived in camp and reported for duty one week to day. I found the camp in considerable commotion, and unsettled in consequence of their recent hurried retreat from Strasburg Va., of which you have seen all sorts of accounts in the papers. The real cause of their being surprised and forced to retreat to this place I am unable to ascertain. Two reasons are given, one that it was strategical. Banks being ordered to fall back so that the enemy might follow him, but failed to get the order in time to prevent his being surprised and forced to do as he did with some loss. The other reason given is, that the largest part of his army were detached and sent to cooperate with McDowell, the governments not knowing the near proximity of the enemy to this unfortified division of the army. In either case a failure was the result. Jackson failed to accomplish what he desired, the bagging of this part of Banks' division and to prevent his escape from the valley. Fremont it is said was but three miles behind the time to shoot him in. So the enemy is off and we have to march back over the ground again.

A part of this division has been gone on a march toward Winchester a number of days and we should have been off ere this time it was not for the highness of the water in the Potomac. It is now going down and it is thought we shall have to move by Sunday or Monday. There are four or five regiments and some batteries on this side of the river at this time. The men are feeling quite well and extremely anxious to visit Winchester once more. They owe that city especially the feminine part of it, a debt they are very anxious to pay. When the reverses of war turned against them they were compelled to retreat before a much superior force, they were shot upon and some killed by women, when they had but a short time before been protecting and guarding their persons and property from injury. Of this fact I have been assured by those I have perfect confidence in.

This is a country of an excellent quality of land, beautiful scenery, well watered, possessed with every possible facility to make it rich and populous, but the reverse is the fact. Population is scarce, property low, and buildings dilapidated. In the village of Williamsport situated on the north bank of the Potomac and six miles south of Hagerstown, property can be bought cheaper than it can be in Hartford. I was informed by the landlord of one of the hotels, that two large brick buildings stand ten to corners opposite each other and in the heart of the town could be bought for $1400 each, and that the best vacant lots of which I saw many in the best parts of the village could be had from $40 to $60 per lot and those larger than the lots usually found in our western villages.

Western Va., June 16, 1862.

B. BEDEL.

A very heavy affair, which has never received any mention, occurred upon the day when Col. Kenley was attacked and routed by the confederates at Front Royal. It was at the time the Mansfield Gap Railroad, four miles west of Front Royal. Company G of the 3d Wisconsin regiment commanded by Capt. Williams of the 27th Indiana, was the one which discovered the force of the enemy and kept the force of the enemy at bay for the remainder of the day, as might be expected. Col. Ruger came to their relief with their whole of the 3d Wisconsin, and the enemy were compelled to withdraw. A portion of these two companies at one time retreated across the river, but subsequently recovered and maintained their ground for the remainder of the day.

It was here that Col. Sheets, of Ashby's cavalry, was killed, and also Capt. Fletchel of the same corps. Fifteen others of the enemy were killed.

An infantry man was attacked by two of the rebel cavalry during this night, one of whom he ran through with his bayonet, and killed. The other which he attempted to withdraw, left the body of the Confederate and ran away. The other Confederate paused, and with his saber drawn, and gave him a sword thrust on the thigh, and in his vain endeavors to parry off the blows of his assailant, the bone of his left arm was broken. Notwithstanding these many wounds he refused to surrender, and kept on retreating until he arrived at an embankment of the railroad, in climbing which his sabre was cut from his hand and his horseback enabled him to escape, but not until he had struck his pursuer a heavy blow with a stone. The boy retreated across the bridge, where he fell exhausted, and was subsequently attended by Surgeon Raymond, under whose care he is now recovering.

They were sending in the rear, with the relief received from Col. Ruger repulsed the enemy, fell back, and the next morning moved on to join the main column, which they found had retreated near Winchester. Surgeon Raymond declares that he has never heard of a case before in which a man with so many wounds has recovered from them. Two grachers on the head, one on the back of the neck a thrust through the hip, and the forearm broken.

Letter from Dr. Conant.

In camp near Front Royal, Va.

June 27th, 1862.

Mr. Editor:-It is now nearly a month since I came into camp, and I have written you but one letter from the fact that I might easily be led into error in relation to the real state of things. At the time I joined the army at Williamsport, Md., it had just been under retreat to this place, and there was necessity for retreat in rather a fast manner from Strasburg, Va., caused by the division of Shields being taken from Banks, thus rendering his force so weak that it could not resist the advancing force of Jackson which was far superior to Banks. The retreat was skillfully made, but from what I can learn, with much more credit to the officers than to the commanding general. The object which Jackson wished to obtain by his visit down this valley was entirely lost and at a great sacrifice of life to the union army. It was thought necessary to guard this valley and the Shenandoah near Front Royal to prevent the enemy from cutting off in his retreat back again by Fremont. It is thought that his object of coming into the valley was to hold it and to secure the present crop of wheat which is very large and nearly ready to be cut, a failure to obtain which will materially reduce their supplies of that nature and from present appearance the crop will be of but little use to any one from the fact there are no hands to harvest it. It is said that two-thirds of the white male population of this valley are in the rebel army, and I am satisfied that a large proportion of the colored population are gone, unless they have a peculiar faculty of keeping them out of sight, or never had them in any proportion adequate to do the farming labor, yet we saw four black laborers to one white as we came along. Unless somebody secures the wheat crop, from present appearance it will want cutting in a few days, a vast quantity will be destroyed.

There has been a good deal said about our depredations among the presses of secessionists and their property from deprivations of our soldiers &c., a good deal of fault has been found of this procedure. I am now satisfied that many away from the army do not rightly understand the object of setting their guards. The main object is to keep the soldiers, while on a march, from running into the houses for unnecessary articles of food and drink and unnecessarily destroying property, which if allowed would soon demoralize an army to that extent that it would become unmanageable. All necessary articles that the army want are taken possession of by the officers in command are better judges than the soldiers. I am satisfied that if the soldiers were allowed to be judges for themselves on this subject we should have more trouble with them than with the enemy. With regard to our position I presume you are as well acquainted as I am.

We are posted on the left bank of the Shenandoah near Front Royal to prevent the enemy crossing at that point while Sigel and Fremont are both to defend other passes.
Where Jackson and Kwei with their forces are, is not known, at least by none unless it is by the commanding officers. Our forces are all in supporting distances of each other and form one army really, and I am beginning to think we shall be ordered to remove in a few days. We are waiting with impatience to hear from the success of McClellan before Richmond which will probably take place before this reaches you. If he is unsuccessful we may look for trouble here for then they will make a pitch for this valley. Some think they will try to force their way through here into Maryland if they are repulsed and made to flee from Richmond, the latter idea I think is not an impossible one. Let them come when and as they will, we are ready for them.

The battalion to which I belong and from what I can hear, the whole army of the Shanandoah are quite healthy and in good fighting spirits. They have completely got over the effects of their sudden retreat; from some incidents that occurred during that time they are exceedingly anxious to have an opportunity to pitch the secmen all mightily thrashing or get on themselves.

CAMP WISCONSIN THIRD."

Front Royal, Va., June 28, '62.

EDITOR OBSERVER:—Having a few idle moments concluded to write a few lines, although not of much interest at present; we are at Front Royal now, and all generally healthy, and eager for another combat.

Opinion prevails, that Jackson cannot drive us into Maryland again, but on the contrary give him a harder work than he gave us. Citizens of the tractorous city of Winchester, will us, that Jackson will surely make his appearance there when the proper time arrives, for he always keeps his promises; others say, that his intention is to become proprietor of this vast valley of grain for the benefit of the Confederate army. It certainly is a great object, and exertion on his part will not be delayed, to accomplish what his starving troops stand so much in need of; however, his desires will not be successful.

I will here give you an idea of our strength. A new department has been organized here, designated as the "Army of Virginia," to be commanded by Maj. Gen. John Pope, of the Army of the West, with the following attaches: viz. Gen. Fremont, as first army corps, Gen. Banks, second, and Gen. McDowell the third. By this formidable consolidation, under the control of the energetic and brilliant Pope, gives us all the assurance of success to our arms, when we encounter the wily and stubborn foe. The forces of Gen. Banks has been generously reinforced with Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery by the daring and surprising Hero of Missouri and Pea Ridge; Maj. Gen. Franz Sigel.

What a vast difference in forces now, compared with the memorable 25th May, when Banks' corps decimated to hardly Four Thousand, when Jackson rushed upon us with 30,000 strong, his forces were on both our flanks, front and rear, and perfectly sanguine of capturing Banks and his little band; but how much, and sadly mistaken was he, at the result? The result was, that Gen. Banks made one of the most masterly retreats on record with the least comparative loss. Total loss stands thus: 38 killed, 125 wounded, and 711 captured; while Jackson's loss was more than double in killed, and three times in wounded, and but few prisoners, most of whom deserted.

Jackson is supposed to be moving this way again, and we can unit in saying "let him come." We are ready for him, notwithstanding scenes "blowing" of his having "Seventy thousand men," which we don't doubt a great deal. The "Richmond Examiner" informs us that if Jackson could not hold the valley by harvest time, the farmers are patriotic enough to burn every field, to prevent even a bushel from falling into the hands of the Yankee hirelings! "Stonewall" had better be moving if he wants to secure this priceless treasure, for grain around here will be ready to cut in five or six days more. As for the citizens hurrying it is altogether out of the question, and we are inclined to think it will go back to its "mother earth."

Much indignation is expressed towards the residents of Winchester, (especially the women) for their inhuman and barbarous acts of May 25th, and the Provost Marshall has caused a strong guard to act for that city, and fears are still entertained that it will be burnt, which it so justly merits. The people are "all loyal now," very much so; but when Jackson entered the place, they hailed him as "their deliverer from Northern oppression," 2d Napoleon, and many other vain titles.

Front Royal is 15 miles from Winchester, and nearly south; it is located on the Strasburg and Manassas R. R., and will ever be remembered as the fatal place to the first Maryland Inf. Reg., so many and bravely fought for 5 hours, a whole Rebel Brigade, keeping them at bay, while intelligence was going to Gen. Banks, by which means, saved his army from surprise, and annihilations! Out of 810, only 155 made their escape. Col. Keuly deserves great praise for his heroism, and has got it, by the people and troops at large, and by the General and President Lincoln! I cannot describe the feeling that exists between Loyal Md. troops, and the disloyal, who are serving principally under Kwei. The Loyal Virginians hold the same enmity against the disloyal ones, of whom we have quite a number of regiments. I have conversed with scores of Virginians, and thousands of them say, they have got brothers, fathers, uncles and acquaintances in the Rebel army under Jackson, who are occasionally drawn up in line of battle against one another. After the battle takes place, and is over, they are wandering around among the dead, dying, and wounded, and many are at once recognized, as their own relatives and former friends.

It is a sad thing to dwell upon, nevertheless it is true, and greatly noticed by their companions-in-arms, from Northern States. How much longer this devastating war will continue, is only a matter of conjecture; but may every state take its original position in the Union, subject to the same laws, the same Constitution and the same Flag, before it ceases.

The weather here is very warm during the day, but chilly and cool nights. The soil teeming with fruits and grain, only ripening to perish as time hastens onward! where the hostile armies have encamped, or trod, fields are tamed down with their beautiful crops, cattle and horses are grazing and wandering, fences used for fuel, and not a vestige of anything left to denote what was once prosperous, when peace reigned supreme. The soldiers would commit many crimes, but for the orders of the commanding Gen. An order was issued about three weeks ago at this place, stating that the property of disloyal, well as loyal, should have the same guard and kept from all harm,
if it was their request; and any soldier known to disregard said order "should be immediately shot."

If it was not for such stringent rules, this valley would be a den of smouldering ruins long ago. The disloyal people here are aiding Jackson constantly; they can most any time obtain a pass, go over to Jackson and post him up, and return. Wherever he advances on us they turn in unanimoins, and provided with arms and ammunition, fight against us, who have been the means of saving their property from ruin, and even feeding them when starving. Now this is the class of people that "shall not be harmed." Many loyalists to the heart, have been denied what seems are daily receiving from our hands; still at the same time ungrateful, and constantly wishing our total annihilation by the Confederate arms. If these things continue much longer, mutiny I fear, will spring up from whole corps, resulting in disastrous consequences.

Yours respectfully,

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

CLAP OF THE W. V.
NEAR LITTLE WASHINGTON, Va., July 25, 1862.

My last was written soon after our Division had performed the great miracle of colporteurage on the 25th of May in distributing tracks from Strasburg to Winchester, thence to Williamsport.

Since then we have been marched to and fro, hither and yon, undergoing much of the hardship and exposure of service without that spicing of danger that stimulates to endurance.

We are now encamped in a little mountain-rimmed basin of country near a neat little hamlet—just big enough for a rallying point for a prison, a doctor, blacksmith and shoemaker—and registered in the P. O. Department at Washington, Rappahannock Co., Va., and dubbed "Little Washington" to prevent confusion. We have been lying here for several days while our forces were concentrating, and expect soon to be before our old acquaintance, "Stonewall Jackson," who is now reported to be at Gordonsville in strong force. Unless we are soon upon him he will be pouncing upon us, as he is one of those narrow, sharp-faced, long-chinned, stoop-shouldered, crooked-legged gendry who can't endure inactivity. His men tell me that he marches them incessantly. Early and late, by night and in storms—the hours when his enemy supposes him quiet are those in which he moves his forces. The Army of Virginia may reasonably expect spirited times if Jackson and Pope both prove true to their antecedents.

A few miles southward from us, reclining on a hillside, and looking very like a flock of sheep is the distance, is the Camp of Plunket's men, now under command of Carl Shurtz—a part of Sigel's army corps.

The morale of "The fight with Blenker" is much better now than when they first entered the valley. Then the whiskered Teutons roamed at large like shaggy bisons, and were a dreaded visitation to the inhabitants whose ecstasism could not core them of a liking to sundry horses and other eccentricities of subsistence which were appropriated by the prowlers indiscriminately. Under new commanders they have improved. Shurtz, with that magic potency of mind—that ardent and high souled devotion to the great interests of humanity—wields a weird influence over his men.

Sigel, too—he is my man—is the very concentrated essence of soldierly qualities. I saw him a while since when he was but over every member; the summoning of his men, the providing of arms and ammunition, the distributing of his large, but his square, business-like forehead is a complete little camp chest containing snuggly packed all the requisites of a campaign. His hair is very light and his skin of a girlish fairness, firm fibered and tightly drawn over his clear-cut features. His beard, so "thin and hungry" in growth that it scarcely tinges with red his chin of wedge-like sharpness, and one of the sentimentalists, gossamer mustachioes I ever saw, seem to indicate an absence of vitality, but through the languor and pallor of recent sickness there sparkled in his dark grey eye a gleam of determination and power such as borrow their vim not from brawny muscles or big joints, or the strong rush of healthy blood. His glance is pure subdued will. There is something magnetic in such men. So fervent in their devotion to free government that they rush to its rescue in its struggles in every clime. Would to God we had more such!

The army is now looking with eager interest on the efforts making to strengthen our forces. The terrible energy with which the South is putting forth every energy and mustering almost her whole arm-bearing population, challenges our admiration; while we look impatiently Northward for a movement equally energetic. Why don't they draft? is asked by every one. Isn't the country worth drafting militia to defend? Must the defenders of the old flag be bribed by fat bounties to fight against conscript traitors? More troops are needed at every point, and are needed now. Why depend on the tardy and expensive system of volunteering? All honor to the volunteer who turns out in the darkest hour! He earns his bounty, and deserves it; but give us by a good, well regulated draft, a few thousands of those croaking semi-consceh that infest Northern neighborhoods and throw cold water on the patriotic spirit. Let us have them for counter-remarks to the Union men who are forced to bear arms for the Confederacy. A draft only will bring them. The bounty-baiting system is, I fear, too slow for the emergency. The Government is adverse to a draft, the papers say. God knows that it has been adverse to every stern measure already, and has been dogged by the bloodhounds of danger snapping at its heels into every vigorous step yet taken. Amiable, godmotherly governments are not the institutions for times like the present. Rigor and vigor; power felt in every department and exerted over every member; the summoning of every energy and appliance is what is needed. No system of donation parties and coaxing societies—if it proves tardy—ought to be depended upon to enroll a new army. The South found the bounty system worthless and demoralizing, and resorted to conscription. The result is, they have massed an army before which ours is fortunate in holding its own. Bad, desperate and reckless as their bogus government is, ours can learn a valuable lesson from it, in energy, activity and command of its resources. If we make half the sacrifices our enemies have made, the war is ended honorably and gloriously; but if much more time is spent in dalliance, the golden opportunity may be lost.

E. E. B.

From Banks Division—An Interesting Letter.


Correspondence of the State Journal.

CAMP OF THREE WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS,
NEAR WASHINGTON, Va., August 6th, 1862.

Snuggly nestled for a few days in a mountain-rimmed basin of country, whose poverty of soil is more than compensated by its beauty of scenery, is Banks' army corps. Near us is a little hamlet,—just big enough to form a rallying point for a person, a doctor, a blacksmith and cobbler—which glories in the post office address of "Washington, Rappahannock Co., Va."

"Little Washington," is a blemishment it has suffered since brought into military notice.

The village, and the valley in which it
has nested, are the out-of-the-way—little nooks that drums and fires ever disturbed. "Sleepy Hollow" was a brisk thoroughfare in comparison. The pervading spirit of the Sabbath must have chosen this as her week-day abode, and here mused, in pious reverie undisturbed for six-sevenths of her time; for until our advent, with the clang and clamour and rattling caissons of war, there was no noise to break upon the ear, except, perhaps, to a stunted minstrel, that round of things? The dingy, dilapidation of the few farm-houses scattered here and there, is eternally hidden by the rich clusters of locust and weeping willow, which overshadow as well the outbuildings and negro hovels as the master's hall. But now the masters are gone, the darkies are few, and the ancient women look upon us solemnly, as if indignant at being waked up from their nap of generations.

Not far from us, Carl Schurz's division is encamped on a hillside. From the distance, their camp would be thought a flock of sheep reclining on the mountain slope. Gen. Schurz may be seen riding from camp to camp during drill hours.—Chad in pants of drabish white, tow linen, a brown, sleek, low-crowned hat, with a bandage of red flannel rolled and pinned around his neck, his appearance is far from militia. But for the Brigadier's sword, dangling at his charger's flank, you would take him for some free and easy artist, drawn hither by the picturesque of the scenery, to "illustrate the news" with sketches from the imagination by an eye-witness.

Sigel, too, is one whose looks disappoint you unless you look sharp. There's that in the sharp outlines of his face that reminds you of the portraits of Rosicrucian. His head is not large, but his square,business-like forehead is a complete camp chest, containing snugly packed all the requisites of a fighting campaign. His hair is fine and light, his skin of a girlish fairness, fine fibred and tightly drawn over front, short cheek bones; his beard of so "thin and hungary growth" that it scarcely hides his chin of wedge like sharpness; a mustache too gossamer-like to cover its root, lets out the whole secret. In the determination planted in that firm lip, and gleaming in his clear, grayish eyes, you recognize the invincible soldier. Such was Sigel when I saw him, and the pallor and languor of his then convalescence could not obliterate that look of will and fire. His energy and will are not of that coarse quality that borrow their vein from firm-knit muscles, big joints, and the strong rush of healthy blood, but a more spiritual property that disease can not subdue,—such a will tabernacled in the frail frame of Dr. Kane.

The morale of that command has much improved under its new commanders. When the "fight—mit—Blanken," as Schurz's command were called, first entered the valley, the whiskered Tenonts roamed at large like shaggy boons, and flew to the chicken-roost or bacon-house to which their straggling reconnaissances extended. They are now kept within their lines, and subject to the restraints and discipline necessary to the service.

And here let me say that the grumbling of the Northern press about "safe guards" has been from a misapprehension of the state of things. Straggling soldiers, away from their command, and composed of the worst element in the army, have committed outrages the most shameful; have plundered indiscriminately, destroyed furniture, insulted women, threatened children, and demeaned themselves more like brutes than men. Such things are a disgrace to civilization, and a General responsible for the behavior of his troops would and should seek to prevent them. They have our and the enemy's country and finish their war with which to "fire the Southern heart."

It has been customary with the Generals to place safeguards over the houses of those who were especially exposed to such marauders, and to keep out patrols to prevent straggling and pillaging. A soldier on safeguard is always boarded and lodged by the party protected, and men unfit for other duty are usually selected. It is considered a rare treat for a foot-sore or rheumatic soldier to stand a tour as safeguard. Many have thus recruited their tired energies, and consider the duty as good as a furlough. This has been done so much to please the property of the Northern press, and as for the sake of discipline, War, conducted on the humanest principles, is demoralizing to a degree we may shudder to measure, as our country will find to her sorrow whenever the armies are disbanded; but when an army is permitted and even encouraged by our newspapers, to roam about in greedy squads, to pillage, plunder, and destroy, we may as well disband. No surer way can be devised to demoralize an army, to render it utterly inefficient, or to ruin the character of the men who compose it.

The property of rebels should be taken, and has been taken by the proper officers, and the crops fairly distributed for the subsistence of the army. Orders in regard to subsisting on the country, precisely in tenor like those of Gen. Pope, were published by Banks three months ago, and have been enforced. But the new crops repeat the order—and the word applauds the sweeping.

Gen. Pope—"our new Corporal," as the boys call him—presents a personnel quite in keeping with the character of his orders: full of energy, self assurance, audacity and pitch-inativeness. He is firm set, a trifle below medium height, skin brim full, his long black hair, heavy whiskers and moustache, in all the gloss of good condition, covering the greater part of his full face. He bears a striking resemblance to George B. Smith, Esq., of Macon; rides a dappled grey stallion, and sports a staff and retinue and style of magnificence befitting a Persian Prince.

The trick which transports the effects of himself and staff would "tote" the entire baggage of three regiments. That long ride reminds us of the order requiring his officers to turn in their trunks, carrying only a valise, and reducing transportation to the very lowest quota. We are aroused to a dim recollection of comforts once enjoyed, under the Government allowance of baggage, but which we have cheerfully foregone for the good of the service. The General is a dashing, stylish Murat of a fellow, and with Halleck to do the planning and strategy, the Army of Virginia will make its mark.

August 8th finds us some eighteen miles from Little Washington, and six miles from Culpeper Court House. It is a day of intense heat, the hottest we have yet experienced. We are seeking to renew the acquaintance of our quondam friend, "Stonewall Jackson." When he and Pope come together a special time may be expected, if each proves true to his antecedents. He is described to me by his men—once prisoners under my charge—as lean, nervous, sharp-faced, long-chinned, stoop-shouldered, crooked-legged, little, oldish-looking man, who can't endure inactivity. He marches his men incessantly, in heat, cold, by night, or in storm. The hours when his enemy would suppose him quiet, are those in which he makes his moves. If he is now before us, as rumor says, there will be a collision before long in which Gen. Pope can learn the complexion of the faces of the enemy.

We of the army are exultant that a new call has been made, and that orders to draft—too tardy by a month—have at last been issued. We didn't read your accounts of "War Meetings" and "War Speakers" with any very bright hopes of immediate reinforcements. We thought the best war meeting to attend was to meet the enemy; the best war speakers those whose rostrum is a pair of wheels. We chafed to see a quota from the teeming population of the North bribed by fat bounties to fight against conscript traitors. The process was too slow for the emergency. The country has a right to the service of every man capable of bearing arms, and in the hour of her need the
Cruel Injustice.

An officer of the 3d Wisconsin Regiment in a private letter, speaking of the recent battle of Cedar Mountain, and the reports that his regiment "broke and run" says:

"Our regiment has been basely slandered by a drunken reporter of the New York Times. I hope his good name will be vindicated, for God knows it fought bravely and well."

All the evidence we can obtain from our own correspondents, those of the Sentinel and other papers of the State, and private letters from the regiment to their old comrades now in the 9th regiment, goes to make it clear that the most cruel injustice has been done to the 3d regiment. Brave and gallant men who have nobly breathed the storm of battle cannot be more cruelly injured than by falsely charging them with cowardice.

If reporters cannot tell the truth, but must misrepresent what they neither see nor hear, they ought to be "sent from the lines." It looks as if some of the eastern reporters gave the mood of praise and glory where it was paid for, not where deserved.

The 3d Regiment, however, has not only been wronged by the reporters now, but in times past by commanding generals. During the retreat down the valley of the Shenandoah, some months since, the regiment behaved so gallantly, and some detached squad of it rendered such signal service in holding important points, and in checking the pursuit of the enemy, that Gen. Banks took occasion, in person, to thank Col. Ruger and his men publicly, and to say that he knew not how to repay them for what they had done. Yet in his elaborate official report, where at every regiment of his command was named, there was not an allusion to this gallant third. When "glory" is one of the chief incentives to worthy military achievements, such neglect and such slanders afford but poor encouragement to men to do their duty.

However, the Third regiment is not the only one which has been wronged. The false charges against our 18th at the battle of Shiloh will be remembered, the failure to give due credit to our Second at the battle of Bull Run, and sundry like neglects.

If we had a few more Wisconsin generals, and our regiments, instead of being scattered singly everywhere, were to a greater extent brigaded together, it might be expected that the world would know what they really did. There are states which have a general to every two or three regiments, while Wisconsin, with 25,000 men in the field and more coming has but four brigadiers (and two of these confirmed in the last hours of Congress), and not one Major General, while only one of our Generals has any considerable number of Wisconsin troops under him.

BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, IN THE FIELD.

CAMP ON CEDAR MOUNTAIN, Va., Aug. 11, 1862.

BRIG. GEN. A. W. WILLIAMS, Commanding First Division.

SIR: I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken by my brigade, in the battles of Cedar Mountain, August 9th, and of Culpepper Court House, with the enemy under Gen. Early.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 9th, after a hurried march the day before, which was prolonged until 12 o'clock at night, I received a portion of my brigade from the town of Culpepper, where we were in bivouac, rapitdly to the front, as Gen. Crawford, commanding first brigade, first division, had been attacked and needed assistance. My brigade was put in motion at once, and reached the position of General Crawford about 12 m. I was directed by Gen. Robinson, to take position on the extreme right, which I occupied with my command of three regiments and two batteries.

Until 4 p.m., only a few discharges from the enemy's guns announced his presence. At this hour a severe cannonading began, extending from the left of our line across the road upon which our center rested. Our batteries, served with great vigor, responded manfully, and with such success that the whole of our left, consisting of Gen. Andrews' division, was driven suddenly from our first position, notwithstanding the energy my occupied a height which gave him the advantage of a plunging fire. Until 8 o'clock artillery practice continued with unabating severity. At this hour I heard quite a rapid musketry firing in my front, behind a range of timber, distant about one-third of a mile from my position. I was ordered by you, sir, to move at once with my brigade and support Gen. Crawford, who was engaging the enemy's left. I moved at once from my well chosen position; but the enemy had already retired to the right of the line which I had held since the morning. This position I occupied until relieved at a late hour of the night by troops from Gen. McDowell's division. There we slept upon our position.

We had not driven the enemy from our position, but every thing was ready to receive a take of which to boast, it is not in his numerous dead which fell before the rifles of the Ist and 3d brigades of the 1st division. With my selected brigade I was placed in front of the center of our line of battle until near daylight.

In conclusion, I, with all do, to mention the names of Col. Andrews, 2d Massachusetts regiment, Col. Ruger of 3d Wisconsin regiment, and Col. Colgrove of 27th Indiana regiment, as deserving praise for their coolness under fire, and for the efficiency of my command to the names mentioned. I would add the names of commission, not non-commissioned officers of my command.

The dead, the honored dead, speak for themselves; they gave up their lives for their country's sake. The living yet live for their country, and the wounded in their suffering may be cheered by the consciousness that all this and more they can bear for the cause of American Freedom.

Among the killed are Lieut. Col. Crane and Capt. O'Brien of 3d Wisconsin regiment, Capts. Cary, Williams, Abbott, and Gen. Crawford, and Lieut. Col. Moore of 24th Massachusetts. These are some of the names to be remembered as heroes—men who have died that our country may survive.

I have lost in about thirty minutes about 466 killed, wounded and missing. I refer especially to the reports of colonels of regiments, and aids-de-camp, rendered me especial service in my movements. I have many thanks for their labors and coolness under this terrific fire.

I am, sir, with great respect, truly your obedient servant.

Geo. GORDON.
Brigadier General Commanding
3d brig. 1st div. 2d army corps army of Va.
THE THIRD WISCONSIN AT CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

Messrs. Editors,—If none of your Wisconsin readers are at all stirred by the conflicting reports in regard to the conduct of the 3d Regiments in the battle of Cedar Mountain, I only ask them to be grateful to the eye of some one who may have lost a friend in that conflict, to read the testimony of one unprejudiced beholder and reliable writer, a son of Massachusetts.

The Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, pastor of the Congregational Church of Jamaica Plains, Mass., was the editor of the Congregational Quarterly, and now Chaplain of the Second Regiment of Mass., in Banks division, in a recent letter to the Congregationalist of Boston, writes the following:

"Gen. Crawford was holding the north side, (of a certain field) with his own brigade, increased by a portion of the Wisconsin 3d—as gallant a regiment as there is in the service—the statement of some liar in the New York papers to the contrary being false. That was the key to the enemy's position, and behind it, also, was artillery firing on our centre. Gen. Crawford's brigade fought well, but the only Gen. Wiant's nor were his troops all that were worth mentioning, although a correspondent of the New York Times of Tuesday, seems to have been at the battle field in his juga-position, from the same writer, 'Head-Quarters, Gen. Crawford,' accounts for the character of the letter, Gen. Crawford made a fine advance across the field. The moment he entered that field the storm of death began. Yet, most nobly did his men press on, through the field and into the rebel wood about thirty yards, when they melted away like snow placed in a July sun.

Gen. Gordon was ordered to change position and support Gen. Crawford. With the 2d Massachusetts, the 3d Wisconsin (restored to its brigade,) and the 27th Indiana, he hurried to the line. Gen. Geary was then endeavoring to operate in the cemetery, but had crossed the road in which the enemy were hidden, and nothing but musketery was heard. It was curious. Gen. Gordon went to support Gen. Crawford, but he replaced him; for that Gen. Wiant's command was called 'to the rear,' and Gen. Crawford was surrounded by the enemy. One of four was shot the next day.

As the new brigade took its place, the fire was terrific. Backward and forward the bullets flew like hail. The dead began to fall. Then hosts of wounded men were carried off, &c., &c.

Mr. Quint is widely known in Massachusetts, and beyond it as one of the most accurate of men. He is an eminent statistician, and has studied accuracy in everything. He was in the front of battle himself, not as an eye-witness, but assisting in the removal of the wounded. One of our Generals found him late in the day on another line, on the field, except enlisted men. His statements there, in regard to the conduct of our 'gallant' 3d in the battle of Cedar Mountain, may be deemed entirely reliable.

Dr. Conant Dismissed.

The telegram says Dr. G. E. Conant of the village, Surgeon of the 3d Wisconsin Regiment, has been dismissed from the service for being absent from the regiment without leave.

After the battle of Cedar Mountain, at which the Surgeon worked like a beaver, amputating limbs and dressing wounds of the soldiers, he was taken sick and for several days his life was despaired of. Letters have reached this village during the last two months speaking of his slow recovery, and it is not known now as he is fit for duty.

When the truth comes out, it will not be shown that the Dr. has been unjustly and unfairly dealt by. We have personal knowledge of the fact that he has been very popular with the Regiment.

The Battle Field—Bloody Engagement between General Banks and Stonewall Jackson.

BATTLE FIELD, near Cedar Run, Va., Aug. 9, via Washington, Aug. 11.

On Friday last an unexpected movement was made by the combined forces of Jackson, a desperate and trustworthy advance along the Rapidan. The evident intention of the different sections of our army at Fredericksburg, Culpeper and Madison was to cover the front of the enemy, and to be moved forward upon the fine turnpike which runs from each of those places and concentrates at Orange Court House. From this point the united forces of the army of Virginia was to advance to upon Gordonsville, which is nine miles distant from. Jackson foresees the intention and determined to be done by a sudden and unexpected movement across the Rapidan upon our column before we had time to move our forces to its back and surround it. Friday afternoon, Jackson commenced a rapid union of his scattered forces, and on Saturday threw them against the corps Banks, which had been thrown forward to a point midway between Culpeper Court House and the Rapidan. Gen. Bayard's cavalry brigade had been holding the bridge at Rappahannock, and was at once ordered to advance the enemy in force, not, however, with having given them evidence of his arrival, in capturing quite a number of the officer's own line, Gen. Crawford's brigade was ordered to support Bayard, whom he had met retreatting from the enemy in the vicinity of Cedar Run. Friday afternoon, and the enemy, with the aid of three batteries of artillery, kept back the enemy, who, probably not having gathered his forces, and had no time, especially as they were then admirably situated for the operation of their artillery when they should get ready their forces in an attack. From all parts the demonstrations of the enemy came pouring back, and they had carefully refrained from going out. Gen. Pope could not be easily effected. General Banks' remaining corps next morning pursued rapidly to the front under orders from Gen. Pope to feel the enemy and attack them. Our scattered army was in a state of confusion, a number equal to the work of conquering and repulsing the masses which Jackson had brought together upon the admirable position he had chosen south of Cedar Run, and the enemy had placed their guns upon a large number of excellent positions and were estimated by their officers and troops. Their infantry was entirely concealed by convenient stretches of woods behind the artillery, and their numbers were reported several prisoners to have been 25,000 fighting men. Our own artillery expended theirs in the number and value of their guns, yet much difficulty was experienced by Gen. Best, chief of artillery, in finding for them suitable positions. The batteries were in his command, but only thirty guns could be placed in positions. Our infantry was in two divisions. Gen. Williams on the right enemy, and commanding the left of Williams' division. Crawford's division was on the right and Gordon's on the left. Henry, Prince and Greene were the Generals commanding brigades of Gen. Augur's division.

The morning was occupied in arranging the forces and plan of battle; neither party showing any inclination to hasten the commencement of hostilities. At half past two o'clock the cannonading began and continued with increased rapidity and severity. Gen. Best, a regular U. S. army officer, served with the greatest skill his Napoleon and was constantly moving to different parts of the field superintending the management of his guns. One of his batteries was lost and three ensigns, not captured but abandoned, on account of the closeness of the conflict. Having kept up a most rapid and constant fire on the enemy for an hour and a half, without having discovered the precise position of the enemy, Gen. Banks gave orders to Crawford to advance upon the enemy, seize his force and position, and endeavor to draw him into action. They emerged from the shelter into the open field and the column moved forward. The road in which the enemy were hiding as they drew near and came within convenient range, first in volleys and then in file, firing, till the enemy was repulsed by such torrents of slugs and buck-shot as might have made veterans falter; yet they faltered not, even when their officers were falling around them, and their Col., Lieut. Co., and Majors all but three had fallen or been carried off the field. Gen. Banks was constantly active, moving to every part of the field, and they were in constant communication with him as how wonderfully he preserved in his memory all the minutest details of the fight. The circumstances have been more calm and self-possessed.

There were 2,000 in the brigade who made their appearance. Next morning there were not more than 500 who could be gathered together for duty. Gen. Gibbons' brigade had been ordered to their support, but were not long in getting to the scene of action. Gen. Bank at one's attempt to repel the enemy principally to their tardiness in coming. The 3d Wisconsin regiment, during the time of the so far as the 3d brigade, were directed to a certain position. They came up well, but the severity of the fire was too much for them. They faltered back, and marched back, Gen. Crawford himself, with musket in hand, besought them to follow him, and go up again to the support of their comrades. They marched up and down, yet with but to a point driven back by an irresistible volley of the rebel missiles. Crawford's brigade in the one which at last led the onchester, to route ten regiments of rebels. It was then commanded by Col. Donnelly, of the 28th New York, who was, on this occasion, coolly leading his regiment and
...and kept up the fire until into the evening.

The sun had hardly risen next morning before cannonading commenced again from our guns, but they were not responded to by the enemy. Gen. Sigel had arrived too late in the evening of the service, and in the morning was placed in front. A company of skirmishers was thrown out, but the enemy was not obtained. His lines had evidently changed, but how was not known. A flank movement was attempted, but the most of the day reports were current of enormous forces flanking us, and they created great impressions. The uncertainty was so great that the train of the army was packed and horses harnessed. Gen. Pope had everything in readiness for the removal of his headquarters.

This last encounter with Jackson must be added to the list of battles, in none of which he has been outgeneraled. It is easy to believe that our combined strength would have given him a most disastrous defeat. We held the field at night which we occupied during the day, and Jackson was unwilling either to pursue or renew the battle which was offered to them on the Sabbath following. He cannot claim a victory and we cannot acknowledge a defeat.

**FROM GENERAL POPE'S ARMY.**

**Additional Particulars of the Battle of Cedar Mountain.**

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.

The editor of the Star who was on a visit to his family at Culpepper Court House at the time of the battle on Saturday last, gives the following account of the battle, containing items of interest not mentioned in other accounts: On Friday Gen. Bayard had retired to the north and east side of Robinson River, about eight miles from Culpepper Court House, and there awaited a supporting force to arrive from the immediate vicinity of that point. On the same day Gen. Lee, on learning these facts, ordered Gen. Crawford to march his brigade to that end. In half an hour after receiving the order Crawford was on the march with his brigade, the Twenty eighth New York, Tenth Maine, Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, and Fifth Connecticut and ten picked regiments of cavalry. Crawford pressed rapidly to the front, and occupied a position about seven miles from Culpepper Court House, immediately in the rear of the line of General Bayard's cavalry.

Shortly after ordering Crawford, Gen. Pope did order the rest of Busk's and the rest of the enemy's force to move rapidly from Hazel river to rest a few minutes from the saddle, when the enemy's cavalry made a sudden rush upon them that they had barely time to mount and get quickly out of the road. In the encounter that followed, they were driven back by a company of their own men on horseback and cavalry, and received their fire, killing a few of their horses only. Gen. Augur again ordered a force with a Minie ball, but no dangers.

Both sides made hundreds of prisoners in the course of the engagement, and it was from prisoners taken in one charge by General Poore that we learned the rebel loss is equal to ours, if not greater. We estimate our killed and wounded at fifteen hundred, and the enemy's at perhaps a thousand and a half. We are quite certain the rebel loss is equal to ours, if not greater. We estimate our killed and wounded at fifteen hundred, and the enemy's at perhaps a thousand and a half.

By eight o'clock P. M., the head of Gen. Banks' column was disordered in such manner that the pursuit was not pressed, and it reached the rear of the left of Gen. Banks, where it had been during the course of the action.

By nine o'clock P. M., the head of the corps opposed to him, as regularly conducted as though they were operating an engagement of three hours. The men of his corps— or, indeed, of any other showed the white feather.

We left the field at eight o'clock for the rear of the enemy's lines, which were thrown down by a discharge from one of our batteries. The men of Van Rensselaer's Division of McDowell's corps were immediately ordered up from Spencers Run, and the corps was thrown down by a discharge from one of our batteries brought on a renewal of the engagement between the two forces, each side believed to have lost two or three hundred more killed and wounded. By a cavalry charge after midnight, of the enemy, Gen. General Pope and McDowell and his respective staffs were within an inch of being killed or ridden down. They had distinguished in the front to rest a few minutes from the saddle, when the enemy's cavalry made a sudden rush upon them that they had barely time to mount and get quickly out of the road. In the encounter that followed, they were driven back by a company of their own men on horseback and cavalry, and received their fire, killing a few of their horses only. Gen. Augur again ordered a force with a Minie ball, but no dangers.

Both sides made hundreds of prisoners in the course of the engagement, and it was from prisoners taken in one charge by General Poore that we learned the rebel loss is equal to ours, if not greater. We estimate our killed and wounded at fifteen hundred, and the enemy's at perhaps a thousand and a half. We are quite certain the rebel loss is equal to ours, if not greater. We estimate our killed and wounded at fifteen hundred, and the enemy's at perhaps a thousand and a half.

By nine o'clock P. M., the head of Gen. Banks' column was disordered in such manner that the pursuit was not pressed, and it reached the rear of the left of Gen. Banks, where it had been during the course of the action.

By nine o'clock P. M., the head of the corps opposed to him, as regularly conducted as though they were operating an engagement of three hours. The men of his corps—or, indeed, of any other showed the white feather.

We left the field at eight o'clock for the rear of the enemy's lines, which were thrown down by a discharge from one of our batteries. The men of Van Rensselaer's Division of McDowell's corps were immediately ordered up from Spencers Run, and the corps was thrown down by a discharge from one of our batteries brought on a renewal of the engagement between the two forces, each side believed to have lost two or three hundred more killed and wounded. By a cavalry charge after midnight, of the enemy, Gen. General Pope and McDowell and his respective staffs were within an inch of being killed or ridden down. They had distinguished in the front to rest a few minutes from the saddle, when the enemy's cavalry made a sudden rush upon them that they had barely time to mount and get quickly out of the road. In the encounter that followed, they were driven back by a company of their own men on horseback and cavalry, and received their fire, killing a few of their horses only. Gen. Augur again ordered a force with a Minie ball, but no dangers.

Both sides made hundreds of prisoners in the course of the engagement, and it was from prisoners taken in one charge by General Poore that we learned the rebel loss is equal to ours, if not greater. We estimate our killed and wounded at fifteen hundred, and the enemy's at perhaps a thousand and a half. We are quite certain the rebel loss is equal to ours, if not greater. We estimate our killed and wounded at fifteen hundred, and the enemy's at perhaps a thousand and a half.
Cavalry, was thrown in the advance of our division of observation on the left.

At 11 A.M. it was definitely ascertained from reports from these forces that the purpose of the enemy could hardly be doubted, and at 2 P.M. the impression became general at Gen. Pope's headquarters on the field, that instead of seeking to renew the engagement, the rebels were either seeking a new position in the rear or flank, and the telegraph has since informed us that such purpose has been carried out.

We omit, to state above that the prisoners say that the rebels commenced the fight with 16,000 men. Gen. Ewell in command, who were reinforced by Jackson with 5,000 more before six o'clock, the balance of Jackson's army getting up early in the night. They claim their combined forces to be from fifty to sixty thousand strong.

By a break in the telegraph the reception of Gen. Pope's order to Gen. King to join the division, in which event the division, was delayed twenty-four hours. He however started his advance from the vicinity of Fredericksburg at 4 P.M., of Saturday, and at 8 o'clock yester-day morning had reached Elk Run ford, so he is doubtless up with the main army by this hour. From our own knowledge of the exigency of the situation we feel certain that signal victory will await his movements at their head, as on all previous occasions when at the head of his forces.

P. S.—We lost a single piece of artillery, one of Best's. It upset in a ditch, and as it could not be righted by those in charge of the fort, was abandoned.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

CULPEPPER, Aug. 10.

Gen. Augur gave me his opinion that if Gen. Banks had been promptly reinforced instead of left with a short distance, the result of the battle would have been very different.

The division of Gen. Ricketts remained within the sound of the battle three hours and did not move. Not, however, because the General Commanding did not desire to take part in the engagement, for all this time himself and his Generals were under the curb of a superior General, and that General still awaiting the orders of his superior. (Gen. Ricketts, Hartstef, and Prince would gladly have been in the thick of the fight, but having been officers in the regular army, they were too much accustomed to its peculiar discipline to march to the relief of Gen. Banks without orders.

The only batteries engaged in the fight were the Fourth and Sixth Maine, Knapp's and Best's. Best lost one gun, twenty-seven horses, and about one third of the men. Knapp lost two caissons, and seven wounded. Every battery fought until every pound of ammunition was exhausted. Within three-quarters of a mile from Slaughter Mountain eight or ten batteries, apparently doing nothing but moving backward and forward over a hill to the Orange road. Why only four batteries were left to fight against seven, is what we are unable to comprehend.

Between Culpepper and the battle-field we had artillery enough to have blown Slaughter Mountain from its base, but, by the superior skill of our lieutenants, only four batteries were brought into play. Indeed, so great an amount of artillery was constantly moving on the roads, that it seemed as if, the army of Virginia was composed of artillery alone, not of artillery alone. The position chosen by Jackson was an admirable one. The mountain itself, defended as it was by seven batteries, was impregnable to most of the force. The rising ground to the right of the mountain afforded perfect shelter to vast masses of infantry, which could be poured out at any moment.

The position of our army on the battle-field could not have been worse. The enemy had every advantage in position and numbers, and were by the advantages. Yes, I say successful, although official reports will probably announce a victory. Gen. Banks, however, covered himself with glory. There was a man living who could have managed his men with more skill under the same circumstances. He was constantly in the thickest of the fight, and shares the same honours with the common soldier. His brave little army was sacrificed for the want of reinforcements—nothing else.

The lowest estimate of our loss that I have heard is 3,000—the highest 3,000. The latter will probably prove correct, i.e., in killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing.

The Army of Virginia is suffering terribly this morning from want of water. It is not moved in a few days, hundreds of horses will die of thirst, and men of disease, from drinking the thick mud.

During all these long marches and battles the weather has been intensely hot. Many soldiers dropped from the heat. Those who did not, felt certain that signal victory will await his movements at their head, as on all previous occasions when at the head of his forces.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.

CEDAR CREEK, Aug. 11.

It was evident on Monday morning, from the movements of both parties, that neither was anxious to resume hostilities. The enemy fell back somewhat early in the day, and fatigue parties advanced from their battle-ground, that under no circumstances must abandoned arms, tools permitted to be carried away, as they claimed the field and its contents by reason of their occupation of the same down to the acceptance of the flag of truce.

APPEARANCE OF THE BATTLE FIELD.

In company with Division Surgeon Hall, of Gen. Morgan's brigade, I rode down the road toward Slaughter's Mountain, passing upwards of a score of battery horses slain in the traces on Saturday midnight. The noble animals whom thunder could not jar nor iron mail intimidate, lay close beside each other, the worms already making their homes in their limbs stiffened and their glazed hoofs extended. Here was a splintered wheel, where a soldier's hand rested upon his short sword, and a stain, like a rivulet, extended little way down the clay. Beyond, I came upon the usual indications of a retreat—jackets, bayonets, cartridge-boxes, and knapsacks, thrown haphazardly, furs, tattered, trampled, and bloody. These traces grew more numerous until I crossed Cedar Creek, where the stench of decaying flesh, men and horses, was plainly perceptible.

The ground was trampled as if by the desperate foot of combatants, and off to the right and left in the ruined fence, the party of grave-diggers engaged in their solemn but hasty task of shutting away the face of glory. The first unburied corpse covered out from the ground, the oak tree; but the resemblance to man had been well nigh obliterated. The arms were thrown haphazardly back, and the ohil raised, with the tendon and throes of the bare and black flesh, their limbs stiffened and their glazed hoofs extended, the sight of death and the helpless. For many of the surgeons likewise, pushed out from under the ranks, and ambulances were hauled to and fro with the utmost, the dying and the helpless. For many hours additional the dead lay livid and disregarded upon the site at once of their glory and their fall.

Our ambulances and surgeons' assistants were not interrupted, though often within easy musket range. At length Lieutenant Elliott Johnson, of the rebel General's staff, rode down an slope bearing a white flag, which he waved vigorously, as if to attract our attention. Some of our officers at once went up to the Lieutenant, and demanded him that by permission of General Stonewall Jackson they might have till two o'clock to bury the dead. The bearer wished to
tayed, and all were so swollen that they compared in size with the dead horses adjacent.

The bodies of these are lifted by their comrades and deposited in trenches, without coffins or headstone. Occasionally the pure sand, where some of our friends post mortem honors him with a special grave, and quietly makes a note of his resting place for future exigency. All of our dead, so far as I personally have been permitted, had been plundered of their money, arms, and in some cases, of their clothing. I think that we may have had 400 and by fifty dead. I found these with individual care and through the woods. In one case twenty-two together. Several of these appeared to have been killed by fragments of shells, and one man's head was gone. In curious juxtaposition to these ghastly objects I saw a small old-fashioned plough that had been struck by a solid shot and broken in half. War had leveled the earliest and last indication of industry. By the kindness of the rebel cavalry, Gen. Stewart, to whom I shall presently refer, I was allowed to ride with Lieutenants under rebel lines and examine the enemy's dead. As most of these had been buried, I could not tell with certainty the rebel loss; but it was certain at least, it was less than ours. Eight North Carolinians lay in a row by a fragment of fence—stout, stalwart rustics in homespun clothes, who had perhaps been dragged from their homes to perish in an unholy cause.

A few of our grave-diggers had mingled with the rebel grave-diggers, and both had suspended their functions to hold argument. The Lieutenant ordered the rebel old fashioned plough, that had been struck by a solid shot and broken in half. War had leveled the earliest and last indication of industry. By the kindness of the rebel cavalry, Gen. Stewart, to whom I shall presently refer, I was allowed to ride with Lieutenants under rebel lines and examine the enemy's dead. As most of these had been buried, I could not tell with certainty the rebel loss; but it was certain at least, it was less than ours. Eight North Carolinians lay in a row by a fragment of fence—stout, stalwart rustics in homespun clothes, who had perhaps been dragged from their homes to perish in an unholy cause.

The infantry ceased firing. With the setting in of night the musketry ceased, but the artillery on the mountain kept up an incessant firing until after midnight. At twilight our troops withdrew to a small copse of wood, about half a mile from the rear of our first position, where they were joined soon after the artillery. The mounted troops of Gen. Banks were relieved by these fresh troops. The former fell back a half mile, where, in a pleasant clover field, they rested on their arms from the fatigue of the day. Afterwards there was some artillery firing late at night, and the rebels seemed to have edged over on our lines and fell among our men, while some of the whites were on guard and lay a bary of the enemy. The rebels claim to have blown up several caissons left behind us on Saturday evening, and thrown up more than twenty thousand arms, with upwards of sixty horses. I saw, what had been previously undiscovered, about fifty muskets scattered against a piece of scar'd timber, and with arms in our lines and re-established.

The Battle of Cedar-Mount—Mountaineers

We have already published a full account of the great battle between Banks and Jackson at Cedar Mountain, and the official report of Gen. Pope also sets forth a number of details and particulars. A copy of the report is still in our possession, and a copy of the official report from Culpepper Court House on the 11th.

The first intimation our advance received of the presence of the enemy was at the solitary moment when, after emerging from the wood, we were met by a rebel timber on the north, it began to crossbrigade, and not recognizing them for a spring and a winter's worth of heavy work, and with a certain determination in the thick timber half disposition. "Not by a damned sight!" shouted way up the mountain side, beclouded upon a hill; and in a moment he was surging over the top, while nearly by bayonets, he gave battery of smaller guns at the foot of the Richmond, and went thither, alone in the mountain gave them a similar cover of Sunday, mounted upon his own horse.

The capture of General Price: The general of Generals. Gen. Price was at the salutary moment when, after emerging from the wood, we were met by a rebel timber on the north, it began to crossbrigade, and not recognizing them for a spring and a winter's worth of heavy work, and with a certain determination in the thick timber half disposition. "Not by a damned sight!" shouted way up the mountain side, beclouded upon a hill; and in a moment he was surging over the top, while nearly by bayonets, he gave battery of smaller guns at the foot of the Richmond, and went thither, alone in the mountain gave them a similar cover of Sunday, mounted upon his own horse.
The ground was rising behind them so that their second line was stationed in the woods and fired over the heads of the first line. After we were over the fences and into the field, we discovered that Gen. Crawford's Brigade had not come out of the woods and that we had the brunt of the contest to bear. We advanced into the field until the enemy was scarcely 100 yards distant when they opened upon us a most terrible destructive fire. This was returned by our men for a short time, but the unequal nature of the conflict rendered it impossible to be of long duration and we were compelled to fall back behind the woods to reform our broken companies, but not until the field was stained with the blood of near one-third of the gallant fellows who had gone upon it. The remnant of our regiment was quickly formed and with undiminished courage again came manfully to the work; but sadly thinned from what we were at first. Many who were not wounded were so exhausted by the heat and previous exertions that they were scarcely able to move. Our loss in the second encounter was comparatively light. Night put an end to the conflict and both armies occupied the same ground as previous to the fight.

I have endeavored to trace out the movements of the 3d Wisconsin, or rather six companies of it, numbering less than 300 men, so that your readers can know what we have done. As our operations were mostly in the woods, I was not an eye witness to the movements of other regiments, but understand that all did well and all have suffered severely.

KILLED.
Corporal Curtis Jacobs.
Private Wesley J. Butts.

WOUNDED.
1st Sergt. Lyman B. Balsey, is ankle.
Corporal C. H. Lindeley, slightly in head.
Charles W. Alderman, in arm.
Hiram Allen, slightly in shoulder.
Jeremiah Close, slightly in thigh.
Job Clark, severely in thigh.
DeWeit Clark, slightly in leg.
Ralph P. Boven, badly in foot.
Thomas Layton, badly in wrist.
Francis Martin, slightly in hand.
Daniel Macanulty, badly in foot.
Amos Runledge, slightly in shoulder.
Nelson Vaaln, slightly in leg.
William Smith, missing.

The wounded are all doing well and some of them will be permanently disabled, Charles Lindeley, DeWeit Clark, Hiram Allen and Jeremiah Close, have already returned to the company. The others have been sent to Washington. It is with sorrow that I allude to the two brave boys who have fallen. They were among the first to enroll their names in our company and ever distinguished themselves by the prompt and faithful performance of their duties. They have lived and died like soldiers, fighting bravely to the last.

It is hard to pick out individual instances of bravery and courage where all did their best; but you may be assured that Waupun has no cause to blush for the doings of Co. 'D' on that day. Capt. Clark had been sick for several weeks before the fight, and was not able to leave Culpepper with us and consequently was deprived of the privilege of sharing the danger and the glory with us.

During the night after the battle the corps of Gen. Steigel and McDowell came up and took the place of the exhausted and shattered regiments of Gen. Banks, while they were moved a mile or so to the rear. The battle was not renewed on Sunday morning, but both armies lay on their arms watching one another, and neither venturing on the field which lay between the two armies to bury the dead. On Monday the enemy sent in a flag of truce to make arrangements to bury the dead and a cessation of hostilities until 2 o'clock. M. was agreed upon and parties from both armies moved over the field picking up the dead and wounded and discussing the different incidents of the fight. On Tuesday morning the enemy were found to be retreating and Gen. Sigel is in pursuit.

Gen. Bank's corps is camped here at Culpepper Court House, somewhat removed from the scene of operations, but under the pleasant and safe guard of the corps of Gen. Steigel and McDowell. We were most agreeably surprised on Tuesday by the Wisconsin Brigade in Gen. King's Division camping near us. As this was the first time since we had been in the field that we had ever seen a Wisconsin regiment the boys enjoyed the visit immensely, and many were the wishes expressed that the Wisconsin regiments might all be in one Brigade.

Yours truly,
J. W. Hinkle.
Co. D, 3d Wis. Vols.
Letter from Dr. Conant.

A letter has been received here by the family of Dr. Conant, Surgeon of the Third Regiment under Banks.

We are permitted to make some extracts in relation to the late battle between Banks and Stonewall Jackson. The letter, of course, was not intended for the public eye, and is all the better for that:

In Camp near Culpepper,

August 13, 1862.

Within the last two or three days I have seen so many acts of courage and self-sacrifice as to make me almost believe in their being a battle somewhere. I have often said that if there was to be a battle I should like, or be willing to be near and witness it; and I have been gratified to my full desire. The battle that was fought last Saturday took place in my hearing and most of the firing within plain sight, and such a roar of the enemy's fire was heard that I began to suspect the safety of the house, for the purpose of a hospital.

The wounded that was fought last of a battle are truly indescribable. How many lay dead and wounded on the left we knew not; for we supposed the enemy occupied it; they could not go off the field. The dead and wounded was a fatal one. The wounded that were left were close up to the enemy's front and were shot so near night and so badly, that they could not go off the field. The dead and wounded was almost all of them robbed. All of their money, some of their shoes, some of their pants, coats, and generally of their guns.

Those that were alive we took away, and the dead were buried mostly in one common grave. The enemy having the possession of the field, and we were buried the same earth in a near locality held. In quiet silence, those but a short time before had been exerting their utmost skill and bravery in the destruction of each other's lives. Now all is quiet upon that battle field, and the great west of Ceder Mountain will never forget, that will long remain vivid in my recollection. The papers will give you a better account of the battle and its particulars than I can.

I feel almost worn out, but shall be able to do duty again in a few days. You ask me what I think of the termination of the war. I think we shall come off all right as fast, but at how great a sacrifice and how soon I cannot tell better than I could when I left home. The policy that is now adopted is more satisfactory to the army, as far as I can bear and better determination is felt.

The Third Wisconsin.

Again it becomes the duty of some one to record the movements of the Third Wisconsin regiment. On the 19th ult. we were at Culpepper, where we arrived the previous night at 11 1/2 P. M. At 9 o'clock A. M. we were ordered to advance beyond the town five or six miles, to attack Stonewall Jackson and Ewell, who were there, in position, with a force of from 55,000 to 75,000. The day was extremely hot, and quite a number of our men, and some of the officers, were obliged to fall out before we had marched three miles. On arriving near the scene of the expected conflict, we halted and allowed to refresh ourselves from a stream of warm, muddy water. While there, Gen. Banks and staff rode up, and the General drank heartily of this not very cooling beverage. It's only merit insisted in its being wet. The General then ordered the Third Wisconsin to take a position on the extreme right, and in the advance, where we found quite comfortable quarters in a piece of timber, while we arrived about 12 M. Soon after our arrival, a heavy cannonading was commenced by two or three of our batteries, which was responded to promptly by one two batteries of light artillery and four pieces of heavy ordnance, probably 32-pounders. The firing continued with scarcely a moment's intermission till about 4 P. M., when Col. Ringer was ordered to advance, with six companies, and attack the enemy's position in the woods, about half a mile distant, where the enemy had a strong force. As soon as he arrived, the enemy opened on him with a terrific fire of infantry, but no artillery immediately on the commencement of the infantry fire, the 27th Indiana advanced to the support of Col. Ringer. The balance of the Third Wisconsin soon followed, and, while advancing, we met Major Scott coming from the woods, severely wounded in the shoulder. We continued advancing, over fences, ditches, and thro' the woods, at a double quick step, till we arrived where the fire was the heaviest, when we opened on the rebels, driving them a short distance, when, from a heavy cross fire, we were obliged to retire to a small ravine to re-organize. While retreating, Lieut. Col. H. D. Crane was killed, and several of the officers and men wounded. We again formed a line of battle, and advanced into the midst of the enemy, giving them lead for lead and cheer for cheer, our men falling thick and fast around us, but still doing our best till night kindly hid the combatants from sight, but not until Capt'n O'Brien of Co. F, was mortally wounded, and Capt'n Hawley, of Co. K, was severely wounded.
wounded, and many of the men.

As the movements of the Third Wisconsin regiment, one of the last to arrive, were at Culpepper, we were the first to occupy the position covered by the morning mist. The 11 A.M. fire, at 8 o'clock, was followed by a steady fire of musketry, until 12 P.M., and a more grand and terrific sight was seldom witnessed than that produced by the discharge of artillery accompanied by the whiz ofprojectiles and the screeching of shells as they were sent with lightning speed on their errand of death.

The hospital nearest the scene of conflict was soon filled with a bleeding, groaning, mangled mass of wounded officers and men, while many were being carried further on, but the men bore their sufferings like heroes. None were heard to murmur only from extreme pain.

Many were obliged to lay out all night conscious, without even the warmth of a blazing sun, to the sending of our officers from a burning castle, and many died before we had reached the hospital. On arriving near the scene of the expected conflict, we were halted and allowed to refresh ourselves from a hasty meal, and to prepare our ammunition kit.

The General then ordered the Third Wisconsin to take a position on the extreme right, and the enemy opened on us with a terrific fire of infantry, but no artillery. Immediately on the commencement of the infantry fire, the 2d Indiana, Indians, and command of Col. H. A. Herndon, of the 1st Indiana, and four pieces of heavy ordnance, probably 32-pounders. The firing continued with greater moment's intermission till about 4 P.M., when Col. Forney ordered to advance, with six companies, and attack and over-run the enemy's position in the woods, about half a mile distant, where the enemy had a strong force. As soon as he arrived, the enemy opened on him with a terrific fire of infantry, but no artillery.

The Third Wisconsin went into the fight with about 550 men and 2d and 3d of Banks' corps, and was attacked and menaced by more than two times their number of the enemy. Captain O'Brien was a true hero, and a man to be depended on in the hour of peril and time of danger, and his loss will be deeply regretted by his many friends. A. W. Bryant, of Co. A, was mortally wounded, and many of the regiment who have known his valor as an officer and as a friend. Captain Whitman, of Co. B, was quite ill from sun stroke, together with First Lieut. Ed. E. Bryant, of Co. A. The battle was fought by three brigades, the 1st, 2d and 3d of Banks' corps, and against about twice their number of the enemy.

To-day's papers report the enemy to be in full retreat, pursued by 9,000 cavalry and 100 pieces of artillery. More news may soon be expected from General Pope's army.

Battle of Cedar Mountain.

[We give below, from the Congregationalist, the best written and probably the most reliable account of the battle of Cedar Mountain, that has fallen under our notice. It will be observed, the writer, who is the Chaplain of the Second Massachusetts, vindicates the Third Wisconsin from the foul aspersions heaped upon it by the lying correspondent of the New York press.]

CULPEPER, VA., Aug. 13, 1862.

I have never felt so badly in writing you as I do to-day. Last night we entered camp for the first time since the recent battle.

How touchingly our emptied tents reminded us of our loss! Our colored Major wounded and a prisoner. Our regiment, two prisoners, of whom one is wounded. Of eleven lieutenants, one killed, four wounded, and one wounded and a prisoner. And lying in a soldier's grave, or shattered by bullets, one in every four of our men, as noble a group of soldiers as ever graced a country's name.

Last Wednesday we left little Washington. Friday night, at 12 o'clock, we were attacked by Culpepper. Next morning, after varying orders, we were moved four miles hastily, to support Gen. Crawford. We were soon to be threatened by the enemy, who, having hastily crossed the Rapidan with his advance batteries, was marching in his main body into the field for forty-eight hours, with nothing to eat or drink, and so badly wounded as to be unable to even crawl from the field. Our loss of officers in this division is heavy in proportion to the number engaged.

The Third Wisconsin went into the fight with about 550 men, and it has been asserted by our officers that we cannot now muster 300. Probably no one who were taken prisoners. Our officers stood the fire like heroes. We deeply regret the loss of Lieut. Col. Crane, who was in the prime of manhood, and died fighting nobly for his country. It will be deeply regretted by his company and many others in the regiment who have known his valor as an officer and as a friend. Captain Whitman, of Co. B, is quite ill from sun stroke, together with First Lieut. Ed. E. Bryant, of Co. A.

The battle was fought by three brigades, the 1st, 2d and 3d of Banks' corps, against about twice their number of the enemy.

To-day's papers report the enemy to be in full retreat, pursued by 9,000 cavalry and 100 pieces of artillery. More news may soon be expected from General Pope's army.

Respectfully,

A. W.

CULPEPER, VA., Aug. 13, 1862.

The Battle of Culpepper—From the Times—Wisconsin.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

CULPEPER, Aug. 13, 1862.

Editors of the Sentinel:—Again it becomes the duty of some one to record
The enemy occupied the wood, but did not pursue. The brigade reformed in its earlier position and was held 'till last,' was the General's order. But the center and left had fallen back, and order came for this brigade to leave its position and take part in the formation of the new line of defense. And now it was the enemy's turn to fight. The regiment was ordered out of picket duty, and went. But I was not with it. Our colonel could not leave his own wounded men with out some care from his own regiment, and it was my privilege to remain. We expected to be relieved by fresh troops. So after company after company shivered off, the rebels had been guilty of the barbarity of not taking to hospital their severely wounded men, and of not informing us of the fact, though the field hospital was not a mile away. We were outside our lines,—yet no man molested us. And all night, with our flickering light almost dimmed by the moon, yet under the solemn trees we kept on our sober way with our three hundred injured men.

It was a strange scene. Within the house lay wounded dying men, without, they cared not for. The enemy would have us believe that the rebels had been stripped of everything valuable, even to outer clothing.

The removal of our wounded men was determined upon. Through a rear path in the woods we sent them away. How slowly the number seemed to diminish! How few could get away, even when those who had gone sent as word that that spot would be untenable in the morning.

And when, as the gray of morning came, the sun shone on the ground, the rebels were drawn up in a long line of battle.

After securing the commencement of the report, I asked them to order out of the second hospital, I returned to the regiment, and was directed to remain. All day the armies were silently watching each other, but many of the wounded, had been stripped of their coats, and the good steed of the dead, and many of the wounded, had been stripped of everything valuable, even to outer clothing.

The enemy's muskets glimmered in front of us. Then our own artillery came into play very near them, and soon the thunder was continuous, and the lightning never ceased flashing through the field. The rebels had been driven howl ceased. We could not tell which had driven but still the enemy's muskets glimmered in front of us.

The removal of our wounded men was determined upon. Through a rear path in the woods we sent them away. How slowly the number seemed to diminish! How few could get away, even when those who had gone sent as word that that spot would be untenable in the morning.

And when, as the gray of morning came, the sun shone on the ground, the rebels were drawn up in a long line of battle.

After securing the commencement of the report, I asked them to order out of the second hospital, I returned to the regiment, and was directed to remain. All day the armies were silently watching each other, but many of the wounded, had been stripped of their coats, and the good steed of the dead, and many of the wounded, had been stripped of everything valuable, even to outer clothing.
On Thursday morning, the enemy crossed the Rapidan at Barnett's ford in heavy force, and advanced strong on the road to Culpepper and Madison C. H. I had established a line of intrenchments between Culpepper and Sperryville, ready to concentrate at either place, as soon as the enemy's plans were developed. Early on Friday, apparently moving to Culpepper, I directed the troops to be thrown forward to the support of Banks and McDowell's corps. Brigadier General Bayard with part of the advance near the Rapidan, had pushed forward, but was repulsed and driven back by heavy cannonading and musketry. Banks, tillery firing, having satisfied me that an attack was about to be made, I moved my troops forward to the support of Banks and McDowell's corps. It became apparent that the attack was to be made on both sides until noon. The artillery was kept up on both sides until at least one hour after the firing began, and was distinctly heard by me. 

A full list of casualties will be transmitted as soon as possible, together with a detailed report in which I shall endeavor to do justice to all.

and wine, and which would do us good
to dispose of to good advantage for the
Poor and Wounded Soldiers.

The remains of the brave and gallant
Captain O'Brien arrived here to-day.

The body of Lieut. Colonel Crane was
in the battle-field. To morrow
his brother, together with an undertaker
and a person to embalm the body, start
for Culpeper to perfect the remains.

They will be received here on Sunday.

John Hubbell

C. B. Scott's Third Wisconsin Volunteers.

Killed—Capt. Travis, late 3d Wisconsin
Volunteers.

Wounded—Sergt. James Collins, leg,

not retreat until it was ordered to; in the
same manner our regiment was
in the face of a most destructive fire.

Of Capt. O'Brien I will say that 'a brave
man never trod a battle field.

It was during this part of the
action that Lieut. Colonel Crane was killed
in the battle-field at Slaughter's
Mountain, by a buck-shot in the leg, just
above the ankle.

The regiment did not retreat until it was ordered to; in the
advance it was given the right of the line
of which the 1st line of the enemy
was twice repulsed, but inflicted great loss.

The conduct of the Third Wisconsin
Regiment on the battle-field at Slaughter's
Mountain was that of brave, steady
and unyielding valor. This is
necessary to say more in their behalf, but
for the misrepresentation that has been
made by the correspondent of the New
York Times, (published in that paper on
the 12th inst.) who writes over the signa­
ture of "J. A." he says: "The line ad­
vanced steadily, with the exception of the
Third Wisconsin, under a galling fire, and
drove the rebels back. The Wisconsin
Regiment fled at the first fire, and it was
with great duality and at great personal
risk, that the General succeeded in get­
ing them back to a position in the
field. It was hardly returned to their position, however, be­
fore they broke and ran again—in fact,
proved worse than useless." I have taken
with my own eye the habits of the face
and whether the statement of the Tea­
sters correspondent was true; it is a base stan­
der falsehood, and there is not a
man in the regiment that did not retire until they
arrived at Culpepper, eight miles distant,
but shall leave that to others. Our regi­
ments from the West, who are in that vi­
ctorious position, have not yet acquired the habit of
feeling and feasting reporters in order to
receive puffs in certain Eastern papers.

W. Y. SELLECK.

Vice-Pres. of Wis. Soldiers Aid Soc. etc.

Loses of the Third Wisconsin.

The following is the report of the kill­
ed, wounded and missing of the Third
Wisconsin Regiment Volunteers, Colonel
Thos. H. Rudder, in the action
near Culpepper Court House, (Cedar
Mountain,) August 9th, 1862.

THOS. H. RUDDER,

Vol. Third Wisconsin Volunteers.

Casualties in C. B. Scott's Company.

Third Wisconsin, in the Battle of
Cedar Mountain.

Dr. C. B. CHAPMAN returned last even­
ing from Washington, which city he left
on Tuesday afternoon. Just before he left
he saw Capt. Hawley of the Dane Coun­
dy Volunteers, Third Wisconsin, who was
wounded in the recent battle at Cedar
Mountain, by a buck shot in the leg, just
above the ankle.

The additional casualties in Capt. Haw­
ley's company are as follows:

Killed.—Edwin E. Polley, A. Willir,

Wm. H. Hubbell.

Wounded.—Corporals John D. Lyman,

severely; C. L. Curtis, and R. W. Jones,

Private John E. Anderson, James Bean,

Legs, Colby, B. F. Townley, August
Theodore.

Missing.—Lieut. T. J. Widtve, Peter

Jenson, Andrew Matheson.

Our Washington Correspondence.

The Slender on the Third Regiment.

The Truth told—Only Two Captains
Frightened.

Mr. S. A. Butcher, Eddy, Jan. 2. 1863.
Fiats—They did their whole Duty—W. Capt. Hawley says of the Fight—Partial to the Wounded.

WASHINGTON, August 14, 1862.

The correspondent of the New York Times, in his account of the recent destructive battle at Culpepper, thus allude to the Third Wisconsin Regiment:

"Duties the firing on both sides was terrific, and the men being falling by the score. The Confederates, with the exception of the third Wisconsin, under a galling fire, and on the ground. The Wisconsin regiment did the first fire, and it was with great difficulty and personal risk that the general work was done again. They partly turned to their position however, before they were proved worse than useless. The remainder of the infantry charged upon eastern batteries, several of which could not be seen until they entered the wood, where they continued upon a large infantry force that had been concealed from the commencement of the fight. This force opened fire upon our men with terrific effect. The slaughter at this point was very great.

Now it might be a sufficient refutation of the unfounded charge of cowardice against one of the best disciplined and best managed regiments in the volunteer service, to state that the Third Wisconsin was wounded 500 men, came out with but 250; that the Lieu-tenant Colonel and one of the only two Cap-tains present was killed; that the Maj.-major was se-erely wounded, if not mortally, wounded, and the remaining Captain shot through the leg and disabled.

But in addition to this, I learn from Capt. Hawley, of your city, who now is disabled at Mrs. Selden's in this city that the Third Wisconsin received the fire of the enemy without flinching, and bravely did their whole duty. The bravest of men would have been justified in seeking cover. They were an open plain, in front of a concealed enemy, and exposed without cover to a fire from three lines alternately firing and fall ing back to reload, thus pouring in a con-tinuous volley, so that they could reply only by one volley to three received. In a quarter of an hour they stood this fire, and the only wonder is that so many were saved. They were finally driven back by the overwhelming force of the enemy, but when properly supported returned and maintained their position till dark.

Lieut. Col. Crane and Capt. O'Brien were almost at the first fire, the last dead at the latter mortally wounded. Capt. Hat ley received a shot through the leg just above the ankle, but continued to com mand his men until his leg became so inflamed that he could no longer support himself, when he was borne off by a Lieu tenant and a soldier with a disabled arm, to a point where he could witness the fight and see the entire open field until the close of the battle. Capt. H.'s company was in the extreme right, and he witnessed the entire conflict and says there was no regiment which did not do its full duty.

He says it was apparent at the first de velopment of the infantry force in the woods, that without immediate support the attack must be thrown back. Capt. Hawley says that the command of the Colonel was so exten sively and favorably known. The death of Capt. Hawley is a severe one, as Captain Hawley says, he was a most capable officer and brave man.

The result of the battle at Culpepper is regarded here as advantageous, although at the start one force was taken as equal at a disadvantage. Every soldier and officer that I have seen consider the action of either faithless or incompetent, and blame him for not sooner ordering Banks.

Death of Col. Crane.

A dispatch was received by the Gover nor last evening, confirming the sad news of the death of Lt. Col. Crane of the 3d Wisconsin regiment. His body was in Washington at the time. Lieut. Col. Crane of the 3d Wis consin was killed at the battle at Gordonville, near Gordonville, and killed Col. Crane, was a lawyer and a soldier with a disabled arm, a brave soldier, and a much affected citizen, and devoted husband and father.

The grass will soon spring up again over the grave of one of the bravest victims of this horrible rebellion, and when we visit it let us pray for the success of the cause for which he fought.—Beloit Journal, Sep. 4.

Col. L. H. D. CRANE.—No brave man fell at the battle near Gordonville, than Lieut. Col. Crane, of the 3d Wisconsin regiment. His body was in Washington at the time. Lieut. Col. Crane of the 3d Wisconsin was killed at the battle at Gordonville, near Gordonville, and killed Col. Crane, was a brave man, a brave soldier, and a most affectionate and devoted husband and father. The grass will soon spring up again over the grave of one of the bravest victims of this horrible rebellion, and when we visit it let us pray for the success of the cause for which he fought.—Beloit Journal, Sep. 4.

Death of Col. Crane.

A dispatch was received by the Gover nor last evening, confirming the sad news of the death of Lt. Col. Crane of the 3d Wisconsin regiment. His body was in Washington at the time. Lieut. Col. Crane of the 3d Wisconsin was killed at the battle at Gordonville, near Gordonville, and killed Col. Crane, was a lawyer and a soldier with a disabled arm, a brave soldier, and a most affectionate and devoted husband and father.

The grass will soon spring up again over the grave of one of the bravest victims of this horrible rebellion, and when we visit it let us pray for the success of the cause for which he fought.—Beloit Journal, Sep. 4.

Death of Col. Crane.

A dispatch was received by the Governor last evening, confirming the sad news of the death of Lt. Col. Crane of the 3d Wisconsin regiment. His body was in Washington at the time. Lieut. Col. Crane of the 3d Wisconsin was killed at the battle at Gordonville, near Gordonville, and killed Col. Crane, was a lawyer and a soldier with a disabled arm, a brave soldier, and a most affectionate and devoted husband and father.

The grass will soon spring up again over the grave of one of the bravest victims of this horrible rebellion, and when we visit it let us pray for the success of the cause for which he fought.—Beloit Journal, Sep. 4.

Death of Col. Crane.

A dispatch was received by the Governor last evening, confirming the sad news of the death of Lt. Col. Crane of the 3d Wisconsin regiment. His body was in Washington at the time. Lieut. Col. Crane of the 3d Wisconsin was killed at the battle at Gordonville, near Gordonville, and killed Col. Crane, was a lawyer and a soldier with a disabled arm, a brave soldier, and a most affectionate and devoted husband and father.

The grass will soon spring up again over the grave of one of the bravest victims of this horrible rebellion, and when we visit it let us pray for the success of the cause for which he fought.—Beloit Journal, Sep. 4.

Death of Col. Crane.

A dispatch was received by the Governor last evening, confirming the sad news of the death of Lt. Col. Crane of the 3d Wisconsin regiment. His body was in Washington at the time. Lieut. Col. Crane of the 3d Wisconsin was killed at the battle at Gordonville, near Gordonville, and killed Col. Crane, was a lawyer and a soldier with a disabled arm, a brave soldier, and a most affectionate and devoted husband and father.

The grass will soon spring up again over the grave of one of the bravest victims of this horrible rebellion, and when we visit it let us pray for the success of the cause for which he fought.—Beloit Journal, Sep. 4.
Letter from Col. Crane's Brother.

The following is a letter from James Crane, brother of Col. L. H. D. Crane, to his sister and Mrs. Crane:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 14, 1862.

Louis has lain himself a willing offering on the altar of his country. He died where a patriot loves to die—in the hour of battle, at the post where duty called him. I left the camp at Little Washington to go to Washington city on matters of importance on Thursday, July 31st, and did not return again till Friday, the 8th inst. I had transmitted the business and gone to Culpepper, and feeling quite worn out with hard work in the house and the scenes before our houses for the regiment to arrive, as it was on the march from Woodville. Towards 8 p.m., feeling somewhat what rested, I started out to meet them, and found they had halted to rest some three miles distant. Louis welcomed me with his usual warmth of manner, but seemed sad and care-worn. We encamped subsequently about half a mile from the village. We were both much exhausted, and lay down with our clothes on, as we were, on a steep hill, as soon as our rest could be made. He complained of decreasing strength, stating that formerly when he was ill he felt good, and could sit up and talk with everyone, but, that recently, when suffering from any cause, he was sure to feel depressed. Our conversation was mostly relating to the exciting rumors I had brought from the village—that the enemy had crossed the Rapidan in large numbers, and that we should double our offer them battle on the succeeding day. We both slept pretty well, though he had quite a fright during the night, fearing that he would die. The next day everything went on as usual, and we reached him in time to have him for his dinner, but the rest of the party did not come up till the evening. He was told, too, that his treatment he was receiving was very special to say about business matters—that his friends were very kind to him, and called Col. Rogers, who wished me to attend to his personal effects here. He would have more of his known to you and the dear ones at home, but a silence of the hospital was ordered. Louis should have joined him, but did not think the infantry would be engaged at all that afternoon, and going up from the again in that hour or so was surprised to find that the Colonel, Louis, the Major, and six companies of the regiment had been detached from Gordon's and had arrived Crawford's brigade, and had already gone over to Cedar Mountain as skirmishers. Another hour passed away, the shells from the enemy's battery and the battery falling in the same coming quite near us. The house was abandoned as a hospital, but I remained with a battery posted to the front. Another hour passed, and the firing of the infantry commenced increasing till it was evident that the firing was terrible. Nothing could be seen, as every one was hid from view by the dense fog and all around the mountain. The batteries for the most part stopped firing, and all interest centred in the desperate contest going on between the armies. The first man that came in was Maj. Scott. I helped him off his horse, bathed his wound, and made him as comfortable as I could, but rushed off for our surgeon. Not finding him, I returned to see the house and yard covered everywhere with the wounded. Kelly, Louis' servant, came running up, saying that his master was killed, and that the end was near; and while I had not the slightest feeling or fear as regards my personal safety in the coming conflict, yet I felt a little troubled and shoted after Louis' days were numbered. We marched through the town, and rested about three miles beyond.

It was of short duration, however, and was occasioned by his using his arm for a pillow. At 9 o'clock we were under marching orders, and were soon confronted with the again renewed, and at the reception of the order he turned to me, saying, "I knew it was coming." From this moment he was a prisoner, and his mind was made up and determined to the end, and while I had not the slightest feeling or fear as regards my personal safety in the coming conflict, yet I felt a little troubled and shoted after Louis' days were numbered. We marched through the town, and rested about three miles beyond.

The rebels have been in terrible earnest their retalitory measures against Gen. Fors, by inflicting cruel and shocking cruelties on his soldiers who fell into their hands at the battle of Culpepper Court House. Capt. Gustavus T. HAMMER, of the Third Wisconsin, taken prisoner at Cedar Mountain, was sentenced to be hanged, but was saved by the order of General McClellan. He was on his way to Winchester during Banks' retreat, and was one of the recently exchanged, was in this city on Sunday on his way to Wisconsin on a short trip to his family.

C. S. HAMPTON, staff, and who was taken prisoner at the battle of Cedar Mountain, had been without food for sixteen hours, and was in hopes. He was assured that the treatment he was receiving was only a foretaste of what he might expect. He was told, too, that his treatment was only retaliatory upon General Pope for his recent order concerning conscription.

Letter from Col. Crane's Brother.

Letter from Col. Crane's Brother.

The following is a letter from James Crane, brother of Col. L. H. D. Crane, to his sister and Mrs. Crane:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 14, 1862.

Louis has lain himself a willing offering on the altar of his country. He died where a patriot loves to die—in the hour of battle, at the post where duty called him. I left the camp at Little Washington to go to Washington city on matters of importance on Thursday, July 31st, and did not return again till Friday, the 8th inst. I had transmitted the business and gone to Culpepper, and feeling quite worn out with hard work in the house and the scenes before our houses for the regiment to arrive, as it was on the march from Woodville. Towards 8 p.m., feeling somewhat what rested, I started out to meet them, and found they had halted to rest some three miles distant. Louis welcomed me with his usual warmth of manner, but seemed sad and care-worn. We encamped subsequently about half a mile from the village. We were both much exhausted, and lay down with our clothes on, as we were, on a steep hill, as soon as our rest could be made. He complained of decreasing strength, stating that formerly when he was ill he felt good, and could sit up and talk with everyone, but, that recently, when suffering from any cause, he was sure to feel depressed. Our conversation was mostly relating to the exciting rumors I had brought from the village—that the enemy had crossed the Rapidan in large numbers, and that we should double our offer them battle on the succeeding day. We both slept pretty well, though he had quite a fright during the night, fearing that he would die. The next day everything went on as usual, and we reached him in time to have him for his dinner, but the rest of the party did not come up till the evening. He was told, too, that his treatment he was receiving was very special to say about business matters—that his friends were very kind to him, and called Col. Rogers, who wished me to attend to his personal effects here. He would have more of his known to you and the dear ones at home, but a silence of the hospital was ordered. Louis should have joined him, but did not think the infantry would be engaged at all that afternoon, and going up from the again in that hour or so was surprised to find that the Colonel, Louis, the Major, and six companies of the regiment had been detached from Gordon's and had already gone over to Cedar Mountain as skirmishers. Another hour passed away, the shells from the enemy's battery and the battery falling in the same coming quite near us. The house was abandoned as a hospital, but I remained with a battery posted to the front. Another hour passed, and the firing of the infantry commenced increasing till it was evident that the firing was terrible. Nothing could be seen, as every one was hid from view by the dense fog and all around the mountain. The batteries for the most part stopped firing, and all interest centred in the desperate contest going on between the armies. The first man that came in was Maj. Scott. I helped him off his horse, bathed his wound, and made him as comfortable as I could, but rushed off for our surgeon. Not finding him, I returned to see the house and yard covered everywhere with the wounded. Kelly, Louis' servant, came running up, saying that his master was killed, and that the end was near; and while I had not the slightest feeling or fear as regards my personal safety in the coming conflict, yet I felt a little troubled and shoted after Louis' days were numbered. We marched through the town, and rested about three miles beyond.

It was of short duration, however, and was occasioned by his using his arm for a pillow. At 9 o'clock we were under marching orders, and were soon confronted with the again renewed, and at the reception of the order he turned to me, saying, "I knew it was coming." From this moment he was a prisoner, and his mind was made up and determined to the end, and while I had not the slightest feeling or fear as regards my personal safety in the coming conflict, yet I felt a little troubled and shoted after Louis' days were numbered. We marched through the town, and rested about three miles beyond.

The rebels have been in terrible earnest their retaliatory measures against Gen. Fors, by inflicting cruel and shocking cruelties on his soldiers who fell into their hands at the battle of Culpepper Court House. Capt. Gustavus T. HAMMER, of the Third Wisconsin, taken prisoner at Cedar Mountain, was sentenced to be hanged, but was saved by the order of General McClellan. He was on his way to Winchester during Banks' retreat, and was one of the recently exchanged, was in this city on Sunday on his way to Wisconsin on a short trip to his family.

C. S. HAMPTON, staff, and who was taken prisoner at the battle of Cedar Mountain, had been without food for sixteen hours, and was in hopes. He was assured that the treatment he was receiving was only a foretaste of what he might expect. He was told, too, that his treatment was only retaliatory upon General Pope for his recent order concerning conscription.

The Chicago Tribune says that Captains H. C. Spencer of the Third Wisconsin, captured at Winchester, died because the rebels would not permit him to have medicine. A comrade of his fellow prisoners solicited from the officer in charge the privilege of giving a coffin, and burying him in a decent burial. He replied that the man was an enemy, and should never have a funeral. He was taken out by a negro, who was sent for, and buried in the yard.
to Richmond after he was made a prisoner.

Barbarous Treatment of Our Prisoners.

The following letter from Lt. Widvey, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Cedar Mountain, was received last evening by Mr. J. E. Pancrace of this city. It will be read with painful interest, as it is calculated to intensify the hatred with which all loyal men regard the leaders of the present most wicked and diabolical rebellion.

It will be seen that the fiendish cruelty with which our prisoners are treated has not subdued the spirit of the noble men thus vilely incarcerated. Speaking for himself and others, Lieut. Widvey says he is ready to swing from the gallows, if need be, rather than have Gen. Pope's just and proper orders modified to suit the demands of the fiendish traitors, who, while striking at our national existence, ask that the war in defence of the Union be conducted so as not to hurt anybody. All honor to the indomitable patriotism which can bear the test of such a terrible trial! Here is the letter:

Richmond, Va., Aug. 16, '02.

Dear Friend:—I am where least of any place on earth I would be, in a Southern prison. The place is a most horrible one—the room wherein we are is 32 by 20 feet, and contains 146 prisoners, 36 of whom are officers, including Gen. Prince. It is dark and filthy beyond description. We sleep on the damp, dirty floor, without blankets or bedding of any kind. Our food is bread and fresh beef, without salt. We get only half rations, and are excluded from buying anything outside. We are deprived of water, except what is drawn from the filthy James River, which is warm as if heated over a fire. You have no idea how shamefully we are treated.

The balance of the 146 are men of all ages—generally of the very lowest, being teamsters and camp followers. In the room is the privy, which stinks awfully, as do the men from sweat and filth. We are allowed no liberties, not even looking outside the window.

The way I was taken was this: On the afternoon of Saturday, the 9th inst., the battle commenced. Col. Rager, with six companies, and the Lieut. Col. and Major moved out as skirmishers, leaving me with the cutaway remaining companies in reserve. As soon as the engagement between the infantry began, Gen. Gordon ordered me with those companies to take place in the line between the Second Mass. and Twenty-seventh Ind., which I did, and then ordered me to charge a hill, which I did and took it, but was repulsed. I then moved upon the enemy, who fell back, and fast before us. We were repulsed twice, and as often did I rally the troops until after charging the third time, we were attacked on our right flank, when a change of front on our part became necessary, which was done in double quick. In executing this movement, as had luck would have it, my right foot became entangled in some young cedar boughs, and I fell down. I was again and tried to extricate myself, which I did, but just too late to escape the enemy, who were but five or six rods from me when I fell. The three companies poured into them the contents of their muskets, and the enemy returned it. Between this double fire stood, expecting every ball to bit me. I had not been so exhausted, I should have tried to run. After they got hold of me, I thought it would be perfectly useless. I send the letter by one who goes home.

It will be seen that the fiendish cruelty with which our prisoners are treated has not subdued the spirit of the noble men thus vilely incarcerated. Speaking for himself and others, Lieut. Widvey says he is ready to swing from the gallows, if need be, rather than have Gen. Pope's just and proper orders modified to suit the demands of the fiendish traitors, who, while striking at our national existence, ask that the war in defence of the Union be conducted so as not to hurt anybody. All honor to the indomitable patriotism which can bear the test of such a terrible trial! Here is the letter:

Richmond, Va., Aug. 16, '02.

Dear Friend:—I am where least of any place on earth I would be, in a Southern prison. The place is a most horrible one—the room wherein we are is 32 by 20 feet, and contains 146 prisoners, 36 of whom are officers, including Gen. Prince. It is dark and filthy beyond description. We sleep on the damp, dirty floor, without blankets or bedding of any kind. Our food is bread and fresh beef, without salt. We get only half rations, and are excluded from buying anything outside. We are deprived of water, except what is drawn from the filthy James River, which is warm as if heated over a fire. You have no idea how shamefully we are treated.

The balance of the 146 are men of all ages—generally of the very lowest, being teamsters and camp followers. In the room is the privy, which stinks awfully, as do the men from sweat and filth. We are allowed no liberties, not even looking outside the window.

The next day we were reviewed by Gen. Pope and McDowell. The whole of Gen. King's Division was present.

Camp Correspondence.

From the New Lisbon Republican.

Culpepper Co. Va. Aug. 18, 1862

Friend Rick:

Early Sabbath morning, Aug. 10th, we struck tents at Fredericksburg and were marching towards Culpepper Court House. After marching all night and the next day until 4 o'clock, we arrived at our destination weary, sore, and with many pains, when we were informed that our assistance was needed at Slaughter's Mountain, 5 miles further ahead. Our blistered feet and many aches were forgotten as we were marching. The thundering cannon in the distance seemed to inform us of our approaching danger. The candidates of Hell (Secessionists) were being fast sent to their just deserts. We arrived at the edge of the battle field about 12 o'clock pretty well "used up" as we had received no sleep since leaving Fredericksburg, and many a soldier could be tracked by the blood coming from blisters, worn out feet. Everything was quiet when we arrived, and a cessation of hostilities was granted or agreed to in order to bury the dead.

At the appointed hour our cavalry might be seen emerging from the woods; a sight truly sublime, grand and wonderful in the extreme! Imagine, if you can, a body of well equipped men on horseback, "armed to the teeth" six miles long, in two ranks and you have an idea of a small portion of Gen. Pope's army, as well as the sight I witnessed on that occasion. As they disappear we are soon informed that the rebels are in full retreat.

We moved our tent to the middle of the battle field, and I ate my supper upon the grave of a rebel of the 48th Georgia Regiment. Although the stench of the dead and decomposing bodies added no little to our epicurean taste, yet a good appetite is the best of sauces. Here we witnessed for the first time the sickening, horrible, disgusting sights of the battle field. I saw a great many with one foot protruding from the grave, others with head and breast exposed and hands apparently charging cartridge, with fingers partly closed, while a little way off are lying exposed upon the ground the bodies of seven dead rebels and three dead negroes with their throats cut and filled with all conceivable kinds of vermin; a sight too sickening to relate; twenty five horses decomposing in another spot. Our men were buried much better than the rebels for we dug trenches while they laid their men upon the ground and covered them.
with dirt, or endeavored to, with poor success. The field is strewn with clothes of every description; cartridge boxes, muskets bent up, &c. 150 of the brave Wisconsin 3d have offered their lives a willing sacrifice (upon this bloody field) to their country's cause, and, although they now lie moulder ing in the grave, may they still live in the hearts of their countrymen. Some of the wounded which we found were in the greatest of agony. Where a projectile had pierced their flesh maggots were swarming without numbers. For the distance of two miles the field is thickly strewn with men and horses. There is nothing in many places, to mark the place of burial but a pine knot hewed and marked on one side as follows, "b-ried Aug. 11th, N. C. Walley of Wis. 3d Reg." This in many cases is more than a Capt. has erected to mark his last resting place.

I fear I have already wearied your patience with a sickening detail and will close with.

Yours respectfully,

F. E. Boynton.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP OF 3D WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS. CULPEPER, VA., Aug. 18, 1862.

I have not before been able to chronicle the battle of Slaughter's Mountain, in which our army corps was engaged and suffered so severely.

Our Division, commanded by Gen. Williams, left Culpepper on the morning of the 9th, and moved out on the Orange County Court House pike about eight miles, where we found Crawford's Brigade feeling after the enemy, who were strongly posted on a wooded ridge known as Slaughter's Mountain. Its approaches from the front were all through open fields, though its left and westward a grove of clump trees and undergrowth afforded partial protection to the advancing assailant.

Our artillery got in position and opened upon the enemy. Their batteries were masked in the woods on the hillside and answered with spirit, being mostly posted on their right. The artillery fire was brisk and terrific, but to us harmless.

Our Brigade, Gordon commanding, had the right of the line, and at the opening of the engagement six companies from the right of our Regiment were ordered to skirmish forward and feel the position of the enemy. The remainder of the Brigade, my company included, were held in reserve. Crawford's Brigade moved forward under cover of our skirmishers, gained the grove above mentioned, passed through it and were soon before the enemy. Our skirmishers then assembled and formed on the right of Crawford's Brigade. Those movements were not completed before a terrific fire of musketry burst upon them. It was short range—the enemy's principal force was hidden behind the woods in the edge of which they were posted, and his line of battle, one behind and on higher ground, poured a terrible and death-dealing torrent of lead upon our devoted ranks.

The character of Moses O'Brien was one that stamped him our country's nobleman.—Manliness, energy, benevolence, sincerity, ardent devotion to the country and principles of his adoption, were the qualities that distinguished him as a citizen. With these a lion-hearted courage and intrepidity gave him distinction as a soldier.—Keenly and bitterly we feel his loss.

He was born of a liberty-loving stock.—His grandfather fell at the head of a troop of horse, struggling for Irish independence in '98. He inherited a deep-seated hatred of tyranny in every form, and regarded the oppressors of his native land with inflexible aversion. He emigrated to this country at the age of seventeen. By his own energy and application he became a surveyor, accurate and energetic. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1837, and by his diligence and application was rapidly rising in his profession, when the war summoned him forth to glory and the grave. Honor to his memory! Shall we abandon to traitors a soil drenched with the blood of such noble spirits?—Never—never!

The loss in Captain Flood's company is as follows: Killed—Anson Lovelace.


The loss of the Regiment, in killed, wounded and missing, is 107, of whom about seventy are wounded and in our hands. How many are wounded of the missing, and how many died, it is impossible to tell.

Our Regiment has been shamefully slandered by drunken reporters—hangmen of Gen. Crawford—who try to fasten the failure of his rash charge upon our Regiment. We are complimented highly by our own commanders, and Gen. Banks has ordered the pim of Crawford who lied about us to make the amend honorable, which he has promised to do.

FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN O'BRIEN.—The funeral of Capt. Moses O'Brien, of the 3d Wisconsin, who fell in the battle of Cedar
Mountain, took place in Milwaukee last Sunday. The remains were attended by a company from the 24th regiment, and also a detachment from the 26th, the American Cornet band and a long cortage of carriages. The funeral sermon, delivered by Bishop Remal, at the Cathedral, was very impressive and eloquent. The Bishop took occasion to refer to the rebellion, and to urge upon his people to come forward and support the government by enlisting. The remains of the Captain were interred in the Catholic cemetery.

The following rough notes of the proceedings of the Green County Bar concerning the death of Captain Moses O'Brien were penned with the most of the thoughts of publication. At the request of several persons they are submitted to you, with the hope that the gentlemen named will excuse the probable inaccuracies in the speeches reported.

The Hon. Judge Noggle asked it there was any further business before the Court. In reply, Judge Dunwiddie arose and said:

"May it please your Honor—I arise to perform the melancholy duty of announcing the death of Captain Moses O'Brien, who fell mortally wounded at the battle of Cedar Mountain, in Virginia, on the 9th day of August, 1862, while gallantly leading his company against the enemy. He lay wounded upon the field until the 11th, when he was carried to Culpepper Court House, where he expired from his wounds on the evening of the same day. The Court and the bar will recollect that he was a member of this bar and the law officer of the State for this County.

"Moses O'Brien was an adopted citizen of the United States. For many years he had been a resident of this County. His character was pure and many sided. The principles which urged him to enlist were high, noble and patriotic. The speaker then read two appropriate extracts from the last speech of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot. "Moses O'Brien made great and good men his models. His death was a fitting close to a life shaped after such noble examples."

S. P. Condee moved that a committee of three be appointed by the Court to draw up fitting resolutions commemorating the decease of Captain O'Brien, and expressive of the feelings of the Green County Bar. The Court selected Messrs. Condee, Dunwiddie and Peters as that committee.—Their report, which was adopted, read as follows:

"Resolved, That by the death of Captain Moses O'Brien the Bar of this County has lost an highly esteemed citizen, and community an exemplary and worthy citizen, whose loss all deeply mourn.

"Resolved, That as a professional man he was honest, faithful and capable—governed by no other motive than discharging his duty nobly—acted only by a zeal to meritoriously earn distinction; by which course he justly gained the affection and esteem of his professional brethren.

"Resolved, That as a citizen, he truly trod the path of rectitude, and by a faithful practice of the Christian virtues, his life was a noble example to all who knew him.

"Resolved, That as a soldier, true patriotism was his noblest impulse. Ardent in the support of the glory of his adopted country, he fell nobly leading his forces to battle in that part of the fight where the deathstrorm raged the fiercest, and bravely met a death of glory by the sacrifice earning the last gratitude of our people.

"Resolved, That the Bar deeply sympathize with the relatives of the deceased, and tender to them our sincere condolences, in this their great bereavement.

"Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in the journal of this Court, and that they be published in the different newspapers of the County, and a copy thereof be transmitted to the parents of Captain O'Brien.

Joseph Sleeper said: "I am not a resident of this county, or a member of this Bar, but I knew the deceased in Rock County, when he was an applicant for admission to practice in the courts of this State. I was one of the examining committee when O'Brien was admitted. My attention was called to the strength of his mind, evinced in the clearness of his replies, and the thorough understanding he had of the whole subject. Since then, and up to the time when he enlisted, I have met him at this Bar every time I came here, and I always found him a genial, urban gentleman.

"You well remember, that before the war actually broke out, Washington was supposed to be in danger from roving bands of secessionists. A company of strangers formed themselves into an organization, called the Clay Guards, and kept watch over the city for some weeks. O'Brien's brother was a member of that company. When he returned home I met this brother in Janesville. He told me that in a letter received from Moses O'Brien while in the Capital, he had been informed that in case rebellion really existed (a notion) would be the first to enlist. Thus you see, that before the war began, he had decided to lay his life on the altar of his country. He went forth a pure and determined patriot.

"He endeared himself to his company, every man looked up to him as to a father. I was at Brodhead when the news of his death came to that place. I saw the tears flow down the cheeks of strong men of his regiment, who were borne on furlough, as they listened to the sad tidings. Their words were few, but I could see that they came from the heart."

Edwin Bartlett spoke as follows: "Moses O'Brien was the first man in this county to respond to the call of the President for troops. So great was his enthusiasm when called upon the evening of the first war meeting that he was overpowered by his emotion, and unable to speak. He asked for the master roll, and insisted on being the first to sign it. I can add nothing to what has been already said in regard to his character, but heartily endorse every word which has been said concerning him. He was my patron, my tutor, my friend; and I feel his loss as deeply as any man can."

Mr. Brooks Dunwiddie said: "Moses O'Brien came to Monroe in 1854 as assistant civil engineer on the railroad. When not in the field he was busy in his office correlling and completing his notes. He then studied law, and commenced to practice here. He was young and without influential friends, but fast gaining a lucrative business when the present war commenced. In Nov., 1860, the people, conscious of his merits, elected him District Attorney. In this capacity he was faithful and industrious. The duties of the office were well and promptly done."

"In April, 1861, the first war meeting held in the county was called at the Court House in this village. As friend Bartlett has said, O'Brien was the first man to place his name on the list of volunteers. When O'Brien was called upon to speak, he said, 'I learned to love liberty in the land of my birth; I came to America to enjoy it, and I can fight to defend it. Give me the pen.'"

"Still another time, when the ladies of the County presented his company with a flag, Moses O'Brien, standing beside it, said, 'Under this flag I will die, or serve my adopted country.'"
The Recant Battles in Virginia.

REPORT OF MAJOR-GEN. POPE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA, Sept. 5, 1862.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to submit the following brief sketch of the operations of this army since the 9th of August.

I moved from Sperryville, Little Washington, and Warrenton, with the corps of Banks and Sigel, and one division of McDowell's corps, numbering in all thirty-two thousand men, to meet the enemy, who had crossed the Rapidan, and was advancing on C'lipper. The movement toward Gordonsville had completely succeeded, and our forces from the Rapidan and Richmond, and in relieving the army of the Potomac from much of the danger which threatened its withdrawal from the Peninsula.

The action of Aug. 9, at Cedar Mountain, with the forces under Jackson, which compelled his retreat across the Rapidan, and made necessary still further reinforcements of the enemy from Richmond; and by this time, it being apparent that the army of the Potomac was evacuating the Peninsula, the whole force of the enemy, which had been concentrated around Richmond was pushed forward with great rapidity to crush the army of Virginia before the forces of the Union could be brought upon it. I remained at Cedar Mountain, and still threatened to cross the Rapidan, until the 17th of August, by which time Gen. Robertson's division, in my rear, had reached Warrenton Junction, and was moving forward with great vigor and speed, had been completely suc-ceeded in its operations. At Warrenton and beyond, the enemy was gradually forced around from his front, until the 17th, when the whole rebel army, as soon as it was discovered, was found to be in motion to the northward, and to be in the possession of the enemy, who were in full possession of the Peninsula, and with such force as to prevent my entering it. I accordingly on the evening of the 17th, with the forces of the army, to meet the enemy, who had crossed the Rapidan, and was advancing on C'lipper. The movement toward Gordonsville had completely succeeded, and our forces from the Rapidan and Richmond, and in relieving the army of the Potomac from much of the danger which threatened its withdrawal from the Peninsula.

The action of Aug. 9, at Cedar Mountain, with the forces under Jackson, which compelled his retreat across the Rapidan, and made necessary still further reinforcements of the enemy from Richmond; and by this time, it being apparent that the army of the Potomac was evacuating the Peninsula, the whole force of the enemy, which had been concentrated around Richmond was pushed forward with great rapidity to crush the army of Virginia before the forces of the Union could be brought upon it. I remained at Cedar Mountain, and still threatened to cross the Rapidan, until the 17th of August, by which time Gen. Robertson's division, in my rear, had reached Warrenton Junction, and was moving forward with great vigor and speed, had been completely suc-ceeded in its operations. At Warrenton and beyond, the enemy was gradually forced around from his front, until the 17th, when the whole rebel army, as soon as it was discovered, was found to be in motion to the northward, and to be in the possession of the enemy, who were in full possession of the Peninsula, and with such force as to prevent my entering it. I accordingly on the evening of the 17th, with the forces of the army, to meet the enemy, who had crossed the Rapidan, and was advancing on C'lipper. The movement toward Gordonsville had completely succeeded, and our forces from the Rapidan and Richmond, and in relieving the army of the Potomac from much of the danger which threatened its withdrawal from the Peninsula.

The action of Aug. 9, at Cedar Mountain, with the forces under Jackson, which compelled his retreat across the Rapidan, and made necessary still further reinforcements of the enemy from Richmond; and by this time, it being apparent that the army of the Potomac was evacuating the Peninsula, the whole force of the enemy, which had been concentrated around Richmond was pushed forward with great rapidity to crush the army of Virginia before the forces of the Union could be brought upon it. I remained at Cedar Mountain, and still threatened to cross the Rapidan, until the 17th of August, by which time Gen. Robertson's division, in my rear, had reached Warrenton Junction, and was moving forward with great vigor and speed, had been completely suc-ceeded in its operations. At Warrenton and beyond, the enemy was gradually forced around from his front, until the 17th, when the whole rebel army, as soon as it was discovered, was found to be in motion to the northward, and to be in the possession of the enemy, who were in full possession of the Peninsula, and with such force as to prevent my entering it. I accordingly on the evening of the 17th, with the forces of the army, to meet the enemy, who had crossed the Rapidan, and was advancing on C'lipper. The movement toward Gordonsville had completely succeeded, and our forces from the Rapidan and Richmond, and in relieving the army of the Potomac from much of the danger which threatened its withdrawal from the Peninsula.

The action of Aug. 9, at Cedar Mountain, with the forces under Jackson, which compelled his retreat across the Rapidan, and made necessary still further reinforcements of the enemy from Richmond; and by this time, it being apparent that the army of the Potomac was evacuating the Peninsula, the whole force of the enemy, which had been concentrated around Richmond was pushed forward with great rapidity to crush the army of Virginia before the forces of the Union could be brought upon it. I remained at Cedar Mountain, and still threatened to cross the Rapidan, until the 17th of August, by which time Gen. Robertson's division, in my rear, had reached Warrenton Junction, and was moving forward with great vigor and speed, had been completely suc-ceeded in its operations. At Warrenton and beyond, the enemy was gradually forced around from his front, until the 17th, when the whole rebel army, as soon as it was discovered, was found to be in motion to the northward, and to be in the possession of the enemy, who were in full possession of the Peninsula, and with such force as to prevent my entering it. I accordingly on the evening of the 17th, with the forces of the army, to meet the enemy, who had crossed the Rapidan, and was advancing on C'lipper. The movement toward Gordonsville had completely succeeded, and our forces from the Rapidan and Richmond, and in relieving the army of the Potomac from much of the danger which threatened its withdrawal from the Peninsula.

The action of Aug. 9, at Cedar Mountain, with the forces under Jackson, which compelled his retreat across the Rapidan, and made necessary still further reinforcements of the enemy from Richmond; and by this time, it being apparent that the army of the Potomac was evacuating the Peninsula, the whole force of the enemy, which had been concentrated around Richmond was pushed forward with great rapidity to crush the army of Virginia before the forces of the Union could be brought upon it. I remained at Cedar Mountain, and still threatened to cross the Rapidan, until the 17th of August, by which time Gen. Robertson's division, in my rear, had reached Warrenton Junction, and was moving forward with great vigor and speed, had been completely suc-ceeded in its operations. At Warrenton and beyond, the enemy was gradually forced around from his front, until the 17th, when the whole rebel army, as soon as it was discovered, was found to be in motion to the northward, and to be in the possession of the enemy, who were in full possession of the Peninsula, and with such force as to prevent my entering it. I accordingly on the evening of the 17th, with the forces of the army, to meet the enemy, who had crossed the Rapidan, and was advancing on C'lipper. The movement toward Gordonsville had completely succeeded, and our forces from the Rapidan and Richmond, and in relieving the army of the Potomac from much of the danger which threatened its withdrawal from the Peninsula.
cessful, the enemy being intercepted at Gainesville, and part of his force driven back through Thoroughfare Gap. Late in the evening of the McDowell's advance (Gibbon's Brigade) met the force of Jackson retiring from Centerville, and about six miles from that place. A very sharp, alvictorious action ensued from his position by Heintzelman's corps and Reno, concluded by a furious attack along the turnpike by King's Division of McDowell's corps, leaving his dead and wounded on the field.

Darkness closed the action on Thursday, the enemy having broken from his position by Heintzelman's corps and Reno, concluded by a furious attack along the turnpike by King's Division of McDowell's corps, leaving his dead and wounded on the field.

I do not hesitate to say that if the corps of Porter had attacked the enemy in flank as I had ordered on the afternoon of Friday, and before, when we had had no forage for two days. I had telegraphed and written urgently for rations and forage to be sent us, but on Saturday morning, before daylight, I received a letter from Gen. Franklin, written the day before at Alexandria, stating to me that he had been directed by Gen. McCollum to supply the rations and forage for my command would be loaded into the cars and available wagons as soon as I would send a cavalry escort to Alexandria to bring up a supply of forage able to maintain my position, whether victorious or not, vanished with this letter. My cavalry was utterly broken down by long and costly operations, and the face of the enemy, and had as well be spared from the front, even if there had been time to go back thirty miles to Alexandria and await the loading of trains. At the time of our left attack on Alexandria was swarming with troops, and my whole army interposed between that place and me. It once understood what we must do, what we had to do that day, as night must set us behind Bull Run if we wished to save men and animals from the enemy. On Friday night I sent a peremptory order to Gen. Porter to bring his command on the field, and report to me in person within three hours or lose the order. A portion he brought up, but, as I stated before, one of his brigades remained the whole day at Centreville and was not in the engagement. The enemy's heavy reinforcements having reached him on Friday afternoon and night, he began to mass on his right for the purpose of crushing our left and occupying the road to Centreville in our rear. His heaviest assault was made about five o'clock in the afternoon, when, after overwhelming Fitz John Porter, and driving his forces back on the centre and left, after mass of his forces were pushed against our left.—A terrible contest, with great slaughter, was carried on for several hours, our men behaving with great firmness and gallantry under the immediate command of Gen. McDowell. When night closed, our left had been forced back about half a mile, but still remained firm and unbroken, while our right held its ground.

Gen. Franklin with his corps, arrived after dark at Centreville, six miles in our rear, whilst 25 miles by daylight. Franklin. I could have brought up and renewed the action, but starvation stared both men and horses in the face, and broken and exhausted as they were, they were in no condition to bear hunger also. I accordingly retired to Centerville that night, which all the public were informed by telegraph on Sunday, and did the enemy make any advance upon us. On Monday I sent to the army corps commanders for their reports, and for their strength, with effect, including Sumner and Franklin, fell short of sixty thousand men. Instead in bringing up thirty thousand men, Franklin and Sumner were obliged to retire without loss, and these, added to the force I had, already worn out, and much cut up, did not give me the means to do anything else.

The enemy during Monday again began to work slowly around to our right for the purpose of possessing Fairf iel d Court house, and by heavy loss, leaving his dead and wounded. In this short action we lost two of our most valuable and distinguished officers, Gen. Kearney and Steuart.

By moving, the whole of my command was massed behind Difficult Creek, below the Warrenton Turnpike, and by Reno, reinforced by Kearney, further west. The battle was very severe, thought short, the enemy being driven back with heavy loss, leaving his dead and wounded. In this short action we lost two of our most valuable and distinguished officers, Gen. Kearney and Steuart.
lay and embarks his movements, and to force him by persistent resistance, to adopt long and circuitous routes to his destination, and thus to wear his forces which have been imposed upon him. They are of all military operations, the most difficult and the most harassing, both to the Commander and to his subordinates. How far we have been successful I leave to the judgment of my countrymen. The armies of Virginia and of the Potomac have been united in the presence of the enemy, in the efforts of a weary and industrious force in greater superior force to either, with no loss for which they did not exact full retribution.

Among the officers whom I feel bound to mention with special gratitude, for their most hearty, cordial and uniting zeal and energy, are Gen. McDowell, Banks, Reno, Heintzelman, Hooker and Kearney, and many others of inferior rank whom I shall take great satisfaction in bringing to the notice of the Government.

The troops have exhibited wonderful patience and courage, and I cannot say too much for them.

Burial of Lt. Col. Crane.

The burial, yesterday, in this city, of Lieutenant Colonel L. H. D. Crane, of the 34th Wisconsin, who fell at the battle of Cedar Mountain, was a demonstration of the regret that the public and the Masonic Fraternity, of which body the deceased was a member.

The body was brought to this city on Friday evening of last week, and on Saturday morning was conveyed to the old Congregational Church, where it lay in state until yesterday.

The funeral exercises were conducted after the solemn form of the Episcopal Church, by Rev. Mr. Davis, of this city. The Masonic Fraternity, of which body the deceased was a member, headed the procession with music by the Bidelis Band. A very large number were in attendance from the city and surrounding country. The exercises were held in the new Congregational Church, and notwithstanding its capacity many were unable to procure seats.

The sermon was delivered by Rev. Mr. Dargan, of Ripon, and was an effort worthy of the occasion, and eminently appropriate. We select for his text Second Timothy, 2:12: "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."

The service was treated in plain, simple, eloquent language, which reached the hearts and understanding of the audience. The delivery was easy, and without apparently any extra effort the speaker filled every part of the church with his voice. The closing passages were especially beautiful and eloquent. The reverence of the speaker was intimately acquainted with Col. Crane, and alluded to his character, both as a Christian and a citizen, and as a citizen, with the feeling and tenderness of a noble man who has lost a noble friend. We regret that the interest of the hour as well as our space prevents us from publishing any part of the sermon.

In another place will be found General Gordon's official report of the battle in which Col. Crane fell. The 34th regiment was badly battered by the correspondents of the New York Times, and we insert this report, not only as an act of justice to the memory of the Lieutenant Colonel, but as a complete vindication of the brave men of the Third.

In the Beloit Cemetery rests the body of a true Christian, an honorable and patriotic citizen, a brave soldier, and most affectionate and devoted husband and father. The grass will soon spring up afresh over the grave of one of the bravest victims of this horrible rebellion and when we visit it let us pray for the success of the cause for which he fought.

The following letter concerning Col. Crane's remains was received by Mrs. Crane from the Wisconsin Soldier's Aid Society:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26, 1862.

DEAR MADAM,—The remains of your husband, Lt. Col. L. H. D. Crane, have here by express this afternoon for Beloit. I should have forwarded them before, but have been waiting for Mr. J. E. Crane to return from the regiment. He expected to have returned here a week ago, but as yet has not made his appearance, or sent any word, as to where he was on the 10th when he would return. I think he is safe, but has been unable to return. I have thought that it was not doing justice to yourself and others interested in keeping the body here, therefore I have taken the responsibility of forwarding it without further delay. I marked the case to the care of Mr. Fisher, Postmaster, and have paid all expenses to Beloit. The inner case should not be opened: as the remains are not at state to be seen.

I will say for myself, and all the people from Wisconsin, and particularly those members of our society, we deeply sympathize with your great loss. In conclusion, I will say that he died the death of a brave and gallant soldier in the defense of his country, and I trust that the cause for which he sacrificed his life may in a measure console you for the loss you have sustained.

Most respectfully,

[Signature]

Washington, Aug. 26, 1862.

The Battle of Antietam.

Killed and Wounded of the Third Wisconsin.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS.

Camp near Sandy Hook, Maryland.

On September 29th, 1862.

EDWARD SAYLOR, Governor of Wisconsin.

This is to certify to the honor of the 34th Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers, under my command, was engaged in the great battle fought near Sharpsburg, Maryland, on the 17th day of September, 1862. The action began about six o'clock in the morning, and continued with great severity during the forenoon and portions of the field during the middle of the afternoon. The regiment behaved with great steadiness and firmness, maintaining itself in an exposed position, with heavy loss, but without flinching, and finally, with others, driving the enemy. The wounded were promptly removed from the field and cared for. I regret to again have to report a melancholy list of killed and wounded. The regiment carried into action about three hundred strong, and returned with the list of killed and wounded. The total of killed and wounded is one hundred and ninety-seven, almost two-thirds. Most of the wounded will ultimately recover. The wounded on being removed from the field were distributed to the various hospitals, in some cases miles distant, and it has been many cases, to ascertain the character of the wounds. Will you have the kindness to send me the list of killed and wounded to be published.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS H. REDER,

Col. Comdt.

Report of killed and wounded of the Third Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers, in action near Sharpsburg, Md., September 17th, 1862.

Adjutant Chancey Field, wounded in arm.

CAMPANY A.

Killed.—1st Sergeant F. Glaser, Corporal D. A. Tuttle, W. B. Peckham.—3.

Wounded.—A. Mann, back; L. Bradley, knee; B. Stahlbush, foot; H. Wood, leg; O. Kettleson, side; C. Hagerman, thigh; H. M. Johnson, arm; Pat Gorman, arm; G. W. W. Tammor, hand; H. Davis, thigh; J. Donvan, leg; D. Strohme, slight; H. Montgomery, slight; C. Rollig, both legs; W. Goodruff, arm; H. Conklin, slight; J. Godfrey, hand; W. March, slight;—15.

CAMPANY B.

Killed.—John Olson.—1.

Wounded.—Sergeant W. H. Bartholomew, fingers; Sergeant W. H. Boshb, head; slight; Corp. W. D. Boshb, foot; Corp. A. Spooner, leg; Corp. F. M. Castley, leg; J. G. Harmon, neck, arm and leg, severe; John Koob, both legs; James Murphy, leg; Richard Nitten, neck, severely; George Hall, hand; A. George, slight; F. Fuchsen, slight; Leon Bubbles, slight; W. Holmes, shoulder, slight;—14.

CAMPANY C.

Killed.—J. Temple, Keristine Lash.—2.

Wounded.—W. G. E. K. Snyder, mortally; Sergeant R. L. Oliver, slight; Corp. W. Page, leg; O. H. Lindley, side; slight; Samuel Becktell, leg; Hiram Collins, arm; W. H. Cook, D. C. Clark, leg; Wm. Elmore, leg; C. H. Lee, side; W. H. Preston, leg; John Spies, leg; L. D. Wool, leg; Joseph Wilkes, leg; Samuel Smith, leg; S. D. S. Stiles, arm; Silas Allum, leg; Adam Ziegler, leg;—18.

CAMPANY L.


Wounded.—Geo. Hickerman, leg; F. M. Bryant, leg; G. M. Fawcett, thigh; Jas. Hall, amputated; R. W. Johnson, leg; John Madigan, hand, head; H. Southwick, both legs; A. Thompson, lungs; W. Thomas, C. Kemphor, arm.—11.

CAMPANY G.


Wounded.—Corp. Wm. Foster, hand; 1st Lieut Warham Park, leg; Corp. Chas. F. Dufendaffer, leg; Wm. Brabham, slight; Wm. Booth, slight; A. L. Ryan, leg; A.
The wounded in the head is too slight to

Wounded.—

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE JEFFERSON DAILY GAZETTE.

From the Third Regiment.

Offcer Commanding.

The 28th of July, 1862.

Maj. R. C. C.

SIR:—Having a few leisure moments to-day, I will give you a short account of the part taken by our regiment in the battle of Antietam, and the gallant conduct of the three Wisconsin regiments and its brave colonel, Thomas H. Ruger.

At eleven o'clock p.m. on the 16th, the regiment was ordered to march. It was soon in line and marching array. This might being rather dark, we were in doubt about our direction. After marching about four miles we halted in a field, and were told all the rest we could. In a few minutes the men were in the land of dreams, many slumbering the rest sleep on earth.

At the break of day every man was brought to his feet by the distant sounds of musketry. The conflict had commenced.

We marched forward at a quick pace, and as so we advanced we met some soldiers, seemingly by companies; some were carried away, and some were hobbled along as best they could. At that early hour they had experienced the cruelties of war, and as they limped past us we saw the blood dripping from their wounds.

After marching through a little piece of woods we filed into a field in line of battle, when our Colonel gave orders to forward and advance in line of battle by fifty rods and halted upon a rise of ground, in front of the enemy. Seeing our approach they turned their whole fire upon us. At this time such was the nature of the ground and the disposition of our troops that we could not fire upon the enemy without danger to our own men. For five minutes, and perhaps more, we stood still without firing a gun, while the enemy was pouring into our ranks a destructive fire of grape and canister, and the men fell like grass before the scythe. Nothing but heroic courage and the highest discipline could have stood such a murderous fire. But not one flinched, and bore fired until ordered to do so. Soon, however, the way was clear, and as just as a number of rebel flags appeared in sight, the welcome order to fire came, and the first volley from the 3d brought down two of the rebel banners. The rebels, however, poured a destructive fire into our ranks and our brave men fell by scores. In this storm of lead the old third stood firm and unflinching, and gave the rebels their volley for volley, until they fell before us. When our Colonel gave the order to cease firing, we numbered less than fifty men in the ranks.

Through all this terrible fighting nor one did our colors fall. When our Color Sergeant was wounded, he turned around to hand them to a corporal; but three of them had gone to a hero's home, and the others were wounded. A private caught the horned flag and waved it proudly through the fight over the shattered remains of the gallant third.

Colonel Ruger received a wound in the head, but kept the field determined to stand by the line of men who had bravely rallied around him. When our regiment went into the battle, it numbered 339 men, and of those 204 were killed or wounded.

W. EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM A PARoled Soldier.

DEAR PARENT:—I have to inform you of my safe arrival in a civilized country. We bid farewell to Mr. Seese on the 14th of this month, and were not sorry to see either. I felt like a new man as soon as I saw our transports. We landed at Annapolis the 16th, and day before we came here, I saw Geo. Mitchell this morning. He is in the convalescent camp here. Only two of the Wisconsin boys have died here—Sergt. Leach and Lieut. Spencer, of Co. B. The boys are all well, with the exception of Jerry Woodford; he has got the diarrhoea.

Things are higher in the rebel capital than in Chicago. Hogs were worth $25 per pair; shoes, $10; eggs, 2 for 25c.; sugar, 60c. per lb.; coffee, $2.50 per lb.; beans, 60c. per lb. in some; clothes in proportion to the rest. Uncle Sam's green backs, $6 to $7 for $5.

After we were taken prisoner we marched 150 miles. We got about as much to eat in the 11 days' march as we did here in two. At Lynchburg we got tolerably good grub. We stayed there two months, and then went to Richmond with the expectation of being exchanged soon, and laid there five weeks with just enough to keep us alive—about 10 ounces of bread a day and a half pint of water once a day, or a small piece of beef. Out of 9000 men there as many as 10 died every night, the last try of some of them being for bread. They just starved to death. I don't what will be done with us; some say we are exchanged, but I dont believe it.

E. K. STREETEE, Co. F, 3d Reg.

[The writer of the above was taken prisoner during June, Bank's retreat last May.]

MARYLAND HEIGHTS, Va., Oct. 11th, 1862.

DEAR OBSERVER:—Having a few leisure moments, I avail myself of the privilege of writing a few words for your valuable paper; although of very little importance at present.

Since the great battle of Antietam, known as the "Third," has been encamped on Maryland Heights, the mountain of which will form an epoch in the country's history, on account of the disgraceful surrender of Col. Miles. The particulars, all are doubtless acquainted with; therefore I will not enter into the details. It is a lovely spot for encamping upon, fuel plenty and near, and pure springs besides. We are at an elevation of 600 feet above the level of the Potomac, which flows at its base so majestically, presenting to our view one of Nature's lovely pictures.
The army, predictively, moves according to the enemy's movements, but the army does not always remain in camp. The enemy is always present, whether they are moving or not. The army, therefore, stays prepared for any eventuality.

Fortifications are being constructed, and guns of the highest caliber are being fired. The army is prepared for any attack, and the troops are always in a state of readiness.

The weather is pleasant, and the river, from Point of Rocks to Winchester, is flowing quietly. The sanitary condition is good, and the army is well supplied with rations.

The army is encamped on Buller Heights, a short distance from Harper's Ferry, and the enemy is in sight. The weather is beautiful, and the army is in good spirits.

The weather is warm enough for comfort, and the army is contented. The army is happy, and the enemy is satisfied. The weather is beautiful, and the army is contented.

The army is scattered up and down the valley of Virginia, and the weather is warm. The army is happy, and the enemy is satisfied. The weather is beautiful, and the army is contented.

The army is contented, and the enemy is satisfied. The weather is beautiful, and the army is happy. The army is scattered up and down the valley of Virginia, and the weather is warm.

Dear Parents:

We remain as we have been, and we are contented. The army is scattered up and down the valley of Virginia, and the weather is warm. We are happy, and the enemy is satisfied. The weather is beautiful, and the army is contented.

C. N. B.

Story of a Prisoner.

How one of the 3d Regiment was captured by the Rebels before Banks' retreat. A letter from Capt. John H. Smith, of the 3d Wisconsin Volunteers, to his parents, describing the capture of his brother, who was with the 3d Wisconsin Volunteers, in the battle of Antietam. The letter is dated October 10, 1862.

October 10, 1862.

Dear Parents:

You have, without doubt, seen in the papers an account of the battle at Front Royal. I am also, with the 3d Wisconsin Volunteers, at Front Royal. I am here to tell you about the capture of my brother, Capt. John H. Smith, of the 3d Wisconsin Volunteers.

The 3d Wisconsin Volunteers were ordered to Front Royal by Gen. Banks. We were ordered to Front Royal by Gen. Banks. We were in camp all day, and we were ordered to Front Royal by Gen. Banks. We were in camp all day, and we were ordered to Front Royal by Gen. Banks.

The weather is beautiful, and the army is contented. The army is happy, and the enemy is satisfied. The weather is beautiful, and the army is contented.

Yours truly,

C. N. B.
When we left for Richmond, which we readied on the morning of the 9th, we were killed outright, and one hundred and fifty were reported as责任. We have just received the 10th, where we remained until August 1st, which we hoped would bring some relief. We have no more food or water, and the only way we can move is by night. Our clothes are in tatters, and our shoes are worn out. We have no blankets, and are forced to endure the bitter cold without shelter.

June 1st—About the same time, we received a report from our friends at home that the rebels were reinforcements on the way. We have no more food or water, and the only way we can move is by night. Our clothes are in tatters, and our shoes are worn out. We have no blankets, and are forced to endure the bitter cold without shelter.

June 2nd—Left our dreary camp near Woodstock, and moved forward as far as Mount Jackson, where we halted for the night. This sight we had nothing to eat. We were living on the ruins of our old camp, and were forced to live on the ruins of our old camp. We have no more food or water, and the only way we can move is by night. Our clothes are in tatters, and our shoes are worn out. We have no blankets, and are forced to endure the bitter cold without shelter.

June 4th—Weary, worn out, and sick, we sat all night in the mud and rain, as we were marching. We have no more food or water, and the only way we can move is by night. Our clothes are in tatters, and our shoes are worn out. We have no blankets, and are forced to endure the bitter cold without shelter.

June 6th—Nothing to eat this morning, started for Wainsborough about eight o'clock, A.M., where we arrived about two o'clock P.M., and here after some days we received our first rations since the 3rd, nearly the same hour, making seventy-five miles to the day, and forty miles to the night, with nothing to eat. We marched through woods and fields by ways, through mud and water from two to sixteen inches deep; passed Port Republic, some four miles, and halted about nine o'clock, and laid down on the wet ground without anything to eat. We were without shelter at night. Our clothing will hardly have to pursue, from brigades from the East. We were without shelter at night. Our clothing will hardly have to pursue, from brigades from the East.

June 9th—About the same time, we received a report from our friends at home that the rebels were reinforcements on the way. We have no more food or water, and the only way we can move is by night. Our clothes are in tatters, and our shoes are worn out. We have no blankets, and are forced to endure the bitter cold without shelter.

The Third Regiment was ordered to private life—annuity bestowed on the bank of the Potomac at the mouth of Antietam Creek, doing picket duty enough to furnish outliers for a very large army. Our Brigade has been strong along the river almost to disorganizing tension, constituting a part of Gen. Meade's command, and the defenders of the Upper Potomac. Our corps—formerly Banks—is at Harper's Ferry. It was tenderly left behind in the last storm, and by the end of the campaign it had endured more hardship than any other portion of the Eastern Army, and had suffered the heaviest losses.

Our camp is two and one-half miles from the battle-field of the 17th of September. That field still speaks eloquently for the bravery of Wisconsin troops.

The Third doing Picket Duty—The Battle-field of Antietam—Mark of the Strife—A Line of cartridge papers yet visible where the Third regiment—colored regiments—met the battle—The Graves of our Brave Dead—Shall not the State Endure Monuments to mark where they lie?

HEADQUARTERS 3D REGT. WIS. VOL., Camp at Mouth of Antietam Creek, Nov. 14, 1862.

The Third Regiment is ordered to private life—annuity bestowed on the bank of the Potomac at the mouth of Antietam Creek, doing picket duty enough to furnish outliers for a very large army. Our Brigade has been strong along the river almost to disorganizing tension, constituting a part of Gen. Meade's command, and the defenders of the Upper Potomac. Our corps—formerly Banks—is at Harper's Ferry. It was tenderly left behind in the last storm, and by the end of the campaign it had endured more hardship than any other portion of the Eastern Army, and had suffered the heaviest losses.

Our camp is two and one-half miles from the battle-field of the 17th of September. That field still speaks eloquently for the bravery of Wisconsin troops.
ed the following lines from the Dr. which sufficiently explain the matter:

FREDERICK CITY MD., Dec. 12th 1852.
To the Editor of the Home League:

"In haste, for I have just a few moments to write, I wish to thank you most sincerely for what you have published in your paper of the 6th inst. for you have substantially told the truth in reference to my being discharged. From the night of the battle at Cedar Mountain to this I have not seen a well day. My labors were excessive and by mislaying my coat I had to do without it all night and consequently took a violent cold. The retreat and serious turn of typhoid fever from which I have not yet entirely recovered. During this sickness, I did not make the usual report, labors were excessive and by mislaying my coat I had to do without it all night and consequently took a violent cold. The retreat and serious turn of typhoid fever from which I have not yet entirely recovered. During this sickness, I did not make the usual report.

My experience shows that it is a great and needless risk to enter without leave, supposing all the facts and opinions which I have collected from the Surgeons to substantiate all these facts and had them laid before the President in my attendance, I have not yet heard from him.

Yours Respectfully,

Geo. E. COXANT.

Lt. Colonel William Hawley.

From the list of military appointments to be found in to-day's paper, it will be seen that our fellow citizen, WILLIAM HAWLEY, has been promoted to be Lieutenant Colonel of the Third Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers. This is a well deserved promotion. Colonel Hawley, at the time the rebellion broke out, was doing a thriving business in this city, that required his whole attention; but his patriotism impelled him to leave his family, his friends, and his business, and he entered the service of his country. He was elected captain of a company that was mostly raised in this county, and has acted in that position ever since its organization with zeal and energy worthy of the noble cause in which he is fighting. He received a wound in the battle of Cedar Mountains, which the lamented CHANE lost his life from, which he suffered very much, but as soon as he could walk he was again with his regiment, doing full soldier's duty.

Lt. Col. Hawley is not a man who does anything by halves. He puts his whole soul into the work in which he is engaged.

We have often heard him mentioned by his superior officers in the old third regiment as being among the very best officers in the service. Always on hand—always brave and soldier-like—always efficient and ready. Col. Brown being now in command of a brigade, the charge of the regiment will devolve upon Lt. Col. Hawley, and no one who knows him will doubt that he will discharge well every duty in his new position.

This appointment, will be hailed with delight by the many friends of Col. Hawley in this county, and they will all wish him successful career in his new line of duty.

I have not yet been on the coast of Adra, Almeria, or other Spanish ports.

This is quite open; it affords no shelter whatever, and is completely from the west or southwest which are so common on this coast, months of the year. There is little depth of water near the coast, so at about 800 yards distant.

However, however, that at half a mile distant of the town and river of the central drainage of the Sierra Nevada range to the sea, is tidal and sand, and rapidly erodoching upon the Mediterranean in the anchorage of the town. This tract is fringed, of course, by sand level; and it is towards these dangerous and projecting sands that 100 feet of this coast will always drift any vessel which may lose her rive. The surf, too, is very heavy, and when the wind is southern on the beach.

Regularly exposed and dangerous roadstead, at least to those captains acquainted with it, and is very ill adapted, also, to that large class English barks of 400 to 500 tons, which occasionally come here.

I am glad to say that the dangers of this roadstead may be greatly away with, by observing the following very simple rules. Of these rules of anchoring, I may observe, however, as the American bars just mentioned, the best anchorage is considerable shot tower of the Messrs. Heredia and a high chimney on a rising line.

We have often heard him mentioned by his superior officers in the old third regiment as being among the very best officers in the service. Always on hand—always brave and soldier-like—always efficient and ready. Col. Brown being now in command of a brigade, the charge of the regiment will devolve upon Lt. Col. Hawley, and no one who knows him will doubt that he will discharge well every duty in his new position.

Yours Respectfully.

Geo. E. COXANT.

Lt. Col. William Hawley.

From the list of military appointments to be found in to-day's paper, it will be seen that our fellow citizen, WILLIAM HAWLEY, has been promoted to be Lieutenant Colonel of the Third Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers. This is a well deserved promotion. Colonel Hawley, at the time the rebellion broke out, was doing a thriving business in this city, that required his whole attention; but his patriotism impelled him to leave his family, his friends, and his business, and he entered the service of his country. He was elected captain of a company that was mostly raised in this county, and has acted in that position ever since its organization with zeal and energy worthy of the noble cause in which he is fighting. He received a wound in the battle of Cedar Mountains, which the lamented CHANE lost his life from, which he suffered very much, but as soon as he could walk he was again with his regiment, doing full soldier's duty.

Lt. Col. Hawley is not a man who does anything by halves. He puts his whole soul into the work in which he is engaged.

We have often heard him mentioned by his superior officers in the old third regiment as being among the very best officers in the service. Always on hand—always brave and soldier-like—always efficient and ready. Col. Brown being now in command of a brigade, the charge of the regiment will devolve upon Lt. Col. Hawley, and no one who knows him will doubt that he will discharge well every duty in his new position.

This appointment, will be hailed with delight by the many friends of Col. Hawley in this county, and they will all wish him successful career in his new line of duty.

I have not yet been on the coast of Adra, Almeria, or other Spanish ports.

This is quite open; it affords no shelter whatever, and is completely from the west or southwest which are so common on this coast, months of the year. There is little depth of water near the coast, so at about 800 yards distant.

However, however, that at half a mile distant of the town and river of the central drainage of the Sierra Nevada range to the sea, is tidal and sand, and rapidly erodoching upon the Mediterranean in the anchorage of the town. This tract is fringed, of course, by sand level; and it is towards these dangerous and projecting sands that 100 feet of this coast will always drift any vessel which may lose her rive. The surf, too, is very heavy, and when the wind is southern on the beach.

Regularly exposed and dangerous roadstead, at least to those captains acquainted with it, and is very ill adapted, also, to that large class English barks of 400 to 500 tons, which occasionally come here.

I am glad to say that the dangers of this roadstead may be greatly away with, by observing the following very simple rules. Of these rules of anchoring, I may observe, however, as the American bars just mentioned, the best anchorage is considerable shot tower of the Messrs. Heredia and a high chimney on a rising line.

We have often heard him mentioned by his superior officers in the old third regiment as being among the very best officers in the service. Always on hand—always brave and soldier-like—always efficient and ready. Col. Brown being now in command of a brigade, the charge of the
Correspondence of the Daily Gazette.  
From the Fourth Regiment.


I wish you and your readers a "Happy New Year." Contrary to our expectation, when we encamped here, we are still in Baltimore. When we returned from Eastern Virginia, on the 7th of December, it was thought by all, officers as well as men, that we should make but a short stay in the "Monumental City." Whither should we go, no one pretended to know, but it was generally supposed that we should be ordered off in the next coasting expedition.

This supposition began to lose ground, as day after day we remained and no preparations were made for our departure. It was finally annihilated entirely, by an order from Gen. McClellan to Gen. Dix, in which he stated that the 4th Wisconsin would not be removed from this division, unless some unforeseen exigency of war should demand it. Immediately on the receipt of this intelligence, preparations were made for the erection of barracks for our accommodation this winter. Carpenters were detailed immediately, commenced work, and now four large buildings, sufficient for the accommodation of the entire regiment, are in progress of completion, and nearly ready for occupancy.

If we should remain here till the close of the war, our prospect of smelting gran-powder is scarcely better than it was in Wisconsin; there is but little better show for a fight in this division, than there is in Janesville. This is the source of no little dissatisfaction, as Col. Paine has said that it was the height of his ambition to lead his regiment to battle, and I assure you, we are anxious to do so. There is no more chance of getting away than to follow him to victory. But this is one of the inconveniences of war that must be endured. We can only hope that the unforeseen exigency may arise, if it will give us an opportunity to test our rifle muskets on a rebel foe.

We are encamped in Patterson's Park, one of the public squares of the city. It is the site of a fortification erected during the last war with England. The old breastworks are in an excellent state of preservation, having been sacredly guarded by the park keeper, who was one of the "defenders" of Baltimore in 1812.

From the hill whereon we are encamped we have a fair view of Ft. McHenry across the Patapsco river, and farther down the inlet, near the bay, can be seen the walls of Fort Carroll, a strong fortification commenced several years since, but still in an incomplete state. On Snake Hill, about five miles from this point, is a battery, erected the past summer, and mounting 33 guns; and on Federal Hill, a mile and a half westward from here is another fort still larger.

Thus you will perceive that this portion of the city presents a decidedly military appearance. Indeed this city may be regarded as inviolate against any force that Jeff. Davis, or even John Bull himself, might be able to send against it.

By the by, the surrender of Mason and Slidell, produced not a little grumbling in this portion of the army, but it was finally accepted as a military necessity, and the demand was conceded to be characteristic of Johnny's bullying disposition, which on some future occasion, when we have less trouble at home to attend to, we may have the pleasure of humbling, as we have done on two former occasions.

Since we have been encamped here, we have on several occasions paraded through the streets of that portion of the city adjacent to our camp. On every occasion we elicited the encomiums of the press, for our excellent drill and soldier-like appearance.

The weather here is delightful mild. It is difficult for a Wisconsin man to conceive that it is now midwinter. We have seen no snow in Maryland yet, though while we were in Virginia, sufficient fell one night to whitew the ground.

[Correspondence of the Daily Wisconsin at Baltimore.]

Baltimore, Jan. 7th, 1862.—Thinking perhaps you would like to hear how well the gallant Wisconsin sixth get along, what we see, hear, do, and generally how we pass the many hours in our routine of duty; posted in this busy enlightened infatuated town; claiming to be the "flying city," appropriately located on the confines of the land of Dixie, I herewith send you a random summary of events. Our regiment form a part of General Dix's division, consisting of about eighteen thousand men, stationed here, I suppose, to supplant our old and familiar line of sentinels through the means of a salutary fear exercised by the presence of thousands of gleaming bayonets. It is true this city is devoted to the union cause out-and-out, but there are very many, if they dared, who would show convincing proofs of incendiary secession proclivities. No man dares utter openly a word derogatory to our holy cause. The ladies, however, the dear creatures, who are not impressed with the same constraint of their lords, occasionally give utterances to their feelings in unmistakable terms. By Order of General Dix they are prohibited from wearing "chivalric badges."

Yesterday, passing down from Washington's Monument, in company with some of my friends, a little girl, walking with a lady, greeted us with "Holla for Jef-fer-thon Dav-dith," in true上海市 style. I do not wish to be understood that there are no good ladies here; indeed I am not sure there certainly is a very respectable show in this city that are "Union ladies," and as much devoted to the cause of our country as our brave soldiers.

As a proof of this, I would mention that the Union ladies here treated the inmates of the two hospitals—the National and the Adams—with Christmas dinners of the most sumptuous character; there was no limit to the many gifts of invaluable presents the associated soldier forgetting, for the time, that he was far distant from home, where loved ones around the cheerful fire, wondered how the "moody Charleston," with his pen and sword, his son, husband, brother or father, battling for his country's existence. One-half at least are strong sustainers of the Union. It is singular how egregiously ignorant the mass are as to the true position of our country, the moving cause of the rebellion, the attitude of our government to the rebels, &c. Could they be allowed to clear error from the minds of the South that they have been led to believe, that the North is waging a war of conquest against them, it would do more toward restoring loyalty than tons of thousands of bristling bayonets. The effects of the absence of common schools are strongly in contrast with our own enlightened system in the "plebeian" States of the North. I have frequently heard Marylanders, when exhibiting passes or other military instruments, inquire "Can you read writing?" strongly suggestive of the fact that very many of the "chivalric sons of the sunny South" had never cultivated the faculty of literacy, previously the acquaintance of the schoolmaster.

What absurd ideas generally prevail throughout the North of a fabulous chivalric gentility that these people of the的情况 of the "sunny South," there is no private in the ranks from the North but can discern the inferiority of the Southerners," that compose the home and sinew of the ranks of secessionists.

A few days ago some fifteen or twenty of our men discharged from the prisons at Richmond, made their appearance among us; the tattered and torn condition of their garments might suggest the idea that the munificent designs of our Government to clothe our men-prisoners of the quasi Southern Republic, might prove abortive. I was informed they never received the clothing sent them. Money was sent them, and Southern scrip substituted, being assured that it possessed all the intrinsic value of the precious metal. Owing to the shifting and disorganizing influences to which they were formally attached, they were not immediately put in the ranks, but were handed over to the Union Relief Committee, to provide for their immediate necessities.

To wear away the tedious of prison life, while confined in the tobacco factories of Richmond, they had resort to pocketknife "architectures" and the "legitimate" drama; trinkets of every conceivable shape, cut from bone, peach stones, and other material at hand, were brought back with them. Their "acting" was witnessed by the rebel officers, and pronounced "im-"
the sires of this present degenerated race sought to establish the Government, that now is attempted to be ruthlessly destroyed. The embankments exist at the present time.

The soldiers are busily engaged in constructing barricades. Our regiment can produce artillery of every description. Skirmishing is more or less a trade—at least that are carpenters—have, when they work at their trade—forty-five cents extra per diem; those that are not tradesmen, and whom that capacity, have twenty-five cents per day. I may say that all that are called on to perform the functions of any trade, process to be bred to the business.

I presume it is unnecessary to mention that there is a general stagnation of that air of business, which is distinguishable in our northern towns. It is not probable that this cloudy state of affairs will be dispelled as long as the rebellion lasts. And how long the rebellion is to envelop our country, the murky war clouds of contention are more than mortal ken, (excepting perhaps the omniscience of some of our seaboard press.)

There is a box of sunlights, it would seem that triumph is in our northern towns. It is not probable that this cloudy state of affairs will be dispelled as long as the rebellion lasts. And how long the rebellion is to envelop our country, the murky war clouds of contention are more than mortal ken, (excepting perhaps the omniscience of some of our seaboard press.)

To look upon the windows of the monument. To look upon her many red brick houses, and the innumerable tents that spread around about the suburbs.

The health of the division is very good, there are not over three hundred in the brigade hospitals at present. The weather is mild and warm. I must not forget to mention our Colonel. I believe we have in Col. Paine one of the best officers of the division. I have heard his sonorous voice, his old familiar voice, not only on the parade ground, but in the presence of the enemy. The regiment is rapidly improving in drill, and by next spring I confidently believe that our armies will equal in military discipline the veteran soldiery of Europe.

The just retribution of traitors is certain coming. Our superior officers do not seem fit to publish in advance their plans, but time will produce their results. Patience for a few months longer will materially change the aspect of things.

I never heard the Chicago Tribune, which gave an account of the escaping of slaves by Gen. Lockwood, the following letter from Captain Fowler to Senator Doollittle, will be read with interest:

Camp McKee, Baltimore, January 7, 1862.

Senator Doollittle of U. S. Senate:

Dear Sir,—In reply to some interrogatories presented by you in a recent conversation, in relation to the expedition to eastern shore of Virginia under Gen. Lockwood. It may not be improper for me to premise that that expedition was undertaken for the purpose of restoring the Federal authority in Accomac and Northampton counties, Virginia; and that under the proclamation of Major Gen. Dix, the people of those counties were offered protection to their persons and property, on the condition that they did not return to their homes as quiet citizens. In consideration of a quiet submission upon the part of these people, they were to be made an exception, to the extent of an exemption from punishment, and from the confiscation of their property. General Lockwood took peaceable possession of the two counties. Two-thirds of the rebel army, at least, laid down their arms and dispersed, while the remainder fled across the Bay. Consequently, under the proclamation of Gen. Dix, it became and was the duty of Gen. Lockwood to protect the persons and property of the citizens who remained at home in submission to the Government. This was in pursuance of the policy indicated to Gen. Lockwood, and was just and proper, and under it the people there have learned to respect the Government, and are now without doubt willing to become annexed to Maryland on any adjoining loyal state. But there was found there a large amount of property which did not belong to those citizens who had complied with the terms of the proclamation. This was property owned, first, by the Confederate Government or its armies, and second, property owned by those persons who had refused to comply with the terms of the proclamation and were yet connected with the rebel army, and which had been used in the Confederate service. All property found coming under either of these heads, was at once taken and confiscated, to the use (not of individuals) but of the Government. All of the cannon and most of the arms and munitions of the rebels on that Peninsula fell into our hands. We captured a field battery of nine or ten guns, a twelve pound howitzer, a long nine pound brass gun that had been presented to Accomac Co., by Gen. Lafayette, soon after the Revolutionary War. Some five hundred stand of arms, with accoutrements, ammunition, and other things too numerous to mention. We also captured a large number of mules, horses, harness, &c., &c., and in no instance has a single article taken in pursuance of the policy indicated been given up. Nor was any part of the army there, employed either to catch, or flag, or guard in custody, slaves owned by rebels or others, if the accomplishment of its every object, could render it such, then, indeed, was the expedition a perfect success. The last armed rebel has been driven from those two counties, and the Federal authority has been fully restored, and the Government has obtained undisputed possession of nearly two hundred miles of coast upon the sea and bay, and five light houses, which were built at an aggregate cost of millions of dollars, are now restored to their proper use, and the canvas of commerce again whiten the waters around that beautiful peninsula.

Trusting you will pardon the briefness of a line written amid the duties of camp life, with respect I am,

Your obedient servant,

S. W. Fowler,
Capt. Sixth Michigan Regiment
Hon. J. R. Doollittle, U. S. Senator

The Fourth Wisconsin at Baltimore.—Yesterday Major General Dix and staff, Brig General Duryce and Maj. Bulger took a special train and proceeded to the Relay House for the purpose of reviewing and presenting the 4th Wis. Regiment, Col. Paine, with a stand of elegant colors. The regiment was drawn up in line and presented a truly martial appearance. When the presentation was about to take place, the divisions on each flank of the battalion were wheeled to the left and right, forming a three sided square. The color guard was marched forward from the line, the colors then brought forward, when Gen. Dix addressed the regiment in the most patriotic and impassioned language. Col. Paine replied in the same lofty sentiments and with burning eloquence, which spontaneously drew from his regiment acclamations of eternal fidelity to the emblem of our country's glory—after which the colors took their place in line. The regiment passed then in review; their march in common and quick time was exceedingly firm and steady. They mustered about 1,040 men, and have recently obtained new uniforms. Col. Paine is an indefatigable and accomplished officer; it is only necessary to glance at his command, and the military eye is at once satisfied of the work bestowed in order to bring a regiment to such a high state of discipline.

Baltimore American.
set about the preparation of a history of the Peninsula expedition, and gave to the work all my spare time. It is not yet quite completed. In the second place, I was obliged to write in a tent without fire, and with frosty fingers; and, as a consequence of exposure, got ill, and for two weeks now have had the pen only for correspondence with my family.

You will be glad to learn that our regiment has at last got out of the old and disused tents, and is comfortably housed in barracks. The Wisconsin Barracks—so named—are located in the extreme eastern portion of the city on high ground, near Patterson Park, overlooking the harbor and bay of Baltimore. A better location, all things considered, could not have been chosen. And assuredly the quarters that have been provided through the instrumentality of Quartermaster McCord, for convenience, comfort, &c, can scarcely be surpassed. Every pains has been taken in their construction, and the Quartermaster is entitled to great credit for the superior manner in which he has conducted his part of the work. It is always efficient, and can surmount more difficulties and embarrassments in a given space of time than most men I have known. His energy never relapses, and his perseverance never tires. He looks after the welfare of his regiment, in the department over which he presides, with great faithfulness; and on all occasions has shown himself a worthy and marvellous officer. It is a matter of regret, that, by a correspondent of yours, to visit theatres, churches, reading rooms, &c. Such lives of pleasure, at length, to comply with my promise at our parting.

The health of our Regiment is remarkably good. Our hospital has only few inmates. And yet the weather is decidedly bad, detestable. To-day it freezes, tomorrow snows, next day thaws, the day after that rains, and then succeed clouds, fog, winds, to the end of a very long chapter. Give me a Wisconsin winter, with all its snows, and keen, bracing atmosphere, in preference to one in this latitude.

Just now officers and men are busy with the bayonet exercise, and are making, I should judge, very commendable progress. The interest taken in it is very great; in fact it absorbs everything else—and if you were in camp you would scarcely hear anything else than, "Prepare to guard!—guard!" "Advance! advance!" "Retreat!—retreat!"—and scarcely see anything else than the gleam and thrust and parry of bayonets. In all military exercises the Fourth is becoming quite expert, and will compare favorably with the best volunteer regiments in the field. It is in good hands, as we all know, and must continue to improve.

Adjutant Aldrich, of whose illness you have undoubtedly heard, is now in Washington under the medical care of Dr. Parish. He was attacked about a month since with hemorrhage of the lungs, and is still very feeble, and only slowly gaining strength. We miss him greatly, so he is a most efficient officer, and a companionable man.

All is quiet on the Potomac.

A. C. B.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.


I have been waiting since I wrote my last letter, hoping that something would happen that would furnish me material for an interesting letter; but as nothing of any importance has transpired up to this date beyond the mere daily routine of camp life, I will write you a few lines to let you know that we are still safe and sound. Much to our disappointment, we are doomed to pass the winter in inactivity. We have just been assigned to a Brigade. It is composed of the 89th Penn, 4th New York, 21st Indiana, 5th Mich., 17th Mass., Nineteen's Battery and the 4th Wisconsin, to be commanded by General Duryea, who was formerly Colonel of the 5th New York Regiment. We are now having quite a comfortable time in our new barracks. The weather has been very stormy the past three weeks, and in consequence battalion drill has been out of the question most of the time. Our Paymaster has not yet shown his "phil," nor money, although it is three months since we were last paid. Since taking up our quarters in barracks, the probability being that we should remain here some time, many of us have received mysterious looking boxes from the "fols at home," which, upon opening, were found to contain sundry cates, cakes, pies, tinned fruit, &c. One box contained a collection of books for a company library. These were donated by the good people of Shebogin county for this, Co. C. Many thanks to them for their kindness in sending these. Good reading matter will help much to keep up the spirits of the man, and destroy the monotony of their inactivity.

It is rather laughable to see the many means the boys take to "drive away dull care." Evenings they get the violinists of the company together, and clear tables, benches, &c, from the mess room, then go in and "shake the light fantastic toe," but the fair sex are minus in the festive hall.

The health of the regiment is now improving since our entering the barracks. One death has taken place lately that of McCord of Co. D—disease, pleurisy. Our Adj. Tant, L. D. Aldrich, is now ill at Washington. I understand it is doubtful if he will be able to resume his military life after this protracted illness.

The 3d and 4th batteries from Wisconsin left here for Fortress Monroe last Monday.

Yours, &c.

N. C.

FROM THE HUDSON CITY GUARDS.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.

From the Fourth Regiment.
We are brigaded with the Mass. 17th, N. Y., 4th, Pa. 87th, Ind. 21st, Mich. 6th and Ninis (Mass.) Battery encamped hereabouts, under command of Gen. Duryea, formerly Col. of N. Y., 7th, and late of "Duryea's Zouaves.

We have had a few hard aches and pains, during which the streets of Baltimore were alive with fast horses, sleighs and window box cutters. I have made the acquaintance of but few citizens of the city. I judge the people to be very frank social, and hospitable. There is Union sentiment prevalent here, but along with it a strong element of so-called sympathy. This latter sentiment has three or four organs prominent among which is the South.

Going down street of an evening, the chief novelty is... Evening South! Evening South!

The other day Ex-Gov. Randall paid a visit to our barracks and made a short speech to the soldiers.

Of the movements of our armies you know quite as much as we, and I doubt not are at this moment rejoicing, as we are, at the success of our arms; the late Union encouter at Mill Springs, Fort Henry, and Rosoloke Island. The old faces, but the herald of greater ones yet to be won by our forces, and the glorious triumphs that will finally decide the question.

The anxious and patriotsizing governments of the old States, affected with concern for our welfare, may in their wisdom determine otherwise, or even covertly or openly aid the rebellion—their councils will be unheeded and their efforts in vain. In the bright lexicon of our nation "there is no such word as fail." What it purposes will follow the succeeding.

Since writing the foregoing, we have passed a most agreeable evening with Judge Wetherby and Mr. Comstock, who arrived this afternoon from Washington. They intend retiring home about two weeks, and then you home the result of their observations which will be interesting. Truly yours, E. A. O. 7.

From the Fourth Wisconsin Regiment.

Baltimor?, Feb. 15th, 1863.

Dear Republican: Yesterday was warm and pleasant; to-day is cold and stormy. Warm weather with mud, and cold weather with sleet and snow, alternate here, and altogether things are quite unpleasant; consequently the health of the men is not so good as heretofore. Cold and typhoid are the prevailing elements. Several of our men are in the Hospital, but none are dangerously ill. Brown is just recovering from a severe attack of erysipelas.

The 4th is now in Gen. Duryea's brigade, with the 6th Michigan, 21st Indiana, 17th Mass., 60th N. Y., and Ninis's battery, class, all excellent troops; Ninis's battery being second to none in the service. We are drilling now in "McClellan's Bayonet Exercise," and have attained considerable proficiency. No regiment is taught this drill considered proficient in the manual of arms and the "Tactics." So that you can guess that we can drill well.

We are living in hopes that we may be sent somewhere—no matter where—to do something. We are decidedly tired of city life and inactivity. We (as all other soldiers do) want to fight and go home.

The late splendid victories seem like work—as though something is to be accomplished. The news from Roanoke at once made Burnside a favorite with the soldiers. They call him "do something" in contradiction with old "do nothing" Lockwood. To judge from a picture, Burnside strongly resembles ex-Gov. Randall.

Energy and firmness are expressed in every feature.

Gov. Randall was here a few days since. Of course, the boys got a box into position, and the Governor upon it in quick time, giving him three tremendous cheers, and a "Wisconsin tiger," a peculiarly hideous noise, faintly imitated, perhaps, by a locomotive whistle.

The Governor said that he believed our armies were raised and that soldiers enlisted to fight, that the rebellion could only be put down by fighting, and the sooner it commenced the better for all concerned; that he had all confidence in the ultimate success of our arms; that there was no necessity of a protracted war.

So we may expect when (to be) Brig. Gen. Randall is in command of his army there will be some "tall fighting." No doubt if more of our Generals believed in the same principle, our enemies would rapidly diminish.

To-day we received fight blue pants of good quality. Dark blue coats and light blue pants make very tasteful uniforms, much preferable to the old style.

The report in camp that the Wisconsin Legislature have repealed the act allowing five dollars per month to the wives of volunteers, created considerable excitement. We, too, are summoned to mingle in the deadly strife, much to the gratification of both officers and men. We began to fear that the laurels of our Accoeeanp Expedition were being eclipsed by our brethren in the field. The order came last night at eight o'clock to sail to-day at 12. We probably go to join Gen. Butler's expedition to New Orleans. We received new tents, canteens and haversacks during the night, and the cooks ordered to provide four days rations for each man. The order was received with shouts of enthusiasm, and other demonstrations of delight. There was a general rush for writing materials to convey the welcome news home. This morning we...
are all packing up our goods and chattels, preparatory to moving. The sick are well, the lame are healed, and not a man of Company C is left behind; we have all forgotten our ills.

For long the Wisconsin Fourth will be numbered among the combatants and have a chance to display its military prowess to its heart's content.

What extra baggage we have we leave in the hands of the Union citizens here, for safe keeping till our return.

It is natural for man to sigh for change, though it may not be better his condition. So we hail this change with joy, hoping to be enlivened by new scenes and conditions.

I will keep you informed of our movements as I have opportunity.

Yours, &c.,
L. C. BARTLETT
FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.
February 19th, 1861.

Mr. EDDY—Morning comes with rain and mud in abundance, and orders to be ready to march at 4 o'clock P. M. Many friends came into camp to bid us a last farewell, for by this time it was reported we were going to Fortress Monroe, and probably to join the famous Burnside expedition.

During the forenoon, each soldier formed a self-constituted committee to dispose of extra baggage. This was accomplished by leaving it with friends in the city. At four, our line of march was formed on Lombard St., and crowds followed us to the dock.

At six, P. M., we steamed out of the bay, aboard the Adelphi. It was raining smartly, with a N. E. wind. Companies A and F were assigned to the hurricane-deck. Then came the tug of war, viz., to stand on deck all night, about twenty feet in air, without a shadow of cover, except a fog which came on. But despite these cheerless circumstances, the boys sang, "I'll be for the Union still." But it was not long before most of Company F were out of sight somewhere. Your correspondent crept under the life-boat which lay upside down on deck, and slept some. At twelve, it cleared away, and the moon shone beautifully over the surging bay. The morning sun was now shining clear, but the boys on the bow said the Fort heaves in sight, and our band is playing one of its best airs. I must see too.

Fortress Monroe, Feb. 21.—Yesterday, at a quarter to six, we arrived at the pier. While the companies were getting off, two steamers arrived from Richmond, with 400 released prisoners. Company F being on deck, gave them three cheers and a Wisconsin tiger—r-r-r-r— which was responded to with a will. They were overjoyed to see Union soldiers again.

We encamped on the beach, and being almost destitute of tents, the boys resorted to a novel mode to keep warm—by digging holes in the sand, and throwing up a little bank around to break the wind.

Being sick myself, Capt. Roundy had the kindness to allow myself and Orderly Maxson to find more hospitable quarters with the 2nd Wisconsin, in excellent quarters inside the fort.

This morning I took a stroll thro' the encampments. I have heard much of this place before, but had little idea of its strength and grandeur of construction, without seeing it. The occupants say that it encloses an area of eighty-three acres, and has a force of 40,000 men in and around it.

The gardens of the officer's quarters are as green and luxuriant as July in Wisconsin, which, with the groves of live oak in the open court, gives an appearance of blooming spring. But our destination is still onward somewhere, the baggage is going aboard, and the order comes to fall in.

New Bethel 22nd.—Arrived here last evening, and camped in the skirt of a pine swamp, back of the main force. We were getting out of rations, but every necessary was supplied by the remnant of the Ellsworth Zouaves, who are here; they are as kind-hearted as brave.

Our boys begin to think that the sacred soil of Virginia is being undermined, for a four-mule team got swamped in camp to-day, with four barrels of beef aboard.

Most of the troops here have built log barracks, and the military city is quite romantic.

The force here is about 7,000 men. The rebels have a camp across the James river, and our big guns throw a shell among them every day or two, just by the way of amusement.

Two large men-of-war lay here for action when it is necessary. We expect to move soon to meet Burnside at Norfolk, and make a simultaneous attack on the rebels, front and rear.

Letters to the Fourth Wisconsin, should be directed as before:

Mr. 4th Reg. Wis. Vol.
Via, Baltimore, Md.
Yours, A. B. McBride.

FROM THE 4TH WIS., REGT.

Fortress Monroe,
Feb. 29th.

Ed. Spirit:—The dogs of war begin to rest uneasy in their chains. The calm that has been brooding over the elements of strife for so many months begin to be disturbed. The spirit of contest which—seeming to slumber—but which like a "King of Beasts" has been stealthily nursing its energy and might for an opportunity of victory, is fanning itself into activity. An ominous restlessness seems to pervade the Army. Night before last we turned into our bunks with the same spirit of inactivity and unconcern which had characterized our camp for more than two months. But the morning dawned to witness our preparations for a march. Orders had come for us during the night to proceed immediately to this place. A constant rain had poured down upon us; but marching orders make no allowances for storms and the old camp presented a lively scene until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the last bit of baggage had been carted off and we took up our line of march for the Norfolk boat. At half past five we steamed out of the harbor on board the Adelaide, which trembled under the weight of its living burden, amid the cheers of multitudes who had come to the dock to witness our departure. These are the brief circumstances by which we find ourselves this morning upon the barren beach of the ocean, immediately under the guns of Ft. Monroe. Three French
Men of War are lying near us in the waters of the channel. The wild waves are dashing their spray at our feet making melancholy music with the shrill cry of the sea birds. A stiff breeze is coming in from the sea which makes the air a little cool. The arms are stacked in long rows along the beach; knapsacks are scattered here and there among them, and the boys are stretched out upon the sand and soundly sleeping, regardless of the wind and watery elements that sweep around them; some are wandering up and down the beach in search of curious shells and stones, while others seem to be wrapped in sober contemplation of the chances for breakfast. The boat which contained our tents, cooking utensils and provisions, has either been lost or gone back and our prospects for even the common conveniences for soldiers are rather slim. This spot seems to be a very important one. It forms a complete blockade to the Bay and all its rivers. I believe the fort is one of the strongest fortifications in the U.S. It covers some fifty or sixty acres of ground and is walled in on three sides with a stone wall which is twenty feet high. On the Bay side the walls are double with a canal some forty feet wide running between them. I see the works are being extended on the north side and some twenty or thirty contraband gentlemen are engaged in doing it. In and about the fort I am told there are some five hundred of them. They are kept at work in one way or another, and the government agrees to pay them $8 per month. Some of them ran away from their masters and some of the masters ran away from them. I asked one that was shoveling sand into a cart near where I just passed if he intended to go back to his old home.—

"He liked de yankees radder well and reckoned he wouldn't go back dar no more." I asked another why he didn't hunt up his old master that had left him. Said "he'd rather go huntin' up de debble, dan to hunt after old massa, Tom Hubble." While I am writing, a funeral procession is moving up the beach. It came from our war vessel, Minnesota, which is moored in the harbor. It consists of a section of Regulars beautifully dressed, who take the lead, followed by a drum and fife, a one horse wagon containing the body of a sailor comes after, with his ship mates and officers following. The whole are moving slowly up the shore towards a point of bluffs where they are to deposit the corpse.

There is a grandeur mixed with the solemnity of the scene. I should think from appearances that there are at least a thousand cannon at this place. On the beach in front of the south east parapet of the fort, the celebrated Union gun is mounted. I am told that a sailor at the first shot with this gun cut down a rebel flag staff on Sewell's point a distance of five miles. I would not dare to try to tell you its size for fear of over rating it; but a Zouave who was guarding it told me that the way they were used to load it was (now Zouaves will never tell a big story) that they drew the ball in with a yoke of cattle and as of course they could not get out in any other way, they were unyoked and drove out through the priming hole; you may believe me now Mr. Editor if you are a mind to; but it's too much for my credulity. However I think I could pass a very comfortable night if allowed to crawl into the muzzle of it some time when I had no better lodging place.

There are in this vicinity some ten thousand men. I do not know what point we are destined for and I guess everybody else here is in the same fix. Even General Wool, who commands here, tells our Colonel that he is ignorant of the object of our march. It is very evident that we shall not stay here long. With a glass I can discover a rebel flag flying on the opposite shore of the channel. Sewell's point some five miles south-west, is quite strongly fortified by the rebels. I'll hail you soon again, but from what point I cannot tell.

The Fourth Wisconsin.

We find in the Wisconsin Freeman, the following extract from a letter by Lieutenant Colonel Bean, dated Fort Monroe, February 21st. It will be seen that Colonel Bean anticipates having some fighting to do at no distant day:

We arrived here yesterday morning, and we are now on the point of moving to Newport News. I still suppose our ultimate destination is New Orleans. By some mistake there were no written orders sent with us, and General Wool knows nothing about us or the expedition, but the orders to the 21st Indiana, who came down with us, say they are going with General Butler to Ship Island, and very natural it is to suppose that we have the same destination. But this morning we were suddenly ordered to Newport News, which is about fifteen miles from here. General Wool remarked that the enemy were contemplating an attack upon that place, and we might have warm work.

It is a beautiful morning and we are in high spirits. Three French ships of war lie just off the coast, and the Minnesota and Roanoke (magnificent ships) just along side of them. The harbor is full of all kinds of crafts, and everything is in motion. Newport News, in its fortifications surpasses anything you or I ever conceived of, and is impregnable against assault.

S. A. B.

FROM THE 4th WIS. REGIMENT.

Newport News, Virginia,
February 22, 1863.

FRIEND LOREN:

Since last I wrote to you we have taken a small journey; we left Baltimore on Wednesday, Feb. 19th, came down to Fort Monroe, landed about 9 o'clock in the morning, staid all day and night on the beach without anything to eat, but what we bought, we had to pay about $1.25 for what we could eat.

Fort Monroe is a very strong fort; it covers about 120 acres of land, is surrounded by a wall of stone twenty feet high, and mounted with cannon the whole length of the wall. The big Union gun, of which you have heard so much, is mounted on the beach, a few rods from the fort, and pointed across the bay, toward Sewell's Point, right towards the rebels; you can look across and see the rebels with a glass; they have got batteries along the shore for twelve miles. As we came down here from the fort we could see the rebels' flags flying.

We are on the north side of Hampton Road, twelve miles from Fort Monroe, and only six miles from Yorktown, where there is a large body of the enemy that we are going to wipe out one of these days.

We found about 5,000 men here, among them the remains of the N.Y. Fire Zouaves, who fought so like devils at Bull Run; there are only 300 of them now, and a tough set they are too.

The rebels have sent in a flag of
truce asking us to leave here, and giving us forty-eight hours, but we are in no hurry.

The bay is full of men-of-war, there are ten lying off Fort Monroe, between here and the Rip Raps, which is about two miles from the fort. The Rip Raps is an artificial island made of rocks and piled up in great heaps; it is a rough looking place, it is covered with cannon, and is a good place to keep prisoners.

I have no more time to write now, so that I will write you another letter, and send a rebel scalp. But no more; give my love to all, direct to Baltimore as usual.

Yours, &c.,

C. CHARLEY.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., Feb. 22.

You will see by the heading of this letter that we are at the notorious locality of Newport News. We left our old quarters at Baltimore, the 18th inst., and on the following day landed at Fortress Monroe, where we camped, without tents, and remained all night. The next day we embarked again and soon landed here. We passed in sight of several rebel camps and could plainly see their flags and cannon. There are about 5000 troops here now and more are continually arriving. An early attack upon the enemy is expected. The rebel pickets come within three miles of our camp. There are a large number of "Men-of-War" here. Burnside's fleet is about 20 miles from here, and is supplied with fresh water from this place.

The N. Y. Fire Zouaves are here, and when we first got to the camp they supplied us with hot coffee, which was much appreciated, I assure you.

* * *

The boys belonging to the Guards, with one or two exceptions, are well and "eager for the fray."

Yours, &c.,

Letter from the 4th Regiment.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.,
February 23d, 1862.

EDITORS INDEPENDENT.—I can give you but a short letter this time.

Our regiment has at last, after long inactivity and one worse than useless expedition, been moved right into the den of lions. On Tuesday, the 18th of February, we were ordered to Fortress Monroe. We embarked on board a steamer amidst the rushing of winds and pouring down of torrents of rain. Our company, F, took its place on the hurricane deck, and braved the tempest for many long hours, but what cared we? The red path of war was before us, and winds might roar and rains come rushing down, and we did as they are said to do in Spain—"let it rain."

We got to Fortress Monroe on Thursday morning, said one night there, slept on the sand, close by the sea, where the dark waters moaned and murmured the live-long night.—Our blankets and a black sky were our only covering that night. The winds were chilly, the clouds rolled in long heavy columns across the sky—but we thought of our dear ones behind, and our evenings ahead, and slept quietly. Friday morning we came by steamer to this place, (Newport News) where the Government has a force of some 10,000 men, with fine fortifications, having artillery and two grand old war steamers lying at anchor in the river. We passed several batteries en route—saw a rebel flag, and expected to get a shot from their batteries, but they were silent.

This place is on James river, eight miles above Fortress Monroe, fifteen miles from Yorktown, where England bows her proud head in final defeat; and twelve miles from Norfolk.

We are in sight of the rebel batteries, and the roll of their guns and the booming of their cannon may be heard every morning.

Work is before us! Where, we do not know. Our officers seem to think that we are to be in Butler's great expedition, which soon leaves or Salt Island. Others think that we shall operate with Burnside against Norfolk—others still, think we shall be pushed forward from this point to the capture of Yorktown, as a part of McClellan's plan for flanking Manassas. Certainly we shall soon see stirring scenes. All hail the time!

To-day has been a sad day, as well as a day of rejoicing in our regiment. Our camp was moved yesterday into the pine forest outside the fortifications, for the purpose of getting out of the dreadful mud we were almost swimming in.

This morning the wind came roaring through the pine woods—this noon it blew a perfect gale. The shipping on the river reared and ploughed like a wild war-horse, our schooner was dashed ashore with a perfect fury. I never before saw such a terrific gale. The tall pines whose giant forms had braved the storms of an hundred winters reared and shrieked in almost conscious agony, as the gale hurled them backward and forward in its fury. As the gale increased in power the trees began to crack and crash and thunder to the ground. I sat in my tent writing and listening to the sublime though fearful howlings of the tempest, and the crashing of falling trees, when I saw a great pine coming right straight toward my tent! I watched its fall without a thought of fear. Down it came, with a crash that made the earth tremble, but came only to the door of my tent and left me unharmed. But not so with all. Some of the boys were severely hurt, but all will get well.—Furgerson, of Company A, was struck on the head, and his scalp was dreadfully torn, and he was taken up for dead, but his skull was not fractured, and to night he is pronounced by the Doctor, out of danger. Rowley, of Dolavan, was hit on the shoulder, and knocked down, but is all right again, with the exception of a very sore shoulder. Gibbs was struck on the hip and head and foot, but is coming out all right. Nichols, of Geneva, was lying in our Lieutenant's tent, when a tree fell right across the end of the tent, smashed it down, but left him untouched while a limb struck our little pet boy, Leonard, who sits on the Lieutenant, and hurt him badly.

We got out of the woods as soon as possible, and stayed till this evening, when we returned, the wind having subsided. The boys fell to fell­ing the trees, and now not a single one stands in reach of our street.—We are truly thankful that we escaped so well. I fear great damage has been done to shipping along the coast, though it blew off the shore.

We shall very soon know our destination, and I will keep you advised of our doings and whereabouts, if my own life is spared to tell the story.

I do not wish to undervalue the importance of our recent victories; nei...
From the 4th Wis., Regt.

Ed. Spirit:

After a stay of one day and a half at Fortress Monroe, we shipped on to this place, which is some dozen miles up the James River. It has no fortifications worth mentioning, except what its natural position gives it. The shore is level and low for a distance back from the water, of about six rods, where it meets the bluff of the 19th last, embarked on the steamer "Adelaide" about nightfall. It rained very hard all night, thus making it very disagreeable for those companies quartered on the upper deck. In the morning, however, at "revelle" the storm had cleared off and it was quite pleasant. We arrived at Fortress Monroe about nine o'clock. We left Baltimore city on Wednesday afternoon, and is encircling them with another line. We have just begun what we ought to succeed, but little chance will be had to send regular news, but I will try and furnish as often as possible.

N. C.

Head Qu'res Mansfield's brig.  
Newport News, Feb. 29th, 1862.

A. M. MAXSON.

Correspondence of the State Journal.

Encampment of 4th Wis. Regt.

Here we are once more on the "nares soil" of the "old dominion." We left Baltimore city on Wednesday afternoon, and is encircling them with another line. We have just begun what we ought to succeed, but little chance will be had to send regular news, but I will try and furnish as often as possible.

A. M. MAXSON.

The health of the regiment has been gradually improving since we left Baltimore. Our Adjutant (L. D. Aldrich) has heard nothing more from or of him. If the thinks best to come I think we shall be able to give him a noisy reception.

Troops continue to arrive here, and I believe to day there are some ten or twelve regiments here. They make a beautiful display when on the field going through the evolutions of drill.

There are some half dozen silver bands among them, besides the corps of field music, the scene is animating, brilliant, and has a tendency to foster a military ardor in the minds of the boys, as well as render them skillful in maneuvering, but as far as appearances go it is after all but grim, black, gory war in its holllday dress.

I saw Gen. Mansfield to-day; his beard and locks are as white as snow; he is probably sixty years old, but his visage is as grim as war itself.

All that is left of Ellsworth's famous Zouaves are here; there is now but three or four hundred of them left. The day at Bull Run was a fatal one to them. They fought as men are seldom known to fight, but only to be defeated; one of them who lay upon the field supposed by his comrades to be dead for twenty-four hours, is now here with the rest of them, and strange as it may appear he carries a piece of his fractured skull about with him in his jacket, and will show it to anybody, the piece is about an inch square, and was knocked out from the lower and back part of his head by a rifle ball.

It is grievous to think that a regiment of such men as they should be led into battle against such fearful odds to be sacrificed.

For two days after reaching this place we endured rain and mud, and strong winds which sickened many of the men, but since that time the weather has been like our April weather at home.

This is the soil which first resounded to the tread of European adventurers! This is the region which first gave successful birth to colonization in America! It is here that civilization made some of its first efforts to beat back the powers of savage barbarity. The trees above my tent have looked down upon some of the bloody scenes of atrocity which characterized the conflict which followed when the red-faced, untutored children of nature first met their eternal adversary—
What is there soifying in human surroundings which would have matured for Ship Island to-morrow. I am going as we come along down this afternoon, ty, and love for the old government, evidenced has been so kind to you, as to imagine yourself in your breast the spirit of oppression, but now! Its degenerate offspring, throbbed with a holy veneration for it. You ought to feel grateful that Providence, from the sterile North to the sunny South, and the crowded, noisy East to the rugged West, has throbbed with a holy veneration for it. It is here that some of the heroes, whose deeds adorn the pages of our history of three centuries ago, have been "martyred in the cause of civilization. This is the soil cherished in the memory of every American, as sacred from its associations with the commencement of American history; and from the fact of its being the theatre upon which this greatest, grandest and most magnificent of all nationalities was cradled into existence. The American breast, every where, from the sterile North to the sunny South, and the crowded, noisy East to the rugged West, has throbbed with a holy veneration for it.

But what is there so hienous in human actions—disgusting and loathsome in vice—inhuman in man's injustice to many, and fiendish in profanity to God that ambition, blinded by selfishness, will not drive men to do. This country now looks all that we can conceive of Egypt after the seven years famine. Men eighteen months ago were living here in all the affluence, ease and peace of wealth, amassed by half a score of generations. It was an Eden; a garden where nature had lavished some of her choicest treasures, but all that is left now to tell the story of its former loveliness are the birds and their merry songs, and the gentle breezes which pass over it so profusely. The grounds where fields have been which have been burdened with produce, are now trampled upon and packed by the tread of soldiers, until no vestige of vegetation remains. Not a trace of a fence can be seen, and the surface presents the appearance of an immense brickyard. My dear reader you ought to thank God that your lot has been cast under luch circumstances, I felt it my duty so to do. Our Regiment having received "marching orders" this day, sails for Ship Island to-morrow. I am going with them to the battle field and will not desert the Company under such circumstances to occupy a safer or more lucrative position. My friends will therefore address me as heretofore, making the change necessary in our leaving here to join Gen. Butler's expedition against the hot-bed of secession.

The boys are well and bid farewell to friends as they penetrate still farther down in the rebel land of "Dixie.''

Yours very truly,

J. B. PEARCE.

Orderly Serg't Oconto River Drivers,

Fourth Wisconsin Regiment,

From the 9th Wisconsin Regiment.

STREMER CONSTITUTION,
Hampton Roads, Mar. 5.

EF. SPIRIT—A very novel scene surrounds me this evening. Imagine yourself in one of the cabins of the great steamers, which goes proudly flowing through the waters of the Mississippi, (I think you can easily do that). Increase its splendor, magnificence and size by about four times its usual appearance, drive out its crowded throng of citizen passengers and replace them by the shoulder strap portion of the army of three thousand men; imagine the sounds of bugles, drums, silver bands and military bobbles on the decks above and below, and you have before your fancy the parlor-cabin of the great steamship Constitution, as it appears this evening. This is next to the largest boat in the world. It only acknowledges itself inferior to the Great Eastern. It was built in Boston at an expense of half a million dollars, and belongs to the Pacific, between Panama and San Francisco. It is now chartered by the Government at the round sum of $2,700 per day. For two days past the captain has been taking on the troops and baggage of three regiments at Newport News, bound for the Gulf of Mexico. The Michigan sixth, Indiana twenty-first and Wisconsin fourth—The last that was to come on board came on this morning, and this afternoon we dropped down the river into the Road. The captain, it seems, protested strongly to General Wool against going up the river farther than the Fort, on account of exposing the vessel to the rebel batteries on Sewall's Point, and only went on assurance of the Government authorities to pay for it in case it was destroyed. On his way up, when arriving opposite the battery which was three miles distant, the rebels discovered the price, and were soon enough, as the captain apprehended, to frown over the six inch guns, which, however, proved to be too hasty and burst before reaching their destination. While she lay at anchor at Newport News, embarking the troops, she was closely watched by the rebels, who in the meantime were sounding the channel and ranging their guns to destroy her, if possible, on her way out. As we came along this afternoon, owing to the immense amount of water she drew, (20 feet) we were obliged to keep the
I hope to describe it to you. The hurricane deck is thirty feet from the water. The sea was often as high as it, and to-day I saw marks of spray from the top of the smoke stacks, fifty feet from the water. The ship is far from quiet to-day. This morning the regiments were taken out on deck, one at a time, and the quarters cleaned with chloroform of lime and water. The wind was from the north-west and west. We were obliged to bear away to the eastward before it, and to-day we have been cracking back. We have crossed the Gulf Stream, from east to west. The water in it is filled with sea-weed; now we are on the west of it. We have seen no land since Cape Henry, and only one little schooner yesterday, laboring frightfully. I never desire to be at sea again in such a condition: 3,000 men, and only a plank between them and the bottom.

We are driving on, under steam and sail, at fifteen knots an hour, in the N. E. trade winds. It is beautiful summer weather, water 76° Fahrenheit. We have a look-out aloft for the Florida coast. Of course we are in the Gulf Stream.

I saw the sun rise, from the hurricane deck, this morning. We have not seen land since the capes sunk. A little yellow-breasted bird just came into the saloon, through the skylight, and lighted on the floor. Saw an immense school of porpoises this morning, and many flying-fish about a foot long. They fly against the wind, and do not light sometimes for forty rods. At noon to-day, one-half the voyage will be done. I hope, we shall have no more wind.

To-day P. M. At twelve o'clock to-day we sighted Cape Carnaveral. It was pleasant to see land again, though we knew it was a miserable country, and full of seashells. All the glasses on shipboard were put in requisition, and much looking done up. At two p. m. we passed Jupiter Inlet lighthouse, a tall stone tower; but the rebels have put the light out. At sun-down the weather thickened, and promised to blow fresh from the south-east. The ship begins to feel it, and sways about nastily. We see the moon exactly in the zenith, which seems strange to us of northern latitudes. I have sat out in ordinary clothing, and no overcoat, and been in a perspiration all day. We are now further south, by several degrees, than our destination.

We live sumptuously on board. "Uncle Sam" pays the shot. Everything one could want is served up, but won't it be hard to see, when we are in peace, such a ship as this, with 7,000 men, and stores. You can judge from this statement of the size of the ship. Indeed it is the largest ship that floats the ocean— the Great Eastern being shut up in harbor. Still, in spirit it is beyond the reach of your imagination to realize the picture of 3,000 men in one ship. I hope never to see it again.—it reminds me of all that I have read of the horrors of the slave trade; not so much in respect of the misery the men are brought to, (which, though considerable, is not by any means insufferable,) as in regard to their treatment like cattle or things. They are packed away, just like any other part of a ship's cargo, and in places which you would never could be made to receive human beings. The good humor and fortitude with which the men have submitted to the reception of this condition is beyond admiration.

But I know you are anxious to hear about the voyage.

In the first place, it was a very narrow escape we had in coming from Newport News to the Fort. It was astonishing the accuracy of their fire. At the distance of three miles the range was perfect, three balls out of four striking almost exactly in the line of the middle of the ship—two of them passing between the ship's pipes.—Of course I need not comment on the culpable recklessness of sending such a ship with so many men a cargo, through exposure.

As the Fort Gen. Williams and staff came on board, and he of course took command of the brigades. We have not yet been formally put under his command, but probably will be when we reach our destination. He has previously been in command at Hatteras: —is an old soldier—was
through the Florida and Mexican wars—a
veteran looking man—and that is all I
know about him.

It was a quiet and beautiful day that we
lifted our anchor and made our way out into
the broad ocean. Everything appeared
cheerful enough in the cabin and though
we had not previously been on a steam
squadron, we were not unaccustomed to see-
tured to remark that it was a rather seri-
ous affair; yet you might have thought it a
pleasure party on a holiday excursion.

How many a poor fellow’s bones may yet
whiten the sands of the Gulf. Who can
tell?

In the morning of the next day, the wind
commenced blowing freshy from the north
west, and before night we had (as the sail-
ners say) a wide gale of wind. It blew
so that a man on deck could hardly keep
his legs, and the spray dashed on our
hurricane deck, and to the top of the
great pipes. The storm was one of the
harshest that ever visited our station. At
Atlantic coast, but the sea was not heavy
enough in the cabin; and though I slept there
last night in the open water of the great Gulf. I

The writer is full of joy fish, little round
fellow, and is all hoping to find Gen. Butler
on the side. My things are all packed away
ashore; I slept there last night in the cabin
in sight of the Florida and Mexican wars—
the most insufferably hot that
we encountered. Since the last writing we
passed the lighthouse on the Dry Tortugas.
This is the last land until we see Ship Island—450
miles. We are now more than half that
distance; it is hot! How hot! the thermometer at
95° in the shade. We have seen two sail, one
large black, going our way, which
showed our colors; the other a small schooner
going west.

It is only a sand bank. We go
ashore after dinner.

Not a man lost and all well. I am relieved
and delighted, but the prospect on shore is
fruity. It is only a sand bank. We go
ashore after dinner.

We have landed; our tents are pitched,
and men ashore; I slept there last night in
the sand; this night I came off to the ship
Constitution, to see Lieut. Cole, who has in-
flammation of the lungs, and has not been
able to leave the ship. It was my intention
to go ashore in a small steamer, which left
us at five o’clock. Lieut. Col. Bean. Lieut.
Pauli, and about fifty men, with all our
Commissary stores, are aboard. The steamer
could not make the shore for the wind,
and anchored in the Sound just outside of
the island. The wind is frightful; a perfect gale
is blowing off shore. The steamer they are on
has broken from her anchorage, and is drift-
ing out to sea! Unless she is caught she is
lost. We now think, as well as we can
make out in the darkness, that she has run
foul of a gun boat, which may save her; at
least save the lives of the men. I feel very
anxious for the troops on shore. The sea is
dashing fearfully on the beach. The island is
about a hundred rods wide, and from six
to two hundred inches above water. There
is a large fleet of men on shore of gun
boats and Porter’s mortar fleet here, in
all, perhaps, a hundred sail. We could, in
case the Island were flooded, take refuge on the deck. Gen. Butler has not arrived yet. It is surmised that he is shipwrecked. He left Fortress Monroe five days before us. When he comes we hope to move soon. You can have no idea how glad I am to see, on looking out, that the steamer is safe, the storm going down. I hope to describe to you, in person, sometime, the whole scene. This goes on the Constitution in the morn-

Married 16th, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
more evening papers of the 8th inst.—twelve days behind the times; don't you pity us? Do not imagine that this is a watering place, the rived this afternoon, and bring the rumor, that Johnston was defeated by the Confederates. That Johnston had left the city—about four hundred—perished. It will not be possible for us to stay here long, there is too much danger in it. The ship we came was just at the end of the road. McClellan at Manassas, with great loss on both sides, and Manassas was abandoned.

You know how much, if any, of this is told you by the officers on deck. You can have no idea how glad I am to write it. I can only say that the Constitution has been reduced and took twenty-four hours past. It thunders and at several times, but without effect. Ball is sent to the southwest, and last night the hearing is nil over. There is a rush of excitement among officers and men in reporting this as an actual fact. I will fold and mail this, but may write some of the particulars before this.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
more evening papers of the 8th inst.—twelve days behind the times; don't you pity us? Do not imagine that this is a watering place, the rived this afternoon, and bring the rumor, that Johnston was defeated by the Confederates. That Johnston had left the city—about four hundred—perished. It will not be possible for us to stay here long, there is too much danger in it. The ship we came was just at the end of the road. McClellan at Manassas, with great loss on both sides, and Manassas was abandoned.

You know how much, if any, of this is told you by the officers on deck. You can have no idea how glad I am to write it. I can only say that the Constitution has been reduced and took twenty-four hours past. It thunders and at several times, but without effect. Ball is sent to the southwest, and last night the hearing is nil over. There is a rush of excitement among officers and men in reporting this as an actual fact. I will fold and mail this, but may write some of the particulars before this.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
more evening papers of the 8th inst.—twelve days behind the times; don't you pity us? Do not imagine that this is a watering place, the rived this afternoon, and bring the rumor, that Johnston was defeated by the Confederates. That Johnston had left the city—about four hundred—perished. It will not be possible for us to stay here long, there is too much danger in it. The ship we came was just at the end of the road. McClellan at Manassas, with great loss on both sides, and Manassas was abandoned.

You know how much, if any, of this is told you by the officers on deck. You can have no idea how glad I am to write it. I can only say that the Constitution has been reduced and took twenty-four hours past. It thunders and at several times, but without effect. Ball is sent to the southwest, and last night the hearing is nil over. There is a rush of excitement among officers and men in reporting this as an actual fact. I will fold and mail this, but may write some of the particulars before this.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
more evening papers of the 8th inst.—twelve days behind the times; don't you pity us? Do not imagine that this is a watering place, the rived this afternoon, and bring the rumor, that Johnston was defeated by the Confederates. That Johnston had left the city—about four hundred—perished. It will not be possible for us to stay here long, there is too much danger in it. The ship we came was just at the end of the road. McClellan at Manassas, with great loss on both sides, and Manassas was abandoned.

You know how much, if any, of this is told you by the officers on deck. You can have no idea how glad I am to write it. I can only say that the Constitution has been reduced and took twenty-four hours past. It thunders and at several times, but without effect. Ball is sent to the southwest, and last night the hearing is nil over. There is a rush of excitement among officers and men in reporting this as an actual fact. I will fold and mail this, but may write some of the particulars before this.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.

Of all places men ever inhabited this is since we left. Our last papers are the Balti-
mance, 1862.
Ship Island is merely a sand bar in the Gulf of Mexico, and is about 94 miles from New Orleans. It is the same island upon which General Packenham concentrated his forces preparatory to his attack upon General Jackson, and it is supposed by many that we are to have an engagement on the same ground where the memorable victory was obtained over the British, January 8th, 1815, and although we shall occupy the opposite side of the cotton bales from the position of General Jackson, we expect to meet with better success than did General Packenham. Should our army gain the victory, it will be a severe stroke upon the rebellion; if we are defeated, it will be a victory for the rebels which they may justly prize, as we shall move against them with a shout for "victory or death."

General Phelps is now on the island, in command. More troops are expected tomorrow. Two batteries of flying artillery will arrive soon. General Butler left Fortress Monroe in advance of us, and his arrival is hourly expected.

When our forces all arrive, the expedition will consist of 20,000 men, about 30 gunboats and six or eight men-of-war. Of the three cities, New Orleans, Mobile and Galveston, I think the former will be our first place of attack, and you may expect important news from that point soon.

All letters to our regiment should move the letter of the company, and be addressed Fourth Wisconsin Regiment, care of General Butler's Expedition.

Yours truly,
J. BAILEY,
from the Mich. 4th.
FAIRFAX C. H.

Dear Father,

Again I address you from this place from which I wrote you last summer with such high hopes of victory, which were soon dashed by the disgraceful retreat from Bull's Run.

On Sunday, our Regiment was detailed to guard the R. R. at and near Vienna, we stayed there over night; and the next morning, the "Army of the Potomac" commenced to move. Gen. Smith's Division passed through Vienna the way to this place; while at the same time, Gen. McDowell's took possession of Centerville; the rebels retreating from Fairfax, and vicinity on Sunday.

We then went back to Minor's Hill, and in two hours took up the line of march, and Fairfax C. H. again, reaching with five miles and camped overnight in the brush, and arrived here Tuesday morning.

You have learned before receiving this the full particulars of the desolation of Manassas and other matters connected therewith. That bugle of hard fights and slaughter, is played out, that was going to take place at the taking of Manassas.

Well, here we are at Cloud's Mills, two miles and a half miles from Alexandria. Yesterday morning the Division packed up and marched to this place the rain pouring down all the time nearly in torrents. We took possession, promiscuously, of the tents of the N. H. 5th, they being away for the present; this was good luck for us, as we expected to stop, and lie all night in the rain.

We are now, as far as we know waiting for orders getting ready to take us south, to the Office Horses, or some other force in that direction. I believe the four Divisions are to go: Blankenship, B. Porter's, Heintzleman's, and McDowell's under the latter as Maj. Gen. A little more than conjecture, of course at any rate, we are all glad to be on the move again, with a prospect of active service.

Affectionately, Your son, AMBROSE.

From the Fourth Regiment.

Correspondence of the Times.

SHE ISLAND, MISS.
March 13th, 1862.

FRIEND ROSS:—I sit down on the sand to give you a brief sketch of our voyage hither.

Sunday evening, March 24th, the order came to strike tents next morning and go same motives, and using the same forms on board the ship Constitution, bound for worship. Officers and soldiers were in this place, Monday morning came, we affected alike.

A partook of a hastily prepared breakfast, Saturday the sea continued rough and struck tents, lugged our baggage out of our condition very unpleasant. The Colonel ordered the baggage that had been conveyed on board to be brought back on shore, nearly all the baggage belonging to the regiment had been placed on board, requiring much labor, for the ship was half a mile from shore and was loaded by means of little tugs. Immediately the work of unloading commenced. About an hour afterward another order came for us to go, a mistake having been made in the previous order. The sick went on board in the evening. Tuesday morning we again packed our tents and got in readiness to serve as an early hour, when again an order came to pitch tents and await further orders. This rather riled the boys, and they grumbled awfully about the military movements of their commanders. About sunset we began to go on board, and at 10 o'clock P. M., 3200 men were imprisoned in the hold and upon the decks of the old Constitution.

The crowding such a number of men on board one ship for so long a voyage is unparalleled in history. The regiments were the Wisconsin 4th, Indiana 21st, and Michigan 6th.

Wednesday afternoon, everything being ready, we started for Fortress Monroe. While passing Sewall's Point, the enemy shelled us from their batteries on shore, but without effect; we proceeded to the Fortress and anchored in Hampton Roads for the sea.

Thursday morning, Gen. Williams came on board and assumed the command of the troops. At noon we weighed anchor and started down the Bay. At sunset we passed the capes and anchored upon the broad bosom of the Atlantic. During the night we passed Cape Hatteras.

Friday, March 7th, the wind blew a perfect gale, and the sea was very boisterous, which naturally induced us to engage in exercises of devotion, offering up peace offerings to Neptune, the God of the Sea, in glorious procession. It was a sublime spectacle to see nearly every man in uniform weights of his apparel in the then the ship was very calm, and the sun shone forth with most oppressive heat.

Monday night we passed Key West and entered the Gulf of Mexico.
sented itself to view. The face of the water smooth and almost unruffled, the sun shining brightly, and we were fanned by the soft balmy breezes of the South. The winged inhabitants of the briny deep were flying about in all directions.

The Nautilus, that amateur voyager that adapts himself to every circumstance of wind and weather, hoisted his beautiful sails and moved majestically at will, guiding his little bark with consummate skill, while numerous schools of porpoises appeared in view, and occasionally a shark would appear, each engaging our attention in turn and affording a grand curiosity for the land-lubbers that composéd our wondering crowd.

Wednesday evening we reached our present destination.

This morning we landed on the Island by a prize tug, deposited our knapsacks, arms and accoutrements on the beach, and while awaiting the arrival of the tents, I sat down to scratch off these few lines so as to send by return mail.

I have not earned much of our new position or of our future movements. This is a pleasant, healthy locality, and the boys are in the best of spirits.

We left Col. and D. Higgins of Greenbush, at Newport News, sick. It was thought Higgins would not recover.

Ship Island is about 1800 miles from Baltimore.

Gen. Butler is expected to arrive tomorrow, when probably we shall be engaged in active service.

Yours, &c.,

L. C. BARTLETT.

P. S.—Our address will be Ship Island, Mississippi, via New York.

MORTON ESCAPE.

Col. Bean, of the Fourth Wisconsin Regiment (which forms a portion of Gen. Butler’s Expedition), has had a narrow escape from death, as we learn from a private letter written to his family, and dated—

SHIP ISLAND, March 14, 1862.

* * Last night a heavy breeze was blowing from the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico. An old Alabama river steamboat is used here to unload the steamers’ Constitution,” and yesterday at 9 o’clock p.m., I, with about 350 others who were on the ship, got over to go ashore—distant about 40 rods.—/eltrery had to go ashore—distant about 40 rods.—

The wind was blowing fresh at the time. The only harbor we have here is that north of the Island—between it and the main land. The steamboat was in charge of an inexperienced officer, and he failed on account of the wind and tide to make the pier, and so turned around to put out, got up against the wind, and come down again. Having gotten off, he fell back among the Constitution, the tiller rope broke, and of course we came to anchor immediately. The wind howled so much that she dragged her anchor, running still further out to sea; the wind being directly from the south, the other anchors being thrown out, she held, and the Commodore of the Mortar Fleet sent a naval officer and crew on board to manage her. It was then discovered that she had no more wood, and steam was down. The tiller rope was repaired, and we got under way in a pretty lively manner. The boat for wood, at a great risk, for the wind was blowing furiously. However, by great exertions, the boat was got aboard and steam raised; all the anchors but the large ones raised for a start, when a white squall with a furious wind struck us so strong that it well nigh carried off the hurricane deck. The anchor could not hold at all, and we were blown clear out beyond all the fleet. It had by this time grown dark, and we had no other expectation than going down to the other side, to fall into the hands of the enemy. They were watching us from all the fleet around and from the shore, anxiously, but without any power to help us in such a storm, and there was a panic on board. But we had an unusual number of anchors, and after getting out four she held. Our situation, however, was still perilous, the question being whether an old rotten flat-bottom river boat, would hold together in such a storm, even when riding at anchor. But, though the storm lasted all night, she once safe through, and so I am making a very long story of it.—

Although I was not a little worried, I did not realize how much I had to thank God for, through, so much as when this morning on landing, all my friends insisted on shaking hands with me, and I alluded to the unexpected pleasure of meeting me again. I may mention, although there has been many different reports, we have no feeling whatever on the mainland.

From the Fourth Regiment.

SHIP ISLAND, MAYS 80, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER.—Here we are, away down under the shore of “Dixie,” awaiting like a hungry shark to pounce in upon some unguarded shore, and seize any unlucky prey. We are away from friends, and cut off, except by sea, from civilization and contacts. Out here the “Yankee nation” always creates wherever it goes. Here, soon, you will find quite respectable houses put up upon the spur of the occasion for existing necessities. It is all activity and enterprise on the Island, getting ready for some action. Whether we attack some place at present or without awal I cannot tell. Gen. Butler has not yet arrived here, although he started from Fort Monroe several days before we did. There is a rumor abroad that the steam Mississippi is disabled and lying at Fort Royal.

Our mortar fleet,—called Porter’s,—started out for sea this afternoon. Its destination is supposed to be the Mississippi river. The fleet consists of 26 schooners, each armed with a 13-inch mortar, and two long range guns. It will, of course, do terrible work wherever an attack is made.

We have a number of gunboats lying here, and several large war vessels. Our forces here, consists of some 15,000, infantry troops, besides artillery and cavalry. Our forces will, of course, be increased. We have been expecting to attack Mississippi City. A reconnoitering party went out about one week ago, consisting of about 100 men, with two gunboats. They effected a landing and marched upon the city. But their march was cut short by the opposing force of the rebels. They fired grape, and our forces retreated. The following incident was connected with the attack. As the rebel guns fired, the commanding officer of our forces ordered the troops to lie down. They all did so very quickly, with the exception of one person who lazily stooped, but was too slow to get down. A shot took him in the stern, slightly wounding him, but at the same time being a good incentive to activity.

We had a severe storm yesterday, which brought the waters of the gulf upon us with a vengeance. Had the wind kept up a few hours longer in the same direction, I think the Island would have been submerged. It was entirely so during a heavy storm three years ago. It is again liable to be at any time. As it was the waters entered many of the tents of the different regiments. I don’t know that I can write anything of peculiar interest more than I already have. If anything “turns up” I will post you in its import. Of course you get the general news by the passage here before a letter would reach you. Write often and much.

Yours truly,

W. R. MOORE.


We have been permitted to make the following extract from a private letter written by Captain W. P. Moore, of the 4th Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers:

“'We have some sickness in camp, and a good deal of sickness, Corporal Manor, from Clifton, of my company, died this morning. He is the only death that has occurred in my company since Preston, was shot at Matamora. We all had a strong attachment for him. He was ever prompt and faithful in the performance of his duties, and a request from him was always an asset in command from me. I was very glad when we had him among the boys of Ship Island. I feel sad to think that his last resting place is beside the brawling waves of the ocean, and beneath the shifting sands of this desolate shore. But such is life, and we must take the best of it.”

“We have been having a strong wind for two days from the south, southerly direction, and the waves are rolling high up upon the beach. If the wind does not subside before to-morrow night, I have no doubt the island will be submerged.

The trees in the northern portion of the Island have evidences of water ten feet above the average level of the land. Only three years ago the land was totally undamaged. The trees only show us what might, under unfavorable circumstances, happen.”

“It would do you good to see a healthy, black looking set of fellows we are down here.”
Southern rains and Southern winds have as stunted us, that we plead guilty to the charge of being "Black Republicans."

FROM THE FOURTH REGIMENT.

Correspondence of the Journal.

MARCH 18, 1862.

FRIEND MILLS,—My last letter was dated on shipboard, off Ship Island.

On Thursday, the 13th inst., we disembarked and all the troops were ashore without accident before nightfall. For the first few days we were compelled to subsist on nothing but hard bread and water—a gale having sprung up which rendered it impossible for the steamer's lighters to convey provisions from the Constitution to the Island.

As this island is fast becoming a large military depot, and the rendezvous for our South Atlantic and Gulf fleet, a brief description of it would not perhaps prove uninteresting to your readers. By looking at the map you will observe that this island is 30 deg. N. latitude, and about 12 deg. longitude W., from Washington, and 12 miles from the main-land of Mississippi. The island is a narrow, low, strip of sand, about ten miles in length, and with the exception of a small portion of the eastern end, is as barren as the Great Desert of Sahara. The eastern end, as we call it, the upper end of the island is chiefly noted for the alligators, wild boars, and snakes which infest the sloughs and canebrakes in the vicinity.

There are at present 11,000 troops encamped, on the desert portion of the island, including three companies of artillery, brig. Gen. Phelps, in the absence of Gen. Butler, has command of the forces. With the exception of the 21st Indiana, 6th Michigan and 4th Wisconsin, the troops here are all from New England.

The above named Western regiments have been brigaded and are under command of Brig. Gen. A. S. Williams, an old experienced U. S. Army officer, and a graduate of West Point.

Nineteen vessels of Porter's mortar fleet which have rendezvoused here for some days past, weighed anchor on Saturday last, and sailed off in grand style in the direction of Mobile, which city is 60 miles from here in a north-easterly direction. I would not surmise me to hear the destruction of that city in a few days. There are over 200 vessels lying at anchor here, composed mostly of men-of-war gunboats and transports. Among them are the Pensacola, frigate Niagara, Harriet Lane, Vincennes, Mississippi, and others.

I merely mention the above vessels, as they have played prominent in this war and their are familiar to the American public.

Several prizes are anchored here, most of whom were captured by the gunboat New London, which vessel was particularly fortunate in the matter of seizure. As an instance of her audacity the other day she ran over to the Chancellors island, and captured a fleet of twelve oyster boats and towed them over here. Gen. Phelps, with his customary generosity, distributed the oysters among the soldiers.

The Southern enemy seem to be confident that we can do no harm to them. A short time ago, she captured the rebel steamer "Lincoln's Black Pirate," loaded with a cargo of powder, medicines, etc., valued at $80,000 and the Mississippi steamer St. Louis, loaded with cotton, both of which are used by the Government in loading and unloading troops from the transports, and other purposes.

Gen. Butler is expected here to-day from Key West, where he has been stopping a few days, on his way hither from Washington. Until his arrival we shall be in the dark in regard to the future movements of the troops rendezvoused here. It is thought probable that we may take part in a demonstration against New Orleans in conjunction with an expedition coming down the Mississippi.

If any thing changes about the New York and New England troops who are here, we will be pleased to inform you of it.

Yesterday some of the Indiana boys succeeded in capturing and killing an agitator, on the eastern end of the Island. The victim, measured eight feet in length, and looked as if he might masque a soldier as quick as you could say "Jack Robinson."

A soldier belonging to the 4th Maine regiment, while bathing in the ocean a few days since, swam out into deep water farther than prudence would advise and was unfortunately carried off by a shark. Since the end occurrence an order has been issued forbidding the men to bathe at a distance of more than three rods from shore.

On Friday last a violent southeast gale arose which continued with unabated fury until Saturday morning blowing down tents, and scattering things generally. At one time the island was thought to be in danger of being submerged, which no doubt it would have been had the wind and sea continued for a day or two. You may perhaps, recollect reading the account of the inundation of this island during a violent storm a few years ago, in which some 400 people were drowned. At that time this was a sort of fashionable summer resort, and the island contained about 250 houses. When the water commenced rising during the late gale, the reflection of the former disaster was anything but consoling.

The weather here now is as hot as the warmest weather in Wisconsin—but the nights are cool and damp, and oftentimes chilly. One would naturally suppose that the sudden removal of our regiment from a Southern climate, would cause a large increase of sickness, but happily that has not proven to be the case. All the troops here are in unusual good health.

Lieut. Cole, of Co. C. has been on the sick list since our arrival, but I saw him to-day and he seems to think that he will be about shortly.

Corporal Lucas has been changed as corporal of Co. C. Both good appointments.

We are entirely ignorant of what is transpiring in "North America," as it has been two weeks since we have had any mail. The Rebellion light may have been snuffed out before this for ought we know.

Yours, etc.,

HIGH PRIVATE.

From the Fourth Regiment.

Ship Island, Mississippi.

March 20, 1862.

The sun shines to-day. It makes a great difference in my feelings. I was down to the landing this morning, when the Mississippi, having Gen. Butler on board, steamed into the harbor. He brings twelve hundred more troops with him. As the steamer left the landing, this morning, I was up on the 3d deck of the Constitution, looking into the Mississippi, and was surprised to see a sight that would seem almost incredible, although I am told that this is the case. The Mississippi is a large, steamboat, with about 300 men on board, and is 

The gunboat New London, Capt. Reed, (who is brother to the Reed formerly Chancellor of the University of Wisconsin) who commands her, brought two small sail boats
March wind has blown from the north and north-west for two days. It is as disagreeable as can be imagined, and I can have no more patience to hear of the delightful weather of this latitude; there has as yet been no such a fine spell.

22d. It is Sunday. The wind has blown from the north hard and cold all day. I took the Adjutant's horse this morning, and in company with Dr. Van Nostrand and Major Boardman, set out for a ride around the island. It is an immense distance to the north end of it; further than I had thought from the south-west to the north-east. I think it was not a rod less than ten miles. We rode along the beach; on the shore lie thousands of a sort of jelly fsh; globular tops, like a balloon, with flanges and ending below in a circular, radiating stem. I do not remember having seen an account of them anywhere; they seem to be one of the lowest forms of animal life. As soon as one touches the bottom, it is dead, and floats helplessly to shore. On cutting one open a small black apparatus within shows the heart and the vitality. The lips of the lower part of the top are, in some, streaked with a tint like veins, of a red color.

It is clear to me, from to-day's observation, that the north-east part of the island is being worn away by the action of the water. Trees (pine and scrubby live oak) stand just on the edge of the water, with nothing but white sand around them. A great number of small palms grow here. They grow out of an enormous root, sometimes six inches thick, and running along the top of the ground for ten feet. Out of this root grows what looks much like a palm-leaf fan, only it is green, and without a rim around it.

Before reaching the camp of the men, who are on fatigue duty there as a wood party, I shine upon the sand it affects the eyes like snow. As soon as one touches the bottom, it is dead, and the white sand around them. A great number of small palms grow here. They grow out of an enormous root, sometimes six inches thick, and running along the top of the ground for ten feet. Out of this root grows what looks much like a palm-leaf fan, only it is green, and without a rim around it.

Before reaching the camp of the men, who are on fatigue duty there as a wood party, I shine upon the sand it affects the eyes like snow. As soon as one touches the bottom, it is dead, and the white sand around them. A great number of small palms grow here. They grow out of an enormous root, sometimes six inches thick, and running along the top of the ground for ten feet. Out of this root grows what looks much like a palm-leaf fan, only it is green, and without a rim around it.

The wind to-day is from the north, and quite cool and comfortable. When the sun shines upon the sand it affects the eyes like snow. As soon as one touches the bottom, it is dead, and the white sand around them. A great number of small palms grow here. They grow out of an enormous root, sometimes six inches thick, and running along the top of the ground for ten feet. Out of this root grows what looks much like a palm-leaf fan, only it is green, and without a rim around it.

The wind to-day is from the north, and quite cool and comfortable. When the sun shines upon the sand it affects the eyes like snow. As soon as one touches the bottom, it is dead, and the white sand around them. A great number of small palms grow here. They grow out of an enormous root, sometimes six inches thick, and running along the top of the ground for ten feet. Out of this root grows what looks much like a palm-leaf fan, only it is green, and without a rim around it.

The wind to-day is from the north, and quite cool and comfortable. When the sun shines upon the sand it affects the eyes like snow. As soon as one touches the bottom, it is dead, and the white sand around them. A great number of small palms grow here. They grow out of an enormous root, sometimes six inches thick, and running along the top of the ground for ten feet. Out of this root grows what looks much like a palm-leaf fan, only it is green, and without a rim around it.

The wind to-day is from the north, and quite cool and comfortable. When the sun shines upon the sand it affects the eyes like snow. As soon as one touches the bottom, it is dead, and the white sand around them. A great number of small palms grow here. They grow out of an enormous root, sometimes six inches thick, and running along the top of the ground for ten feet. Out of this root grows what looks much like a palm-leaf fan, only it is green, and without a rim around it.

The wind to-day is from the north, and quite cool and comfortable. When the sun shines upon the sand it affects the eyes like snow. As soon as one touches the bottom, it is dead, and the white sand around them. A great number of small palms grow here. They grow out of an enormous root, sometimes six inches thick, and running along the top of the ground for ten feet. Out of this root grows what looks much like a palm-leaf fan, only it is green, and without a rim around it.

The wind to-day is from the north, and quite cool and comfortable. When the sun shines upon the sand it affects the eyes like snow. As soon as one touches the bottom, it is dead, and the white sand around them. A great number of small palms grow here. They grow out of an enormous root, sometimes six inches thick, and running along the top of the ground for ten feet. Out of this root grows what looks much like a palm-leaf fan, only it is green, and without a rim around it.

The wind to-day is from the north, and quite cool and comfortable. When the sun shines upon the sand it affects the eyes like snow. As soon as one touches the bottom, it is dead, and the white sand around them. A great number of small palms grow here. They grow out of an enormous root, sometimes six inches thick, and running along the top of the ground for ten feet. Out of this root grows what looks much like a palm-leaf fan, only it is green, and without a rim around it.

The wind to-day is from the north, and quite cool and comfortable. When the sun shines upon the sand it affects the eyes like snow. As soon as one touches the bottom, it is dead, and the white sand around them. A great number of small palms grow here. They grow out of an enormous root, sometimes six inches thick, and running along the top of the ground for ten feet. Out of this root grows what looks much like a palm-leaf fan, only it is green, and without a rim around it.

The wind to-day is from the north, and quite cool and comfortable. When the sun shines upon the sand it affects the eyes like snow. As soon as one touches the bottom, it is dead, and the white sand around them. A great number of small palms grow here. They grow out of an enormous root, sometimes six inches thick, and running along the top of the ground for ten feet. Out of this root grows what looks much like a palm-leaf fan, only it is green, and without a rim around it.

The wind to-day is from the north, and quite cool and comfortable. When the sun shines upon the sand it affects the eyes like snow. As soon as one touches the bottom, it is dead, and the white sand around them. A great number of small palms grow here. They grow out of an enormous root, sometimes six inches thick, and running along the top of the ground for ten feet. Out of this root grows what looks much like a palm-leaf fan, only it is green, and without a rim around it.
From the Fourth Regiment.

SHIP ISLAND, MISSISSIPPI, March 21st, 1862.

Here Brig. Gen. Williams came on board with his staff. At noon, with a fair wind and a bright sky, we steamed out of the bay, past the light house on Cape Henry, and out into the Atlantic. All went pleasantly and well, until off Hatteras we encountered one of those storms so prevalent there. The ship rolled and pitched in a manner which sailors would call beautiful, but I could not see the point, if so; officers and men alike complied with Neptune's strictest demands, fully and murmuringly. But through it all, unenduring sea-sickness and storm, the noble old boat kept steadily on its way. Sunday the sun came out warm, and the air was soft and pleasant. We were in the "sunny south."

Monday night we were off Key West, and Wednesday morning off Ship Island. The last few days of the voyage were very unpleasant, and inapposable the shores of Ship Island appeared, we were glad enough to set foot on them. Here we are "squatted"—squatter sovereigns all—safe and remarkably healthy. The Island can be easily described. Long, low, flat, sandy, "state and unprofitable." Fresh water can be obtained by digging a few feet, and good and pure at that. Wood has to be rafted four miles from the east end of the Island. The products of the Island are sand-crabs, spiders, soro eyes, an impression that you are out of the world, with a few alligators swimming around occasionally, and musquitoes by the hundred rations.

Of course cannot tell how many troops there are here; more are coming daily, Porter's mortar fleet, of which so much has been said, sailed from here out into the ocean a few days ago, and that's all we know of its destination. Gen. Butler arrived to day. A move will probably be made soon. The destination of the expedition is of course a matter of mystery as ever, and in hopes that we will soon develop itself in onward movements.

Yours, in CAMP
The work of building the fleet continued, and on the 20th of March, the mortar fleet began to move. The Esta and the President were anchored in the harbor, and the Northern Constellation was in the distance. The weather was cold and cloudy, and the sea was rough. The men worked hard to keep the fleet in shape for combat. The Morro Castle was anchored near the fleet, and the Morro was, as usual, a lively place.

There were many accounts of the events leading up to the fleet's departure. Some said that the fleet was being prepared to attack the Spanish fleet in the Gulf of California, while others claimed that it was being sent to the Mediterranean to support the French Revolution. The officers of the fleet were busy preparing for the journey, and the men were eager to get underway.

The fleet finally set sail on the 21st of March, and the Morro Castle was the first to leave. The other ships followed, and the fleet made its way across the harbor and out to sea. The Morro Castle was the last to depart, and the fleet was seen to disappear on the horizon.

The officers of the fleet were pleased with the departure, and the men rejoiced in the prospect of new adventures. The fleet was well-prepared, and the officers were confident that they would be successful in their mission. The men were eager to see what lay ahead, and they looked forward to the days of glory that lay ahead.
Four prizes have been brought in here since the date of my last letter to you; among them was a small schooner loaded with all sorts of household furniture, of the most elegant description, boxes of female apparel &c. &c., bound from New Orleans to the Ocean Springs, Mississippi. The day after this another schooner was captured with seven persons on board, four females, one baby and two more.—

They state that the inhabitants of Louisiana and Mississippi are most of them in a wretched condition, some of them verging upon starvation; and that thousands are anxious to go North or any where under heaven so that enough could be procured to eat and wear. The young ladies, who appear to be of the better class, if education, good breeding, and fine clothes (which go a good ways, you know) are any criterion, represent that the citizens of New Orleans are making preparations for a vigorous resistance, and that the men, women, and children are arming themselves with every conceivable weapon—determined to die game.—

Refugees are coming here daily, all giving the same story. That the days of the Southern Confederacy are numbered, is a matter of no possible doubt.

The gunboat New London engaged two of the rebel gunboats, in plain sight of our camp, on Wednesday afternoon last, and drove them back to their holes, without injury to herself. Some hundred shots were fired, some of which took effect on the rebel boats, but to what extent we could not observe, the engagement being at long range.

One of our gunboats with two companies of infantry went over to Horn Island a few days ago and returned this morning, with about 200 head of beef. But such beef! The sight of the carcass was sufficient for the stomach.

It would take a dozen of them to resemble a shadow. Although a half dozen of them were brought into our Camp, none of the meat was cooked.

Day before yesterday, Capt. Gray sent in his resignation to the Adj. General, on the ground, I believe, that the service was not “active” enough, but on our receiving marching orders this morning, he promptly withdrew it and goes with us. Lieuts. Pauli and

...
The Fourth Wisconsin.

We are again permitted (says the Waukesha Freeman) to make a few extracts from a letter of Col. Bean, of the Fourth Wisconsin. This Regiment, it will be remembered, is a portion of Butler's Expedition. The letter was written prior to the attack upon New Orleans, but the details which we publish are of interest:

"We had a little affair here that is worth recounting. We sent over to Biloxi a flag of truce to carry back a little girl taken on one of the prize schooners. After they had been delivered up, the soldiers demanded Major Strong, Gen. Butler's Adjutant, in command of the flag of truce to surrender; and while he was lying on the floor, they put out with their armed row boats to take him. He had only three men with him, but putting a bold face on, he threatened to fire on them if they came near, and so the cowards were frightened and put for the shore—They then threw shell at the schooner from shore, doing, however, no damage, and the flag of truce returned safe.

"But such an insult could not, of course, go unrecognized. The General the next day sailed away with one regiment of troops, a battery of artillery, and two gunboats to chastise the Biloxians. At Biloxi they met no opposition. They destroyed the New Orleans Floating Palace, a Mobile telegraph, took the contents of the postoffice, and some valuable maps and charts, and loaded a transport with tobacco, corn, hay, &c. They also rescued on board the families of two or three Union men, who were held under arrest, and eight contrabands. The next day they sailed along the coast and lay off the night. About four o'clock in the morning they were attacked by three rebel gunboats, and after a short contest they drove the rebels off towards Lake Pontchartrain.

"The fight was visible from the Island, and a free fight it was too. We could not see the boats, but the flashes of cannon and the bursting of shells, and the continual booming of guns, put or right into the heart of the battle.

"Hardly had the rebels struck into their fast running gait, when a large steamer came up from Mobile, and was immediately boarded and taken possession of by one of our gunboats. It seems that the rebels supposed that the New London had been sunk in the contest with their gunboats off Cat Island, but we have written to you; and that he was the only boat of light draft that we had, and in consequence they had re-established their line of steamers, both of New Orleans and Mobile. The advertisements in the New Orleans papers found on board, commenced, "The New London having been sunk, &c."

"But it also further appeared by the correspondence found in the Biloxi telegraph office, that it was arranged that three gunboats were to come over and shell the Island, while the steamer made good her passage by us. But, running along with our gunboats, they were sent limping home, and their first class Mobile and New Orleans Floating Palace lies snugly in our harbor.

"Their gunboats can generally sail faster in smooth water than ours, and they draw much less water, and so can always either run away from us or run into shallow water on account."

"The forces then landed at Pass Christian, a beautiful little village of elegant residences, marched about two miles inland, met and routed a Mississippi regiment, burned up their entire camp, camp equipage and stores, and carried off one piece of artillery. After taking on some more bay, which they found in bales used for a fortification, the expedition returned.

"The whole army here is clamorous to be marched on the mainland. We think we could fight our way straight through to a General. Yours,

S. A. BRAN.

From the Fourth Regiment.

Correspondence of the Banner.

SHIP ISLAND, MISS., April 23, 1862.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Our regiment has just left this place by ship for Fort Jackson. We were left behind in camp with several other regiments of our regiment, to guard the camp, baggage, &c., and to take of the sick. None of our boys have died yet, and none are very ill.

"Let me give you a slight description of this "sand bank." The eastern end of the island is covered with tolerable heavy timber and is partly covered with a "salt marsh." There is drifted wood sticking on the trees; the height of twelve feet, showing that the island has been overflowed. The eastern end is joined to the part we are encamped on by a narrow strip of sand bar which overflows every time the tide runs high. The wharf is on the eastern side, and there is a place on the mainland, which place stand the remains of an old fort.

"The sand is perfectly white, and is what we call "quicksand," for if a person stands five minutes in a place he will be up to his knees in sand. To obtain water we have to sink a barrel on a level with the sea, and in a few minutes it will be nearly full of good pure water. We have to carry our wood four or five miles on our backs, from the eastern end of the Island.

"There is a gunboat here named the New London, but called by the rebels the "Black Devil." She has in the water, has three masts and a propeller wheel behind, and when she goes, she goes for certain. She has several large Parrott guns, and is the terror of the rebels. Her captain is a bold, daring, reckless fellow, and the crew are dutes. They capture every rebel craft they find, even to their little fishing smacks and pleasure vessels. She came in one day with fourteen schooners in tow. She takes from one to five prizes every day.

"The weather is quite warm. Blackberries are nearly ripe, and there being a few on the Island. Oysters are quite plenty; fish abundant; alligators are often taken alive and brought into camp; and wild ducks appear pretty often.

"Well, I will close this letter, and if our boys do a strike I will try and give you the interesting particulars. Letters to our boys should be addressed to Co. I, 4th Wis. Vols., Ship Island, Miss., via New York.

JOHN MKEUCKIN."

On Island, S. Mississippi, Oct. 21, 1862.

SHIP ISLAND, MISS.

SIR:—In obedience to orders we embarked on board of the steamer Mississippi on Monday last, expecting to leave for some point near New Orleans the same evening but here it is Thursday, and the steamer still remains at her anchorage off the Island, and we, "Misceaber"-like, are anxiously, or rather badly waiting for something to turn up.

Our boys are enjoying this brief respite from drill and guard duty, the more so as they have the whole ship pretty much to themselves, there being no other troops on board with the exception of a part of the 6th Massachusetts Battery.

Our provisions are cooked by steam on board and we have nothing to do but eat, sleep, and be merry. The quarter-deck is reserved for the officers—commissioned and non-commissioned—and lounging under its awning, with just enough of the sea breeze stirring to counteract the heat of a Southern sun, causes, for the moment, past hardships of a soldier's life to be forgotten. Today, soldiering is pleasant—tomorrow there may be sorrow enough. We are expecting to sail every moment.

Dr. Major's yesterday Major Strong, one of Gen. Butler's aids, went over to Biloxi, a town opposite here, in a small sail boat, with a flag of truce and was detained there some time by the rebels, who were strongly inclined to send him to New Orleans as a prisoner. Before landing the rebels fired upon the flag of truce—which is contrary to the recognized rules of civilized warfare—and refused to apologize for the act; although they released the Major, who returned here yesterday. The Major having determined to make them apologize, yesterday he took the steamer Louis (with 500 men of the 9th Connecticut and one section of the Massachusetts 6th Battery on board) to the gunboat New London, and left heretofor Biloxi, for the purpose of bombarding it, and procuring an substantial apology. Up to this time of writing the Major's little expedition has not returned, and of course there is no means of knowing what success it has met.
A moment after I penned (pencilled) the above our regiment received orders to go ashore, and quartered on the island, and I am writing this in my tent in our former encampment. We were then directed to disembark here for several good reasons. Among others that news was received here that the mortar fleet was not yet prepared to attack Fort Jackson, for the reason that all the boats of these two were not over the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi, but would be in a day or two, and that the bombardment of Fort Jackson would commence on Monday next. And, as we would not leave here until that event took place, it was deemed advisable on account of health to place us on shore.

To-morrow rations of flour will be distributed to troops for the purpose of saving the rice head, of which there is not much on the island for the coming expedition up the Mississippi. Some funny varieties of bread will be mixed in camp for the next few days we remain here.

The mail steamer Connecticut arrived here from New York a few days since, but contrary to our expectations brought no mail for our regiment. The latest news we have received from the North was the adventures of the Merrimac at Newport News, an account of which we saw in a New York Herald of the 1st instant. If the Merrimac had come out two days earlier she would have “bagged” the Constitution with two regiments besides the 4th Wisconsin, on board, which would have been a rich practical joke on us. Why a more efficient naval force was not stationed at Newport News, is a wonder, as in the narrow channel those two sailing frigates could do no possible execution excepting in two directions, as they could not change positions to take advantage of ground. And no one, while there, denied but what the Merrimac, if she came out, could destroy the Cumberland and Congress, and the camps.-Gen. Wood is not entitled to much credit for his foresight in this affair.

The clipper-ship Great Republic arrived here to-day from Boston with 3000 troops: also another large ship laden with provisions. They bring no news of a late date, and we almost despair of hearing from home or seeing another newspaper from the North.

One of the blockading fleet arrived here from the Balize to-day and reports that the mortar fleet is nearly over the bar. She brought a New Orleans Delta of the 9th in which it was stated that 75,000 persons were under arms and drilling in the city, who were unanimously desiring the acquaintance of the forces here—an acquaintance, allow me to suggest, that is undesirable to us with our present force. The people of the Gulf States are preparing to resist the Government with a determination worthy of a better cause. Let not your leaders fancy that this rebellion will be crushed in a month or a year. The many in the South who at first were actually in favor of the Union; men, who, when their homes were not in danger, were non-residentists, have now that an army is advancing on them in their seclusion, linked their lives and fortunes with their neighbors and, to-day the South presents a firm front, one of the finest things I have seen and heard of many strange events happening since I first colored this morning and buried this afternoon.

It is rumored here to-day that Gen. Butler is to be superseded by Gen. Fremont. With most every one else here I hope this rumor is true. Butler gives general dissatisfaction—for what reason, others higher in rank than your humble servant, may probably have good reasons.
know. He is accused of being a party to large contracts for army supply, and the fact that his brother is Qr. Master General to this Department, goes to heighten the truth of it. So much fault-finding and grumbling exists here — especially among the officers who are by the threat of resigning—that the men have caught the infection and one hears nothing but a continual growl from one end of our sea-girt desert to the other. There is no doubt that the military operations are often carried on, as enough to cause a regiment of angels to become cross and ungrateful, but I have by experience found that in military affairs at least, growing will not change the aspect of things. We have now to stand by the cause we are in for three years, and to obey the orders of superiors — and in the words of Banks, "let "er slide," i.e., the years.

John Jennings and Rollin Adams, of Greenbush, members of Co. C, were to-day honorably discharged from the service, which will leave here for home on the first steamer going northward. They were discharged on account of ill-health.

Ripe blackberries in April! What do you think of that? Ripe blackberries were picked here to-day. On the main island, there are bushes of them, but Butler seems to think that in the present state of the country it would be unsafe to go "berrying."

The climate here is beginning to "sweat" on the troops here. Eleven burials took place yesterday. Co. C is in good health.

Yours, &c. High Private.

O. R. Army Correspondence.

From the Fourth Regiment

On board St. Louis, Wednesday, April 8, 1863.

Dear Sir: — I presume you are now reading the Wellington Public Journal. You have certainly had it in large quantities and in a variety of styles and articles during the past ten months; but I will venture a word from this point for your old friends the Sheboygan County Volunteers are a great ways from home, amongst new and strange things. This place is directly south of Sheboygan and in a direct line something over a thousand miles distant. This land on which we have been encamped, since the 13th ult., is a patch of sand a few inches above the level of the sea. It stretches for ten miles along the Mississippi coast, and nearly parallel with it. To the north the main land is in sight one and a half miles distant. Southward six miles away is Cat Island, on which Pachutig encamped before his attempt on New Orleans in the last war. Government has chosen it as a rendezvous for Butler's Division, not because it is a safe place for an army to stop; but because the sand holds the rain that falls, and furnishes a kind of fresh water that can be used for drink.

The water, however, is growing brackish as we are obliged to sink the wells below the level of the Gulf. A long dry spell would dry up all the surface water and leave us in a bad way.

The Fourth Wisconsin has not yet been on the march. It was expected that the 60th would, but is not now to be expected in this vicinity, and I hope we shall not be called upon to do so. The Michigan 6th encamped along side of us has six poor fellows under the sand of the island; but none of them are considered dangerous. Lt. Paul, of our company, is as bad as any perhaps. He has a low fever in which the bowels are seriously implicated.

We thought two days ago he might not recover. He is better to-day, however, though not well enough to go with us if the ship sails down. Lt. Cole has been sick most of the time since coming here; but is on board and determined to go with the expedition. His trouble is with the lungs. At Newport News he caught cold.

It was expected the southern climate would be a benefit to him, on the contrary he has grown worse in that respect. It is nonsense to think of this climate as a good one for weak lungs. All who are suffering with weak lungs, or any chronic disease have grown worse here. The nights are cold and damp, so cold as to make all the covering we can get comfortable to sleep under, and so damp as to wet the tents through! The sand is a great annoyance. We breathe, eat and drink sand. It is in our eyes, ears, hair, clothes. We sleep in it. Sand is our element.

We leave of our command, Chas. Arnold, Jennings, Osterhale and Teed. None of them are dangerous, but from Fever, Rheumatism and weak lungs, are not fit for duty.

All are now beginning to realize the hardships of a soldier's life. No extras, no comforts, no money, only hard bread, salt meat, coffee, beans and rice. In the order to leave on this Expedition, we were directed to take four days cooked rations on our backs, no tents, no transportation; officers to carry rations, blankets, everything on their backs. The Field and Staff are allowed no horses, poor fellows! — They must go on foot and carry knapsacks! My knapsack weighs forty pounds! But even this is much more pleasant for all, than to lie still longer waiting for something to turn up. We have waited so long to see the enemy, that a chance to look him in the face even under the worst circumstances is hailed with delight.

Our destination is not made known, but it is expected we are going to join the 6th Illinois at the mouth of the Mississippi River, and to the east the Mortar Fleet succeeds in taking the forts there, we are to get them.

So there is no prospect yet of a battle. We are on board ship waiting to hear from the Fleet. If the news is good, we go, if not, we disembark, and then Heaven only knows what awaits us. Indeed it is hard to see what this army of Butler's is designed to do. It is not strong enough to take New Orleans, and if the army from the north gets there they will not need our help. Fifteen thousand men, whatever may be said about it cannot take that city with 75,000 men under arms in it. Possibly the city may be scared into a surrender.

Should Porter's Mortar Fleet anchor before it and threaten a bombardment, I have no idea they would suffer that to be done, but the Fleet is one hundred miles from the city at Fort Jackson, and it is not by that important obstacle yet.

The friends of our soldiers here must expect that if we are called to pass the summer in these latitudes even should we fight no battles, we shall go home with our ranks frightfully thinned. Company C has so far been very fortunate in regard to health. We have lost but two, poor Rubia and Johnson (Nathan Cole and Higgins are left at Newport News.)

I do not expect Higgins will join us again. His lungs are worn out. I made arrangements with the Surgeon there to send him home if he feels well enough to go. I hope we shall not be exposed to the vicissitudes of this climate till August. Everything that can be done for the health of the troops will be attended to.

The prospect for a fight grows beautifully less every day. Lying on sand bars, and garrisoning forts is the most active service we can expect in this Department. This may be fine work for some, but it is not what the Western troops left home for. Most of the New England soldiers here look as if they were satisfied with it.
and doing well. It is no doubt a pleasant thing for Gen. Butler, whose brother has the control of the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments. They will make a fortune out of it, and if the less the troops do the more they will make. I had made my mind up to resign, and either find an active place, or quit the service. But when the order came to embark, it looked so much Ple work that I wrote a note to Headquarters withdrawing my resignation. But if we are returned to the Island, I shall renew it. The climate has such an effect upon my health, that a short time more of inactivity will render me totally unfit for duty.

April 4th.—At noon to-day we were ordered to disembark, and to-night we have again encamped upon the sand. The King of France wishes for five thousand men, Marched up the hill and down — marched down again.

These two lines express the operations of our regiment since leaving Racine. We are entirely discouraged, and to finish off our patience, notice was given to-day that no more bread, hard or soft, would be issued! Think of these men mixing bread in this sand without a dish to mix it in, or anything even a pan, in which to bake it.

It will sicken you to learn the reason given for our failure to have. Last night dispatches received from the Mortar Fleet gave the information that our steamers after getting into the mouth of the River found out they could not go up to Port Jackson, twenty-two miles, because they were all out of coal! This kind of management does not show brains enough to run a "one horse" course. There are now lying here waiting for the Fleet from twenty-five to forty vessels of various sizes, for some of them Government pays $1,500 per day. This expedition has already cost the country twenty-five millions. It has done nothing yet, and I predict it will do nothing. It is too weak to accomplish anything of importance, and too strong for a mere army of observation.

J. P. McClain is improving, and promises to report for duty in a few days. Our excellent surgeons have salivated him, which is, perhaps a "good thing," but he can't see it. Just as we were leaving the ship to-day, I heard Sharpe ask one of the boys if he could tell him where he could find a piece of Basswood; he wanted it, he said, to make a General of!

The boys promise, if I resign, to elect for Lieutenant the man who has a wife and children at home who need his care most, and as soon as he can do so, have him resign, and so continue doing till all the married men are released.

We have had no mail since coming here! A regular mail boat came three days ago. It brought three letters for our Company, and not a paper! That is pleasant, very, after having been without mail for a month.

April 5th.—This has been a great day in Ship Island. Five Ships and one Steamer have arrived, all from fifteen to thirty days out. They bring troops, horses, provisions, Boston papers to the 18th ult., but no mail. All the troops for this division are now here.

The expedition to Bolcoxi—a place twelve miles distant on the main land, which left two days since, returned last night. The gunboats captured a steamer loaded with 1,000 barrels of Turpentine. The Infantry and Artillery landed, engaged a Mississippi Regiment, drove them off into the woods, took three prisoners, killed nobody that anybody knows of, captured an old carrousel, nearly eaten up with rust, brought off an old rag that they got a flag, and returned without the loss of a man. When you get this in the New York Herald, I have no doubt it will be magnified into a great battle and victory, with three or four heroes as a front-piece. But the fact is, it amounted to just nothing at all except the steamboat and turpentine, and these gunboats could have taken much more easily had not the troops been along and in the way.

We are all delighted to hear such good news of Bermuda, of McCullough, and of Hallock. It is morally certain if New Orleans is taken it will be done by an advance from the north. We have late papers from there which claim they now have 75,000 men in arms, the Custom House burned into, Fort, guns mounted on every house that will sustain them, that they are casting their Church bells into cannon, barricading the streets, and getting every man in the city into fighting order. That city is preparing to become the last stronghold of the Rebellion. After all their work, the climate will prove their best defence. Please read your papers, and have faith that we shall get them sometime during the summer.

Very truly yours,
E. B. Gray,
Military Correspondence.

Butler's Expedition, 3d Brigade.
The Fourth Wisconsin Regiment is here, and Capt. Paine met all over the island for his kindness to, and the care he takes of his men.

FROM THE FOURTH REGIMENT.

Correspondence of the Journal.

SHIP ISLAND, April 11, 1862.

FRIEND MILLS: Major Strong, of Gen. Butler's staff, said this morning that we should probably leave here to-morrow or next day, and I thought you would like to hear from our boys once again before we left for an "unknown country."

Yesterday afternoon the whole of the force on the island, including infantry, artillery and cavalry, amounting in all to 16,000 men, was received by Major General Butler and staff.

The soldiers were dressed in their best suit, and when the whole column was in motion it presented a warlike and formidable appearance. The Fourth Wisconsin sustained its reputation as a superior drilled and fine appearing regiment, and was highly praised by the General.

A late (old) New York paper brings us Lincoln's proclamation in regard to the emancipation of slaves, which appears to be quite a popular measure among the troops here. It undoubtedly cannot but be popular with the entire North. I also observe that a certain class of politicians in the North are endeavoring to make the people believe that McClellan is no soldier, and unpopular with the Army.

That game won't win. I have seen and been among thousands and thousands of our soldiers, and never heard a word of complaint against him, but on the contrary from Generals down to privates, all reposed unbounded confidence in him. I think it has required more courage and generalship to keep back the army of the Potomac for the last few months, than it would have taken to make an advance and fought a dozen battles. McClellan has the confidence of his fellow soldiers, who are risking life, everything, in this contest, and little will he reck the little talk of the "Home Guards," who are too cowardly to go to the wars, but sit around bar rooms and waste their breath.

The resignation of Capt. E. B. Gray, of Co. C. (Sheb. Co. Vol.), has been accepted, and he leaves here for Wisconsin on the first steamer. The following paper was signed unanimously by the officers and privates of his Company. It speaks for itself:

SHIP ISLAND, April 8th 1862.

The undersigned, officers and soldiers of Company C, 4th Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers, learning with sincere regret that Captain Edmund B. Cole has resigned the command of the company, hereby express themselves as satisfied that he has continued in the service as long as his health will permit or his duty demands.

He has ever been to them not only an active, able, and efficient officer, but a kind friend and a true gentleman.—Wherever he goes he has their best wishes for his prosperity and happiness.

Lieut. Cole handed in his resignation.
this evening, which will probably be
accepted. Gen. Butler has given no-
tice to both officers, and soldiers in this
department, that the expedition upon
which we are about to start will be full
of hardships of the severest nature, and
advises officers who think they are not
able to go, to resign and surgeons to
discharge all debilitated soldiers.—
Luit. Cole resigns on account of ill-
health.

A soldier’s life is one which shows
the stuff men are made of. This regi-
ment left Racine last July with 1040
healthy, rugged, men. To-day it can
muster only about 600 to do battle.—
The deaths, discharges, desertions, and
the present sick have reduced it to this
number.

The wind is blowing a gale, and in
consequence we shall not be able to
embark to-morrow as we expected.—
Our regiment goes on board the clip-
pership Great Republic.

Another rebel steamer, with a cargo
of cotton was captured yesterday near
Pass Christian.

Company C has only one in the
Hospital at present.

Yours, in haste. HIGH PRIVATE.

SHIP ISLAND April 13, 1862.

FRIEND MILLS:—This evening we
received orders to embark on board of
vessels to morrow morning at 10 o’clock. Our destination is towards
New Orleans. There is no discount on
our going this time, While I write
the bands of the different regiments are
out discoursing patriotic music, and
the shunting of soldiers is uproarious
in consequence of the good news. No
matter where we are bound, any place
in preference to this God-forsaken
sand bar.

Nothing has occurred worth writing
about since mine of the last date. Day
before yesterday the day after the
storm, small boats, spars, &c., were seen
floating on the gulf, evidences of the
wreck of some large vessel the night
previous. One of the boats was picked
up by one of our gunboats with one
person in it, but strange to say no in-
formation of the disaster is allowed to
be made known to the troops. Some-
thing serious has evidently occurred
I am unable to conjecture what it is.

The night of the storm three men of
the 31st Mass. Vols. were instantly
killed by lightning, and three more
seriously injured.

A prize was brought in to day with
$20,000 worth of sugar on board.

The correspondent of the New York
Herald, who has just returned from
the vicinity of the rebel works below
New Orleans, says that the route to
that city, from his observations, is rather
a hard road to travel. Fort Jackson
he reports as another Sumter, and
that directly across from that is Fort
Phillip, and that a large chain is
stretched across the river between the
forts, which every few rods is fastened
to an anchored raft, so that if it is broken
in one place, it will only destroy a small
portion of it. Twenty-five gunboats
seese were seen above the fort. Only
one of these forts can be reached by a
land force and it would be necessary to
march and fight in a cramped fight to get
at that. Rather a promising opening for
us—over the left.

Capt. Gray and Luit. Cole have not
had an opportunity of leaving yet, but
will go the first steamer.

The following promotions have taken
place in Company C. 1st Lieutenant
Pascal Pauli, to be Captain; 1st Ser-
geant Durgin, to be 1st Lieutenant; 2d
Sergeant Wintermyer, to be 2d Lieu-
tenant. Their names have been re-
commended to the Governor of Wis-
cconsin for commission.

Will write as soon as something
turns up. In haste,

HIGH PRIVATE.

P. S. I have just learned that Gen.
Butler has not permitted a letter or
individual to leave the island since his
arrival here. So if you do not get my
other letters before this, as the Irish-
man would have it, please let us know.

From the Fourth Regiment

SHIP ISLAND, Gulf of Mexico, April 12.

EDITORS BANNER:—Two weeks ago to-
day we got orders to cook four days rations,
ready to leave the next morning. We went
abroad the Mississippi Sunday morning, ex-
pecting to leave just as soon as we got on
board. Gen. Butler was going on the same
boat. He took us for his body guard.

After staying on board long enough to eat up
our four days’ rations, we were ordered back
on the Island again, to await further orders.

It was with heavy hearts that we landed
and marched back to our tents again, which
had been left standing while we were away
in charge of some of the sick; for this san-
dy Island is not very inviting to those who
have been used to rambling over the bluffs
and prairies of Wisconsin.

Last Tuesday we got orders again to hold
ourselves in readiness to leave at any mo-
ment. That afternoon we had a grand re-
view by Gen. Butler. There were fifteen
thousand on review. When the line was
formed it was about four miles long. There
were three brigades. The first under Gen.
Phelps, secon under Gen. Williams, third
under Gen.----

The whole force on the island is estimated at twenty thousand men.
It is very unhealthy. Some one dies here
nearly every day. We have lost four men
since we landed here—three of them died
in one day. Fifteen thousand expect to
leave every day. Each regiment is furnished
with 12 scaling ladders for scaling walls.

We had a very heavy storm here yesterday
and last night. The wind blew very hard
from the south east. If it had kept up all
day to-day we should have been drowned
out. The water has been eight feet over the
island. The Black River boys are all well.
We have had no mail yet. I will write
again as quick as we make a move.

From Thos. W. White.

A letter from N. J. White, (son of
Esquire White of down the road—both
of whom are well known all over this
county,) dated Ship Island, April 13th,
says:

* * * * "I presume you have expe-
der a letter from me long ere this, but this is the
first opportunity I have had to get a letter to
the States and the probabilities are that were
the authorities to get hold of it, they would
never be any wiser for it, nor you either;
still as our old friend, Mr. Harriason has re-
ceived his discharge and is to go home for
home day after to-morrow, and has promised to
be all in his power to smuggle this through with
him—I think I’ll take this opportunity
as she flies !

I will commence by telling you to write as
often as once a week, and I will write as of-
ten as there is any possible show for a letter
reach to you. 2nd, you probably remember
my telling you that we were to embark on
board the steam-ship Constitution. March 11th,
left Newport News the morning of the 8th,
and in going to Fortress Monroe we were fin-
ished five times by the rebels, who had a forti-
fication on Pigs Point. Two shots passed
over the boat, one shell short about sixty rods, the
other two well short nearly a mile, and we should
judge. With the exception of this "little
battle" and a little sea-sickness, everything went
off smoothly, and we arrived on this
sand-bar the 13th.

I have been sick; I was taken the 9th and
have not done any better. The doctor
told me to-day that he didn’t think me live
for three days; but I am now nearly recov-
ered. I have been so sick as to be around for over
one week, and at present feel like first rate. Our
regiment has received orders to-morrow to embar-
kon tomorrow morning at 10 o’clock. Prob-
ably our place of destination is the mouth of
the Mississippi river, for the New York

By the following extract from a letter written on board Frigate Colorado, at South West Pass, April 23d, to the Manitowoc Herald, it will be seen that Capt. Gray and Lieut. Cole, of Co. C, have positively resigned. It has been all along stated that Capt. Gray was "spilling for a fight," but as soon as he ascertained there was a prospect of having to fight, his patriotism ceased at his fingers' ends, and he resigned. Lying around loose in the vicinity of large cities, at a salary of $120 per month, is very fine; but fighting and suffering privation are quite different and not to be endured.

There is a number of these fair weather soldiers on the Republican side. What a howl of indignation would go up if a Democratic officer accepted his position in such an unsoldierly manner:

"A few days before sailing an order was received directing all soldiers who were unable to sustain the greatest privations to be discharged. Under that order nearly 30 of the 400 in the Division were discharged. Among them was our friend Robert Robinson, belonging to the band, who will be at home soon. I almost envy him! It was curious to observe the number of commissioned officers, who, having on almost a pension establishment, seriously considered their country for a year, and, drawn therefrom some $100,000, now discover a peculiar inability to proceed, and a decided inclination to get out! You recollect the story told of Fred Horn—how the track got too fresh? I never knew its origin. I am ready to reply for you, no. But lo! my story—

"The ship was crowded from stem to stern, and we were packed in worse than transporting 'niggers,' and for the first two or three days we had nothing to eat but salt beef (the boys called it salt horse), and hard bread. Just for a moment I imagine yourself 'tween decks of a ship, in a hot night with only a small part of both to keep the air, and wonder if you could sleep? I will reply for you, no. But to my story.

"We arrived at this pass on the evening of Friday, April 16th, when we dropped anchor, expecting to go over the bar during high tide, which was at 12 o'clock that night, but Saturday came and passed, and still we lay here, and did Sunday and Monday, and no more prospect of getting us off the 'prison' (for I had rather have been in a cell in St. Croix County Jail) than when we arrived here. Tuesday came, and with it some hope; about noon two steamers came down the river and hatched on to us, with the intention of towing us over the bar, but in this they failed, for when about half way over the ship grounded, and thus our hopes were dashed again. But they soon came to the sensible conclusion that we could go no further without being made to draw a full water. So our regiment was ordered to be transported to this ship. This was attempted by landing a small escadron along side but the wind was so hard that they were forced to transfer them in small boats, which was such a slow method that we did not all get on until this morning.

"I was glad of an opportunity to see the interior of a man-of-war. It is almost worth a trip from Hudson to New York to see it. On first coming on to the ship I was struck with the neatness of the decks and everything, about in, and the men. I saw the more I admired the neatness with which everything was conducted. The decks are as white as your kitchen floor, and the brass-work about the boats as bright as can be made. She is two hundred and twelve feet long, and three thousand five hundred tons burden. She mounts fifty-four guns—some very heavy ones—one last, but not least, is her crew; which is six hundred, and a company of the regiment we have just come from is sent to the navy. They have acted like brothers ever since we came on board, and have done everything in their power to make us at home. Just as I have written this a sailor came up and gave me large piece of rye-bread, which I relished more than anything I have had since I have been in the army.

"I forget to mention to you about our coming to anchor in the Old Mississippian, and the delight which we expressed in coming in sight of it. It seemed as though we were nearing home, and cheer after cheer went up for the 'Father of Waters,' and as we drank the water, we wondered if we were not drinking the same water that once flowed in the beautiful St. Croix. While on the 'Great Republic' we were only allowed one-half pint of water daily, and that had been on the ship six months, and "was enough to knock a man down to smell of it.""
matters, I will let you know how the move up the Mississippi somewhere "Guards" get along, which I know will near New Orleans. What the pro-
interest you all, and more so than I tell gramme will then be, of course, I am un
you that not a man is sick. They are able to inform you.
the healthiest Company in the regiment. The scene of the engagement is not
Fred. Lebou was discharged while on visible to us, but the very ocean tre-
Ship Island, and I suppose as this reach, lies with cannading. At night we
as you he will be in Hudson. He felt can plainly distinguish the flashing of
every bad to leave the Company. About the guns, and the bursting shells. The
fifty men were discharged before we left.
We expect orders every day for the day fight, I can tell you. There is
charge of the bands in this division, but
as I have told you before the will
no difference with me, as I shall go back
into the company. * * * For the information of those who have
friends in the Company, tell them that
they are well. You must not expect let-
ters from us often. CHARLIE.

FROM THE FOURTH REGIMENT.

Correspondence of the Journal.
On Board the U. S. Steamer Flomly Col. K.
End South West Pass, Miss., April 23.

FRIEND MILL—On the 15th ultimo,
Butler's Expedition left for the mouth
of the Mississippi, to set in concert
with the naval force in reducing forts
Jackson and St. Phillips, which are
situated on the Mississippi, and about
25 miles from its mouth. The infantry
force which left Ship Island amounted
to about 10,000 men. The 4th. She carries 60 guns and has a crew of
Wis., the 8th Michigan, and 21st Indi. 700 men, all told. Everything about
the above result.

The Colorado is one of the finest
situated on the Mississippi, and about
steam frigates in our navy. She is of
25 miles from its mouth. The infantry
force which left Ship Island amounted
to about 10,000 men. The 4th. She carries 60 guns and has a crew of
Wis., the 8th Michigan, and 21st Indi. 700 men, all told. Everything about
the above result.

The Colorado is one of the finest
situated on the Mississippi, and about
steam frigates in our navy. She is of
25 miles from its mouth. The infantry
force which left Ship Island amounted
to about 10,000 men. The 4th. She carries 60 guns and has a crew of
Wis., the 8th Michigan, and 21st Indi. 700 men, all told. Everything about
the above result.

The Colorado is one of the finest
situated on the Mississippi, and about
steam frigates in our navy. She is of
25 miles from its mouth. The infantry
force which left Ship Island amounted
to about 10,000 men. The 4th. She carries 60 guns and has a crew of
Wis., the 8th Michigan, and 21st Indi. 700 men, all told. Everything about
the above result.

The Colorado is one of the finest
situated on the Mississippi, and about
steam frigates in our navy. She is of
25 miles from its mouth. The infantry
force which left Ship Island amounted
to about 10,000 men. The 4th. She carries 60 guns and has a crew of
Wis., the 8th Michigan, and 21st Indi. 700 men, all told. Everything about
the above result.

The Colorado is one of the finest
situated on the Mississippi, and about
steam frigates in our navy. She is of
25 miles from its mouth. The infantry
force which left Ship Island amounted
to about 10,000 men. The 4th. She carries 60 guns and has a crew of
Wis., the 8th Michigan, and 21st Indi. 700 men, all told. Everything about
the above result.

The Colorado is one of the finest
situated on the Mississippi, and about
steam frigates in our navy. She is of
25 miles from its mouth. The infantry
force which left Ship Island amounted
to about 10,000 men. The 4th. She carries 60 guns and has a crew of
Wis., the 8th Michigan, and 21st Indi. 700 men, all told. Everything about
the above result.

The Colorado is one of the finest
situated on the Mississippi, and about
steam frigates in our navy. She is of
25 miles from its mouth. The infantry
force which left Ship Island amounted
to about 10,000 men. The 4th. She carries 60 guns and has a crew of
Wis., the 8th Michigan, and 21st Indi. 700 men, all told. Everything about
the above result.

The Colorado is one of the finest
situated on the Mississippi, and about
steam frigates in our navy. She is of
25 miles from its mouth. The infantry
force which left Ship Island amounted
to about 10,000 men. The 4th. She carries 60 guns and has a crew of
Wis., the 8th Michigan, and 21st Indi. 700 men, all told. Everything about
the above result.
FROM THE WISCONSIN FOURTH

Sufferings of the Regiment—Near New Orleans.

Correspondence of the Envoy.

On Board Frigate Colorado, North-West Pass of Mississippi, Apr. 23d, 1862.

Editor Sentinel:—I have had little or no opportunity of writing to you for many days, and what I may now write will be as short as possible. We have been out ever since the 17th inst., three times or oftener we have anchored thickly on her decks, with few or no arrangements for comfort or subsistence even. Gen. Butler and New Orleans troops preceded us, reaching the Pass and safely crossing the bar the day after us. We, the Northwestern troops, Sixth Michigan and Thirty-first Indiana, reached the place at about the same hour. The scene is so grand and magnificent as to make one forget the hardships of our march. We had Gen. Williams and Staff on board, immediately toward New Orleans. We cannot avert the gloom and distress, they are so careful for their own luxurious ease. There are no measures or rank in rank more the same men who thought and act as much of men under their command, as of speculating out of the expeditions, and of the means furnished by the government for their use.

A sad story of wrong and outrage is to be related by these days, and of which it shall be told that had better be kept right straight into perdition, than attempt to show the induced indignation they have created.

In passing, I cannot think of the Great Republic in its present miseries could be anything for forty-eight hours anywhere within the reached of New Orleans, the city of our immediate necessaries. This is not the occasion to talk of the indignation they have created. In speaking of the wrongs which are growing, I wish to cast my thoughts upon the necessity of our emigration, the necessary course of men, out of which the wrongs inflicted upon our volunteer soldiery—wrongeous which are growing out manhood, patriotism, hope, and even life itself. From the hour we were recklessly exposed to the guns at Sewall's Point, until we set foot on the decks of the Great Republic, the Fourth Wisconsin has been subjected to ill-treatment for which there can be no name. A dozen battles could not have so maimed or wrecked this fine regiment. Our coming on board this ship is like the transition from slavery to freedom, or a black man's soul to a rejoicing heart. I cannot close this paragraph without expressing the very great obligation.

Editors Banner:—We left Ship Island on the 17th, on board the Great Republic. We went aboard the 15th. It took two days to get the whole expedition ready to leave. It was composed of the 8th and 9th Conn., 29th and 31st Mass., 6th Mich., and 4th Indiana Regiments. The v^ last, with the 4th Wis. Regiment, went aboard the Great Republic. We are to be landed away like boxes of dry goods, to get us all aboard. To be crowded together in that shape a warm climate like this is not at all inviting; and to make the matter worse, the ship was nearly out of water. What she had got had been aboard two months. Each man had one pint allowed him each day. We were one half day's running from the island to the South-West Pass of the Mississippi. The wind was ahead, so they had to tow us all the way with the gunboat Jackson. When we arrived here the rest of the boats had crossed the bar, but there was not enough water on the bar to take the Republic over; so we had to anchor and await further orders.

Porter's mortar fleet is shelling Forts Jackson and St. Philip. They commenced the bombardment last 18th (b)'morning, and have been shelling them every day since then. Yesterday we got orders to run over the bar or stick it. The consequence was we got stuck on the bar, and had to be taken off on other vessels before she could be got off. The 4th Wis. was taken in small boats and put aboard the Colorado. She is now off from the bar and anchored in her old position.

Black Day, April 29th.

After an engagement of one week at the forts orders came down that we should reembark on the Republic, and, with the rest of the infantry, run around in Black Day, in the rear of Fort St. Philip, and land to cooperate with the fleet. Yesterday part of the troops were landed. This morning intelligence came that the forts surrendered yesterday, so we were ordered back again to the mouth of the Mississippi.

New Orleans, May 3d.

New Orleans is ours. We took possession of it the 1st. The 4th Regiment was one of the first that landed. We are now quartered in the Custom House. The rebels have been using it for an arsenal. They had several cannon in the street in front of it, which they destroyed before we landed. When the gunboats first arrived there were several rebel regiments here, but before they gave up the city they withdrew their troops. The mob at first refused to give up the city, but before we landed they either dispersed or surrendered to some other part of the place.

It is generally believed that we shall have considerable trouble with them. Last night the 4th Regiment was marched around to the St. Charles Hotel, where we were kept on guard until midnight. While our band was on the piazza of the hotel playing we could hear men hurrauhing for Jeff Davis.

One man came up very close to the Colonel and shouted, and then started to run away, but our Colonel caught him. We have to be under arms most of the time. The guards have very strict orders if any man insults them in any way they must call for the fire, and if he tries to run away the bayonet through him. On the way up from the mouth of the river we saw plenty of women wearing their handkerchiefs, but no men.

Thus by the loss of a very few lives we have in our possession the empire of the southwest. The forts were considered impregnable by any force we could bring against them. But they are ours now, and the most important city in the South with them. It is certainly one of the greatest achievements of the war. Gen. Butler issued his proclamation this morning. The Black River boys are all well.

AFFAIRS IN NEW ORLEANS.

NARRATIVE OF AN ESCAPED UNIONIST.

(From the New York Herald. April 26)

We learned the following upon the arrival of a gentleman in this city who occu-
The militia in New Orleans, with the First and Second brigades, amount, in the aggregate, to twenty thousand, the majority being Germans, who have been known to say that they will not fight. On a second refusal to drill they are declared "aliens," and confined to prison during the continuance of the war. The stores throughout the city are closed every afternoon, in order to afford ample time for drilling the men.

Unionists.

One poor old man, a carpenter by trade, who has a wife and five children, has been confined in the parish prison for saying "Abe Lincoln was a better man than Jeff Davis." Another was confined three months because he said Jeff Davis was a "political scoundrel and thief," and denounced the Southern Confederacy generally. When people are arrested they get no trial, but an examination before Mayor Monroe, who sends them to prison during the war.

The 4th furnace was set up, and armed with the command of the Department of Louisiana.

The 4th Furn (Union) Prisoners.

Four hundred and eighty of the prisoners taken at Bull Run and Manassas were brought to New Orleans and incarcerated in the parish prison. They were escorted through the city by a regiment of darkies, under command of "Old Jordan," who was at the battle of New Orleans under Gen. Jackson. These prisoners were placed sixteen in each cell, with one miserable blanket each. They were served with two scant meals a day, and were covered with vermin.

The 4th Regiment at New Orleans.

Capt. Gray, of Whittier, who has resigned in the 4th regiment, and has just returned from New Orleans, reports that about 3000 men of the regiment were taken to Ship Island. Of these, 34 have been discharged sick and sent home. Nearly 100 were left on the Island, and out of 75 who went with the regiment to New Orleans, were unfit for duty. In drilling, the men would often fall down from dizziness caused by blindness.

The location at Ship Island was unfavorable to health. About 15,000 men were crowded on a narrow strip of land, where the beach was lined with offal from the camp and decaying fish from the sea, the days were excessively warm and the nights chilly and moist soaking everything.

Col. Paine of the Fourth Wisconsin had the oldest commission and was entitled to the command of a brigade, but Colonel Shelley was given the position. The other brigadiers were Gen. Field of Vermont, and Gen. Williams of North Carolina, the latter formerly Gen. Scott's staff.

The Butler family is well taken care of. The General's brother-in-law is "Post Butler," get all his supplies, without paying freight, as Quartermaster stores, and makes enormous profits. Butler's brother is acting Quartermaster and Commissary. Another brother-in-law is Post Master, and cousins, with other relatives and bosom friends, have about all the other places that pay. When Capt. Gray left, the Fourth had nearly four months' pay due them.

From the 4th Wisconsin Regiment and Gen. Butler's Army.

It gave us pleasure last evening to take by the hand, Capt. Gray, of Whittier, recently from the 4th Wisconsin Regiment. He left Ship Island on the 2ist of April, having resigned because of sickness, and inability to procure a leave of absence. He was seriously ill with dysentery and bilious complaints. The voyage did him good, but he is not yet by any means well. He expected to enter service again at the earliest opportunity, regarding his resign-
nation rather as a means of getting a temporary leave of absence, but on arriving here he finds an order from the War Department which cuts off resigned officers from subsequent commissions.

As to the condition of the 4th, he reports that about 900 men were taken to Ship Island. Of these, 84 have been discharged sick and sent home. Nearly 100 were left ill on the island, and some 75 who went with the regiment to New Orleans, were unfit for duty. In drilling, the men often fell down from dizziness caused by biliousness.

The location was by no means favorable to health. With a tropical sun by day, and chilly nights, in which everything was soaked with moisture, with 10,000 men crowded on a narrow strip of sand; with the beach lined with offal from the camp and decaying jelly-fish from the sea; with the water far from good; and the rations of such hard quality as Capt. Gray brings specimens of, and no vegetables, it is a wonder that more were not lost. It is not likely, now that the regiment has left this desolate spot, that they will cherish very fond recollections thereof. Such camp life is more disheartening and truly more destructive of life than a battle in which a regiment is "badly cut up." The boys were anxious for active service. When Capt. Gray left, the 4th had nearly four months' pay due them. Having been assured by Gen. Butler when they left New Orleans—two months' pay then due them—that they would be paid on their arrival at Ship Island, the officers and men sent home all their money and suffered greatly in consequence of Jack of means.

The three western regiments do not have a particularly happy time of it. In a division composed mostly of eastern men, and under the command of an eastern general, they are treated as of small account. Col. Pyne, of the 4th Wisconsin, is an able officer and has the oldest commission, thereby being entitled to the command of a brigade; but it was given to a junior Colonel—Sherley, of Maine, who, however, a good officer and splendid man. Gen. Phelps and Williams command the other two brigades. The latter is a native of North Carolina, and was for many years on Gen. Scott's staff. The Fourth Wisconsin is in his brigade.

Of Gen. Pyne, we hear, that he is extremely well liked, and the whole Division would follow him anywhere, or do anything for him. Despite his, foppish, proclamations, and a grace manner on parade—with more prudence than pleasant—he makes an excellent officer, and always seems full of ideas and plans on no repellant airs when off duty. He has been in the army twenty years, and understands the tactics, in which he schools his officers thoroughly. He is so very honest that he takes from the Government none of the emoluments supposed to belong to his position—receiving only his monthly pay as Brigadier, and one ration daily.

We judge, that the Butler family are making "a good thing" of the expedition. The General's brother-in-law is "Post Master," gets all his supplies, without paying freight, as Quartermaster stores, and makes enormous profits. Butler's brother is acting Quartermaster and Commissary. Another brother-in-law is Post Master, and cousins, with other relatives and bosom friends, have about all the other places that pay.

If the whole truth was known, we judge from what we hear, that as much "found an corruption" could be found in the Gulf Department as has been charged to Fremont or any other man."

Letters from the 4th state, that in their march through New Orleans to their quarters in the Post Office and Custom House, they were reviled and spit upon by the women and others. They were not allowed to use their arms or resent these insults in any way.

BAD NEWS OF ADJUTANT ALDRICH.—We regret to hear from Capt. Gray, that Adjudant Aldrich, of the Fourth Regiment—who is well remembered by many friends here—has been brought to the borders of the grave by consumption. The disease was developed, it not induced, by the hardships and arduous labors of that famed campaign on the "eastern shore" of Maryland and Virginia, last November. Soon after the return of the regiment he was attacked with bleeding of the lungs, and being granted leave of absence, went to the Relay House and then to Washington, in hope of regaining his health. Thinking himself cured, he followed the Regiment to New Orleans, and when it was ordered south determined to accompany it. Some of his brother officers doubting whether it was best, examination was made by Surgeon Buxton, who gave his opinion that the voyage might do him good.

Arrived at Ship Island, the effect of the horrible dampness of the nights, saturating tents, clothing and even the flesh itself, with water, and the hot days following, with the foil soon, proved that continuation was sure and speedily death. Obtaining leave of absence he went on board vessels in the harbor, to await transportation home. It was 25 days before he could get away. Meanwhile the U. S. Mail steamer, Connecticut, was there and left for the North, but the Captain refused to take his trunk, and ordered, which if he had done, he might have been able to reach his father's house. At last he left on the sailing vessel Undaunted, which was crowded with some 400 returning men, and was 24 days in reaching Boston. Aldrich, though quite low, was comfortable still near Boston, when he began to fail rapidly. He was carried by friends over the ship's side, at Boston—being weighing less than 80 pounds—and taken to a hotel, on the 14th of May. Three days later Capt. Gray left him in his father's care, and he died, in the twist weak that he could say "good-bye" only in a whisper, and could not raise his hand for a farewell shake.

Those who remember with what alacrity young Aldrich volunteered for the war last spring, leaving a young bride and a good business, will be painest to hear that he thus early fallen a sacrifice.

Captain Gray says Aldrich made an excellent officer, and was very much liked. He and Lieutenant Otis Pohemes, of the 19th, who was for some time Clerk in the Adjutant's Department of the 4th Regiment, and was quite intimate with Aldrich, both speak in the highest terms of him and his patience under sickness and other trials.

DIED IN THE SERVICE OF THE COUNTRY.—About 16 months since, Capt. 1st M. Bean left this village in command of 100 men, to join the Union army on the Peoria, and for the protection of the National Capital from the assaults of the rebels. Among the number who was the first to fall was a printer, named Isaac J. Wool, an Irishman by birth, but an American by adoption. Although quiet and unobtrusive in his walk and deportment, he was a man of warm and noble impulses—kindly and generous to a fault—and ever ready to sacrifice his own interests if he could thereby benefit a friend. Perhaps few men have left the State to endure the perils and fatigue of camp life, who in the limited circle of their acquaintance, had better or warmer friends. Nature had lavished upon him, perhaps, the most peculiar endowment the passer of worldly goods—but she had conferred upon him, that which is better, a good and kindly heart. That qualities he carried with him into the army, and there as here, gave him the respect and love of his comrades. In the camp, on picket duty, falling in the trenches, or fighting the foe, he performed all his duties well, and without a murmur. He fought not for pay, but from principle—firmly impressed with the belief that this is the best and noblest government that ever existed, and that it is the duty of every man to offer his fortune, life and everything that he has, in its defense.

ISAAC WOOD IS DEAD! For many weeks he was a sufferer from scrobbie fever, and although he received much attention at the camp and the hospital afforded, his complaint seemed to grow worse, and there was little or any hope of recovery. We are without particulars of his death, but we know that he died bravely and fearlessly, with a firm hope and reliance in the justice of our cause, and of its ultimate triumph. Long will it be ere his comrades cease to drop a tear to his mem
Editors Sentinel:—I write you yesterday concerning the occupation of this city by the United States forces under Gen. Butler at the same time detailing briefly some of the events that will to this end. The story of the bombardment of the Gulf has been crowded with glorious success. What coming events may make it we, of course, cannot say. Nevertheless, the possession of the Mississippi, and its free and unobstructed navigation at least for some time, may hope for all time. It remains to be seen. But to hold those points, and maintain their independence, is not yet fought out, and as many great battles have been fought against massive power and triumph, so may they yet gain their liberties. Say they:

It is a moral and physical impossibility that we can be conquered. Let us but be true to ourselves and our cause—never tiring, never despairing—but rising Lion-like with renewed vigor from every fall, and we shall yet be rewarded with success. Above all, we should not crush down the spirit and the energies of the people, nor use all the facilities mental and physical, that God has given us, by the blood of our forebears, with limited means and under many disadvantages. We have been successful in resisting the foes of the United States for a long time and are not yet fought out, and as many great victories have been fought against massive power and triumph, so they may yet gain their liberties. Say they:

The citizens of New Orleans, May 3, 1862.

AB.

Editor Sentinel:—I write you yesterday concerning the occupation of this city by the United States forces under Gen. Butler at the same time detailing briefly some of the events that will to this end. The story of the bombardment of the Gulf has been crowded with glorious success. What coming events may make it we, of course, cannot say. Nevertheless, the possession of the Mississippi, and its free and unobstructed navigation at least for some time, may hope for all time. It remains to be seen. But to hold those points, and maintain their independence, is not yet fought out, and as many great battles have been fought against massive power and triumph, so may they yet gain their liberties. Say they:

It is a moral and physical impossibility that we can be conquered. Let us but be true to ourselves and our cause—never tiring, never despairing—but rising Lion-like with renewed vigor from every fall, and we shall yet be rewarded with success. Above all, we should not crush down the spirit and the energies of the people, nor use all the facilities mental and physical, that God has given us, by the blood of our forebears, with limited means and under many disadvantages. We have been successful in resisting the foes of the United States for a long time and are not yet fought out, and as many great victories have been fought against massive power and triumph, so they may yet gain their liberties. Say they:

The citizens of New Orleans, May 3, 1862.

AB.

From the Fourth Regiment—New Orleans, May 3, 1862.

Editors Sentinel:—I write you yesterday concerning the occupation of this city by the United States forces under Gen. Butler at the same time detailing briefly some of the events that will to this end. The story of the bombardment of the Gulf has been crowded with glorious success. What coming events may make it we, of course, cannot say. Nevertheless, the possession of the Mississippi, and its free and unobstructed navigation at least for some time, may hope for all time. It remains to be seen. But to hold those points, and maintain their independence, is not yet fought out, and as many great victories have been fought against massive power and triumph, so they may yet gain their liberties. Say they:

It is a moral and physical impossibility that we can be conquered. Let us but be true to ourselves and our cause—never tiring, never despairing—but rising Lion-like with renewed vigor from every fall, and we shall yet be rewarded with success. Above all, we should not crush down the spirit and the energies of the people, nor use all the facilities mental and physical, that God has given us, by the blood of our forebears, with limited means and under many disadvantages. We have been successful in resisting the foes of the United States for a long time and are not yet fought out, and as many great victories have been fought against massive power and triumph, so they may yet gain their liberties. Say they:

The citizens of New Orleans, May 3, 1862.

AB.

From the Fourth Regiment—New Orleans, May 3, 1862.

Editors Sentinel:—I write you yesterday concerning the occupation of this city by the United States forces under Gen. Butler at the same time detailing briefly some of the events that will to this end. The story of the bombardment of the Gulf has been crowded with glorious success. What coming events may make it we, of course, cannot say. Nevertheless, the possession of the Mississippi, and its free and unobstructed navigation at least for some time, may hope for all time. It remains to be seen. But to hold those points, and maintain their independence, is not yet fought out, and as many great victories have been fought against massive power and triumph, so they may yet gain their liberties. Say they:

It is a moral and physical impossibility that we can be conquered. Let us but be true to ourselves and our cause—never tiring, never despairing—but rising Lion-like with renewed vigor from every fall, and we shall yet be rewarded with success. Above all, we should not crush down the spirit and the energies of the people, nor use all the facilities mental and physical, that God has given us, by the blood of our forebears, with limited means and under many disadvantages. We have been successful in resisting the foes of the United States for a long time and are not yet fought out, and as many great victories have been fought against massive power and triumph, so they may yet gain their liberties. Say they:

The citizens of New Orleans, May 3, 1862.

AB.

From the Fourth Regiment—New Orleans, May 3, 1862.
our commissary stores one a half miles and the lumber for hospital and store house-buildings, which we had by way of extras. We made one trial of leaving which was unsuccessful; we were ordered on board the Steamship Mississippi. Gen. Butler’s Flag Ship, said four days, ate all our rations, went ashore, encamped again, remained about a week and tried it again.

On the morning of the 14th of April, we embarked on the Great Republic, in company with the Indiana 21st; and Michigan 6th. The remaider of the expedition to the number of 7,000 men embarked on board other transports.

April 15th.—The whole expedition left to-day with the exception of this ship, which could not be got out on account of strong adverse winds. She being large and unwieldy, the gunboat detailed to take us in tow could not manage her.

April 16th—Early this morning we hade adieu to Ship Island. Our situation was anything but comfortable. We were allowed only 28 inches square, in which to sow a man, knapsack, gun, accouterments, haversack, and canteen; I will leave it to you to tell how we slept, for it is more than I can do; but to add to the horrors of our situation we were reduced to one-third rations of coffee, sugar and meat; the water was abominable—the smell of it made us sick, and the taste was worse than the smell. The treatment was inhuman—barbarous! The complaints of the men grew so loud that the officers of the three regiments drew up a statement of the facts, and forwarded them to Washington. Our long subjection to this proved so fatal; the soldiers lost all ambition, energy, or animation, that bad so long bounded our vision. As we neared the Forts evidences of destruction were scattered in thick profusion—Innumerable fire rafts which the enemy had constructed at great expense, and sent floating down the stream, only to be grappled by our iron clad gunboats and towed ashore to burn harmlessly, and make sport for our boys, lay in ruins along the banks, while the wrecks of the rebel fleet were floating down the stream in all directions.

But our attention was fixed upon the forts. We passed long and wistfully, when at last the invisible walls of Fort Jackson greeted our eyes. The boys gave a hearty cheer, and the band struck up “The Star Spangled Banner.” All was excitement and enthusiasm.

On the 25th, the Indiana 21st, and two companies of the Wisconsin 4th, affected a landing by means of small boats, rowing ten miles, then dragging the boats through a canal, connecting the river with the Gulf, wading in water to their breasts, Major Howard taking the lead and pulling as lustily as any of the boys. Before all had landed intelligence came that the city had surrendered to Commodore Farragut, also the forts to Gen. Butler, accompanied by a dispatch ordering us to the south-west Pass again. We were accordingly under way in a short space of time, the soldiers helping to heave anchor.

Arriving at the Pass, six companies were transferred to the Diana, a prize taken from the rebels, and a splendid river steamer, under the command of Capt. Cheese, while two companies remained on board the Great Republic under Lieutenant Colonel Bacon.

We proceeded up the river casting our wondering eyes upon the many novel scenes presenting themselves to view, and creating the most pleasurable emotions, so different were they from the vacant nothingness to which we were accustomed, by gazing upon the broad expanse of waters that had so long bounded our vision. As we neared the Forts evidences of destruction were scattered in thick profusion—Innumerable fire rafts which the enemy had constructed at great expense, and sent floating down the stream, only to be grappled by our iron clad gunboats and towed ashore to burn harmlessly, and make sport for our boys, lay in ruins along the banks, while the wrecks of the rebel fleet were floating down the stream in all directions. But our attention was fixed upon the forts. We passed long and wistfully, when at last the invisible walls of Fort Jackson greeted our eyes. The boys gave a hearty cheer, and the band struck up “The Star Spangled Banner.” All was excitement and enthusiasm.

The river at this point is about three-fourths of a mile in width, the two forts almost directly opposite each other with at least 150 guns pointing into the stream. It will not only be the wonder of this generation, but the admiration of generations to come how we ever succeeded in cutting that immense cable, and running the gauntlet between those formidable forts with the loss of but two men. rows in the streets, and piled upon them. It is a story surpassing fable. It is not the cotton, wool, tar, turpentine, and last monument to the skill and bravery of the men in the city and set them of American seamen. When the news on fire to keep the “Yankees” from came down to the pass that the fleet had taking them. They rolled their hogs—
heads of molasses out in the streets, stove in the heads and dumped their sugar into the river causing an immense loss of property. It was nearly night when we effected a landing, took possession of the old Government Post Office and Custom House Buildings. During our disembarkation and march we were greeted with uproarious cheers for "Jeff. Davis," "Bourreard," hissing and groans for "Pineyoe Butler," insulted and taunted with all manner of approbrious epithets from an immense throng of deluded and exasperated people. Upon halting a woman came rushing through the crowd and imploring the Colonel to rescue her husband, whom the rebels had imprisoned, for expressing Union sentiments; and she feared they would murder him that night. Major Boardman (who, by the way, is eminently a fighting man) upon hearing her story immediately ordered two companies forward and requested her to direct him to the prison. He forced his way through the crowd, handling them at times rather roughly, reached the prison, demanded the keys, which had to be surrendered, for there was no tampering with him, liberated six prisoners and returned in triumph.

Next morning Gen. Butler issued his proclamation for the government of the city. No printing press could be found to print the document upon any consideration; accordingly the Delta office was seized by force and E. E. Sharp was duly installed as U. S. Printer for the Gulf Department. Gen. Williams is Civil and Military Governor of the city. Col. Paine has the command of our three northwestern regiments.

No doubt you have been informed ere this of the resignations of Capt. Gray and Lieut. Cole, and the consequent promotions of Lieut. Paul to Captain, orderly Durgin to 1st Lieutenant, and Sergeant Wintermeyer, 2d Lieutenant. Rollin Adams and John L. Jennings were discharged on account of ill-health. Capt. Paul, and privates J. H. Norwood, Charles Arnold, Charles Teed, George Krendler, and W. J. Turner were left on Ship Island in the Hospital. The rest of the boys are all right.

Yours, &c.,
L. C. BARTLETT.
From New Orleans.
New Orleans, May 3, 1862.

You are, doubtless, aware of the success of this expedition—that the Federal troops now occupy the city of New Orleans. On the 15th day of April about 6,000 troops embarked at Ship Island, bound for the Mississippi river. We lay at the mouth of the river several days, waiting for the bombardment. The mortar fleet bombarded for three days; in the meantime, two of the gunboats cut the iron cable stretched across the river below the forts. On the morning of the 24th, the entire fleet of 12 vessels made a combined attack. They were successful, and ran the gauntlet, and attacking the rebel gunboats, 13 in number, including 3 iron-clad rams, sunk and captured every one. I tell you, it was a glorious victory. The next morning the fleet proceeded up the river, and anchored opposite New Orleans, attacking and taking several forts on the way. None of those above Forts Jackson and St. Philipt retained the fleet over 15 minutes. The rebels fled at the first fire. The fleet proceeded a short distance above the city and took a 40 gun battery without a gun being fired. The guns were all pointed up the river, and we took them in the rear. Our forces spiked the guns and took possession of the ammunition. In the meantime, the forts hadn't been taken; so three or four regiments were sent around in the rear of Fort St. Philip. Two companies of the 4th Wisconsin, of which mine was one, of the 21st Indiana and the 26th Massachusetts, landed by rowing and wading about 12 miles. It took us nearly all night to accomplish the landing. The forts, seeing that they were cut off by land and water, were surrendered. We landed in the city on Thursday evening. Three regiments, the 4th Wisconsin, 21st Indiana, and 23rd Massachusetts, landed the first night. I went up that night with my company to the city "calaboose" and liberated a Union man from confinement. The people here are quite bitter, but since last night they have not dared to show it. Two or three have been killed by soldiers when in the discharge of their duty. The citizens drew revolvers on them.

Gen. Butler has issued a proclamation, which is very restrictive in its commands. The rebels will have to come to time. I only hope the troops north have done as well as we have. So, we will return by the waters of the Mississippi to our homes which are every way superior in appearance and reality to the land here. It is pleasant here than on the barren sands of Ship Island. The citizens, the first day, would not sell us anything; now they are obliged to do so by order of Gen. Butler. Of course the city is under martial law. In some of the people there is a deadly hatred; in others a lurking love for the Union.

The Union men are so cowed down that they dare not speak to a soldier by daylight, and then only in corners where they will not be disturbed by citizens. Some men came along by the side of me this evening, and talked in a low tone, and said they were glad that we were here—that they were Union men, but did not dare to have it known. One man spoke along by some officers, and without turning his head or looking toward them, said—"I am a Union man from Massachusetts, but dare not let it be known"—and kept up a running conversation in such a manner that outsiders did not know that he was talking to them. It shows what has been the domineering spirit of these Southern lords. The Union men are fast discovering themselves.

New Orleans is really a fine city, looking something like Baltimore in neatness. Trees and shrubbery are in full foliage. The parks are delightful. Business is dull in the extreme. Nothing is going on account. Sugar and molasses are very cheap; every thing else is very dear.

We are quartered in the Custom House, a costly granite structure, which has already cost the U. S. Government about $8,000,000, and yet is not finished. The rebels have been using it for a machine shop for making gun carriages. There are a vast quantity here unfinished. The rebels had time to move a large portion of the Government stores away from here after the gunboats got here, and before the troops arrived. I don't know what are the spoils of war, except about a dozen steamboats and a lot of guns and gun carriages. Doubtless we shall find a large quantity somewhere hereabouts.

W. P. MOORE.

From the Fourth Wisconsin Regiment.

[The following private letter received by a friend in this village, from a member of the Fourth Wisconsin Regiment, has kindly been handed to us, and its many items of interest will be read with pleasure by those having friends in that Regiment.]

New Orleans, May 4, 1862.

Dear—Your last letter was most thankfully received. I got it some time since, and have just found an opportunity to answer it.

We left Baltimore on the 19th of February, and have been on the move ever since that time. We first stopped at Fortress Monroe, and from there we went to Newport News; there we waited until the 6th of March when we embarked for Ship Island. Soon after leaving Newport News and passing Sewall's Point, the rebels thought they would give us a part-
ing salute, which they did very satisfac-
tory to us. They fired seven shots; the first shell striking within one hundred yards of the vessel; the next two passed just above the decks, cutting away some of the rigging, but the remaining four fell a long way short; none of them however doing any material damage to us.

We landed at Ship Island on the 15th of March, where we stopped one month. On the 15th of the following month General Butler’s Expedition started, and up to the time of the surrender of Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, we were lying at the mouth of the river, awaiting for the fleet to accomplish its work. The Forts were surrendered after a steady bombardment of seven days. After this was accomplished New Orleans was at our mercy. All the Rebel forces in this city upon hearing that the Forts had been surrendered, took leg bail for security.

We arrived here on the 1st instant. The people were quite bitter at first, but are becoming more calm every day.

The weather is quite warm, and every thing is as forward here now as it is in Wisconsin in August. We are all well, and better spirits could not prevail amongst men. The recent victories at the North, and our good luck cheers and nerves every soldier up to the highest pitch. I think there is not much doubt but we shall go up the river in a few days. I should be much pleased to hear from you, but think it doubtful about receiving letters, as the mails do not come very direct. After navigation on the Mississippi is opened, we can get mail to a better advantage, which will be before long. I think this struggle for our existence is nearly over.

Remember me to your friends. I will write as often as possible.

Yours affectionately,

W. P. W.

FROM THE FOURTH REGIMENT.

Correspondence of the Journal.

HEADQUARTERS 4th Wis. Regt.
Custom House, New Orleans, May 1, 1862.

FRIEND MILLER—Before this reaches you, you will have undoubtedly received accounts of the surrender of the city of New Orleans and its environs, with its exterior and interior defences, to the combined naval and land forces of the United States under the command of Major Gen. Butler, and the occupation of the same by our troops on the 1st day of May last.

The attack on Forts Jackson and St. Phillip was commenced by our mortar and gunboats the 12th of April and continued until their capture on the 29th. I will not give you a detailed account of the bombardment, as it will have reached you long before this letter, and because I have not time enough in the present state of excitement in the city.

The occupation of a rebel city as large as New Orleans with the small force that we have, keeps us busy night and day. Suffice it to say, that those forts were considerable impregnable by the rebels, and for two days after the news of their surrender the people of this city would not believe it true. Our fleet suffered the loss of 120 men killed and wounded—none of whom belonged to the mortar fleet. Our forces sunk and destroyed 11 rebel gunboats and captured 404 guns. The latter were of the heaviest calibre, and the finest in the service of the rebels.

On the morning of the 20th the frigate Mississippi, sloops-of-war Hartford, Brooklyn, Pensacola, Richmond, and a large number of gunboats, passed the forts and towards evening anchored in front of the city. Commodore Farragut immediately sent a demand to the Mayor of the city for the unconditional surrender of the place. The Mayor replied that the city was under the control of Gen. Lovell, and that he must present his demand to him, which was accordingly done. Gen. Lovell refused to surrender the city or his forces, or any portion of them, but said he would evacuate the city, and leave the civil authorities to act as they might deem proper, which he did. The may called the Council together and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"The City Council of New Orleans having been advised by the military authorities that the city is indefensible declare that no resistance will be made to the forces of the United States."

The Mayor, in his answer to the demand of Flag-Officer Farragut, among other things says, "the city is yours by power of brute force, and it is for you to determine what shall be the fate that awaits her." The whole answer, which is quite lengthy, teems with the usual Southern bravado. However, to make a long matter short, our fleet caused the American flag—the glorious old "Stars and Stripes,"—which had not been seen in the city for over eighteen months, to be raised over the Custom House, and the Confederate flag hauled down. Although not a Union soldier was in the city, not a rebel could be found in the city who dared to haul down the emblem of Law and Liberty.

Before proceeding further I must digress a little. My last letter was dated from on board the Colorado.—From that vessel we returned on board of the Great Republic, and proceeded to Black Bay on the coast of Louisiana, and a short distance north of Pass-a-Grille, and directly in rear of Fort St. Phillip, which it was our design to attack in the rear. Before all of the troops were landed, however news came of the surrender, of both the forts and we were ordered back immediately to the Southwest Pass. On Wednesday last, 30th ult., the river steamer Diana, which was taken a prize the day before, came along side of the Great Republic and took on board six companies of the 4th Wisconsin Co. "C" included, and we were soon steaming up the Mississippi towards New Orleans. We passed Forts Jackson and St. Phillip about three o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived at Quarantine Station, six miles above, in the evening, where the boat remained until the next morning. Both of the forts are formidable ones, especially the latter which is casemated and double tiered. Passing them on the river we could not judge of the damage done to them, but could observe the indents made by cannon shot in the walls of Fort Jackson, and the toppy-turvy manner in which the barbette guns were strewed. Some of the large columbiads were turned fairly end over end, others had large pieces knocked off from them, in fact they were in one confused mass of ruin. Fort St. Phillip surrendered without hardly a struggle—the commander probably thinking it useless to resist a force strong enough to take Fort Jackson.

The next morning we again started up the river, and arrived at New Orleans, 75 miles above Quarantine Station, at about 5 p.m. From Quarantine Station up to the city, banks of the river are lined with sugar plantations, presenting, to a stranger, both novel and beautiful scenery. The dwelling house or mansion of the planter is most generally situated in the midst of an orange grove; while the shore of the river in front is lined with sombre looking cypress trees, giving the residence a romantic appearance. I will not describe the many and strange things to be seen on a trip from the
Balize up to the city, and will merely add that no white people came out of their residences to view the steamer Diana, with her load of Union soldiers gayly dashing on towards the doomed city of Rebelsdon—not even one could be seen peeping through the windows at us.

No comment is necessary—the Diana was freighted with a commodity that couldn't be "sold" in a Southern market.

As before stated we arrived at levee in New Orleans about 5 p.m. of Thursday. The transport Mississippi had arrived a few hours before us, with Gen. Butler and staff, and the 9th Connecticut and 31st Massachusetts regiments on board and was moved to the levee a few rods ahead of us.

Thousands of people lined the levee and filled the streets leading to it—all the greatest excitement, for, as yet, no Federal troops had landed. A few minutes after the boat touched the wharf our six companies, commenced landing simultaneously with those on board of the Mississippi. We expected trouble—we were prepared to meet it! As we passed off the gang plank on to the levee not a word nor a laugh, nor a whisper was heard from our troops—but each individual soldier was ready and determined, and in case of an attack either by rebel troops, or worse yet, a wild mob, would fight to the death.

With the other two regiments we formed into line of battle, the crews pressing close to us, hoisting and jarring. About seven o'clock all was ready, and Col. Paine gave the command—"By company—right wheel,—Battalion, forward, march," the crowd gave way in our immediate vicinity, the band struck up, "The Red, White, and Blue," and we moved towards the centre of the city. From the steamboat landing we marched down to Poydras street, and out of that street to St. Charles to Canal, and thence to the Custom House, where we are now stationed. We were not disturbed on the march by any hostile force, but, oh, didn't they call us pet names, though. The street through which we passed were packed with a turbulent crowd, and we were damned, cursed, and cursed, and hoisted at, and hissed, 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 of times, in English, French, Spanish, German, Irish and Ethiopia languages. The following epithets and remarks which were applied to us, may not prove interesting to your readers, and they will also go to show the high tone of the manners and language of the "noble and refined Southern people":—

D—d Yanks, "Nutmegs," "Sons of—","We'll carry you out of the city in carts," "Yellow Jack will kill all of d—d Yanks," "D—n you, we've got you, now," "Beauregard is a coming," "Harrah for Jeff," "I guess they've come from Corinth," and thousands of hand written expressions, to which our boys paid no attention, with a few exceptions. One Seecesher asked if there was any more such where we came from," but he subsided when one of our boys replied, "Yes, at Fort Donelson and Fort Jackson.

Our regiment took possession of the Custom House, which is the head-quarters of Gen. Williams, and the 9th Connecticut took possession of the St. Charles Hotel, the most magnificent hotel in America, where Gen. Butler has established his headquarters. The 6th Michigan occupy the U.S. Mint building. Our quarters (Co C) are a first rate, marble floors; frescoed ceiling, mahogany desks, are the principal features about them. We are in closer as far as comfort is concerned, but we have to patrol the street night and day, keep the peace, &c., which duties are arduous and dangerous—dangerous because we are but few in the midst of 150,000 people all of whom are judged to be our enemies, and we know not what minute we may be engaged in difficulty. So far, none of our men have been assassinated, nor have we been compelled to use serious remedies in the performance of our duties; but as we venture more and more into the city the danger of collision grows nearer, and no doubt we shall have great trouble before we reduce the city to obeying the Martial law.

Several Union citizens have come into our quarters and claimed protection from the mob. One of them, an intelligent, well dressed person of middle age, had been in the South only two years, but is said to be thoroughly posted in Confederate matters. A printer was taken from the jail by our troops on the evening of our arrival, who had been thrown into the prison the day before for assisting the sailors in hoisting the American flag over the Custom House. He and his wife are our guests at present. He would be assassinated in a moment if he appeared in the street without a guard of soldiers. Persons are daily flocking to us for protection. They all assert positively that at least half of the citizens of New Orleans are Union and that a "Reign of Terror" has existed here for the past two years, which almost equals the days of Robespierre. Men have been hung, assassinated, set upon, and thrown into prison upon the slightest suspicions of entertaining Union feelings. As an instance, yesterday a citizen while speaking to a soldier a few moments, was arrested by a policeman and was being dragged off to prison, when some of our boys rescued him and brought him in our lines, where he still remains. The Union men here dare not yet make known their presence, and will not until the proper time arrives—when our forces are strong enough to preclude all possibility of the rebels maintaining their control of the city.

A large number of them have families, and it would be unwise and imprudent for them to run any risk of falling into the hands of the mob.

Platoons of troops are patrolling the city, night and day, and are followed and menaced by the lower classes, or rather, the riff-raff of the city, and I am fearful every moment that some bloody tragedy will be enacted. Somebody has got to be hurt—true as you live.

Yesterday morning Lieut. DeKay, one of Gen. Williams aids, came to me and wanted I should procure three or four printers from among the soldiers to print 5000 copies of the proclamation of Gen. Butler to the citizens of New Orleans. He said that he had been to every printing office in the city, and they had positively refused to print anything whatever for the Federal Government, under any circumstances whatever; and that he had determined to take possession of the office of the Orleans True Delta, on St. Charles street, opposite the famous St. Charles hotel and that we would do our own printing. I readily acquiesced, being always ready for adventure and "buckling on my armor," in company with a guard from Capt. Loy's "River Drivers," under the command of Lieut. St. Ores, proceeded to said office and took possession of the whole establishment—one of the best in the country. The proprietor remonstrated, but of no avail. We impressed the services of a pressman and fireman and run the "institution" all of
last night and until 4 o'clock this morning. We did not interfere with the regular business of the office, as the following extract from an article in the True Delta of this morning, on the "impressment" shows.

"Accordingly, about ten o'clock, a few soldiers, fully armed and equipped, and under the command of commissioned officers, arrived with printers in uniform and also armed, who immediately took charge of the job office and business office, without, however, offering any offense in language or behavior, or manifesting the least desire to interfere with the regular business of the office, or to injure or derange its property."

I send you herewith a copy of Gen. Butler's Proclamation to the citizens of New Orleans. You will observe by that paper that the Editor about to draw a light reen in this, the Queen City of the South. I also enclose you, in this mail, a number of New Orleans papers, which, I presume will be quite a novelty in Sheboygan; also a few Confederate postage stamps. We know in this room occupied, herefore, as the New Orleans Post Office. Our sudden occupation of Government property here did not give the rebels time to take away thecontents thereof, consequently the whole regiment has been digging into these papers, letters, postage stamps, etc. Orders were issued prohibiting the opening of letters, but many of them fell into our hands before we understood the purport of the order. Curiosity cannot always be confined.

J. R. Hildell, the late Postmaster of this city, was arrested since I commenced writing this. Upon what charge I am ignorant. Arrests are being made often. No hurrying for Jeff. allowed.

The city is as quiet, as circumstances will admit—much more than could be expected.

The fleet still lies in front of the city and will probably remain there until more troops reinforce us.

The health of the troops here is good—none better than the Sheboygan boys.

I enclose a Secesh letter—a father to his son in the army.

Yours, &c.

High Private.

A WISCONSIN REGIMENT ON LAFAYETTE SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS.—The New Orleans Sunday Delta, of May 4th, notices the following sudden and violent change:

"Lafayette Square has undergone a sudden and violent change. The gay, elegant, and luxurious Confederate guards, who a few days ago occupied the grounds with their beautiful tents and sumptuous camp equipage, their gas-lit guard houses, and their elegantly-dressed and most substantially-conditioned soldiers, have suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, whether, no one hereabouts can inform us; and even if we knew, General Butler's proclamation would not permit us to say. Their places are occupied by a regiment, we believe, from Wisconsin, or some other Northern State, of blue-jacketed, sunburnt and very scowling looking soldiers, who appear to have encountered much more of the hardships and exposure of war than the Confederates ever endured.

These new comers bear unmistakable signs of a long voyage and an unpleasant detention in that most forlorn of all places of encampment, Rump Island. We doubt, from our own experience of the pleasures of a seojourn on the vast prairies of the Northwest, if these soldiers found that an agreeable encampment, or this a very pleasant climate. If they are pleased with the change, we can only lament the taste of many strange and

From the Fourth Regiment.

[The following is from our village in the Queen City of the South.]

FRANK FERRIS, who left in Capt. Barnaby's regiment from Kilbride, just a year ago, most naturally was gladlv overjoyed to receive, as nothing direct could be learned from Butler's army for a long time. He is evidently gay and festive.

NEW ORLEANS, May 4, 1862.

DEAR PARENTS AND FRIENDS,—We are last in the "happy land of Canaan," viz. the city of New Orleans. Our troops took possession of the city the 1st day of May, without the loss of a man. Our Reg't was the first into the city. We had but little trouble in making our way to the Post Office and Custom House, where we make it our headquarters for the present. All the trouble we have now is to keep down the mob, which raged when the city first surrendered, and was fired on twice by the soldiers, but few were killed. The inhabitants are getting quite tame to what they were. If we stay here there will be less inhabitants. I am afraid, for the boys won't be served by them. Some few have tried it on, and gone to their long homes with a bayonet hole through their bowels.

We expect to leave the city to-morrow, and suppose our destiny is the capital, Baton Rouge. We shall go with the gun-boat fleet, if we go at all.

All well. I am General's orderly to-day, and have no more time to write. Give my respects to all; write soon.

FRANK FERRIS.

The following is taken from a private letter, coming from the 8th Regiment.

NEW ORLEANS, May 10, 1862.

DEAR FATHER,—Far from home and among an unfriendly people, I embrace the opportunity presented to me of giving you a description of the many strange and novel scenes which I have been called upon to pass through during the last month. I assure you that while I have passed through almost untold hardships, that I have been wholly paid by the new and pleasing scenes which I have witnessed.

I propose now to give a description of what I have been and am seeing every day. First, then, I will give you a description of New Orleans. It is large and populous city, and lies on, rather under the Mississippi river. The town is considerably below the level of the river; and is only kept from overflows by the levee, which is effective in the years, but this year the levee is high that it overflows. The city is in the shape of a new moon, and consequently called the Crescent City. Its general appearance is presented very dirty. Most of the places of business are closed. And why should not be dirty? Their store-houses crowded to overflowing with sugar, muslins and not a thing to eat. If truth had been told to me of how people of this city were suffering before I came I should have believed it to be the biggest lie ever told. If when there was any to be sold worth $20 per bbl. tea, $5 per pound coffee $1.25, $100 per ton, and everything accordingly. A pair of shoes was worth $30. While sugar was at a high price, he had to pay a shilling a pound for it. He left, can be bought here for one per pound by the wholesale; molasses they almost give away. That is condition of this city. Here are with their pockets full of money, going for something to eat. They mit it all but add, "that while we suffered more than tongue can describe, we are willing to suffer on in hopes of obtaining a government in which the d-d wooden nutmeg Yan have no finger."

I could not help thinking what splendid chance there would be to make a fortune here. When the river is thoroughly open, which will be a short time, if it is not opened now. Let a man that lives at the west tell what a cargo of flour, and come down to city and exchange it for sugar. If one cargo of flour, he could make a fortune if he had no bad luck in the transportation. There will be piles of money made in that way, I believe. T
poor population of this city are more all union men; and when the vote was taken to see whether the state of La., should secede, N. Orleans went for the Union, but without the Union, the poor and Sidney. And is it right that they class do when ground down by a wealthy aristocracy? Let a man express an opinion in N. Orleans that we came and speedy death would be his portion. But there is a great change now. Now they are flocking in to enlist in the United States army, and Gen. Butler said if they came in as fast to-day as they did yesterday, that we would have a complete regiment, which he calls the 1st. Louisiana regiment. The poorer class here have been wishing and praying that we might come, for starvation was staring them in the face, and there was none to whom they could look to for aid except the United States.

I tell you the south are in a starving condition, and there is no use thinking to disguise the fact any longer. All the states that looked to support are suddenly snatched from them,—Tenn., Kentucky and Missouri, were the only hope. They are whipped and they know it, and the only thing that keeps them up is their pride, of which they have a great plenty. It may be that there will be a few more battles, and then the contest will be over.

The prospects are now that Breau- gards's army are in a shape that they will have to surrender or be cut to pieces, and it looks as if they were fighting; bodies have been picked up here all day that have floated down. I guess they have driven them into the Mississippi. Six companies of our regiment are up the river and we are going to take them. A hard battle was fought at Shiloh. How many thousands of brave young men on both sides laid down their lives, I am sure.

The women of the city are little bread and meat. All seem very desirous, but now that they are willing and have been brought to town for trial, they would suffer martyrdom before they would take the oath of allegiance but after their capture and having brought them up here they were willing and begged to have the oath of allegiance administered. They gave all sorts of apologies for their acts—among others, and notwithstanding their bitter taunts at first, we would not have much to thank back to Indians, and which I hope will be suitably conveyed to the nearest public notice. Daily we are capturing all sorts of munitions of war, much of which is valuable. We have also taken the insulter's clothes to provide him with a couple of dollars of cotton. Sagar has been sold here as low as 25 cents per pound, and it is worth from 25 to 50 cents per hogshead. For the same bread, coffee, no flour, no bacon, and all the cry is that the river will be opened so that we can get up supplies from the North. We have seen much destitution and have never seen the streets of any town or city so silent and so gloomy, business is slumbering, no anything is going on. The prevailing opinion among the people is that the war would wish it otherwise and whose all is at hazard in the rebel confederacy, is that the war
grace. They are a big talking people with a lot of wounds you can see from the number of wounds you can —— do so. Perry is badly wounded, but none are dangerously ill. I am afraid we shall be obliged to go back to New Orleans, and am also fearful we shall be under the necessity of passing the summer in this climate. For my own part I am not alarmed—but for my men—they cannot be so well provided for. Our living is poor. We occasionally get fresh beef, but no vegetables, and no tea. I have not had a potato nor a cup of tea for three months, and I suffer for them. —— Charles Perry will recover.”

FROM THE FOURTH REGIMENT.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

ON BOARD STeamER BURTON, Mississippi River, May 18th, 1863. Intending to publish as much as possible of the daily "—— do so. Perry is badly wounded, but none are dangerously ill. I am afraid we shall be obliged to go back to New Orleans, and am also fearful we shall be under the necessity of passing the summer in this climate. For my own part I am not alarmed—but for my men—they cannot be so well provided for. Our living is poor. We occasionally get fresh beef, but no vegetables, and no tea. I have not had a potato nor a cup of tea for three months, and I suffer for them. —— Charles Perry will recover.”

FROM THE FOURTH REGIMENT.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

ON BOARD STeamER BURTON, Mississippi River, May 18th, 1863. Intending to publish as much as possible of the daily
commonly adjacent the river, and near the palatial residence and magnificent grounds of a florin. The scene was, indeed, one of the most beautiful kind, with the perfumed roses, the honeysuckle, and the orange groves, and everywhere the fields of fruits and vegetables were in fine condition, with the songs of the mocking bird and the nightingale.

As we proceeded, we passed by a field and woodland, through which wound the Mississippi, one of the most beautiful and impressive of American rivers, and the blue sky arched lovingly. It is a sight of surpassing beauty, and we looked and drank until our eyes were blackened by onlookers.

After a while, we reached the town of Vicksburg, where we disembarked and marched to the Arsenal of the town. Here, we found that the town was protected by its guardian folds. The sott, blue sky arched lovingly over us, and the whole prospect of garden and vine was protected by its guardian folds. The sott, blue sky arched lovingly.

As we wandered through the town, we saw that the town was protected by its guardian folds. The sott, blue sky arched lovingly over us, and the whole prospect of garden and vine was protected by its guardian folds. The sott, blue sky arched lovingly.

As we wandered through the town, we saw that the town was protected by its guardian folds. The sott, blue sky arched lovingly over us, and the whole prospect of garden and vine was protected by its guardian folds. The sott, blue sky arched lovingly.

As we wandered through the town, we saw that the town was protected by its guardian folds. The sott, blue sky arched lovingly over us, and the whole prospect of garden and vine was protected by its guardian folds. The sott, blue sky arched lovingly.
The health of the Wisconsin boys is considerably worse than I anticipated. We have been permitted to publish the following extracts from a private letter from Captain Moore, of this city, of the 4th Wisconsin regiment, now with Commodore Farragut:

**Off Vicksburg, Miss.**

May 18, 1862.

We left New Orleans on the 8th inst. with six companies of our regiment. Lieut. Colonel Bean was left behind with the other four. Seven companies of the Michigan regiment are with us on board another steamer. About thirty miles above the city we disembarked and marched six or eight miles through a swamp to the N. O. Jackson & G. N. Railroad for the purpose of destroying it. At Liener Station a detachment of thirty men was marched up the track towards Lake Mauppas. After going about four miles they met a party of rebels and after repeatedly ordering them to halt it became necessary to fire into them. They were all taken and sent to hospital. A little further on another hand car was captured and with the two the party proceeded up the road thirteen and one half miles to the bridge that crosses Lake Mauppas, arriving there about 4 o'clock in the morning.

The ridge is about one mile long, and near the opposite shore there is a draw, which was unfortunately found open, rendering it impossible to cross without boats, as we were without force stationed on the bank, with a number of field pieces. Our party was in hopes of surprising them, but having only sixteen men, (the left behind to guard prisoners), nothing could be done but destroy the bridge, which was effectually done by fire, and as soon as the rebels discovered it, they attempted to discharge one of their guns, but it only smashed.

We returned to headquarters, firing the track wherever we passed. On our return, they discovered that they had passsed many batteries on the banks of Lake Broadwater, and on examining them, found the guns spiked and the cartridge box destroyed.

In the interval, the troops left behind had destroyed a large portion of the road, and our labor being thus completed, we returned to the boats and started for the river, convoyed by the gunboat Kineo. At Baton Rouge we overtook the gunboats six in all. The next day (the 14th) we started up the river, in company with the Best, for Natchez. On our arrival we landed at approach of the city—it having surrendered—and spent the night. We are now four miles below Vicksburg, in company with the fleet. It is sad to see the city is guarded by two or three batteries.

I have received a rebel version of the little affair at Mauppas Bridge. They state our forces destroyed the bridge, but lost thirty men.

We have some fine illuminations every night, and the people are well engaged in bunting cotton. I think, however, they do this only by halves, reserving a large portion of it. They also do burn all, I pity them, for they will starve before they can raise another crop. They are all suffering now for lack of food, and in thirty days the North will have to send them provisions, as it formerly did the Irish.

The health of the Wisconsin boys is generally good. They flound the climate well—much better than I anticipated.

The establishment of a higher condition of things in Wisconsin regiment, now with Colonel Bean was left behind with the other four. Seven companies of the Michigan regiment are rather peculiarly situated, as the Northern forces on the other side of the Mississippi, under the protection of the gun-boats.

Of course we came up here to open the communication with the Northern forces by means of the fleet. Between New Orleans and here—about two hundred miles—we have no fences whatever. By means of the gun-boats we have, however, full possession of the river, and can command it at any point between here and the mouth.

Commodore Farragut has summoned the city of Vicksburg to surrender. The Mayor referred the Commodore to the military authorities. They answer that Massachusetts know not how to surrender. I think the Commodore has decided to bombard and attack the place. If not, we return down the river.

Some of our men were out getting wood the other day, when they were attacked by the enemy's cavalry. Two of our men were wounded—one of them quite seriously. We killed one of the enemy and wounded several.

By the way, I didn't tell you that our regiment was separated. The first company came up under command of the Colonel. The four left companies did not come up here for a week after. We have here for hire, we went out foraging the other day, and got any quantity of fresh provisions, such as beef, sheep, turkeys and chickens. Last night some of the Michigan boys went ashore to get provisions. One of them went up to the owner of a plantation for something, and was shot through the body, but not killed. Some more men came up, and the planter attempted to shoot them, but were himself shot and killed. You see the people are not sympathizing. Right across the river from where we lie, the rebel pickets are scouring the country. We could drive them away if we thought it necessary, but it would be of no use.

There is now a tremendous freshet here on the river. The inhabitants say that nothing of the kind has been known here for many years. From Vicksburg down the river fifty miles, four-fifths of the plantations are overflowed and the crops entirely destroyed. The water is still rising. The visitations of Heaven and the United States army are heavy against the rebels.

We are in hopes to open the passage up the river before long.

We are expecting a great battle at or near Corinth soon. The fate of that battle will determine whether our occupation of Vicksburg is of any consequence.

We have various rumors of a battle at Norfolk and Richmond, and our occupation of those places. Of course we know nothing of the truth of the report.

I might write some more, but as the boat will soon start for New Orleans, I will stop so as to be sure of getting the letter into the mail-bag.

**Letter from Ex-Sheriff Breed.**

DEATH OF ORRIN FOWLER &c.

The following extract from a letter written by Sergeant N. F. Breed, of Co. K, 4th Regiment, to O. D. Fowler, Esq., will be read with interest:

Baton Rouge, La.

May 20, 1862.

Friends O. D.—I now take the earliest opportunity of writing a few lines to you with a heart full of sorrow. I have sad news to tell you. Orrin is no more in this world. He was taken sick at Ship Island with typhoid fever, and when our regiment was ordered to march we had to leave all our sick on the Island. He died on the 13th of May. The news came to us last night and I assure you we were almost struck dumb. Orrin and myself have slept and messed together ever since we have been soldiers, and I cannot but feel a sense of loneliness—of not having any idea of our sufferings. We were at the taking of New Orleans, and were the first regiment that landed up to Vicksburg, (almost 500 miles,) but we had not forces enough and had to return to this city. The rebels are all around us, but we can whip the devil out of them if we only get a chance. They are afraid of Western men, they don't like the looks of them. We do not get any mail except once a month, it goes round by way of New York. It is a treat when we get any reading matter from old California. When I was at the mouth of the Mississippi, during the bombardment of Forts Jackson and Philip—two days after we left Ship Island— I wrote a letter...
to father and told him to tell you that
Orin was very sick. I don't know if he
got the letter. The weather is very un
comfortable here. We do not call it
warm but hot. Drop a few lines and give
me the news. My respects to all.
Respectfully Yours,
N. F. BREED,
Correspondence of the Times,
BAYOU ROUGE, LOUISIANA,
May 30th, 1862.

FRIEND ROSS :—Here we are at last,
on "Terra Firma" once more, after being
knocked, kicked, and drove about like a
drove of s trigger, till what little life we
had left became a burden. The hardships
and exposures we have endured since
leaving Baltimore, serve to lessen the roman-
tance and poetry of a soldier's life. It
damps the ardor, chills the enthusiasm,
destroyed the energy, and bedims the fac-
ulies, if it cannot quench the patriotic
flame that enlivens the soul and sustains
us through all the vicissitudes of a southern
campaign.

I told you in my former letter that we
were going to Vicksburg. We steamed
up there, and then steamed down again.

Gen. Butler, after establishing his au-
tority and restoring order in New Or-
leans, dispatched Gen. Williams up the
river, to open communications with Footo.
He proceeded a short distance up the
river, landed, marched a few miles into
the interior, tore up a section of Jackson
Railroad, burned a large railroad bridge
across one of the bayous, returned to his
boats and paid a visit to Baton Rouge,
destroying the Stars and Stripes over the
Government buildings, and taking formal
possession of the city in the name of the
United States, and proceeded on his jour-
ney. He next took a peep into the mouth
of the Red River and left a gunboat
there to watch and see when the cat
slept. He then proceeded to Natches,
landed, killed a few beves, and proceeded
to within sight of Vicksburg, ran the boat
into the woods and tied her up to a tree,
and waited for the further development of
events. His force consisted of six com-
panies of the Wisconsin 4th, and seven
companies of the Michigan 6th. Net
having transportation for the whole of
both regiments he took a part of each,
and left the remainder under Lieut. Col.
Lent to follow at the earliest opportunity
—company C among the number. We
waited six days after the departure of
Gen. Williams, then went on board the
Laurel Hill, took two vessels in tow, and
tailed slowly up against the mighty cur-
rent at the rate of three miles per hour,
in search of our companions.

The scene up the river is sickening,
and heart-breaking. Nearly two-thirds of
Louisiana is submerged. From Baton Rouge
to the North Line of the State, the inund-
ation extends inland thirty miles, causing
immense loss of property as well as life.
Nearly the whole distance to Vicks-
burg, every plantation is in ruins. Jeff.
Davis' model plantation is a picture of
destruction; only the tops of the houses are
to be seen. The river never was known
to be so high before. Immense numbers
of horses, cattle, and mules are swept
away in the general ruin. The whole
place presented the same ruinous aspect.

The Red River overflows as bad as the
Mississippi. The sites of the city of
Natches, Grand Gulf and Vicksburg, are
on high bluffs, but completely surrounded
by the flood. We passed several gun-
boats that were stationed at the mouths
of the largest bayous watching rebel ves-
sels that had escaped by the aid of the
flood to make a run to the sea.

We stopped a short distance above
Natches over night, and sent out a foraging
expedition, our provisions being scarce.

I was one of the party, and such a time
as we had climbing bluffs, tumbling down
hills, crossing bayous and wading swamps,
is almost indescribable. At last we suc-
sceeded in finding a plantation inhabited,
though communication between the de-
atached parts was by means of boats. We
killed three beves, seven sheep, and
about a hundred head of geese, turkeys,
ducks and hens, dressed them, packed
them in two small boats, and returned to
the steamer about six o'clock, A. M. by
way of a small bayou. A more tired set
of fellows you never saw.

We reached Vicksburg after a week's
sojourn joined the other companies, tied
up to a tree and waited for the fleet. We
waited a few days, when our provisions
again gave out, and we were obliged to
return. Upon reaching Grand Gulf, as
we were passing in fancied security, not
suspecting a lurking foe, we were sudden-
ly fired upon from a masked battery of
five guns. We were now in a perilous
situation, only 25 or 30 rods from shore;
the battery commanding the river for more
than a mile. The boat bands left their
posts, ran and hid, leaving the boat to
drift with the current completely at the
mercy of the enemy. They fired about
fifty shots at us, killing one man and
wounding one, but doing no damage to
the boat. The soldiers took charge of
the engine and fire department, and ran
the gauntlet in safety. Both the men in-
jured belonged to the Michigan 6th.

We ran down a few miles, found two
gunboats, and returned with them intend-
ing to lay the town in ashes, but at sight
of the gunboats, white flags appeared in
directions, the battery had left on sus-
picion, and a deputation waited on Gen.
Williams, informing him that they were
completely at his mercy, and entreated
him not to bombard the town. Four
companies—D, I, C and K—were landed
under the command of Major Boardman
and found the town entirely deserted,
except by the niggers; they were the sole
occupants. We pursued the enemy three
miles into the interior, overtook the rear-
guard, had a little skirmish, in which the
General's aide de camp was mortally
wounded, and one private of company D,
slightly. We saw some of the enemy fall;
how many we were unable to ascertain.
It was very dark; we were acquainted
with the face of the country, ignorant of
the enemy's force, and having no cavalry
or artillery—the enemy having both—the
Major thought it most prudent to return
to the boat and wait for daylight. In the
morning no enemy was to be seen and we
proceeded to this place, escorted by the
gunboats. Here we met the "boys" who
were left sick at Ship Island, looking well
and in good spirits. Here, too, we met
an enormous mail, it having accumulated
at Ship Island and New Orleans during
our absence. I received five "EVER-
GREEN," the latest bearing date April
26th. You spoke in that number as
though you thought I had quite forgotten
you. I assure you I had begun to think
you had entirely forgotten me. But we
must attribute the delays to the lack of
mail facilities, which I think will soon be
supplied by the opening of the Mississippi
its whole length.

On reaching this place, we were solic-
ted by several prominent Union citizens,
to protect the City against some mara-
ching bands who had torn down the Union
Flag; fired on a party of soldiers from one
of the transports, and threatened to
burn the town. We accordingly landed,
and took up our quarters in the United
States Arsenal and Barracks.

This is a charming place. The scenery
surpasses in magnificence and beauty the
most vivid and enchanting pictures of
Oriental luxuries and voluptuousness.
the graceful Magnolia in full bloom, the majestic Live Oak, the elegant Chinny Tree, the charming Fig, the Banana, and hosts of others the names of which I have not learned, planted on either side of the street, intertwine their luxuriant branches and form an arch almost impenetrable to the rays of the sun, producing a cool and grateful shade which surpasses the far famed Acadian Bowers of romantic story. Then the gardens are filled with all kinds of Ornamental Shrubbery, and Tropical Fruits, and as the cool breezes sweep through these delightful arbors, they waft a sweet perfume grateful to the senses and exhilarating to both mind and body. The whole city has the appearance of one continuous forest; the houses are scarcely perceptible. The United States grounds and Buildings are elegant and capacious.

The enemy are encamped a few miles from here at "Camp Moore," completely isolated. We have been called out twice on the double quick by the appearance of their scouts; we lay in ambush all one night just outside the city.

We are getting more troops and we will soon advance and clean them out. We have received our summer uniforms. We shall be paid off in a few days.

 Yours, &c.,
L. C. Bartlett.
FROM THE FOURTH REGIMENT.

Friend Mills:—For the past three or four weeks our regiment has not been stationary long enough to give us a chance to write to our friends, until now. And I expect to be called into action before finishing this, as the rebels several thousand strong are menacing us from the interior.

On the 9th inst. six companies of the 4th Wisconsin and seven companies of the 6th Michigan embarked on board of the steamers Burton and Ceres to make a reconnaissance up the river—there being no transportation at the time for the remaining companies. On the 14th transportation being provided, Co's "C," "K," "L," and "E," the companies left at New Orleans, embarked on board the steamer Laurel Hill and steamed slowly up the river, arriving at Vicksburg, Miss., on the 21st where we joined our troops.

Nothing very unusual happened on our way up. We landed at Baton Rouge, Natchez, and several less important towns, everything appearing quiet. Natchez is one of the prettiest towns I remember seeing in all my travels. It is located on a high bluff and the width of its streets and style of architecture, is decidedly North western.

On the 12th, our regiment landed a few miles below Baton Rouge and destroyed eighteen miles in length of the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad. Our soldiers marched five miles through a dense swamp, in the water up to their arm pits. Gen. Williams accompanied them, and not being a very tall man, he was not visible more than half of the time. Alligators and soldiers were mixed up in general confusion, and I am inclined to the opinion that those interesting creatures outnumbered the soldiers.

Our boys destroyed that 18 miles of Railroad in considerable less time than it took to build the Sheb. & Miss. R. R. to Glenbulah. In the first place rails would be pulled up—we had the tools—then the ties, and those we piled up, and placed the rails across them, and set fire to the heaps. The heat would cause the rails to bend, from their own weight, which made them forever useless. How they will repair the road is not known, for I do not think there is railroad iron enough in the Confederacy, nor in use, to build that length of road. A large Railroad bridge, twelve miles above New Orleans was also destroyed.

Our course up the river was not disturbed, and rumor had it that the Mississippi was open its whole length and that we were on our way to join Halleck, and of course we were all in high spirits. But alas! for rebel fortifications! We did not pass Vicksburg. We "tied up"—all Missisippi boats, when they desire to stop for a night or day do not anchor, ship-shape, but run up into the woods, or in a little brook and tie up to a tree—about three miles below the city behind a point of trees, where we tarried a number of days. A party of five or six of our boys went ashore foraging, knowing but the next second was his end. Six of our boys went ashore foraging, knowing but the next second was his end. We have been called out twice on the double quick by the appearance of the enemy, and were attacked by rebel Cavalry, last night or day do not anchor, ship-shape, but run up into the woods, or in a little brook and tie up to a tree—about three miles below the city behind a point of trees, where we tarried a number of days. A party of five or six of our boys went ashore foraging, knowing but the next second was his end. What made the matter worse was, that we were obliged to receive their fire without retaliating.

After the danger was over, I went up on the hurricane deck expecting to see many killed and wounded, but to my surprise there was only one killed (belonging to the Michigan 6th) and one wounded. The soldier killed was lying down on the deck and eight first class gunboats came up the river and anchored just below the city about the time we arrived. From diversers and our own pickets we learned that the land force of the rebels was too strong for our attempt to land, so we remained on the boats below the city several days waiting for something to turn up. Monday last was the day appointed by Commodore Farragut to commence the attack on the city, but we were ordered down the river Monday afternoon, and no attack had been made then. The large vessels such as the Brooklyn, Hartford, &c., are moving down the river, for fear that the high water may go down suddenly and leave them high and dry.

We left Vicksburg on Monday for New Orleans, the gunboats Kines and Iroquois preceding us, and the Brooklyn and another gunboat following us. As we passed up the river to Vicksburg—400 miles—on an unarmed Mississippian steamer, with no gunboats accompanying us, we did not dream of any danger in going down especially with naval vessels ahead and behind us. On Thursday, last, about 10 o'clock P. M., as we were sailing quietly down the river, and passing the town of Grand Gulf, we were greeted with a storm of grape and ball from the shore, not more than 60 rods from us. In a moment the utmost consternation prevailed on board, it was so sudden—so unexpected. The pilot stood bravely by the wheel, however, and the boat steered for the opposite shore as to get out of range as soon as possible. The shell and shot screamed and screamed, over us, under us, into us, around us, with terrible precision.

Co. "C" was quartered on the lower deck and after the first shot or two, the boys were cool and collected enough to lie flat on the deck, the safest position that could be taken. Some fifty shots were fired at us. It was a terrible suspense, though, before the boat got out of range. There we lay, each one not knowing but the next second was his last, and what made the matter worse was, that we were obliged to receive their fire without retaliating.

The sloops-of-war Richmond, 24 guns, Brooklyn, 28 guns, Hartford, &c., were the first class gunboats. The soldiers killed were lying down on the deck
reading a book. A six-pound ball struck him in the body, and went entirely through him and passed into the cabin, and lodged.

We overtook the gunboat King about 15 miles below Grand Gulf, and Gen. Williams ordered her to return and shell the town and battery. We had company with the King we returned and on our way met the sloops-of-war Brooklyn, which returned with us.

The King went up close to the town and threw fifteen 10-inch shell into it. The battery which fired into us was in the woods, and the King at once sent guns in the direction of the battery. After securing the wounded we returned to the steamer. While we were on our return the batteries had commenced the contents of two or three large stores, and obtained a liberal supply of clothing and stores generally.

The next morning we started immediately landed on the levee, in the river accompanied by the Brooklyn, north part of the village, and Major Boardman and Lieut. DeKay, aid to through the entrenchments of the inhabitants. Gen. Williams, with four companies of tants of Baton Rouge. Gen. Williams, with our regiment (Co's. "C," "D," "I") agreed to step here for a while to protect the place, as there are guerrillas. M. We marched up the hill back of here and annoy our boats, and thus town about a mile, halted, and endeavor the destruction of the town loaded our pieces. There we met with by our fleet. Those persons have no fugitives, men, women, and children, interest at Baton Rouge and would as soon see the place destroyed as not. We Women and children were being quartered in Government buildings in large, airy rooms, and in the centre of a beautiful park. Government has long had an Arsenal here, and we are not surprised occupying the buildings connected with it.

From the window at which I am writing this can be seen the resting place of Zachary Taylor, the hero of an hundred battles.

The weather is growing warmer's return was ordered, and the shelling of the town was decided upon. When we found the town, after a shower of grape from the battery, and came up with the Brooklyn and gunboat No. 8. On our making report of what had transpired every day. About half of the regiment are on the sick list. Company "O" has only about 50 men able to do duty.

Capt. Pauli arrived at New Orleans to boats or men. All boats steamed up the river in company, and Gen. Williams, and the force of black troops, was with the exception of occasional groan from the wounded. At the time we were fired upon our force was just emerging from a "bug-way" into an open spot in the woods. Immediately after the halt, Capt. Hobart passed up to the head of the column, and returned in a moment and said, "This is a d—d pretty fix. Lieut. DeKay is mortally wounded, and two of our boys are shot." The Captain thought, as did the rest of us, that it was a foolish piece of business to march 200 men through the woods in an enemy's country in the night, with no idea of the enemy's strength. After the wounded were secured the force returned to the steamer. While we were on our way our transport, gunboats and sloops-of-war were turned down stream, and we were told that we were to return to New Orleans. That we were so badly disappointed, you may safely guess. Our pleasant dreams were at an end, for we had been parting orders that we would be allowed to go up the river as fast as it could be opened by our guns; or, as Gen. Butler said, "fight our way through to Wisconsin." At Grand Gulf, a very warm reception was accorded us, and the great kindness of our reception friends came into our memories. The town is situated in the sharp bend of the river. Just at the base of the high broken ridge or bluff. We of the Left fell, we of the Hartford and Brooklyn having preceded us, while our other transport, conveyed by a gunboat, was behind. After we swept down into the curve, following the current, a battery of our guns, one a rifled six-pounder, opened its fire upon us, and all around us fell a shower of iron hail. The fixing for ten or fifteen minutes was very rapid, and directed with such a variety of shot that it would have ensured the destruction of the steamer and all on board. Several shots passed through the boat, in close proximity to the boilers, and one through the saloon occupied by the officers. A private in the Michigan regiment was cut nearly in two within a few feet of where I was standing, and Captain Bassett, of the same regiment, was wounded by a single shot, just above the knee. For a moment there was considerable panic and confusion, but only for a moment, and the men generally, the sudden alarm over, were cool and self-sacrificing. Crowding all steam on, we passed beyond the range of the battery, and came up with the Brooklyn and gunboat No. 8. On our making report of what had transpired, every day. About half of the regiment are on the sick list. Company "O" has only about 50 men able to do duty.

On the return we found the town, after a shower of grape from the battery, and came up with the Brooklyn and gunboat No. 8. On our making report of what had transpired, every day. About half of the regiment are on the sick list. Company "O" has only about 50 men able to do duty.

Capt. Pauli arrived at New Orleans to boats or men. All boats steamed up the river in company, and Gen. Williams, and the force of black troops, was with the exception of occasional groan from the wounded. At the time we were fired upon our force was just emerging from a "bug-way" into an open spot in the woods. Immediately after the halt, Capt. Hobart passed up to the head of the column, and returned in a moment and said, "This is a d—d pretty fix. Lieut. DeKay is mortally wounded, and two of our boys are shot." The Captain thought, as did the rest of us, that it was a foolish piece of business to march 200 men through the woods in an enemy's country in the night, with no idea of the enemy's strength. After the wounded were secured the force returned to the steamer. While we were on our way our transport, gunboats and sloops-of-war were turned down stream, and we were told that we were to return to New Orleans. That we were so badly disappointed, you may safely guess. Our pleasant dreams were at an end, for we had been parting orders that we would be allowed to go up the river as fast as it could be opened by our guns; or, as Gen. Butler said, "fight our way through to Wisconsin." At Grand Gulf, a very warm reception was accorded us, and the great kindness of our reception friends came into our memories. The town is situated in the sharp bend of the river. Just at the base of the high broken ridge or bluff. We of the Left fell, we of the Hartford and Brooklyn having preceded us, while our other transport, conveyed by a gunboat, was behind. After we swept down into the curve, following the current, a battery of our guns, one a rifled six-pounder, opened its fire upon us, and all around us fell a shower of iron hail. The fixing for ten or fifteen minutes was very rapid, and directed with such a variety of shot that it would have ensured the destruction of the steamer and all on board. Several shots passed through the boat, in close proximity to the boilers, and one through the saloon occupied by the officers. A private in the Michigan regiment was cut nearly in two within a few feet of where I was standing, and Captain Bassett, of the same regiment, was wounded by a single shot, just above the knee. For a moment there was considerable panic and confusion, but only for a moment, and the men generally, the sudden alarm over, were cool and self-sacrificing. Crowding all steam on, we passed beyond the range of the battery, and came up with the Brooklyn and gunboat No. 8. On our making report of what had transpired, every day. About half of the regiment are on the sick list. Company "O" has only about 50 men able to do duty.

Let us hope to have a letter while we were lying below Vicksburg, and expediting to share soon in the hard-earned and earned of that beloved of rebellion. For reasons not yet made known, but undoubtedly good and sufficient, it was decided in council to turn away from the pestilent little town—a foreboding demand—situated within twenty-four hours' march from it alone until Commodore Foote should take it in his almanac, the news of Monday morning, the 22d inst., the news of the town. Our transport, gunboats and sloops-of-war were turned down stream, and we were told that we were to return to New Orleans. That we were so badly disappointed, you may safely guess. Our pleasant dreams were at an end, for we had been parting orders that we would be allowed to go up the river as fast as it could be opened by our guns; or, as Gen. Butler said, "fight our way through to Wisconsin." At Grand Gulf, a very warm reception was accorded us, and the great kindness of our reception friends came into our memories. The town is situated in the sharp bend of the river. Just at the base of the high broken ridge or bluff. We of the Left fell, we of the Hartford and Brooklyn having preceded us, while our other transport, conveyed by a gunboat, was behind. After we swept down into the curve, following the current, a battery of our guns, one a rifled six-pounder, opened its fire upon us, and all around us fell a shower of iron hail. The fixing for ten or fifteen minutes was very rapid, and directed with such a variety of shot that it would have ensured the destruction of the steamer and all on board. Several shots passed through the boat, in close proximity to the boilers, and one through the saloon occupied by the officers. A private in the Michigan regiment was cut nearly in two within a few feet of where I was standing, and Captain Bassett, of the same regiment, was wounded by a single shot, just above the knee. For a moment there was considerable panic and confusion, but only for a moment, and the men generally, the sudden alarm over, were cool and self-sacrificing. Crowding all steam on, we passed beyond the range of the battery, and came up with the Brooklyn and gunboat No. 8. On our making report of what had transpired, every day. About half of the regiment are on the sick list. Company "O" has only about 50 men able to do duty.

The weather is growing warmer's return was ordered, and the shelling of the town was decided upon. When we found the town, after a shower of grape from the battery, and came up with the Brooklyn and gunboat No. 8. On our making report of what had transpired, every day. About half of the regiment are on the sick list. Company "O" has only about 50 men able to do duty.

Lieut. Durkin is in command of the company.

Yesterday, we received a large mail from the North, the only one we have received for over a month. Any one would think by reading the Northern papers that this war was about ended, but four position, and opportunities, we have of personal observation, goes to show that it is a long road yet to the end.
party was then sent to his infancy work
by the prominent, leading men of the place.
Mr. Mayor himself consenting. But the
town was spared, and the slight reprisal
involved in the movement was inflicted.

Learning from the negroes—for they are
the only true friends of the country, a few
weeks before this occurrence, the guerrillas
were encamped only a mile or two
away. Major Boardman was ordered to
make inquiry of the commanding officer of the
force, and if possible effect their capture or
destruction, and the destruction of their camp.

In the execution of the order, piloted by a
party of six men, was detailed and the column
made to the front, and on being sighted, a
broadside was fired, and the enemy turned back.

Mr. Mayor himself was present, and the
piracy » in our eyes to this infamous work
had been committed. It was now quite
advanced fifty or sixty yards in front of his
orders, a guard of six men was detailed and
awaited for the balance of the force to
reach this point for their appearance of a puny
advantage, and DelCay and the
Battalion of rebels was near at
arm's length, and with good effect, several
orders turned them back with their
ensrasure. Here they were left in
the night the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
the tattered remnants of
the town a heap of smoking ruins. We saw
the old flag that we left floating over the
United States Arsenal in this city,
The following are the names of the soldiers thus returned:

**The Fourth Wisconsin Regiment**—We perceive that Maj. Gen. Butler in his report to the Secretary of War makes honorable mention of a portion of the Wisconsin, and part of an Indiana regiment, together with the 26th Massachusetts, as having rendered special valuable service in getting into the rear of Vicksburg, Mississippi, and cutting off all communication between the two cities. To do the officers and men who were in these vessels justice, we are assured from reliable sources that two hundred men were detailed from the Wisconsin, and part of the Indiana, together with the 26th Massachusetts, and, having rendered special valuable service in getting into the rear of Vicksburg, Mississippi, and cutting off all communication between the two states, were fired into by our own batteries. The following are the names of the soldiers thus returned:

**From the Fourth Wisconsin Regiment.**

**UNITED STATES ARSENAL, BATON ROUGE, LA., June 6.**

**Messrs. Editors:** When last I wrote you, we were lying off Vicksburg, Mississippi, and it was expected that we would occupy the place, after a strong resistance by the enemy, but sending out frequent reconnoiters, we found that their force was Neechad, who was also wounded in the arm, being constantly re-inforced; sides numerous holes being made in hats, that their batteries were strong, and that it would be folly for us, with our small force, to attempt to take the place and hold it. Therefore fell the effect of our fire.

We left New Orleans, or at least six companies, on the 8th of May—Cos D, A, G, B, F, and H, and seven companies of the Michigan 6th—on an expedition up the river. The balance of the two regiments have been ordered to New Orleans, with a force of thirty-five companies, so that our forces may be increased to the extent of forty-five companies, with a force of one hundred and fifty officers and men.

The balance of our regiments was then ordered to New Orleans, where it is now. We are informed that our forces have been increased to the extent of forty-five companies, with a force of one hundred and fifty officers and men.

From the Fourth Wisconsin Regiment.

**EO. OF THE EVERGREEN CITY TIMES:**

On the evening of the 31st inst., I rec'd from Lieut. Wintzmarey a letter, from which I take the liberty of making a few extracts for your readers, knowing that many of them are personally interested in the 4th Wis. Very truly yours,

**J. A. Bentley.**

**Baton Rouge, La., June 6th, 1862.**

We left New Orleans, or at least six companies, on the 8th of May—Cos D, A, G, B, F, and H, and seven companies of the Michigan 6th—on an expedition up the river. The balance of the two regiments stayed in New Orleans for want of transportation until the 18th, when, the remainders, four companies of our regiment, viz: E, C, I, and K, together with the three Michigan companies, embarked on the Laurel Hill (a Mississippi river boat) with orders to go until we found the others of our regiments already gone ahead, General Williams in command.

Away we came up the river, making very little headway, however, until we reached Natchez. To this point we were incumbered by two heavy laden supply vessels in tow, but were here relieved by some of the fleet. Our journey up the river was an interesting one to us, and as the boat made very slow time against the current, which is running at the rate of five miles per hour, we had a fine opportunity to view all that was to be seen on the banks of the great river, by which the wall, as we can hardly over look, and present a very desolate appearance.

Whole plantations are flooded, and in many instances I have noticed people driven from their homes to some little rising ground, from whence they signalled their passing boat in a most distressing manner to send boats and save them from a watery grave. The water in the Mississippi has reached an enormous height, up even with the levees, and in many places broken through, causing great destruction.

After steering up the river for six days we reached Vicksburg, where we found the balance of the expedition and a fleet of three sloops-of-war and eight gunboats up, before the city. We laid here several days without making an attack, and on the 24th turned about and came down the river, with an escort of one sloop-of-
war, and one gunboat.

About noon, as we were passing around a large bend in the river at a place called Grand Gulf, the rebels opened fire on us from a masked battery of four six-pounders, and for a few minutes the balls flew thick and fast around us, about eight striking our boat, upon which was now all of the 4th Wisconsin, and three companies of the Michigan 6th. One ball struck a private in the Michigan regiment, and cut him all to pieces. The splinters from two balls passed through our smokestacks, one of them dropping on the deck. When the first shot was fired I stood in the pilot house together with five or six other officers, and Gen. Paine. Upon the hurricane deck the men were crowding over upon what they considered the safe side, throwing the boat out of time, and putting her in danger of capsizing. We immediately ran down upon the deck and distributed the men so as to bring the boat back to running order, for it was now our business to run as fast as we could and get out of range —

You may judge that we were under a pretty sharp fire when I tell you that no less than fifteen balls passed so near me I could hear them in the midst of the tumult go "wist," "wist." However, I could not but consider it had firing on their part, but very good for us. If they had been experienced marksmen, they would have hit out boilers and blown us out of the water. As it was, one ball passed through the boiler and fell into a heap of coal, and one passed right over them, striking a post. A pretty close call that for thirteen companies of troops. Our escort had a little carelessly gone ahead a few miles so that they could not hear the firing and knew nothing of it until we overtook them, after a chase of twenty miles. The sloop and gunboat immediately turned back. Gen. Williams swearing he would go back and set the village on fire, which threat he should but did not execute. The other boat with seven Michigan companies on board, passed through the same danger, we did, received six shots, but fortunately no one was injured. We signaled her in all shapes but they could not see or hear us. She was not a good boat as ours and could not run as fast, and from these facts we all believe she would be sunk. Below the batteries they tied up to a tree and as we passed up followed us. Gunboat No. 3 went ahead to reconnoiter, and when opposite the battery fired upon us, dropped a few 11 inch. shells in the neighborhood just to feel of them, but the rebels had fired at our approach. She then dropped a few shell into the village, which was nearly deserted, but highly decorated with white flags. The boat seeing all was well informed the General that the town was at his disposal. We supposed he would burn it, but he did not, and ordered us not to touch the property in the village. I think we treat these bloodthirsty fellows altogether too mildly. The policy seems to be: "No matter how many Union soldiers are killed and wounded; but for God's sake, don't kill a brave, but treat him like a gentleman instead of a traitor as he is!"

After laying at the dock at Grand Gulf an hour the General ordered four companies of our regiment to follow up the flying rebel battery. Companies K, Q, I and D, under command of Major Boardman, marched about three miles into the woods. We were fired upon once by some guerrillas or rebel cavalry, severely wounding Lieut. DeKay, of Gen. William's Staff, and a private of company D. Four of the rebel horsemen were seen to fall from their horses; one of them groaning badly; and well he might, for it is no small joke to receive one of our large Minnie balls where it touches flesh. The rebels retreated to the woods, but owing to the darkness, and to our being unaccompanied in the hilly country, we returned to our boat as laying in ambush a while —

The next morning we left Grand Gulf, but not as it was twenty-four hours before. The shells from the boat had made bad work; one passing through four frame buildings scattered the boards in all directions —one a drug store.

We were not molested again, and on the 29th of May, we reached this place, which is very healthy compared with New Orleans.

The sloop-of-war Brooklyn was here when we arrived. She sent a small boat with some officers under a flag of truce ashore. After landing they were fired upon by some of the guerrillas, mortally wounding the First Engineer, and two other officers severely. The boat was detained beyond its time, and another was sent to see after them, and all came back together. When the officers of the Brooklyn saw their bleeding comrades in the boat, they sent word to the shore to have the women and children taken out of the city, and again came out the white flags.

The captain of the Brooklyn gave ample time to remove the women and children, and then gave them a broadside, thinking that if his flag was not to be respected, theirs would not be by him. We all endorsed the cause of the Brooklyn's Capt. but Commodore Farragut, who came down with us. When he was informed of the transaction, I am informed that he called them cowards and pirates for doing such things.

The citizens here are very quiet now. Our pickets extend all around the city, and several times we have heard the long roll best when all fell in and marched towards the place to where the enemy were supposed to be, but we could not get sight of him. The guerrilla parties are a great curse to our interests here. They live by stealing and plunder, and there being but few Union people here, they take of the rebels themselves.

Our quarters are the best we have yet had: the United States Arsenal. The exposure and privations which thirteen companies underwent floated about on a Mississippi boat, upon which there should never have been more than five — no chance for cooking or washing clothes as they should be — and drinking so much Mississippi water, after eating nothing but salt meats — made those who were not taken sick on board, (and believe me there were many,) sick after we landed and underwent the change of water again, which is very hard here, whereas the Mississippi river water is soft.

Would you believe me when I tell you that most every man was attacked with the diarrhoea, many with the fever, &c., and that only about 475 men of our once strong and hearty regiment report for duty? and a part of these are in an unfit state to march 10 miles in the hot sun.

An expedition composed of part of our regiment, and the Mass. 31st, went out last night and have just returned. They captured some of the officers and men of the guerrilla band, burned two large plantations where these guerrillas found a home, and captured nine loads of sugar, which the teams of these planters had just brought in. That is the way to do it!

I am as usual enjoying good health.—
Capt. Paine is in New Orleans sick, has applied for a furlough of two months to go north. Lieut. Dunham is well.

Remember me to all friends and best regards, &c.

Your friend,

G. WINTHERMETH.
The Fourth Wisconsin Regiment.

Lieut Col. Bean, of the Fourth Wisconsin Regiment, writes to his relatives in this village, (says the Waukesha Freeman) as follows:

BATTLE ROUGE, La. June 8, 1862.

I have been sick in the Hospital now ten days, but hope to be out to-morrow. The weather is warm, but agreeable. There is a fearful amount of sickness among the troops. Our regiment cannot be on duty. I have ten men in the hospital, and there are five or six regiments and two batteries that are not better. Shall we live to bear that, or not? The 1st and 3rd batteries have soldiers in a perfect state of health, but there is no diet except cold beef and biscuit and water. We have a large number of troops in the hospital, and the other regiments are not doing better. There is no news from General Butler, and the other regiments have no news.

We have taken a large amount of property from the rebels, and have commandeered burning houses in the country, when found vacant; the presumption being that they belong to rebels in the army or in Georgia. We have inside our lines and stands shaking with terror, but declares that he will die just as soon as he can.

The Captain advises white people inside the lines to keep up any regularity in correspondence, and have the papers written in a neat and orderly manner.

We are now going to Vicksburg, with a surprising force to take the place and remain it from whence we shall probably proceed to Mobile, and main-ster the Northern army.

The scarcity of all articles of common use here is very great. Flour 300 per barrel, even a bough costs $1.50, to the great sorrow, I have no doubt, of all housewives.

There are every day adventures in camp growing out of the attempt to get the fugitives permitted on this just now: A fellow with a club chasing a poor darkey from the Michigan camp, Capt. Bacon, and Co. It seems that he had just taken sugar from one of our lines, and was chased by the darkey from our boats, and was caught in the cannonades of the Rebel fleet. The 1st Secretary is a heavy point as can be found, and so the miserable lair goes on.

We are now going to Vicksburg, with a surprising force to take the place and remain it from whence we shall probably proceed to Mobile, and main-ster the Northern army.

The scarcity of all articles of common use here is very great. Flour 300 per barrel, even a bough costs $1.50, to the great sorrow, I have no doubt, of all housewives.

There are every day adventures in camp growing out of the attempt to get the fugitives permitted on this just now: A fellow with a club chasing a poor darkey from the Michigan camp, Capt. Bacon, and Co. It seems that he had just taken sugar from one of our lines, and was chased by the darkey from our boats, and was caught in the cannonades of the Rebel fleet. The 1st Secretary is a heavy point as can be found, and so the miserable lair goes on.

A fellow with a club chasing a poor darkey from the Michigan camp, Capt. Bacon, and Co. It seems that he had just taken sugar from one of our lines, and was chased by the darkey from our boats, and was caught in the cannonades of the Rebel fleet. The 1st Secretary is a heavy point as can be found, and so the miserable lair goes on.

The scarcity of all articles of common use here is very great. Flour 300 per barrel, even a bough costs $1.50, to the great sorrow, I have no doubt, of all housewives.

There are every day adventures in camp growing out of the attempt to get the fugitives permitted on this just now: A fellow with a club chasing a poor darkey from the Michigan camp, Capt. Bacon, and Co. It seems that he had just taken sugar from one of our lines, and was chased by the darkey from our boats, and was caught in the cannonades of the Rebel fleet. The 1st Secretary is a heavy point as can be found, and so the miserable lair goes on.

A fellow with a club chasing a poor darkey from the Michigan camp, Capt. Bacon, and Co. It seems that he had just taken sugar from one of our lines, and was chased by the darkey from our boats, and was caught in the cannonades of the Rebel fleet. The 1st Secretary is a heavy point as can be found, and so the miserable lair goes on.

The scarcity of all articles of common use here is very great. Flour 300 per barrel, even a bough costs $1.50, to the great sorrow, I have no doubt, of all housewives.

There are every day adventures in camp growing out of the attempt to get the fugitives permitted on this just now: A fellow with a club chasing a poor darkey from the Michigan camp, Capt. Bacon, and Co. It seems that he had just taken sugar from one of our lines, and was chased by the darkey from our boats, and was caught in the cannonades of the Rebel fleet. The 1st Secretary is a heavy point as can be found, and so the miserable lair goes on.

A fellow with a club chasing a poor darkey from the Michigan camp, Capt. Bacon, and Co. It seems that he had just taken sugar from one of our lines, and was chased by the darkey from our boats, and was caught in the cannonades of the Rebel fleet. The 1st Secretary is a heavy point as can be found, and so the miserable lair goes on.

The scarcity of all articles of common use here is very great. Flour 300 per barrel, even a bough costs $1.50, to the great sorrow, I have no doubt, of all housewives.

There are every day adventures in camp growing out of the attempt to get the fugitives permitted on this just now: A fellow with a club chasing a poor darkey from the Michigan camp, Capt. Bacon, and Co. It seems that he had just taken sugar from one of our lines, and was chased by the darkey from our boats, and was caught in the cannonades of the Rebel fleet. The 1st Secretary is a heavy point as can be found, and so the miserable lair goes on.

A fellow with a club chasing a poor darkey from the Michigan camp, Capt. Bacon, and Co. It seems that he had just taken sugar from one of our lines, and was chased by the darkey from our boats, and was caught in the cannonades of the Rebel fleet. The 1st Secretary is a heavy point as can be found, and so the miserable lair goes on.

The scarcity of all articles of common use here is very great. Flour 300 per barrel, even a bough costs $1.50, to the great sorrow, I have no doubt, of all housewives.

There are every day adventures in camp growing out of the attempt to get the fugitives permitted on this just now: A fellow with a club chasing a poor darkey from the Michigan camp, Capt. Bacon, and Co. It seems that he had just taken sugar from one of our lines, and was chased by the darkey from our boats, and was caught in the cannonades of the Rebel fleet. The 1st Secretary is a heavy point as can be found, and so the miserable lair goes on.

A fellow with a club chasing a poor darkey from the Michigan camp, Capt. Bacon, and Co. It seems that he had just taken sugar from one of our lines, and was chased by the darkey from our boats, and was caught in the cannonades of the Rebel fleet. The 1st Secretary is a heavy point as can be found, and so the miserable lair goes on.
the Confederacy, and the regular soldiers there had been sent forward to Corinth. We have taken a guerrilla Captain and Lieutenant prisoners, and captured a number of the band, and also have burned several plantations belonging to guerrillas. Day before yesterday, a portion of the 21st Indiana under the command of Col. McMillen destroyed a large amount of sugar and molasses, ten miles east of here, the property of a colonel of the Illinois regiment, and we will probably move up the river in a day or two.

Capt. Paul is at New Orleans sick. He has not been able to be with his company for over two months on account of ill-health. He will probably not get well so long as he remains in this climate. The weather here is very warm—much warmer than most of us are familiar with.

The regiment expects to be paid off every day. We have not received any pay for the last month.

Rev. A. C. Barry has resigned the chaplaincy of this regiment, and returned home in a day or two.

Your obd' servant, 
H. H. ELLIOTT, A. A. G.

To Col. H. E. Paine, 4th Wis. Regt.,
June 10th, 1862.—Your letter of the 5th instant, is not sufficiently definite. You will state categorically whether or not you will obey General order No. 46.

By order of Brig. Gen. T. Williams,
H. A. ELLIOTT, A. A. G.
To Col. H. E. Paine, 4th Wis. Vol.

Headquarters 4th Wis. Regt.
Baton Rouge, June 12th, 1862.—Lieutenant:—In obedience to an order of this date from Brigade Headquarters, informing me that my letter of the 5th inst., is not sufficiently definite, and requiring me to state categorically whether or not I will obey General order No. 46, I have to state that for the reasons given me in detail in that letter, I cannot obey the order. I supposed the letter would be so understood.

Your obd' servant,
HARLEY E. PAINE,
Col. 4th Wis. Regt.

To Lieut. H. H. Elliott, A. A. A. G.

Headquarters 2d Brigade, Baton Rouge,
La., June 11th, 1862.—Colonel:—In consequence of your refusal to obey General order No. 46 from these Headquarters, June 5th, 1862, you are hereby placed under arrest. Your limits will be the enclosure of this garrison. The command of your regiment will devolve upon the next ranking officer for duty.

H. A. ELLIOTT, A. A. G.


To Col. H. E. Paine, 4th Wis. Regt.

The correspondence was read at the reg-
By order of Brig. Gen. T. WILLIAMS.

I have found guilty, by a Court Martial, of treasonable conduct for the purpose of returning captured property from anyone to whom such articles or slaves had been given by the General's order or under authority of the United States, as prohibited by our laws and the Regulations of the Army.

I am compelled to return these negroes, fugitives, whose information was brought in by my orders, to their owners, unless I can obtain legal permission to retain them as slaves. The property and houses burned, and the negroes brought into possession of the camps and garrisons of the several disorganizing tendencies to the troops, of Gen. Williams, and have, upon his orders, informed him of the importance of the law for the purpose of returning negroes, fugitives, whose information has been sought and used for the benefit of the negroes, and the law prohibits its violation. The property and houses burned, and the negroes brought into possession of the camps and garrisons of the several disorganizing tendencies to the troops, of Gen. Williams, and have, upon his orders, informed him of the importance of the law for the purpose of returning negroes, fugitives, whose information has been sought and used for the benefit of the negroes, and the law prohibits its violation.

The Case of Colonel Paine.

We published yesterday, a paragraph relative to the arrest of Col. Paine, of the Wisconsin 4th Regiment, in the army correspondence of the Shanghoyan Times, and in the following paragraphs of the same case, written from Baton Rouge, June 13, 1862.

We have given the facts in the case of the arrest of Colonel Paine, of the Wisconsin 4th, for disobeying the order of Gen. Williams, at Baton Rouge, who ordered Col. Paine to deliver up slaves in his camp to their rebel masters. We have further detailed the course of this General Williams, in the resignation of Col. Currie, of the Michigan 6th Wisconsin. We give Colonel C.'s letter, that explains the whole matter.

At Baton Rouge, Louisiana, I was astonished to receive a verbal order, (through his General Order,) from Gen. Williams, that I should command the Brigade to which my regiment was attached, to turn out beyond my lines certain slaves who had taken refuge there. This order was given by Gen. Williams, knowing that their rebel masters stood waiting to receive them with cheers. Once again, without delay, have been carried back to the plantation and been severely tortured for the innocent crime of attempting their freedom.

Be it enacted by the House of Representatives in Congress assembled, That it shall be lawful for any officer or person who shall be present within the lines of the American army, to arrest any slave who has been found within the lines of the American army, I replied to the General, through his Orderly, that I should not obey such an order unless it was committed to writing.
Brigadier General T. Williams, who has been in the army forty years. He has a most supreme contempt for western or own men, and I need not say that our three western regiments reciprocate the feeling. He has produced a new kind of operation, a battery drill, which he calls the “order of combat,” and thinks it a wonderful discovery, and makes it the basis of all military operations. He has, I suppose, a body else could do. While the night before—wiser over five thousand on them—but he imagined that the smoke from the flames of his dwelling ascended straight to the gate of heaven and by the keyhole to await at the judgment seat an insupportable witness against our cruelty.

“Tie have known instances where slaves were given us valuable and reliable information, and after availing themselves of their services, have turned them out of our camp unprotected, to reap the vengeance of an enraged master. This can’t always be so. This noonday blindness don’t exist with a heart and held, if we remember rightly, a cap.

It would seem that then Gen. Williams thought he had not gone according to the contract from a private letter to S. J. Todd, Esq., dated Baton Rouge, La., June 16, 1862. We are permitted to make the following extracts from the letter to S. J. Todd, Esq., Baton Rouge, La., June 16, 1862.

To my regiment, and without distinction, my men were rapidly approaching. They stood against our cruelty, a whirlwind.” by the general himself, to guard a road on the night in our blankets, and also in, very pleasing thoughts of home." Early in the morning we were suddenly ordered to pack up and go on board the steamer.” The 21st Indiana and 6th Michigan regiments were under the same orders, and the next morning found us all on board the splendid craft above named, with a bunk for each man, with the exception of about one hundred, who could choose for themselves quarters in almost any part of it.

"What reason can you assign for your conduct?" was his next question.

"An act," I replied. "Congress has recently enacted a law, which has become a section in the articles of war, disarming. Hereafter, every man that surrenders to his rebel master any slave who has taken refuge within the Federal line, and outside of this (although being far from radical on the question of slavery) it fully meets the ap" I replied still further, "ast the slave owners have seen fit to sow the storm, let them now reap the whirlwind."

His next order was that I should proceed to my regiment, and without distinction, turn out every slave within my lines. To this I replied as persistently as I did before, "General, I shall not do it unless you give me the order in writing." "Then," says he, "I arrest you for disobedience of orders—you will go back to your quarters and remain in them until released." Without any hesitation I surrendered to him my sword and returned to my room.

It was ordered that the 21st Indiana and 6th Michigan regiments be under the same orders, and the next morning found us all on board the splendid craft above named, with a bunk for each man, with the exception of about one hundred, who could choose for themselves quarters in almost any part of it.

"Don’t know when he will do so."

Col. Paine has not yet called a court martial for the trial of the two cases. I don’t know how the affair will terminate.

I think, however, Col. Paine has the better of the General. I worked all one day in getting evidence in the case, procuring witnesses, &c.

Gen. Butler has not yet called a court martial for the trial of the two cases. I don’t know how the affair will terminate.

As "Brigadier Gen. Williams" is looming up in notoriety, some knowledge of him will be interesting. We find in the Parke County Republican, published at Boonville, Indiana, a correspondence from the 21st Indiana regiment, which will throw a little light on the character of this military official. This correspondence was written by the Boonville, June 6th, says:

Ever since we have been in this department, we have been in the 2d brigade, under
At Fortress Monroe, General Williams came on board with his staff and we soon found ourselves out upon the broad Atlantic, making for Ship Island. Nothing of much interest occurred during the voyage, except that we had some very interesting times in procuring our rations, and little events which naturally take place among three thousand men who are minus their sea legs and on their first voyage. Indeed, one of our men say he lost his breakfast over the lee-mill, that if he could get hold of the man who wrote the "Life on the Ocean Wave" he would wring his neck.

Well, we arrived at Ship Island—the very jumping off place of all creation. We finally disembarked, and went sand, ankle deep at that, seemed good to our feet, and we could get fresh air and water. Here, we were ordered to have battalion drill from 8 to 10 a.m., and brigade drill from 2 to 5 p.m., each day until further orders.

Commodore Porter's Monitor Fleet had been away from the Island for some three weeks when we were again ordered on board a ship—the Great Republic—and met two commission regiments in bicorne with ourselves, were again on board; but the time fifty times worse off than on board Constitution, for we were packed in fardarines in a box. They gave us water which was as black as coal and which they actually pumped from the lower hold of the ship. The Michigan regiment was stowed below, whereas some three hundred horses had been taken but a few days previous, and the smell of that deck was truly sickening. Our regiment together with the 31st Indiana was crowded upon the second and middle deck. We had for air holes two feet by three on either side, and all our sleeping, and all our water, was supplied by a battery of six-pounder passing among them all the time. We had no accommodations for cooking for more than five hundred men at a time. Our living consisted of about a pint of coffee, a small piece of "white horse," and some hard bread. Our officers slept upon the roof of the cabin.

Such was our situation from the 17th of April until the 3d of May, when we joyfully landed upon the levee at New Orleans. Our men were most sick, and we were not in a shape to do much duty, but we were under the necessity of being a heavy guard duty.

On the night of the same day, on which we landed we were all ordered under arms, and with four regiments of Infantry a battery of artillery was drawn up around the Bi, Chalmette, and we proceeded down the river feeling that we had done them a kindness to leave them even their homes. This battery was manned by men living in the village as we found out by dadies who had come on board.

We arrived here, and found the Flag ship Harvard lying off the city. She hailed us and told us that her boats had been brought into a party of Guerrillas and that they had fired a broadside into the town.

We were immediately landed and here we were in the United States Arsenal.

We are completely demoralized by sickness for we cannot muster four hundred well men. But all to no purpose for preventing marching orders, for when the word march comes, we have to leave nine in the ten of the regiment behind.

I much wish there were Capt. Dunn, while at Ship Island. Our friend Merriman is well and good natured as ever.

We expect to have a bush with those chivalric gentlemen soon, after which we will remember the Crescent.

The Fourth Wisconsin Regiment
HEADQUARTERS FOURTH WIS. REGIMENT:

To the Families of Soldiers Serving in the Fourth Wisconsin Regiment:

I am pleased to learn that, in consequence of the failure of the Adjutant General of Wisconsin to receive our monthly reports for January, February, March and April, of this year, you have been unable to draw your monthly payments from the State Treasurer, for those months. The law requiring such statements was approved March 21st, 1862, but it did not come to my notice until June 1st, 1862. At the request of a State officer, I, last year, directed the Adjutant General to forward regularly, to the Adjutant General of Wisconsin, copies of our monthly reports. This duty was performed by Sergeant Otto Schubert in the Nineteenth Regiment. His remarkable punctuality in the performance of all duties assured me that the report of January and February, this could not have been overlooked. Your officers must have been lost on the passage. He is now in Wisconsin, and can inform you whether I am correct. Unfortunately, I heard nothing of this failure before the first of the current month. It is probable that the Adjutant General wrote, but his letters did not reach me.

When Sergeant Schubert left the regiment, (March 1, 1862) Adjutant Aldrich was, as he has ever since been, unable to do duty. His duties have been performed by different Lieutenants, and I find that neither they nor the clerks who succeeded them have ever drawn upon the financial resources of the State, but have been lost on the passage. He is now in Wisconsin, and can inform you whether I am correct. Unfortunately, I heard nothing of this failure before the first of the current month. It is probable that the Adjutant General wrote, but his letters did not reach me.

When Sergeant Schubert left the regiment, (March 1, 1862) Adjutant Aldrich was, as he has ever since been, unable to do duty. His duties have been performed by different Lieutenants, and I find that neither they nor the clerks who succeeded them have ever drawn upon the financial resources of the State, but have been lost on the passage. He is now in Wisconsin, and can inform you whether I am correct. Unfortunately, I heard nothing of this failure before the first of the current month. It is probable that the Adjutant General wrote, but his letters did not reach me.

When Sergeant Schubert left the regiment, (March 1, 1862) Adjutant Aldrich was, as he has ever since been, unable to do duty. His duties have been performed by different Lieutenants, and I find that neither they nor the clerks who succeeded them have ever drawn upon the financial resources of the State, but have been lost on the passage. He is now in Wisconsin, and can inform you whether I am correct. Unfortunately, I heard nothing of this failure before the first of the current month. It is probable that the Adjutant General wrote, but his letters did not reach me.

When Sergeant Schubert left the regiment, (March 1, 1862) Adjutant Aldrich was, as he has ever since been, unable to do duty. His duties have been performed by different Lieutenants, and I find that neither they nor the clerks who succeeded them have ever drawn upon the financial resources of the State, but have been lost on the passage. He is now in Wisconsin, and can inform you whether I am correct. Unfortunately, I heard nothing of this failure before the first of the current month. It is probable that the Adjutant General wrote, but his letters did not reach me.

When Sergeant Schubert left the regiment, (March 1, 1862) Adjutant Aldrich was, as he has ever since been, unable to do duty. His duties have been performed by different Lieutenants, and I find that neither they nor the clerks who succeeded them have ever drawn upon the financial resources of the State, but have been lost on the passage. He is now in Wisconsin, and can inform you whether I am correct. Unfortunately, I heard nothing of this failure before the first of the current month. It is probable that the Adjutant General wrote, but his letters did not reach me.
From the Fourth Regiment.

[The following is a letter addressed to Captain E. B. Gray, by whose courtesy we are permitted to publish it.]

Baton Rouge, La., June 16, 1862.

Dear Captain,—A thousand things have delayed my writing to you sooner, as I promised to you in our last agreement. We have been knocked sensibly. This regiment is about "played out," but we are moving about as often as possible, and I have been up to the river as far as Vicksburg.—Disbanded on account of demoralization.—Twenty miles of railroad. At Vicksburg we Bob Williams and Mac arrived here to-day. All went over us, through the cabin and •

[further text is not legible]

Farragut here joined us with the Hartford, Brooklyn, and several other gunboats, but after lying there a few days we started down the river with the ship's company and several of the gunboats. In passing the town of Grand Gulf, forty miles below Vicksburg, we met the leaden curtain of grape and ball. We being close in shore, the enemy opened fire with grape and ball. We being close in shore, the enemy opened fire with grape and ball. We were fired upon by rebel cavalry, but they refused to obey, whereupon we fired •

[further text is not legible]

E. S. W.

Camp Correspondence.

FIVE MILES BELOW VICKSBURG MISS.

June 20th, 1862.

Remembered friend: We arrived at this place yesterday evening, not finding on our arrival, one of our men was killed—a six pound ball going through his body. After that's all.

[further text is not legible]
two more "Reels." Then returned to the tavern about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 10th. We stopped and cooked some poultry for our breakfast, rested a little, then put back to our junction with the R. R. the night before. When we arrived there the whole battalion had just started off to a point where the Railroad and river some together about 13 miles below, and where our steam boats had dropped during our march. You may judge for yourself as to whether we were tired or not when we got to the river again, just before dark. We staid there till the morning of the 12th, when we started up the river again (after killing all the beef we wanted and getting plenty of sugar.) The next place we landed was Natchez 104 miles from New Orleans. Killed beef and started up again.

Get on all right till the 18th May, landed at Warenton 10 miles below Vicksburg; some of the boys went on shore and were fired into, by the rebel pickets. They wounded two of our boys, but we got two prisoners, after which we dropped across to the west side of the river and lay on our steamer (Walthall Burton) until the 21st, when we moved from the Burton onto the Laurel Hill, the largest and fastest boat I have seen.

We lay in the same place until the 26th, when we started down the river again, but we did not go down as we came up, for we had run more than 40 miles down when passing a town on the east shore, we were saluted with four rebel cannon, who fired about 50 shots at us. We had our whole regiment and three companies of the 6th Michigan on board, and out of the whole, there was but one man killed, and that was a Michigan man. He was killed instantly. We turned upon them with our gun boats and shelled the town, then landed our troops. I was on guard and couldn't go with the company; but after I was relieved at one o'clock at night I went ashore when hundreds of the boys were plundering the town, and got enough to amount to $80, and will get my pay for it next pay-day, but God only knows when that will be, as our Regiment has not had a cent since the start of last January. But it will be all the "bigger" when we get it, so I don't fret much about the matter.

We pushed on down the river till we reached Baton Rouge, the Capital of Louisiana, on the 20th, we avoid their 'til and some to make wires from the letter. Knowing the boys different quarters thank wishes from us are not surprised that he is sick, and scarce body around him.'

---

By the kindness of Mrs. C. E. Curtis, we are in possession of a letter from the Captain, dated "Off Vicksburg, June 29th," which we would be glad to publish if our room was not all taken up by matters that will not be denied. The news, however, which it contains, has been anticipated.

The Captain gives a sad account of the condition of the Fourth Regiment, confirming the accounts we have recently published. It is still, however, a crack regiment, as the following "General Order" testifies:

By order of 

The Fourth is made up of some of the finest men in the army, and this commendation is well deserved. We trust that the opening of the river will afford an opportunity for some of the brave officers and men, who, for over a year have been absent from their homes, to revisit their friends. We think when Captain Curtis does come back, there will be what the boys call "a high old time Louisiana town."
during which time we were joined by the remaining of the brigade, which consisted of the Mass. 30th, Cozn. 9th, and Vermont 7th; the Mich. 6th and 7th 21st being left as a garrison. We then proceeded to Ellis' Cliffs, a place a few miles from Natchez, without interruption. The rebels having planted a battery at this place, we landed and marched to the rear, hoping to cut off the enemy's retreat; but we were too late; they had escaped.

We returned to the boat, and proceeded to Grand Gulf, where we had seen some specimens of chivalrous warfare, as practised in the South. We ascended a Bayon, which runs up a few miles in the rear of the city, hoping this time to march down upon the rebels and bag them; but we ascended the Bayou too far, so we could find no landing place, and we were obliged to return a quite a distance to land. By this time the planters along the Bayou had informed the rebel gang of their danger, so they made good their retreat, though we were close after them. We had a skirmish with their rear guard, wounded some, took some prisoners, and destroyed their camp; no loss on our side. Our regiment being at the right of the Brigade, took the lead and all the glory of the fight. The enemy were 1000 strong and 10 pieces of Artillery. The day was exceedingly warm, we were weak, and did some tallow chasing. We were completely used up on reaching the city. That night Grand Gaff ceased to exist. It was reduced to ashes and leaves nothing but blackened ruins to show where it stood.

During the night we started for Vicksburg, which we reached on the 25th, and landed on the opposite shore. We chopped small trees, bushes, &c., and made little wigwams on the cold, muddy ground that had been overflowed all the spring; and being still surrounded by swamps and marshes, many fell sick and the rest were much exhausted. Heavy reenforcing parties were sent out. We kept a strong picket guard on both sides of the river. A large fatigue party was detailed each day to work upon the great canal, of which we doubt have often heard; then a detachment every day to go down the river after negroes; besides our camp guard kept us on duty all the while, and sometimes our company could not furnish all the men required. Many days were there with not a man in camp, only those excused by the Surgeon.

Gen. Williams collected about 1000 negroes and set them to digging out the Mississippi River, to turn its course and make fresh beds of the river. The darkies would dig, and the river continued to fall; so the great enterprise of isolating Vicksburg, leaving her high and dry, a mere inland town, destroying her commerce and importance forever, which was boasted of so highly at first, was found to be a magnificent failure. But the General determining that all the labor should not be lost, ordered that the embankment formed by the loose earth should be constructed into a breastwork for defense. Accordingly all hands were employed on the breastworks till some of the privates discovered, to the great dismay of constituted authorities, that the Fort was on the wrong side of the ditch; or, vice versa, regular Pillow style. By this time our regiment were nearly all sick of chill fever and other diseases.

The General ordered snapdrum drill to take place. This was more than human nature could bear. We sent out only four men from our regiment to assist, and the boys hissed the General when he rode past. When night came the Colonel was placed under arrest again and remains so yet.

July 15th.—The rebel ram Arkansas came down the river and ran through Davi's fleet, reaching Vicksburg in safety. Capt. Lyon, of Co. I, with twenty of our Regiment, was on the gunboat Tyler on duty. A shell from the firm killed the Captain and five privates. The affair created much consternation in camp; the sick were sent ashore; the steamer dropped down the river, and the troops sent up on the point to prevent the rebels from landing troops. The two fleets commenced a joint bombardment of the town, and the rebel batteries replied at a lively rate. The troops were thus placed between two fires, each party firing across the point where we were stationed; so we had to retreat. Every movement of the General proving futile, he packed up his troops aboard the boats and came back here.

We have received four months pay, though seven is due us. Here we met those we left sick, but who are now better than we are. They received us with every demonstration of joy they could think of, they were so delighted to meet us.

As long as the conduct of the war is entrusted to such impolite, tyrannical, swaggering, conceited blate as at some of our Brigadier Generals are, the cause of Freedom will languish, and Freemen still feel such post.
We landed at Baton Rouge about the last of the month of May. Rumors were set afloat of a large force of Rebels in the immediate vicinity of the place, and only waiting for us to land, in order to strike us. We were in a regiment of Doubles, and the night every man slept with his arms at hand and ready to spring up at a moment's warning.

The next day I was placed in charge of our pickets, and I "planted" a line and was in the saddle. Our pickets were in their proper positions and blaring pickets. About dark, no great brought in reports that the enemy intended to attack us.

Our two Regiments—the 4th Wisconsin and the 6th Michigan—were at that time, the only ones there, were put under arms and marched out to a good place for ambush. We remained here all night watching for the appearance of the expected enemy. But they did not come. We were soon relieved and under the given orders and healthy air of Baton Rouge the health of our men was considerably improved.

On the 30th of this month another force started up the river for Vicksburg, consisting of four regiments of infantry and two mortar batteries, viz.: The 4th Wisconsin and the 6th Michigan and the 7th Vt. regiments, and the 2nd and 6th Mississippi batteries. We came up on ten transports accompanied by three river boats and a slop of ear, besides a supply vessel which we towed up.

At all times it was quite an easy piece. We were armed upon, we always saw the river some time ago, we were naturally pretty cautious on our trip up the river. We landed our forces at two different places, and three of batteries planted for our destruction. The place was at Ellis' Island. This is a splendid piece for fortifications, as the bluff is high and rugged, and the current in the river, the swift from this place down. As soon as we landed the rebels left on double quick, and we went on.

At Grand Gulf—memorable place—we again landed and marched for miles into the road of the place, hoping to ensnare the fellows. We captured two 300 men, captured two river boats, a rebel flag, and a good many trinkets which the men had not time to take away, in their rapid flight. We captured the same—marched into town and burned every house in it, even to the chicken coop. The town is a strong unmilitated. I hope every place in rebellion, which offers the least resistance to our forces, will be treated in the same manner.

I have become tired of the manner in which we have been treated by them, and of the manner in which they have been treated by us.

For doing good service, and for loyal conduct, Gen. Williams—by general order—gave us special thanks. It was a good deed for him, considering the state of affairs existing in a regiment in reference to him. I forget not that our advance guards had three different engagements with a company of rebel cavalry—We killed three of them and took their horses.

We did not make much...

June 30th.

But here we saw at Vicksburg—the city of a hundred hills—as it is called. I was obliged to break off this letter by an order to take one hundred men, and a section of artillerists, and a drumhead, and go down the river, thus forming "contingents."

You may wonder why we want "dark" or

here, it is on Gentry's bluff or on a chimney or by a barrack of men, caused by a house on the top of the river as it winds to Vicksburg. This "chim" is designed to allow boats to pass up and down the river, and thus avoid the fortifications at Vicksburg. It is thought this can be done easily. It is distant to be did in less than one mile and a half, and the fall in the river is nearly four feet.

We are now engaged in the undertaking. We have already filled together from five hundred to one thousand of "our confidential" and are still larger in getting (I hope) on the low, long, narrow, and the enemy will be within view of twenty miles. Two orops of war were towed up into position near the city. A blow fired on them to make them at the time, Thursday afternoon at about three o'clock, our mortars opened upon the town, that little strain, however, was done during the day, Friday morning opened and with it commenced a bombardment which continued all day. During the hour, 8 and 9, and 10 o'clock, there was a fire which we have seen from our trip up the river. We have seen from our trip up the river. We have seen from our trip up the river. We have seen from our trip up the river. We have seen from our trip up the river. We have seen from our trip up the river. We have seen from our trip up the river.

The enemy replied with equal vigor. The scene was truly grand. Volumes of smoke almost hid the combatants from view, but the sudden bursting of flares and the lead report, told where the battle was waging. Two troops of war, with a number of gun boats passed the fortifications, the rest of the fleet engaged the batteries, and remained with the mortar boats.

I saw by the Vicksburg paper of yesterday that the firing was resuming in the city. About every house is a broken window. The batteries, however, were not taken. They remain, seemingly, as strong as ever. From the manner in which they are worked, it will hard work to silence them. They are cut down into the hills and covered with a thick laying of earth. They are scattered along at a distance of a mile—a few guns in a piece.

We have been but little firing since the grand attack of Saturday morning. I think the rebels are determined to make a desperate stand here in order to obstruct the river. We early expect an enemy from the North. It has been reported that Holcomb has no incentive, or that he is not coming down, if he does not, I suppose we are elected to remain at this point for the season.

I anxiously hope a force will come down and drive away these fellows. It is so warm here that we take no comforts day or night. In the day we have the heat, in the night we have heat and mosquitoes. The men of the regiment are healthier than they were one month ago. How long they will continue so I do not know. Their health is so fine that they are full of sickness, but we laugh at them.

We have this advantage, we have become somewhat what intoxicated.

We are now engaged in making our musket rolls for pay. We have been rather neglected in this respect. Government owes us to-day for six months labor. Luckily we have not been where we would spend money, or our complaints would have been heard. But the families of the men must suffer for want of the money they otherwise would get.

We hear that the paymaster in New Orleans but what he is doing with our money is more than I can tell. Perhaps he is investing it in cotton, and is waiting for returns.

I have no doubt but that some one will make a fortune out of this department. If I had had any money of my own I believe I could have quadrupled any money I might have expended.

But this is not my business, nor any other soldier's, but I believe some officers indulge.

Yours truly.

W. M. MONS.
Baton Rouge possesses the genuine southern stamp of tumble-down-inliness, which marks everything. It is, as I heard, an orderly and well-governed city, where the Union sentiments of the people were chocked by secession, and ours by its intolerable dust.

Not at all pleased-at the idea of going back to transport life, which, after all, said about "transport," ain't so delightful-we left our pleasant quarters and went on board the Laurel Hill, with a section of Everett's Mass. Battery, and went up the river. The 6th Mich. and 21st Ind. were left to garrison and hold the place. We came up the river five miles; where we lay for two or three days until the fleet of transports and gunboats had all passed; and then went on. At a place called Ellis' Cliff, we were met by two 13-inch mortars and 10-inch Dahlgren guns, having an immense shelling of a gunboat and a bore. The rebels had orders to fire on all transports and gunboats which came along, but not at the gunboats. The steamer Empire Paris passed along, but not at the guns. The 7th Conn. left 7 boats; and the 21st Ind. were left to garrison and hold the place.

The eternal negro question, the "impressible negro," was a source of much annoyance and ill feeling. They flocked into the camps, claiming protection—Gen. W. gave a great many occupation in loading and unloading stores, &c., &c., but still there was an overlap in the camps. Every mess had its two or three cooks, and every officer had his quota, varying usually from one to—as many as he wanted. It was nigger! nigger! nigger!!! Turn a short corner, and ten to one you would run against a negro. They poured out of every window and door, bled over every fire, lay stretched in every shade. The help became a nuisance and a bore. By most, a general order issued by Gen. Williams, saying that "perceiving the degrading and demoralizing tendency of troops harboring runaway negroes," &c., &c., "it was ordered that commanders of regiments turn all such from the limits of their camps," was gladly received. It promised an abatement of the nuisance. But Col. Paine sent a note, saying in substance that, whereas, Congress had made a law dismissing from service any officer returning a fugitive, he could not obey the order. The reply was, as it must have been—"You will consider yourself under arrest." So Col. P. was placed under arrest, and the boys got indignant—called Gen. W hard names and threatened him all imaginable evils—which was all very foolish and childish, of course. Besides the numerous alarms created by runaway negroes, whereby the boys went out at night under the impression that they were to encounter an immense, at least untold amount of secess who were coming to wipe us out, this was the great event of our half month's stay in a city where the Union sentiments of the people were choked by secession, and ours by its intolerable dust.

Gen. Williams was with the advance, and displayed real soldierly qualities, which will before this city meet their reward. He issued a general order speaking of the Fourth in wariest terms for their conduct, and "hopes in the impending battle a great deal of this gallant regiment." In private, conversation, speaking of our boys, "D—n it," said he, "these devils actually stopped and picked blackberries right under the enemy's fire."

That night, we had a grand illumination. By Gen. Butler's order the town of Grand Gulf was burned, not leaving a single house. It does not seem right to do this when seen through the policy which has been the adopted one of the North, but it is justified by their own conduct. The guerilla system, into which the southern army is fast resiling itself, can only be broken up by holding the city, town, village or plantation where they may be, responsible for their behavior. The wishy-washy policy of consultation, fairly tried at the north, and which always ended for a sacrifice of justice under a mistaken call of mercy, Gen. Butler don't propose to adopt. He hung the man who dared to pull down our flag (What northern general would have dared to?) He has protected our soldiers from insults from the women of the cities, which from their source they could not resist. He has placed a firm hand over us all, and if the people of Louisiana and Mississippi don't soon see the folly of persisting against such a rule, why secession has blinded them to their sharpest sense—self-interest.

A Vicksburg paper of the 28th gives an account of a "Battle at Grand Gulf," and states our loss as 20 killed. Then to their crime as traitors, they have added that of murderers, for we had none killed in the skirmish. The 7th Conn. left 7 who struggled behind, and the rest but ours left some. These I presume they killed.

On the 25th we arrived here, and tied up in the bend on the right or west bank, in plain sight of Vicksburg and its defenses. On the 28th the mortars took position and opened, and since then with greater or less rapidity they have been firing.

As much that I would wish to write now would be "contraband," and as we
will have the city in another week. I will defer details of the bombardment until the next from New Orleans.

P. S.—Mail communication is now opened up the river. Glory Halaljah!

TO HABERD PAINE,

Colonel, 1st U.S. Vols., Wisconsin Regiment.

Brother, send to the field,

The greeting of the free;
Our State is proud of all her sons;
And more the proud of thee.

Not where the blood and reason flow,
Waving in their pride,
To urge thee to heroic deeds,
Thy manhood has been tried.

We have our thousands brave and true,
In the land of the free;
Not one amid this conquering host
Has earned a name like thine.

They sprang at glory's thrilling call,
To meet the battle's breath.
A nation's plan with faces for them,
And virtues for the blow.

But thou couldst not cherish a voice;
Then couldst resist the strong;
But thou couldst not yield to the prompt;
Then couldst not do them wrong.

We might have praised thy nerve of steel,
They courage to defy;
Had we not known thy heart to feel,
And thy humanity.

Peace heart and voice, a crown awaits
The hero up above;
And eager harpsstrings vibrate, while
They praise the dead of love.

A KARA H. LUSE.

Three Hundred Thousand More.
[From the New York Evening Post.]

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Missouri's rolling river and from New England's shore;
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear.

We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly to the front;
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear.

... Three Hundred Thousand More...

The Wisconsin Fourth.—Gen. Butler, in his official report of the capture of New Orleans, makes a very favorable mention of the Wisconsin Fourth Regiment (Col. Paine). The troops were conveyed through certain bayous, in their approach to the city, by a most fatiguing and laborious row of some four and a half miles. In reference to this passage, which was under the direction of Capt. Everett, of the 6th Massachusetts Battery, Gen. Butler says:

A large portion of this passage was against a heavy current through a bayou. At the entrance of Mamou's Canal, a mile and a half from this point of landing, rowing became impossible, as well from the narrowness of the canal as the strength of the current, which ran like a mill race. Through this the boats could only be propelled by dragging them singly, with the men up to their waists in the water. It is due to this fine regiment, and to a portion of the 4th Wisconsin volunteers and 21st Indiana, who landed under this hardship without a murmur, that their labors should be made known to the department, as well as to account for the slowness of our operations.

The enemy evidently considered this mode of attack impossible, as they had taken no measures to oppose it, which might very easily have been successfully done.

We occupied at once both sides of the river, thus effectually cutting them off from all supplies, information, or support, while we made our dispositions for the assault.

From the 4th Regiment.

Rev. A. C. Barry, Chaplain of the 4th regiment, has recently returned to this State. He made a few remarks at the celebration at Kenosha, on the 4th. He said, when he left the regiment a few weeks ago, Col. Paine was under arrest. Two slaves came into the Federal lines, near Vicksburg, and gave much valuable information. Their owners came and demanded their "property."—The slaves were driven out of the town. The masters then captured them, administered 150 lashes to their bare backs, as pay for giving information to the Federals. The masters also put on their necks heavy iron collars with horns sticking up into their necks. In this horrible condition the slaves again escaped, and the surprised 18th regiment behaved so gallantly and contested the field manfully, beaten, the regiment was not disgracefully but exhibited qualities which will command the confidence of any officer under whom they may be placed.
came within the lines of the 4th Wis.
The masters again demanded their property, and Col. Painé refused to give the men up. The masters appealed to the commanding General, who ordered Col. Painé to give up the slaves to those human bloodhounds! Col. Painé declined to obey, and was deprived of his command, and put under arrest for carrying out the law of Congress which provides that slaves of rebels shall not be returned to their masters. How long will such things be? Mr. Barry was a democrat when a resident of this State, and was not long ago honored with a State office by that party. He comes back now a "raving abolitionist."—Three rousing cheers were given for Col. Painé, at the conclusion of Mr. Barry's remarks.

List of deaths in the Fourth Wisconsin Volunteers, for the month of July, 1862.

John J. Darling, Private Co. E, dysentery, July 12.
W. E. Shaffin, Private Co. D, July 15.
E. Godditch, private Co. H, July 15.

Chas. A. Stone, First Sergeant Co. E, congestion fever, July 25.

* Captain Lyon and five men were killed, while on the guard at 2 a.m., by the explosion of a shell sent over the parapet.

A DESERVED TRIUMPH.

We out the following notice of our 4th regiment and its gallant Colonel, from the New Orleans correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial:

"Since the death of Gen. Williams, a new brigado has been formed, composed of the 4th Indiana, 4th Wisconsin and 14th Maine, with Col. Painé as acting Brigadier. If they had given us the 6th Michigan in place of the 14th Maine, the arrangement would have been complete. Although the 4th Wisconsin could, by seniority, have claimed the first position, Col. Painé's consideration of the services of the 21st, gracefully waived the claim of his regiment, and gave us the right, with the Wisconsin on the left and the Maine in the center. Col. Painé possesses not only the entire confidence, but the love and esteem of all the western men in this department. He is a thorough soldier, a gentleman and a scholar, and if he could only swear a little once in a while, I would rejoice his heart."

A SHAMEFUL HISTORY—Further in Regard to Col. Painé of the Fourth Wisconsin.

The Kenesaw Telegraph contains a summary of a statement made at the celebration of the 4th in that city, by Rev. A. C. Barry, chaplain of the 4th Wisconsin, who has just returned from New Orleans, in relation to the circumstances under which Col. Painé refused to deliver up certain fugitive slaves of rebels. It places the affair in a new light, and makes it doubly disgraceful to the general under whom such base and heartless cruelty was perpetrated.

"Mr. Barry has just arrived from New Orleans and related his experience. He said that very little patriotism or love for the Union had been found there among white people. Either the feeling has been crushed out by the iron despotism of slavery, or else men were afraid to show it. But with the slaves it was different. They are always ready to give information, always to be relied on; the only real friends of the Union; and they were always ready to venture life and everything else to serve the Union cause, without fee or compensation, save the hope that something might turn up to give them freedom. In all their recognizances they had to use the slaves as guides, and look to them for all information as to the strength and position of the enemy.

At New Orleans they obtained the services of two faithful, intelligent contrabands, who furnished information, went as guides, and rendered the most important service in ascertaining the exact position and strength of the enemy at Vicksburg; the number and position of the batteries, and all the information necessary to enable our Generals to make a successful attack upon that last stronghold of the rebels on the Mississippi; and all this without fee or reward, save the hope of freedom. When the masses moved up the river, these two slaves were taken along for their valuable services. At Baton Rouge, men appeared, claiming to be the owners of the slaves, and demanded them of the General commanding. He authorized the rebel masters to search for them, and if found to take them. The negroes had heard of what was going on, and kept out of sight on one of the steamers. But the men hunted for the two going along, and threatened their punishment. They obtained an order to search the steamer, but the sentries assured them they had no property there, and sent them away. Again they returned, accompanied by an orderly, and the commanding general, who enforced a search. The negroes had hidden in the hold of the steamer. The engineer was ordered to turn his steam into the hold, which he did, and actually steamed them out.

The poor fellows were given up to their masters, or those who claimed to be such, taken just outside our lines, and punished, with 150 lashes each, and then had the necks encircled in the iron collar, with prongs or spikes on each side of the hose, sticking up above the ears. These were locked on, and the slaves marched off. And all this was inflicted by cases they had given valuable information to the Union army.

Five days after that, these same men, with their hideous collars still on, came in to the camp of the 4th Wisconsin regiment. The collars were filed off by the order of Col. Painé, and the speaker still had on, as a momento of the barbarism of slavery. Col. Painé was ordered to deliver the men up again to their inhuman masters; but he refused to do it. For this he was placed under arrest, and when his regiment marched out from Baton Rouge for Vicksburg, Col. Painé marched on the rear, without arms. Here the last sentence once gave three rousing cheers for Colonel Painé. "Never," said the speaker, "was I more proud of my Colonel than at that moment."

LETTER FROM THE 4TH REGIMENT.

NEAR VICKSBURG, July 9th, 1862.

EDITORS INDEPENDENT.—Many months have passed since I wrote you last—months in which our regiment has passed through such events as will form a gloomy background to every picture we shall paint of the great rebellion. In the appendices of which we have been engaged.

Ever since we left Newport News for Ship Island, we have endured hard lips, in comparison with which the stern realities of a battle field will be a welcome picture. I will not pain you or the many friends who may read these lines, with a minute detail of all that has gone on. Our complaints do not become a soldier. Suffice it to say. that we were crowded, 3,000 of us, loaded one transport; packed together like logs, down in the dark hollow of our floating charnel house; where G-d's light never shone, where the air was pestilence itself, where vermin held high court and covered all over, till we were obliged to throw away our under clothing to save our lives; down where starvation crowded in the dim gray nights, and glazed us at with its hollow eyes by the faint light of a solitary lantern. We had had half rations during the whole voyage, till we stepped upon the welcome sand of Ship Island, and what we did get was unfit for swine to eat. Meanwhile sumptuaries were prepared in the splendid cabin, where the great ones gorged themselves with all that heart could wish. The 4th Wisconsin entered all this, and thanked G-d when the white sands of the little desert island gleamed across the dark waters of the Gulf.

Our stay there was comparatively pleasant, though the place was absolutely barren as a Sahara.

When the movement against New Orleans was begun, we were again packed, 3,000 deep on another vessel, and remained thus, off the Southwest Pass, two weeks engaged in the unequal contest against fiend and remin..."
and danger; cheered only by the sound of Porter's mortars thundering at the outer gates of New Orleans.

Of all the brilliant achievements in the Southwest—achievements that cover our navy with imperishable glory—I need not speak. They are a part of our grand history. Our regiment was one of the first to enter the Crescent City on that memorable May morning which placed the Union once more, and forever, in the old Union.

Our stay there was very brief. We were sent with Farragut's fleet on the 13th edition to open the river. We came as far as this place and lay for two weeks on a little, dirty Mississippi steamboat, where too old tale of vermin and hunger could be repeated with truth, and then, for reasons unknown to us, we were sent back to Baton Rouge, where we enjoyed a few weeks of better times. Meanwhile our boys, hardy though they were, began to fall. Very many were taken sick, many died. Some were buried in the graveyard at Baton Rouge, some on the dreary banks of the river, where we have stopped long enough to dig a hole and put them down forever from our sight.

Of the 1080 men who left Baltimore in our regiment, we number to-day only about 600 fit for duty. G. G. Vilas, of Elkton, and Alfred Sherman, of Geneva, were of our company, and are buried at Baton Rouge. Many a strong man has become broken down, and will go home with the life legacy of incurable disease. Who is answerable for all this, I will not now pretend to say. But God is just, and his justice will not sleep forever.

About three weeks ago, an expedition on a grand scale was organized to proceed against Vicksburg. It consists of Farragut's fleet, gunboats, including the sloops of war, Ri-hoond, Hartford and Brooklyn, Porter's mortar fleet, and five regiments of infantry, including ours, a doze batteries, all of which lay off the city. The mortars opened their terrible thunder tempest of bursting shells soon after we arrived, and have kept up the bombardment at intervals ever since.

No pen can describe the grandeur of a bombardment at night. Everything is silent—not even a bird's song is heard—when on the profound silence there broods the awful thunder of the mortar! The tall, masts quiver, the river runs in angry eddies from bank to bank, the earth trembles as though an earthquake were belowing down in its caverns, the clouds sweeping over as the sky, send back the echoes of the sound in long reverberations, while the fiery mes-engers of destruction cross and recross each other's burning track along the sky, lighting up the whole heavens with a brilliancy as only the most splendid effects of the aurora borealis can approximate. It looks as though the air in the sky had been made very large, and to each had been attached a long, fiery trail, and the whole sent curling each other across the trackless heavens, till weary of the show, they plunged headlong down upon the doomed city of Vicksburg, bursting in deserted palaces and splendid churches, crashing down into statuesque public buildings, and roaring along streets where the tread of children's feet has long been silent, and woman's light footstep has not been heard for weeks. Scarcely has the thunder of a single volley died away, when all along the cliffs and from the city of slain there comes the roar of rebel cannon, loud, quick, and vengeful—shells are coming now—we hear them rushing through the air, we see them flaming through the smoke, we see the water splashing 40 feet in air where the shells burst! Hark! Even now there goes a rebel shell right over my head, and strikes close by the side of one of Porter's boats. Gracious! How it did whiz! Our regiment is now doing picket duty about one mile south of the city, right under the guns of three of their forts. I was out with a small party the other day, when a rebel shot struck within a few feet of where we stood. I swung my hat by way of acknowledging their courtesy. We are used to flying shots that we don't mind them much.

The rebels have at least 40,000 troops back of the highlands, and are protected by their strong batteries on the hill, which, as yet, our fleet cannot silence. Our shells are fast destroying the city, but their guns still send back defiance. They have less than ten batteries in and around the city. Foote's fleet has appeared above the city and has commenced sending salutations to the enemy, but the great attack will be postponed till Grant arrives with a land force sufficient to cope with theirs. I think a great battle is imminent at this place.

Meanwhile I have noticed the following facts:

1st. The rebels are determined, all through this region, to fight to the very last—they hate the Yankees, and will destroy all their property rather than have it fall into our hands. They are forming guerrilla parties all over the state, whose avowed purpose is to kill all that comes in their path. The war will assume that form soon, and how shall it be met on our part?

2nd. The slaves in all this region are rushing to our lines, and praying to be received, but Butler sends them back to raise more corn and sugar for their master in the rebel army. An edict of emancipation would bring to our side every able-bodied slave in Mississippi in less than ten days. They constantly bring us information of the strength and position of the enemy, and in return are told we are not fighting for niggers.

Good God! Will Government eternally mean? Will it forever refuse to bring to its aid four million strong arms and loyal hearts? Their arms are strong, their knowledge of the country accurate; they are praying to be permitted to achieve their own freedom; they constitute the wealth and the sinews of the Southern Confederacy; and yet the Government merely rushes northern soldiers into southern summer and dead patience to die, and leave wife and babes alone in the coming long years, because, forsooth, old fogeyism will growl in its grave, if you touch the darling Institution.

Col. Pain was under arrest three weeks for refraining to send back some runaways who had brought him information. He said, "So long as I have the honor to command the gallant Wisconsin 4th it shall never be
and never a cint of money,' (having waited, ^

a terrible use for, and like the Irish>
ja crowded transport ship, where filth
and famine and death reign triple

Wiseon. i

broken remnants of our once powerful
ognized and acted upon, the soon-
fall on the ear so long accustomed
the voices of loved ones will so sweet-
hift, and the Bover this fact is rec­
will this terrible war go, so, and the
bracket the waves of the Gulf |^''S o^ei-

the North, your brothers
in Southern camps, suffering pestilence
and death, dicing bullets and bayo-
s, fighting for the Fatherland im-
poor you to wear the courts of
Heaven and earth with your petitions
that this awful war may be brought
to a speedy close by the only avail-
mean, viz., emancipation. Write
it on your banners—clap it from
your public—demand it in your
prayers, and that let us see our way
back to our homes, for we grow wea-
ery of waiting.
From the 7th Wisconsin Vol.'s Regiment.

OBSERVATIOns:
July 19th, 1862.

EMtR PATRIOT:—At last, we arc
portly out on earth again. Ship
land still gli\ns to the sunshine, and
heats back the waves of the Gulf,
but thank God, we are no longer brack-
ing on the sand of that dreary little
desert, nor tossing on the stormy
waters off Dauphin, burning, dye-
ing in that hell of all temporal hells,
a crowd of transport ships, where fifth
famine and death reign triple

ines, thrust our fists down where
our money ought to be, hold up our
heads once more and, almost hope
that better times are in store for the
people, though terribly abused Wis-
th.

We are now opposed, the belea-
gured city of Vicksburg and have
been a year, and the upper fleet on the
other side of this narrow strait, two
miles apart by land and twelve by
water. One General (may God have
mercy on his soul) has caused to be
a dug a canal through this cape so as
to get transports through, out of
reach of rebel guns. He has pressed
into the service, more than a thou-
and negroes, who have for many
aweary days been falling in this her-

canic labor on half rations, while
the General has promised in writing
to return them to their masters,
rebels), as soon as he gets this work
completed.

I will offer no comment on the un-
heard of barbarity of such a pro-
ce, nor the cruel policy adopted by
Government towards that race, whose
local hearts are throbbing with an
intense desire to help crush out this
awful rebellion, and we franticly
drive them from us to swell the ef-
fective force against us.

Those who know me will bear
witness how earnestly I have pro-
tested against this suicidal course
as a matter of policy, and of jus-
tice to a wronged people; and here-
right among the shadows of this un-
equal, barbarian, in sight, and
hearing of such cruelties practiced
on negroes who love true freedom,
as romance has never pictured, and
scenes as has made lifelong embos-
thists of hundreds of our noble
soldiers who despaired us one year
ago; here where not a single union
man can breathe, nor a union woman
speak, nor a union child pant, nor a
union bird sing on the green trees
—here where, even while I write a
rebel shell goes sweeping over my
head, crashing among the trees be-
ond, where vengeful bands of garri-
s are hovering on our
flanks, swearing eternal vengeance
on the “damned Yankees,” where the
anonymous voice is, “we will never
give up;” here where my life, and
the lives of hundreds of brave Wis-
consin boys are wearing out in the
pestilential climate, I most solemnly
protest that we have long enough
outraged the common sense of clasc-
tendom, and insulted the God of the
oppressed, by adhering to the dam-
nable dogma that slavery has rights
that government is bound to protect.

Three quarters of a million of men has proved inadequate to the task of crushing the monster, and the triumphant voice of defeat in the valley of the Shenandoah, has called into the area thousands of noble men to suffer and die with us, whose brows are bearing the scars of premature old age from the terrible hardships of the war; and yet the war is only just begun. I know you will tell me of glorious victories — of states brought back by force — of the hopelessness of the rebel cause. But I tell you, you cannot call back the myriads of dead who sleep in valleys where, cornmastes and buzzards make their hurried feasts on forms that wife and babe have sadly pressed in the hellish days of peace; you cannot conquer this rebellion till you pile your dead on every hilltop in the south, unless you call to your aid the bravey army of the wronged bondmen, whose day of emancipation will be your day of triumph.

They press upon us every foot of the way up the river, praying to be permitted to either work or fight in the cause of the union. They know every mountain pass, they know every rebel in the first organizing guerrilla bands which are encircling us — they have strength like giants and courage like freemen and incentive to action such as is seldom placed in the hands of men, and yet we kindly spurn their offers of assistance — refuse to recognize their manhood, and swell your fast thinning ranks with patriotic men from the farrago and work shops of the north, where already the “monsters go about the streets” in every township from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains.

Men of the north! Women of the north! how many more sons and brothers have you to place on the altar, to be consumed by the sword and pestilence? How many more fair haired boys are you going to kiss so tenderly, and send forever from your hearts, where your love and tender care has nurtured them into promising manhood?

Have you any sons to send here to do the work that is even now in progress, while penning this sentence demanded to be done, viz., “Detail a man from your company to help turn out of our lines all negroes who have come in?” I have refused to do it. What will be my portion I neither know nor care. Among those to be turned out are two who came in to day with back shot in their head and shoulders, fired by Devils into whose hands we are now ordered to send them. God of Heaven! when will this savage insanity end?

I dare not no longer pray to God in my evening devotions, to bless us in this warfare — for it would be an insult to Him who has said a break every yoke and let the oppressed go free.

Again. How much longer are you of the north willing to pay two million dollars a day to carry on a war, which has no prospect of an end till the war is bred at the root of the tree.

From our wearysome duties in the heat of a red hot summer day — from smoke and heated cannon, and amid the thunders of battle, tolling, bleeding, dying, we the soldiers of the Northwest implore you, as you love us — as you love the country, as you love humanity, as you love God, go out of your sleep, and shake your rulers at Washington — till they awake to the grand fact that God’s time has come to shake down the great superstructure, which barbarism has built on American soil, and erect on its ruins the magnificent temple of Freedom.

I must close. Vicksburg will not be taken till the arrival of a heavy land force, for the rebels have a force of 40,000 men back of the city, out of reach of the shots from our fleet. We shall probably remain here to take part in the great battle.

After which we fear that we (those of us who survive) shall be again called back to the gulf, or some place south, as we belong to Butler’s department of the gulf.

We get our mail now via, Cairo, and we have been so long without news that we are thankful for papers though they be two months old.

Dinner is ready and I must go. Splendid dinner we have got! Hard tack and pork, and water from the river. Think of that ye farmers, living in the midst of Kansas and eggs, biscuits and butter, pies and cakes, and all! Well I will close or I shall lose my appetite for my dinner. Yours truly,

D. R. MASON.

From Vicksburg — Doings of the 4th Regiment.

[Owing to various causes we have for sometime been without a correspondent in the 4th Wisconsin Regiment, but we have at last been able to effect arrangements by which our readers will be kept informed of the doings of that gallant regiment through one of its soldiers, whose first letter is given below.]}

In Camp near Vicksburg, Miss.

July 11th, 1862.

Editors Journal:—I scarcely know what to write you of the doings of the 2d Brigade of Butler’s Division, because I don’t know how fully you are “posted” as to our past positions or our present designs. I will merely prefix by saying that the 4th Wisconsin Regiment has seen all that is to be seen, from a military point of view, between Ship Island and Vicksburg. In fact, we have always been in the advance, and placed in every position where the enemy might oppose us.

We waded in the mud and through swamps to the rear of Fort St. Philip before it was surrendered; we were among the first to land at New Orleans; and were the first to march through the streets to the tune of Yankee Doodle, and occupy the public buildings and parks. Our regiment and the 6th Michigan were the first to move up the river to Vicksburg, and to occupy the city of Baton Rouge, la. We have always been in the van, exploring and rendering fit for occupation the country through which we have passed. We have fought with the guerrillas at Baton Rouge and at Ellis’s Bluff, Grand Gulf, &c., on the Mississippi in 1862.

Our affair at Grand Gulf was really the most important of any we have been engaged in. The town is situated under high bluffs bordering on the river. The rebels have planted six pieces of artillery supported by about 1,000 infantry troops. Their first trial was on the steamboat containing our regiment and some of the Michigan men. Out of the fifty or sixty shots fired at us, their balls struck our boat some eight or ten times. We lost but a single man. Since that time they have been firing at transports as they pleased. In coming up the river, we determined to take the guns if possible. We therefore marched into their rear, and then drew in our lines until we reached the river.

The “bird had flown.” Our advance guard had quite a smart fight two or three times with the enemy’s cavalry. We captured two of their camps and burned everything in them, excepting their flag, which we preserve as a trophy. Every house in the town was burned, and we then came on our way past only. Gen. Williams issued an order the next day commanding the 4th Wisconsin Regiment for their bravery, and for the admirable conduct of the skirmishers. Here we are before Vicksburg, and here we will probably remain, watching the development of events.” The princi-
The annexed extract is from a letter written by Dr. E. Read, Surgeon of the 23rd Indiana Regiment, to his brother, Peter Read, in the House of the State University. At your request, Prof. R. has permitted us to copy it. It is proper to add that the writer, Dr. Read, has been a prominent member of the Democratic party in Indiana, and was a Douglas delegate from that State to the Democratic National Convention in Charleston, in 1860. It gives a strange and startling picture of Southern life. Let those who are in the habit of charging “negro equality” and “amalgamation” are consequences likely to result from the ascendancy of the Republican party, read this letter, and see what a state of things has grown up under a policy opposed to the Republicans. The Italians are in the original letter, and are not ours.

Letter from Baton Rouge.

Baton Rouge, La., July 25th, 1862.

There is a majority of the people here who are, and always have been for the Union. They are the men of property and wealth, who desire peace. The rank rebels are the rowdier and sounder who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by every revolution and turn of affairs.

But to a certain extent this is true of New Orleans, but they are the most easily subjugated people. I have seen some of them before, and very few of them have been the legitimate descendants of a great, high-toned, chivalrous people. They all look and act like dogs which you catch stealing, and whip.

There is no danger of their ever rising in rebellion again. They are very tired of this, as they are all broken up and suffering for the necessities of life.

There is too much mixture of nigger blood with the white here, to permit the people to be brave, patriotic, or great.

The white woman who is socially degraded, and no man is ever estimated by his family, nor does any one ever inquire about who his family is, where they live, or how. If they did, they would probably find him living with some African weench, and raising a family by her; or, if married to a white woman, living most of his time with a wench, and having a broken-hearted wife at home.

You can see that the wench, here, feels her superiority over the white woman, because the white man, by his acts and choice, gives her the superiority. The wench puts airs on, in the streets and elsewhere, and the white woman feels degraded, and is degraded. Is this the way to rear brave sons?

This amalgamation exists to a most wonderful and alarming extent; and all the great merchant, lawyers, and attorneys, whose names excite your admiration, are the keepers and supporters of this shocking, disgusting negro weenches, whose Ethiopian lips hang to their chins, and whose Congo odor ought to drive a gentleman from the streets wherein she walks.

This is no fiction.

I have loved to tell them of it, and of their practical amalgamation. They admit it, but don’t like to hear it.

Good deliver me from Southern chivalry, from Southern people, from Southern habits and customs, and above all, from Southern amalgamation.

There is another class of chivalry here, who may be found every day at the hotels, with gold-headed cases, and who are loafers who have married some poor shop-girl, who tells them to support them, or who are living with some Ethiopian weench, and are supported by her, from her market sales of wares or fruits. This class is numerous. They drink at saloons promptly, every day, from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M., and talk largely of Abolition, yankees, &c., and of the rights of the South. They even dine at the rates of $3 to $5, at hotels, which is paid by the rolls of women, and to a stranger have the appearance of great importance—men of weight and character. They are the blustering, glaring vices, and point out the way to you, and tell you why they are entitled to no respect, would consume too much of my strength and time. Suffice it to say, they have no self-respect. They have degraded the white woman, and consequently are stripped themselves of every virtue.

From Fourth Regiment.

Editors Patriot:—Since the 7th great events have transpired in these parts serving somewhat to disturb our usual quietness. Those events had happened within the last day or two for previous to that time nothing interfered with our usual hand-murn life except an occasional runner from Richmond which either eluded our scouts, or said nothing to the nature of the news. Last Sabbath I was sent some three miles up the river to the rebel gunboat to try to buy a pound of sugar, but returned still noon Monday, but during that time saw nothing to warrant alarm notwithstanding the rumors which had been prevalent of the movements of a large force of infantry and Texan Rangers marching with all haste to meet us.

Just after breakfast Tuesday morning we were greeted in the cabin by our Colonel with the intelligence that the rebel ram Arkansas had proceeded in pursuit of the fleet and was remustering the point opposite Vicksburg, probably intending to make a drive upon our transports. Such an opportunity as they have presented never before was welcomed in our regiment. The officers were ordered to form their companies under arms and measures were immediately taken for removing the sick and baggage from the boat. After we had got our matter arranged and the regiment drawn up in a line on shore the excitement subsided with us but very evident continued in the mind of the General, judging from the number of contradictory orders he from time to time sent us. Finally our regiment was ordered to advance directly across the river from the city and within deadly range of the rebel batteries. Our purpose was to strike at the city and attempt to drive the enemy might make in that quarter under the protection of their ram, which all this while has been keeping up a steady fire at the apparently wholly unconscious of the ships she was causing among us. Our position on the point was completely protected by the woods, so that the rebels were not aware that we were lying under their cannon’s mouths, or else they would have given us an invitation to leave much sooner than they did. There we remained all day and in the meanwhile were favored with a drenching rain, washing our clothes and making our situation generally uncomfortable. While enjoying the benefits of the shower, we received intelligence of the death of Capt. J. W. Lynn and five others of our regiment, which fact was announced to the regiment, and served still further to increase our gloom. Capt. Lynn and twenty men had been detailed (or rather had volunteered) the day before to go out on a reconnoitering expedition up the Yazoo river, in which the Tyler was accompanied by another ironclad. They had started early Tuesday morning, and had gone up some eight miles up the Yazoo river, when they surprised a small party of the enemy and engaged them. They fought all the way to the toil of woman, and to a stranger have the appearance of great importance—men of weight and character. They are the blustering, glaring vices, and point out the way to you, and tell you why they are entitled to no respect, would consume too much of my strength and time. Suffice it to say, they have no self-respect. They have degraded the white woman, and consequently are stripped themselves of every virtue.
David Bertram of my company, had his head blown off, and no vestige of it was to be found; another had his head and shoulders both blown away, leaving only a handful of his hair and some blood upon a piece of shell. Capt. Lyon, however, was but little mangled, being shot in the breast. The next day we knew by the fireships, that the enemy completely covered with the blood, brains, flesh and hair of their unfortunate companions.

Mrs. Lynn says that too much praise cannot be awarded a man for his coolness and bravery during the engagement.

The ship was laden with railroad iron, and is almost if not quite implacably disarmed the enemy, as we were treated with a perfect shower of shot and shell, which fell all around, very much to our discomfort. The seas were very high, and the better the engagement, the thicker fell the shot in our vicinity, until finally we concluded that without standing a chance of standing a chance of being killed, all to no purpose, so we formed our line and marched away out of range, in perfect order. When we got to Vicksburg, there was a long two hours, we again marched down to the point opposite the city, where we took up our quarters on the track, by our arms all night. I never before experienced being disturbed now by a snake crawling in my woe by the firing on us recently. The consequent falling into line of our men, the hotter the engagement, the thicker fell the ordnance of the Fourth Wisconsin Regiment, writes the following letter to Mrs. Lynn of this village:

NEAR VICKSBURG, JULY 21.—Madam—It becomes my painful duty to inform you that your husband was killed yesterday, in a contest between the gunboat Arkansas and the Federal gunboats on the Yazoo River. In the engagement which commenced on the 14th, fifteen men were killed and thirty wounded. We are asking the sharpshooters on the Tyler. The whole number killed in both engagements is about sixty.

A CAPTAIN AND SIX MEN OF THE FOURTH WISCONSIN KILLED.—At the recent engagements between the rebel ram Lancaster and the Federal gunboats on the Yazoo River, in account of which we published last week—a twenty men of the 4th Wisconsin Regiment were on board the Tyler acting as sharpshooters under command of Capt. Lynne, of Sparta, Monroe County. A shell from the ram burst among us and the Captains and six men were killed and two wounded.

We regret that Capt. Paulin of Vicksburg, was one of the killed and that John Doyle, of this town, was slightly wounded in the head and shoulders. Capt. Lynne, was a brave intelligent young man and a good soldier. His loss will be deeply regretted by all who knew him. He is a brother-in-law of Ira Graves.

The Fourth Wisconsin Regiment was marked by the utmost coolness of judgment, combined with daring gallantry. This report did not surprise me, for I had already been told that in all the qualities which constitute the true soldier. I was so impressed with his work, that on the day before his death I had written to the Governor of our State, recommending him for promotion.

The portraits of his family were found upon his person—a touching proof of the magnitude of their loss. I tender them my heart-felt sympathy in this calamity, which has made their home desolate. The intelligence of his death did not reach me till in the afternoon. We were then under arms, awaited an apprehended attack; and could not leave my post, but I immediately sent orders to preserve his body for burial in Wisconsin. This, however, I found to be impossible, and he now sleeps by the side of the brave young men who fell with him on the bank of the Mississippi, nearly opposite Vicksburg. As soon as the exigencies of the war will permit, his remains will be forwarded to Wisconsin.

Your sincere friend,
HALBERT E. Paine,
Col. Fourth Wis. Reg.

DIED IN THE ARMY.—We are pleased to learn of the death of Granville Viles of Company F, 4th Wisconsin regiment, at Baton Rouge. Mr. Viles was an old neighbor of ours at Ekbom, and we left that place for the war, a year ago last April. We returned with our little band of eight, but we are now in the advance and fortifying.

There is no danger. We can beat them. The ram Arkansas is lying just above our gunboats, but dare not attack. We expect reinforcements to day.

Col. Paine is in New Orleans under strict arrest.

The 21st Indiana, 6th Michigan, and 14th Indiana fought gloriously.

Your humble servant, S. A. Bean.

A NEW BATTLE AT BATON ROUGE.

Lieut. Weitzel, chief engineer of the department of the Gulf, visited Baton Rouge on Wednesday after the battle. The following is his report of the engagement:

HEADQUARTERS BATON ROUGE, Aug. 7, 1862.

GENERAL:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of yesterday. Your troops at this place have won a glorious victory. I do not consider that there is the least danger of an attack for the present, because one of the several reconnoitering parties sent out this morning, and which has returned, reports five abandoned caissons on the Greenwell Springs road. We have sent out to bring them in. This indicates a hasty retreat on the part of the enemy. Our forces could not pursue. One-half of the men who left the hospital to fight, could not march a mile. The conduct of these men was magnificently glorious. The attack was undoubtedly made upon representations of rebels within our lines that they were entirely all sick and demoralized, and Gen. Breckinridge undoubtedly expected, in conjunction with the ram Arkansas, to make a successful dash. It was a complete failure. The ram is blown up. Their troops were regular. Gen. Williams disposed his forces as follows: The 4th Wisconsin, on the extreme left, on the right bank of Bayou Groce, with two pieces of Manning's battery in the arsenal grounds, on the left of the Wisconsin. The 29th Connecticut was posted on the right of the 4th Wisconsin, with two pieces in rear of centre, and two pieces in rear of the right. All of these pieces were of Manning's battery, and were posted on either side of the knoll in the government cemetery.

Next came the 4th Maine, posted in rear of the Bayou Sara road, and to the left of Greenwell Springs road.

Next came the 21st Indiana, posted in the woods in rear of Magnolia cemetery, with four pieces of Everett's battery (under command of Lieut. Corrubia) on the left, on the Greenwell Springs road. The Indiana battery of two pieces came up to the support of these pieces after the battle commenced. Next came the 6th Michigan, posted across the country road on the right of the Magnolia cemetery and across the Clay Cut road, their left supporting two pieces of Everett's battery on the right of the road on the Magnolia cemetery.

The 7th Vermont was posted in the rear of the 21st Indiana and 6th Michigan, on the right of the Catholic cemetery. The 39th Massachusetts came next, forming the line on the right, and just over half a mile in front of the rear of the State House, supporting Nims' battery.

This disposition of the forces was made, with the supposition that the enemy would, by the formation of the ground—that is, the camps of the 14th Maine and 21st Indiana were pitched in front of their position. Line of battle consequently came into the possession of the enemy for a short time.

The enemy formed line of battle on the open grounds bordering on the Greenwell Springs road; and attempted to draw our forces out. Failing in this, they advanced rapidly on the ground between the Clinton and Clay Cut roads. The whole brunt of the attack, consequently, fell upon the 14th Maine, 21st Indiana and 6th Michigan.

As soon as it became apparent that this was the real point of attack, Gen. Williams ordered up the 9th Connecticut, 4th Wisconsin and one section of Manning's battery, to support the left, and the 30th Massachusetts and two sections of Nims' battery to support the right.

You will, therefore, see that the disposition (with the slight exception hinted at) and the maneuvering were faultless.

The conduct of our troops was excellent. The 21st Indiana particularly distinguished itself. I saw a number of the dead of the enemy, but not content with the check they gave the enemy, this regiment pursued them quite a distance, strewing the ground with their dead.

The brave Gen. Williams fell in front of the 6th Michigan toward the end of the conflict, while giving his men a noble example. He was killed by a rifle ball in the chest.

The enemy's force consisted of two Louisiana regiments (the 14th and 30th), two Mississippi, the 3d, 4th, 6th, 7th and 8th Kentucky, two Tennessee, one Alabama regiment, and thirteen guns, and a large guerrilla force. Their attacking force numbered fully 6000 men. Our actual force engaged was not over 2000. Three companies of the 6th Michigan covered themselves with glory in recovering from a large force two guns posted on the right of the Magnolia Cemetery, which temporarily were left by our forces. These three companies captured the colors of the 4th Louisiana, but only after they had shot down four successive color bearers.

The exact loss on our side is not yet reported. But certain it is, that it is much less than that of the enemy.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) G. WEITZEL,
Lieut. U. S. Eng., and Chief Engineer of Department of the Gulf.

Baton Rouge, Aug. 9, 1862.

A steamer was sent down to New Orleans with Gen. Williams' remains, and a number of sick. One boat was sent out to pick up one of our gunboats, and a number of the wounded drownded—among them Capt. French, of the Fourteenth Maine, a fine officer and gentleman. The Captain of the steamer was new in the river, and will be hung, I think, as he is a senator, eight miles in front of the rear of the State House, supporting Nims' battery.

This disposition of the forces was made, with the supposition that the enemy would attack our left flank under the cover of trees; but we are now in the advance and fortifying.
Our loss is about 80 killed, and 150 wounded and missing.

The Sixth Michigan fought, how gallantly I cannot tell you. But however incredible it may seem, it is true that three companies of that Regiment routed a whole rebel brigade. The 31st Indiana fought gallantly — and did the 14th Maine (excepting two companies which broke), under Col. Nickerson, who is as brave and able an officer as there is in the service. Col. Roberts, of the Seventh Vermont, was killed at the outset, and his Regiment did nothing.

Our forces retreated into the town under orders, for which there is no accounting; if the retreat had not been ordered, the rebels would have been utterly destroyed. As it was, they were retreating when we began, leaving most of their wounded, and six out of the field.

I confess that I thought—and we all did—the rebels were defeated. Gen. Breckinridge’s flag of truce, asking permission to bury his dead within our lines (when we supposed they were within their own), first opened our eyes. We then saw that their loss was so heavy that they could not hold their ground.

We were not assured of their defiance in taking the town was unbounded; so much so that officers instructed their subordinates that they could find them at the State House at 10 o’clock. Many of the driers were there, but didn’t mass according to appointment.

The Michigan and Indiana men are all the time saying that if our regiment could only have been there we would have taken the whole of them. And when I found that I could not get into the fight to the support of our men, I sat down on the ground and cried like a child; and I have not recovered from my grief and chagrin at the time I was compelled to sit down on the outer edge, the ditch being about the middle of the line.

All my officers approved entirely the course I took, and yet had not been acting in conjunction with Col. Cahill—who refused to move—should have moved forward contrary to both advice and orders.

The fog was so dense and the sun shining directly in our eyes, that I could not discern friend from foe at a distant point. And though the balls came whistling over our heads and through our ranks, I doted not fire. We held the best position on the battle field, and if the enemy had advanced, we should certainly have routed them and saved the army.

The troops are now well posted, and everything is right. Col. Palme has been released by Gen. Butler, and is now in command of the post. The rebels were best and retreated two miles the same night, and have not since been heard from. Gen. Breckinridge was in command. He wrote himself requesting permission to bury his dead, and take care of his wounded,—an admission, of course, that he was repulsed.

The town is almost desolated, and a large number of the houses have been pillaged.

Our forces to-day are being drawn all in together; they were scattered all round the town. We are ranged triangularly round the military grounds: we are to fortify and hold the place. This plan involves the destruction of the town, and I presume it will be destroyed. This is intimated as a warning to New Orleans, where we are the only city in the city of which we can co-operate with an attack from without. I can hardly think they will make an attack so soon. We shall hold our own—and I only pray for a good part for myself and our regiment.

S. B.

From Fourth Regiment.

PARTICULARS OF BATTLE OF BATON ROUGE

BATON ROUGE, LA., Aug. 11, 1862.

Since I wrote you last, a week ago today Monday, great events have transpired, and I must be by the goodness of Providence that I am permitted to live to relate them. When I wrote, I informed you that Gen. Breckinridge was not upon us at this place when I left, 7,000 men, intending, no doubt, to wipe us out of existence. How well he succeeded you will soon know. On Monday last, 4th, our information was of such nature, that an attack the next morning was almost an absolute certainty. The positions of the various regiments were assigned, and we were all ordered to be under arms and at our posts at 3 o’clock the next morning.

Our position was on the extreme left, near account of our quarters, which were in the rear, than on account of our rank, which could have placed us on the extreme right. Our regiment commenced forming line at two o’clock in the morning, and within a half hour we were at the post assigned us, which was a few hundred yards northeast of our quarters. The 9th Connecticut and a portion of the 4th Massachusetts battery were immediately adjacent to us, on the right, and with these exceptions no other troops were in sight of us, although several (seven in number) regiments were so placed as to completely encircle the city.

We passed the time in patient waiting until about five o’clock, when our ears were greeted with a very common and the distant sound of distant. We were off some time in the morning, and every moment expecting the appearance of the opposing parties, as the sounds seemed to be nearing us, but finally seemed to gather strength to the right of us. Our regiment, the 9th Connecticut, and the battery were then moved by the right flank, close to, and in the rear of the principal point of contest, where we remained drawn up before a small hill, and separated from the contestants by a very narrow hollow, during the principal part of the battle.

Our position was a very peculiar one, and also very embarrassing. We moved on the brow of that hill we received no further orders. We could hear the different sounds usually attendant upon a body contested battle field—the shouts, the cannon, the musketry, the groans of the wounded roar of the cannon, and then the continued roll of the musketry, and even the commands of the officers, all but a few hundred yards distant, still we could see nothing but fog and smoke, and could distinguish nothing object hall way except a small hollow that separated us from the field.

To move without orders was folly in the extreme as we were ignorant of the enemy and were as likely to slaughter our friends as our enemies. We were led to believe, however, that the enemy being favored by one were more fortunate in the exercise of their organs of sight since they favored us with several volleys of musketry and planted a cannon, which was used for us. But not until our battery directed by the flash of the gun made it too hot for them. When the fire first opened on us we did believe that we were in for a garden fence and sought protection in a ditch. Unfortunately I indulged my curiosity a little too long, and the bayonet was in hand. The loss of my company, consequently I was out of a place in the ditch and was compelled to sit down on the outer edge, the distance between me and the enemy. My coldness came near, in this instance, putting an end to my belief, for as soon as the enemy were as likely to slaughter my pretty near my whole body exposed, the bullets commenced coming thicker and faster (the enemy still invisible) and pretty soon they began to come so near me that I thought it prudent to lie down on my side, which I had no sooner accomplished than two comical bullets, distinguished by the sound, came past on the same line but an instant before occupied by my breast. One of my men, who was sitting before me in the ditch had put his hand to his cap and felt the wind of the bullets as they passed, looked around one confidently expecting to see me in my death agony, but he was unable to say that he was disappointed and I hope agreeably so. The fight lasted as nears as I can calculate about three hours. We were principally by the 21st Indiana and 6th Michigan and the several batteries. The Indiana men and Michiganders fought till the last, and were never known to retreat. They seemed to rally them in our rear and the last time I saw them they commenced the very pleasant pastime of breaking into the houses of the citizens and destroying whatever they could lay their hands on and carrying off such as they fancied. The 7th Vermont or a portion of them were in the engagement on the right of the Indiana, but did more execution on the ranks of the latter than upon the enemy. We retained our position on the hill until the enemy began to fall back before the charges of the Indiana and Michiganders, when we fell back to our old position for the purpose of resting. This was a system no order, no anything. Gen. Williams was killed while cheering the Indiana regiment and in consequence of our ignorance of that fact there was no head to our forces. The Col. of the 10th Connecticut was in command of both his own regiment and ours on account of Col. Palme being absent at New Orleans, under arrest, succeeded the General in command, but was ignorant of his death until the battle of our forces, and the General should have expressed his intention of ordering our regiment up to the support of the Indiana regiment and we were ordered to return back a few moments longer. But as it was we did that regiment good service by taking position in the houses. When the 7th Vermont charged they were from flanking them. The Indiana Colonel was heard to exclaim several times when hardest pressed, "Good God! I do wish that they would come to our assistance." And then again he demanded of the General, that he would have d-d fools, the 7th Vermont off from the field.

As soon as the Col. of the 8th Connecticut became aware of the danger of the regiment in front, he ordered each regiment or corps to report to him, and then first began a system of defense on our side. Measures were then taken for re-
But I must bring this letter to a close, as I wish to send it to New Orleans this p.m. I had never forgotten to tell you that the boat that carried our wounded to New Orleans sank by running into a gunboat, and some of the wounded soldiers were drowned.

From the Fourth Regiment.

Correspondence of the Times.

Baton Rouge, Aug. 18th 1862.

Friend Ross:—Since I wrote last great events have transpired in this vicinity. We have been favored with a visit from Maj. Gen. Breckinridge, and Brigadiers Allen, Clark, Smith and Brown, as accompanied by a splendid escort of five brigades of infantry and several batteries of artillery. Gen. Williams hearing of their approach, went out to meet them with all the means of his command, which consisted of one brigade of infantry, two batteries of artillery, nearly destitute by sickness; rather a small turn out to receive so distinguished a personage as ex Vice President and would be President of the United States—theaudience smaller than the escort. Breckinridge thought to come a rich joke on Willam and surprise him in bad, but he found not all up and dressed and ready for the ceremony. In short, on the 8th day of August, we had a severe and bloody battle.

The enemy attacked us just before daylight. We met him in the open field with a great disparity of numbers and defeated him signal and effectually; killing and wounding one Major General and two Brigadiers, besides several Field Officers and 1000 men, and some prisoners. We captured six caissons well filled, two stands of colors and a considerable quantity of small arms. Breckinridge lost an arm. Allen was killed, and Clark was wounded and taken prisoner. The enemy left his killed upon the field to bury, which we did side by side with our own soldiers. Our loss was 40 killed and 100 wounded; a wonderful difference in loss, as well as in numbers. It is almost incredible, but we know of 300 dead left on the field, Besides some they carried away, and we found several afterwards who had been wounded, and crawled off into the woods, in corn fields, behind fences, etc., and died. They themselves acknowledge 700 wounded and missing.

We met with a severe loss in the death of Col. Williams. He was one of the bravest of the brave, an experienced commander, and died the death of a hero. He was killed by a musket ball in the breast, while leading a bayonet charge; being in advance of his troops, waving his sword, and cheering on his men in a perfect storm of shot, shell and bullets. The command then devolved upon Col. McMillan, of the 21st Ind. Col. Paine being absent at New Orleans, undergoing an investigation of charges preferred against him by Gen. Williams.

We were ably commanded by Lieut. Col. Bean. Our regiment formed the reserve and was marched and counter-marched to all portions of the field to the support of both infantry and artillery, and though the iron ball rattled pretty freely about our heads, and we did some tall dodging, yet none of our regiment were injured. The battle lasted four hours. The day was excessively hot and sultry and told heavily on our sick and enfeebled soldiers; many were compelled to retire.

In the evening Col. Paine arrived, being discharged from arrest, and assembled command of the Brigade, to the universal satisfaction of all. He commands the general confidence, and is loved by the soldiers. He is indefatigable in his arduous duties. Entrepreneurs have risen up by magic. He says he can hold the place against 20,000 men.

Next morning the great storm Arkansas, which ran through Davie's whole fleet and relieved Vicksburg, hose in sight, and the Federal ram Essex went out to meet her and sunk her at the second shot, which caused great rejoicing among the troops, and a corresponding dejection among the rebels, because they had placed their whole dependence on her to drive our gunboats down the river and command our rear. The enemy are being reinforced by all the guerrilla bands in the vicinity and by a detachment from Jackson, and threaten another attack, but we are well prepared.

I should have written before, but I have been delayed, hoping to give the result of the second battle. But the enemy don't seem inclined to renew the combat. We form a line at 9 o'clock every morning behind the encampments, and await the enemy till six, then disperse. Gen. Williams' body was sent to New Orleans, to be conveyed to his family.

Gen. Butler complimented the Brigade in the highest terms for the valor and good conduct of both officers and soldiers—We are to have a "Baton Rouge" inscribed on our banners. We momentarily expect another attack. When it does come it will be a fierce and bloody one for we will never surrender.

The dispatches of the Times were.
BATTLE IN ARKANSAS.

Harrison's Landing Evacuated.

The Baton Rouge Battle.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 15.

Reports from White River say Gen. Hor-
ney's Division had a fight on Monday near
Clarendon, Ark. The Federal force consisted
of six regiments of infantry. The rebel
force was eight regiments of cavalry and
part of Hindman's Brigade. The battle ra-
ged fiercely for some time with desperate
effect on both sides, and resulted in the
defeat of the rebels. We captured 700 pris-
ners. No further particulars.

FORTRESS MONROE, Aug. 16.

The Union troops evacuated Harrison's
Landing this morning about eight o'clock
and about the same hour Gen. McClellan's
advance arrived at Williamsburg. The public
property was removed in safety and all is quiet
in New Orleans, Aug. 19.

The following additional items of New
Orleans news, were brought by the recent
arrivals:

Among the wounded is Lt. Col. Keith.

Gen. Butler has issued a general order,
announcing, in eloquent language, the death
of Gen. Williams, and also a congratulatory
order to the troops, on their successful en-
engagement, in which he says the enemy lost
three times the number of Regulars in killed
wounded and taken prisoners, and many Colonels and field
officers. He has more than 1,000 killed and
wounded. You have captured two pieces of
artillery, six caissons, two stands of colors,
and a large number of prisoners.

A letter from Baton Rouge states that the
fight between the Essex and Arkansas was a
fair stand-up fight for 250 yards distant,
pouring solid 9-inch shot into the
Arkansas, till a breach was made, when an
incendiary shell was exploded in the breach,
setting her on fire. The rebel crew left her,
and she soon exploded.

The funeral of Gen. Williams took place
at New Orleans on the 8th, and was very
impressive.

Probably the Gen. Lovell reported killed
is Col. Lovell, and not Maj. Gen. Lovel, who
is understood to be at Richmond.

A letter from a Surgeon reports that he
saw eighty-three dead rebels in one small
cornfield at Baton Rouge.

Lient. Norcross, of the Thirtieth Mass.,
from a sick bed and joined his company
in the midst of the fight, and with his own
hands saved a field piece about to be taken.

The rebel wounded state that Gen. Rugg-
les was killed.

A rebel stated their loss at 300.

Nims' battery saved the day, when two-
thirds of its numbers were on the sick list.

The secessionists in Baton Rouge fired on
our dead and wounded as they were being
brought in. Consequently their houses
were pulled down.

Breckinridge in the morning of the fight,
made a speech, promising his men to have
a stand playing in the State House at 9 A.M.

From the Fourth Wisconsin.

Extract of a letter from an officer of the
Fourth to a friend in this city, dated
BATON ROUGE, Aug. 16.

The enemy's discomfiture at the battle
was much greater than we anticipated.

In dead alone their loss is about four hun-
dred, we having buried about that num-
ber of their dead. Their total loss in kill-
ed, wounded, and missing cannot be less
than twelve hundred. Our loss in killed,
wounded, and missing will not exceed two
hundred and twenty.

We are now fortifying our position with
a view probably to soon leave this city for
New Orleans. If we do leave, the town
will most likely be burnt before we start.

Col. Paine is our Acting Brigadier.

How long this will last we cannot tell.

The Colonel makes a good Brigadier, but
if there are some full blown ones in this
Department, it is probable it will not be
long before he will be superseded by one
of the regulars.

The death of Brig. Gen. Williams was a
great loss to our division. He was an
excellent officer, and died nobly discharg-
ing his duty. If he had been spared to
us, and not left to but 1,000. Give us
more men, and we will stand the fire of the
enemy well, although we may not be able
to return it.

Our regiment behaved exceedingly well.

Every man seemed cool and self-posi-
tioned, but the fire of the enemy was so
terrible that we could not return it.

The shot flew about us pretty thick. We
had been ordered to the Engineer's cor-
ner, but the enemy had the advantage of
us, and we could not return the fire. We
were ordered to the Engineer's corner, but
the enemy had the advantage of
us, and we could not return the fire. We
were ordered to the Engineer's cor-
ner, but the enemy had the advantage of

The enemy of victory that their command-
ing general Breckinridge, in a speech
that he made to his troops the night
before the battle, told them that they
should breakfast in Baton Rouge. The
people of our town were very friendly and
welcoming. They had been waiting for
several days before the battle, and knew his
approach, and was preparing to receive
them.

At 1 o'clock on the morning of the
fight, our brigades were in line awaiting
the order to charge. The post of honor
was awarded to the 4th Wisconsin and 9th
Connecticut in the reserve. At daybreak
occasional shots were fired, and it was
ordered to advance. Our regiment soon
took the lead, and charged at the head
of the column, leading the way.

We halted within about forty rods
of the field, in the trenches, and on the
outposts.

It is of course useless for me at this
time to write you the full particulars of the battle, as the northern
papers will have been filled with the
details long before this reaches you.

It is sufficient for me to state that the
attack was a great success, and that
the enemy was driven from Baton Rouge.

The people of our town were very friendly and
welcoming. They had been waiting for
several days before the battle, and knew his
approach, and was preparing to receive
them.
When the details of the fight are given, I think it will be found to be one of the bloodiest of the rebellion. Fought by a small force on our side against overwhelming numbers on the part of the enemy, but fought with splendid courage and dogged tenacity of purpose, which places the troops in this brigade among the best fighting men in the world. A number of bayonet charges were made during the action. Two rebel regiments, the 4th Louisiana in the front and the 5th Kentucky, charged upon the 14th Maine, which was obliged to retire, although in good order, if two or three of our men be accepted, who broke and fled, "serving well" for our regiment, who was lying down.—In vain our officers tried to re-form them in our rear; not knowing short of the Mississippi regarded our course. The "rebels" nothing about a number of charges attempted by officers and permanent soldiers of the enemy, who were driven back with terrible slaughter. They succeeded in capturing two of the 5th Maine's Light artillery, but the Michigan regiment, after being captured by the enemy at the point of the bayonet.

We had three batteries—12 pieces, six of them 12-pounders—and all of them did very terrible execution. The enemy had three 12-pounders, which accounted for our remaining inactive at the critical moment. The General fell, pierced with several bullets while bravely leading the 21st Indiana, on to a charge. The enemy had driven them out of their camp, and the General coming up ordered them to re-take it or die. They took it. The General's last words were—"Indiana, charge! the 4th Wis. will assist you. Save the Union." As Gen. Butternick's order relating to his death,—"A good general, he made his dispositions, and prepared for battle at the break of day, when he met his foe. A brave soldier, he received his death-shot while leading his men. A patriotic hero, he was fighting the battles of his country and died as went up the cheer of victory, a Christian—slept in the hope of the blessed Redeemer." Gen. Williams was warmly welcomed by the entire regiment, and on the next day the several companies were mustered in—"We are bound by duty and principles to do our utmost for our dear country."

Our loss on this day, as has since been ascertained, was fifty killed and two hundred and fifty wounded. We lost about a number of our men, which, is not counted in the report. We do not know the exact number of the enemy, nor probably, never will. The number of dead and wounded left on the field is estimated at over a thousand, and killed and wounded. The morning after the battle, we buried four hundred and six of our dead. We had relations of the battle field, and in the hospital, and the men being also unable to be out—.

The health of the command has remained good, only two men have been taken prisoner. On the day of the battle Company "C" could muster only twenty-two men, and no commissioned officers. Lts. Durgin and Winter were taken prisoner. Several men that I met yesterday morning were not on duty, and one of their officers was absent from his post.

Gen. Clark, wounded badly, was the nearest gentleman that fell into our hands. His regiment has received new uniforms. In a conversation had with him, he remarked that he and all of them were really in great need of them. A musquito regiment officers had heard that there was great dissatisfaction everywhere among the men.

"Sick men that we encountered yesterday. Capt. Pauls is still sick at New Orleans, but one of his men was also one of his patients at an engrafting his general's—Gen. Allen. I do not want any of my comrades in the hospital, and one of his patients is one of his patients.

At the time the fight occurred Col. Paine, together with several officers of other regiments, was at New Orleans, awaiting his return to his regiment. As soon as Gen. Butternick received the news of the battle and death of Gen. Williams, he immediately and unceremoniously released the Colonel, and ordered him to proceed to Baton Rouge and take command of the troops. Col. Paine arrived here the day after and was warmly welcomed by the whole command—part of which had served under him before on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. Whether he is to make another assault upon us or not, time will tell. It is my private opinion that the Colonel, is going to stop at Biron Rouge, until we get ready to leave. The holding of this place is of no particular military importance to either side, but, then, we are bound to adjourn at the capital of Louisiana a short time longer if for nothing else than to let the "rebels" know that we are independent—.

The noted rebel gunboat Arkansas came down the river the day the day of the battle, ready to renew the attack. We expect to destroy our fleet, and take the Cornet de Rouen, and the ram Sumter that they have been taken prize of our fleet, and take the Cornet de Rouen, and the ram Sumter that they have been taken out for a few of the "side vessels of artillery. His force is ten to one miles from the Anacost river. Whether he is to make another assault upon us or not, time will tell. It is my private opinion that the Colonel, is going to stop at Biron Rouge, until we get ready to leave. The holding of this place is of no particular military importance to either side, but, then, we are bound to adjourn at the capital of Louisiana a short time longer if for nothing else than to let the "rebels" know that we are independent—.
The steamer with the body of Gen. Williams on board, while on its way to New Orleans on the 8th inst., ran into the gunboat Oneida and immediately went down, drowning some forty persons.

Ten men of our regiment were on board acting as an escort, two of whom were lost. The body of the General was found floating on some pieces of the wreck a few miles below the disaster, the day following. The Captain and pilot of the steamer were taken to New Orleans in irons.

From the occurrence of things it is not improbable that we evacuate this place shortly. Not but what we are abundantly able to hold it "against all comers," as the jockeys say, but one gunboat can do the service here that 5000 troops can—that is, prevent the running of it. From a military point of view it is of no earthly benefit to us. The mere name of holding the Capitol of the State is not of itself sufficient grounds for maintaining an army here now. I am not permitted to give you any particulars, but I will state that lively times may be expected in another quarter of this Department, and that, too, shortly.

There are a hundred things to write about, but as I have already strung out this to an unwieldy length, I will close, by merely adding that my health, as ever, is exceedingly good. The friends of Co C can rejoice in that it has not lost a man since it has been in this department, which cannot be said of any other company—of which there are upwards of two hundred in the department. Yours, as ever,

High Private.

P. S. Power's statue of Washington which occupied a space in the rotunda of the Capitol, has been taken down, and the State Libray, valued at $200,000, is being packed, preparatory to being removed to some suitable place.


GEN. BUTLER TO COL. PAINE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE GULF, New Orleans, August 23d, 1862.

Col. Pain:—I enclose you a few lines written the morning of our evacuation of Baton Rouge, which place I have left at this place the next day, and are now permanently encamped here at Camp Parapet, five miles from the city.

Here is the line of defence for New Orleans. A parapet reaches from the river across to an impassable swamp, so as to cover the entire approach to the City.

The whole force is divided into three brigades, one brigade having the right of the line, the other the left, and our own the reserve. Being the reserve, we are encamped about two miles in the rear of the line, near the little village of Carrollton, and on the old rebel camp ground.—Our Brigade consists of our own regiment, the 21st Indiana, the 14th Maine, and one battery, under Col. Pain, Acting Brigadier General.

Rumors are everywhere afoot of the approach of the enemy, but we have no genuine information to that effect. I do not feel the same confidence in our ability to repel an attack here that I did at Baton Rouge; but that is probably because I am not so familiar with the ground.

This is the richest and most luxuriant land I have ever seen. The vegetation is, I suppose, like that which you fancy that of a tropical climate to be. But the most striking feature of the landscape is the great live oak trees covered with the great bunches of hanging moss. This moss seems to be the kind of parasite, which grows on the branches of the tree, sometimes covering it all over, and hanging in long silken locks quite down to the ground.

The heat has been excessive for a few days past, and the sickness continues very wide spread, and many of the colored soldiers, but we are fast approaching the end of the season, and I hope we shall reach it without any very serious loss. The Yellow Fever has not yet reached New Orleans.

One of the most curious incidents of our evacuation of Baton Rouge was our bringing away with us all the convicts from the State Prison, between two and three hundred in number. We had them transported on a separate boat, with a very light guard; and a better-natured set of men you will seldom see. They are now on the boat lying near here: I think the General will allow some of them to enlist in one of the regiments forming here. The rest will be put at some other useful labor.

The General has authorized the raising of negro regiments, and the recruiting is going on rapidly. We have now here at this post nearly 2,000 negroes, emancipated slaves, who have come into the lines. They do all our camp labor—drawing wood, and water, policing the grounds, &c. Each company have four or five of them for cooks.

The work on our entrenchments at Baton Rouge was nearly all done by negroes.—We spare the white soldier every way possible.

The negro question is fast settling itself. The settlement that we all hope for is inevitable—the negro question has been inevitable from the beginning—and let it come.

Yours, &c.,

S. A. Bean.

ACOMPANYING THE LETTER OF COL. BEAN, were several General Orders from Gen. Butler, for the Government of the Department of the Gulf. A portion of General Order No. 63 is as follows:

WHEREAS, On the 23d day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty one, at a public meeting of the free colored population of the city of New Orleans, a military organization, known as the "Native Guards" (colored) had its existence, which military organization was duly and legally enrolled as a part of the militia of the State, its officers being commissioned by Thos. O. Moore, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the militia of the State of Louisiana.

The order then goes on to receive the action of the Governor Thomas O. Moore and other rebel authorities—prior to New Orleans falling into our hands—in muster into the confederate service these colored soldiers, and quotes at much length from the order of the rebel Governor, and Adjutant General of Louisiana, in praise of their soldierly conduct &c, &c.

These colored guards were ordered to report to the rebel Major Gen. Lewis, but did not leave the city when he did. Having received so much of the action of the rebels as to render they were laudable, we now give the condition of his order which musters these colored warriors into the service of the Union. It will be seen by the quotation marks that
Gen. Butler quotes much of the language that was used by the rebel authorities:

Now, therefore, the Commanding Gen. of the large rebel forces in the State of Louisiana are willing to take service in the Volunteer forces of the United States and be enrolled and organized to "defend their homes from ruthless invaders," to protect their wives and children and beashamed from wrong and outrage, to shield their property from being seized by bad men, and to defend the flag of their native country as their fathers did under Jackson at Chalmette against Pakenham and his myrmidons carrying the black flag of "beauty and body disaster." 

Appreciating their motives, relying upon their "well known loyalty and patriotism," and with "pardon and respect," for these brave men—it is ordered that all the members of the "Native Guards" shall exist in the volunteer service of the United States, shall be duly organized by the appointment of proper officers, and be armed and rationed as other volunteer forces of the United States, subject to the approval of the President of the United States. All such persons are required at once to report themselves to the proper authorities in the city of New Orleans, where proper officers will muster them into the service of the United States.

By order of

MAJOR GENERAL BUTLER.
R. S. Davis, Capt. and A. A. A. G.

Another order issued by Gen. Butler, offers bounties for information leading to the discovery of weapons not held under a written permit from the U.S. authorities. Also decrees that the offenses of robbery, by violence or aggravated assault, burglary, rape, and murder, whether committed by blacks or others, punishable with imprisonment.

FROM THE FOURTH REGIMENT.

Correspondence of the Journal.

CAMP CARROLLTON, La., Sept. 1st, 1862.

FRIEND MILLS.—Baton Rouge was evacuated by our forces on the 21st instant. We arrived on transports at this place on the day following.

The enemy made a reconnaissance a few hours before we left, but did not succeed in accomplishing anything, a small force of the frigate Mississippi and gunboats Essex shelled them back to their camp on Conite river. Soon after the rebels fled our pickets found about a dozen of them dead, which demonstrated that our gunboats are competent to prevent the enemy from occupying Baton Rouge, without the co-operation of the infantry. During the confusion created by the appearance of the rebels, the prisoners confined in the Louisiana State Penitentiary were let loose by some of the rebel sympathizers, hoping that they would join their forces, but they all refused to have any-
also said that in the next fight he should be present himself, and that he should wait a reasonable time for the enemy to make an attack, and then attack them. "Old Ben" is immensely popular with the troops, and his presence on the field would add double strength to the force.

I am sorry to inform you that the health of the regiment still remains very bad. It is hoped that the change of weather, which takes place here in a week or two, will improve the condition of the men.

Since my last Company C has lost three men by death, as follows: Jacob Loeb, died in Charity Hospital, New Orleans, on the 24th; Riede A. Danforth, Hospital, New Orleans; and John Beeclecker, hospital at Carrollton, Loeb, was a German, and resided in town of Sheboygan; Danforth, lived in Menomoni, Manitowoc Co.; Beeclecker, lived in Lynden, Sheboygan Co. About one half of our company are on the sick list—but none, I believe, are thought to be dangerously ill.

J. H. Norwood, Charles Teed, Harmon Pierce, James Greeley, George Krendle, John Arnold and John Allman of Co. C, have received their discharge for disability and are on their way home. Quite a number of others are booked for a discharge, others ought to be discharged, and the balance would like to be discharged.

Capt. Paul has finally been discharged and expects to leave for the North on the Potomac, which sails to-morrow. He is very low, and it is doubtful if he ever recovers. My own health remains superb.

Yours, &c.

HIGH PRIVATE.

From the Fourth Wisconsin.
Correspondence of the State Journal.

In Camp Near Carrollton, La., September 6th, 1862.

I suppose the affairs of the "Department of the Gulf" are looked upon by you with some small degree of interest, even in these times, when the whole energy of the North is engaged in raising troops who will come to the aid of those already in the field.

I see by the papers received from the North, that you have rumors—by this time probably the official report—of the battle at Baton Rouge. That the battle was fiercely fought, and that the din of opposing arms was terrible to those unaccustomed to the sound, you may be sure. We had many a time before been in pursuit of the foe, and smartly skirmished with their retreating columns; and while crowded on board transports, the enemy have suddenly opened upon us from mask and batteries and visited us with intended destruction; but never before had the enemy advanced upon us, man opposed to man, each intent upon accomplishing the destruction of the other. Never before had we heard the hail of those who supposed they were rushing on to victory. And never before were an enemy more disheartened, for they were assured that none but sick men would meet them. They came with a heavy train of empty wagons, proposing to obtain a large supply of commissary stores, but they returned heavily laden with their dead and wounded soldiers.

But I need not recapitulate what, in substance, you have probably printed long before you will receive this letter; enough to say that, after having remained two weeks in Baton Rouge, and under the energetic command of Col. Paine, of the 4th Wisconsin Regiment, having rendered our services against the enemy for four or five times our number, we were recalled to New Orleans, by reason of the rebels having threatened to retake New Orleans, and, some, say, burn it. I hardly think they will undertake so desperate a task, for, assuredly, the sweeping fire from our ram and fortifications must meet destruction to almost any force that can be brought against us.

The only trouble and inconvenience we experience comes from the marauding bands of guerrillas that infest the country around the city. They have threatened to take New Orleans, and, some, say, burn it. I hardly think they will undertake so desperate a task, for, assuredly, the sweeping fire from our ram and fortifications must meet destruction to almost any force that can be brought against us.

The only trouble and inconvenience we experience comes from the marauding bands of guerrillas that infest the country around the city. They have threatened to take New Orleans, and, some, say, burn it. I hardly think they will undertake so desperate a task, for, assuredly, the sweeping fire from our ram and fortifications must meet destruction to almost any force that can be brought against us.

The only trouble and inconvenience we experience comes from the marauding bands of guerrillas that infest the country around the city. They have threatened to take New Orleans, and, some, say, burn it. I hardly think they will undertake so desperate a task, for, assuredly, the sweeping fire from our ram and fortifications must meet destruction to almost any force that can be brought against us.

The only trouble and inconvenience we experience comes from the marauding bands of guerrillas that infest the country around the city. They have threatened to take New Orleans, and, some, say, burn it. I hardly think they will undertake so desperate a task, for, assuredly, the sweeping fire from our ram and fortifications must meet destruction to almost any force that can be brought against us.

The only trouble and inconvenience we experience comes from the marauding bands of guerrillas that infest the country around the city. They have threatened to take New Orleans, and, some, say, burn it. I hardly think they will undertake so desperate a task, for, assuredly, the sweeping fire from our ram and fortifications must meet destruction to almost any force that can be brought against us.

The only trouble and inconvenience we experience comes from the marauding bands of guerrillas that infest the country around the city. They have threatened to take New Orleans, and, some, say, burn it. I hardly think they will undertake so desperate a task, for, assuredly, the sweeping fire from our ram and fortifications must meet destruction to almost any force that can be brought against us.

The only trouble and inconvenience we experience comes from the marauding bands of guerrillas that infest the country around the city. They have threatened to take New Orleans, and, some, say, burn it. I hardly think they will undertake so desperate a task, for, assuredly, the sweeping fire from our ram and fortifications must meet destruction to almost any force that can be brought against us.
Our regiment and the Indians have been up the river fighting guerrillas for two or three days back, having returned last night, after destroying a large force of them. The expedition, composed of the Wisconsin and Indiana regiments, and one section of the First Maine battery, with the 9th Conn. and 14th Maine as a reserve, started the river on Monday the 5th inst., on board of transports. Having proceeded 30 miles up the river, the W's and Ia. boys, with the section of artillery, were landed on the west bank of the river, near a sugar plantation. Learning that a large force of Texas Rangers, (mounted) numbering over 600 strong were in the immediate vicinity, we were no sooner landed than we started out to find them. We had not proceeded over a mile from the lieu when we came upon a large force of them, and commenced the dance. After the first round or two the renowned Texas Rangers commenced a grand skedaddling, hotly pursued by our boys. The fighting commenced in a large rice field, and the guerrillas put for the woods, but a large swamp lay in their rear and they were compelled to leave their horses, baggage, &c., as our boys had the flanks protected so that they were unable to extricate themselves in any other way.

The artillery shelled them as they run, and the infantry followed them until they gave out from sheer exhaustion.

We succeeded in killing eight, wounding about the same number, and capturing thirty prisoners and two hundred and fifty horses, “saddled and bridled and fit for a fight,” besides any quantity of private baggage. The horses were all splendid animals, and will be a valuable acquisition to the cavalry service.

We arrived back to the transports about 3 p.m., having been absent only about six hours, after having succeeded in destroying one of the most desperate gangs of guerrillas in the Confederate service. This band was composed chiefly of desperadoes from Texas, and was murdering innocent Union men, and were even a terror to the rebel planters themselves. They were all splendidly equipped and mounted, and it is a pity that we could not have taken more of their prisoners, but the swamps was insuperable to anything excepting the “half horse, half alligator,” gurilla. The alligators which I saw floundering around in the mud and water seemed almost perplexed as to which way to turn.

Before we left on the boats, each and every soldier formed himself into a squad and went around the plantations foraging. Our boat coming down the river reminded me of Noah’s ark, in one respect, during the deluge, as most every living animal was represented on board—horses, mules, cows, calves, bulls, sheep, hogs, goats, turkeys, geese, &c. &c. &c., your correspondent “realized” one quarter of veal two turkey’s three sparing chickens, one lamb and a bushel of onions, besides any amount of light forage, such as potatoes, oranges, &c. I have about an average lot, so you can judge that we have had good living in camp for the past few days. Oh, its capital sport, this gurilla hunting, especially when ‘nobody’s hurt,” on our side, as was the case this time.

The gunboat Essex came down the river to-day. Some of her crew were fired upon at Natchez when she shelled the town for three hours, compelling the citizens to surrender the place, and holst the stars and stripes. At Bayou Sara she stopped long enough to bum the whole city, with the exception of two buildings, for what offense I do not know. This place was about the size of Sheboygan. It doesn’t pay to harrow for Jeff much in this Department.

The gunboats remain at Baton Rouge.

The rebels hung two or three persons after we left there. It is not occupied by troops as the gunboats threaten to blow up the capital, a magnificent building, if a person carrying a musket is seen in the vicinity.

The health of the regiment is improving slowly. Our regiment has lost six men in the past week. Privates Fred. A. Wolf, and H. Wepprecht, of Co. C, have died since my last. Yours, &c.,

From the Lower Mississippi.

How a Regiment of Texas Rangers was chased out by Wisconsin and Illinois boys—The evacuation of Baton Rouge—An old Democrat de- feated his position on the war.

We have been handed two interesting letters to Prof. Brad, of this city, from his brother in Louisiana, one of which describes an expedition in which our 4th Regiment had part. They are published below:

Dear Brother:—We received orders for an expedition up the river on the evening of the 7th. A report had reached our headquarters that a considerable force of Texas Rangers were near the river to assist navigation. To exterminate this band of marauders was the object of the expedition. Well, on the evening of the 7th we were all ready and on board the transport. The arrangement was for the 9th Connecticut and 14th Maine to land below, where it was reported they were encamped, and for the 21st Indians and 4th Wisconsin to land above, and in this manner them in and bag the whole rebel gang.

During the night we were off, and at daylight landed twenty-five miles up the river and on its right bank. Strange as it may seem, although the facts were known to them, we could get no information from negroes or whites as to their whereabouts. So the 21st in advance, with part of the Wisconsin, started out through the cornfields to the west, prospecting along a ditch, where the weeds were very high, concealing from view horse and rider. After advancing (two companies of the 21st) half a mile, one of our advance discovered three of their cavalry, who dashed after him and ordered him to halt. Just then two companies fired on them and dropped three—one killed dead, one shot through the chest, and the other had his leg broken. Their three horses were killed. We then knew the main column could not be far off, so we marched through corn and rice fields and high weeds one and a half miles further to the west, expecting every moment a fire from the concealed foe. Seeing nothing of the enemy, we brought our artillery into battery and commenced shelling in every direction. Still we saw no enemy, although they were then lying in ambush in high weeds six to eight yards south. We then advanced through a field of immensely tall weeds, tangled with vines of every kind, a quarter of a mile south to a road running west into the swamp, or about half miles distant. Going through the weeds we took fifteen prisoners, crossing and hiding, and when we came out into the road, just mentioned, we found the entire regiment, five hundred strong, had been drawn up ready to receive us, lying in ambush to the side of the road. But as soon as we had opened fire with our artillery, they got up and desisted—in vulgar terms, in classical, skedaddled—to the swamp, abandoning their colors, and throwing away blankets, arms, coats, spurs, and everything else which would retard haste of getting out of our way. At this place we captured Capt. Janney, a physician and formerly surgeon in the Texas war, and an old friend of mine. We served him some three days, and him together one year. We also captured a lieutenant. We pushed them to the swamp, and found but they had ridden in until their horses melted down, and then left them and waded in themselves.

We recovered from the swamps 200 horses, all saddled and bridled, and mired
The next day we went back, and secured by hard work, 40 more. The few animals could not move without help, and the Union soldiers were often seen, struggling and wallowing on the cypress stumps, which were very sharp, each day, as we won command. None of these creatures will ever again be seen.

I am against every man who will not sustain the country in its perilous crisis. Rebel lost a battle, and the battles already fought there, and now pending, may settle all. My hopes are for the country.

I write in great haste. Love to all.

Affectionately,

E. Read.

Three days before the expedition described above the 21st had made one to the same place. The day before that a company of the 9th Vermont, stationed at Alhambra, was ordered to march to Tambog, to make a station, 30 miles from the city, on platform cars, when they were fired upon by guerrillas in ambush and several killed and 9 wounded. We went up the river 20 miles and then marched along a narrow road 4 miles from the river, and to the railroad station. They still had a dozen pickets there, and as soon as we saw them, we fired on them without effect, their flight was so rapid; leaving horses and camp equipage. The poor wounded men were left behind, and the rebels badly wounded. They were so glad to see us that they shed tears. The rebels had carts standing ready to haul them off some distance, probably to the destination, though the rebels told them to hang them. We took all their horses, brought away the wounded, and set fire to the buildings they had been ocncupied. They seem to consist on corn bread, as they had had but little to eat, cold. These little expeditions are very exciting and our men are becoming more warlike. The city is very healthy—no epidemics, no want of provisions, and all things go on well. The war is great for us, but it is a great deal more than a war.

From the Fourth Wisconsin Regiment.

Cape Law, Pamlico River, N.C., September 30, 1862.

Ed. Times:

The Times comes to us occasionally—it's honest old face is very welcome to us. The way we read it is to commence at the editorial corner and read through by course to the last advertisement. Perhaps you will wonder what has called into being the notion with one at this late day to offer to its columns an article. I really cannot say that I have anything to commmunicate of a startling nature, enough to interest your readers. It takes something more than the every-day tales of army life at the present to satisfy the public eagerness for news.

 Doubtless you have been made acquainted with the leading events which have cast their lights and shadows over the glory of the "Old Fourth" for the last seven months. Of course it would be foolish for me to attempt to tell you of them if you had not, for I should get bewildered before I had fairly related Ship Island experience and our introduction among our new acquaintances in the city of New Orleans. I should have to detail so many adventures that the world-wide notorious Cypress Swamps of this great basin of the Mississippi, that my memory would become turbid, perhaps right in the middle of one of them, leaving me surrounded by its smoky multitudes. By the way, two or three of our Co. B boys took lodgings in one of these swamps one night last spring. We had struggled along through mud and water, waist-deep, and through reeds and over logs for five long weary hours, when those in advance
succeeded in reaching the enemy lines again; but the stragglers in the rear were too late for that afternoon, and night quickly locked up the dismal swamp in darkness. I cannot tell you on what kind of a spot in what shape or position they managed to pass the night; but he assured me that they contrived to amuse themselves in some style, if in no other way than by getting up quarrels amongst the alligators by poking them up with their bayonets. They came out next morning looking about as gay as a "mud hen".

The taking of Vicksburg with a handful of men is, at the present, "played out" with us; and I suppose the accounts of our operations before it is by this time "played out" with you. There has been enough written of our proceedings against that place, to even put the blance of the New York Tribune. Vicksburg has been levelled with the ground several times. The mighty Mississippi has been snatched from under the noses of its people, and the stinking bed of the river left for their future navigation. Boats have plowed along on their own independent way through Gen. Williams' "out-off," and the "big guns" on the batteries on the hills had drawn back their noses from sight, for shame. I suppose, Mr. Editor, that that famous "out off" has had to at times water enough in it to swim a school of "pollywogs"—I wouldn't like to say more. Stealing away the vigilance of the people with such imprudent tales, displays about the same degree of foolishness as stealing away the honest do's of soldiers' wives does of meanness.

By the way, that remark reminds me of war-willows. I am glad that our (I mean those that have them, of course) are so well provided for; that they are clothed, housed, and their barrel of meal kept full. We are glad and proud to see that those that have them, of course, are so well provided for; that they are well clothed, housed, and their barrel of meal kept full. We are glad and proud to see that the conduct of the Committee on these affairs, comports so well with the demonstrations of eighteen months ago; that their patriotism is permanent and at peace with the regular "yellow backs," (Treasury Notes) while the corresponding committees in other sections have shown that their enthusiasm for freedom can be drowned by the gill of dollars and cents.

Our fight at Baton Rouge last month, was rather a sharp affair; when killing men is the game, I think the Western Boys have proven themselves good for the business. Breckenridge informed his men that he had come down for the express purpose of taking the Capitol. But he took it "in a horn." He concluded he was trying to take a Tartar I guess, and after four hours' fighting, drew his forces from the field, leaving six hundred of his dead for our boys to bury.

We are now concentrated on New Orleans, camped on the wide neck between the River and the Lake, seven miles above the city.

We went up the river a few days ago on a bit of a scout; came on to a band of sixty four hundred Guerrillas; ran them into a swamp; killed about a dozen, dragged forty of them; took three hundred horses, and all hands come home on horseback.

I must not forget to acknowledge the non-reception of that box of good things which I informed the ladies have started down this way for us. We feel grateful to the fullness of our souls for such a demonstration of remembrance, and although we have not received it, and do not expect it, yet we appreciate such kindness towards us all the same. What a mystic influence something good to eat has over the minds of the soldiers.

I think the ladies are aware of it. There is nothing like a stomach reasonably full of palatable food to stir a man with energy, and move him to good feelings. Who would get right up from a liberal dinner and strike his next neighbor for calling him a mallard, because he had eaten a dish of broiled frogs? But take care my dear neighbors, how you maltreat him on account of his peculiar appetite before dinner. If the beggarly portion of any city would always be well fed, they wouldn't be any more susceptible of crimes than these from whom they steal. I believe half the malicious mischief perpetuated throughout christendom, is done on an empty stomach. Some don't believe this. To me a man who stand in mortal fear that every dainty or palatable bit will seize him with dyspepsia, got away, you sour crusty, unhappy Grabamites, Brown-breadites, Sawdust-puddingites! I don't like your starved looks, and much less your theory. If your stomachs cannot endure something a little juicy, sweet and hearty, once-in-a-while, then it is very clear that it is not made of the proper material, and you must be clever enough not to start a hue and cry to all mankind that your stomach is a useless organ.

I hope the ladies on that Committee for raising good things for the soldiers, will accept the kindest regards of Company B of the Fourth.

I suppose the war-feeling runs high again in our State. That's right! We must push the rebels to the wall in a few months more, or the Union is overboard. Come along, you that stand upon the street corners with a stomach full of lager and gapping for war news! Come along, Mr. Carpenter! no one has any business to build houses now. Come along, Tailor!
Dear Sir—It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of your brother, Lemuel Stearns, who died this morning at 9 o'clock, with the inflammation of the Liver, arising from the jaundice.

He has been unwell and feverish for two months, and his papers for a discharge are now gone for the signature of Gen. Butler. His complaint has been diarrhoea which had become chronic and had also induced the Piles. Two days ago he was in camp apparently well, but when I saw him he was very sick. I was much surprised to hear this morning that he was considered dangerously ill. He was buried this afternoon with the honors of his rank as sergeant.

I assure you I feel keenly the loss of so true a man as he has proved himself to be. We had been firm friends ever since our acquaintance in the company, and through I expected to lose him from his company, I hoped to see him return to his home and if possible, recover from the low state to which he had fallen in camp. I was disappointed in this. Military matters move so slowly that a man has no guaranty that he will live to see the return of the papers which are to set him free from the service.

Sergeant Stearns' death is sincerely lamented by not only our whole company, but all who knew him in the Regiment.

Thurs. we are leaving our best and trustiest men in graves for fame and friends.

Geo. W. Carter, Captain
C.O. 3rd Reg't W.I. Vol.
From the Fourth Regiment.
Correspondence of the Times.

Carrolton, La., Oct. 24th, 1862.

Friend Ross:—I am gratified to communicate the cheering intelligence, that we are all well and comfortable situated, have light duty to perform, and are enjoying beautiful weather, which enlivens the energies, rouses the drooping spirits of the troops, and restores their accustomed bodily health and vigor; the countenance is more healthful, the eye more bright, the step more firm, the movment more elastic.

In fact we are enjoying the best health, took the best, and to the best that we have been since leaving Baltimore.

Our only duty consists in preserving order, quiet and peace in the city, and as the citizens are very civil and orderly, we have but very little trouble, and it makes our duty light and pleasant.

Carrolton has been a lively place for the past few days, on account, first, of the grand review of Gen. Wetzels' Brigade, preparatory to leaving on an expedition up the river; then the embarkation and departure, which took place on the 25th.

The swarms of Negro laborers, the trains of wagons loaded with baggage, the rattling of the artillery, the dashing of cavalry, as they passed with headlong speed; the soul-enlivening, spirit-stirring sounds of martial music from the drum corps, and bands of the several regiments, and the parading the streets by 6,000 armed men, was a sight Carrolton had not experienced in some time, and the citizens turned out en masse to view the imposing spectacle.

The entire command consisted of seven regiments of Infantry, four batteries of Artillery, and two companies of cavalry. They were placed on board sight river steamers; and as they left, cheers after cheers greeted them from the crowd on shore, and was promptly returned by the troops. All was animation, hilarity and glee. That expedition will amount to something, it will furnish an important item for the historian to chronicle. Another expedition left here to-day for Texas. Now the hot summer season has passed. Gen. Butler has commenced active offensive operations, and though his force is small, he will accomplish large results.

The sale of confiscated property con-
times daily and is a considerable source of revenue to the Government as it nearly meets the expenses of the department.

Butler's expedition has accomplished the most with the least expense to the government of any expedition recorded in our National History.

As election day draws nigh we natural-ly feel our political ambition return a little, and we have some talk about Representative in Congress, but the prevailing sentiment appears to be altogether in favor of the gallant Bragg. There is not much feeling elicited on the subject on account of long protracted absence and non-interference in political strife; but the vote will show a decided majority for the "Independent War Candidate."

Yours, &c.,

L. C. BARTLETT.

17th Sergeant James Thompson, of Co. C, 4th Regiment, whom our correspondent, Mr. L. C. Bartlett, in his correspondent dated Oct. 1st, 1862, announced as having been discharged from service for disability, never lived to greet his family and friends at his home in this city, as he and his comrades in the company had fondly hoped. He died the steamers when four days out from New Orleans on his way home, and his remains were consigned to an ocean grave. His services as a non-commissioned officer, combined with the aid of a hospital physician and nurse to the Company, the unfavorable influences of the climate, and the exposures he had undergone; undermined his health so as to render him unfit for duty for some months previous to his discharge. And it was only when all hope of his recovery in the climate of the lower Mississippi was abandoned, that he would consent to leave his comrades in arms, take his discharge and come North; but the sequel proved that he had tarried too long.

As a physician and nurse he was eminently successful in combating and overcoming the diseases incident to camp life, and many of the members of Co. C do not hesitate to say that they owe their lives in a great measure to his skill and care.

We are permitted to copy the following extract from a letter from Capt. Dunnix, to Mrs. Thorssey, of Sheboygan Falls, in reference to the deposed, and showing the estimation in which he was held by the officers and men of the company:

CARROLLTON, LA., Nov. 1, 1862.

DEAR MADAM:—I have received your favor of the 19th ult.

I beg to assure you that in your bereavement, of which information has been recently received, you have the most heartfelt sympathy of myself and comrades. Your husband and dear friend to every member of the company by his patient care of them in their sickness, by his good humour and justice, and by his watchfulness of their health. As a Sergeant he always did his duty patiently and unselfishly. It was universally regretted that at a time when his reward was certain—promotion being assured him—it was felt to be wise that he should leave the service. His absence would not permit him to accept a discharge in June, when, had he gone North, his health might have been restored.

We bade him "the best of luck" and "God speed him with heavy arms," fearing that his disease was too far advanced to permit him to arrive at home.

Yours Respectfully,
Geo. W. DURRIN, Jr.
Captain Co. C, 4th Reg. W. V.

FROM THE FOURTH (IOWA) REGIMENT.

HELENA, ARK., Nov. 8, 1862.

EDITOR RECORD.—Since writing you last, I have been too busy to keep up correspondence with any one. For a month or six weeks past I have been trying to shake the ague loose, and have finally succeeded and am ready to receive the congratulation of my friends at the successful issue of the contest. The ague has run rampant among the soldiers here, for some time, but is beating a retreat now at "double quick," before the desperate onslaughts of our excellent surgeons, leaving the army in pretty good health generally.

I notice by every Northern paper I see that a battle is expected here soon; that the rebels are about to make an effort to take this place. We do not look for any such occurrence, but are ready to give them a warm reception at any time they may choose to undertake the job. Helena is not situated that it could be defended by a small force against vastly superior numbers, merely with the help of its natural advantages, and with the aid of Fort Curtis—which is just finished—we consider it nearly impregnable. New troops are coming down the river nearly every day. Among them I notice the 24th, 26th and 30th Iowa Regiments, all sturdy, noble, western men, whose name alone strikes terror to the hearts of the rebels.

You have no doubt seen the account of the taking of a large train of our wagons and teams by the rebels, but you probably have not heard the result of an expedition sent out to retake the train.

A force of about three thousand cavalry under Lieut. Colonel Swan of the 4th Iowa cavalry, followed the raiders at "double quick" for about thirty-five miles, when, just at night, they came up with and fired into their rear guard.

Our men, of course, were expecting soon to be engaged and were eager for the fray.

But how bitterly were they destined to be disappointed. They were halted, a short time, then ordered to bivouac for the night, with the enemy within two miles. In the morning, of course, the birds had flown, and our brave (?) Colonel, after following them a few miles, nearly to White River which they must cross, ordered a "right about," and marched back to camp, no better off than when he started. The event proved, as every man expected, that had the rebels been followed closely either at night or the next morning every wagon and mule with the most of the gang of marauders might have been captured.

Such affairs tend more to discourage and dishearten a soldier than actual defeat in a fair fight. We lose confidence in those who command and no man or set of men can do much fighting unless they have confidence in their commander. But what can men do who are ready, willing, and anxious to fight, with such leaders! Nothing but wait and wish that the time may soon come when we may be led by brave leaders, to certain victory and a speedy, honorable peace, and be allowed to return to our homes and former avocations.

An expedition is now out on the road up White River, ordered to reconnoitre as far as Cotton Plant on Cock Creek, where the 11th Wisconsin and 32d Illinois gave the rebels a drubbing on the 7th of July. Brigadier General Van Dau command, and declared it his intention to scare up a fight or go through to Little Rock before he came back—but may success crown his efforts.

The President's Proclamation is discussed freely here and its probable effect commented upon. I believe among the soldiers it is considered all right; the principal fault to be found with it is the delay to put it into effect, but we look upon it as a step in the right course, hoping that our Father Abraham will see to it, that his officers enforce it to the letter. That is going to be the trouble. A smooth tongue and a few "green-backs" are very influential instruments in the hands of rebels at heart, though professed Union men. But we will put our trust in God and Old Abe and await the result.

W. W. C.

From the Fourth Regiment.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

CAMP PARADE, 5 MILES FROM N. O., November 15th, 1862.

EDITOR SENTINEL.—We have no poets.
to turn our deeds into song, but I am aware
that you know the bulk of our officers,
since we came to the department, and
with much consolation we find that you
have had many good reports of us.

Just as it is in the habit of war, so it is in the
life here, for the past six weeks we have been
denied the privileges of the fields, and have
been stationed at the Parapets, to perform
our share of keeping up the de-

Our sentiments are: Faith the fight and
trust to events! Country Boy.

Valediction of Captain Bailey-Letter
from the Officers of this Regiment.

CAMP PARAPET, La.,

Nov. 21, 1862.

En. News.—A portion of an article in
your paper, referring to reports sent to
Wisconsin derogatory to the bravery of
a captain of this regiment, in the battle of
Baton Rouge, has been brought to the
attention of the undersigned officers of said
regiment.

Though a communication on the subject
was not deemed suitable by you for pub-
lication, yet, as the notice taken of it by
respectable a journal gives publicity to
the existence of an attempt to reflect up-
on an officer whose courage and zeal in the
service of his country has been marked,
and distinguished, and may serve to injure,
if not his reputation, the feeling of his
friends at home, it is thought proper by
the undersigned, his associates in the
service, most of whom witnessed all that oc-
curred on the occasion referred to, to re-
quest you to publish the following facts:

During the battle of Baton Rouge, one
of the captains of this regiment, at the
time acting as major, received orders from
his commanding officer to clear a certain
passage for the regiment, a part of which
duty consisted in felling a fence.—He
was alone, but two or three men were near
him. He destroyed the fence, and was about
returning to the regiment, when two
rebels fired upon him, killing him.

On this occasion, and throughout the
battle, this officer displayed unquestioned

courage and efficiency—qualities which
he had exhibited on all former occasions
when brought into trying scenes.

The communication sent to you, being
so entirely false and unfounded, must be
the offspring of malicious ignorance, or
unscrupulous envy.

We are, very respectfully,
your obedient servants.

[Here follows the names of all the com-
misioned officers now with the regiment,
who were present at the battle of
Baton Rouge, except 1st Lieut. W. S. Phay,
late of Capt. Bailey's company, who declines
to sign his name.]

F. A. Boardman, Maj. Comdr's Regt.

From the Fourth Regiment.

CAMP PARAPET, La.,

Dec. 13th, 1863.
Editors North Star:

The weather is beautiful, and has been so nearly all the fall and thus far into the winter. The grass is green, and at the present time cutting sugar cane, and making sugar is the business of the planters. I visited a plantation about three miles from here and saw the whole process, grinding making molasses &c.

The planter was very agreeable and did not seem to be least alarmed about his slaves. New Orleans presents quite a lively appearance. Its business places are open, and the levee assumes quite a lively appearance. There is considerable trade, in cotton between Baton Rouge and New Orleans. There is not a much military activity at present. Our posts have occasional trouble with the guerrillas. They ramble around in small parties, and now and then a few of them are caught. They present a miserable appearance. A small Mississippi boat lying a few miles from our picket station, loaded with sugar was burned by them a few days since. They took a few deck hands prisoners, but none of the plunder, they were followed, and soon overtaken, and a few made prisoners.

There is a negro regiment stationed on the Opalussas railroad running from Algiers opposite New Orleans, to Opalussas. They say they will take no prisoners, as they expect no quarter themselves. There are detachments going up the river every week feretting out and breaking up guerrilla bands. The gun-boats continually run the river, which keeps the rebels in anxiety all the time. They are a terror to guerrillas. Port Hudson 25 miles above Baton Rouge is being fortified by the rebels. The gun-boats have taken no prisoners, as they expect no quarter themselves. The place is well adapted to the erection of batteries. The contrabands under the direction of our soldiers have built a levee about a mile and a half long just below our camp. It was ordered by Gen. Butler. Gen. Banks arrived at New Orleans on the 16th, with troops I understand to the number of 30,000 strong. I expect soon to hear of a movement against Vicksburg. Our company the "Hudson City Guards" is detached from the regiment. We are now drilling on heavy artillery, and have charge of the water battery, 32 and 42 pound guns.

Respectfully yours,

J. W.

From the Fourth Regiment.

Our New Orleans Correspondence.

CAMP OF THE FOURTH WISCONSIN REGIMENT.

At the Parapet, near N. O., Dec. 15, 1862.

SIR,—We are notified with a Delta extra this morning which announces the arrival of Gen. Banks and staff in the city last evening; and that fifty transports, bearing thirty thousand troops, are lying in the river below us. It has created quite a sensation among the citizens, and stirred up high spirits among the soldiers. Everything is sure it means something of great importance. The secret spirit of rebellion which lurks here, looks upon this arrival with no forebodings; and we who are familiar with the stubborn character of Vicksburg, and one or two other places which have succeeded in holding the Mississippi, see in it the downfall of three strongholds.

Negro regiments outside of Headquarters have been given, as to the real object of the arrival of Gen. Banks here, but I believe it is the general impression among the Army, that he has come with orders to supercede Gen. Butler. If it is so, it will be a matter of some surprise to us, for I assure you that Gen. Butler is held in greater esteem by every man in his army. But we are great admirers of Gen. Banks, and the matter will only be one of comment for us.

This Department will now contain an army of forty-five or fifty thousand men, and the opening of the Mississippi, of course, will only be a matter of little time. I might be wrong however, that Vicksburg will be an exception, as in all probability the capturing of that place will be a matter of days; and we have had, from the experience which we have had with its character. It is the Troy of our American war. In the Summer, as you know, it held out against a siege of six weeks duration from the combined fleets of the Upper and Lower Mississippi. At times for hours the bombardment would be terrible. For three hours one night, on about the 10th of July, every gun and mortar from both fleets was vigorously used that could be brought to bear upon the city and fortifications.

The air above them was brilliant with the fiery course of the flying bombs. The impression to us, who surveyed the scene, was that they could not survive it; but as morning dawned, all bright and beautiful, there stood the little gray, still alight by its granite heights down to the water's edge, its spires and cupola glistening in the golden sunshine, and appearing with an air of mocked repose, which was really a rebuke to our ignorant and wonder-loving darkey that glories in the title of contraband—by the sudden appearance of Maj. Gen. Banks, with fifty transports, containing 20,000 men, coming up the river in martial array. He took the city as completely by surprise as did Gen. Butler last May. Thousands rushed to the levee to see the sight. All sorts of conjectures and rumors went the rounds, as to the probable destination and future action of the new Arcturus.

But the facts in the case are these—Gen. Banks assumes the command of the Department of the Gulf, including Texas, and Gen. Butler repairs to Washington to give an account of his stewardship.

The troops moved on up the river to Baton Rouge. The 4th Wisconsin again received marching orders, and we are on the point of ascending the Mississippi the third time. The rebels are strongly fortified at Port Hudson, 20 miles above Baton Rouge, and there will now be an active campaign in this quarter. The steamer Nassau brought several heavy siege guns and landed them here to be placed in Port Parapet. We will now make short work of rebellion in these parts; after taking Port Hudson the expedition will proceed to Vicksburg and give that another trial, and this time, I think, with a success that will open the free navigation of the river, which the
interests of the West have so long demanded.

Gen. Butler's farewell to his army, was touching, eloquent, and patriotic. He eulogized the troops in his highest terms, and in him, this department loses a valuable officer; but it is gratifying to know that his place is to be filled by a man of distinguished and marked ability.

Gen. Weitzel has conquered all Western Louisiana, so that when the river is open, the war in the South West will be nearly at an end. I think we can make short work of it now.

Sergeant Riley Dwinoll, Charles Arnold, been discharged and gone home, vis; Brownell Smith and Frederick Dorr.

Our regiment has had a good chance to reoperate and is in much better condition than it was at either time before when we went up the river.

Now that we have a prospect of seeing active service again you may expect to hear oftener from this department. I will keep you posted in regard to all the great events that transpire.

Yours, &c.,
L. C. BARTLETT.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

PARAPETS, near N. O., Dec. 18, 1862.

The Ripon Times of the 9th instant, has quite a interesting letter from "Country Boy," of the 4th Wisconsin, located near New Orleans at the time of writing, from which we take a few paragraphs:

General Banks followed by an army of 30,000 men, arrived in the city day-before yesterday. There was much speculating among the citizens and in the army here as to the real object of his coming, but all seemed to understand that the Mississippi was to be opened.

The Delta of this morning, has told the whole story. It contains a General Order signed "General Banks, Commanding Department of the Gulf," and also a farewell address from General Butler to his army. This is rather sudden news to us and causes some surprise, as no intimation has been given us before this that General Butler was to be succeeded. We have great confidence in the old General, and notwithstanding our admiration for General Banks, we part with him with much reluctance. No man could have been more successful in setting peace and order over this distracted and confused city.

It appears that the Government has arrived at one sound conclusion with reference to this war, i.e., that the Rebels are not to be starved out by the blockade as long as they have possession of six hundred miles of this river and its tributaries. The Red river country alone is sufficient to maintain one half of the Rebel army. We look upon this arrival and addition to our strength here with much satisfaction, for it is we see the full of Vicksburg. That stubborn place is the principal blockading power of the river. Had it not been for it we should have held the navigation of it for the most of the time since last July. The rebel monster in the extreme South and South-West is about making his last threes. Louisiana may consider herself safe in paying to it its funeral honors even now.

Captain Read, with a detachment of Cavalry, is scouring the country in the vicinity of St. James Parish (20 miles this side of Baton Rouge,) and is capturing horses and mules from rebel Guerrillas every day.

General WETZEL's Brigade which has been absent from here two months and is occupying the country of Opelousas Railroad, is making a clean sweep of Rebels wherever it moves, and the General requests the citizens to hoist the Old Flag; or the privilege of helping them dispose of their sugar crop and of passing the colored inhabitants to any country where they wish to go. Our gunboats begin to reconnoiter the river again and the people of the West need not be surprised if they receive our New-Year greetings from the Mississippi.

By-the-way, as the holidays draw nigh we witness preparations of festivity going on in the city. But what in the name of all things eatable will a soldier do for choice bakes and stews on these days, when it costs as much to buy a turkey here as it does a cow in our country? A good fat gobbler sells readily at from ten to twenty dollars now, and on Christmas day I expect we shall have to pay fifty cents to hear one gobble. But the turkey is not indispensable to a proper regard of that sacred day, and good long oysters may be substituted very well, I think.

The weather continues to be delightful. Summer showers are frequent.—The birds sing from the orange trees, and the groves of evergreens look bowered in their foliage. This is the gardening season here for all those hardy little vegetables which light frosts do not injure. I saw peas this morning, in blossom.

A Letter from the Fourth Regiment.

CAMP OF THE 4TH REGT., AT THE
Parapets, near N. O., Dec. 18, 1862.

Editor Times:

General Banks, followed by an army of 30,000 men, arrived in the city day-before yesterday. There was much speculating among the citizens and in the army here as to the real object of his coming; but all seemed to understand that the Mississippi was to be opened.

The Delta of this morning, has told the whole story. It contains a General Order signed "General Banks, Commanding Department of the Gulf," and also a farewell address from General Butler to his army. This is rather sudden news to us and causes some surprise, as no intimation has been given us before this that General Butler was to be succeeded. We have great confidence in the old General, and notwithstanding our admiration for General Banks, we part with him with much reluctance. No man could have been more successful in setting peace and order over this distracted and confused city.

It appears that the Government has arrived at one sound conclusion with reference to this war, i.e., that the Rebels are not to be starved out by the blockade as long as they have possession of six hundred miles of this river and its tributaries. The Red river country alone is sufficient to maintain one half of the Rebel army. We look upon his arrival and addition to our strength here with much satisfaction, for it is we see the full of Vicksburg. That stubborn place is the principal blockading power of the river. Had it not been for it we should have held the navigation of it for the most of the time since last July. The rebel monster in the extreme South and South-West is about making his last threes. Louisiana may consider herself safe in paying to it its funeral honors even now.

Captain Read, with a detachment of Cavalry, is scouring the country in the vicinity of St. James Parish (20 miles this side of Baton Rouge,) and is capturing horses and mules from rebel Guerrillas every day.

General WETZEL's Brigade which has been absent from here two months and is occupying the country of Opelousas Railroad, is making a clean sweep of Rebels wherever it moves, and the General requests the citizens to hoist the Old Flag; or the privilege of helping them dispose of their sugar crop and of passing the colored inhabitants to any country where they wish to go. Our gunboats begin to reconnoiter the river again and the people of the West need not be surprised if they receive our New-Year greetings from the Mississippi.

By-the-way, as the holidays draw nigh we witness preparations of festivity going on in the city. But what in the name of all things eatable will a soldier do for choice bakes and stews on these days, when it costs as much to buy a turkey here as it does a cow in our country? A good fat gobbler sells readily at from ten to twenty dollars now, and on Christmas day I expect we shall have to pay fifty cents to hear one gobble. But the turkey is not indispensable to a proper regard of that sacred day, and good long oysters may be substituted very well, I think.

The weather continues to be delightful. Summer showers are frequent.—The birds sing from the orange trees, and the groves of evergreens look bowered in their foliage. This is the
colored inhabitants to any country where they wish to go. Our gun boats begin to reconnoiter the river again and the people of the West need not be surprised if we receive our New-Year greetings from the Mississippi.

By the way, at the holidays draw nigh we witness preparations of festivity going on in the city. But what in the name of all things estatic will a soldier do for choice bakes and stews on those days when it costs as much to buy a turpentine as it does to buy a cow in our country. A good fat gobbler sells readily at ten to twenty dollars now, and on Christmas day I expect we shall have to pay fifty cents to hear one gobble. But the turpentine is not indispensable to a proper regard of that sacred day, and good lions may be substituted very well, I think.

The weather continues to be delightful. Summer showers are frequent. The singing from the orange trees, and the grove of evergreens, are bound to be a delight. The foliage is in its ensuing scenes, for all those hardy little vegetable lights which frost does not injure. I am peas, this morning, in blossom.

**Country Boy.**

*From the Fourth Regiment.*

Correspondence of the Sentinel:

On board the steam transport *Eagle* at New Orleans, La., Dec. 30, 1842.

United States, P. O. in the 9th Ward.

Hurricane Season—Yesterday—or rather, today—on the 4th. The general rule is that the first hurricane of the season comes in July, and we were right in your summer expeditions, even moving the vessel on the water that the inhabitants of Baton Rouge are vivid in our imaginations, and every man of the regiment is taking an active part in the event such a victory. Yesterday our old camp at the Barracks presented such a scene as only the old citadel of New Orleans is familiar with. Throughout the better parts of the land there is a general feeling of the same on this occasion, even the whole crew of the Southern Belle being in the boat which was assigned to its regiment, and midnight found the Fourth all snugly stowed away on board this steam transport.

To-day was spent in a flood of golden sunshine, and framed by a breeze as gentle as the breath of summer in our own dear clime, we again visited the rebel strongholds. The bloody field of Baton Rouge is vivid in our imaginations, and every man of the regiment is taking an active part in the event such a victory. Yesterday our old camp at the Barracks presented such a scene as only the old citadel of New Orleans is familiar with. Throughout the better parts of the land there is a general feeling of the same on this occasion, even the whole crew of the Southern Belle being in the boat which was assigned to its regiment, and midnight found the Fourth all snugly stowed away on board this steam transport.

To-day was spent in a flood of golden sunshine, and framed by a breeze as gentle as the breath of summer in our own dear clime, we again visited the rebel strongholds. The bloody field of Baton Rouge is vivid in our imaginations, and every man of the regiment is taking an active part in the event such a victory. Yesterday our old camp at the Barracks presented such a scene as only the old citadel of New Orleans is familiar with. Throughout the better parts of the land there is a general feeling of the same on this occasion, even the whole crew of the Southern Belle being in the boat which was assigned to its regiment, and midnight found the Fourth all snugly stowed away on board this steam transport.

To-day was spent in a flood of golden sunshine, and framed by a breeze as gentle as the breath of summer in our own dear clime, we again visited the rebel strongholds. The bloody field of Baton Rouge is vivid in our imaginations, and every man of the regiment is taking an active part in the event such a victory. Yesterday our old camp at the Barracks presented such a scene as only the old citadel of New Orleans is familiar with. Throughout the better parts of the land there is a general feeling of the same on this occasion, even the whole crew of the Southern Belle being in the boat which was assigned to its regiment, and midnight found the Fourth all snugly stowed away on board this steam transport.

To-day was spent in a flood of golden sunshine, and framed by a breeze as gentle as the breath of summer in our own dear clime, we again visited the rebel strongholds. The bloody field of Baton Rouge is vivid in our imaginations, and every man of the regiment is taking an active part in the event such a victory. Yesterday our old camp at the Barracks presented such a scene as only the old citadel of New Orleans is familiar with. Throughout the better parts of the land there is a general feeling of the same on this occasion, even the whole crew of the Southern Belle being in the boat which was assigned to its regiment, and midnight found the Fourth all snugly stowed away on board this steam transport.

To-day was spent in a flood of golden sunshine, and framed by a breeze as gentle as the breath of summer in our own dear clime, we again visited the rebel strongholds. The bloody field of Baton Rouge is vivid in our imaginations, and every man of the regiment is taking an active part in the event such a victory. Yesterday our old camp at the Barracks presented such a scene as only the old citadel of New Orleans is familiar with. Throughout the better parts of the land there is a general feeling of the same on this occasion, even the whole crew of the Southern Belle being in the boat which was assigned to its regiment, and midnight found the Fourth all snugly stowed away on board this steam transport.

To-day was spent in a flood of golden sunshine, and framed by a breeze as gentle as the breath of summer in our own dear clime, we again visited the rebel strongholds. The bloody field of Baton Rouge is vivid in our imaginations, and every man of the regiment is taking an active part in the event such a victory. Yesterday our old camp at the Barracks presented such a scene as only the old citadel of New Orleans is familiar with. Throughout the better parts of the land there is a general feeling of the same on this occasion, even the whole crew of the Southern Belle being in the boat which was assigned to its regiment, and midnight found the Fourth all snugly stowed away on board this steam transport.

To-day was spent in a flood of golden sunshine, and framed by a breeze as gentle as the breath of summer in our own dear clime, we again visited the rebel strongholds. The bloody field of Baton Rouge is vivid in our imaginations, and every man of the regiment is taking an active part in the event such a victory. Yesterday our old camp at the Barracks presented such a scene as only the old citadel of New Orleans is familiar with. Throughout the better parts of the land there is a general feeling of the same on this occasion, even the whole crew of the Southern Belle being in the boat which was assigned to its regiment, and midnight found the Fourth all snugly stowed away on board this steam transport.

To-day was spent in a flood of golden sunshine, and framed by a breeze as gentle as the breath of summer in our own dear clime, we again visited the rebel strongholds. The bloody field of Baton Rouge is vivid in our imaginations, and every man of the regiment is taking an active part in the event such a victory. Yesterday our old camp at the Barracks presented such a scene as only the old citadel of New Orleans is familiar with. Throughout the better parts of the land there is a general feeling of the same on this occasion, even the whole crew of the Southern Belle being in the boat which was assigned to its regiment, and midnight found the Fourth all snugly stowed away on board this steam transport.

To-day was spent in a flood of golden sunshine, and framed by a breeze as gentle as the breath of summer in our own dear clime, we again visited the rebel strongholds. The bloody field of Baton Rouge is vivid in our imaginations, and every man of the regiment is taking an active part in the event such a victory. Yesterday our old camp at the Barracks presented such a scene as only the old citadel of New Orleans is familiar with. Throughout the better parts of the land there is a general feeling of the same on this occasion, even the whole crew of the Southern Belle being in the boat which was assigned to its regiment, and midnight found the Fourth all snugly stowed away on board this steam transport.
It was evident that the poor fellow was sick, failing, literally dying by inches, and yet he was forced to march and carry his knapsack and all his equipments until exhausted nature gave out, and the poor fellow was compelled to stop by the roadside. Pretty soon a little cross-eyed Hibernian, acting as Assistant Surgeon, came along and actually kicked the suffering creature, and told him to get up and go along; that nothing aided him but laziness! The suffering man was left behind, stowed away in an old deserted house, destitute of provisions, medicine, or any thing to protect him from the cold, except his blanket! He might have been taken along as well as not,—plenty of teams and partially loaded. A few days ago he was found dead by some men belonging to another Regiment! He could not have been identified but for the letters on his cap.

This may seem almost an incredible story, but it is every word gospel truth; and the subject a Sheboygan county man. This is but one case out of a hundred, equally startling.

It is a lamentable fact that very many of our army officers, perhaps a majority of them, are made actuated by no considerations, other than pay. This has been proved by a thousand demonstrations. And for surgeons! What an oversight in the department to commission apothecary clerks as Surgeons—to act in a case of actual necessity, where the host surgical knowledge is requisite! This may seem strange, too, but it is nevertheless true. It is an easy matter to prove, that a man with no other practical knowledge of surgery than that of clerk in an apothecary establishment would have the same capacity, where the host surgical knowledge is requisite! This may seem strange, too, but it is nevertheless true.

It is supposed that a soldier on picket has something to tend to more in his trade than reading and writing. Well, so he has, but through this is called so, it is not properly a picket guard. Pickets are stationed in squads, and, if possible, concealed where they can see and not be observed, themselves. We are stationed as sentinels, one in a village, our business to walk, and are relieved at regular intervals.

This Brigade furnishes, each morning, for picket duty, one hundred and forty-four men, officers included. This column of men upon arriving at the outposts is divided into the first and second relief, each relief having an equal number of men. The first relief starts immediately to relieve the sentinels; the second remains here at the "Big Reserve" until 9 o'clock p.m., and are free to spend their time as they please until that hour, when they take the place of the first, and these come into the "Big Reserve." This is called the "Big Reserve" because further out and more in the immediate vicinity of the sentinels, are three smaller ones. At each of these twenty-two privates are posted, eleven to go on, and a like number to relieve these in due time. These "Little Reserves" are known as the "Right," "Center," and "Left." The Right is commanded by a Captain, the Left by a Lieutenant, and a Sergeant takes charge of the Center. The whole is in command of an officer, who may be a Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel or Major, and who is called the "Field Officer of the Day."
and they did not do so, we returned to camp in the evening. We go out quite often in the same manner, but occasionally, have a little more. But from present appearances, something will be done soon. Burnside’s expedition left Annapolis the other day, and the great Mississippi expedition is also under weigh, or will be in a day or two; and I shouldn’t wonder if the army of the Potomac will act in conjunction with these expeditions.

We are enjoying at present the finest kind of weather. A warm breeze is blowing from the South, and we are very comfortable in our cabins and tents without any fire. It freezes occasionally at night, and in the daytime the sun thaws all the frost out of the ground. We had a little snow, about two inches, but it all vanished in 24 hours.

H. T.

GOOD TEAPLAYS IN THE WISCONSIN 6TH REGIMENTS.

Editors State Journal:—I beg a brief space in your columns for the purpose of giving you some extracts from a private letter just received from a Capt. in the 6th Wisconsin Regiment, who is also a Worthy Chief Templar of a good Templar Lodge in working order, but we shall have some hard fighting to do first.

Our Regiment ranks high for efficiency, and may be considered equal if not superior to any in this Division, and if we get an opportunity will not discredit our State.

Very truly your friend,

C. W. LIFE IN A HOSPITAL.

Lived—or rather existed—in a hospital something over two months, during which time I saw considerable that was interesting and instructive, and occasionally a little that was very amusing. I was moved twice, and both removals had nearly proved fatal; but I sometimes think a man will endure what would kill anything else.

For instance: When I was taken ill I was conveyed to the hospital tent which belonged to the command. This was an ordinary bell tent, containing some ten or twelve men, all lying on the ground. It was very disagreeable for a well man, for the frequent rains had filled the low, swampy soil with water till it was as soft as a well saturated sponge; but, according to the Surgeon’s command, it was good enough for soldiers. The way this worthy treated those who were unable to do duty, and yet able to crawl to his quarters, was, to say the least, amusing. At night in the morning he would have then brought to his tent by the orderly Sergeant, those too weak to come off the tent in the morning, sometimes half, sometimes a whole hour. Arrived at last, he would enter, light his meerschaum, elevate his feet higher than his head, when the performance would commence.

The Assistant would call the first name on the list. The man would enter, and as we hardly ever take off our caps in camp, perhaps he would forget it now. Immediately the clerk would be ordered to “knock that man’s hat off.” The hat of the next man, “Well, sir, what’s the matter with you?” The man would commence to tell, perhaps get half a dozen words said, when, “That’s all, sir; call the next man.” He would ring in his ears, and after waiting nearly an hour, he would get his regular dose of “Quinine.” But I have spent far more time with this brute than I intended. Were I to wish him ill, it would be that he might fall sick and receive the same treatment he bestowed on others.

As the command was ordered to move, those who could not travel were sent to a hospital about one mile distant; and as I was of this number, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I was to take no more quinine. Yet my strength was nearly gone, and the kind old doctor who came and felt my pulse, spoke encouraging words, and gave me medicine suited to my wants, told the attendant, as I was afterward informed, that I could hardly live four hours. But his kind care soon told on me, and I was better, and enabled to look around. The room where I was confined was, as near as I can remember, about 12 by 14. There were seven of us to occupy it, no two with the same disease. The beds were built up against the sides of the room, the same as berths in a steamboat, and so near together that between my feet and the head of the man above there was a space of three or four inches.

There was no window to the house, and the door was a hole in the wall with a blanket hung up before it. I lay here some two weeks. One day a chap was brought in with a wound in the head. The Surgeon found the ball resting on the skull, considerably flattened; but his thick head had saved his life. After remaining a few days he returned to camp, giving as a reason that he wanted fresh air—in which he showed his good sense. Had the old physician whom I found at this hospital remained, matters would have been different. But he said only two or three days, his time being up. He was succeeded by a little chap, who was entirely incapable of tending the number of men who were here, and it was hard work for a fellow who couldn’t go to the cook room, to get anything to eat. For two weeks all I got to eat I bought, the burnt, half-cooked rice, vegetable stew, and crackers, being unpalatable. It was a happy day to me when I left the swamps of Virginia. I was conveyed in a steamer to Annapolis, Md. On the way I saw another physician who did not consider a soldier good enough to speak to him. So for two long heavy days I received no medicine, or anything that I could eat. There were no ladies aboard the boat. But, I was desirous to see a better day. The boat was a very pleasant room, where everything was clean and neat, the air pure and fragrant with the perfume of a number of large bunches of flowers placed there by the hands of ladies. Oh, there are dearth of a woman’s care in the army, and I had felt it sadly! But now everything was changed; all that could be done to hold together the brittle thread of life was immediately attended to, and I soon began to mend. Thanks to a kind physician and the ladies! This is said to be the best conduct
The incident was a sublime one; time to have something very interesting!...
LETTER FROM THE FIFTH REGIMENT.

On its way in the drill, and with the expectation of having something very interesting to report, we have our share of disappointment, and what with falserumors, we have our share of them.

Not very gentle music on our ears, and of heavy artillery, from the direction of the country—within the hearing of us—was reported that the General was struggling hopelessly on amid the "breakings of passing human life," until they were obliged to quit the bloody field—many of them to find a grave in the gurgling waters of the deep Potomac.

In front of us, and in the direction of Centreville, a large body of "seeing" troops, under Gen. Longstreet, are encamped, and it was believed by us that they would march to Leesburg, to form a junction with the enemy engaged against Banks. To prevent this, and to engage Gen. Longstreet if he should attempt a movement, we were ordered out at day-light on the 7th, and marched in the direction of the Confederates, fully expecting to fight, and of course, to gain a victory.

We went as far as Freedom Hill, and then, drawn up in line of battle, with Mott's battery in the center, we awaited the approach of the rebels, who were at that time on the move, and within two miles of the place where we were posted; but, as is usual with them, as soon as they had reconnoitered our position, they retreated. At night, we took up our march for home, very much disappointed at not having a chance to pitch into the enemy.

The weather was very cold, and in the afternoon, Capt. Mott, to exercise his men and horses, went through one of his drills—which, for rapidity and military precision, cannot be beat. In wheeling, one of the caissons turned over, and with it the horses fell—the off one going completely over the other, and getting up to find himself on the wrong side. The driver was thrown some distance from the carriage; but in less time than it takes to tell it, the whole establishment was on its way in the drill, and, with the exception of a little snow and dirt, looking as well as ever.

The Quartermaster took advantage of the advance of the troops to go after foraging. Major Farnes commanded the advance guard, composed of four companies of the 5th Wisconsin, Captains Bayh, Catlin, Evans, and others. In the rear was Capt. Peacock, who had his brigades, while Col. Bidwell commanded Gen. Brockenbrough's brigade. Gen. Smith and each brigade commander, was accompanied by their full staff.

Arriving at McGarrity's Hill, just beyond Lewinsville, Capt. Mott placed one section of artillery, the whole being under his command, on the hill, the same being supported by the 3rd brigade, as a reserve to support any portion of the division needing assistance in case of an engagement. To Peacock's left and Walter's Mill, Gen. Brockenbrough's brigade proceeded, accompanied by 6 pieces of artillery. Gen. Hancock advanced with his command to Freedom Hill, overlooking Vigna and Fairfax Court House. He sent on a company of the 6th Maine regiment to feel the enemy. They moved within 500 yards of a large body of infantry and cavalry of the enemy encamped near Hawker's Farm.

Gen. Hancock anxiously awaited some aggressive exhibition, and it was with the utmost difficulty the men in his command could restrain their feelings. Although it was understood that there are encamped in that vicinity full 20 rebel regiments, Gen. Longstreet and Van Dorn.

In the interval our forage wagons were all right, and four out of five of our picket lines accurately ascertained. See-
gives it the appearance of being papered. A cot occupies the end, on which are spread several large warm blankets. A neat table occupies the centre, on which you generally find several pipes, a box of tobacco, papers and several books on military. While suspended from the sides hang several uniforms, two of which formerly graced the streets of Milwaukee, but now sadly changed by rain and exposure. Long shelves, on which are kept their literature, are placed against the sides. A stove, good-sized, over which and against the end are the swords and equipments of a commissioned officer. A nice window in the door admits light enough to make it cheerful, and I know our officers do not wish to make a forward movement, so long as the little cabin they now inhabit protects them from the cold and chilly winds of a southern winter.

New Year's Day in camp passed off pleasantly and without anything of much interest transpiring. The forenoon was passed by most of us in making calls, and our officers spread as neat a table as ever graced the boards of a New York hotel. The company all paid their compliments and were in return received most hospitably. A tour of the canteen was most conspicuous, and each of the company received a piece and as much substantial and delicacies as they could possibly stow away. The afternoon was spent in witnessing the sports of the day, a description of which space and time will not admit of. Suffice it to say the Fifth sustained itself with great honor, carrying off two-thirds of the prizes. Pickets duty is very severe and arduous, for the qualities requisite to enjoy a good cabin and good living. Enough for the worthy personages who occupy it.

In my last I promised to give you a description of its architectural beauty, both inside and out. For its beauty you would not take any one with a fastidious mind. One who has lived in regal palaces or the marble streets of ancient and modern cities, to judge its beauty. But you would take one who has been a soldier, who has for six or seven months lived on the sacred soil of Virginia, who has done picket duty, who has for weeks at a time slept on the ground, with only a single blanket for his protection from rain or snow, and the broad canopy of heaven for his tent. Such a one, I say, would be your choice to tell its beauties, and such a one your humble correspondent is.

The first thing that attracts the attention of the observer is the air of neatness around this little cabin. A row of pine trees in front and one in the rear relieved its drab color. In size is ten by fifteen, made of pine logs neatly fitted together, about seven feet high. It then slants at a point, which forms the roof. A covering is made of "shakes" and placed on the same lines, and the roof is in this way made secure from any rain. The cracks are ingeniously filled with a ticking and then plastered with mud inside and out. Stepping into the house, you find the walls neatly covered with calico, which
self, he tore the ornament from his shoulders, with a resolve that he never would purchase another pair. This may be exaggerated, as all camp stories are, as it came through various hands before I heard of it.

Everything is quiet along our lines today, with the exception that there is heavy cannonading up the river, is the direction of Edward's Ferry.

I hope, ere I put my pen in hand to write you again, that we will have good, big fight, in which the writer wishes to try his musket on second.

The health of the regiment is good, and the weather splendid. Your paper is look—

Maj. Larabee at Lewinsvillle.

Capt. Emerson of the 5th Wisconsin tells us a good yarn on the Major of that regiment. At the Lewinsville skirmish the Major was ordered forward with the five companies, composing the left wing of the regiment, to support Griffin's battery. Having disposed his men just behind the crest of the ridge, he ordered every man of them to be down, so as to be concealed from the enemy's eyes, that they should be bold enough to charge the battery he would meet with an unexpected reception. Presently the shot and shell began coming pretty thick, striking the ground some four rods in front of the line. So soon Griffin's battery opened on the rebels, and every shell would burst over the rebel guns. The boys couldn't lie still any longer, but they got up on their knees and bolster their feet, to see where their shells would strike—paying no regard to the missiles coming from the rebels, and striking in front of them.

The Major, who was in company with Gen. Smith and his staff, near the battery, observing the boys of the 5th thus evincing their curiosity, and fear some of them might get hit; galloped up to them saying: "If told you to lie down, you rascals—down every one of you, the first thing I know some of you will get hit. It is astonishing how little you care for your lives."

The boys laid down, as ordered, but wondered if the Major knew he was quite as good a mark on his horse Boney, as they were on foot—Mr. News.

Notes from theSeat of War in Virginia.

[Correspondence of the Daily Wisconsin.]

HEADQUARTERS 5TH KENT WIS. VOL. INFANTRY.

Editor Wisconsin—Here we are, and for a wonder doing nothing, but trying to "kill time." We are patiently waiting for something to turn up—something to look upon besides mud, rain, a dark, gloomy sky, and uncomfortable wet comrades returning from picket duty. We cannot drift; it we attempted such a thing Uncle Sam would be minus quite a number of soldiers, until some enterprising member of Congress could have a bill passed, authorizing an extra issue of treasury notes, say fifty millions, to be used for the purpose of abstracting said soldiers from beneath the soft influences of Virginia's glorious sea.

A few days since, one of the members of this regiment had occasion to leave his tent for a short time. About the time his squad expected him to return, an order was startled by the sound of a familiar voice kindly calling for help. They rushed from the tent, when to their horror they beheld their comrade sticking in the mud, with his feet and ankles out of sight, and he still stinking. His countenance exhibited a look of deep anguish and despair, and he the while imploiring aid. His companions, quickly comprehending the state of affairs, pulled off their coats, and to the rescue they started. Two of them caught hold of his shoulders, and exerted every muscle to lift him, but no go. There he was, apparently as immovable as a rock. They called for reinforcements, and two more came to their aid. These took hold of his pantaloons, and with a will all of them set to work. They pulled, they strained, they jerked, whenGrant went one of the shoe strings. After hitting a few moments more, their labors were rewarded by the extraction of one of the poor fellow's feet. Shortly after the other came out, and the "rescuers" carried these poor fellows to their tent, when restoratives were applied, which soon made "Richard himself again." In conclusion, it is necessary to add that one of the men was so overcome by exertion, that the next morning his name appeared on the sick list, where it has remained ever since.

The position of many of the companies in our regiment has changed. Company B has the position formerly occupied by Co. K; Co. C, that of Co. B; Co. G, that of Co. G; and Co. F, that of Co. E. Our regiment has been furnished with the newly imported Austrian rifles—a decided improvement on the old muskets, which most of the reg't, received in Baltimore. With the exchange of arms, the last distinguishing mark of the Milwaukee Zouaves—besides mud, rain, a dark, gloomy sky, and the other companies in our regiment has departed. The red caps were dispensed with in Madison, and the jackets and pants in Camp Griffin.

The glad tidings from Kentucky have reached us, as the traitor Zollicoffer has received a traitor's reward. May all his companions receive a like doom! The Union forces in Kentucky appear to be in motion. Do not be surprised if you hear something from the inactive army on the Potomac very soon. We have a fight, I want to be with my regiment.

It is as I expected; the order has come to get ready to march to-night.

Gen. McClellan telegraphed to Gen. HANCOCK to know if his brigade was ready for the field. Gen. HANCOCK answered, "Yes."

I believe that the day of retribution is dawning on the rebels, and it will come on them with such force "as to sweep every particle of rebellion from the land." S.A.M. II. is up here today. He is very much pleased with his position.

You must not expect to see me home before the war is ended, perhaps not then. I may be one of those required to shed my blood in defence of the great rights that our forefathers left to our sacred keeping. I am ready to defend those rights to the taking of my heart's blood. Every man in our regiment has the feeling. Do not borrow trouble about me. If anything happens you will hear of it. I will write and let you know when we move, because it is not certain but what we may stay here a few days yet. Love to all.

Yours, etc.,
Edward.

Our Army Correspondence.

Camp Griffin, Va., Jan. 24th, 1862.

Editor Record—The first number of the Marathon County Record reached the 5th Regiment three days ago, and
was "read and re-read" by the "boys of Wausau with interest"—not altogether because of the well written and selected records; but a Wausau paper is quite a curiosity in this regiment. We had concluded long ago that the Central had suspended as we have not had a copy for over three months. I assure you the Record will be a welcome visitor in camp, and through it will hope to hear all the war news connected with the movements of the several Wisconsin regiments, etc.

Our regiment was supplied a few days ago with new guns (the Austrian rifled musket,) an extra good arm, second to none in use.—(we formerly had the old U. S. altered musket.) The men are well satisfied with the new guns, and now say they will take some pride in keeping them clean. All are in fine spirits now, as we are told that a forward move will positively be made as soon as it freezes or dries sufficient to travel "on top of the sacred soil." It has rained every day for two weeks, and the roads are such a complete bed of mortar that it would be impossible to move either Infantry or artillery. Something is on the tapis now to a certainty, as we have been ordered to send all surplus articles to the city. We sent in eight wagon loads today, and our tents also. In lieu of our tents we have been furnished with smaller ones, which are in two pieces and supported by light pointed sticks or poles; these poles are so arranged that they can be placed in a knapsack and carried with ease in addition to the usual amount of clothing. Our new tents are a curiosity; they are about six feet long, five feet wide, and three feet high; calculated to accommodate three men, and are so arranged that the three men can easily carry them in their knapsacks. One carries the poles "or bows," and the others the tent. From these being furnished us and the fact of our being ordered to send all to the city that could not be carried by the men themselves, one is safe in thinking that something is going to be done soon. Our men are eager for a fight, and if we do not have entire success in our undertakings, we will be better satisfied than to lay here and let some body else do all the fighting. But we do not expect anything but success, and if we should fail, are willing to try it over again. We want to have a fight anyhow just to see how it would seem, and if not successful we would certainly know better how to go to work the next time, and how to conduct ourselves the better. So far our experience has been a series of reconnaissances and foraging expeditions, sometimes surprising a squad of the enemy's pickets, and retire in "good order," before the enemy would appear in force. We have had considerable experience in this particular line of warfare, and are now anxious for a regular pitched battle. If we do not make a move soon, it will be a damper on "the boys," (and it may be if we do) for they have made up their minds to leave camp Griffin, and according to orders are now ready "to march at a moment's warning."

I should have stated that in case we move we are to have five teams with each regiment, to carry provisions and cooking utensils only. The health of our regiment is much better than it has been at any time since we moved to camp Griffin, notwithstanding the very disagreeable weather we have had of late. To-night is considerably colder than it has been for several days; the rain has turned to hail, and I think it will freeze enough to bear up a horse by morning.

Our "Wausau boys" are all well to a man, and are perfectly satisfied with the soldier's life, though Long says he is glad he only enlisted for this one war—he is perfectly willing to go to this one—but he don't think he would enlist for another, unless it was upon about the same principles and causes; such I think are the sentiments of a majority. If we should at any time meet the enemy "and they prove rather too many for us," we shall at least hope to "retire in good order."

 Truly, Yours &c.,

ALPHA.

Letter from the Fifth Regiment.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH REGIMENT W. V. I.

MADE OF BRASS, Camp Griffin, Jan. 23.

Your correspondent again takes his pen in hand to write his Milwaukee friends the news. While the hope he expressed in his last has not been gratified, it is nevertheless cheering to be able to state that it looks "loopy" more like having a fight than when the former letter was written.

Gradually the strong arm of justice is enrolling this wicked rebellion. The time will soon come when those proud insurrectors will be humbled to the dust, and the goddess of Liberty with the old Stars and Stripes, made more sacred by the blood of her patriots who have fallen in this conflict, will wave more proudly over these who formerly protected herself.

Everything bespeaks an active campaign, and the Fifth have been preparing for it. Since my last we have received orders to reduce our baggage, and be ready at a moment's warning to move.—Our old tents were condemned, and Slinly's new ones were furnished us; the next day they were taken away, and some others came, twenty-five for each company. They are made to hold three men, and the men must carry them on their backs; they are made of thick duck, and in length they are seven feet. Three men carry them, two the canvas and one the short poles. They are peculiarly adapted for service, where larger ones cannot be transported. These tents can be buttoned together, so as to form one line, and indeed you could put a whole regiment together in this way.

Our old guns have been taken away, and the Austrian rifle has taken their place. They are considered the best of the service, are good for 1,500 yards, and will shoot with precision that distance.

All these transactions and the various rumors around camp go to confirm the opinion that soon this mighty army will hear the command "Forward!" from bank to bank of the Potomac, and on—on this countless mass will move, like the sweeping winds of a terrible hurricane. It will be a "mastery activity," and while our brave men are falling thick and fast around the old standard, let new ones spring up to fill their places. Bravely they will fight, and bravely they will fall in defense of the Union. Many whose thoughts are high with holy aspirations will fall victims to this fratricidal war; wives will become widows, children orphans, and homes desolated. A nation will mourn for the brave ones who fall, and will sleep their last sleep on the blood-stained battle field. Battles will be fought, and victories won, and the groans and shrieks of the dying and wounded will mingle with the shouts of the victors. Terrible indeed are the consequences of war. fathers, sons and lovers have left the quiet pursuits of life, and may now be seen mingling in this bloody contest, ready and willing to spill their life's blood rather than have one star in the old flag obliterated.

The courage of our troops is unabated, the eagerness for the fray is not relaxed. They wait patiently for the order from McCLELLAN, not from the public press or Congress, confident in his ability. We ex-
pect to march on to victory, and at each step drive back the miscreants who would destroy the noblest government the sun has ever known on.

The weather has been very bad for twenty days past. It has rained or snowed most of the time, and, as soon as the roads are frozen up again, you will hear stirring news from the army of the Potomac.

We await with much anxiety the news from the Burnside’s expedition, confident that our advance will act in concert with his efforts.

Many changes have occurred in the regiment since my last. Lieutenants Tilden and Stafford of Company I, and Lieutenant Bundy, of Company K, and the Second Lieutenant of Company A, have resigned and gone home. Only one of the vacancies has yet been filled. Sergeant Hazzard, of Company K, has been promoted to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Lieut. Bundy. Lieut. Hazzard is well deserving of promotion, and will make a capital officer. There is everything in the volunteer service to emulate men to do their duty and do it well. Promotions are rapid, and men who do their duty will rise rapidly on the ladder of fame.

Quite a number of furloughs have been granted. Lieut. J. B. Oliver, of our company, has just returned from home, and he says he prefers camp life to the civilian’s.

Major Linkerer and Capt. W. A. Bough are also away on short furloughs. They are expected in camp in a few days.

It has become the joyful duty of your correspondent to chronicle against a part of the Fifth, a most dispiriting and mean act, and I take pleasure in saying that it was loudly denounced by most or greatest part of the Regiment.

Last night, a few minutes after tattoo, a party of about 56 men, part from the Fifth and part from the Forty-Ninth Pennsylvania and Forty-Third New York made a rally on the Butler’s stand, and in two minutes from the first attack the building was torn down and not a man was to be seen about there, except those who were in the house, and they barely escaped without injury. It was a preconcerted plan and was well carried out. Mr. White lost about $500 in money and about $50 in postage stamps, besides the amount damaged by the fall of the building.

I am sorry to have to write this about the Fifth, but it is only doing justice to those who would scorn such dastardly conduct. Mr. White is considered by some to be the best sutler on this side of the Potomac. He has been kind and accommodating to all, and the blow falls severely on him, as well as on many in the regiment, who relied on him for many comforts, and indeed substantial. If I was a commissioned officer, I would make every effort to be detailed on a court-martial which will try them, and severity would be my "best hold."

I cannot close this letter without referring to the many guesses that are made as to who your correspondent is. Perhaps I may give some light on the subject, but let me assure the readers of his letters they have never guessed who I am. Patience, dear reader, until you hear my parentage. I was born in the State of Wisconsin, on one of her most fertile prairies. At an early age I was thrown upon the world, to do my own ordinance, a hard task it was. When this war broke out I joined a company to help fight her battles. We could not get accepted in the three months service, and after much difficulty I scraped together enough money to carry me to Milwaukee, where Capt. Hibbard found me. Pleased with my looks, the Captain asked me if I would do all that was expected of a Zouave, as he advertised to this effect. I joined in the affirmative.

I arrived in the military camp and was introduced to the leaders. After much difficulty I scraped together enough money to carry me to Milwaukee, where Capt. Hibbard found me. Pleased with my looks, the Captain asked me if I would do all that was expected of a Zouave, as he advertised to this effect. I joined in the affirmative.

I joined his company and have been in it ever since. And while you are guessing who I am, I stand coolly by and "gnaw" my ratiss. At some future time I may tell you my name, but till that time let me subscribe myself.

CAMP GRIFFIN, HEADQUARTERS FIFTH REGIMENT, W. V., JAN. 29, 1862.

EDITOR FREEMAN.—There are few who do not desire to witness the reign of a permanent and constitutional union; and there are none who are not able to contribute to this end, either by the offer of themselves or their means. Our country has been comparatively at peace since its earliest history, and were it not for the hell-deserving institution of slavery, we soldiers would not have been separated from our homes and families, to crush out this unnatural and cruel rebellion. The Southern States have rebelled, and its people declare their determination to have no further connection with the loyal States, and to have a Government of their own. This, they fancy, will be a source of advantage to them—but, alas! such a consummation would prove their utter overthrow, and render their case still more deplorable.

Not because of any overbearing or oppressive cruelty of the North, did the South inaugurate this rebellion. No, we have noteded, thus far, simply on the defensive, and in perfect accordance with our oath, that the Union must and shall be preserved.

And as a volunteer, I am glad to render aid to my country in this, the hour of danger, and deem it a privilege to defend my country from all foreign and domestic enemies. If need be, let me die in its defense.

The South having struck the first blow, and assaulted our country, must now abide the consequences. If they can successfully withstand the large army arrayed against them, they will do well. It is they who are gathering vengeance with an arrow descending upon them, they will do better.

As yet we (the Wis. Fifth Regiment, t.) have not done any fighting that we anticipate we are on the eve of an advance.

The signs as now indicated along the line of Gen. McClellan's immediate command are, that the army will soon move southward, headed by the gallant McClellan—when we expect to realize the realities of war. Our inactivity is about played out. I hesitate not to say that the entire army is unacquainted with the enemy and to show ourselves worthy of the name of soldiers, by volubly deeds of arms, in defence of our own beloved land. We shall not continue to the banner of the Union by shrinking from duty, but it is our duty to bear, under any pretense, and thus overburden others with our duties, in addition to their own—or in any manner prove recreant to the cause. If those who are patriotic at home will do their duty, our wives and little ones will be cared for in our absence and with what we can send them, they will be reconciled to the life of future loneliness.

Our Nation's only Banner. How sweet to behold the emblem of Truth, The banner of Freedom. The banner of the brave, A cheerful delight to the patriot youth. And the day-star of Hope to the world. In the palace of our ancient grandeur, Long as the brevets which fill its panes hold. We'll resist all invasions, and uphold the Union to the last. We left our loved ones when treason was raging, And thrust our long homesick hearts in the dust. We, the Lover of Freedom, and the State's Union. All told the alarm and cause south on which you stood and were ready and waiting for McGilvery. We are anxious to show, as our country requires To the world as it proclaims, true energy unyielding. And our love to the pride of our patriots near. Let our valor never die while this emblem of our's shall cheek the loose hearts of the loved ones at home. But with heart and hand and heart and hand, We'll answer to the alarm and stand at our arms. We'll hold the lines of to-day, the frontier lines. Let us triumph over treason while as fearlessly Basin. The proud emblem of power, our own native land: Let us red Queen the Southern tyrants of strength at the cost. The pride cause of the conflict, the curse of the land.

We will fight on our arms and stand firm at our breast. Let us fight the true and just cause. Let us stem the rebel's march, and let us fight for the Union still here, and our flag ever reign. N. E. O.

From the Fifth Regiment.

JANE GRIFFIN, Va., Jan. 29, 1862.

DEAR PATRIOT:—I have sat myself down for a few minutes to give you a small sketch of the postion the Fifth Wisconsin occupies in the
The grand army along the Potomac are following our example, but to-day as the weather is unfavorable, and very bad under foot, the boys are allowed to stop on their log cabins, such as have been built, others only build up about half way and then put the old tent over for a cover. Our cabin is 12 by 14 with a short girt or covered over with shingles, and in the south end is erected a large fire-place which gives better satisfaction than a stove. Our sleeping apartment is constructed after the fashion of a berth on board of a ship. But I will leave this and proceed on something else, which will be for the interest of your readers.

The storm that has been rising for about one year, is about to break forth upon the rebellion, and it must crumble, for the Commander-in-Chief is preparing all things to act in one stroke. Isaac and Gen. Stone will move in union with those on the Potomac. General Hallick will move with one hundred thousand men into the Territory, and Nashville will easily fall into our hands. Thence to New Orleans. The Mississippi Flotta will make old Jeff, and his regard tremble. The last accounts received from the fleet, were off Flatters Tulet, but the weather was so unfavorable that it hindered the progress, but it is hoped that next week at the most, the fleet will let Bursbide proceed on his mission, and when Gen. Geo. B. Mecllan set the machinery to work, every thing will move like a charm.

General Burnside's great naval expedition will make Jeff and Dissatisfied tremble upon their throne. The last accounts received from the fleet, were off Flatters Tulet, but the weather was so unfavorable that it hindered the progress, but it is hoped that next week at the most, the fleet will let Bursbide proceed on his mission, and when Gen. Geo. B. Mecllan set the machinery to work, every thing will move like a charm.

If I moved now, we would carry the whole of the "sacred soil" on our boots. The fog is so thick that you can see nothing but a sea of dirty water. We haven't seen the sun for a fortnight; some think he has lost his way in the fog, and gone west to winter. Mud, gloom, rain, dirt, cold, coffee, leaky tents, salt junk, hard creakers, want of exercise, ennui, blues, blue devils—damn yes, damn everything; army, the rations, the rebels, and the musling mud.—(Here, I knew I dought up something.) The Generals who don't fight, and the Cabinet who won't make them fight, the Congress who keep talking about proclamations of conscription; when the only proclamation needed, was for the old ones to go. I'm sorry they keep jabbering about, is an order to march. Yes, I say again, damn everything but the Union; but God bless the Union, God save the Union, many of the bullets that were shot at men now go into Tennessee, and Nashville, will dead, and the one that will own all the work. A copy of the about. Is an order to do as we honor, and an honor, I presume. Le Grand Mississippi flotta will make old Jeff, and his regard tremble. The last accounts received (from the fleet, were off Flatters Tulet, but the weather was so unfavorable that it hindered the progress, but it is hoped that next week at the most, the fleet will let Bursbide proceed on his mission, and when Gen. Geo. B. Mecllan set the machinery to work, every thing will move like a charm.

General Burnside's great naval expedition will make Jeff and Dissatisfied tremble upon their throne. The last accounts received from the fleet, were off Flatters Tulet, but the weather was so unfavorable that it hindered the progress, but it is hoped that next week at the most, the fleet will let Bursbide proceed on his mission, and when Gen. Geo. B. Mecllan set the machinery to work, every thing will move like a charm.

The union of States, who could not see the end of their noses, got out of their cloths, and now are a French invention, and are brought into requisition on long marches, or on special duties that cover a period of 3 or 4 days; or on a rapid advance when the baggage and camp necessaries are out with the army, which is sometimes the case for a fortnight, as at Camp Advance, where we lay in the woods and open fields for the time. There is also provided for each man, a large India, rubber, blanket which, with a button here, and a string there, can be metamorphosed into a

It is raining now as if it never rained before. If it keeps on much longer, we must see about building an ark. Can't move outside the tents, as five seconds would put any one in a way that they should be squeezed out of their clothes. If we moved now, we would carry the whole of the "sacred soil" on our boots. Through the fog you can see nothing but a sea of dirty water. We haven't seen the sun for a fortnight; some think he has lost his way in the fog, and gone west to winter. Mud, gloom, rain, dirt, cold, coffee, leaky tents, salt junk, hard creakers, want of exercise, ennui, blues, blue devils—damn yes, damn everything; army, the rations, the rebels, and the musling mud.—(Here, I knew I dought up something.) The Generals who don't fight, and the Cabinet who won't make them fight, the Congress who keep talking about proclamations of conscription; when the only proclamation needed, was for the old ones to go. I'm sorry they keep jabbering about, is an order to march. Yes, I say again, damn everything but the Union; but God bless the Union, God save the Union.

The union of States, who could not see the end of their noses, got out of their cloths, and now are a French invention, and are brought into requisition on long marches, or on special duties that cover a period of 3 or 4 days; or on a rapid advance when the baggage and camp necessaries are out with the army, which is sometimes the case for a fortnight, as at Camp Advance, where we lay in the woods and open fields for the time. There is also provided for each man, a large India, rubber, blanket which, with a button here, and a string there, can be metamorphosed into a
which is thoroughly disciplined, will first route the rebels from Manassas; and hence they can march directly through Secessia. The fact is, we are "spoiling for a fight."

We have one of the best Generals in the field. The 3d and 5th Wisconsin, under command of General Hancock, will do as good fighting as any regiments in the field. Our brigade, now well armed, will march into battle as cool as plow boys would to the scene of their daily labors. We have perfect confidence in the abilities of men, McClellan.

The country is impatient for a forward movement. They must be patient, for it is to be no boy's play to put down this rebellion. Things have moved so fast as possible in order to be sure of victory in the end. We now have instituted a regular series of signals, so that we shall never shoot into our own men.

Since my last, Captain E. C. Hibbard, who has been of late, has been called from his duties, is now landed at home. This has been a hard stroke to many who enlisted because he was Captain. There are a good many boys in our company whose parents consented to their leaving for the war only because Hibbard was Captain. This has caused a great amount of dissatisfaction among such, for very few think he had just grounds for resigning. He was one of the most of a class that we had in the regiment, but was utterly destitute of a proper enthusiasm in the present war for the Union, as a few extracts from a speech he made the company at Katorama will show: "I have been offered better and more lucrative positions; but I will not leave you. I have no interest in the war, but my ambition was, and is, to have the best drilled company from Wisconsin."

His ambition failed him; hence, he is not now an officer, but a private citizen of the United States. Had he been possessed of all the duty and holy patriotism, he would have done valiant service for and been honored by a grateful country. His place has been filled by our 2d Lieutenant, R. Ross, one of the original Chicago Zouaves. He has proved himself well worthy of the position.

On Saturday, the first of the month, Capt. Doug returned to his duties, bringing two recruits for the army with him. The Captain is in fine health and spirits after his trip, and looks as if he enjoyed himself while there.

On Monday the company sprung a mine which was as terrible that the Captain, if not astonished, (which no soldier should be at anything), was very much surprised. This is the way it was done. In his absence the men resolved to purchase something as handsome as a present, and tender it to him immediately after his return. A sword, a service of plate, a watch, was spoken of; each his advocates, but finally the watch was agreed to be the thing and so a watch it was. It is a beautiful gold chronometer, with heavy gold hunting cases, and costs $115.

The ceremony of presentation, was very interesting. The company was in line for roll call at noon on Monday; after all answered their names the orderly, George E. Hilton, delivered the following address:

CAPTAIN BEN:

Sir, I am deputed by, and in behalf of the company under your command, to present to you this watch—a slight testimonial of their profound respect, and deep regard for you personally, and their confidence in you as their commander.

During the many months we have been associated under your command, we have seen with pride and pleasure, his unflagging care you have ever taken of the interests of the company. A military officer is not necessarily obliged at all times, to annoy himself with the private griefs, or social derangements, of the men placed under him; but in you, Sir, we ever had a brother to consult, and a friend to advise. Since the day we left our prairie homes, at the call of a beleaguered government, grooped up in its own capital, we have seen, suffered, and conquered, all the trials, and hardships incident to a soldiers life. The sudden call to arms, the long unrest, the ceaseless fears, the troublesome night-watch, the stormy "bivouac," you have shared with us, with no repose, but the sudden earth, no covering but the canopy of heaven. With fixed sustaining will, you upheld the spirit of your men. Although you, Sir, shared their hardships, and that from choice, you gave utterance to on gloomy forebodings, to no disheartening words, your voice was ever the cheeriest, and your laugh the gayest. And now, Sir, in presenting you with this small tribute of our respect, confidence, and affection, I will conclude by expressing a hope, that this just and holy war in which we are en
The captain, who is brave enough at other times, seemed very much flaggared (now, that is not in the dictionary, but it ought to be, for it answers my meaning here very well) about the time, but made the following reply, a copy of which he was kind enough to furnish me with:

FELLOW SOLDIERS:

The compliment you have just paid me by making me this present, takes me so much by surprise, that I scarcely know what I should say to you in reply. But I should consider myself unworthy of your present, were I not to return you my sincere thanks for this kind expression of your respect, and confidence; and to say in return, that I have performed my duty to your satisfaction, as a soldier and an officer, the aid and encouragement you have always manifested towards me, and the assurance you have from time to time rendered me, have enabled me to do so, without the necessity of your approbation, and your confidence. And I think I might safely say, that if the same relations of mutual respect, and confidence existed between all the officers and soldiers composing the vast army of this Government, this terrible war would much sooner be brought to a glorious and happy termination. And I hope that nothing may ever occur to break up or disturb the deep fountain of mutual friendship and attachment that exists between us. And that, whether in peace or in war, in civil or in military life, we may always be found to greet each other with the right hand of friendship.

I am proud to be associated with you as your commander, and I believe it is conclusion, that if I had a few regiments of such men, and could be inspired with the military genius of a Hannibal or Napoleon, we could fresh the entire Southern Confederacy.

This ended the proceedings, and my letter ends.

S. M. writes from Warwick County, Va.:—"I see by the last number of your paper, that you are not posted as to the movements of the 5th regiment. We are in Warwick Co., Va. We are laying in the woods about one mile from three or four rebel fortifications, and our boys stand picket so close to the rebel picket line that they can converse with each other.

A day or two ago one of the boys in Co. II was on picket, and standing beside a tree, when hearing a noise, and thinking the corporals was coming to relieve him, stepped from behind the tree, when w-h-i-a came a ball, and struck the tree not a foot from him. He turned around and saw the fellow that shot at him, and returned the compliment, but missed him; and the rebel shot again, missing before Co. II then halted on him, telling him that he might shoot all day at him for a 25 cent Jeff. Davis snipplaster, but socech had nary a one.

We are building corduroy roads through the swamps here, so as to get some large siege guns to bear on the rebel fortifications, and when this is done (the roads,) you may expect to hear from "little Mac's army of the Potomac."

From the Fifth Regiment.


Day follows day, and still the army of the Potomac is quiet. You have expected to hear of an advance, and we also have looked for one, but have looked in vain.

Our brigade has been under marching orders for more than a month. We have tightened our baggaggs by sending home many superfluous articles. A stay of four months in one camp, in the deserted and pillaged "Old Dominion," has naturally added a collection of books, blankets and trinkets, which it would be folly for any person to think of carrying on his back unless he were a Cyclops in strength. We all find it little. It enough to carry the articles which are absolutely necessary for our sustenance and warmth. Only those have tried it know what it is to carry a knapsack packed full—a haversack back with one, two or three days' rations—a canteen of water—a cartridge-box with forty rounds of cartridges in it—and a rifle or musket of ten pounds weight. Hence, the necessity of disposing of all traps. This we have done as far as possible, and have been thus enabled to get wood, which is absolutely necessary for our sustenance and warmth.

The weather has been unfavorable for a month that we could dwell only a little; but whenever it was a day's halt, the long continued storm that has hung over Virginia since the middle of last month, the air has been filled with the cannon's roar, the rattle of musketry, and the trampling of cavalry horses is a sham charge. All this looks like warm work at some not very distant day. We are expecting great things from the Harnett camp, the news from Tennessee is of a cheering character. The battle of Secession is not yet set in motion in the proper way, and we hope and intend to keep it rolling on till it crushes rebellion out of all hearts, or the hearts out of all rebellious ones.

The part we are to act has been thus illustrated by our worthy Colonel: Gen. Sherman's forces are to seize one leg of the big monument, Gen. Hancock the other; Gen. Buell one arm; Gen. Halsey the other; while the Grand Army of the Potomac knocks his brains out—off he has gone. The fact is, he has no brains, so we propose to knock his head off, and cut out his bloody heart. We don't the cavalry and artillery go abroad; the Infantry propose to have the animal left in such a wondrous state that the surgeon of despotism can never heal him.

The Fifth is progressing after the old fashion. Gen. Buell gets along well under the capacity of little Bob. We miss Capt. Hildebrand's "fire and glory." The boys are all in good spirits, and "spitting for a fight" with the votaries of despotism.

The weather has been beautiful for two days, but tonight it is snowing again. The mud has been beyond the "riiiis of imaginations of all." the consequences have been, that we have been obliged to buy boots at exorbitant prices. All the wood near us has been burned up, so that we now go outside the regular picket line to get wood. The pickets are thrown out during the day and drawn in at night.

A few days ago a shameful affair occurred in our regiment. A number of our regiment joined with some of the 45th New York and 49th Pennsylvania, and just after rollcall gathered around the officer's establishment, in five minutes they took some three hundred dollars in money and a good many articles of value. Quite a number of the rascals were arrested, and will be dealt with according to law.

I have heard from the Bohat boys in Gen. King's brigade. They are all well. We have been busy from time to time gathering woods, and with camp life. They are great favorites among their acquaintances. Bill Hale is well, and will remain till tomorrow. It is a tick treat to see any men from the old Beek.

From the Fifth Regiment.

Camp Griffin, near Lewiston, Va., Feb. 27.

Friend Editor,—Receiving several copies of your interesting sheet, I take the liberty of writing to you, with the privilege of placing in your columns a few incidents and sketches of a soldier's life while in camp. This leaves the words in good health, and very anxious for a sight with the social, but it does not look much like it now, for it is rumored that the 8th Win. will go into winter quarters, but I can assure you we does not meet the views of her boys.

I was on guard when my tent mate got a paper, and on opening it, found it to be the Wisconsin Patriot, which paper is very much admired by the boys.

A large picket every fourth day, and I think they can fulfill the duties better than half the companies of our brigades.

Although there is no sign of snow in this quarter, yet it is the duty of every soldier to do duty, it is rather hard for the boys while on picket, for there are no fires allowed to be built, no matter what the weather may be, rain or shine; but as they have now got up a plan which is a little better, for they are relieved every four hours, by the reserve, where there may be seen a large blazing fire all hours.

I must tell you of our grand review, which took place about one mile south-east of Manassas, on a splendid ground, two miles long and one wide. On Wednesday evening, about four o'clock, the drummer beat for the review, and all the cavalry, infantry, and artillery arrived, and accoutrements on, and a day's rations in our haversacks. We had everything done up for the grand review, before the commander of the grand army, and Uncle Sam, and about ninety colonels. After the lines were formed and the bugle took the lead, and we marched over in front of Gen. Hancock's headquarters, where we went through the grand review. Here the procession was formed, but was delayed an account of letting and cutting his bloody heart. We don't the cavalry and artillery go abroad; the Infantry
Their vain-glorious boasts are no longer heard; but in their stead we hear of leading rebels counselling submission to Federal authority, and the peaceful surrender of their positions.

We have reliable information that the Army is falling back from Manassas, that Centreville has been evacuated, and that Alexandria and Nashville have been surrounded without firing a gun; and that the rebel army is in a perfect state of demoralization.

If these reports prove true, there is but little left for the Army of the Potomac to do, but to put an end to this rebellion by taking possession of Richmond and Charleston; which latter place we propose to take possession of, about the twelfth of April next. "This war began where Charleston is; it will end where Charleston was!"

Jeff Davis, who has been elected to the Presidency of the Confederate States of America, for the term of six years, will to-day be inaugurated. In six weeks from to-day he will be fleecing in disguise from an angry mob, composed of the same people, who will to-day call him President.

The best of feeling prevails among the troops here in Camp, and all are satisfied that the work of suppressing this rebellion has been entrusted to good hands, and everything is being done by the Administration and General McClellan, that can be, to bring the war to a speedy close.

The general impression among all classes here, is, that we will be able to spend the next Fourth of July in Wisconsin, and many think that we will be home long before that time. I often hear the inquiry among the Pinery boys, of late, "Who are you going out the river for this Spring?"

Our division has been under orders for some time, to be ready to march at short notice, but we have not received the "notice" yet.

The weather for the last six weeks has been very unpleasant—raining or snowing nearly every day. The last three or four days have shown some signs of better weather, and the mud disappeared rapidly before the wind and sun; but there is still much to think of moving heavy artillery. If the weather should continue fair for the next week, I have no doubt you would hear of a "forward movement of the Army of the Potomac."

Some of our Wisconsin men amuse themselves by drawing upon the credulity of the Pennsylvanians and the Maine men. I will relate one of the yarns which I heard on "Picket" some time ago.

It was one of those stormy unpleasant nights of which we have had so many lately, and all who were on the "Reserve" were gathered around a little fire endeavoring to keep warm, and amusing ourselves by telling stories. One of the men of the "49th Pennsylvania," had been telling a hunting story, which looked rather large to one of our Pinery boys, and he, as an offset told one to match it.

"Speaking of dangerous animals," he said, "the Gopher is the most dangerous animal we have in Wisconsin." "Pennsylvania" asked how large they were. "Well," he said, "the largest of them are about the size of a "two year old," but the smaller ones are not larger than a "yearling." "When I first went to Wisconsin," said he, "I went to live with my uncle; and shortly after I went there, I yoked up the oxen to go some wood. I had never heard anything about these Gophers. I started with the team for the grove which was about a mile from the house. When I had got about half way to the timber, the oxen stopped in the road and began to bellow and snort. I looked and could see nothing; and tried to drive the team along, but couldn't get them to go. I looked again; pretty soon, just a little ways ahead of the team, out popped two large sized Gophers! The oxen wheeled, and started for the house, as fast as they could run; and seeing the Gophers coming towards where I was, I started and ran as fast as I could for the house, and burying the oxen all I could. The oxen didn't run more than fifteen or twenty rods before they ran sideways of a stump and couldn't go any further. I looked back and saw that the Gophers were gaining on me so much that I had't time to get the team loose from the stump; so I run for my life until I got to the house. When I went in my uncle asked me what was the matter. I told him what I had seen, and that I expected that the oxen would be killed by them." "Well," said he, (my uncle is a very precise man in his speech), "well Prs, I am thankful that you escaped with your life. I have had several cattle destroyed by Gophers, and I ought to have told you about them before you started." "I did not go to look for the oxen for three or four days, but when I
...and waded out himself amidst the gulls of the 'ragged 2nd.' Uncle Toby told that the army in Flanders wore terribly. Bah! Sha! Pah! Humbug! The army in Flanders knew nothing about swearing. The swearing in that hole was great, sublime, magnificent, beyond anything I ever heard. We happily got the Corporal out without much trouble, by pushing a rail under him, pretty much in the same way you in Wisconsin get out a cow that has been mired. I dare not tell How for up he was mired.

We found Lient. Leister in good health and vim, and in possession of a prodigy of cats, in the shape of a little hogger, who is incapable of even dreaming about the shape, size, and color of a 64 pound cannon ball. He takes very good care of Cris., and sees that he does nothing wrong. He makes fine, brushes clothes, runs messages, and posts his letters. He is a very useful genius indeed. The Lieut. tenant is going to send him to school, for he thinks if he could read writing he would be invaluable. We found Dancy Weston fat as a government contractor. He gave us a ser. co or two of blankets to look over on the quartermasters tent; he being clerk in that department. We also met W. D. W., your correspondent, who is in good health. We are under many obligations to Messrs. Leister and Weston.

Let the Fox be the Potomac for a few moments, and I will try and give you an idea of our position here. We will now locate the Chain Bridge at Kismah, Georgetown and the Acqueduct Bridge at Burlo, Washington and the Long Bridge at Sacramento, all north of the river. Alexandria down at Waukan, and south of the river. (I would say here, .getSimpleName, that I have no more paper, that the mud is too deep, that it is raining like blazes, and that I am not disposed to go out of my way to remedy the ball made in my second last sentence, where I put all the bridges at one side of the river. Nor am I prepared to resign the right belonging to my fathers people from time immemorial, of making as many balls as I think proper.) The extreme sight of the army, south of the line I have so roughly mapped out, would rest on the river about half way between Kissam's (Chain Bridge,) and Princeton. The centre in front of Georgetown (Berlin,) and Washington (Sacramento)--
months ago what they called desiccated vegetables. It was pressed into cakes, and sold like ten thousand poles cats. We have not seen any of it for a long time; the Dutchmen get it all now. Excuse me, I forgot that you were standing on this blisk hill so long. Let me put my overcoat around you; there now look farther to the left; you pale haze is Hohtze's Division. Further yet is Franklin's Division; and far, far away in the distance, to where your pretty blue eyes cannot pierce, but where you may see through this eye glass the beautiful river like a silver band glistening in the sun, is the Irish Brigade, which, with four others make up Summer's Division; the extreme left of our army, south of the Potomac, with its pickets deployed to that river above, where the Oosequams, which is but a prolongation of Bull Run, empties. Now let us turn to our right. The next Division in that direction, is Gen. Fitz John Porter's. Further west is Smith's (our division, and beyond, on the extreme right, is McCall's Division of Pennsylvania reserve; the extreme pickets striking the river at Great Falls. The 6th Wisconsin is the 1st Battalion of the 1st Brigade, in Smith's Division; this division being what is called the right centre of the army, under the immediate command of Gen. McClellan.

A gale has been thrown over the whole Company by the death of Jo hua Smith, 4th Corp. of this company. He died this morning at one o'clock. His disease was Typhoid fever; but no one expected that he was in serious danger, the Captain and several of his comrades being to visit him yesterday. He is a son of Mr. Thomas Smith, now living on the Island West of Berlin. We all received a. great shock, but no one was more shocked than he himself, who was generous, and open-hearted to a fault, a kind, brave, and good soldier, who came not here for his monthly pay, but in pursuance of a high duty, and with as irrepressible and enthusiastic love for his country's honor, and the cause of freedom. There would not be half the sorrow among us, had he died where he thought he would, in the open field, with our country's banner above his head, the red gushing from his heart, and the shout of victory in his ears. But in the charnel-house, the hospital, where men are dragged to the grave. Oh! when we advance, The Captain and Lieut. Strong have gone to Washington, to make arrangements for sending his body home, for the company resolved that he should not be laid among his kindred, and not in this slave-accursed soil.

P.S. Just as I finished this letter, an order came for an advance of our Division toward Manassas. We cannot believe we are going, as it has begun to rain as if it never rained before. But the order is here at any rate, and before you receive this we will be in their wool. Look out for scalps.

Presuming a few lines from the old Ber- lin Company would be acceptable to the many readers of the Courier, I will try and give them the benefit of the little news in my possession. The boys get along down here in Dixie very well. They are fat, ragged and sandy, and smiling for a fight with Secesh or Old England.

We arrived at Fortress Monroe the evening of the twenty-fourth about ten o'clock, and anchored off the Fort until the next morning, when we were ordered to Hampton, about three miles from the Fort, where we disembarked and marched through the deserted and burnt city. The rebels left their mark on the doomed city of Hampton, and it is a place of a mass of ruins. Wherever the rebels go, villages are laid waste, and houses, barns, and all are burned, whether they belong to friend or foe. But a day of reckoning is in store for the rebel vandals.

Not a building is standing in or near Hampton at this time, not even the old Church that was erected from brick by the first settlers on this beautiful spot. Even the last resting place of the dead were desecrated by them. The stones that marked the graves of those gone before were taken for platforms for their rifle pits. All, all is ruin and desolation.

On the morning of the 27th we were awakened by the beating of the long roll. We tumbled out of our tents in double quick time. Our orders were to prepare two day's rations in our haversacks, (which means as much raw pork and corn meal as we want,) and to be ready to march at six o'clock at the appointed time. We were all in line, and ready to go where Uncle Sam wanted us most. After marching about three miles we came to our outposts, where skirmishers were thrown out, extending about one mile on either side of the road. The Berlin boys were among the skirmishers. After we were deployed the order was passed to move forward.— After marching in that way for about three miles, we came suddenly upon the enemy's pickets. We opened fire on them at long range. One man was seen to stag.
A comrade helped him on his horse, when he rode off; but from appearances he had all he bargained for. The rest of the rebels, after retreating to their next picket post, halted to reconnoiter our force, but we soon sent them off with a flea in their ear.

I could not see as the boys were afraid, or filtered; on the contrary, all were flushed for the fray, and the Captain had all he could, after the order was given to cease firing, to keep the boys from firing on them. I noticed several that could not help fingering at the locks of their guns, and bringing them to their shoulders, and saying "how nice I could pick that one off his horse."

After driving the pickets from their position we camped on the ground where we had occupied, expecting to go forward in the morning and engage them at their camp, which was not about two or three miles from where we were; but when the morning came we were sadly disappointed, and returned within our picket lines and camped at this place, where we are at this time, and where I will close this and go to bed.

Letter From the 5th Regiment.

Camp Griffin, Va., March 5th, 1862.

Army life was strange to us when we came here, and must have an interest for your readers, who have not experienced any of its many features yet. I have seen some 'sagging' before now, in and around the forts on the upper Mississippi, and although not actually enlisted in the then Pickney army of Uncle Sam, I had many opportunities from my connection with it, of witnessing and taking part in many of its hardships. The army on that day dwindles into nothing compared to the mighty columns which the North occupied, expecting to go forward in the person to portray, and make profitable to those that my gun was capped, prepared any of its many features ye. I have digested my last letter on the position of the army, you can make a better hand of the position of our traced those winding paths in storm and picket force. Perhaps there is nothing darker. Often when on my lonely

...
their beauty, and called their names in extasy, as persons do old and well-loved friends; for they were associated in my mind to persons whom I knew in the happiest part of an otherwise short but troubled life. Here, peering into their bright depths, I have dreamed and thought of the unknown future; and visions of a less dim but still past, rose up to choke me for knowledge and curiosity. (How it was) misused, and opportunities lost here the numerous thoughts of sinful indulgence, of unholy pleasures; the spectres of dead sins—dead as the vicious passions from which they sprung—have passed before my mind's eye. And here also, resolves have been made to improve the better life, to which the stars only were witness. But they were broken as soon as made; for patriotism cannot be washed clean with the sponge of human fortune, soaked in the waters of human frailty. But—Hark! I heard a step. There is a picket. Let us sit here and listen. 

There is another, and yet another, and if you could see them, that line of muffled silent figures extends on either side to the extreme limits of our army. That is the guard who watch with sleepless eyes that no spy enter, or traitor leave the line. Every one of them have a pass-word, a counter-sign, and certain signals by which they know even at a distance a friend from an enemy. All have their beat of about twenty or thirty paces, a stump, a tree, a rock, or a creek, as the case may be, marking where one end, and another begin. Just here to our right one of the 49th Pennsylvania was wounded in the foot, by a bullet fired from that wood where which is now cut down, and would afford no more shelter to the cowardly rascals. A little farther on, one of McColl's men was shot dead in his track by some of the villainous rebels living round here. I have said that line extends along the front of our whole army. Think of it, a line extending sixty or more miles in length, without a single break. On both sides of us, on every hill-top, along the valleys, through water courses, in dingle and dell; among the oak and chestnut groves, and shaded by the stunted pines, that long line of armed men, that living chain of patriotic hearts, extending from Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, to the Gauley river in the Virginia mountains, peer for ever in the black night, and watch, while their comrades sleep in full security. But the relief is coming, and we must return to camp.

Good night.

P.S. I said in my last letter that we had orders to leave; but it was when Banks was crossing, and we were to be prepared for anything. The order has been countermanded.

FROM THE FIFTH REGIMENT.

CAMP GRIFFIN, Virginia, March 28, 1862.

DEAR RECORD:—On Monday last our encampments were visited by one of the severest wind storms I ever witnessed, tearing up trees by the roots, and making perfect havoc among the tents. Fortunately in our Regiment no one was hurt, though I learn that in some of the Pennsylvania Regiments encamped near, several were severely if not fatally injured by their cabins falling upon them. The wind at first was warm and dried up the mud very fast, but soon it changed to bitter cold—freezing hard during the night. Men on Picket suffered severely, being almost benumbed with the cold.

On Thursday orders were received to prepare five day's light rations; two day's cooked and in haversacks, and the remaining three days, to be placed in wagons to follow the Regiments. Great activity and excitement prevailed throughout the Camps in consequence of this order, until Saturday morning, when all orders for an immediate advance were countermanded.

Vague rumors were circulated about the camps as to our destination; but it was impossible to form any definite idea of what was about to transpire. No newspapers came to camp, and reports from the city were quite as unsatisfactory as our camp rumors. Many were of the impression that Banks had made an attempt to cross the River and had been repulsed with heavy loss. Saturday afternoon we received the Philadelphia Press, which stated all was right on the Upper Potomac, and that Banks' column had crossed the River without molestation from the enemy, and was now able to defend his position against any force the enemy could bring against him.

We are under orders now to keep two days cooked rations in haversacks, and to be ready to march in a moments notice. I have been under the impression that we should have moved before this, had the weather and roads permitted. I have been under the impression that what we have been told is about to transpire. If the Lord be God follow Him. But if Baal, then follow him.

His discourse, though short, owing to his fleetness, was very touching. His appeal to the soldiers to halt no longer, but to follow the true God, and not Baal, was truly earnest and affecting, and brought tears to the eyes of many of his listeners. He will be greatly missed by the members of the regiment. Although his health has been such for the last two months as to deny him the privilege of ministering to his spiritual wants, he has faithfully discharged the duties of regimental Postmaster, and he has thus been enabled to make the acquaintance of nearly every member of the regiment; and in leaving all wish him God speed.

I visited our Division burying ground a few days ago, and counted one hundred and eleven graves, all of which have been made since the fifteenth of October last. All have died from fevers or other diseases incident to camp life; none were killed in battle. Fourteen of the num-

When we do move you will soon hear the news of another glorious victory.

The achievements of our gallant army in the West had a good effect upon the army of the Potomac, and the influences will be seen when an opportunity presents for them to show their mettle.

The ball is rolling on and treason will soon be born of its mighty power.

The health of our Regiment is better now than it has been at any time since we crossed the Potomac; the sick and attendants at the Hospital only numbering thirty. Yesterday our Chaplain, Rev. Robert Langley, of Horizon, preached his Valedictory sermon; he having resigned, it is said, in consequence of ill health. He preached from the following text:

"Why halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God follow Him. But if Baal, then follow him."
FROM THE FIFTH WIS. REGIMENT.

Camp Near Germantown, Va., March 11, 1862.

Dear Tribune:—I am under obligations to many for letters, but owing to the fact of our being on the march it is impossible for me to write to all, and take this method to satisfy all anxious to hear from the boys of the Fifth Regiment.

We left Camp Griffin yesterday morning at four o'clock; camped here and threw out pickets. To-day Generals Smith and Hancock—the former of our division and the latter our Brigade Commander—went down to Centerville with the proper escort, and found our troops in possession; they also went to Manassas. They report Manassas entirely deserted. At Manassas the rebels had left a great many stores, horses, wagons and camp equipage; every thing showing a hasty evacuation. Maj. Lahrman of our Regiment accompanied Gen. Hancock and was at Manassas. His answer to the many questions asked by the boys was, that the rebels were all gone to bed and we would soon go home. He says, he and Bony, (the Majors horse), swam Bull Run and took Manassas; was over the battle ground of Bull Run, etc. Whether we are to go on immediately, is of course, unknown. We are to proceed to Richmond or vicinity within the next ten days. The Waunau boys are all well except P. W. Lord, who is sorry to state was left at Camp Griffin quite sick. I heard to-day, however, that he is much better, and we hope will be able to join us in a few days. The inconvenience and want of time must be my excuse for brevity. I will write as often as anything occurs of interest.

The general impression seems to be that the rebels will make no stand this side of Richmond. The whole "Army of the Potomac" is now on the move.

Yours respectfully,

ALTHA

Correspondence of the Tribune from the Fifth Regiment.

Near Fairfax Court House, March 12th, 1862.

Dear Tribune:—We have at last moved from our old camping place and are now camped as you see above. The enemy has left everything in this vicinity, even their boasted strongholds of Centreville and Manassas. They left in great haste as it appears from the amount of clothing, tents, and other articles they left behind. Our cavalry have taken possession of the places and we are waiting and anxious to receive orders to pursue the flying enemy.

Nothing of importance transpired during the whole of our march. The members of company A are all in good spirits and would have a good account of themselves if an opportunity offered itself.

Yours respectfully,

From the Fifth Regiment.

Mount Holly, Va., March 13, 1862.

The long-looked for advance of the Army of the Potomac has commenced. Last Sunday night the order came to be ready to march at 4 o'clock on Monday morning. We were all up at 2 o'clock, packed our knapsacks and took two days rations in our haversacks. At 4 o'clock we were on the road. The mud had dried up considerably in the morning. The boys in the different camps are shoutting lustily the view of an advance. My thanks for the Beloit Journal every week. I will...
write again if anything important takes place.

From the Fifth Regiment.

FLINT HILL, Va., March 13, 1862.

The long-looked for advance of the Army of the Potomac has commenced. Last Sunday night the order came to be ready to march at 4 o'clock on Monday morning. We were all up at 2 o'clock, packed our knapsacks and took two days' rations in our haversacks. At 4 we were on the road. The mud had dried up considerably in the few days of fair weather we had previously had; yet there was just enough left to make us pant under our heavy load before we had traveled two miles. We toddled on, however, for four miles, when a rest of fifteen minutes was given us. By this time it had commenced to rain, but we marched on, glad enough to be on the move again.

It is true that in Camp Griffin we left a great many comforts,—a great many dollars worth of books, &c.; but this is a time when we could not feel contented to be inactive. Hence, we hailed the day of departure with gladness.

The rain increased the mud, and in a short time we saw the boys throwing away many useless articles, and some that were useful. Some even threw away their overcoats.

At Vienna we halted for a second rest. This is the place where the Ohio troops were fired into last spring. It was a sad affair that cast a gloom over the whole nation. Crossing the railroad we marched on to our present camping ground. We are about a mile north of Fairfax Court House. Here we pitched our little, romantic tents and tested for the night. The night was quite cold, so that we spent part of the night around our camp fires. It was a grand sight to view the camp fires of this part of the army. The next day was given us for rest. Yesterday and to-day we have been drilling. This afternoon we were reviewed by Gen. McClellan. It was a splendid sight. Gen. McClellan looked well. The boys almost worship him.

Yesterday I saw the Beloit boys in the 7th. They were all well and enjoying this kind of a life very much. They are near Fairfax, on the Centreville road.

To-day a melancholy affair happened in our regiment, which resulted in the death of one of Capt. Wheeler's company. It happened in this way. A bottle of morphine was labeled quinine, and was dealt out as such to several of the sick men. Three were poisoned. The doctors succeeded in saving two of them; but Sergeant Cutts is through with his earthly warfare. He died in terrible agony in a few hours after taking the dose. He lived about four miles from Jonesville. He has parents there as well as brothers. He was esteemed very highly in the regiment.

Orders have just come to march in the morning. The boys in the different camps are shouting lustily in view of an advance. My thanks for the Beloit Journal every week. I will write again if anything important takes place.

From the Fifth Regiment.

"On Picket."

CASE GINSBERG,
CAMP GRANT, D. C., March 16, 1862.

"There is a gracefulness in the picture of the youthful warrior." So says a certain author; and, if I mistake not, the following thought twice over an utterance to the idea, else it would scarcely have occurred to him that the picture deserved a compliment not due to the original. Certain it is that whatever of gracefulness Nature may have endowed a man with, little of it is likely to remain after a good "knapsack dash," or a day's march through the "sacred soil," and whatever coloring of romance the "youthful warrior" chose to give the picture-dream-picture of his newly weilded life might, I think, be effectually erased by a few nights' bivouac in the rain with the soil of Virginia for a bed, though, in truth, no feathers could be softer.

I am on picket to-day, and I think I can safely say, for myself, and my companions here, that picketing in this kind of weather is one of the sternest kind of realities, and not much of an institution. A dense fog is settled all around us, and, as if in forcing its way through this each drop was divided into a thousand parts, the rain comes drizzling down while our little fire hisses and crackles in the repugnant embrace of the watery element.

You are, I believe, an "antimudilist," that is, you don't believe in the "mudilist" doctrine. I believe you could be converted if you were here to see our little party—(the Leftinnis calls it "squad")—as we sit cooched around the fire. "Twould take an "old hand" to tell the original color of our pantaloons so perfect is the coating of mud. When I first stepped out of the tent yesterday morning, I got my shoes full, and haven't lost any of it yet. We might have dry feet if we were allowed to wear boots; but that's contrary to regulations, and the shoes we get are a very poor affair. The pair which I have on my feet are out at the toes, and I have not worn them quite two weeks yet. My neighbor on the opposite side of the fire has just finished a lecture upon "the proper method of preserving boots and shoes." "First," he says, "put on a coat of grease, and then a coat of mud, and continue to apply alternately a coat of each." "Poke," who is making a cup of coffee, and claims to be something of a shoe doctor, recommends "first a coat of mud and next a coat of mud." But "Poke" has as pair of patients on his feet, which get no better too fast, to recommend his system.

The "support," to which I belong is posted at the "Left," and "barrin the weather" 'twould be hard to find a cosier place for the pickets. Situated in the midst of one of those dense pine forests which have grown up spontaneously upon the old worn-out "tobacco fields" of Virginia, the cold wind never comes here and retains its venom. There is plenty of good spring water only a few rods off. With lots of tobacco and pipes, and a cheerful fire to sit by, who wouldn't be a soldier, if it didn't rain? But, alas! it's sure to rain if there is anybody on picket, and somebody is on picket every day.

Yesterday was very gloomy on account of the fog, which was so dense as to confine our vision to a very limited circle, but when night set in the darkness was truly terrible, and accustomed as our eyes had been to the blaze of the fire, when we turned away from the "big reserve" to take the place of the first relief we felt as if we were stone blind, and were actually obliged to feel our way to the lines with our hands. I relieved a member of the 43d N. Y. Regt., and after giving me the counter-sign he warned me to keep on the lookout, "for," said he, "when McCull's Division held this portion of the lines there were two of his men shot while on picket down there at the spring." There was but little danger, however, for it was too dark for any one to shoot with the least degree of certainty, and soon forgetting his words, I was dreaming of the happy past, and building air castles for the future.

In due time I was relieved and made my way back to this reserve with a full determination to stay down and take a nap as soon as I could make my bed. In this, however, I was sadly disappointed, for I had scarcely begun to doze when I was aroused by some one jerking roughly at my coat-tail as if determined to possess himself of that part of my uniform. I asked him what he wanted. "My cap," said he; you are lying on it." "You are mistaken," I answered; "that is my coat-tail, and if I wasn't dreaming, there is
something covered up in the mud and ashes under your feet that looks marvellously like a cap. It proved to be the missing tile, and taking it up he cast a savage glance at it, placed it upon his head and "mizzled."

I found it impossible to sleep, so I lit my pipe and spent my time in listening to the jokes and stories of my companions, and watching a couple of New Yorkers who were holding live coals under the corporal's nose. This latter personage was melting profusely, and his tormentors were in high glee, to see him jerk his head back as the handle of his face came in contact with the hot coals.

While this sport was fresh, the knapsack of the least hat came back, and laid down by the fire, and was soon snoring soundly. Meantime one of the Pennsylvania fellows had prepared a lunch of hot coffee and broiled pork, and conceived the idea of converting the prostrate form of the officer into a table. Accordingly he arranged his meat, coffee, crackers, sugar, and in common parlance, "spread the table," and turned to broil another piece of pork, explaining as he took a last look at the "delicious viands." "I don't like to live in Shermanty as well as here, for in Shermanty I eat only five dinners a day, but here I eat as often as I please." And then he looked again, but, alas! for the hopes of "mine friend," "the table had burned," and the meal he had prepared so carefully was a total loss. But here comes the relief, and I must "pack up" my knapsack.

From the Fifth Regiment.

Correspondence of the Times.

Camp No. 2, in the Field near Alexandria,

V.L., March 18th, 1862.

Ed. Times:—No doubt you wonder somewhat, at my long delay in giving you a report from the Fifth. The only reason I have to offer, is the all-important one of ill health and press of business. Since I last wrote you, we have been through many hardships and changes of position.

On Monday last week, in common with the whole army of the Potomac we made an advance toward Manassas, but only went as far as Flint Hill, now having come in that same wanton stronghold, also Centreville, Winchester, and all the points along the enemy's advanced line, had been vacated the day previous, and were in the hands of our forces. The N. Y. 4th were the first to enter Manassas, and found the works deserted, though not dismantled, and several woolen guns mounted. (Liti with their ends painted black.)

Thursday morning we took up our line of march for this point, where we arrived after a tedious and most distressing day's march. Soon after leaving camp at Flint Hill, the most violent storm of wind and rain set in, and prevailed through the day and next night. The wind was from the northwest, and blew a perfect gale, accompanied by a sheet of water which fell continuously for eighteen hours, flooding the roads ankle deep with thin mud, and wetting the troops to the skin; which fact, considering the amount of heavy clothing and well-filled knapsacks, small tents, &c., which they have to carry, rendered their situation miserable in the extreme. Both officers and men looked gloomy and morose as they silently plodded their way along, while many sank down by the way-side, exhausted and unable to proceed farther. Such were told that they would be arrested by the rear guard; but, as follows, they beheld it no more than the steady tramp of the passing column. Knapsacks, clothing, and all manner of articles were thrown away, and were lost along the road. Even as light articles as daguerreotypes cases were dispensed with, as every ounce seemed a pound, under such circumstances. But in no case did I see a likeness thrown away, for soldiers hold such mementoes of loved ones at home, as sacred treasures. We arrived at our present location at dark; but as for pitching tents with the idea of sleeping, it was an impossibility. Ourselfs, as well as the whole division of 15,000 men, were obliged (after our hard day's wading through mud, with little to eat,) to stand upon our feet, with the water coming over our backs, till 3 o'clock next morning, when the rain ceased, and we managed to get a fire by gathering a few dry sticks, and to cook a little coffee, which, with our hard bread we considered a sumptuous meal. Many at home think the life of a soldier one of easy and idle pleasure; such, I should advise to enlist the first opportunity!

There is a large fleet of North River steamers lying in the Potomac, four miles from here, waiting to convey this division, commanded by Gen. Keyes, to some port for active operations, and doubtless we shall have a lively game soon. Our regiment is on the right of the brigade and our brigade is on the right of the division.

Scott, McClellan, the War Department and the Cabinet, seem thoroughly puzzled, though not demoralized, and several woolen guns mounted. (Liti with their ends painted black.)
him awake, but no use; he was dead to all appearances save his breathing. His face was black in the face, his eyes turned up to show their white. Something must be done at once and your humble correspondent has the consolation of having saved the life of a fellow soldier. I mentioned to a stalwart fellow that stood near me, to take hold of the dying man by one arm, while I took him by the other. The boys wanted to know what we intended to do with him. "Why not let him die in peace?" But I just told them if they would stand back and let us alone, the fellow shouldn't die. They stared at us some, at first, and then, as we began jacking him around first one way and then the other, tripping him up, cutting him, pinching him, &c., &c. In short, if he had been a well man it would have been a severe case of assault and battery. Well, we persevered with him for two hours, with no effect only to get him to open his eyes, and immediately close them again. Finally, we made another vigorous effort to arouse him by the same rough treatment, and the young man began to cry; this was a good sign. Vomiting soon followed, also a passage of wind; a little brandy was then administered, and he went to sleep quietly, and in the morning was all right. I went into the tent about six o'clock to see how he got along. I inquired how my patient was. Said he, "He is well. You saved my life last night!" I must confess that my feelings were a little touched, although I have seen something of suffering and blood; and you must not think me a faint-hearted soldier, if I tell you that the tears came into my eyes as he stretched out his hand to shake hands with me. You may deem me a little egotistic in giving you these details, but I thought they might interest your readers.

I have written this in the open air, a camp chest serving as my desk. The wind is chilly and I must close. You shall hear from me, however, often than of late, and I shall endeavor to write in candor and truth, as I have done in all my letters heretofore.

My love and respects to all.

Yours truly, S. R. Knowles.

Of Mit Zenas.

FROM THE FIFTH WIS. REGIMENT.

Dear Sirs,—On Sunday night the 6th instant, at eleven o'clock, the long expected order came for our Division to move at four o'clock on the following morning. All was bustle and confusion from that time until the order to "fall in" was given. When the appointed time came, regiment after regiment marched out to the parade ground where the Division was formed in line and moved off in the direction—as we all supposed—of Manassas. No one doubted but we should soon meet the enemy at Centerville or Manassas. But in this we were disappointed. In our line of march we passed through Lovettsville and Vienna, and encamped at one o'clock in the afternoon, about two miles north, and in view of Fairfax Court House.

The day had been a dreary one; a drizzling rain commenced soon after daylight and lasted until near night; but the men were cheerful, and would willingly have double the distance had it been required of them, if, by so doing, they could have been brought to the lines of the enemy. We were soon comfortably quartered in our little tents, and anxiously awaiting the morning to resume our march. We had expected that our Division led the advance, but on the following day it soon became known that McDowell's Division was in the advance of us, and that King's Brigade was at the head of the Division, and at that time occupied Centerville.

This created a great deal of dissatisfaction among the men, as our Division had been in the advance all winter and done picket duty through storms and mud, while McDowell's Division had remained in the rear, in comfortable quarters, only doing picket duty once a month. But it was a "military necessity," and we were obliged to submit to it.

We remained at Camp Number 1, until Saturday morning when we received orders to march to Alexandria, where we expected to embark for some more "general cliques" for rebells.

But in this we were again doomed to disappointment, or at least for the time being, as we were again halted about noon at Camp Number 2, after marching for six hours through a drenching rain. Camp Number 2 is located about five miles from Alexandria, on the turnpike leading from Fairfax Court House to Alexandria. The country about here shows unmistakable signs of secession, and the consequences attending it. Devastation is visible wherever the eye is turned. Fences, shade and ornamental trees, houses, mills, and everything susceptible of destruction belonging to Union citizens, has been laid waste. I visited one farm-house, today, owned by a man by the name of Deming, which, before the war must have been almost a paradise; but now everything about the premises is in ruins. Fences are gone, gardens and shrubbery over-run by horses; the family burying ground used to take horses in until the shade trees are girdled and killed, and graves which have been protected from sacrilegious intrusion for nearly a century, trampled-level with the ground, by rebel cavalry. This is only one instance of the many which might be mentioned.

I see that many of the Northern journals are disposed to find fault with McClellan, now that he has moved the "Army of the Potomac," because he did not find the rebels at Manassas. They do not seem to take into consideration that the object he had in view when he asked for a little more time, was to prevent their escape from Manassas without falling into the hands of our troops in their rear. All he asked for was five days, but that was refused him, and now they are not satisfied. There is one class of men who can appreciate him, and are willing to await his orders, with that confidence and patience, and that is, the soldiers in the field.

Give us OId Abe for President, and McClellan to lead us in the field; and we will make sure work of this rebellion, and when we have the rebels conquered, we have a few more of the Alexy Journoy stripe to place over them.

How do you like the President's emancipation policy? It takes well with the Army, and seems to have taken the wind from the sails of our Abolition Congressmen.

From the Fifth Regiment.

Camp No. 2, in the field, near Alexandria, Virginia, March 18th, 1862.

Editors of the "Patriot."—A great change has taken place since my last writing (at Camp Griffin). We struck tents on the morning of the 10th, at 3½ o'clock, and proceeded on a long and weary march all the afternoon, and at last pitched our small tents on a hill, near Fairfax Court House, called Flint Hill; and it did look as if the batteries were going to shell the far famed rebellious town. But, with his batteries, quickly got into position on one side of the hill, and Ayres on the other. The regiments were drawn up in line of battle for two hours, when we received orders to pitch our tents and rest for the night. This was received by the boys with a loud cheer, and no talking things comfortable—we can call it comfortable for camp life. Just be on: it was very
very kind to the soldiers. I must stop, for I have not yet the books we want. We
were the last men to leave this town, and I suppose the officers believe we can
stand the hardships better than they can. So we were very sad on the account of
their departure, and I hope the officers will make us well and treat us kindly.

Sergt. Cuts brought some very sad news to the men of company E, of which he
is a loved one, and was very sad at the news. For, he was a good soldier and
a noble fellow. Ever ready to do his duty and never shrinking from any part
assigned him, while he was kind to all around him, he was well and favorably
known throughout the Fifth. He was ever the friend of the sick and often placed
himself between them and the tyranny of higher officers, and none will be more
sad than by them, For he never could witness suffering in any one and often
had to make the fatigue of soldiers reason to his wife.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that this morning
we found a room full of furniture in
this house, and we also visited it.

The families that still live in their houses
are very kind to the soldiers. I must stop, for
the mail is about to leave. You will hear from me again.

Yours truly,

E. M. KIMBALL

Correspondent of the Daily Gazette.

From the Fifth Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. SIGNAL CORPS,
ALEXANDRIA, Va., March 29th, 1862.

Dear Gazette:—Here we are at last in
the dingy old city of Alexandria. The
business of this place is very lively now since
the government established a military depot
before. Before that nearly all the business
houses were closed and the place looked de-
serted, but now shops are established at ev-
and we endeavored to dry our clothing by the fires. Morning dawned at last. It was the Sabbath, and too early to dry our blankets and overcoats; while we cleaned our rusty rifles. The number of boys were detailed to go back to "Camp Griffin" to get the large tents; also the hospital stores and tents. The journey to the old camp was through the little but famous village of Falls Church, and by Mansion's Hill, from which place the capitol is visible. Our regiment received new tents, as ours had long since been condemned. We received the large round Shiley tents, made of very strong canvas.

On board the Argo, a large staunch craft with a yanked captain and crew, and until lately plying between Boston and Naples, we anchored within a few rods of our boat, back of the little but fairvous village of Talia Church. The commander of the Cumberland did not recognize the Merrimac at first, from her odd appearance, but as soon as he saw what she was, the Cumberland opened her heavy broadsides upon her, but without effect, as the 32 pound shot fell upon her deck and sides as harmless as so much flint.

The Merrimac kept steadily on under a press of steam and struck the Cumberland, head on, cutting her nearly in two. She then backed off, giving the sinking ship a broadside, and made directly for the Congress on the opposite side of the river. But the Congress, seeing what had become the fate of her companion, (the Cumberland,) struck her flag.

Most of the crew of both vessels were taken prisoners, a few only escaping in small boats to the shore. The next move of the Merrimac was to steam down close to Fortress Monroe, where lay the splendid Frigate Minnesota, (and where I saw her anchor,) with the intention of serving her in the same way. But when she got near the Minnesota, she found she had caught a rudder. For the Monitor came out from behind the Minnesota, where she lay concealed, and steamed boldly up to meet her antagonist. The Merrimac im-
The Grand Army of the Potomac in Motion.

HEADQUARTERS 2D BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION; FEBRUARY 30TH, 1863.

Ed. Patriote: We arrived at Fortress Monroe on yesterday morning with our whole division. In the night we marched through Hampton, and encamped on the James, some six miles from the Fort. Everything is here in the last degree of pollution. The ever beautiful town of Hampton is now a wreck, and not a thing remains but blackened walls.

I visited the Monitor on yesterday. It is one of the wonders of the world—simple in construction and insignificant in appearance, it is the most effective vessel ever built for war purposes. Had it not been for the Monitor the Merrimac would have destroyed every of the commerce and could have prevented any relief from reaching the Fort. An engagement between the Monitor and Merrimac is daily expected. We are in plain view of where the engagement must take place.

I present this next movement will be towards Yorktown, and then "Onward to Richmond." There are a number of troops yet to be transported for the army, and when they reach here, it is expected that we will immediately move on.

It is very pleasant in this latitude. The trees are beginning to look green. I will endeavor to keep you posted in regard to our movements.

P. S. Four-day's later, I have had time to see the beauty of the York River, and our camp is so situated on the southeast side of the town—just beyond the town being mostly occupied by Union men. It was burned last July, by a body of 500 rebel cavalry who came down from Norfolk, or rather Big Bethel. They came down in the night with a barrel of burning fluid, and fired the buildings on the southeast side of the town.

The wind being from that quarter, and everything dry. The beautiful little town of Hampton was soon in ashes, and its patriotic citizens, men, women and children turned into the street, housedless and homeless.

I saw in my friend Bartlett's letter, his mention of the beautiful appearance of the Fregate Cumberland, docked with flags of all nations, &c., &c. I can tell you that she occupies a much less conspicuous position at present, as only her top and top gallant masts are above water, and her splendid cabins and state rooms, are accessible to the fishers of all nations.

As we are going into active service immediately and our mail arrangements are precarious, I cannot inform you when we shall be able to give you another letter.

Yours, in hope.

S. R. Knowles.
10 o'clock in the evening we anchored at Fortress Monroe.

At an early hour the drum beat and all was in motion. The harbor presented a live appearance, and it was thronged with ships, transports and steam tugs.

On our right was the Fort, on the left was the Rebel-dreaded (so called) Cheese Box on a raft, (Monitor.) Across the Bay we could see Sewell's Point, behind which lays the Merimac. About 8 o'clock our boat went up the Creek to the once beautiful town of Hampton, where we were landed. We marched through Main street to the back part of town where we rested until our Brigade was all landed.

The tide soon went down and it would make any hearty man laugh, to see our boys in the Creek, up to their knees in the water digging oysters. I bade myself most of the time visiting the ruins. This was a beautiful place, well ornamented with trees and several beautiful public buildings, and three magnificent Churches. The one which excited the most curiosity was the Old Hampton Church, which is the first regular church built in America. The brick were imported from England. The Cemetery surrounds it and is ornamented with weeping willows and the whole surrounded by a once beautiful brick and stone wall.

All that is left of this town is its crumbling walls: And here is enough to arouse the indignation of any patriotic heart to see property scattered to the four winds; many a family brought to penury and want; yea more, to see the marble, left to the sacred memory of departed dead wrenched from their resting place by some ruthless hand, broken in pieces and scattered about the yard.

In the afternoon we marched out about two miles and camped. The 27th we struck tents and with two days rations, started on the road to Big Bethel.—When about eight miles, our skirmishers drove in the rebel pickets; they steadied their ground until our line was in full view with the stars and stripes when they wheeled their horses on "double quick." Our boys (Buxton and Sworl) among them, sent a few balls after them but the distance was too far; but one horse was wounded. We pursued them two miles further, and came in sight of their camp, and then returned to the place where their pickets were stationed and camped for the night. The next morning we returned to this place one mile from Newport News.

Most of the dwellings and everything is burned all through this section, this is a beautiful country and well timbered with a variety of oak, beach and pine.

In the afternoon we marched out about two miles further, and came in sight of Hampton, where we could see Sewell's Point, behind which lays the Merimac. About 8 o'clock our boat went up the Creek to the once beautiful town of Hampton, where we were landed. We marched through Main street to the back part of town where we rested until our Brigade was all landed.

At an early hour the drum beat and all was in motion. The harbor presented a live appearance, and it was thronged with ships, transports and steam tugs.

On our right was the Fort, on the left was the Rebel-dreaded (so called) Cheese Box on a raft, (Monitor.) Across the Bay we could see Sewell's Point, behind which lays the Merimac. About 8 o'clock our boat went up the Creek to the once beautiful town of Hampton, where we were landed. We marched through Main street to the back part of town where we rested until our Brigade was all landed.

The tide soon went down and it would make any hearty man laugh, to see our boys in the Creek, up to their knees in the water digging oysters. I bade myself most of the time visiting the ruins. This was a beautiful place, well ornamented with trees and several beautiful public buildings, and three magnificent Churches. The one which excited the most curiosity was the Old Hampton Church, which is the first regular church built in America. The brick were imported from England. The Cemetery surrounds it and is ornamented with weeping willows and the whole surrounded by a once beautiful brick and stone wall.

All that is left of this town is its crumbling walls: And here is enough to arouse the indignation of any patriotic heart to see property scattered to the four winds; many a family brought to penury and want; yea more, to see the marble, left to the sacred memory of departed dead wrenched from their resting place by some ruthless hand, broken in pieces and scattered about the yard.

In the afternoon we marched out about
two miles and camped. The 27th we
struck tents and with two days rations,
started on the road to Big Bethel.—
When about eight miles, our skirmishers
drove in the rebel pickets; they
stood their ground until our line was in
full view with the stars and stripes when
they wheeled their horses on "double
quick." Our boys (Burton and Swane)
among them, sent a few balls after them
but the distance was too far; but one
horse was wounded. We pursued them
two miles further, and came in sight of
their camp, and then returned to the
place where their pickets were stationed
and camped for the night. The next
morning we returned to this place one
mile from Newport News.

Most of the dwellings and everything
is burned all through this section, this is
a beautiful country and well timbered
with a variety of oak, beach and pine.
I only have one objection to the country,
it is too level; there is no good living
water. To-day several of our boys
thought they would visit Newport News
and get a few oysters. They succeeded
very well until some fifty of them were
out some distance from shore, very busy
in their oyster business (my friends Bur-
ton and Welty among the rest) when a
rebel gunboat made her appearance,
some two miles off, and the first intima-
tion they had, whiz went a ball over
their heads at the fortification. One
ball struck in the water near them, caus-
ing several of them to be emersed and
they unceremoniously ducked, but
fortunately no one was hurt. The moni-
tor's brigade was. The pickets, one
fired four shots and then left, going up
with the Fifth Wisconsin men, replied that
the James river. Our General says we was
back on the hill, where it have required
have made our last reconnaissances, that two divisions to guard it, for if not watch-
our next move will be to Richmond.—
ed it would be rushing through the woods-

We expect to meet a force at Yorktown,
and clean them (the rebels) right out, and
and before you receive this we expect a be in Richmond before morning. There
second Corwallace surrender. Our
bel asked no more questions and returns
health is good; pork, coffee, and crack-
to his post.

Letter from the Fifth Regiment.

Camp No. 4, Hancock's Embar,-
April 28, 1862.

Dear Tribune:—I wrote you last when
in Camp 64 at Alexandria, waiting for
transportation to some place not known to
or. But we all knew there was some great
movement being made, which when ready
would strike terror in the ranks of the se-
cessionists. The largest portion of the ar-
my of the Potomac was moved to some
point where no doubt there is work for
them; and ever long you will hear an ac-
count of their doings with which the coun-
try will be satisfied. We are nearer toervice, and particularly did the investi-
Richmond now than ever before, and their
victory fail to show that the medical profes-
sion had anything to do with it. The true
defence along the banks of the James river
that three men sickened suddenly on the
forces.

Our ride from Alexandria to Fort Mon-
roe was a very pleasant one. We started
on the morning of the 21st and cast anchor
the same evening under the guns of the
Fort, surrounded by a hundred or more of
craftsman of all descriptions; but the "Yan-
kee Cheese Box," as the rebels call her, at-
tracted the attention of all. No doubt if it had
not been for the Monitor, the shipping
around the fort would have been destroyed
by the Merrimac. She has not shown her-
sel since the day the Monitor drove her
back to Norfolk.

On Thursday last Gen. Smith's Division
made a reconnoissance along the banks of
the James river. Hancock's brigade in ad-
cance. We went within a few miles of
Warwick Court House; drove in the rebel
pickets and camped inside their lines during
the night. Five companies of the Fifth Wis-
consin done the skirmishing. One of the
Boys of company A brought home as a tro-
phy, a shot gun and Springfield musket, tak-
'em from the House of a secessionist.

The health of the regiment is good and
by far better than the army. In the course of
the eight months we have been in active service,
I believe there is but one of Company A
who has not been sick, and I hope lie will sooon be in the ranks again.

A CORRESPONDENT tells the following
story about Hancock's brigade:

"The other night one of the rebels laid
down his musket and coming to the creek
firing four shots and then left, going up
with the Fifth Wisconsin men, replied that
the James river. Our General says we was
back on the hill, where it have required
have made our last reconnaissances, that two divisions to guard it, for if not watch-
our next move will be to Richmond.—
ed it would be rushing through the woods-

We expect to meet a force at Yorktown,
and clean them (the rebels) right out, and
and before you receive this we expect a be in Richmond before morning. There
second Corwallace surrender. Our
bel asked no more questions and returns
health is good; pork, coffee, and crack-
to his post.

Letter from the Fifth Regiment.

Camp No. 4, Hancock's Embar,-
April 28, 1862.

En Surgeon:—Your early correspon-
dent, writing from Fort Tillinghast under
date of March 17th, and ever,—the signa-
ture of three stars, says, "the doctors of the Fifth
Regiment punished five of their men on the
march. One has died. They gave them
morphine by mistake for something else.
"These must be "bright particular stars," as
for none others could have crowded so many
errors into so few words. First, "the doc-
tors" did it. Second, there was an Assistant
Surgeon only on duty that morning. Sec-
ondly, there were only three sickened from
surgery alone. Thirdly, it did not occur
on the march, but in camp. Fourthly, the
most rigid investigation has not detected
that they took morphine by mistake or oth-
er. You a short history of our advance to this
place: We left Newport News on the 4th last, and the first day we marched to Young's Mill, about 18 miles. Here we drove the rebels from their camp, they had a large amount of barracks built, and good fortifications, but they had previously taken away their cannon and stores. All that was left was a regiment of cavalry and two of infantry. We drove them clear back out of sight and camped for the night, our pickets one mile ahead of us. April 5th we again formed and started at daylight; we passed over about three miles, and again came upon their forces.

Our third brigade was in the advance, they engaged them and drove them into their forts. Here we found a chain of forts about six miles long, reaching from the James river to the York river, and across a large creek, which is dammed up and flowed over so we could not cross it. We sent up two batteries and opened fire on the rebels, but could not shell them as our guns were not large enough. Our brigade was then ordered up; we formed off to the right with our regiment into a large, swampy woods. The country here is all woods and swamp, only now and then a clear piece of say from fifty to one hundred acres of cleared land, and the country is entirely destitute of what few white men there were here. We skirmished all day, and at night we stopped in the woods three-quarters of a mile of one of their forts. They tried to shell us out, but they threw clear over us, and we lay still till daylight. April 6th we were all called together and marched around to find a good place of attack. We skirmished up to within forty rods of a large fort. The woods were not twenty-five rods from one another, and you could see the rebels plainly by our lamps. They fired on us about one hundred or more shots; some of them came mighty close to me. You ought to have seen us dodging about and getting behind the trees. We were there with Gen. Hancock and his engineers to get a plan of the fort, and to see the best point of attack. We were all ordered not to fire or expose ourselves to the rebels, because we did not want them to know where we were. No one fired but Ed Mills; he made one man lay down, and I do not know whether he had got up or not. After we had seen all we wanted to, and accomplished our object, we returned. We then got our regiment together, and found that only one man had been wounded. He received a slight wound in the leg, but it did not disable him in the least. We were then marched about four miles around through the swamp, and at 9 P.M. we reached a camp of our brigade and camped for the night, as tired a set of men as I ever saw. I laid down in the open air and slept soundly until morning, not even turning over. We had all got out of rations, and had not eaten more than two hard crackers each. We got a good supper, and when we awoke in the morning we felt better than we did the night before.

April 7th we moved our camp and got settled all right, but we found we were too near the rebel batteries. Gen. McClellan ordered us to move, and we packed up at one o'clock, and left. We marched up to the right flank of the enemy, and there the first three companies as skirmishers, while two other two were marched up as reserve; the other five companies were left with the baggage to bring up the rear. We skirmished until about 5 P.M., and halted. It commenced to rain, and it did rain in good earnest. We lay still until 1 P.M., when we got orders to march to our new camp. We came to a road and marched about a mile and met Capt. —, with two pieces of artillery. He had to form line with our five companies, and stay until 9½ P.M. Then the 5th Vermont came up and relieved us. We then marched about a mile further, and came to a cross road, and here our colonel did not know which way to go. Accordingly we waited until 11½ P.M., before a guide could be got to guide us to camp. All this time the rain poured down in torrents, and the mud and water was from six to twelve inches deep. After waiting two hours we were conducted about two miles through the worst road I ever saw, and the most difficult, to a camp. We broke ranks at a quarter past 1 A. M., after the men had been in the ranks nearly eleven hours without taking off their knapsacks. Here I will state we have to carry our tents, our knapsacks, and also our "grub," as the boys term it. But I never saw a lot of men that stood it so well. A great many of them said that if it was "patriotic" they would tear out their knapsacks and send them to the rear with the sick, but as they wanted the contents, they would stick to them. We stood around a long time, amusing ourselves until daylight, by building large fires and drying ourselves on one side while the other got wet again.

April 8th. — We are ordered to pack traps and move to a new camping ground. So we picked up our traps and started, the rain still falling quite hard. We came about half a mile and camped here where we are yet.

April 9th. — Still raining, and at 5 P.M. no signs of its ever stopping. We are within one and a half miles of a rebel fort. There are about 2,000 men building roads to get on our heavy artillery, and as soon as we can get that up here we will give them a few of our respects in the shape of shot and shell. We will drive them from their holes I believe, but it is a big job. We have the advance of Keyes' corps de armee, our regiment first, and our company third in the regiment. Yours truly.
outside of the works which they had abandoned. We encamped here for the night, and it was dark when we got our little tents pitched and were ready to cook our suppers. One of my tentmates was kind enough to give me sufficient coffee to make a cupful, which I steeped, as we all do, in my tin cup, and I never tasted anything so good in my life. I had not any sleep for two nights, and of course rested well. I was dreaming when the drum woke us on the morning of the 5th. We were told to get ready to start in twenty minutes. I was not hungry, so that I did not eat any breakfast. I had nothing to eat, only hard bread, and that I could munch while I was walking along as well as any other way. We did not march over seven miles that day, and we stopped in front of the enemy's intrenchments, and our batteries and theirs commenced, and the sharp shot keep up, a continual firing during the afternoon. Our Regiment was in the advance deployed as skirmishers, and when evening came we halted as we were deployed and stood as pickets until next morning.

Thu.—About sunrise the drum corps of the different Brigades began to beat the reveille, and during the night the rebel pickets kept up a continual firing though it was very dark and they could not see us, but I suppose their imagination converted every bush into a Union soldier, as they were expecting a night attack.

We could hear the enemy's drums as plainly as our own, and could hear them call the roll of names in the morning, so near we were to their camp. Well, at 11 o'clock we—the pickets—were drawn in, and our Brigade was advanced in close column through the woods to within a quarter of a mile of the rebel intrenchments, with the Intention, as we supposed, of carrying their works by storm, but on getting into position the Colonel ordered back, for what purpose you will see hereafter.

After this our Brigade was called in, and we retired back about two miles and encamped in the woods.

We had nothing to eat since morning, and were very tired and hungry, and, I must here tell you how kindly we were treated by the 49th Pennsylvania Regiment. They gave us all our own rations, and for our teams had not yet arrived—cooked meat and peas, hard bread and coffee, and you may be sure we will never forget them. I never relished anything as I did that supper. We then lit our camp-fires and dried our feet, for we had been maneuvering all day through a low swamp, and actually waded in water until we got to camp.

8th.—We had to pack up again this morning, but we got six biscuits apiece for the day's rations, which consisted of these. We moved only a few rods, on to a somewhat drier piece of ground. Here, of course expected to remain during the day and following night, and pitched our tents, and, as usual, gathered boughs to lay under us; and we had just got fixed up tolerably well when we were ordered to pack up for another move. Modestly enough we set to work, thinking, of course, that Job was never a soldier or he would have lost his temper. We were soon ready to move to our new camp ground, which the Colonel told us was not more than forty rods distant. We had only got started when fire companies—A, G, E, K, and I—were ordered off, for what purpose you will see as well as I know or can guess. We were deployed as skirmishers, and passed our pickets and went within musket shot of the enemy's batteries. Here we stood in line as sentinels for four or five hours—until after dark—when we were called in, and stood in line for battle for two hours longer, guarding a section of Mott's battery, which had been brought out here for some purpose, I know not what. At 10 o'clock we were relieved from our tiresome position—we had been standing up to our knees in mud in some plowed ground—and supposed we were immediately going to camp somewhere. But we were in a strange place, and the Colonel did not know where our camp was to be, so we remained in the road until 12 o'clock next morning. I will here mention that it rained hard ever since we started out from the last camp, and we were all as wet as drowned rats.

At half past twelve the Colonel, who had gone to hunt up a guide, returned with one, and we started on. Now don't think that I am exaggerating; that march was nothing more nor less than marching continually through mud and water, in no place less than a foot deep, and often when we would step into a deep hole where the heavy ammunition wagons had gone down we would go in with our hips; and many a poor fellow fell down and got thoroughly saturated, if saturated anew a man could be who had stood in the rain for thirteen hours.

Well, we reached the spot where the rest of our Regiment was encamped at precisely 14 o'clock on the morning of the 9th. We tried to build some fires, by which to dry ourselves, but this was difficult business. In the morning there was no dry wood, and it was raining hard, and, in some shape or other, we got into the wet ground—our blankets, clothes and tents all wet and cold, and without any supper.

9th.—It was full 15 o'clock to-day when we were roused up, and then with orders to be ready to march in half an hour. A crackle and a half was given us for breakfast, but Capt. Bugh added to this from his own haversack—three little oyster crackers, which, though but a mouthful, was like the widow's mite gratefully accepted. We moved this time only about 4 miles, and Heaven save us from another such camping ground; there was water on every inch of it. I went off and got a lot of boughs and laid them under our canvas, but when we laid down on them the water ooed up through and wet our clothes and blankets. We remained here until the afternoon of the 10th, when we were removed to our present camping ground, which is a very good one.

I don't know when I can send you this letter, but we are of the opinion there will be an opportunity soon, and I will have this letter ready.

My health and the health of the Regiment, notwithstanding the hardships we have endured, was never better.

Capt. I. M. Bean, and our Waukesha Boys.

We have been permitted, through the courtesy of W. L. Bean, Esq., to make the following extracts from a private letter from his brother, the gallant young captain of our Waukesha boys, now before Yorktown:

CAMP No. 8, IN THE FIELD-NEAR YORKTOWN, April 11th, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER:—On Friday morning, April 4th, the march toward Yorktown commenced. I cannot tell you exactly what number of troops moved, but I am sure it was more than a Colonel's Guard. During the first day's march I was officer of
great battles have been fought. Early in

With some

front. I marched about three quarters of a mile

as skirmishers. The most thorough and

Iho morning the regiment was marched to

orders to fire. I told them to wait for or­

orders to go on until I found something.— Therefore as we could stow away in our box-

passes as we could stow away in our box-

General The messenger returned with

otions in our knapsacks take as many car-

as we could stow away in our box-

Men's firing, and our good Austrian Kifles

hush,

we could stow away in our box-

hush,

we could stow away in our box-

JOURNAL

March 10th. — On last night got orders to

be ready to move from here at four

a.m. this morning, to have 3 days' ra-

tions in our knapsacks, take as many car-

trades as we could stow away in our box-

those everything in the shape of

of clothes or nicknacks that would encumber us

away, and parade at the hour named

precisely. — All of which we did, and here

we are at Fairfax this evening.

11th. — Pretty tired this morning. —

Slept all night while it rained like thunder. —

Fairfax and Manassas are evacuated, and

our men gnash their teeth with rage.

For myself I feel very comfortable that

there is no fighting. For you see I will

have it to say, that our Generals; cam­
paign them out of their braggadocio.

and that their wooden guns, and bogus fortifications, have kept us only 8 months

at bay; and that we have won all these

triumphe without one man on either side

being killed, except the few insignificant

thousands who are worn out in the ****

for the enemy to retreat, that we might

advance in peace, and end this

naughty rebellion in the modern rose water

way. Great talk of a big review tomo­

row or after.

12th. — Trying hard to write a bit but

won't be left—drilling harder than ever.

We have been put back to our early les-

sons. We are now drilled in squads of

seven or eight by our Sergeants; some of

whom know far less than the privates

they pretend to instruct. One of them

led us out this morning with a very brassy

looking sword stripping him up, and a short

black pipe in his mouth. Lieut. Strong

came along, and the Sergeant dismissed

his pipe.

13th. — Still at Fairfax—a most glorious
day—not a dim or sombre cloud to be

seen. The little birds chirp, and hop

from bush to bush, as if glad of our com-

ing. Every one is elated with the news.

Major Larrabee and some other officers

have come back from Manassas with some

trophies. The Major wavers a rebel flag

and the boys cheer as if they loved it. —

However, now that I think of it, I be­

lieve it is the Major himself they wish to see, not the boys, seeing this is a,

fight. Let them wait patiently. We

have a year's fighting yet before us, —

we'll get our share too. This day we

were to have a grand review in which the

Generals will make their horses curve in

great style, while we will be kept stand­
ing in the mud and rain for half the day.

For it is always bad weather when those

things are going on. — Then Gen. Mc

Ciellon, with a brilliant staff (as the

newspaper men will have it), will ride

along the line, and look at us as if he ex­
pected to see a snake in each man's shirt

bosom, and all the young officers who at­
tend him will look very wise, and peer at

us, as if they could see the very smallest

animal dwe on us, and intended to report

it to the commander-in-chief, to our eter­
nal disgrace.

14th. — Just as I expected. Yesterday

day we were out for review, but had no review. The day was too fine and we
I come to this rain-ridden State. We have seen some rain in Virginia, but by the gods, this was the greatest rain-storm we have seen since we came to this rain-ridden State. We have one of the best bands in the service, and for the rest of the way we marched and counter-marched, and dress'd up and down, and to the right and left, in mud and slush, and after waiting for two mortal hours the great man came, and looked at us and then we were marched back to camp after night fall, jaded, and weary. That's a review.

10th.—It never ceased raining the night of the review. We were up in the morning at 4 o'clock (that's a favorite hour with the Generals) and were ready to march before daylight. We thought our way was to Manassas and on, and we felt not the torrents of rain as it poured down. But judge of our surprise when we found that we were on our way to Alexandria. We have seen some rain in Virginia, but by the gods, this was the greatest rain-storm we have seen since we came to this rain-ridden State. We have one of the best bands in the service, and they tried to enliven the way with a few tunes; but the storm of rain washed the music out of themselves and their instruments, and for the rest of the way we plodded on in dark and sultry silence. We marched 18 miles and encamped at McLeod's Mills, 5 miles from Alexandria, where Col. Kilpatrick had the first skirmish with the enemy. We lay in and around a little graveyard, the food for powder among the food of worms. We rolled out of our blankets in the morning, stiff and cold, and all answered to their names. On the same morning the drums beat the reveille in McCauley's division, and they rolled from their blankets stiff and cold also, but six of them were colder than the rest, and stone dead.

24th.—We skip over a week or more and find ourselves within pistol shot of Fortress Monroe. We embarked on the sloop-onas Campania, yesterday evening, after standing all day in the streets of Alexandria, eating hard crackers and looking at diminutive "cudled possoms" chewing tobacco and dancing in that peculiar gigaht-y giggle style at which they are such adepts, the music being furnished by our band. We anchored ten or twelve miles down the river for the night, and in the morning at six was under way. After a few minutes steaming we came in sight of the Meca of America, Mount Vernon. It is a consolation to all the admirers of Washington, and they are good and true, the world over, that no hostile demonstration has been made during this unnatural war on the soil he loved and consecrated by the presence of his ashes. Passed the mouth of the Occoquan or Bull Run, Aquia Creek, Mathias and Cockpit Points, around which the rebel batteries that lately blockaded Washington were planted; haggled the Virginia shores all the way down—Chesapeake Bay; remarked that the next bugle we gave that rebellious State would not be very pleasant for either party. Passed the mouth of the Rappahannock, up which river we thought we were going. It was now night, and pretty cold, so I crept on to the hurricane deck, wrapped myself around my blanket, (a burr) and was rocked to sleep by the gentle swell just then coming in from the Atlantic. Waked up in the morning and saw a big gun pointed at my head—recovered myself and saw twenty more pointed in the same direction. Knew at once it was Fortress Monroe. Looked in another direction and saw the Rip-raps where our big gun is. The Rip-raps look like a few huge rocks hove over by one of the rat-hole squadron, who had too heavy a load and intended to come back for them, but she was scuttled, you know, and couldn't be looked about again, and saw a quondam looking thing crouching on the water, that looked like a big black fish with a great "lager beer" vat on his back. This was the conqueror of the Merrimac, the invincible Monitor. My first feeling was one of wonder that such a thing could float. The next was one of sorrow, that with the invention of the Monitor, the romance of the sea was gone. For of what use now said I are our 50 or 90 gun ships pitted against this little monster? Will not the race of sturdy old Commodores and grand admirals be extinct in a few years? Will the world ever again see a Nelson or a Perry? Oh! shades of Cooper and Maryat, where now would be your Red Rovers, and Flying Dutchman, your water witches and swift winged Dolphins? And oh, you innumerable hosts of buzzing dirt-flies around the hive of true romance, you high falutin' caterers for trainless nincompoops you feeders to weak imagination, you forcible feeders of yellow covered literature, what now shall you do for bread, for your occupation's gone. What could George Lippard, the filthy, or Ned Buntline, the magnificent, or Corn Ocl., jun., the prolific, make out of that black looking thing yonder?—What would they do for a name for it? There's a deal in a name. How would it sound to call that immense monster over there, that looks like a few stray logs from a raft on one of the western rivers, the Flying Flamingos, or the Pirate of the Purple Sea, why it would be simply ridiculous. This morning landed in what was once Hampton, but of which nothing remains at present, but a mass of rotten brick, and the skeletons of the houses still standing, to tell of the ruthless destructive propensities of the rebel leaders.

28th.—Went on an armed reconnaissance toward Yorktown to-day. Co.'s A and G skirmished for the whole division. Met a body of rebel cavalry, which we dispersed and returned to Newport News where we encamped.

29th.—Went to day to the scene of the terrible encounter between the Monitor and Merrimac. Got out on a boat, and swung out of the yard arm of the unfortunate ship, Cumberland. Thought sadly of the 140 dead bodies of her brave defenders now lying between her decks. Picked up three playing cards that just bobbled to the surface, and wondered who among her brave defenders used them last.

April 5th.—On the march inland again. Found the enemy in a few earth works at Watt's Mills, which they soon evacuated, at sight of the Union troops. Next day followed them up, and found them in position behind the Warwick River, with Yorktown on their left flank and the James River on the right. Expect a great battle pretty soon. Spent last night in the woods without anything to eat or drink. By some blunder of somebody our coffee was looked up in the camp chest; so our company was without coffee for two days, except the favored few, who generally manage to steal, beg, or scrimp the provision men out of whatever they want. Skirmished for three miles through a morass knee deep on the right of the centre or attacking column. Our regiment and the 6th Maine being sent to protect the topographical engineers in their attempt to discover fortifications in that direction. Had the honor (our regiment, I mean) of discovering...
two strong works or forts. Saw myself
the enemy’s Flag, the stars and bars fly- ing from one of them, while the bullets from their sharpshooters knocked the bark of the tree by which I was crouching in my face,— returned the compliments with right good will. Exchanged volleys with them all day from time to time— made them take to their heels more than once. Gen. McCollum is here. It is now thought that they have 50,000 men here defending their position, which is mighty strong by nature and made stronger by appliances of art. In front is a deep and rapid river, with forts and breast-works crowning the heights beyond. At this side the country is mostly a marsh, over which it is difficult to transport even empty waggons. The weather was very bad until to-day, which is uncomfortably warm to those who are weak with hunger, and who carry knapsacks night and day. We are now two days in these woods and nothing to eat or drink. I forgot the marsh-water.

7th.—Marched back to our army camp last night. Passed over all the ground or rather water, we skirmished on for the last three days. Many of our men lay in the morass all night. Got a mess of pork (about as much as would fill a rat-trap) and four crackers for supper. Lay on the damp ground all night, an alarm as a just man sleeps till morning. Nothing to eat to-day but a bit of boiled beef.

8th and 9th.—About noon was ordered out to protect a squad of cavalry going on reconnoissance. Got ready in a shower—rained hard as we marched off. Got on the road by which we came in last night. All our blankets were necessary to keep the big bullets of rain beating in to our clothes. After a mile of wading, and no appearance of the mounted party sent out, we were ordered to stand as sentinels in the woods. Night fell at four o’clock. Our line extended about a mile into the woods, all the company extending that length standing several paces apart. Remained in this spot with all our worldly goods on our back until midnight. The night was intensely dark, the rain rose up about us, the rain mixed in the forest, and no sign of life was heard but the howling of the owls from the top of the dead trees. At twelve we were called out, and by abouting to each other we made our way to the road, we commenced our march back to camp and such a march. The road was overflowed so we literally waded in deep water, it being three feet in some parts. We had two or more delays on our way, which annoyed us very much, and an account of which I will not trouble you with. For an hour or more as we remained on the road not knowing what was to come next. —When the Berlin boys showed that you might break their hearts but not their spirits. In a bitter attempt to mock their own situation, a ring was formed, and a plug cotilion got up, and they danced round in the mud and water, knapsacks and guns seeming to be no encumbrance to their rather un graceful movements. The music seemed to be a very lively air, and a favorite of James R. Strong. The words were extemporized for the occasion, any one inside or outside of the ring with the necessary amount of wit, or invention, contributing a verse, or even a word, which if not very moral was very appropriate, and all in allusion to our past grievances, present situation. The other companies thought we were mad, or perhaps found a cracker, for we were very hungry. The Col. called to us several times to shut up that infernal noise, but it was too dark for him to see anything that was going on. After a time we started again over the roads where the Government teams, cannon, and ammunition wagons were ploughing up all day. But our struggle to get through was so great, that it is absolutely impossible for me to describe it: suffice it to say that we failed to get to a camp, and lay in the woods all night. Some of our men did not come in till late next day. One incident will illustrate what I failed to describe. One of Co. G’s men was plodding along, and meeting with some formidable obstruction, was two or three rods behind his comrades, when he saw a keapsack coming out of the mud and dragging a man after it. The Berlin man was rather surprised, and not missing his P’s and Q’s, stumbled in the same hole and was nearly stifled. “You blamed blind goose,” said the Janesville man, (who belonged to Co. E.) “couldn’t you look before you; didn’t you see me just coming out of that mud hole?” “The h—l you did,” said the Berlin fellow, “but d—n you, you didn’t want the whole of the hole to yourself, did you?” The rest of the time from then until now we have been very industriously looking for dry camp-

FROM THE FIFTH WIS. REGIMENT.

CAMP NEAR YORKTOWN, VA.,

April 13, 1862.

DEAR: — * * * We left our camp near Hampton on the 4th instant, at six in the morning, and marched in the direction of Yorktown.

The country is low and flat, and looks very much like the country between Wylie’s and Stevens Point, being covered with pitch-pine and a few small hardwood trees and holly. Occasionally we would come upon an old tobacco plantation, all of which like many of the dwellings were deserted. About one o’clock, we came to some rebel fortifications, at a place called Wight’s Mill, situated upon high banks of a small stream. It had several small forts and rifle pits for infantry. A sharp skirmish took place here, between our troops and the rebels, in which one man was wounded.

The rebel force was small; probably a few pickets, who made a stand for the purpose of discovering the strength of our army. They soon ran, and we encamped in their quarters for the night.

We found good houses, built of logs and covered with shingles. They must have had a large force here at one time, but there are no signs of more than one or two regiments having been here for some months past. At this place is a church and a small grist mill.

On the 6th at day light, we resumed our march towards Yorktown, and at nine o’clock in the forenoon came to War-
We are in front of the Rebels. They miss no opportunity of shooting our pickets whenever they get sight of them. All of the Wausau boys, have enjoyed the best of health since we landed here. P. W. Lord was left at the hospital at Alexandria, when we came down, but he is quite well now and is with us."

From the Fifth Regiment.


doubtless you will think strange at the heading of this letter, and be somewhat surprised at my being in the hospital. But such are the fortunes, or misfortunes of war. Disease in various forms—the hunger, exposure and neglect which soldiers are subjected to—almost incessantly, kill double or treble the number slain in action! This proportion of those dying on the field and those dying of disease, holds good in all modern warfare.

In all of my correspondences to your paper hitherto, I have prided myself in withholding from the public many facts, which would have been derogatory and injurious (in their detail,) to the cause for which so many of our citizens have left their comfortable homes, their friends and their firesides, hazarding their lives and fortunes to maintain. But there are times when forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and this is one of them. It is quite probable that many wives, mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers in Sheboygan County, will worry the more for their friends in the army, on reading this article.

But, such bare-faced, bold, glaring, outrageous treatment of sick soldiers, as I have seen here, is enough to horrify any person of common sensibility, and would shock the feelings of a Bedouin Arab!

On Thursday, the 3d inst., our brigade received orders to march for Yorktown, from camp near here, and all who were unable to march were ordered to be taken to the hospital at Newport News. I was unfortunate enough to be among the number, and we were immediately stowed into a four-horse ambulance, with guns, knapsacks and equipments, and told to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. The distance was only two miles, but as we were piled in like pork for the market, and our team was balky, we had a rough time of it, and were four hours getting through. Arriving at this place, we were introduced to what is facetiously termed “The Soldier’s Home.” It is an old, low, narrow building, 150 feet long, built for a barracks, but used for a government feed room. About two-thirds of the length of the building, was filled four feet deep with oats. The remaining one-third was occupied by lumber, a work bench, a stove, shavings, saw-horses, &c. There, also, were coffins made; the only real kindness that is done for any one at Newport News; unless, perchance, he shows considerable money, a valuable watch, or something of that kind. These articles go when the poor dies, I make no conjecture as to how they are received by his friends.

Into this place, about sixty of us were promiscuously stowed, and left without supper or medical attention till morning. Most of us, however, would have rested pretty well till morning, were it not for the groaning of the sickest of the boys, and the noise of the rats and mice. Late in the morning, a man came in wearing shoulder-straps—supposed to be a doctor, though his actions in no wise warranted the supposition; for he merely looked at the sick, taking their names, and sent in a dozen niggers to shovel out the ous, &c. In the course of three days the ous were shoveled out (a heavy dust being kept up meantime,) and a little hay was strewn along each side of the room, and the patients disposed of in rows, feet to feet, with an alley running the entire length of the building in the centre. Thus, like mules in the government stables here, they lie—all classes, from the youth of fourteen to the grey hairs of 60, afflicted with all manner of disease, and actually perishing for want of good treatment, and something they can eat!

The diseases here are of different kinds, such as mud fever, typhoid and remittent fevers, consumption, diptheria, &c. But the most fatal, the most uncalled for and deplorable complaint known here is positive starvation! The majority of invalids who come here, are those who were reduced by constant exposure and his diet, (crackers and coffee,) and need a little stimulus and nutritious food, good nursing, bathing, &c. But, on the contrary, what do they get? They are literally crammed with drugs—morphine, quinine, pills and powders of different kinds; and all are fed on the same ration.

The weather is now fair and the ground is fast drying from the effects of the warm sunshine. Large fatigue parties are detailed each day to work on the road, and we shall soon be able to move our artillery into place and give the rebels a grand salute.

Yesterday two rebel spies were arrested in our camp, dressed in clothes taken from two prisoners they had captured from the Seventh Maine Regiment.

The same individual in a private letter to us says: “We are under many obligations to you for the Record. It is read by all the boys of our company. We are in front of the Rebels. They miss no opportunity of shooting our pickets whenever they get sight of them. All of the Wausau boys, have enjoyed the best of health since we landed here. P. W. Lord was left at the hospital at Alexandria, when we came down, but he is quite well now and is with us.”

From the Fifth Regiment.

Records...
I might enumerate scores of cases of death by neglect and starvation; and the solemn question arises, with mighty force, and will be repeated in the day of judgment: "Who is to blame? Is it the fault of the Government?" No; these things are the result of villains in power, scoundrels entrusted with office through political favoritism.

Does this state of things exist of necessity? No. Where is the thirty cents per day allowed to every soldier for rations? Give me that in money, instead of dry bread and coffee, and I will live like a king; for there are all kinds of stores sold here at moderate prices. Where is the hospital fund? I thank (with my mind's eye) look back into the towns and cities of our own loved state, and view the efforts of the noble hearted ladies there, in the sewing circle, and in solitude by the midnight lamp, trying to contribute something to the benefit of those suffering in the field and the camp; but where are the proceeds? Go into any regiment through this section—pass by the tents of certain officials at meal time—take a glance at their tables, loaded with all manner of rarities that cannot be bought here—take a spy view, also, of the wine and brandy bottles thrown out in the rear—and let these answer where!

You may think me unjust in throwing out these hints, but I know of one regimental hospital that received a package of wines, jellies, dried fruits, &c., for the use of the sick, and the articles were used up by the Doctor's hospital stewards, nurses, &c. There are over 400 invalids, some of them have been sick for months. Now the Army Regulations say that any soldier, having been unfit for duty sixty days, and still unfit for duty, shall be discharged. Then why do so many have to linger for four or six months in the hospitals, and many of them consequently die?

The reason is plain. Every field or company officer in a regiment, may be afraid that their regiment will decrease and be finally divided and apportioned to other regiments, and they lose their commission and pay. It is this, or a palpable neglect of duty, I know not which. At all events, such treatment of volunteers, is a stigma on the American Nation.

I have given you a fair statement of things as they exist here. I would not have done so, however, but I thought the public ought to know it.

The Merrimac comes out and steams around here nearly every day. But she is extremely cautious. The guns at Yorktown are plainly heard here every day, and the siege is progressing vigorously. Most respectfully yours,

S. R. KNOWLES.

We the undersigned, know the foregoing statements to be substantially true.


THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

Letter From the 5th Regiment, CAMP AT WARWICK RIVER.

April 17th, 1862.

The items gathered since my last, are of that kind, which are interesting only to myself, as something to refer to hereafter. On yesterday, however, we had an opportunity of seeing something like an actual battle. An attack was made on the enemy's position, which completely failed. The 3d brigade of our division (Davidson's) began the fight early in the forenoon. The enemy were strongly entrenched on the north side of the Warwick River, their breastworks and rifle pits sheltering them from our artillery and small arms. The river is dammed up at this point, making a sheet of water nearly 20 rods wide, and 4 or 5 feet deep, with flood gates by which they can sweep away anything that dares to cross below. But the river below is difficult enough without this contrivance, as it is from 6 to 12 feet deep, and is approached by a low pine swamp, nearly impassable in itself. Our men advanced to the river side, and the firing became hot and heavy across the water, the distance being as I said, about 20 rods above the dam, and not more than 7 or 8 below. The most difficult part of the business was to get our artillery into position; there being only one spot from which this arm could attack them with any hope of success; and that an open field, within point-blank range of the enemy's cannon and sharpshooters.

It was to gain this point the attack was made at all, in which we were successful, although with heavy loss, from the over eagerness of our men, who crossed the water without orders, and attacked them
in their own stronghold.) The "Green Mountain boys" advanced boldly into the water amid a storm of bullets from the front and both flanks, which they could not return, as the water was up to their armpits, and they were obliged to carry their guns and cartridge boxes above their heads. They pressed on, however, and gained the other side with much loss. While this movement was going forward, Capt. Mott's battery, with part of Wheelor's (N. Y.) battery, and Ayer's regular battery, galloped up, and in despite of the enemy, poured a storm of shot and shell against the rebel breastworks in less time than I take to tell it. In the meantime the enemy was not idle. The first section of Mott's battery being scarcely loaded, when a shell from a 10-pound Parrott gun burst directly under one of his carriages, killing 4, and wounding 6 men, beside knocking things about considerably. The enemy's guns were soon silenced, though the fighting with small arms still went on with unabated vigor. Our men across the river now charged the breastworks of the enemy, and entered, but were soon driven back by six times their own number. They were forced to recross the river with much loss, many being taken prisoners. Two more attempts were made to gain a footing on the other side, but failed, and the fighting only ceased when night fell and parted the cagers combatants.

But what was the 5th Wis., doing all this time, you will ask. We were quietly sitting down to get some rest and dinner, having marched that morning to within a mile of the rebel position. When the boom of the cannon and the racketing of small arms startled us, we were immediately ordered to proceed to the scene of strife at the double quick. In twenty seconds we were on the way at a good running pace. On the road we run side by side with the 6th Vermont, who were hastening to join their brigade; the same that was then in action. As we emerged from the forest, a shot shrieked past, striking one of the Vermont men on the head, dashing him to the ground, where he lay with his face in the dust; his brains and blood oozing from his broken skull. "No time for grief; hurry up, hurry up." We rushed on. A few rods beyond this Elisha Baker was struck lightly in the stomach with a piece of shell, which knocked him senseless, and speechless, but not injuring him otherwise. He had a very narrow escape, if it had been an inch nearer, the Co. for have reason to mourn one of its men. The doctors delivered him up next morning safe and sound, as "they" are ever, but were an eternal hatred against anything the shell." As we came within full view of the field of battle, the scene was animating (rather tame words that.) cannon was pounding away in splen- dored style at the enemy's works, over the heads of our men, who were hotly en­ gaged in the valley below. The thunder the heavy guns, the rattling valleys small arms, the writhing of the solid shot and the loud report of the bursting shell might make even the bravest pause and wonder. We were drawn up in order of battle behind Ayer's regular battery, which is under our especial gun­ nership, and is full view and bearing of the forces engaged below. Fatigue parties soon began to labor up with the dead and wounded; those able to walk looking hopefully around for relief, weak from the loss of blood and over-exertion. Night put an end to the scene of blood. The Vermont men were drawn off slowly and the 5th took their places, guarding the artillery in their well won position, one company pecking on the river bank. So the fight ended, and the 5th although amid shot and shell all day did not fire a gun in the whole time. The night was extremely beautiful. Our men lay beside their arms. I was on guard near the batteries. About midnight, a dull ham­ mering sound came to my ears. I first thought it was that most mournful of all duties, the burial of the dead. "Oh my second round of duty I looked closer. The moon rode high among the stars. It was nearly as light as day. Gradually the true state of the case was revealed to me. The first ground was broke. The first breastwork was raised in front of our batteries. The brave artillerymen were shielded from the destructive fire of the enemy, and the second siege of Yorktown had commenced. But we were not alone at work. The enemy was working hard in his trenches, repairing the disaster of the day. This accounts for the peace with the enemy, which we were allowed to proceed with our work. Not so with the rebels. A fight could not appear; a noise louder than usual could not be made, when a
men brought in by the ambulances, and they state that our men charged on a battery, which they took, though we lost some eighty men in killed and wounded. One poor fellow was asked if he was hurt much; he laughingly replied that he was not very badly injured; all that ailed him was, his ankle was shattered and three balls in his body. One sees here both extremes in life—cool bravery and sneaking cowardice. Thank Providence, the latter party has but few representatives in this army. Yet there is enough to give a person a good idea how such animals look.

We were following Gen. McClellan one day when the shells from the rebel battery occasionally came down and exploded. It was a dangerous place to be sure, yet there were thousands of men there who paid no attention to them, but there was one man who threw down his musket and commenced to widen the distance between himself and the rebels. It caused a laugh, and many a sneer. The man was arrested and next day drummed out of camp. Gen. McClellan is up to his old tricks of fast riding all day long, rain or shine. We begin to think he made us get over the ground quite lively when we followed him some six months ago, but now if he wants to go anywhere, he makes a straight shoot; woods, ditches, all are passed without hesitation, and at double quick doubled. His soldiers have the utmost confidence in him, and wherever he appears he is greeted with cheers and every manifestation of delight and approval.

He has what some might consider a fault; he is very daring, frequently riding out in plain sight of the rebels, but I guess what he sees he makes pretty good use of, and he probably sees as much as any other man could in the same length of time.

It is very likely that we will have some very hard fought battles here before long. Ambulances are being sent to the front. Every hour in the day more or less go by. It is to be hoped that the trouble will be ended before long, for in hot weather this must necessarily be a very unhealthy place for troops. The water is brackish and the ground very low and level.

There are more sick men in our squadron now than I have ever known before, some of them fear will die, though in this respect we have been very fortunate thus far, having lost but one man by death. I have seen several boys from old Rock Co. lately. They were hearty looking boys. If I see any, I am sure I will write to you again. We get no mail here of any description.

From the Fifth Regiment.

The following is an extract of a letter written by W. W. Bradshaw, a member of Capt. Wheeler's company, dated "Near Yorktown, April 29th." Referring to the battle of Mill Creek, he says:

"Our shells made great havoc in the camp of the enemy. Towards night they ceased firing, and we took the opportunity to improve our quarters by building a new fortification. This we have worked on every night since, until last night, and would have worked then had it not been for the rain, which fell in torrents nearly all night. On the night of the 17th the rebels attempted to cross over and take our works, but they were easily driven back. On the dam is a road wide enough for four men to walk abreast. One of our guns was placed on this before dark, and as soon as the enemy were fairly upon it, we swept it clean with grape and canister, sweeping them into eternity. There has been but little fighting in the day-time since the morning of the 16th. Yesterday morning our fort was so far completed that she was manned and a banner flung to the breeze, within half a mile of the rebels' works. I would laugh to see the enemy build such a fortification under our noses. From here the sharpshooters can pick a man from any part that can bear on our forts.

APRIL 29.

Yesterday, while writing, the right wing of our regiment were ordered out on duty. I tell you we had a regular time; it rained all the time. We were to be relieved every two hours. At twelve last night the rebels fired constantly on our lines, but owing to the darkness of the night and our imperfect knowledge of their position, we did not fire a single time, but lay close to the ground watching, for we were ordered to hold fire until we could make a sure thing of it; but they seemed to think there was a trap somewhere, and withdrew after firing half an hour. Our relief were afraid of exposing our position, so they kept us on from twelve last night until six this morning. At least twenty shots struck the tree I was laying behind. They dared not make their appearance after daylight, for our guns will carry farthest. They speak of us in the following style: "If we had as good guns as them Yankee sons of the devil, we should show them how it is done." This morning a flag of truce floated from each fort, and our officers and the rebel officers were together on the dam making some negotiation, but what it was we can't guess. This afternoon it is raining again."
Pickets would be relieved, and the utmost care and caution. It is far from being the same here that it was at Camp Griffin, but the men like it more, and feel glad when their turn comes to watch Seese on picket, a situation for the prosing battle, when our General will find willing hearts and ready hands willing to do or die in defence of our glorious Union, and ready for the word fight, which is certain to result in a Federal victory.

Last Wednesday our division advanced and attacked the rebel works. The result you have been acquainted with by telegraph long before this. Shortly after midnight the picket of our position was assaulted and turned over to the one or the other to leave. Wednesday morning the battery again opened on them, the position being in front of the dam above Lee’s Mill, where the enemy had a large force, at work on their forts and in their rifle pits. The object was to dislodge them from their works, and if circumstances rendered it possible, to advance and occupy their works. Accordingly, about eight A.M., Gen. Smith ordered out a party of skirmishers from the 4th Vermont (belonging to Gen. Brooks’ 1st Brigade) to advance on the one gun battery of the rebels. Barr’s New York battery was also placed in position, and a heavy fire was opened on the enemy by both our batteries. The enemy’s battery was within a stone’s throw of the sutter’s house, and no sooner did the enemy perceive this than he dropped out of his battery, firing a few volleys of bullets in their ranks sufficient to check them and alarm the camp. The battery immediately opened upon them, together with some regiments which were to protect the battery. The “rebels” finding it too hot, retreated in a hurry across the river, seeking shelter behind their forts—The enemy finding the enemy’s position in flimsy; his battery within four hundred yards and in an open field, in front of their rifle pits and two forts protected by woods and a large force of infantry, rather astonished them, and it was not long before they were ready to give up. We rode up, and as the men recognized him, their faces lit up, and cheer after cheer assailed us.

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, gave them vent and cheer. After all, they were not firing on the enemy, but on their comrades who were on picket duty. Thus you see that picketing is very dangerous, and requires the utmost care and caution. It is far from being the same here that it was at Camp Griffin, but the men like it more, and feel glad when their turn comes to watch Seese on picket, a situation for the prosing battle, when our General will find willing hearts and ready hands willing to do or die in defence of our glorious Union, and ready for the word fight, which is certain to result in a Federal victory.

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 more decided movement was necessary; so after a short consultation between Gen. McClellan and Gen. Smith, three of our batteries opened on the enemy at a distance of not more than 500 yards, and the fire from those soon brought the rebels to a sense of their position and made them understand that we meant business. They replied rather warmly for fifteen or twenty minutes and then became silent again, and the idea that they would draw us on, (we being under 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 faced. 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, too more compactly and quietly, than our men would picket and await patiently for the appearance of their comrades. A few days before, a man belonging to the Seventh Maine had several bullet-holes (made by secesh sharpshooters) put through a cracker-box, which he was carrying on his head—it contained food for his comrades who were on picket duty. Thus you see that picketing is very dangerous, and requires the utmost care and caution. It is far from being the same here that it was at Camp Griffin, but the men like it more, and feel glad when their turn comes to watch Seese on picket, a situation for the prosing battle, when our General will find willing hearts and ready hands willing to do or die in defence of our glorious Union, and ready for the word fight, which is certain to result in a Federal victory.

FROM THE FIFTH WIS. REGIMENT.

Head Quarters, 5th Regt. Wis. Vols.,
Camp No. 9 on the Field, April 21, 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 Yori.
This Creek is of great service to the rebels, being from three to ten rods wide; they have built dams along at different points, and so arranged it as to flood us if we undertake to ford it; they also have rifle-pits and batteries at every conceivable point where there is any chance of crossing; thus they call this an impregnable line of defence; time will tell how impregnable they are. Since that time we have been working from one to three Regiments of men of nights, keeping on a heavy picket force to prevent a surprise and route. This keeps us up every other night, besides a detail of from thirteen to twenty from each Company every day for various fatigue duties.

We will soon be equally as well fortified as the rebels, and when we are, they will find us troublesome neighbors. The two picket lines at several points along the Creek are not over twenty rods apart; each party either in pits or behind trees; and the one caught from behind his tree or out of his pit is very apt to get picked off. Such is our present life of soldiering; quite different from our soldiering at Camp Griffin.

On the night of the 19th, a dark and stormy one, the rebels undertook to cross the Creek, and take one of our batteries; two of which are in an open field immediately in front of theirs, and very annoying to them through the day; but they found us wide-awake, and the boys of the battery threw such a volley of grape and canister into their ranks that they beat a hasty retreat. The rebels say they will drive us back to Fort Monroe, but we are not expecting that will decide who will beat the retreat. The rebels say they will drive us back to Fort Monroe, but we are not expecting that will decide who will beat the retreat. The rebels say they will drive us back to Fort Monroe, but we are not expecting that will decide who will beat the retreat. The rebels say they will drive us back to Fort Monroe, but we are not expecting that will decide who will beat the retreat. The rebels say they will drive us back to Fort Monroe, but we are not expecting that will decide who will beat the retreat.

Fort Washington, May 5th, 1862.

Our Marathon boys are all in good health, to a man, and are ready for any duty they may be called upon to do. We now receive our mails regularly; the Record also.

The face of the country is quite level here, is heavily timbered and well watered; rather more water at present than (as mother Partington says) there is any necessity for. The timber is mostly Pine, though liberally interspersed with Oak, Hickory, Butternut, Lynn, etc.

We are daily expecting an engagement that will decide who will beat the retreat. The rebels say they will drive us back to Fort Monroe, but we are not expecting they will undertake the job or dare to make an attack; if they do however, they will find us on hand and willing to contest the ground and able to hold it.

You will hear from us as often as opportunity offers.

Yours truly, ALPHA.

---

Letter from the Fifth Regiment.

On board the Daniel Webster, before Alexandria, April 27th, 1862.

1 P. M.—All hands on board waiting for the completion of the cargo.

From my writing place upon the upper deck, I have a splendid view of the city of Washington, Alexandria, Arlington Heights, and the hills around. The Washington monument and the Capitol booms up in the distance, forming a part of a beautiful picture, while the rising ground beyond covered with timber just putting forth its green leaves, makes a superb backing. Either way you look may be seen numerous little crafts looking backward and forward as we come. Close by our left is the dry dock, already filled with good-sized steamers fitting for Uncle Sam's service, while all around sloops and schooners lie at anchor waiting for orders. We have been here two hours, and the boys are getting in a hurry. But a soldier must wait, and learn to wait.

4 P. M.—The little steam tug Kitty Clyde has come up from below and fastened to the bow of the big steamer. I understand now is our time to start, yes, the loud voice of the man on the bow, and the creaking of anchor chains tells me we are soon off. A few moments and our vessel is rounded with the bow pointing down the Potomac. The steam is already on, and away we go. It is a pleasant afternoon and all hands are on deck. Good-bye Washington, Alexandria and friends. We left some of the 21st and 7th standing upon the wharf. They go to Maryland. This is the Potomac, an eventful affair, even at this season of the year.

Fort Washington, five or six miles before Alexandria on the Maryland shore, is the first prominent object of interest. I
my knapsack. The river is much wider at this point, I should judge three or four miles. At ten o'clock we entered Chesapeake Bay. Away out to sea, to the left may be seen the dim shore of eastern Virginia, while we are running in full view of Virginia proper, or the main land. We have lost sight of the little white winged schooners, and steamers also. While I write, 12 o'clock night, I see no object on the water, except numerous flocks of wild ducks, skimming along with a lightness and ease that is truly admirable; now dipping their wings in the briny waters, now scattering a few feet above, and then plunging far down out of sight to rise in a few minutes and perform the same evolution over and over again. I have looked enough at the birds. I want new objects.

Well here we have a large light-house on the right side of the bay, which cannot be far from the Rappahannock river. We must keep half a mile off from it, the light-house. There is a whiteness I look from my paper to see a small steamer turning across the bow of our boat. She dips in the water like a feather. We have had a short look, before she is along way to the storm. We are running ten knots an hour. I look at Smith's Point, eighty miles from Fortress Monroe. Well I will put up my paper for the present, after telling you who I am riding with.

The Daniel Webster is a large steamship, chartered by the Government for the use of the Sanitary Commission. It has on board thirty nurses. Twenty from Philadelphia, and ten from New York.

There are several ladies and a number of surgeons also, making in all about sixty persons. The boat is well loaded with hospital stores. Its destination is Shippensburg Point; where it will lay anchored in the harbor, a sort of floating hospital.

When it is full of sick and wounded, the Commission intend to steam up and deposit their cargo in some general hospital, in Baltimore or Washington. I think it is an excellent institution. All the physicians and military Commission is to be one and the same in the business, and I am told selected with great care.

3 P.M.—We have passed the mouth of the Rappahannock and are now in full view of Old Point Comfort. I saw a large gun-boat come out of the Rappahannock and coast along the western side of the bay. She appeared to be on the lookout for rebel craft.

We are now nearing the mouth of York river, and a whole line of Brig's and Schooners appear in sight. I have counted forty-seven; many of them quite large by the light of a good glass makes out two gun-boats on the left. A red flag is run up on the Daniel Webster, that they may know what and who we are.

One hour more and we land. The shipping at the mouth of York river is now plainly visible. Every passenger is on deck looking. A happy sight if we are destined to rest on a friendly object. Everybody seems to be calculating what they are going to see at Shippensburg Point.
in the recent battle of Williamsburg. He was cool and brave. Edward Halton, a member of the Milwaukee Zouaves, in that Regiment, in a letter to his father, which is published in the Wisconsin, thus speaks of Col. Cobb:

Col. Cobb has shown himself the man I always thought him to be. He was in the thickest of the fight cheering and urging on his men. At one time there came a very near being a panic, but it was saved by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\noner?" A hearty cheer was given, and by the Colonel saying, "Men, I go not back a step; will you see me taken pris-\n\non
Washington, D.C., October 9th: The only man that has died out of Co. A, the company are all in good health and we are the only company that has no sick.

Our company has done most all the skirmishing for the regiment since we have been here, and there is not a man in the Company but what is ready to go before their gallsu conduct on every occasion we have not met the enemy.

The company send their regards to you and the citizens of Manitowoc generally.

I remain your most obt. servant,

HORACE WALKER, 1st Lt.

P.S.—Fred. Borchardt returned yesterday, he is well and looking finely, I think, his trip to Wis. done him good.

H. W.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE FIRST REGIMENT.

CAMP IN THE WOODS, before the batteries of the enemy, four miles from Yorktown Va. April 30, 1862.

Our party arrived last night at this point, pretty well jaded, after a hard day's travel. The enemy had made their journey from Ber­lin to Chesapeake landing.

Here follows an interesting and detailed account of the journey from Berlin to Alexandria, which we are obliged to omit for want of room.—Ed. Corp.

On Sunday morning, the 27th, I accidentally found that a boat was going to Fort Monroe. (We expected to remain in Alexandria until Monday.) I flew down to Quartermaster Ferguson's office, the transportation agent, and got an order to go on board the Daniel Webster, bound for Chesapeake's Landing—a military depot about two miles above Shipping Point. This ship was under the control of the Sanitary Commission, and as we came on it on the little tug which bore us thither, a great commotion seemed going on aboard. As we ran up under her great hurricane deck for the men.

The Vermont regiment was first to arrive, about 11½ o'clock on the following day. About 11½ o'clock on the following day. About 11½ o'clock on the following day. About 11½ o'clock on the following day. About 11½ o'clock on the following day. About 11½ o'clock on the following day.

Upon the same day five other men were shot by the enemy, three of whom have died. We are not idle now. The pickets are not as it was at Camp Griffin. Here it is certain death if one exposes himself from behind the rifle pits or his tree. The pickets are not more than thirty yards apart.
the centre of the field, 300 yards behind our line of skirmishers. We soon stopped the fire from the fort. Presently a regiment in the rear of the fort came up and ran in. Our boys killed and wounded great numbers of them. As soon as this new regiment got in the fort they raised the "siga and bar," which were knocked down as soon as put up. Then the batteries commenced to play. Ours did some good shooting and some very poor.

During all this time the fight on the right under Hooker was raging most furiously. For twelve hours a continued roll of musketry was kept up. We could see the advance and fall back, charge and break up. This was right under the guns of the enemy's crack fort Magruder. The New Jersey troops were repulsed, as also were the Massachusetts. In fact we were licked on the right at 15 minutes to 5 o'clock p.m.

We—that is, the skirmishers along the fence stretching along the field in front of the forts—were now startled by the sudden appearance of five regiments coming out of the woods right down upon us. We began to retreat but very slowly. They came down upon us with a steady unflinching front. My flankers were nearly cut off. I thought we were taken prisoners. No men ever fought better than the Berlin Light Guard and the Maniwoc company. Slowly and slowly we fell back. The enemy, about 4,000 strong, were actually checked several times by our 150 skirmishers. Their bullets all went over us. Our skirmishers made a stand in a little ravine and fairly blotted the rebels. Abe Livermore must have killed 12 in his retreat. Lieut. Strong covered himself with honor, as did every man, in the regiment. Capt. Bugh as he was slowly falling back was shot through the hip. Brave as man could be he fell without a murmur or complaint. God grant him a speedy recovery.

To show you how thick the balls flew, I must recite a few incidents: Lieut. Strong had the amber mouth piece shot from his pipe as he was smoking in the retreat. Mr. Norris had a ball grazed his hip. Rowland Coon's knapsack was pierced by a bullet. Numerous men had ball holes through their clothes. I had a twig cut off just above my hand, a ball through the sleeve of my coat, another just at the bottom of the skirt, another tore through my blanket, another tore through my blanket, another tore through my blanket. The enemy came down unflinching to within 300 yards of our fort, when we drove a volley in their midst which broke them, and away they flew in all directions at the mercy of our muskets. The shades of evening were just closing in as the stampede ensued, and the field of Williamsburg was ours! Then went up cheer upon cheer to heaven. The day was ours—General was whipped!

We had none killed in our company. The wounded are Capt. Bugh and Thomas Ryan, both shot in the hip; A. Davies, Geo. W. Chamberlain, Stewart J. Fay, James Strong, Geo. W. Baldwin, and Norris, all slightly wounded. In the Regiment 13 are now dead, and 69 wounded. Lieut. Walker of Company A had his sword hilt double by a ball. Adj. West was knocked down by a ball striking on his shoulder strap.

There was something singular in this action. It was fought on the 5th day of the month, at 5 o'clock, between the 6th North Carolina and the 5th Wisconsin, on the 5th month of the year.

During the action Gen. Hancock exclaimed, "Am I to lose the 6th Wisconsin? Why do they not fall back? See how they fight!" Gen. Smith rode up. Gen. Hancock, "he exclaimed, "you are all cut up!" "Not by a d—d sight!" was Hancock's reply. Then Gen. McClellan rode up to Hancock and said, "Gen. Hancock, you have won the battle of Williamsburg, and covered yourself with glory!" "No, General," said Hancock, "that regiment won the day," pointing I need not say in what direction.

On the 7th inst. while our regiment was on dress parade, we were unexpectedly greeted by the appearance of Generals McClellan, Smith and Hancock, who with a squadron of cavalry came dashing up in front of our regiment. McClellan spoke to the Colonel, then he immediately rode up to our center, and made the following speech:

My lads—I have come to thank you for the bravery and discipline which you displayed the other day. On that day you won laurels of which you may well be proud; not only you, but the army, the State, and the country to which you belong. Through you we won the day, and "Williamsburg" shall be inscribed upon your banner. I cannot thank you too much, and I am sure that the reputation your gallantry has already achieved will always be maintained.

After this he turned away, and the whole regiment stood trembling for the word to hurrah. It came at last from the center, and such a wild shout as rent the air was never heard from the same number of throats.

The 5th North Carolina regiment came in the field with 700 men, fresh and filled with whisky to give them courage. Our regiment killed as many as 300 of them, and the rest our cavalry captured, with the exception of about 40. Our company killed at least half of what they had killed and a number of their officers. Private Davies killed their Color Bear. Our reg-
The most of our company had been up three nights in succession, and were completely exhausted. I fell asleep upon the field of battle, while the artillery were blazing at each other.

My visit to Fort Magruder was one of the most interesting episodes of the war. The enemy have been driven from one of their strongest positions.

Jasper Brown was wounded and taken prisoner, but left in the hospital when the enemy retreated.

I have visited Williamsburg, and am satisfied we have done nobly, and that we can well sing as we go along. John Brown's soul is marching on, Glory, Hallelujah!

NIGER ON THE BRAIN.—Quartermaster C. R. Clarke reports that whatever other diseases the Army of the Potomac may be afflicted with, it is entirely free of the above mentioned complaint. He says that nothing would cause such a general show of rejoicing—except an overwhelming victory—as to have a lot of negroes brought to their assistance in digging trenches, driving teams, cooking, policing the camps and a hundred other things by which the strength of men who enlisted to fight is daily wasted. The protests in the army against drilling and disciplining them and qualifying them to fight with muskets, when needed, would be precious few. By the seizing of contrabands and employing them in various ways about the camps, with the promise of freedom for their services, Mr. C. says the strength of the army could be increased almost immediately.

20 per cent. of the troops—aside from extra labor in entrenched positions—are employed in labor that the blacks could do better.

Prejudices on the part of those in the army who set out with the idea that this was a "white man's war" have been thoroughly conquered by the forces of circumstances, and they are anxious that all available means should be employed to crush the rebellion.

Mr. C. Clark thinks that if he could take into the ranks a few of the men at home who have manifested such a holy horror of the darkey, and regarded the peculiar institution as too sacred to be disturbed, he could convince them with from one to two days' fatigue duty, under a burning Southern sun, that it was far better that the slaves of rebels should work thus than they. If not convinced they would be sure soon to be buried.

The policy of McClellan's army has been to receive and employ, either in public or private service, the blacks who sought to come within their lines, but not to hold out any inducements to them to run away, or to interfere with those at work for rebels on their march or within their lines.

The Death of Joshua S. Smith.

Joshua S. Smith, a corporal of company G, 5th regiment Wis Vol., died in the Hospital at Washington, on the 26th ult. The evening before his death Capt. Bugh visited him and fainted him, as he supposed, very much improved, so much so, that he expected to be able to join his company in two or three days. The next morning Capt. Bugh learned to his great surprise that he was dead. Capt. Bugh had the body embalmed and expressed home. The embalming process is a discovery of Dr. Holmes, of Washington, and was patented Dec. 16th, 1861.

We are indebted to a private letter from Capt. Bugh for the manner in which the embalming is done.

The body was rendered nude and placed in a horizontal position on a platform. A very small incision was then made in the left arm, to get at a vein; a tube was then inserted in the vein, and attached to a pump; the pump was set in a vessel containing about two bottles of a prepared fluid, and then this fluid was injected into the blood vessels. Before the commencement of the operation, the face was very much emaciated, and the body quite reduced; but in a few seconds after the commencement of the embalming process, the blood vessels began to enlarge, the face became full, and the whole body assumed a life-like appearance.

The body arrived here on Wednesday evening last. It was taken to the residence of his father, in the town of Seneca, where the coffin was opened and viewed by his friends. On Saturday it was brought to this city, and was open to the inspection of all during the day.

The countenance looked quite natural, wearing much the appearance of other corpses, except perhaps a darker appearance.

It was expected that a thorough examination would be made by our physicians, and for some reason the examination was not permitted.

The funeral was attended at the M. E. Church at 1 o'clock P. M, Sunday, and was by far the largest ever witnessed in this city. The German Battery now here, the Berlin Cadets, those recruited by Lieut. Ayers, for the 5th regiment, and a full martial band headed the procession. The church was far too small to hold the assembled people, hundreds being unable even to find standing room.

An appropriate and eloquent funeral ser-
As a soldier, he was uniting in his devotion to the Constitution as it is, and was the first in Marathon County to respond to the call for men to put down the rebellion. He had some twenty others from this place enlisted in Captain Brown's company at Berlin. After the organization of the regiment he was appointed in the Commissary department and held it until the advance upon Yorktown. But the crack of rifles and booming of cannon, made his patriotic blood boil with impatience to take a part with his comrades in the strife, and he resigned his position and went into the ranks. At the battle of Lewinsville, where the Fifth were called out, he took a gun and marched with the regiment anxious to get at the rebels. No braver man nor more willing soldier is in the "Grand Army" than Burton Millard.

As a husband and further, he was kind, endearing, and affectionate. His wife and children were the idols of his life and nothing was left undone, that would add to their comfort and happiness. The links that formed his family circle were precious, golden ones and its break is as painful as can be imagined. He leaves a wife and four children.

FROM THE FIFTH WIS. REGIMENT.

CAMP NEAR YORKTOWN, VA., May 1.

Correspondence State Journal.

The Fifth Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers, has thus far been quite fortunate. Men have been killed all around us, in different brigades, and in different regiments, but up to last night we had lost no man by the bullets of our enemies. A few have received light flesh wounds, and Charles Fout, of Company K, was, while doing picket duty a few days since, shot through the leg below the knee. He is now doing well, and possibly may fully recover. One other man, from Company H—Adrian Bryant—was taken prisoner on the 23d of April. He is, doubtless, in Richmond at this time.

These include all the casualties since we came to this camp, up to five P. M. yesterday, when one of our best men died—Burton Millard—the first Commissary-Sergeant. At his own request he was reduced to the ranks, and this was his second day on picket. He was shot through the shoulder by one of the rebel sharp-shooters, while at his post doing his duty.

Picket duty in this swamp is real work. Not a day passes without some comrades being summoned to his long home. Three Vermont boys were brought in last night, all shot dead. A continual firing is kept up on both sides. Random shots come whistling among the trees at all hours, day and night. At four o'clock P. M. yesterday, a large rebel ball, shot from a rifle, came down through the trees, just missing the present Commissary's head, and lodged in a rice barrel. There is no such thing as drill; as the sound of the brass band, and all music has ceased. Guard and picket duty is the business of the day. "Watch—and fire!"—is the soldier's Scripture.

Yours truly,
E. C. H.

Since the above was in type, we have received the following letter, which gives some additional particulars:

FRIEND CHASE:

It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of your friend and fellow citizen, Burton Millard. He was shot while on picket duty about 11 o'clock in the forenoon and died about 7 in the evening.

Picketing with us now is attended with no little danger; one must be on the alert all the time and use the utmost caution. Millard was on post a few roads to the left of myself, and we were just being relieved from post, when some of the enemy's scouts appeared in the woods in front and near us. But fired his own gun and that of his comrades on post with him; reloaded his own gun, and was getting ready to fire again when he received a shot in his left shoulder just under the collar bone; being in a stooping position, the ball passed through, and came out near the back bone, a little below the shoulder blade, severing the main artery of the arm. He was attended by two surgeons Drs. G. D. Wilber and Cranes both of which were intimate friends. His last words were to Dr. Wilber; he said, "Tell her, I was prepared and not afraid to die."

I would suggest that the news of his death be cautiously told to Mrs. Millard, for instance, that he was wounded on picket. It was at first thought to be only a serious wound, but proved fatal.

Burton was beloved by all of his friends in the regiment, he leaves many to mourn his loss. If it be possible his remains would be sent home to his friends; as it is, an impossibility we will bury him here, in as good shape as possible.

With much respect I am yours, truly,

J. E. S. COOPER

Wisconsin Killed and Wounded at Williamsburg—Annexed list of Wisconsin

We are indebted to a correspondent belonging to the Fifth Wisconsin regiment for the annexed complete list of Wisconsin killed and wounded at the battle of Williamsburg:

KILLED:

Jacob Cochrane
David Woodcock
David C Austin
Phillip Ziegler
Charles Case
Henry E Walker

Wounded:

Adjt. J. E. Weatheral
John Albon
G W Adams
H H Cooper
F H Riddle
L Tars
Chas Kessinger
John Michael
Joseph Lubber
Peter Anderson
George Thorogate
R W Walker
Buth B Webster
W C Stevens
James Amon
Lucius Hall
Millard B Ward
Saumond Gower
Capt. Wm A Doug.
D A Dawes
G M Chamberlin
James R Strong
James Nodine
William Sillimond
Jonathan Spry
Capt R C Hawkins
Wm George
John J Daniels
B W Hittlth
Dallas Gose
John Simonds
Ed E Schoemaker
Capt. Wm. A. Doug.
Capt. Wm A. Doug.
Capt. Wm A. Doug.

FIFTH WISCONSIN—Regiment:

Walter K. Perton—F. S. F. Axford

NOTICE.

In the battle of Williamsburg, Tuesday last, the enemy were pursued to this point yesterday, when it became apparent they would attempt to resist an advance for the purpose of enabling their main body to retire with safety.

They were entrenched in a position naturally formidable, from the many hills, gullies, ravines and streams which abound. Behind the earthworks they fought to-day with much tenacity, and night closes upon us with no advantage gained, and really one main body lost, except on the extreme right, where Gen. Hancock has done some splendid work, capturing three strong redoubts, 159 prisoners, and cutting General Early's brigade of rebels literally to pieces, they retiring precipitately, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

Hancock had been cut out on the right to force the rebel position, and though marching through sandy, rain and mud

Near Williamsburg, Va.,

Monday evening, May 3rd, 1862.

Wm. E. Utner, Editor Evening Wisconsin.

Letter from our regular correspondent, about the Battle of Williamsburg—Particulars about the Fifth Wisconsin Regiment.

WE ARE INFORMED, that in the battle of Williamsburg the enemy were pursued to this point yesterday, when it became apparent they would attempt to resist an advance for the purpose of enabling their main body to retire with safety. They were entrenched in a position naturally formidable, from the many hills, gullies, ravines and streams which abound. Behind the earthworks they fought to-day with much tenacity, and night closes upon us with no advantage gained, and really one main body lost, except on the extreme right, where Gen. Hancock has done some splendid work, capturing three strong redoubts, 159 prisoners, and cutting General Early's brigade of rebels literally to pieces, they retiring precipitately, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

Hancock had been cut out on the right to force the rebel position, and though marching through sandy, rain and mud...
possession of one foot deep, his advance was so spirited that the enemy was quickly driven from the field, flanked on both sides by heavy timber. On the right of the enemy's line of battle, a double line of snipers was placed, and was quickly silenced by the fire of the live companies of skirmishers of the Fifth Wisconsin. The cool, determined and fearless manner in which this line moved, and maintained its fire, made the enemy's advance impossible. The report of the New York Herald pronounces this charge one of the most gallant feats of arms on record. It is the first well-authenticated and effectual bayonet charge of the war. We are proud of the part Wisconsin had in it. The following were reported as casualties of the Wisconsin frontier, in giving an account of the battle of the 5th Wis., in the following manner. We believe it does no more than justice to a most estimable man, and brave soldier:

"The four companies on the right, though under the immediate command of their captains, were under the general supervision of Lieut. Col. Cobb. The writer who said of him in a Milwaukee paper some time last summer, that he was a man for everybody to love, but on account of his amiability or want of dash, or something to that effect, would not probably be a successful leader in battle, had he seen him in the battle of the 5th, would have removed all qualifications from his compliment, and been ready to hold him forth as not only an amiable gentleman, but an accomplished and fearless commander. No man performed his duties with more calmness, or more courage and sound judgment and discrimination than did Lieut. Col. Emery."
During the fight the cry of "Cavalry! Cavalry!" ran along the lines and now the energy of Col. Cobb, whose deliberate movements have so often been the subject of regret, showed that in his long dream of deliberation he had been actually a foot soldier and ready to be used in time of need. When the order to form cavalry was made, with promptness which Napoleon might have envied, and in less time than it will take to read the few lines describing it, he had thrown the five companies under his command into a hollow square, to receive the advancing foe from whatever quarter they should come. The cavalry, however, did not advance, and, with equal promptness, his hollow square was again deployed with the line, all this while the fight going on. But once during the fight did he lose his promptness and energy, when he was ordered back—he suddenly became hard of hearing, and after deliberating it over, he began to arrange to do so, but did not get fairly at it until the enemy was essentially used up.

CARE OF THE WOUNDED AFTER THE BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG.—Extract from a private letter from a member of the Fifth Wisconsin Regiment.

"I have given you an account of the battle in which I received just injury enough to lead me to inquire as to what seemed to me to be very bad management in the medical department of our regiment. We had not an ambulance on the ground to remove the wounded, but the whole line was in a state of confusion. Perhaps, and after deliberately thinking it over, he began to arrange to do so, but did not get fairly at it until the enemy was essentially used up.

The loss of the enemy on the left was very heavy, and the firing in the centre continued without interruption during the following day and night. Notwithstanding our army had lain upon their arms all night in the rain, and many of them without food, it was determined to attack the enemy in the morning.

POSITION OF THE ENEMY.

It was ascertained that the enemy were in force behind their works, and intended to defend them. Their line of defenses consisted of a series of forts of immense strength and laid out with great skill. The principal work in the centre (Fort Page), and was the only one that had any heavy mounted guns. This was protected by eight smaller forts, four on each side, while rifle pits and redoubts were in every direction.

The plan of attack.

Our attack was made at the same time on both wings and on the centre, Gen. Hancock's brigade, consisting of the 5th Wisconsin Volunteers, Col. Cobb; 49th Pennsylvania, Col. Erwin; 43d New York, Col. Vinton, and 6th Massachusetts, Col. Bishop, were stationed on the right.

Gen. Brooks, with his Vermont troops, commanded the centre, while the left was commanded by Gen. Hooker. The attack was first commenced on the extreme left by Gen. Hooker, with his first brigade, Gen. Grover, consisting of the Ist Massachusetts regiment, 16th New York, 18th Pennsylvania, 16th Massachusetts, Col. Small, and 2d New Hampshire, Col. Marston; but the firing soon became general along the whole line. The enemy fought with great bravery, and with a force equal to any that we had engaged. They threw a great force against the left, and succeeded in capturing a battery of five guns from Bentham, as the of New York artillery; but they were retaken by our men. The heaviest loss that we sustained during the day was at this point.

The New Jersey 9th, Colonel Starr, are said to have suffered the most severely. The loss of the enemy on the left was very heavy, and the firing in the centre continued without interruption during the following day and night. Notwithstanding our army had lain upon their arms all night in the rain, and many of them without food, it was determined to attack the enemy in the morning.

The loss of the enemy is estimated by prisoners and citizens of Williamsburg at from two to three thousand, while our loss in killed and wounded will probably not exceed ten or twelve hundred. Our troops fought with great bravery, charging repeatedly with the bayonet, and driving the enemy in confusion at every charge. While these events were transpiring upon the left, Gen. Hancock, with his splendid brigade, was making havoc with the enemy upon the right.

They were deployed under the immediate supervision of General Keyes, upon a road which led to the extreme right of the enemy, where they came in sight of the outer works. Two of these were taken without opposition. As the brigade filed to the left of the line of these forts, they came to an open field, when General Hancock ordered them into line of battle in an incredible short space of time, and in the most splen-
WE WAVING FROM ITS RAMPARTS. 

THE FIRING UPON FORT PAGE.

In front of this deserted fort Gen. Hancock was encamped with his troops, which Captains Kennedy and Wheeler opened their batteries upon Fort Page. The firing was very spirited for some minutes, when the batteries were ordered to advance and take a position about half way between the deserted fort and Fort Page, a distance of only five hundred or six hundred yards from the enemy, where they Ponted in a terrible fire on the fort.

Our own position was a very precarious one, being an open field with an open space in our rear, extending back a distance of two miles, and surrounded on all sides by woods. Gen. Hancock at once saw that it would afford a splendid opportunity for the enemy to get in his rear, and sent in pursuit of them. Through some mismanagement our Generals had failed to have up a sufficient force within supporting distance, and before they could be brought upon the field, the quick sight of them would have seen our weakness, and sent a force of four thousand infantry and a regiment of cavalry to attack us in the rear.

CHARGE OF GEN. HANCOCK'S BRIGADE.

As soon as they appeared in sight Gen. Hancock ordered our artillery to raketh, and prepared to give them a proper reception.

Waiting till the enemy had approached within two hundred yards, he placed himself at the head of the column, and taking off his cap, turned to his men and said to them, as only General Hancock can say it, "Gentlemen charge!" and with a yell they rushed upon the enemy, scattering them in every direction.

This was probably the most brilliant charge made during the day. A great number of the enemy were left dead and wounded upon the field, while our loss was very small.

Our regiments all did nobly, but none of them more so than the 5th Wis. and 48th N. Y. Col. Beach of the 48d N. Y., are deserving of especial credit. Before them, at the distance of the night, and taken all their guns and baggage, and our forces are now in pursuit of them. As we approached Williamsburg, we were driven back, they made for our side as fast as they could. They belonged to a North Carolina regiment.

The loss of our regiment is nine killed and fifty wounded. Ten of our company were wounded, but none were killed. George Adams had a slight wound in the side, not dangerous. J. W. Allen, a son of the builder, was shot in both legs; a pretty bad wound, but not a dangerous one.

Col. Cobb was brave as a lion, and is the man worthy to lead brave soldiers. He was in the thickest of the fight, cheering and urging on his men.

A GOOD MAN AND A BRAVE SOLDIER.

FALLEN.—Hartwell C. Herr, who fell in the battle at Williamsburg, the particulars of whose death are given in a letter from Lieut. Mills, which we publish to-day, was not only a brave soldier, but an excellent citizen. He was in Louisiana when the vote of that state was taken on the question of secession, and was one of those who voted against the ordinance in the precinct where he resided. As an incident of this vote it may be stated that the thirty negative votes were returned as having been given in favor of the ordinance.

Consequence of his fearless avowal of Union sentiments, he found it prudent to leave the state, and came to Judgesville. When Capt. Wheeler's company was organized he promptly enlisted, and his conduct throughout the service was such as to endear himself to his comrades and richly earn the promotion designed for him. Many kind and warm remembrances will follow him in the distant grave where he sleeps peacefully and well.

From the Fifth Regiment.

Camp No. 11, Fort Magruder, near Williamsburg, Va.

My DEAR WIFE:—Ere this reaches you, you will hear by telegraph of our regiment being in battle. I will give you a history of it: On the morning of the 4th, about 2 A. M., our pickets found that the rebels had and were still excavating Yorktown, and also the whole line of fortifications in front of us. We sent over skirmishers and scouts, and found that all was deserted. We followed up as soon as we could with our forces, and found the best lot of forts I ever saw. They had one directly back of the other, and in all manner of shapes; they seemed to me to be all built of the best materials. The embrasures were all walled up with sand bags, and it would never have been abandoned by our forces, for we would not have been able to keep it until we had been supplied with ammunition. We found several large shells lying in the road, covered up and capped over, so that a man stepping on them would explode them, but as good luck would have none were hurt by them.

Our advance guard, when we passed them up ternery and taking seventy-five prisoners. A great many of the rebels had arms and lay on the ground; and after the enemy was long gone, we made for our side as fast as they could. They belonged to a North Carolina regiment.

The loss of our regiment is nine killed and fifty wounded. Ten of our company were wounded, but none were killed. George Adams had a slight wound in the side, not dangerous. J. W. Allen, a son of the builder, was shot in both legs; a pretty bad wound, but not a dangerous one.

Col. Cobb was brave as a lion, and is a man worthy to lead brave soldiers. He was in the thickest of the fight, cheering and urgent on his men.

A GOOD MAN AND A BRAVE SOLDIER.

FALLEN.—Hartwell C. Herr, who fell in the battle at Williamsburg, the particulars of whose death are given in a letter from Lieut. Mills, which we publish to-day, was not only a brave soldier, but an excellent citizen. He was in Louisiana when the vote of that state was taken on the question of secession, and was one of those who voted against the ordinance in the precinct where he resided. As an incident of this vote it may be stated that the thirty negative votes were returned as having been given in favor of the ordinance.

Consequence of his fearless avowal of Union sentiments, he found it prudent to leave the state, and came to Judgesville. When Capt. Wheeler's company was organized he promptly enlisted, and his conduct throughout the service was such as to endear himself to his comrades and richly earn the promotion designed for him. Many kind and warm remembrances will follow him in the distant grave where he sleeps peacefully and well.

From the Fifth Regiment.

Camp No. 11, Fort Magruder, near Williamsburg, Va.

My DEAR WIFE:—Ere this reaches you, you will hear by telegraph of our regiment being in battle. I will give you a history of it: On the morning of the 4th, about 2 A. M., our pickets found that the rebels had and were still excavating Yorktown, and also the whole line of fortifications in front of us. We sent over skirmishers and scouts, and found that all was deserted. We followed up as soon as we could with our forces, and found the best lot of forts I ever saw. They had one directly back of the other, and in all manner of shapes; they seemed to me to be all built of the best materials. The embrasures were all walled up with sand bags, and it would never have been abandoned by our forces, for we would not have been able to keep it until we had been supplied with ammunition. We found several large shells lying in the road, covered up and capped over, so that a man stepping on them would explode them, but as good luck would have none were hurt by them.

Our advance guard, when we passed
their works, came in sight of their rear guard about 10 A.M., on Sunday, but they left too fast for our men, and could not get at them. Our forces followed them all day and bivouacked in line of battle. I had been sick since we had the fight of the 16th of April, but I started with them in the morning, marched about six miles and gave out; was not strong enough to stand it. I got in an ambulance and rode up with the baggage and was in the rear with them until this morning; was not in the fight of yesterday. I came up with the ambulance train this morning, but will give you the particulars as near as I can get them from the boys. I hope if my company is in another battle to be with them, but I assure you I would at the same time desire to come out safe.

Our forces started at daylight in the morning, and formed ready to advance. Companies A, G and E were ordered ahead as skirmishers; advanced up to within about 800 yards of Fort Magruder at 12 M., and laid there until 4 P.M., and the enemy then attacked us. Our men were not strong in force. The 5th Wisconsin was in the center, and had the fighting to do; the 6th Maine on our left, and the 7th Maine on our right. The battle was fierce on both sides; they came out into a wheat field with six regiments of rebels, our men contesting the ground about two hundred yards to rear, fighting them with fury; and in falling back our force got them out of the woods and effectually checked them, and finally drove them from the field.

Our company was deployed ahead in the woods as skirmishers, with companies A and G. The enemy coming upon us with six regiments in force, and drove in our skirmishers in the shape of Sergeant Garnett, of our company, was shot through the head, just above his ears, killing him instantly. He was buried this morning. He died fighting as bravely as brave could be; he was loved and respected by our whole regiment, and his place is hard to fill. I have resigned and he was to have taken my place, although I have not got my discharge yet, but expect it soon. As yet, we here do not know the result of yesterday's battle along our whole lines. You can get the report of the battle as it comes through the press, because one man can see but a small part of a battle.

We, in our regiment, lost ten killed, and forty wounded, some of them mortally. In our company Corporal George Thorngate was wounded in the shin—he had on a steel-plate vest—and the ball striking him in the breast coming up, hitting him under the chin and coming out at the mouth; T. G. Richardson, flesh wound in the leg; R. B. W. Webster, slight wound in the spine, with buck shot; Rodney Johnson was hit in the breast or pit of the stomach with a bullet, but he had on a bullet-proof vest—the ball knocking him down and made a dent in it, about an inch, but did not go through it, but it broke the skin and made rather a dangerous wound. Had he not had on the vest, it would have killed him dead. I could tell you of a thousand narrow escapes from death which are, almost wonderful, but I have not time or space to do it all. Every man from colonel to private behaved in the bravest manner.

Captain Wheeler drew his sword and allowed himself a brief speech; says he, "Go in boys, give them hell! Don't run for the devil's," at the same time they were advancing on us six to one, and they were driving us back as fast as men could retreat and fight; but they having poor arms and our men the best kind, our men drove them back after two hours hard fighting, taking about 200 prisoners, and about 100 killed, which we buried to-day; we have about 50 of their wounded here, and any amount of arms of all descriptions and kinds. Our Sergeant Hathaway, as the enemy was advancing, received a bullet in his knapsack, but it did not go through, but it went through six thicknesses of a double blanket, striking a copper rivet and giving him a good start ahead, but the "Old Snaps," as the boys call him, turned around and shot the rebel colonel dead from his horse, saying, "Stop your coming this way!" Several of our boys say they are certain that it was Hathaway who killed him, but Hathaway says his gun smoked so that he could not tell what the effect was; but he meant to bring him to pay for Sergeant Hern's death. How it is that our loss is so small, I cannot tell, but luck was on our side.

Capt. Bugh, of company G, was wounded in the hip, the ball going clear through him. It is a dangerous wound and he will have to be sent home. As Capt. Bugh lay on the ground, wounded, a rebel came up and was about to bayonet him; he caught the bayonet and turned it away, and at that instant a rebel major came up and would not let the rebel hurt him. Capt. Bugh then drew his sword and gave it to the major, and thanked him for saving his life; but as the major received it, he also received our Artillery volley killing him instantly. Were it in my power to give a dissertation of the battle in full I would, but as it is, I cannot; not being present, I have to get the particulars from hearing the boys tell their own stories, as each saw it, and they all tell the same story as near as men can tell. I have no more at present.

Yours,

JAMES MILLIS.

Our boys are making up a purse to send to Mrs. Hern, and I expect to get my papers and go home soon. I shall not be able to march again if the regiment should go now, but think I will be in three or four days, if I don't have another pull back.

This morning, before I found our regiment, I heard every time that I enquired for them that they were in the thickest of the battle, and did the best fighting of any regiment. They took all the prisoners, 187 in all—160 well and 27 wounded—and about 150 dead, which our pioneers buried to day.

Jo Rogers has just come in here and given me $60.50 to give to Mrs. Hern as a token of esteem from our boys.

Lieut. Glum was here to-night, and is going up the York river; was well, and he gave $10 & Mrs. Hern; I gave $10, the Captain will give $10, and our boys will give enough to make it up to $200.00, a token of esteem for Mrs. Hern. By so doing we wish to show our sympathy for her loss.

I am here writing and as I write our bands are playing, it is the first time they have played in three weeks and over.

J. M.

Correspondence of the Tribune from the Fifth Regiment.


Dear Tribune—I hasten to give you an account of the battle we had yesterday with the enemy. After they evacuated their stronghold at Yorktown our army followed them up as soon as possible, they having about 6 hours the start of our advance. The road was covered with tents and materials which they were not able to take in their hasty retreat.

The forts along the line from Yorktown to the James river were of the strongest kind, but the strategical movements of our "young commander" made them soon travel from behind their gigantic stronghold.

All felt glad that we were allowed to march through such a stronghold without the firing of a single shot. Sunday evening we are in sight of the enemy ready to give us battle, behind another chain of forts equally as strong as those we but a few hours before marched through. The lines were formed, and the men were permitted to rest for the night on their arms. It rained all that night and the next day. But that did not stop us from making the attack. Early next morning the battle opened and continued all day long. Every inch of the ground was contested along the whole line. Our brigade was stationed on the right and it was our duty to turn the left flank of the enemy. Steadily we moved, until our advance have in sight of a strong fort on the top of a high hill with a small stream in front, which was dammed up, making it rather difficult to cross. The Fifth Wisconsin were immediately ordered to charge on the fort, closely followed by the rest of the brigade, but to our surprise found no enemy. Onward we pushed to
The worst of the enemy was very heavy. We found them in a strong position on the \[\ldots\]

The enemy evidently did not expect an attack from that quarter, and were evidently surprised to see our skirmishers. They saw the critical position they were in and sent a large force to check our advance. Four companies of the Fifth Wisconsin were detailed as skirmishers, with the rest of the regiment close to the rear supporting the battery. The enemy opened on the men. Here we lay for six hours under the fire of the enemy. Late in the afternoon the enemy made a desperate charge, knowing well it was their only chance to drive us off. We were already gained. They advanced six of their best regiments in the service, and the charge was received by the gallant Fifth Wisconsin. Here for about an hour the battle was terrible. Neither side was able to yield. The close range of our regiment could not be broken. The deliberate aim of our rifles told on the ranks of the enemy, until they were compelled to retreat, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. That Fifth had won the day. The loss of the enemy was very heavy. We found about three hundred prisoners. I don't know the exact number of our loss, but it won't exceed 40 killed and wounded.

Capt. Bough of company G had the only commissioned officer wounded. The loss of Company C is as follows:

**Killed** — 1st Lt. J. S. Cobb and Capt. E. C. Kellogg

**Mortally Wounded** — 2d Lt. J. W. Eddy and Capt. G. H. Atwood

**Slightly Wounded** — Lieut. A. Allen and Capt. O. H. Freeman

Quite a lot had narrow escapes. A musket ball struck the sword of Lieut. Walker and glanced off. Another ball passed through the blanket of Lieut. Goodwin which he had on his shoulders. Both of our lieutenants proved themselves in every way for the position they covered, and we can feel proud of having such officers. The company was commanded by Lieut. Walker— the captain by the way, he was not seen nor heard of (with the exception of through the Press)—since the night of the 3d of May, where we lay in skirmish line between two forts of the enemy near Lee's Mills.

No little credit is due to Col. Cobb and the rest of the field officers for the glorious victory we have won. Wherever the battle was pressed hardest, there they could be seen cheering on the men. The same can be said of Gen. Hancock. No better officer than he is in the service.

We know no such word as fail, with such brave men in command. Our army is still moving, following up the flying enemy, and before many days pass by, our advance will be in sight of the rebel capital.
Wm. H. KEES,

List of the Killed and Wounded of the Fifth Wisconsin.

The following is a correct list of the killed and wounded of the Fifth Wisconsin Volunteers at the battle of Williamsburg, May 5th, 1862:

Company A, Manistee County Guards.

Lieut. Horace Walker, slightly wounded in hand.

Corporal Jacob Cochen, killed.

Private David Woodcock, killed.

Private David C. Eddy, mortally wounded in head.

Private Gottlieb C. Hennann, slightly wounded in shins.

Private Joseph Allen, slightly wounded in foot.

Company B, Milwaukee Zouaves.

Color-Sergt. G. W. Madison, slight wound in leg.

Private James Conlon, dangerously in thigh.

Private James W. Allen, dangerously in right thigh and leg—since died.


Private Marshall W. Patton, not seriously in hand.

Private Geo. H. Cooper, slightly wounded in head.

Private Wm. H. Decker, slightly in side.

Private Wm. W. Decker, slightly in hip.

Private James Young, slightly in ear.

Private L. Taylor, slightly in head.

Private Malcolm McNeil, slightly in ankle.

Company C, Milwaukee Turners.

Sergeant Charles Keissinger, seriously in knee.

Sergeant Charles Baumbach, not seriously in arm.

Corporal Philip Kiegler, killed.

Private Adolph A. Schimeler, killed.

Private Cha. Hartung, seriously wounded in back.

Private John Michael, seriously in shoulder.

Joseph Tushner, flesh wound.

Company D, Beaver Dam Rifles.

Private Brainard Worthington, not seriously wounded in thigh.

Private Peter Anderson, not seriously in thigh.

Private Benj. Farringer, flesh wound in hand.

Company E, Janesville Light Guard.

First Sergt. Hartwell C. Hurn, killed.

Sergt. A. W. Hathaway, slightly wounded in side.

Corporal R. W. Walker, slightly in hand.

Geo. Thompson, seriously in jaw.

Private Thomas H. Richardson, flesh wound in leg.

Private Rodway St. Johnson, flesh wound in abdomen.

Private Bush B. Webster flesh wound in hand.

Private Wm. C. Stassen, slightly in hand.

Sergt. G. Laws, slightly in arm.

Private S. F. Smith, slightly in head.

Private Jesse Anson, slightly in hand.

Company F, Waukesha Union Guards.

Corporal Willard Ward, slightly wounded in hand.

Private T. C. Ryan, seriously in thigh.

Private A. Dawes, mortally wounded.

Private W. R. Baldwin, flesh wound in arm.

Private G. M. Chamberlain, slightly in foot.

Private Stewart J. Ray, slightly in foot.


Captain E. C. Hawkins, slightly wounded in hand.

Sergt. G. Laws, slightly in arm and ankle.

Private Henry M. Johnson, killed.

Edwin Austin, killed.

Henry E. Walker, mortally wounded in abdomen.

Private John D. Jones, very dangerously in abdomen.

Private Wm. Sandmeyer, seriously in arm.

Private George W. Moore, flesh wound in arm.

Private Jonathan Spry, badly in ankle.

Wm. Smith, slightly in arm.

Co. J, North Star Rifles.

Sergt. Butler Talmadge, flesh wound in thigh.

Corporal W. A. Reed, killed.

Private Thomas H. Wheelock, killed.

Private John T. Daniels, mortally wounded in head.

Private Dwight Haywood, seriously in shoulder.

* Rodney W. Johnson?
PRIVATE John Simon, not seriously injured.
PRIVATE Dallas Case, badly in arm.
WILLIAM Dolan, flesh wound in back.
PRIVATE edward R. Shoemaker, flesh wound in arm.
PRIVATE Geo. Whitman, slightly in side.
JAMES WATT, slightly in leg.
Benjamin Ellis, slightly in abdomen.

Company K.
Corporal John G. Gleecey, slight wound in knee.
Corporal John Nolan, slight in shoulder.
PRIVATE A. B. Moore, slight in leg.

ACAPULATION.
Total number killed. 9.
Mortally wounded, and since died. 3.
Since died. 1.
Wounded. 65.
Total. 78.

GEN. McCULLLAM ATTRIBUTES THE VICTORY TO THE FIFTH.

To the other regiments directly and indirectly engaged, Gen. McCullam assumes no special thanks for the support which they gave to the 5th Wisconsin, or hoped that they would try to emulate the example before them, whilst to the 5th Wisconsin, amongst other complimentary things, he said, "You have gained honors for the army, yourselves, your State, your country. Through you we have won the day, and Williamsonburg shall be inscribed on your banner. Your country owes you its thanks, and for myself, I can never thank you enough." The left had been whipped, sugar coat it as we may, our left had been whipped, and our redemption from the losses fell upon Wisconsin, and nobly were they redeemed; but now to the field itself on which the battle was fought.

TOPOGRAPHY.
Crossing the creek at the dam you immediately commence rising a steep hill. Windoing around this for about half a mile you reach the open field, when the ascent becomes more gradual, but continues till you reach fort No. 2, half a mile further on, standing precisely on the crest of a ridge—for at this point the ground commences to fall off in the other direction, so that a body of troops twenty rods in front of the fort would, by the ridge, be entirely out of sight of another body twenty rods in the rear, or even on its rear line. As you pass this fort, in the direction of Magruder, the ground continues to descend for eighty or a hundred rods, when it settles into a small valley, running to the woods both on the right and left. If you wish to know the correctness of statements in reference to this flight, study well the shape of this field as here described, and delineated on the diagram. The distance from No. 2 to fort Magruder is about two miles, perhaps a little more, and the width of the field varies from half a mile at one point, to only quarter of a mile at another. The ground is likely to rise in this matter, as how much of it was fought by the 6th and 7th Maine, the 33d New York, and 49th Va., all of which claim to have "a hand in it." The positions marked on the diagram are those occupied by the parties at about half past four o'clock P.M., when the column made its appearance on the ground. And now to the flight of the right wing. The left had been repulsed, the center had been idle in view of our troubles. Why idle, Gen. Sumner, who has immediate command will perhaps somebody tell us. Gena SUMNER'S FAILURE.

Battery after battery was piled up in such numbers as to encumber each other on the left; and Gen. Sumner will tell us also why all of these were kept away from Gen. Hancock—we cannot tell now and I deal with things as they were. The enemy were seen during the afternoon passing from fort Magruder to fort No. 3. By 3 o'clock they had accumulated in large numbers, and this was which caused the anxiety for Gen. Hancock's safety, which claim to have "a hand in it." The column, fol- lowed by the 33d N. Y., waas in the fallen state of things at this moment, BECAUSE would have male dihu appear to we hold on our banner. Your country owes you your country.

Here was a quandary, the victorious enemy had disappeared by a retrograde movement. What could it mean? A few minutes told the story, for at the lapse of that time a few musket shots at our right attracted our attention, and such a sight as this, so near us, was likely to see twice in an ordinary lifetime.

We have seen on a sultry day the margin of a huge black mass rising above the horizon without a speck in the clear sky above to indicate its coming. On it rolled, mass above mass, faster, faster, and gathering momentum with its speed till in an instant, a flash, a peal, the demolition of all obstructions to the bolt, and the blinding torrents of liquid and frozen rain. A dead calm, and we open eyes to see what has happened. Just such was the state of things at this moment, EXCEPT that in this instance the thunderbolt met with a furious resistance, and was con- sequently thrown back, and after disappearing behind the point had entered the wood, advanced upon our skirmishers (Co D, Capt. Callin; B, Capt. Wheeler; G, Capt. Bogh; and K, Capt. Evans) and rolled out upon us first at the end of the fence in front of company G. We were flanked. This instant after disappearing from our appearance that of a beautiful vol- cano, just victorious over one wing, and confident of success at the other, as it emerged from the wood, on double quick, headed by the finest looking officer I ever saw on horseback.

THE FLIGHT OF THE SKIRMISHERS.

On they came, column after column, on the full run, with an evenness of line and a regularity of step which would have done credit to a drill on a smooth floor. The 5th N. C. led the column, followed by the 24th Va. By the time that these were fairly into the open field, two columns of skirmishers were full engaged, and held in check in the woods by our companies D and E, under Capts. Evans and Wheeler. At this moment, too, the 4th N. C. and 20th Va. emerged from behind fort No. 4, and, as they were swinging around into line received a little comfort from the hands of our co. A, under Lt. Walker, and company A of the 33d N. Y., which were in the fallen timber on our left as skirmishers—Waller doing the principal part of the work. At the same time, too, on our right, companies G and K had engaged the 24th Va., on whom their cool, deliberate, and heavy fire was most terrible effect. Now complications were so rapidly occurring that I fear I shall not be able to keep my description clear of confusion without being tedious. By looking back you will see that each of our two companies in the woods, to the right, had upon its hands two whole regiments that were first in the edge of the field had another regiment to take care of—whilst Co. A on the left, with a little distant aid from a company of the 33d N. Y., was engaging two regiments; supported by the guns of fort No. 4. And our left wing, composed of companies F, Capt. Ber; I, Capt. Emerson; H, Capt. Hawkins, B, Lt. Oliver, and C, Lt. Pizzazz, were engaged with the 4th N. C. What terrible odds! But this was not all, for just here was an occurrence which would have dishartained any body of men on earth, except just that body with which secession had now drawn up in line, but in a position to embarrass our movements, and unnecessarily to endanger themselves. Gen. Hancock gave orders for them to fall back, and to re-form on the fort in our rear. In obying this order, they were perhaps not alarmed—perhaps misunderstand the order, but no matter. Never before did I witness such a stampede. They certainly did not "stand upon the order of their going," but off they went at a rate that would have made John appear to run backwards, nor could they be stopped till they had left a full mile between them and the command. I know about the left, but not the right. Never before did I witness such a stampede. They certainly did not "stand upon the order of their going," but off they went at a rate that would have made John appear to run backwards, nor could they be stopped till they had left a full mile between them and the command. I know about the left, but not the right.
through his head. The rest of the brigade were in the line of the fort, and out of sight from the right side of Williamsburg. To them it seemed all had left them alone. Add to all this the order just now given to fall back, and what other body of men or earth would not have been overwhelmed by the discouraging circumstances surrouning them? In that in digation, not their fears, was aroused, and they resumed their work in earnest. They commenced falling back toward the fort.

**THE FIFTH RETREAT STEADILY.**

They were in no hurry—it was a literal falling back—for once turned back up on the foe to reach the fort—every step was backwards, and at every step a messenger of death was sent to greet the advancing foe. The companies to the right, as they fell back reached the ravine, on that side which completely covered them. Here, for a time forgot their order, and under the most terrific havoc, they left their cover, falling back and firing. We had to watch the left to be just treating on the fort, leaving his mark at every step. By the time our regiment had reached the fort, our brigade, except the 33d New York, which was not present, was in line of battle, and the 5th North Carolia had reached the spaces, within twenty or twenty-five rods of our line, close to which they immediately laid down to shelter themselves whilst they fought, and now for the first time could the other regiments take any part in the fight, except to deliver now and then a volley, but the public will ever give me credit for; but few who were on the ground, but will feel that I have said too little. Our line was whipp'd from the extreme left down to our brigade. Had that given way, the whole of the army that was in that fight would have been out flanked and destroyed. The remainder of McClellan's army was strung along for miles, and, in the front, having given way, such a stampede as the public would have been driven into river or captured en masse. The retreat from all this was made by the 5th Wisconsin. That you may form an idea of how little was left to be done by the brigade after the Wisconsin regiment go out of the way. I will first say that a few minutes before the general, McClellan, was under the fence, and less than twenty of the seven hundred left on the field were found there.

Knowing your kindness for description of individual errors in scenes like this, though it is now too late to do a thing in that way, the whole body of the infantry was strung along for miles, and, in the front, having given way, such a stampede as the public would have been driven into river or captured en masse. The retreat from all this was made by the 5th Wisconsin. That you may form an idea of how little was left to be done by the brigade after the Wisconsin regiment go out of the way. I will first say that a few minutes before the general, McClellan, was under the fence, and less than twenty of the seven hundred left on the field were found there.

Knowing your kindness for description of individual errors in scenes like this, though it is now too late to do a thing in that way, the whole body of the infantry was strung along for miles, and, in the front, having given way, such a stampede as the public would have been driven into river or captured en masse. The retreat from all this was made by the 5th Wisconsin. That you may form an idea of how little was left to be done by the brigade after the Wisconsin regiment go out of the way. I will first say that a few minutes before the general, McClellan, was under the fence, and less than twenty of the seven hundred left on the field were found there.

Knowing your kindness for description of individual errors in scenes like this, though it is now too late to do a thing in that way, the whole body of the infantry was strung along for miles, and, in the front, having given way, such a stampede as the public would have been driven into river or captured en masse. The retreat from all this was made by the 5th Wisconsin. That you may form an idea of how little was left to be done by the brigade after the Wisconsin regiment go out of the way. I will first say that a few minutes before the general, McClellan, was under the fence, and less than twenty of the seven hundred left on the field were found there.

Knowing your kindness for description of individual errors in scenes like this, though it is now too late to do a thing in that way, the whole body of the infantry was strung along for miles, and, in the front, having given way, such a stampede as the public would have been driven into river or captured en masse. The retreat from all this was made by the 5th Wisconsin. That you may form an idea of how little was left to be done by the brigade after the Wisconsin regiment go out of the way. I will first say that a few minutes before the general, McClellan, was under the fence, and less than twenty of the seven hundred left on the field were found there.
Occasionally, I was left behind the others in my army and so was the boy. When the battle was over, I stood behind the regiment. The General ordered us to fall back on the lines and then take up position there. We had to fight the enemy and the weather at the same time.

As you take some pride in your military knowledge, I will, before closing, invite you to see the following interesting facts. On May 7th, 1862, there was an engagement with the enemy near Williamsburg. The Wisconsin volunteers, led by their beloved leader,冒着危险, and in the face of overwhelming odds, fought bravely.

The following wounded soldiers of the Fifth Wisconsin Regiment arrived at New York from Yorktown, May 5th, and were placed in hospitals:

- Walker L. Smith, E. Brown, G.
- Miller, C. Daniel, Standefer, E.
- Wm. Morrison, H.
- T. A. Wagner, E.
- J. F. Harvey, E.
- W. Braithwaite, W.
- David P. Hart, L.
- Robert W., H.
- Samuel McConnell, I.
- E. Lowring, G.
- G. W. Sweeney, G.
- Charles, H.
- W. W. Tucker, E.

The following wounded soldiers of the Fifth Wisconsin Regiment were killed or wounded at Yorktown, May 5th:

- Marshall Patton, hand, slight.
- John Michel, shoulder.
- Robert Gooldbo, I.
- Samuel Kossiner, leg.
- J. E. Skinner, arm.
- A. A. Bojnton, B.
- Robert Goldbo, I.
- T. A. Warner, E.
- Daniel Staidoffer, E.
- J. P. Haster, G.
- Thomas Keyes, I.

The following wounded soldiers of the Fifth Wisconsin Regiment were killed or wounded at Yorktown, May 5th:

- A. H. Schirmer, W.
- F. T. Smith, E.
- Geo. Adams, F.
- J. M. Corbett, D.
- Geo. Harman, E.
- Geo. Smith, F.
- C. H. Day, E.
- T. A. Warner, E.
- Wm. Howard, L.
- C. H. Day, E.
- Geo. Adams, F.
- J. M. Corbett, D.
- Geo. Harman, E.
- Geo. Smith, F.
- C. H. Day, E.
- T. A. Warner, E.
- Wm. Howard, L.
- C. H. Day, E.
- Geo. Adams, F.
- J. M. Corbett, D.
- Geo. Harman, E.
- Geo. Smith, F.
- C. H. Day, E.
- T. A. Warner, E.
- Wm. Howard, L.
- C. H. Day, E.
- Geo. Adams, F.
the battle of Williamsburg, and will be
found highly interesting:

ENCAMPMENT OF 5TH WISCONSIN,
Near Williamsburg, May 7th, 1862.

DEAR PARENTS—

You will probably ere you receive this, have heard of the fight we have had, which occurred on the 5th. And to begin with, I can say that I stood up to the rack all through the fight, and never got a scratch.

Before I proceed to give you an account of the fight, I will say that I last wrote you Saturday, and that same night there was very heavy cannonading all along the line and Sunday morning before daylight, the rebels commenced evacuating in front of our lines and we immediately took possession, and marching that day some 8 miles through their fortifications, they leaving in their retreat a great quantity of tents and commissary stores. Well, about 3 o'clock our advance cavalry came on their rear under a skirmish and had quite a brisk little skirmish; they wounding several of our men, and we taking several prisoners. The infantry was brought up within a mile of these, a narrow strip of woods keeping them from our view. Well, we found out their position and lay in line of battle a night. The weather all day Sunday was pleasant and warm, but about 2 o'clock Monday morning it commenced to rain and continued all day and night. Monday morning, the 6th and 6th Maine were marched up to the right about two miles, and crossed one of their dams and passed three of their forts which were evacuated. Co A and C were deployed as skirmishers and we had gone about a mile when we came on some of their forts which were occupied by them; they firing at us and killing one of Co. A's men on the spot—when we came to a halt behind a rail fence and lay there until 3 o'clock. And in the meantime our battery opened on them, they retreating the fire; some of the shells bursting within 15 rods of me; and at the same time our troops attacked them on the left, but were driven back. We could see the fight quite distinctly, as it was in an open field. About 8 o'clock, Magruder's crack brigade, fresh from Williamsburg, composed of 6 Regiments, filed out of the woods and charged on us. The skirmishers retreating back to the regiment, but we had to fall back to the fort to keep them from flanking us, but after about 2 hours fighting we drove them back with small loss on our side, but heavy on theirs. Our regiment has the credit of doing the fighting. Our loss in killed I think is 12, and some 40 or 50 wounded.

The skirmishers were under command of Capt. Bagh, who fell wounded in the thigh while rallying the skirmishers, but they were so close on us that we could not carry him off with us; but after the fight we went and found him right where he fell. He said that one of the rebels was in the act of running a bayonet in him, when their Major made him desist, and thus saved his life. Thomas Ryan was also wounded in the leg, but they are both getting along finely. There were several others slightly wounded, but nothing to speak of. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded is between 300 and 400.

It was an awful sight to see the field after the battle. There they lay in the mud, wounded and covered with blood, and some of them never knew what struck them, being shot through the head. I went on the field and helped the wounded of both sides. A good many of the rebels were very glad to get away, from the way they talked. I conversed with a number of them, and one of the 5th North Carolina said he had an aunt and cousin in Illinois; and looking up to our flag that waved on the fort, said he was glad to see that old flag again. Such a sight of misery I never want to see again, and for all, I was as cool and collected as I ever was in my life. The balls whistled around my head like hail, and even so close as to make me feel as if my ear was gone, but nary a hit. Kirk had several balls through his clothes, as did a number of the boys. Poor and Burchard are all right.

Doll Case was wounded in the arm, I believe. Our field officers did well, and Gen. Hancock says he is well satisfied with the 5th. In fact, the 5th and Hancock's brigade was the talk everywhere; and Gen. McClellan said that our brigade turned the tide of the day in our favor, so rumor sayeth; and furthermore, our regiment captured the first regular battle flag that has been taken since the rebellion. It would be impossible for me to tell you on paper the acts of bravery that were performed that day, so I will wait until I get back.

Your son,

WM II. KEES.

A Well Deserved Compliment.

On the evening of the 7th inst. General McClellan, accompanied by Generals Smith and Hancock, rode in front of the Fifth Wisconsin Volunteers, while they were on dress parade, and addressed them as follows:

"MY BOYS—I have come here to thank you for the bravery and discipline which you displayed the other day. On that day you won laurels of which you may be proud—not only you, but the army, the state, and the country to which you belong. Through you we won the day, and 'Williamsburg' shall be inscribed upon your banner. I cannot thank you too much, and I am sure the reputation your gallantry has already achieved will always be maintained.

The Gallant Fifth Wisconsin.

Letter from Capt. Bean.

We are permitted to make a few extracts from Capt. Bean's letter to his family in this place. The letter was written after the battle of Williamsburg, and gives the loss our Waukesha Company sustained:

CAMP IN THE FIELD, NEAR
WILLIAMSBURG, May 7th, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER—Long before this note can reach you, you will have received the news of the great battle that has just been fought. The area of the Union were glorious victories. Our Regiment has won a fame second to none. We were advanced to within six hundred yards of the enemy's forts, half of the Regiment being deployed as skirmishers, and the other half held as a reserve. All of the balance of our forces were nearly half a mile in the rear.

Late in the afternoon, a large force of the enemy (six Regiments) suddenly emerged from some woods, almost directly in front of us. They made a gallant charge and pressed us hard, but our brave boys held them back. We were ordered to fall back on the main reserves, but contested every foot of the ground, walking backwards the whole distance. During all this time none of the other forces could fire, as we were out in front of them. They were all witnesses to our magnificent skirmishing, and speak of it as an unparalleled performance.

Our Regiment alone killed and wounded nearly 300 of the rebels. After we got back to the reserves, the fire upon the enemy became so terrific, that they broke and ran. Gen. McClellan says that it was an attempt, on the enemy's part, to turn our right flank, and that the panic decided the fate of the day. You must know that ours was not the only battle. The whole peninsula seemed all ablaze. Gen. Hooker's division suffered terribly but succeeded splendidly. The scenes on the battle field at night were horrible. We do not know yet whether a day will elapse before another battle before we gain Richmond. I think not, however.

Eight of my men were wounded, one of whom—Charles Cole—has since died. I fear that two others will die also—Lucius Hall and Justus Heath.

The officers acted nobly—not better than my Lieutenants.

Yours, &c.,

I. M. BEAN.
We find the following account of the action of the 5th Wisconsin in the battle of Williamsburg, in the Wisconsin, being a part of a private letter of Edward Holt- on, a member of the regiment, to his father, James Holton, written on date of May 7th:

"At seven A. M. on the morning of the 5th Inst., the ball was opened by the enemy, who was ordered to the extreme right, coming up and flanking the enemy on their left. In taking our position we captured two very strong forts that had been occupied. Here we opened on the enemy with three batteries. Our regiment supported Wheeler's battery. The 6th Maine and 49th Pa., being held in reserve. The enemy charged on our batteries with a whole division.

"They advanced in splendid style, and were the bravest of the brave; but the old fifth stood their ground like veterans; although the General ordered us to fall back on the reserve, a distance of fifty rods, we were bound not to do it without firing every inch of ground, which we did, as it took us half an hour to get fifty rods. Here we rallied, and setting up a fierce yell, charged down on them like a hurricane, breaking their ranks, and scattering them in every direction, and in less than five minutes not a gray back was to be seen except the dead and wounded. A great many of the rebels, after firing one shot, fell flat and showed themselves to be taken prisoners. The loss on the enemy's side was immense, being 500 killed and wounded, and 80 taken prisoners. Our reserve was 10 killed and 48 wounded.

"We had a hard day's work of it. The rain fell in torrents all day, and we were wet to the skin. The wounded of both friend and foe had the best of care. I went on to the battle field to look after our men. It was a horrible sight that met the eye; human beings wailing in their death throes; some shot through the body, others with their limbs broken, unable to help themselves, and begging you to assist them. All of the wounded were removed to places of shelter. Our wounded of course received more attention and were first removed.

"We had ten men wounded in our camp, none dangerously. Geo. Adams received a slight flesh wound in his side; it is merely a scratch; tell his mother not to worry about him.

"I was not wounded, nor did a single ball go through any of my clothes. I cannot account for it, as I was in the thickest of the fight; men fell by my side, and I was expecting to feel a bullet every minute; but not one touched me.

GEN. MCCULLAH COMPLIMENTS THE 5TH WISCONSIN.—The Fortress Monroe correspondent of the New York Herald has the following:

On the evening of the 7th Inst. Gen. McCullah, accompanied by Generals Smith and Hancock, rode in front of the Fifth Wisconsin Volunteers, while they were on dress parade, and addressed them as follows:

"MY LADY:—I have come to thank you for the unselfish devotion to the service which you displayed the other day. On that day you won laurels of which you may well be proud—not only you, but the army, the State and the country to which you belong. Through you we won the day, and 'Williamsburg' shall be inscribed upon your banner. I cannot thank you too much, and I am sure the reputation your gallantry has already achieved will always be maintained.

From the Fifth Regiment.

The following letter, giving a description of the Battle of Williamsburg, was written by Mr. Thomas Wadsworth, of Middletown, a member of Co. A., to his brother-in-law, WM. Henry, of Two Rivers. It will be found very interesting:

WILLIAMSBURG, May 8, 1862.

DEAR HENRY,—I have not written to you for a long time, because I heard you were with Father, and so I thought the latter I wrote him would answer for you too. The last I wrote him was dated May 1st, and you had better learn its contents to understand this.

I commence with the words of Caesar, "We came, saw and conquered." On the night of the 3d our Regiment was on picket guard before the Fort I mentioned in Father's letter, the rebel pickets firing at us all night pretty lively, which was promptly responded to by us. Between 3 and 4 o'clock, a bullet passed so near my nose that I involuntarily felt to ascertain if that precious member was really in its place. Fancy our surprise when we received soon after, intelligence that the enemy had left, and presently we heard the cheers and yells of the 6th Maine boys, who were already in possession of the Fort. The 5th Regiment crossed over about 9 o'clock, but as my legs were sore, I could not follow until about noon.

I had no idea of their stronghold. The fortifications extend from the York to the James Rivers, (7 miles,) and are 3 miles wide; one breastwork succeeds another, intermingled with ditches, rifleman's pits, &c., situated in a dismal swamp. If we had to have taken it at the point of the bayonet, it would have cost us dearly. Our shells made terrible work in it; there was not a single tree within reach of our guns which was not torn to pieces, and large spots of blood here and there evidenced that the rebels had lost a considerable number of men, and there was such an odious smell around that I was glad to get out of the place.

The whole peninsula is, literally speaking, covered with rifle pits and breastworks—all the inhabitants have fled and in each house that in some houses the kitchen fires were still burning when we passed.

That afternoon our cavalry came up with the rear of the enemy, and charged on a Fort, but were repulsed; judging from the empty saddles I saw, we must have lost about 50 in killed and wounded, and took 20 of the enemy prisoners; we also lost one cannon.

I reached the Regiment about 6 o'clock, and our Company was immediately ordered to advance as skirmishers. It was pretty dark in the woods by this time, and we were on to the rebel pickets before we knew it; and, as Armist mounted a stamp to get a better view, we received a brisk fire, but nobody was hurt. The right wing of the Company got lost in the woods and had to stay there till morning. The next morning our Brigade made a flank movement to get in the rear of the enemy, while another Brigade stormed the Fort before mentioned. We took two forts on the road without firing a gun, always at double quick, and up to our knees in mud. Just as we had taken the second fort, we discovered another short distance in advance of us manned. We did not know whether they were friends or foes; but as our Col. again moved forward, a shower of balls was poured into us from the Fort, killing one of our men. We started again on a double quick to reach a fence about 100 yards in front and nearly 500 from the enemy, where we lay flat on the ground, the bullets flying around as thick as hail. We had hardly got in that position when our 2d Lieutenant said he was shot, but on examination, we found that the ball had only penetrated his blanket.

But now the rebel artillery commenced throwing shells, the fourth one hitting poor Cooxen, threw him full ten feet backwards, killing him instantly. I carried him back to the Fort which was in our possession; he looked as if he was asleep—not a single expression of pain was marked on his face. We buried him yesterday. I took $5 and his watch from him, which I shall deliver to his Father, who is in hospital suffering from rheumatism, and as yet ignorant of his son's fate. All the boys mourn for him, as he was liked by the whole Company.

I had a fence rail thrown in my face by a ball, and a shell in exploding burned me all over with mud. Such incidents were continually occurring until 5 o'clock, when we were fired upon on our right. "We are flashed!" I shouted to our 1st Lieutenant, who lay on my right. "Never mind," he replied, though he was quite pale, "we shall wait till we receive orders.
to retreat." Accordingly not a man moved though the rebels came in flocks out of the Fort in front of us, and six Regiments out of the woods to our right. When the latter were within 100 yards of us we got orders to retreat, which we at first tried to do on a run; but our gallant Lieutenant told us to go slowly and return the fire, which we did, and had the satisfaction of seeing the rebels drop at every fire.

I was too weak to fire much; in fact I dropped down several times, and was obliged to leave my knapsack on the field for lack of strength to carry it. Arnold acted during the whole engagement as if he was made of ice; and at one time, when his gun missed fire, he sat coolly down in the open field, amidst the shower of bullets, and fixed it. He afterwards told me he saw five of the enemy drop before his gun.

At first our Regiment was in disorder, as more Companies had been sent out to skirmish and now came in from several directions. Gen. Hancock ordered a retreat in order to get the enemy from the woods into the open field; but when they were far enough, he shouted: "Now, 5th Wisconsin, now is your time—give it to them—give them hell; stand your ground or I am ruined!" When he saw our Company retreating so slowly—almost checking the overwhelming force—he clapped his hands in delight, and cried out to one of his aide: "Oh, see the bloody Fifth—just see the d—n devil's fight!" At one time our Regiment was almost surrounded, and he said, "Good-bye, Fifth; you are lost!" but we gained our ground again when he came in front of us, waving his sword, and shouted: "G—d d—n it boys, just give them a cheer with your fire." The whole regiment gave one glad "hurrah," and ran in at a rapid pace to the foe. This was too much for them; they took to their heels.

As one of the prisoners since said, the rebels imagined that hell was opened and the devils, in human shape, were let loose upon them.

Though receiving the whole fire of the enemy in front and in flank, we had only 12 killed (3 of our Company,) and about 60 wounded, some severely. (Harpursville, of Two Rivers, is among the wounded, but he will recover.) The enemy lost over 400 in killed and wounded, and over 200 prisoners. The woods are still full of the dead, and the roads are covered with arms, which the rebels threw away.

The 6th Carolina Regiment was cut to pieces; they had not twenty five men left un hurt. Among their killed were three of their field officers, and the General in whom command they were. Their colors were also captured.

Yesterday evening on parade, General McClellan, with his staff, rode in front of the Regiment, and addressed us thus:

"My Lads—I have come to thank you for the bravery and discipline which you displayed the other day. On that day you won laurels of which you may well be proud—not only you, but the army, the State, and the country to which you belong. Through you we won the day, and Williamsburg shall be inscribed upon your banner. I cannot thank you too much, and I am sure the reputation your gallantry has already achieved will always be maintained."

I have got to stop writing now, as we are ordered to march on. Tell Father to make Mr. Cochems acquainted with Jacob's fates as best he can.

Your affectionate brother,

THOMAS WAGENER.

Battle Field, Williamsburg, May 8, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER:—I have not really time to write just now, for I must go out in a few minutes and pick up a few more dead men, but I will scribble off a few lines to let you know I am all right after the fight.

I was all over the field after the fight, and had as good a chance to estimate the numbers as any of them, or even the reporters, of which there were a number. Our officers all acted gallantly, and there was a singular circumstance connected with the fight which never happened before, nor never will again. The battle was fought on the 5th, the opposing parties were the 5th Wisconsin and five rebel regiments, viz: 5th North Carolina, 5th South Carolina, 5th Georgia, 5th Mississippi, and the Louisiana Tigers; also the 5th month lost! but we gained our ground again.

"MY LADS—I have come to thank you for the bravery and discipline which you displayed the other day. On that day you won laurels of which you may well be proud—not only you, but the army, the State, and the country to which you belong. Through you we won the day, and Williamsburg shall be inscribed upon your banner. I cannot thank you too much, and I am sure the reputation your gallantry has already achieved will always be maintained."
Wheelers and Kennedys Batteries were sent 79 rods in front of the Fort, to test the strength of their guns. "Fort Mc- 
Ghencer," which the contraband said was the biggest fort of all. McEnders had said he would shed his last drop of blood before 
that should be taken. The right 
wing of the Fifth Wisconsin was deployed as skirmishers to the right and the left of the batteries in the woods, and the left wing supported Kennedys guns; lying close to them full 80 rods from the Fort. 

After firing cannon shot nearly two hours and receiving an occasional shot, which came far short of the mark, we came to the conclusion that we would see no fighting that night, and the boys began to gather cornstalks for a bed. (The ground was quite muddy.) Some had thrown off their overcoats and laid them down. (We were all nearly exhausted.) In the meantime the rebels had not been idle. They had fixed right and left out of their Fort, or behind, in the wood and the first notice of their presence was made by a whole volley of musketry upon our skirmishers, in the woods on the right. Fall into line was the prompt order of Col. Cobb, and promptly it was 

Another minute and our skirmishers were seen emerging from the woods, and firing at every step as they re-

The enemy threw out their men right and left upon double-quick and forming a splendid line, boldly advanced to take our batteries. This, however, they could not do, for the deadly shot of the canister who supported them kept them down at bay until the guns were out of danger. The long range of our Austrian rifles enabled us to do this; 

but it soon became evident that their superior force (five full regiments) would over-

We were directly within range of the enemy and from all the assistant help was out of the question. We must fall back to the Fort or be cut to pieces. Some of our brave men had fallen. 

At the first fire, three from Co. "F," went down to rise no more. I was close behind them and saw them fall. Many others were badly wounded, and the sav-
gage foe were close upon us. Order came for us to retreat, but the boys did not know how to do that; still they fought on. 

Retreating four or five rods, looking and firing all the time with great precision, and then falling back a few rods further to per-

The enemy were-retreating in hot haste back 
to their Fort across the plains. The battle was won; the victory was ours. It was now almost dark, but the wounded must be gathered up and taken care of.

The men were sent out after a battle; the running around after friends and relatives. The anxious look, the hur-
ried inquiry, "Have you seen my broth-
er?

Is John safe?" Where is my 
Captain?" You meet now and then one, 

who will say nothing, but his deep, solemn look, expression of emotion, too deep for 
tears, tells you, you had best trouble him with no idle question; his loss is severe. 

These are a few instances of war—pick up 

the wounded and bury the dead. 

Our regiment said they were not tired and 
evry man took hold with a will, to perform the most disagreeable task. The battle ground was completely covered with 
dead and dying; and the groans of many 

were most appalling. Some were shot in 
the lower limbs and attempted to crawl 

to the hospital, while others were carried 

wounded for the same as ours, 

and carried off the field at the same time. 

It was a muddy and a bloody time. The 

rain, which had slackened up a very lit-

tle during the action, now came on in 
creased force. Everything was muddy; 

and we were wet to the skin. The Surgeons 

were prompt and every assistance that 

could be rendered was. Some of the wounded were carried more than a mile, to 

an old log house, selected for a hospital. 

There is a limit to tire nature, and 

many were out on the road, exhausted and 

dlay down in the mud. It was now far to-

ward the next day before all our wounded 

were sheltered under a good roof. Ser-
gent G. L. Laws of our company, was 

carried after midnight, and the others the 

next morning. Our killed were 12 in 
number, our wounded 65, but many not 

so severely. The enemy lost over 200 killed, 

over 200 wounded and many men taken 

prisoners. 

I saw the next day 100 rebels wounded 

with amputated limbs. More than a dozen 
Surgeons were working at them; these 

were rebels, who came with a white flag to 

assist. It was a sorry ghostly spectacle, which I never shall forget. 

The battle is over, the dead are buried 

and wounded taken care of, and we can 

properly turn to notice the unflinching 

bravery of the soldiers. Gen. Winfield S. 
Hancock, commanded the forces engaged 

on our side, and personally directed all the movements. 

After the Fifth Wisconsin fell back, he 

was riding backward and forward, arrang-

ing the troops, giving this one and that 
a cheering word, and superintending 
every movement. Our regiment at first 

did not like his rough manner, but they 

soon imbued the rough coat, and beneath is as 

humble soldier's heart. He is as 

kind and friendly as he is brave. The 

men would not exchange him for any 
Gen. in the army—little Mac not excepted. 

Col. Cobb, at the first fire of the enemy 

drew his sword and stopped to the front 

of his little battalion, (not over 200) and 

continued there until we were driven off.
I could hear his voice above the constant roar of musketry and the sharp crack of the rifle. Once or twice, the men, hotly pressed, were giving away (as thought too rapidly. He was left, I think a full red behind them all. At this time he raised his voice (not naturally strong) sound clear and the words "forward men; will you fight, or will you see me taken prisoner." Nerved by his bold front, the men again rallied, sending another and another volley into the rebel ranks—each with telling effect. In fact all of them were amazed to wonder whether Col. Cobb would stand fire. Now, no man doubts his courage. He is the same cool calculating man in action, that he is in every other place. He is a brave man. All honor and credit to Col. Amasa Cobb, of the Fifth Regiment, Wis. Volunteers.

I could tell you of other instances of personal bravery. Capt. R. C. Hawkins, proved himself one of the bravest among the brave. His company found him a soldier of the right stamp. In fact all of the commissioned officers were true soldiers and the men did honor to the noble State that sent them. Wisconsin need not blush at the conduct of her men on this occasion.

The regiment is in good spirits. Everything seems to indicate a speedy overthrow of this wicked rebellion.

Gen. McClellan, on the 8th inst., had a most decisive victory. Only about 20,000 of our troops were engaged against 50,000 of the best rebel troops. Our men fought most valiantly, and used the bayonet freely, which the rebels could not withstand. They fought well until they felt the cold steel, then they took their heels and ran like beggars along their wounded and deserted line. The men fled in person. They have lost a great number of their best officers.

The Herald's correspondence gives the following graphic account of the magnificent charge of Hancock's Brigade on the rebels.

Scurrying a hundred yards were between the rebels and the guns when our skirmish fire became silent. The lines of Col. Cobb of the Fifth Wisconsin and the 43d New York formed up in close order to the right of the battery. The long range of musket-バレル came to one end and one terrible volley tore through the rebel lines. In a moment the whole length of the musket came to another head.—The order to charge with the bayonet was given and away went the two regiments with one glad cheer. Gallant as such a column of the bravest men would not stand on. But our regiments, as mentioned already, have done better than this did for a space which was generally estimated at three-quarters of a mile. They advanced under the fire of a splendidly served battery, and with a column of skirmishers stretched across the front whose fire was very destructive; and if, after that, the rebels had not had a line of bayonets that came towards them like the spirit of destruction, it need not be wondered that they broke and fled in complete panic.—One hundred and fifty-five were taken prisoners, and nearly five hundred killed and wounded.

Wounded in the Fifth Regiment.

We are indebted to Dr. Henry Palmer for a list of the wounded. In the battle of Williamsburg sent to the hospitals in Baltimore. From it we extract the following belonging to the 5th Wisconsin regiment. All of them, commencing with George Thorngate, are in the national hospital, John Jones and Jonathan Spoy are in the Adams House, and Benj. Yarringer and M. Chamberlain in the Patterson Park hospital:


The following sick arrived at New York from Yorktown on Tuesday last, and were placed in hospital.

The letter following the name indicates the company the men belong to:

Walter L. Smith, E; Morris Brown, G; J. Miller, C; Daniel Stancofer, E; WM. Morrison, H; T. A. Warner, E; F. J. Harter, E; W. Braithwait, E; Wm. Tucker, E; Thomas Keys, I; David P. Hart, I; J. P. Haster, G; Robert Wason, G; Samuel McConnell, E; E. Towring, G; C. B. Os- horne, G; G. W. Sweezy, G; D. W. Chandler, I; T. W. Brown, E; W. T. Reed, E; Chas. T. Ecort, K; Bernard Scholefs- field, B; Richard A. Skinner, D; L. M. D. Reeds, D; Olin House, D; James Gold- boro, I; P. J. Stewart, E; R. W. Rayner, E; Luke Dixon, E; Chas. Starkweather, E; B. E. Corbett, F; Amanda Baynton, B; Adam Bell, H; Artemus Cohen, A; Charles H. Foote, D; Leslie Anderson, E; Andrew P. Bennett, F; Otis Darling, F; John Mills, A; F. Schenmerhorn, E.

Company E, in the above list, is the Vancouer Light Guard, Captain Wheeler. Some of the names we do not find on the list as it came to us without making corrections.

LETTER FROM THE FIFTH REGIMENT.

HEAD QUARTERS 5TH REG. W. V.
On Battlefield of Williamsburg, Va.
May 8th, 1862.

My Dear Parent:—On the 6th inst. I wrote you a few lines that you might, at earliest, as possible, know that I had survived the great battle of the previous day. I will now attempt to give you a more detailed account of it.

On the night of the 5th inst., the enemy evacuated their works at Yorktown, and on the following morning we started in close pursuit. The advance guard soon overtook them and had skirmishes all day with their rear guard. The enemy made a stand at their works here; during the night our army came upon, and on the following morning, about 8 o'clock, commenced the attack. It rained hard all day and most of the night. Our brigade was sent to the right (the enemy's left) and got possession of two of their forts before they had had time to occupy them themselves; but they occupied the next ones in their line, and the ones we had were covered by the guns of theirs. Our battery (Wilson's) was soon brought into position and opened fire upon them. Companies A and G were deployed as skirmishers—the rest of our regiment was supporting the battery, and for some hours were under fire of the enemy's battery, during which time the battle was going on with great execution on our left and it was plain to be seen that our troops were getting the worst of it. About this time our skirmishers were surprised by a brigade of rebels, in battle line, coming from the woods on the double-quick. We immediately opened fire upon them, and got in some four rounds before we commenced our retreat, which was not done until the enemy were upon us, and within 500 yards of our battery. We fell back and formed with the balance of the regiment, where they had made a stand, and were doing great execution, and fairly held the brigade in check until our battery had "limbered up," and got back to the line of battle. They were forced to retreat by the odds against us, (just six to one) but disputed every inch of ground as we did so. We were half an hour in retreating back to the line, where we formed in no time, and poured a deadly fire into the enemy. At this time the 5th North Carolina Regiment was against us—that is, directly in front of us. We cut their regiment all to pieces, killed nearly 200 and 300 were taken prisoners. We only got in about three rounds before they began to run in perfect confusion, (I mean the whole force.) We kept up our fire, however, until they were out of range.

Then what a cheer! the like I never heard before.

Our officers all did nobly as well as the men, and we all had hoped and trust-
ed they would be. Our regiment's loss is 62 wounded and 13 killed, which I consider as almost a miracle, for at one time we were under two fires and were flanked. Eddie, of our company who, as I wrote was severely wounded, died yesterday.

The brigade that attacked us is the one that cut up the 24th Wisconsin and N. Y. Fire Zouaves so at Bull Run. When our regiment was ordered to fall back to the line of battle, they cried “Another Bull run, another Bull Run!” but they are used up now. I don't think they can ever find the 24th Virginia or the 5th North Carolina again.

Last evening at dress parade Gen. McClellan came and made a speech to our regiment—he said:

“My Lad,—I have come to thank you for your gallant conduct the other day. You have gained honor for yourselves, your country, your State and the army to sustain the reputation you have won for the future, and know you will except a few stragglers. Nearly every one of your men carried his colors upon your banner. I trust in you—thec day when the 5th Wisconsin Regiment faces the enemy I know that you will be worthy of veterans. In this manner I fell towards a charge, I formed my men in line of battle and opened fire on the enemy with a rapidity and coolness of fire.

The 5th Regiment was, yesterday evening, thanked by Gen. McClellan in person, who said, "Through you we have gained the day."

We march to-morrow morning; and I beg you to assure his Excellency, the Governor, that we will worthily represent Wisconsin in the Army of the Potomac.

I have the honor to be, General, Your obedient servant, AMASA COBB, Col. 5th Reg., W. V. General Adjutant, Adjutant General, Wisconsin.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE 5TH REG. W. V., Camp No. 11 in the Field. May 6, 62.

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that yesterday, the 5th inst., at about 10 o'clock A.M., pursuant to your orders, and following you, I marched my regiment, the 5th Wisconsin Volunteers, from the position where I was ordered to support the right of the battery, being effectually checked by the fire of the enemy's artillery, I maintained this position until about half past 4 o'clock P.M. when a sharp fire of musketry on my skirmishers determined the approach of the enemy, who appeared in a long line of infantry and cavalry, at a distance of about four hundred yards in my front and paraded on my right. From my position I could then see only the cavalry. Holding my position until the Battery had passed to the right, I reached safety, and, apprehending a charge, I formed my men in square to resist cavalry; but the cavalry, being effectively checked by the fire of my skirmishers, fell in rear of the infantry. I then reduced my square, formed in line of battle and opened fire on the enemy, who had already commenced a sharp fire on my right, my men fell back in good order, every man loading as he could; when I retreated, in my rear and firing the fire of the enemy with a rapidity and coolness worthy of veterans.

In this manner I fell back slowly to the line of battle which I had already formed, and with your assistance formed my regiment in the center, a heavy regiment, afterwards materialized to be the 5th North Carolina, which was supported on either flank by other troops, all of whom advanced rapidly, concentrating upon me a rapid fire and heavy fire. My men fell back in good order, every man loading as he could. I retreated, wheeling and firing the fire of the enemy with a rapidity and coolness worthy of veterans. In this manner I fell back slowly to the line of battle which had already formed, and with your assistance formed my regiment in the center, a heavy regiment, afterwards materialized to be the 5th North Carolina, which was supported on either flank by other troops, all of whom advanced rapidly, concentrating upon me a rapid fire and heavy fire.

After maintaining this position for some time, I received your order to "fall back fighting," which I proceeded to execute as fast as I could. Returning to the point indicated, I was immediately unmasked by the buildings and found myself in front of the enemy's center, a heavy regiment, afterwards materialized to be the 5th North Carolina, which was supported on either flank by other troops, all of whom advanced rapidly, concentrating upon me a rapid fire and heavy fire. My men fell back in good order, every man loading as he could. I retreated, wheeling and firing the fire of the enemy with a rapidity and coolness worthy of veterans. In this manner I fell back slowly to the line of battle which had already formed, and with your assistance formed my regiment in the center, a heavy regiment, afterwards materialized to be the 5th North Carolina, which was supported on either flank by other troops, all of whom advanced rapidly, concentrating upon me a rapid fire and heavy fire.
During the entire day my officers and men behaved with great coolness and energy, manifesting a consciousness of danger bordering on recklessness. It is not too much to say that all did their duty, did it well, and at the right time. Saying this much I say it in justice to my feelings on the field of battle where the result was uncertain of making special mention of Capt. Williams of the Fifth Wisconsin as an example. Adjutant T. S. West and lieutenants En¬

cqent George B. Madison also deserve special mention for their gallant and par¬

tially wounded in the knee in the ear¬

er part of the engagement, he carried one color steadily and gallantly to the last.

Captain William A. Bagh, of Compa¬

gn, was dangerously wounded in the arm.

I have the honor to be, Geissler,
Your most ob't serv's,

AMASA COBB,
Colonel 5th Reg. W. V.

General W. S. Hancock,
Commanding 1st Brigade,
Smith's Division.

FROM THE FIFTH WIS. REGIMENT.

Correspondence Daily Wisconsin.

WILLIAMSBURG, Va., May 9.

All accounts I have seen agree, that the battle of Williamsburg, a week ago last Monday, was a hard-fought and bloody affair. Our troops laboring under every disadvantage, from the fact that they were inferior in numbers, the enemy fought from strongly-fortified works, and almost impenetrable woods, but for the bravery of the Fifth Wisconsin, and the Forty-third New York, and the arrival on the field late in the day of General McClellan, it is universally agreed that we would have lost the day.

The correspondent of the New York Tribune says it was strictly an infantry attack as the cannon had no opportunity, as a general thing to be used. He says the bulk of the battle was fought by Heintzelem and Hooker's Divisions, in the woods and on the edges of it—8,000 against 25,000 rebels. He says, however, that our victory was decisive.

Finally the affair sum up and unlooked for total of nearly twenty-five hundred killed, wounded and missing. The rebels must have lost about three thousand. We have over seven hundred prisoners, besides eight hundred of their wounded, on our hands. They capturedaupt their heavy guns and made good their evacuation. On the other hand, we have their formidable line of works, siege guns, and are driving them in some confusion before us.

THE FIFTH AFTER THE BATTLE.

A correspondent who is with the army of Gen. McClellan, gives the following interesting particulars. On the evening of May 7th, 1862, Gen. McClellan, ac¬

knowledged by Capt. Williams and Hancock, rode in front of the Fifth Wisconsin Volun¬
teers, while on dress parade, and ad¬

tressed them as follows:

"My lads, I have come to thank you for the bravery and discipline which you displayed the other day. On that day you won laurels of which you may well be proud of, not for yourselves, but for the army, the state and the country to which you belong. Through you we won the day, and "Williamsburg" shall be inscribed upon your banner. I cannot thank you too much, and I am sure the reputation your gallantry has already achieved, will always be maintained."

The address was wholly unexpected, and was received in perfect silence. It was not until the General and escort had nearly passed the regiment on his retir¬
ing, that the boys broke out in hearty cheers of their own. "Williamsburg" was said again, and "to the right, to the right" was heard.

Another correspondent writing May 7th says: "At seven A.M. on the morning of the 5th inst., the ball was opened by the enemy. Our brigade was ordered to the extreme right, coming up and filling the enemy on their left. 

In taking our position we captured two very strong forts that were unoccupied. Here we opened on the enemy with three batteries. Our regiment supported Wheeler's battery. The 6th Maine and 49th Pa., being held in reserve. The enemy charged on our batteries with a whole division.

"They advanced in splendid style, and were the bravest of the brave; but the old fifth stood their ground like veterans; although the general ordered us to fall back on the reserve, a distance of two miles. Here we opened on the enemy with three batteries. Our regiment supported Wheeler's battery. The 6th Maine and 49th Pa., being held in reserve. The enemy charged on our batteries with a whole division.

"The 5th, after firing one shot, fell flat and allowed themselves to be taken prisoners. The loss on the enemy's side was immense; being 600 killed and wounded, and 210 taken prisoners. Our regiment's loss was 10 killed and 45 wounded.

We had a hard day's work of it. The rain fell in torrents all day, and we were wet to the skin. The wounded of both friend and foe had the best of care. I went to the battle field to look after our men. It was a horrible sight to meet the eye; hundreds of their blood shot through the head, others with their limbs broken, unable to help themselves, and begging you to assist them. All of the wounded were removed to places of shelter. Our wounded of course received more attention and were removed first.

"Col. Cobb has himself the man I always thought him to be. He was in the thickest of the fight cheering and urging on his men. At one time there came very near being a panic, but it was saved by the Colonel saying, "men my go not back a step, will you see me take a prisoner?" A hearty cheer was given, and the word "no" was shouted from one end of the line to the other. Col. Cobb deserves a great deal of praise. The State of Wisconsin has reason to feel proud of the Fifth and its gallant commander."

"Gen. McClellan told Gen. Hancock that we were the means of turning the tide of the battle.

EDWARD II.

Correspondence of the Tribune—From the Fifth Regiment.

EDITOR:—We left our camp before Williamsburgh, on the 9th inst., at 1 o'clock in the morning, the boys all started in good spirits, as they knew our division was to advance and if we met the enemy we would have the first breath with them. As we passed through Williamsburgh our band played the Star Spangled Banner, but it did not bring forth any of the citizens. We had to go some six miles out of our direct route as the rebels had Gaine's Creek. We marched some twenty miles during the day and it was intensely hot, a great many of our boys had to fall out. We had very little rest during the march and it was impossible to get any water along the route, as we were not permitted to leave the ranks to get any. All along our route we were welcomed by negroes and of all the negroes I ever met, those along our route, were the filthiest. The whites kept themselves pretty well under cover; every house we came to had a white flag flying and as a general thing no one but the women were at home. The citizens here as a general thing are all secessionists, and take every means in their power to bother us; our orders are very strict in regard to taking anything from any citizen, no matter what party he sympathizes with. All along our line of march the roads are strewn with broken wagons, Caissons and munitions of war. We halted about three o'clock P.M., and pitched our tents as the boys called them; and all except our Guard were soon asleep. Early on the morning of the 10th, we were again on the march and experienced another such a day as the 9th was. We marched about twelve miles on this day, encamped before New Kent court House. On the 11th (Sunday) we received orders that we would not march until Monday morning, which pleased the boys very much as it gave them time to rest a little. We were called up at three o'clock this morning to march, but soon received orders to stack our arms throw off our knapsacks and other things, and hold ourselves in rea-
General Hancock is the hero of the hour, and we are all proud of the brigade and regiment. Direct letters to us at the hospital.

Yours Truly,

Geo. W. Madison.

From the Fifth Regiment.

The following is a private letter from George Hale to his brother:

CAMP NO. 13 IN THE FIELD.

Sixty Miles from Richmond.

May 11th, 1862.

Dear Brother—We are pressing forward as fast as possible. We are not stopping to send any mails. Our troops are going to take the James River, as Burnside is said to be marching up the Merrimac blown up. Our troops are now bold possession of both sides of the James river. The James and York river troops, now hold possession of both sides of it for provisions, and so I will improve the opportunity to write to you. On Thursday morning we left our old camp near the Williamsburg battle field, the troops engaged in the fighting having been left behind to bury the dead and remove the wounded from the field and ship them to the hospitals. This took us three days. I do not know our loss as I have no means of finding out, but what I have seen should judge it to be about fifteen hundred in killed and wounded, while that of the enemy must have been twice as great. The number of prisoners taken was between three and four thousand, and in their retreat many more are being taken up every day, many deserters are also coming in; their army must be terribly demoralized, I should judge from all accounts, and I think it quite doubtful if they will make a determined charge here and Richmond, though they have another line of fortifications about half way between here and their Capital. Our troops are following them very closely, and the road is strewn with their wagons and parts of their artillery that had got stuck in the mud, and their horses had given them up. Our march for the last two days have been tedious though not long, for the roads have been very dusty and the sun very hot, but the hope of overtaking the rebels has kept us in fine spirits, and all the boys are anxious to push ahead.

The sick and wounded of our regiment are at Fortress Monroe and Balston’s. Riddle and Patton, though wounded but slightly, went with the rest. I suppose they will join the company before long though none of our company was killed, but we had more wounded than any other regiment or company in the regiment. Our killed were one and fifteen, and wounded in like manner.

The day after the battle, Gen. McClellan rode up in front of the regiment when en dress parade, and made us the following speech. “My Boys—I come to have you to thank for your gallant conduct the other day. You have gained honor for your country, yourselves, your State and the army to which you belong. Through you we won the day, and Williamsburg shall be inscribed on your banner. I cannot thank you enough for what you have done, and I trust in you for the future, and know that you will sustain the reputation your arms are for, for your actions and superior discipline, you have gained a reputation that shall be known throughout the army of the Potomac. Your country owes you its grateful thanks; for myself I can never thank you enough.” After he delivered, three hearty cheers went up for our gallant and brave men. The compliment paid them, there was not one of us who did not feel proud of the day we acquitted, and all were anxious to achieve new victories under such a General.

There is now no doubt but if we had given way under the charge made upon us, the outcome of the day would have been against us, as it surely the rebel leader felt to throw their whole forces against us if they succeeded at first, but thanks to the bravery of Wisconsin boys, they are equally good at receiving or giving a bayonet charge. I will try and explain the position so that you may get an idea of what our forces had to contend against.

In the morning our forces attacked them on our left, and for a time had an even battle, until we had driven them to their fortifications, and had come within range of their guns. The space directly in front of them was clear, and our troops had made a good ramp, and over trees that had been fell ed to impede their progress in order to get at them, thus, of course, exposed to a destructive fire for a long time, while they were comparatively safe. Until about two o’clock we fought without gaining much advantage, when a part of Gens. Smith’s division was sent to attack their left flank, with but slight hopes of turning it. On arriving at the place, we found a strong fort, but it not being occupied we had no difficulty in getting past it. If we had met the opposition that might have been made it has been at this time impossible for us to have crossed the stream that was between us and the fort. We finally got to work on their flank, and for a time all we could do did not seem to have much effect.

All at once a whole brigade was on us at a charge bayonets. The 5th Wisconsin was in advance with five companies deployed as skirmishers, the other five acting as reserve and advance guard for the brigade, which was drawn up in line of battle forty rods in our rear. On they came towards our skirmishers, who fell back to the reserve. Still on they rushed as though they were sure of victory, but here northern courage proved too much for southern steel. As soon as they were in range we opened a heavy fire on them and slowly retired, holding them in check at this point for twenty minutes, all the time drawing them on and on, and so we had to go through a very long line of battle forty rods in our rear. On they came towards our skirmishers, who fell back to the reserve. Still on they rushed as though they were sure of victory, but here northern courage proved too much for southern steel.
The eyes of the whole United States, North and South, are now turned upon the advance of the Guard Army of the Potomac; and it would be extremely difficult to tell whether the loyal or disloyal portion felt the greatest interest. I did intend to write a detailed account of our march from Washington, but events progress so rapidly that we are too impatient to go backwards. Our actions on the Peninsula are known to the world, so I will begin with the evacuation of Monday the 4th inst., and write a connected narration of the advance. I shall not try to be the first, but will give a detailed account, and hope to make it interesting, especially as the Wisconsin troops act a principle part.

Upon the fact of the evacuation being known Gen. Smith instantly pursued with his division—the 6th Wisconsin leading the way, skimshirming till we reached Whitsaker's farm. The rebel works at Yorktown were immense, and a fearful loss of life must have resulted from any attempt to take them. Torpedoes were freshly planted. We dug up eight, one exploded, killing one and wounding nine in a Pennsylvania regiment. Even the water was poisoned, and we dare not open the magazine doors. Here I saw a bowie-knife with the handle made of a man's wrist bone. Sunday afternoon the cavalry had a skirmish, in which we lost fifty men, and resulted in an showing us the position of the enemy. The 5th Wisconsin was ordered across a dam to change a redoubt, and every preparation was made for a battle; Hooker's division being on the left, but it was so late that operations were suspended, and the regiments lay down on their arms. Soon all was hushed save a few mounted orderlies dusting in the darkness, or a group around a distant camp fire. All the old Napoleon stories are here vividly reproduced, the camp chest and stool, the watch-fire and bivouac. The tired soldiers were sleeping in the tall wet grass, dreaming—many of homes they never should see again—of those anxiously awaiting their return, covered with glory; while they, alas! before this time to-morrow, would be sleeping their last long sleep.

The battle of Williamsburg was important, in its immediate and remote results. It was won by hard fighting. We had no defenses. Had the enemy succeeded in driving Hancoek's Brigade back, the whole division must have retreated. The enemy made a gallant charge, but the action of one or two regiments, particularly the 5th Wisconsin, saved the day. Their positions slowly gave confidence to the whole Brigade. The great credit they have everywhere received is no more than what they just due, but the bugle sound.
The Battle of Williamsburg—Glorious Victory of May 5th, by the Fifth Wisconsin—Letters from the Regiment.

All accounts agree that the battle of Williamsburg, a week ago last Monday, was a hard-fought and bloody affair. Our troops labored under the disadvantage of inferior numbers, the enemy fought from strongly-fortified works, and almost impenetrable swampy woods, and yet for the charge of the 5th Wisconsin, and 43d New York, and the arrival on the field late in the day of General McClellan, it is universally agreed that we would have lost the day. The correspondent of the New York Tribune says it was strictly an infantry fight, as the cannon had no opportunity, as a general thing, to be used. He says the bulk of the battle was fought by Heintzleman and Hooker’s Divisions, in the woods and on the edges of that—8,000 against 25,000 rebels. He says, however, that our victory was decisive. Of Heintzleman he says:

Heintzleman flew everywhere among the New Jersey and other troops, who were in situations of being cut off out of the fight. He bawled himself free, and stiffened the arm wounded at Bull Run, in ordering Berry and A. H. Livermore to return and assist Hooker. Hooker’s Division was the only efficient in the company who was wounded, and he might have escaped unhurt but for his determination to see his men all safe before retreating himself. The company was deployed as skirmishers, when they were charged upon by five rebel regiments. The order was given to rally on the battalion, and just as the last man passed the Captain, he received his wound and fell. Robert Berry and A. H. Livermore returned and attempted to carry him off the field, but the enemy being close upon them, he made them leave him and seek their own safety. They escaped in safety, and the rebel hordes came rushing upon Captain Bugh, saying “Bayonet him: kill the General,” and some attempted to stab him as they rushed over him; he saved himself by catching their bayonets in his hands, and trying to press on behind prevented their repeating their thrusts. Capt. Bugh’s hands yet show with thrusts, Capt. Bugh’s hands yet show with

A Dawes and T. C. Ryanh are reported

The reliable man” told me yesterday, that President Lincoln said a few days ago that at least one half the volunteers would be discharged within three months.

Wounded Wisconsin Soldiers at the Battle of Williamsburg.

The following is a letter from Dr. Palmer, of this city, who is a surgeon in the military hospital at Baltimore:

Baltimorar, May 27th, 1862.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed I send you a list of all the wounded received here from the field of action. Among them you will find quite a number of Wisconsin men belonging to the 5th regiment. After we had provided for all the wounded I visited all those from Wisconsin, and find many of them but slightly wounded, nearly all will recover and many of them will be able for duty in thirty days. Most of them that can travel will be sent home immediately.

Capt. W. A. Bugh, Co. G, is severely wounded in the thigh. Charles Cole, C. F., died on the way up and was left at Fortress Monroe. Ten from the 5th regiment were killed on the field of battle, among them the number Sergeant Hers, of Janesville, shot through the head. Two certain have died since, and some are missing. I do not send the list as it may not be correct.

The rebels are terribly wounded, many with bayonets; but out of 675 of our own men not one has been touched with cold steel; full 50 per cent are wounded with buck shot.

The excitement in the city, last evening, over the surrender of Norfolk, Portsmouth, and the annihilation of the Merrimac was equal to the demonstration in Janesville over the success of the Atlantic cable. "Seecsh" is in articulo mortis.

Most respectfully, H. PALMER.
From the 5th Ws. Regiment.

CAMP NO. 18. "ON TO RICHMOND,"
May 12, 1862.

Editors of the State Journal:

Knowing that anxiety our friends in Wisconsin will look for authentic accounts of the part which the Fifth Wisconsin Volunteers played in the battle of Williamsburg, on May 5th, 1862, I seize the first opportunity to send you the following list of casualties which befell our Regiment on that day, together with a few explanatory remarks.

You will have seen and published, long before this sketch will reach you, accounts of the battle; but I shall confine myself to such items as pertain more especially to our Regiment.

[Having already published an official list of the killed and wounded, we omit that embodied in this letter.—Editors of the States Journal.]

On the 5th of May the army of the Potomac, under Gen. McClellan, was occupying Camp Winfield Scott, before the rebel fortifications, which extend from the York to the James rivers, on the northern banks of the north fork of Warwick river, in a general direction of S. W. to N. E.

Active preparations were made to attack the whole line of rebel defenses from Yorktown to James river, in a very short time. But this attack was frustrated by the rebels evacuating their works, without an attack from us, on the night of the 5th of May. About half of our Regiment were on picket that night, and I was detailed to accompany them as surgeon. During the night constant firing on the rebel side told us that something was transpiring with them. Early Sunday morning no rebels were visible, and nobody returned the sharpshooters' morning salute. In about half an hour the whole army was in pursuit of the retreating rebels, the cavalry and artillery taking the lead followed by the infantry. The Fifth Wisconsin being the first to cross the river, secured the right of the grand amphitheater of the Warwick, over one of the dams intended to strengthen their otherwise very strong works, and passing by a series of formidable earthworks and forts, the Regiment struck the road to Williamsburg and arrived, just after dark, to within three miles of that place, at Whittaker's plantation, where most of the army bivouacked for the night. Just by and by this place a skirmish occurred during the afternoon, between the rear guard of the rebel army and the Fifth U. S. Cavalry, under Gen. Stoneman. Our boys were ordered forward to skirmish for a fort just ahead, and to occupy the same; but it was found impracticable to do this in the night, and they remained in the woods until morning.

On the morning of the ever memorable 5th of May, 1862, at about two o'clock, a cold, drizzly rain greeted our men, and continued most of the following day and night, much to their inconvenience and discomfort, for they were without protection against the storm, and to make matters still worse, about half of the tented heads had been removed from camp early in the morning, without an adequate supply of provisions, and they were now suffering for the want of them; still very few, if any, murmured or complained.

Early in the morning our regiment was relieved, and soon after diring was commenced on our left between the rebels and Hooker's Division. At about ten o'clock, the Fifth Wisconsin Volunteers, under Gen. Hancock's Brigade, led by the Fifth Wisconsin, were sent off to the right toward York river, to occupy an earthwork of most formidable appearance of any we had encountered so far, and to gain a position if defended, on the northern bank of Queen's Creek, a mile or so from its mouth. Advancing on the fort at double quick, our men occupied it without resistance. Taking a hasty look at the work, the brigade was thrown rapidly forward into line of battle, to guard against any sudden attack the enemy might make upon them. Kennedy's and Wheeler's batteries of light artillery accompanied the brigade, supported on the right by the Fifth Wisconsin, and on the left by the 49th New York, and the 6th Maine as its reserve. In this way they cautiously advanced and occupied another deserted spot, still unfinished, with a shot, which was placed on the crest of a hill overlooking a large field to the southwest and northeast. Three or four hundred yards in front of this fort and hill, the battery of artillery was planted on a lower elevation, and commenced to play upon the three rebel forts directly in front of us.

In the meantime the three of our companies were thrown forward in line of battle, as skirmishers, and approached to within close range of the two front forts. The balance of the regiment was then extended to the right under cover of
The hill and some negro shanties, the left flank of the battery being supported as before. This position was taken about noon, and it was soon discovered that the skirmishers were still too weak to retain their former station, and a rapprochement to the lines of battle in which they had been assigned. The skirmishers were accordingly strengthened by two additional companies as a reserve, under Lieut. A. M. Coats, who had been in such a position as best to watch the enemy, support the skirmishers, and at the same time avoid the rebel artillery and sharp-shooters.

As soon as the artillery took position, they opened a brisk fire upon the rebels in their works, which was returned, and the conflict was renewed. One man at the guns, and also one of our skirmishers, were instantly killed by cannon shot, and one of the gunners was wounded. Beyond this, the rebel artillery did no damage, but the sharp-shooting from their earthworks on our men, was well directed and lively. Being driven from the two works nearest our line of battle, by this ball, the rebels fell back to Fort Magruder, a position of great strength and security, and the firing slackened on both sides, the artillery being now within a few rods of both lines of battle, and it was at this time that the colors of the 20th Georgia were given to us by the gallant Capt. Coolness and intrepidity, and it was at this time that the command passed to us. This was accomplished with great difficulty, and the colors fell into the rebel hands, now within a few rods of our line, as made tame to the centre.

Another round, a shout, and a charge, told the tale of death to the retreating foe, who precipitately fled to the woods and dropped to the ground to avoid the almost certain death awaiting those who attempted to fly from our bullets.

Our victory was complete, the day was ours; and the result of this fight sealed the fate of Williamsburg. The Sixth Main. Eight regiments were brought out against us by the rebels, namely: 28th Virginia, 29th Georgia, and 6th North Carolina.

In the meantime, the coming of musketry and the booming of cannon on our left, told us that there the fight was raging dreadfully and the tide of victory seemed to have turned our right, an almost simultaneous with this word, several regiments of infantry were seen advancing from the wood to the right of us. This was our front-right flank, threatening to surround and cut off the 5th Wisconsin, and to capture the batteries. The rebels emerged from their covert of timber in two lines of battle, nearly at right angles with each other, the one directly in front, and the other, under cover of the trees, completely flank our line of skirmishers. This movement was executed with marvelous celerity and skill as to surprise the skirmishers and allow barely time enough for our regiment to form in battle array. At the same time Coats, Col. Cobbt, and Gen. Pickett's battery, charging along our right, opened a well-directed fire, and when the Column with that coolness that never forsakes him, threw the remaining five companies of his command into a hollow square to resist cavalry; but discovering very soon that this report was false, he reduced his square, formed line of battle under a most galling fire, and changed his position as an effectual to bear on the enemy. At this critical juncture, Capt. E. Col. Emery with his support to the skirmishers, marched boldly out and gave the rebels on our right a volley of musket fire which checked their progress and allowed the skirmishers to fall back on our colored troops, which was finished with great coolness and intrepidity, and it is a part of the battle that the gallant Capt. Bugg fell very dangerously wounded. During this fight, his life was attempted by a rebel sharp-shooter only through the interposition of the Major of the 5th North Carolina regiment, who was also wounded.

The skirmishers having reached our lines, our regiment gradually fell back in good order, firing and contesting every yard of the line of battle in which they were assigned, to the right of the fort. On the brow of the hill already mentioned, where the regiment above named were found. To show the coolness of the Wisconsin boys, let it be remembered that in falling back to a line of battle, it is usual for the rear line of three hundred yards only, while hard pressed by the rebel brigade, nearly half an hour elapsed, and the more active shot away half their rounds of ammunition.

At the onset of this attack, the battery gave the rebels a round of grape and canister, and then by order of Gen. Hancock, Coats, fell back and opened a long line of fire, that fell in on the enemy's line of battle, over fallen timber, almost at a double quick, but on it pressed, resolved to take it, if the thing could be done. About forty rods to the rear of the battery it was heard. Changing our direction to bear on this point without an order, we arrived at an open field. Here the order to halt was given, and when formed a new line and advanced across the field, following our skirmishers, who were firing about ten rods in advance. We had scarcely entered the woods, when we were ordered to retreat and fall back into the field. We had missed the fort, bear- ing to the left, when we were ordered to lie down and rest the balance of the night. Rain poured in torrents, and we made our way into the wood, as we left them in the field in the rear, when ordered to charge and storm the fort. We suffered heavy losses from cold and fatigue; it was borne without a murmur. Morning dawned at last, and to our surprise Fort Magruder lay to the left, our right, and the rebel battery was seen, while the rebel artillery did no damage to our men. From this point we debouched into an open field, with another redoubt. Forming brigade line of battle, we steadily advanced, preceded by a section of artillery of Kennedy's battery, which was thrown forward; arriving at this fort they found it evacuated, when to our front, about fifteen hundred yards distant, was seen another fort, full of infantry. Our artillery immediately unlimbered and gave them shell for half an hour, when they skidded back again. We were ordered forward about forty rods, when we were reinforced by the 20th Wisconsin. Here the 6th North Carolina battery with four pieces of Wheeler's battery. On the right of these ten pieces were several negro units, surrounded by a wood, or rather a thicket, and to the rear of these was the famous Fort Magruder—the one, as a contraband told us, that he had been in. G. K. D were here thrown forward, part as skirmishers and part as a reserve, while our other five companies were up. A severe fire of artillery and considerable skirmishing was kept up until five o'clock in the afternoon, in which our regiment was driven from the redoubt and sustained severe losses. This was the last engagement of the day.

The Fifth Wisconsin leads the van.

Sunday afternoon, about five o'clock, we formed in line of battle within range of the enemy's heavy batteries, in front of Williamsburg. Moving forward about one half a mile, they sent a volley of musketry, and take by storm Fort Magruder. We were selected for this purpose, when we formed a line of battle, over fallen timber, almost at a double quick, but on they pressed, resolved to take it, if the thing could be done. About forty rods to the rear of the battery it was heard. Changing our direction to bear on this point without an order, we arrived at an open field. Here the order to halt was given, when we formed a new line and advanced across the field, following our skirmishers, who were firing about ten rods in advance. We had scarcely entered the woods, when we were ordered to retreat and fall back into the field. We had missed the fort, bearing to the left, when we were ordered to lie down and rest the balance of the night. Rain poured in torrents, and we made our way into the wood, as we left them in the field in the rear, when ordered to charge and storm the fort. We suffered heavy losses from cold and fatigue; it was borne without a murmur. Morning dawned at last, and to our surprise Fort Magruder lay to the left, our right, and the rebel battery was seen, while the rebel artillery did no damage to our men. From this point we debouched into an open field, with another redoubt. Forming brigade line of battle, we steadily advanced, preceded by a section of artillery of Kennedy's battery, which was thrown forward; arriving at this fort they found it evacuated, when to our front, about fifteen hundred yards distant, was seen another fort, full of infantry. Our artillery immediately unlimbered and gave them shell for half an hour, when they skidded back again. We were ordered forward about forty rods, when we were reinforced by the 20th Wisconsin. Here the 6th North Carolina battery with four pieces of Wheeler's battery. On the right of these ten pieces were several negro units, surrounded by a wood, or rather a thicket, and to the rear of these was the famous Fort Magruder—the one, as a contraband told us, that he had been in. G. K. D were here thrown forward, part as skirmishers and part as a reserve, while our other five companies were up. A severe fire of artillery and considerable skirmishing was kept up until five o'clock in the afternoon, in which our regiment was driven from the redoubt and sustained severe losses. This was the last engagement of the day.

The Fifth Wisconsin leads the van.
in some confusion, leaving in the fort their killed and wounded. During this whole day we had lain still while the artillery and skirmishers were doing the fighting. The left wing fell back to the cover, and I had a hand in, but enough was in store for them. For seven hours had we witnessed the fight on our left, and then the lines opened and attacked us. We had to retaliate with every nerve of artillery and musketry, carried one back to his literary days, when he has read of battles lost and won, and parades of officers and men, and remembered the cheers of the contending parties, rushing on amidst a storm of volleys.

Numbers of our regiment were lying upon the ground, their oil cloths over them to protect them from the pelting rain which had been falling all day. Some were asleep; some sitting in squads; others with their hoods upon their hands, thinking of the comforts home presented to the hardships they were then enduring, when the sharp, quick rattle of musketry startled everyone, to his feet, and threw him into a state of mind by an overwhelming force. Every one sprang to his place, when from a corner of the woods, the sharp musketry told of a line of infantry advancing against less than 1,500 of ours. We had seen a regiment of cavalry and two regiments of infantry deploy into the open field in our front. One of them, as soon as they coveted; but Wisconsin boys were there to defend them. The cavalry approached, when we formed a square to receive them.

There were six of the best Confederate regiments (the Fifth North Carolina, Fourth Louisiana, Sixty-fifth Louisiana, the Fourth Louisiana, the Georgia regiment, and a Mississippi regiment—in all, over 4,500 men), against the Fifth Wisconsin, Sixth Michigan, and Thirty-third New York, the total number of which was less than 1,500.

A sortie was made to our left, where the Sixth North Carolina was mortally wounded, and while being carried from the field, after the battle, remarked that he had whipped six of the best regiments in the Southern Confederacy; "Here," said he, just before he expired, "we have accomplished, and watched, give them to your General." When the enemy retreated in such haste, the General ordered us forward; but no charge of bayonets was given, as has been attested by several papers. I must, therefore, leave the compliment of the Fifth Wisconsin to another person. We captured over two hundred prisoners, five hundred stand of arms, and their battle flag, which was captured by J. E. Begaue, of Company H (Miliwaukee Zouaves). To show how near they were to our line when we reformed, I lie down within six rods of this line over twenty killed and forty wounded.

From the Fifth Regiment.

We are permitted to publish the following extracts from a private letter from our correspondent "C. C."

Plymouth Landing, May 13, 1862.

When I last wrote you we had three days’ marches in our rear; ready to march "on to Richmond." This was Friday and Saturday. We marched all day, and accomplished two extraordinary days’ marches. Sunday we rested, as the great and good General McClellan is a Christian soldier. Monday I was on pickets. To-day we jogged on to the landing on the Pamunkey river, which, uniting with another, forms the York. We are encamped in an open wheat field. Behind us is the landing, which is now crowded with transports and boats. We are thirty miles from Richmond, and will soon be there, unless the rebels make a desperate stand. No word about the rebels at Williamsburg, with half that number, because we could not wait for the rest to come up. Joe Johnson was there, and planned the whole fight;
so we learn from prisoners. On our route from that place to this we found many royal enemies, who had been held in haste. Wagon, camp equipage, and even horses and ammunition, were buried in the mud.

Our cavalry followed them with all speed. There were many deserters and prisoners picked up. They (the rebels) must indeed be very much discouraged. For the last seven months they have done nothing but evacuate and run. The prisoners say they are heartily sick of it. Yet I am sure there are to be many more lives lost before this unholy rebellion shall be ended.

The whole land must be clothed in mourning before this war can cease. Many have been the tears that have already been shed by the unhappy mourners on both sides.

—I have now had my dinner, which consisted of hard crackers and a little salt meat boiled in water. It is a dish which we call "Lobscokee." How the word originated is more than I can tell. The dish I like very well now. We have suffered much at times, but never complained, as we are in active service. Most of the time we have all we could ask for.

My health is good. The first day only eighteen answered roll call when we encamped, the rest having fallen out on account of the heat, being obliged to carry their knapsacks, haversacks with three days' rations, canteens, cartridge boxes and guns. I was one of the number present, and think I can "stand about as much grief" (a soldier's term for power of endurance,) as any one. My scratch, or wound, is fast enough, neither can your country. You have honored for the army, for yourself, your State, and your country.

Through you we won the day, and "Williamsburg" shall be inscribed on your banner. This will bear testimony to your courage and discipline. I trust in you for the future. I thank you with all my heart.

I suppose you would like to know about our travels since the Williamsburg battle. Our Division rested there three days, and on Friday started on, traveled all that and all the next day, and then encamped for two days just above West Point, at the head of York River. We traveled again on Tuesday, and to-day (Wednesday,) uniting with the Divisions that came up the River from Yorktown. We are on the right of the army, or near it. The country through which we came is very fertile, looks much like Wisconsin land. Wheat, barley and corn were the principal grains sown this year. The farms are very large and in good order; well watered and well timbered. The farm-houses are large and comfortable, not so palatial as I imagined. The negroes quarters are very separate. The creatures appear to be contented. Some say they do not want to leave their masters.

All of those who have been with the confederate army, are very anxious for the "Yankees" to come. They are lively creatures. They admire our soldiers much—say they are nicer dressed and look better than the "secesh," and most of all, have better music. On the march yesterday, a squad of a dozen "callerd ladies" stood by the roadside, jangling away. They welcomed the Yankee boys. Says one, the "secesh" told us the Yankees were all dead, but they lied; may all the Yankees come to life and kill every secesh.

From every farm-house there hung white flags; none that I have seen threw out the "Stars and Stripes," although it is said near West Point they show the old flag. Some of the families here pretend that they are Union, and say their husbands were forced away to join the confederate army. Once in a while we meet with the ruins of some farm-house—the home of a genuine Union man. Along the roads, especially near Williamsburg, the way was lined with old wagons, broken and burned, baggage, &c. Horses had given out and the wagons left—cains, sons and common wheels and ammunition scattered on the roads. The retreat of the enemy must demoralize his army very much. We have taken many prisoners; our cavalry over their rear, picking up stragglers, cutting off wagons and harassing the "secesh" very much.

Our army marches along in splendid order. Everything is done right up to the handle. The army works like a piece of greased machinery. We are now 28 miles from Richmond. Two days' march would bring us there, but I do not think we will move on so fast.

Give my respects to all inquiring friends. I am well, can march my 20 miles a day and carry a knapsack, three days' rations and guns and accoutrements.

Fifth Wisconsin Regiment
Camp near White House Landing, on Pamunkey River, May 14, 1862.

G. H. C.
City on the plantation owned by the Rebel General Lee. It is on the banks of the Pamunkey River. The advance of our army is some five miles in advance of our division. I think McClellan has the enemy very near pushed to the wall now. I hope that ere this reaches you we will be in what was the seat of government of the so-called Confederate States. Everything is working well with the Quaker General and his Quaker army. Let some editors now at McClellan as much as they may, one thing is certain his army is for him. Those whose lives are entrusted to his care have the greatest confidence in him. In fact he is almost worshipped by them all. The men of the 5th Wisconsin Regiment are highly satisfied with all the officers over them.—

The General-in-Chief, the General commanding the Corps, the Division General, and not the least our Brigade General, Hancock under whose management we won the recent brilliant victory near Williamsburg; likewise in our gallant Colonel Anna Cobb, who thought generally very slow as you are probably aware, has the regular gets up in him when occasion requires; and I may add that in Lt. Walker, Company A has as brave and efficient a commander as has left the State.

Capt. Temple is away from us. We know nothing of him now.

If you receive this money please mark it on the inside of one of the papers when they are sent, or inform me in some convenient. Yours etc., J. H. L.

Our friend will see that it is marked in printer's ink.

Since the above was written, Lieutenant Walker has been promoted to the Captaincy of a fine body of men as ever handled muskets. Of him it is only necessary to say that he is worthy to command them.

From the Fifth Regiment.

Camp No. 15, on the River, 1
New Kent County, Va., May 5, 1862.

Since my last letter to you we have moved some miles ahead, and are now 20 miles from the Megick of our pilgrimage, Richmond! The journey so far has been a severe one. Beside the roads being dusty, the sun has shone hot. The march was slow, by jerks one might say, and that makes one fretful. We have encamped on several beautiful farms. Our camp near New Kent C. H. on Tuesday last, was very near heaven in point of rest. We arrived there on Saturday evening. McClellan in his goodness gave us the day to rest. On Monday we resumed the line of march, and at 3 o'clock p. m. encamped again on a large plain or bottom, beside the Pamunkey river, 16 miles from our previous camp.

No more splendid sight could have been obtained of the grand army, than could be seen from a line of bluffs which rose to a height of 40 feet on the south of the plain. It was said we had 27,000 men on the plain of about 2,000 acres. Along the river which passes through this bottom, were the masts of the shipping, resembling a leafless forest. While here camp runner reported 1500 prisoners on the bluffs, taken by our cavalry. This was accompanied with the usual amount of intelligence, such as "the prisoners report Jeff Davis left for Richmond unknown," "The army discouraged." "They do not intend to make any thing of a stand." "We're going to desert." The whole dwindled down to a Colonel and a Major, who were found skulking about in the woods by our cavalry, and who, when they found out they were discovered, put up a flag of truce. They however did not come that over us. They were detained. These officers became so savage and insulting, the guards over them threatened to shoot the wretches. We left the camp on the plain or Cumberland's Landing on the morning of the 14th. We traveled about six miles and encamped where the heading of this letter states. The road was good, with the exception of a few places, where creeks crossed it. I was rather unwell on that day, so I took a horse to ride. As companions on horseback I had Lt. Col. Emory, Regimental Surgeon Cust- tulan, Assistant Surgeon Crane, Capt. Evans, the New York World's correspondent-in-chief, Crounse, (formerly of Milwaukee,) and Mr. Buckley, of the New York Herald. As we rode along chatting together in the extreme rear of the 5th, on the topics of interest about the war, the probable intention of the enemy, the blowing up of the Merrimac, evacuation of Norfolk, Sewall's Pt., the master stroke of old Abe in his strike while at Ft. Monroe, the sinking of the Teaser, and so on, the time flew away pleasanty. Crounse had to read, while at a halt, an editorial in the Herald which spoke of the dangers the reporters had to pass—they taking the field in the heat of battle, encountering all the dangers any one had to. This brought up a laugh. The reporter Buckley here present was three miles in the rear of the day's fighting at Williamsburg.

While at a halt a true chip of old Guinea came up, and as are all of like color, was very inquisitive. "Mighty glad to see you Lincoln people. Speeks like you seen brothers at mine." I say, messas, when is de old geman coming up? We want to see him bery much. I reckon he's a mighty fine man. Dem fellaws ahead bery scared at his approach, day is. "Have you seen any of the rebels?" "O, de Lor' yes, sah, plenty!" "How far ahead are they?" "Speeks they's a heap ahead. They're runnin' like de deblit! Spees you never see dem again.—Say dey whip you all holler. I speeks dey meant runnin'! Yah! yah! yah!"

We rode along after this silently. The dark pines on either side the road looked gloomy. The broze was sighing mournfully through the branches. Ahead, looking like a tumbling sea, with backs covered with knapsacks, the devoted patriots could be seen marching, anxious, and had the foe, surely we came out of the woods, and before us was a wide spreading plain, we had entered on General Lee's farm, the estate of Washington's wife—the widow Custis. A large white house stands on the same spot once occupied by a less pretentious mansion when Gen. Washington sparked "ye gay widow," and "assumed the control of her son."

The Pamunkey at this point is about twice the size of the Fox at Berlin. Boats drawing 11 ft. can run up this far. Within the last 24 hours a great fleet has arrived, and still they come. Gunboats are plenty.

We have—so it is said—20,000 cavalry ahead of us. They, for the first time, are doing the picket duty. The enemy's pickets are said to be six miles ahead along the Chickahominy. Whether they intend to stand and end this conflict in Virginia no one can say. We feel as though they were played out. An enemy who will leave such works as those at Yorktown, Mulberry Island, Williamsburg, and those at other points, have nearly finished their game.

The wheat in the fields is headed out. This make our beds of, camp in the midst of it, treat it down, and "steal all of their chickens." The sand is about as abundant as at Berlin.

The negroes have an immense scene which they draw in the Pamunkey. So the Generals have ash and herring, buckheads and catfish at the small pecuniary consideration of 25 cents apiece. General Smith pays $10 for a draw of the scene before it is made. He gets usually five or six ash and forty or fifty herrings, all for $10. This induced several Colonels to interest a like amount for a baul. Col. Bidulph, of the 30th New York, got for his $10 three ash and seven herrings, "Rally for the Colonel." His boys on the bank exclaimed, "go in again, Colonel!"

The U. S. Commissary or Quartermaster for have sheep which they have captured, and which they sell to officers for the small amount of $5 per head. By and by they will be appraised at $1 per head, so Mr. Quartermaster or Commissary will come out $2 ahead on every sheep. Sutter's are piling up money. Butter is selling at the rate of 75 cts. per lb., crackers 20 cts. per lb., tobacco $1.50 per lb, cheese 25 cts. per lb, potatoes $1.50 per bushel.
There is one thing we have them on—that is
commissary stores. These consist of
hard crackers, "occasionally skilly," su-
gar, coffee, tea, and once in a while fresh
beef, mutton and pork, salt &c, beef, ham,
bacon, &c. These we got at cost
prices, as per regulations.

We have poor tents, no shelter at all,
scarcely; the rain goes right through them.
To-day it is raining hard.

How long we shall remain here is un-
certain.
The boys are all well. Sergeant Frank
Hyde arrived here this morning looking
very well, and distributing his letters and
packages to the boys. Bill Kees' cake
was gobbled up in a jiff.

We shall start for Richmond in a few
days if we are not stopped by the wayside.
The weather to-day is very cold. Our
blankets are wet. The ground is well
soaked. The fly is damp. The heavens
are dark. By the way it is one of those
dull cold days that send a thrill over every
thing.

We have just received a mail, with three
copies of the Berlin Courant of May 8th.
Not more than four or five letters.

By Hyde we learn from Capt. Bugh for
the first time since he left us. He is at
Baltimore, doing well. We have not heard
from Jesse Brown, as yet. He must have
been taken prisoner. A great, many deser-
ters are constantly coming in.

Yours ever—JOHN.

FROM THE FIFTH WIS. REGIMENT.

Camp No. 15 in a Field, near White-
house Landing, May 16, 1862.

FRIEND CHASE:—The readers of the
Record may be looking for the where-
abouts of the Fifth Wisconsin, who estab-
lished a reputation at the battle of Wil-
rabiesburg on the 5th of May, 1862, that
we hope to maintain in every action in
which we may be engaged.

Of the battle of Williamsburg you have
doubt heard all that could be told of it,
except the very flattering address
General McClellan made to us while
out on dress parade on the 7th instant.
We were then camped near the battle
field. He rode up in front of our colors
and addressed us as follows:

MY LADS:—I have come to thank you
for your gallant conduct the other day.
you have gained honor for your country,
for your State, and the army to which
you belong. Through you we won the
day, and Williamsburg shall be inscribed
upon your banner. I can not thank you
enough for what you have done. I trust
in you for the future and know you will
sustain the reputation you have won for
yourselves. By your action and superior
discipline you have gained a reputation
that shall be known throughout the Army
of the Potomac. Your country owes you
her grateful thanks; as for myself I can
never thank you enough.

At the conclusion he took off his hat,
bowed, and we gave him three hearty
cheers and a T-i-g-a-r.

General McClellan seems to have ev-
ery confidence in our Brigade-General,
W. S. Hancock, (I know his men have)
as in a dispatch to his wife on the 6th,
he says:

"Hancock was superb, yesterday," and
also in his official report says, "Han-
cock made a brilliant charge," etc., etc.

We are at present camped at White-
house Landing, on the Pamunkey river
about twenty miles from Richmond. We expect
to move forward to-morrow, and again take
our position on the right and front of
the Grand Army of the Potomac.

Our Marathon and Portage County
men are all along with us, and in good
health. none having been injured in the
battle of Williamsburg.

Our Captain, William A. Brown, was
wounded, and is at present in Baltimore.
We heard from him yesterday; he is do-
ing well, and will no doubt soon be able
to take command of his Company, who,
I assure you, feel quite lonely without
him.

As it is growing late and we are order-
ed to be ready to march at four o'clock
in the morning, I must close. I will
write again in a few days; and hope to
give you a better letter.

Yours, truly, ALPHA.

Lt. Col. Emery.—We publish in anoth-
er column, a letter from Major Larrabee
of the 8th regiment, to the Milwaukee cen-
tinel, in which the Major does full justice
to the conduct of his fellow officer, Lieut.
Col. H. W. Emery, in the late battle of
Williamsburg. Most of the accounts of
that battle have, made proper mention of
Lt Col E., but in some of them, Col. Cab
and Major Larrabee, have been spoken of
and no mention made of him. No one, who
knows him, ever doubted for a mo-
ment, but Lieut. Emery had performed his
duty on that occasion, as well as on
all others. He is a man that can be de-
pended upon to do his duty, in whatever
position he may be.

Letter from Major Larrabee,—Justice to
Lieut. Col. Emery.

[From the Milwaukee Sentinel.]

Camp 22 MILES EAST OF RICHMOND, May 19, 1862.

Eids Sentinel—Your issue of the 14th
reached, our camp at White House this
morning, and I notice the following items
for the purpose of saying that it nega-
tively does injustice to Lieut. Col. Emery and
the other officers of the regiment:

Col. Emery and the Wisconsin correspondents
writing of the gallant charge of Hancock's brigade, say the Wisconsin Fifths
are the backbone, and speak especially of the coolness and courage of Col.
Cab and Major Larrabee.

In the Honolulu Tribune, published to-night
in the fortunes of the Fifth
be at the right place at the right time
on the day at Williamsburg, and certainly
by its steadiness and discipline to contrib-
ute more than other regiments to our
success, still I am not cognizant of that
I took such a part as to be complimented
above others. I know of no case where
any single officer did more than his duty,
or so believed as to distinguish himself above
others. Every one, without exception,
was cool and brave and active, and in his
right place. The truth is that Lieutenant
Colonel Emery was in a position of
danger, commanding the skirmishers, and
received the first attack of Early's Brigade.
But he retired his men slowly, ordering a stand several times and
giving the command to fire at each time.

As there are but three field officers and
only two of us mentioned above, the cou-
nel is that he did not behave
well. Nothing could be further from the
truth. I have carefully avoided letter
writing, knowing that most of the corre-
spondence from this necessarily,
particularly, tinted with personal prefer-
ences for individuals and productions of
more harm than good. As a proof of this I
may say that it is impossible to recognize
the battle of Williamsburg from the pub-
lished accounts. Of course there were
instances of individual heroism. At least a
few from our retiring to the new line of battle formed by General
Hancock and being unable to discharge
their gos, deliberately un-crewed the ship-
s, armed oneself, and the nipsies and fired at the advancing rebels.
This with rebel bullets flying thick and
dense, and with their comrades falling by
their sides. Quite a number did not know
they were wounded till hours after the
battle, and one persistently marches now
with a buck shot in each thigh. I had
occasion once before to say what I now
repeat—that Wisconsin Regiment will gain
the most honor, which is oftentimes brought
to face to face with the rebels.

Yours, etc., H. L. LARRABEE.

From the Fifth Wisconsin.

Camp No. 16—In the Field, } 17 MILES EAST OF RICHMOND,

May 19th, 1862.

Editors of State Journal: My last com-
unication was dated May 1st, and written
near Yorktown. Since that period much
has been accomplished on the peninsula,
but my right hand, sprained at the battle
of Williamsburg, has been so badly swell-
ed and so painful, I could not use the pen
until quite recently. In consequence of
which I have been unable to send the high-
ly important news as it has been passing.

To recount at this late hour the evacu-
ation of Yorktown, the battle of Will-
rabiesburg, and the " onward march to
Richmond," up to this Camp, would be
but a repetition of what has already gone
before you readers. The almost im-
possible fortifications at Yorktown, so cov-
erly deserted by the rebels, have been
accurately described by our army cor-
respondents; but that part of the battle
of Williamsburg in which Gen. Hancock's
The story of the rebel defeat at Williamsburg is now old in camp. We are looking forward to fresh scenes at, or this side of Richmond. The soldiers are in the best of spirits, and ready to again try their strength with the minions of Jeff. Davis. Two copies of the Journal reached me last night, May 13th, and of Communication is now direct, and letters and papers often come straggling into camp two weeks old. This we expect while we are on this march, but we do not know how long we will be in Richmond, and then our mail will come direct from Washington.

Hoping to soon see the Stars and Stripes waving over the rebel capital, I remain yours truly, E. C. H.

ARRIVED HOME.—T. G. Ryan, of company G, 5th regiment, who was wounded and yet no friend officer has been appointed from either of these Co.'s, in the leg at the battle of Williamsburg arrived home on Saturday. His wound is nearly healed, and he is able to walk with a cane, though his limb is possessed of but little feeling. Aside from his wound, his health is good. He informs us that when he left Baltimore, Capt. Bush was improving gradually, though the worst wound of all on his back. It will be seen by the letter we publish from Capt. Bush this week, that he is slowly recovering from his wound, and that he expects to be able to visit Wisconsin some time in September. Capt. Bush, as our readers will remember, was wounded in the thigh at the battle of Williamsburg, was left by his men in their retreat, was run over by the enemy, and escaped death by grasping the bayonets of the rebel soldiers, at the expense of serious wounds in his hands. Capt. Bush has been lying on his back for three months at Baltimore, suffering from a wound that would have killed a man of a less hardy constitution. It is very uncertain whether he will ever be able to sit again on foot, but in a month or two, he will probably be far recovered as to do good service on horseback. There is no braver officer in the army than Capt. Bush, and there is no one who, by his services and sufferings, has a higher claim to promotion. Unless the Governor sees fit to promote him to a Field office, his fighting days are probably over; and it would be a serious disappointment to him, should he be compelled to lay aside his sword before the war is ended. It would please thousands of warm friends in this region, could he be appointed Colonel of one of the new regiments, and the company he has so ably led on the advance Richmond, although feeling his loss from the company deeply, would throw up their caps with joy could they hear of his promotion. We think his zeal exerted in raising the first company from this region, his untiring efforts in rendering them efficient and comfortable, his bravery in leading them to battle, and his sufferings from the effects of rebel bullets and bayonets, so long and bravely borne, entitle him to a place among the Field Officers. Besides, Green Lake County has in the field four companies of infantry, one battery of artillery and at least one hundred men in the cavalry. Waukesha county has done equally as well, and yet no friend officer has been appointed from either of these Co.'s.
gloom over all. Woodcock stood next to me in the ranks. Corporal Cochens lay next to and within ten feet of me, when a shell passed through his breast—(we were deployed as skirmishers at the time)—Eddy fell just back of me.

FROM THE FIFTH REGIMENT.

CAMP OF THE FIELD, 10 miles from Richmond, May 26th.

Our advance from Williamsburg toward Richmond thus far, has been quiet and fraught with little that can be called dangerous. The rebels have fled before us "in flight precipitate," leaving our victorious army sole possession of the very heart of Virginia. This is passing strange, after the wild threats they made about how the "very heavens" would fall, and the proud chivalry would say the "horrors of war" or "mud sills," and manure the half cultivated lands with their bodies.

The heavy siege guns are very few in number, but what is rumored about Richmond, can be plainly heard by the Union army. The auditors that shake the rebel capital conversing through the woods and tumbling along the valleys, and lose themselves far away toward the Rappahannock and beyond the James. Still we are here, besieging the boasted capital, and are safe. Ready to receive them, or when ready to attack.

Though we met with no resistance as we advanced, our path has not been strewn with flowers, nor have we lain our bodies in flowery fields of ease. Though these men and sand, sunshine and rain, heat and cold, our advance has been made. At first we made long tedious marches, that tried "men's souls," both spiritual souls and leather. The sick list increased at a prodigious rate, each morning found us with a batch of ten to twenty, who were unable to proceed any farther. The rain stuck to it manfully. When unable, during the march to keep up, they took a "ticket" to fall in the rear and come up as fast as they could. They generally would come up about dusk. Only three days we marched in haste. Aftewards we took it more moderately. This enabled the men to keep up and receive medical aid at the same time. At the White House the best health was left behind, and were carried by the Sanitary Committee down the Pamunkey and York to some point where good hospital accommodations can be had. Since leaving, the White House, our march has not exceeded seven miles per day. I think what men are now here will stand it through Richmond.

The enemy are prowing in small bands on the other side of the Chickahominy, keeping well under cover of the woods however. To day I heard that some of our forces had crossed the Chickahominy at Bottoms Bridge. If this is true we may expect to be in the suburbs of Richmond next week. From all accounts there is a general stampede from that elevated city. North Carolina comes down rather hard upon the Davis Confederacy. This is refreshing to us, and serves us the more, just wipe out this small fry about Richmond, and a few restives afterward, may escape for the time being, and then return home rejoicing. The Yankees say "going on up fast," cries the Secesh behind our breast works, and the Secesh who has not been fortunate enough to join and a high or safe position, cries "left out in the wet!" "an enviable position!" and cries the darkey contraband, "by golly, a right smart chance to travel for de darker confines of some lesser land!"

As a party of our cavalry yesterday sent out to skirmish up to the lines of the enemy, were slowly riding along, they saw one of the Secesh pickets, his gun beside a tree out of his hand. As they approached nearer, this picket motioned for them to stop, or go back. The Lieutenant in command of the party, regardless of the warning, went on. The picket disappeared and not a rod hardly had they passed his post a volley was fired into his party: killing three or four of his men and four horses. This brilliant officer, in my opinion, ought to be cashiered.

The mail is closing, and I will drop my letter here.

The boys are nearly all well.

Yours, P.E.R.T.

From the Fifth Wisconsin Regiment.

CAMP NO. 19, IN THE FIELD.
Near Richmond, Sunday May 26th.

The Fifth Wisconsin arrived here yesterday forenoon during a hard rain storm, and pitched tents seven miles E. of N. of the Rebel Capital. The Chickahominy (here a mere creek) is just before us. Our pickets were doing duty upon its banks, while upon the other side, and across a level strip of land, the "rebels" can be seen. Much timber obstructs the view, but from an elevated point we have a fair sight at the grey coats.

A sharp skirmish took place at this point yesterday morning, and resulted in the defeat of "secesh," with the loss of a number in our Division. The Fifth Wisconsin had no hand in it, but immediately occupied the ground, and sent out pickets in front.

Our camp is immediately in front of a rich planter's residence, and to the right, less than 40 rods, lives the overseer or negro-driver. The planter "skedaddled!" at our approach, but the overseer remains. I hope with dogged indifference, and seems not to care whether succession is "played out or in." A negro who lives upon the place says this man with "boss" over the negroes that lives in the fortifications before Yorktown. It remains to be seen whether the General will visit Mr. Overseer up at his office to subscribe to a certain obligation or not. I presume he is a good Union man now, and will readily take the oath of allegiance. There are many of these ilk under-water men in Virginia. This one has a timid-looking wife, and three pale, sickly looking children. I gave him a dime for a one dollar bill, and the bank teller in Richmond, I shall demand the specie.

Sunday in Gen. McClellan's army is generally a quiet day. So if the rebels do not meet us, we may have an opportunity to write home to our friends.

The good storm has passed away, and the bright sun has come out of the thick clouds, leaving behind it a feeling of sending madness to every object. A short walk through the woods (we cannot go far from camp) where the gay-winged songsters are sending forth many notes of sweet melody, causes us to forget, for a time, the fierce struggle that is going on in our country. A soldier seeks every opportunity for recreation, and a walk through the green fields or shady woods reminds him of his peaceful home. He returns with a fresh painting of some beautiful landscape impressed upon his mind, and spirits highly exhilarated, but all pleasure is saddened when he sits down and remembers the unsettled condition of our national affairs, and the many desolated hearts by the cruel warfare.

Prof. Lowe is here with his large balloon (the Constitution) and a constant reconnaissance is being made above the rebel army. They are so strongly fortified at this point as to make Yorktown, but their force is larger, and our recent repulse on the James River, will encourage them to fight desperately. Before Richmond can be taken we shall have hot work. Two or three days must be occupied building bridges across the Chickahominy, before we can move on. When this is done Gen. Hooker, doubtless, brings us face to face with the enemy. It is impossible for any but those in his immediate confidence, (and they are few) to know the plans, but the fullest faith in his slow and sure movements. He will not be caught napping. He is constantly with the army and personally superintending every important arrangement.

Deserters come into camp and represent an excited state of things in Richmond. Many of them believe it a defeated city. Some talk desperately, and swear the world's history shall record another Moscow. Others, more soldier-like, say they will resist to the bitter end, and fight as long as there is hope, and hope reaches on till death.

While I write the support are coming up and camping to the right and left of our brigade in marching in. All demonstrations may commence very soon. We are ready. This afternoon our company goes out to do picket duty.

Next I have been detailed to do the cooking of all of our men into Richmond. Rumor says Gen. Hancock has been tendered the Military Generalship of said city, and his brigades the honor of being the first when the city surrenders, of course.

The health of the regiment is not so good as when I last wrote. Quite a large number have been removed to different hospitals, and a few are unfit for duty in camp. Dysentery is the prevailing complaint.
10 o'clock M.—Cannonading has commenced on our left, the result remains to be seen. No order has yet come to "fall in," but we expect it and are ready.

E. O. H.

Letter from Washington.

The following letter if it had reached us in time, should have appeared in our last. But as it is full of matter of interest to the people of Menomonee, we have no doubt but it will be a pleasure to them to read it even at this late date.

WASHINGTON, May 25, 1862.

Said a gentleman once to one who had just concluded a very flowery speech, "my dear sir, you have made an excellent speech, but allow me to say, that you don't always keep in sight of the facts," "Don't! Then so much the worse for the facts," was the answer. As this answer has the merit of wit, it is not improbable that its sentiment has been adopted by the New York newspaper correspondents from the "Seat of War," for I am certain that snakes are not more scarce in Ireland, nor lawyers in the Kingdom of Heaven, than unadulterated and unvarnished facts in their letters.

The first report of the battle of Williamsburg, brought Hancock's Brigade so prominently into notice, that we all looked forward to the more particular accounts, giving the details, with the greatest impatience; not doubting, in our simplicity, that full justice would be done, and the mode of praise fail where it was justly due. But twenty days have now elapsed since the battle; correspondents have written over paper enough to whiten (or blacken) the whole field, and yet we have not found a single account that was not either too much exaggerated for rational belief, or too weak and sickly to do justice to a good squarerun. Reasoning as I did, that "Hancock's brilliant bayonet charge," could never have been executed without bringing the gallant Fifth to the "front and centre," of the fight, I thought it strange that no special prominence was given to the New York scribblers. But a little consideration explains it all: New York correspondents were sent to look after New York heroes; other state correspondents the same; while our own state, not being represented, is left to the tender mercies of strangers, who universally believe that "chivalry begins at home," and that generosity is a cash article, and only to be had at their prices. But at last I have the facts, not only from an eye witness, but one who combines intelligence enough to understand the situation of affairs, and honesty enough to relate occurrences as they are.

The fact that this statement, reaches me in the form of a private letter, and was never intended for publication, only adds to its claims for credibility, for which, however, the author's name alone, is a sufficient voucher among the most of your readers—Lieutenant Heller, of Company K. (the Dunn County Rifles) writes as follows:

"I am sick of hearing about the brilliant charge of our Brigade. The charge did not amount to anything more than to scatter the already whipped and broken rebels. The battle was virtually won by a right hand fighting of the Fifth Wisconsin alone, before the charge was ordered.

As for Wheeler's Battery, which was in advance, and which we supported, doing such terrible execution, that is all phenomena. They limbered up and skidded first thing, leaving our Regiment to fight its way back alone, a distance of four hundred yards to the main force in our rear, consisting of the 6th Maine, 49th Pennsylvania, 33d New York, and 7th Maine Regiments.

At the opening of the fight, the whole force was disposed as follows: On the north side of the battle ground, which was an open field, surrounded on three sides by woods, and the fourth side looking out upon Fort Mc-Gruder, and two smaller forts, were drawn up the four Regiments above named, to wit: Commencing on the left, and in the following order, the 49th Pennsylvania, 6th Maine, 7th Maine, and 33d New York. Four hundred yards in advance of the main line, was the 5th Wisconsin, disposed as follows: First companies with the colors, were posted to support Wheeler's Battery. One hundred yards in front of the battery, companies K and D were posted as support to the skirmishers. Companies A, G, and E, which were deployed on a line with a rail fence, fifty yards in advance of the supports.

We lay in this position for two hours, when suddenly emerging from the woods came the Rebel crack Brigade, in double quick, and the ball was opened by the skirmishers; they falling back upon the supports, who delivered their fire; when all fell back upon the colors, when the whole Regiment slowly retired, contesting the ground, faithfully, and with deadly aim upon the enemy, until we reached the main line at retreat number 3, and took the position reserved for us in line, when the order of General Hancock was given to charge bayonet.

The enemy had already lost every field officer, and nearly every line officer, and were scattered in the greatest confusion before the order was given to charge; and the order was countermanded before the troops had charged fifty yards, and all fell back and took their positions, and we were ordered to recover the dead and wounded. The fighting lasted about thirty minutes, and was principally done by our Regiment.

Colonel Cobb is the man to whom the praise is justly due for the good hard fighting and the victory.

The 33d New York and 7th Maine, though on the ground, do not, you know, belong to our Brigade, but they were in line on our right when we fell back to the 6th Maine and 49th Pennsylvania. They all fired a volley or two at the fleeing rebels, and the battle was over.

Now, the newspaper reporters may write as they please; there was not one of them on the field, and as yet I have not seen a correct description of the fight. I know one thing; that our Regiment will have to do ten times as much fighting as either a New York or Pennsylvania Regiment, to get as much, or even any praise. We are in hope the official report of Generals McClellan and Hancock, will do us justice. They both complimented us highly, and I truly believe, that if our Regiment had broke and run, the whole force over the dam would have followed suit, and all have been captured or cut to pieces. There was no possible chance to get back except by the way we came over, in double file; and crowded as we should be, our destruction would have been certain.

Such is the Lieutenant's account, and certainly it is clear and definite, and fully accounts for the success of the day. I send you accompanying this a Map of the battle, which he was kind enough to sketch for me.

Take even the accounts of the New York Press, and read any of them with this map before you; and the part borne by the gallant Fifth assumes a new prom-
The Battle of Williamsburg

The following account of the battle of Williamsburg, we are allowed to extract from a private letter written by Thomas Ryan, of Co. G, 5th regiment, to his mother in this city. We think the letter will be found interesting, notwithstanding the length of time which has elapsed since the battle, and the various accounts already received:

U. S. Hospital, Camp McKwin, Baltimore, Md., May 27, 1862.

Dear Mother:

* * * * *

Just as I was displacing the contents of your package to an admiring crowd of one-legged, no-legged, one-armed and off-handed fellows, I was agreeably surprised by the entrance of my old test mate, John Fay, fresh from the regiment. He had a furlough for thirty days in order to re-eruit from wounds received in the Williamsburg fight. He received a buck shot in each leg, but not deeming the injuries worthy of attention continued to march with the regt. until inflammation settled in, and he was ordered to seek the hospital. He is now however, nearly recovered.

You have before this time been made aware of the terrible fight we had at Williamsburg. More than one fourth of the men actually engaged, were killed or wounded. I will send you a chart of the field of battle as well as my memory can present it. Less than ten thousand of our men engaged, what Magruder puts at nineteen thousand rebels, strongly entrenched. We took at the point of the bayonet nineteen forts, the largest of which was more impregnable than the much talked of Ft. Donelson. This latter—Fort Magruder—with two others, was taken by Hancock’s brigade. Can it be wondered that our loss was great? To me the wonder is that it is so small.

As it was raining hard, I could get but a vague idea of the forts; all I could tell of them from observations made from the fence where we stood as skirmishers, was that they were of immense size and very strong. We were at first attacked by the Va. regt. on the right, near the woods, which came in on double quick and poured a volley in to us while on the run. Such shooting however, was not very effective, though the bullets flew very thick and made one think he was not entirely safe. Not so with our fire, however, as we were shooting our rifles on the fence and taking deliberate aim, a deadly fire was poured into the crowded ranks of the rebels, who immediately slackened their pace to a slow walk, our skirmishers meanwhile retreating slowly and firing coolly and deliberately into the rebel ranks. I could almost swear that every shot killed or disabled one or more men.

[Here follows a chart of the battle field, which we are obliged to omit, not having an engraver in our employ.—Eos Spec]

Our regt. was thrown into some consternation about the time we had reached the place where Capt. Bugh was shot, on account of a charge of rebel cavalry upon the three companies supporting the battery. A few charges of grape from the battery, and a well directed fire from our rifles soon made these valiant horsemen hide in the woods. At this time we were opened upon by the 5th N. C. and 24th Va., who poured in a murderous cross fire on us, and the gunners of the battery falling every moment, it was deemed expedient to remove it to the captured fort, as it was in its present location unable to do much execution and liable to be captured. Being nearly surrounded we were compelled to retreat, but I assure you it was a very slow retreat, loading and firing continually and deliberately. We had out the 5th N. C. completely to pieces before we reached the reserve. Gen. Hancock seeing the break in the centre of their line, immediately ordered a charge of bayonets, and the rebels fled in the utmost disorder and confusion leaving all their dead and wounded on the field. I will now give you as near as I can, an account of my personal experience during the battle.

You will see at the fence occupied by our skirmishers, a spot marked with an asterisk, that was about where I stood. As the enemy came up, I snapped two caps at them, but the bad effects of the rain was evident, my piece would not go off. I retreated as fast as I could to the barn, in the rear, and laying down behind a pile of stones that supported the corner marked “2,” I pricked some powder into the tube, which had the desired effect and bang it went into the rebel ranks—five or six discharges from this point, and I began to think of getting a little further back. A rising from my breastwork, I got out from under cover of the barn when lo, I was but a few paces from the 5th N. C. I shall never get the wish of their bullets out of my ears. Heaven, when I think of it. It must be some good angel that guided me unhurt thro’ that abower of bullets. I feel certain that if I stepped one foot on either side from the course which I took, I would have been shot. Here it was that four bullets pierced my coat and tore my pantaloons. By the time I had reached the house where the battery was stationed, and from which they were just re treating, my rifle was loaded, and I turned to discharge it in the face of my enemies. At this moment a bullet took a button off my coat and damaged the cloth slightly. Here I joined my regt. and with them disputed each inch of ground to the “gate,” marked out in the fence nearest to the “captured fort.”
here, on the right hand side of the gate, you will see a black dot of ink—that is the spot where I was shot while taking a cap from my box. I felt no blow: tho ally or rather intensely spread all over tioD.

"..." I can walk with the aid of a cane, though I dare not walk much for fear of inflamma-
tion.

I am able to go home as soon as I can get a furlough, which I hope will not be long. I must now close this long and hastily written letter.

Yours, THOMAS,

[From the Milwaukee Wisconsin, May 29]

From a Member of the 5th Wisconsin Regiment—Some Important Corrections.

I have now had the pleasure of reading many accounts of the battle of Williamsburg, and never dreamed of its arrest in my room. It is, that so many great events happened there, that I might not be aware of them, either from carelessness or the neglect. I will, however, write to the character of the battle, and the like of which I am now inclined to give credit to the characters of the battles generally.

First, Great glory is heaped on the head of the 42d N. Y. Regiment for its connection with the 8th Wisconsin in the Williamsburg fight.

I have now had the pleasure of reading many accounts of the battle of Williamsburg, and never dreamed of its arrest in my room. It is, that so many great events happened there, that I might not be aware of them, either from carelessness or the neglect. I will, however, write to the character of the battle, and the like of which I am now inclined to give credit to the characters of the battles generally.

Second, The disposition amongst correspondents to follow the instruction to do great glory is heaped on the head of the 42d N. Y. Regiment for its connection with the 8th Wisconsin in the Williamsburg fight.

I have now had the pleasure of reading many accounts of the battle of Williamsburg, and never dreamed of its arrest in my room. It is, that so many great events happened there, that I might not be aware of them, either from carelessness or the neglect. I will, however, write to the character of the battle, and the like of which I am now inclined to give credit to the characters of the battles generally.

Third, This regiment’s part in the battle of Williamsburg was little short of wonderful. To assist the wounded, the regiments of the 5th North Carolina first emerged from the woods, where Col. Emory could engage them. He did as and continued to do as a matter of course.

His Lieut. Col. McRae & Co. were busy with the two other regiments still further in the woods. Here was an emergency which could and only be met by coolness and decision. This was the Lieut. Colonel’s first fight, but he was equal to the emergency, and now for the first time commenced falling back—but retiring, but falling back: at the same time withdrawing his attention from the 5th N. C., he paid his compliments to the 24th Virginia, now within 12 rods of him, and with such coolness and effect that in about five minutes from its first appearance, that regiment was engaged and so thoroughly scattered, that, though it continued the fight, it was never rallied as a regiment. In little squads it pressed on to the support of the regiment and next morning came to roll call with less than 120 men. These four companies were brought back into the rolls of least than 8 killed and a few wounded.

Now, I am not writing a reply to Lt. Col. Emory, to place him above other officers of the regiment. Nor have I written this notice at all, but in the memory to the same name, injustice has been done him. Equally as much as I believe that all the errors of the regiment’s dark and distressing act of crossing a narrow mill dam in the face of the most formidable looking fort I ever set on, which fort I am assured, but it was impossible for him to know it, and twenty men behind its walls could, in five minutes, have cut and isolated the position against it. Of every company commander in that regiment as much might be said. Yet the honor to Lieut. Col. Emory, and to others of lower rank, will be drawn away to brighten the halo of more fortunate, if not more efficient aspirants for the honor of the victory.

"Hence unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s."

No one to our knowledge, ever doubted the unflinching courage and integrity of Lt. Col. Emory or Major Larabee. We put on record the above facts with great pleasure, because we believe the compliment is well deserved.

[From the Fifth Wisconsin Regiment, Correspondence of the Daily Wisconsin, Liberty Hall Hospital, May 21st, 1862]

Mr. Editor: In your issue of the 24th inst. I find in an extract from a private letter from a member of the Fifth Wisconsin Regiment some statements which, though as a whole, are literally true, yet, without explanation, are calculated to do injustice to the medical corps of that regiment—you will do me a favor by permitting me to explain my own position. I have no desire to call attention to the other statements in the extract, as I think they are for themselves. Your extract says: "We had not an ambulance on the ground to remove the wounded." The Regimental Surgeon has no control over the ambulances. They are under the direction of the Brigadier Surgeon. I thank the writer, for the compliment to me, in the next sentence, though true, and intended as such. "Our Regimental Surgeon was not on the field till most of the fight was over." I was, against my most fervent desire, to leave the field till after the first onset of the four regiments, rushing for the nearest house in which they could be sheltered from the storm. The nearest house in which they could be accommodated was more than a mile away. I immediately pressed into service some negroes, who, under the direction of some soldiers, put the house in order. In the meantime, I sent orders back to the field, to have the wounded sent in on litters as fast as possible.

I found our band and drum corps, busily engaged, carrying off the wounded, and Assistant Surgeon Crane receiving them in the hospital. But no hospital had been prepared for their reception. I immediately gave such directions, as I could for their care on the ground, and left to hunt up and procure a house in which they could be sheltered from the storm. The nearest house in which they could be accommodated was more than a mile away. I immediately pressed into service some negroes, who, under the direction of some soldiers, put the house in order. In the meantime, I sent orders back to the field, to have the wounded sent in on litters as fast as possible.

Could we have even had two good ambulances, they could all have been housed before dark. But they had to be carried on shoulders, through rain and deep mud, for more than a mile, on an intensely dark night, by soldiers worn out by two days and nights of hard fighting, almost without food, and let me here say, that our men gave themselves up to this arduous duty with a cheerfulness and an alacrity that does honor to the heroes of this regiment, which was little short of wonderful. To Assistant Surgeon Crane, I, too, as well as the sufferers, am under obligations, for his ef-
having put the work in operation, I returned to the Hospital I had left, three miles away, to report to the Medical Director, and then return again to my own wounded, where things had improved. I worked until 10 o'clock at night, and worked till near 4 o'clock in the morning, when, from sheer exhaustion, I fainted, and fell to the floor. I rested but two hours, and resumed my work, nor stopped till the last wound was dressed. This should have satisfied your correspondent, so far as "our Regimental Surgeon" was concerned. The probabilities were that for some reason which I do not understand, the same course is to be pursued towards me and my Regiment in the approaching fight. I hope, with your correspondent, that "our Governor" will be satisfied that his regiments are properly treated, and most heartily commend your correspondent to the Divine protection, on which he so devoutly leans.

ALFRED S. CASTLEMAN,
Surgeon 5th Wisconsin Vol.

From the 5th Wisconsin—Before Richmond.

Camp, near New Bridge, Va., June 1st, 1862.

Editors State Journal:—Another week has passed, and we still occupy the same camp as when I last wrote. The 5th Wisconsin is doing its regular share of picket duty, and holding itself ready for the word "forward." The close proximity to the rebel capital, and the daily sight of several pickets, keep the men in a sort of excitement, or feverish desire to go on. The prospects and stories floating over the rebel capital," say all. Nor are the men alone in this;

Gen. Smith-day before yesterday sent over to Gen. McClellan's headquarters the message:—"General, if you will say the word, I will go over the Chickahominy, and in less than five hours take those rebel fortifications." Gen. Me. sent back the laconic answer:—"We are not quite ready Billy."

We must wait the General's orders, but we have faith that the control of the Grand Army could be placed in no better hands. "Little Mac," (why the people have fastened that to him, is more than I can tell, for he is much larger, heavier and stouter than the majority of men) is loved, and almost worshipped by officers and men.

Although this regiment has been comparatively quiet, others among us have been in motion. Last Tuesday, Gen. Porter met and threshed the rebels at Hanover Court House, and yesterday, Casey's and Hooker's division fought them a sharp fight on the left.

The wounded prisoners tell of having half rations, and being pressed into the service. It is the same story they tell. They either learned it by heart before they came into our hands, or if told to them, then are Mrs. Carolinians. They say that they are put in the front ranks because their loyalty to the South is suspected. This seems true for the troops in the front rank at Williamsburg, and here they are bearing the larger share of the work.

The 8th Wisconsin has been in motion. Last Tuesday, Gen. Perry told the wounded prisoners of his night advance and attack on the Chickahominy. We are on the left of that stream.

8 A.M.—There is firing. The firing has commenced. It cannot be over two miles from our camp; one mile from our picket line.

Reinforcements have gone out. Our turn may come next. The men are ready.

There has been firing for the last half hour. Constant rattle of musketry. All the camp are out upon the knolls and high points listening. A piece of woodland hides the view, but over the trees the smoke rises, and we can get the direction.

The health of the regiment is now improving. This week's rest has done us good.

With high hopes of success in the coming battle I remain, yours truly,

E. C. H.
From our Volunteers in the Field.

We condense several letters of our army correspondence, not having room for them in full.

FIFTH REGIMENT.

A correspondent in the 5th Wisconsin dates his letter June 12th, in the field, six miles from Richmond. The camp of the 5th was then on the south bank of the Chickahominy, on the right wing of our army. The soldiers were employed on picket duty and constructing earthworks. Their brigade is in the advance, the other line being within rifle shot of that of the rebels. Shooting pickets has again commenced, and the utmost caution has to be observed. Our men keep behind trees as at Yorktown, and whenever they show themselves are fired at by the rebels.

The health of the regiment continues about the same. It numbers about 500 for duty. Our correspondent declares that the issue of whisky rations has a bad effect on the army. It has increased rather than diminished sickness, and is reviving old and kindling new appetites for strong drink.

Major Larrabee is at the White House sick, though not seriously.

On the previous Sunday the regiment was drawn up and inspected by Gen. Prim, of Mexico and his staff.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Letter from Lieut. John W. Barlow.

By the kindness of Mrs. Barlow we are permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter to her, from her son, who is now in the army before Richmond. Lieut. Barlow is so well known in this village, and his statements will be relied upon as strictly true. His letter though not intended for publication, contains some facts and suggestions relative to the army before Richmond—that some of our paper Generals at the north, will do well to reflect upon—read it.

I have you know already been considerably exposed to danger, and have not yet received a scratch. Mrs. Barlow, says, (and her authority is most excellent,) that I am to continue as fortunate as I have been, she has not the slightest fears for my safety. I have passed unheeded through as hot firing as I will probably ever experience again; so don't I pray you make yourself uneasy in the least about me.

I am now encamped across the Chickahominy, near Fair-Oaks, and on a portion of the battle-field of June 1st. I was not engaged in that fight, I was very near, though only separated from the armies by the river, which was so much swollen that no more troops could pass over. In that fight they had every advantage possible, they knew that our reinforcements could not be brought across the river and they were certain of capturing the force we had already thrown over. They failed! and that only on account of the superiority of the Federal troops.

When they were unable in that instance, to whip the greatly inferior force they had to contend with, how do they expect to resist McClellan's army in the great battle soon to come off, they will either be beaten or obliged to evacuate again.

Many persons blame Gen. McClellan for not fighting more. He possesses one quality which very few great General do, that is humanity. If he can accomplish the same ends without much bloodshed, I'm sure the people nearly all of whom have relations or friends in the army, need not complain.

But the expense they say is so enormous; what of that, would not every mother whose darling son is enlisted in the army of his country, rather pay a slight, extra tax for a few years to come, than that boy of hers sent home to her arms horribly mutilated, or perished left to moulder far away in some unknown grave, in a strange soil, without a friend to shed a tear over his shattered corpse.

Oh, war is a great thing, fine victories, and grand battles are glorious to read of, provided that when carefully examining the list of killed and wounded, no loyal name appears to start up the spectral form to whom it belongs.
The following letter was so long coming that we were in some doubt whether to publish it, but have concluded to insert it, as our readers are all glad to hear from the boys of the 5th and this contains some news of interest:

**IN CAMP BEFORE RICHMOND.**

June 18th, 1862.

**DEAR TRIBUNE:—A person not in immediate vicinity has no idea of the amount of work that has been done and is still under construction. The numerous bridges over the Chickahominy and the swamps bordering it; the many miles of corduroy and the Government wagons

The men are working night and day in order to get ready for the grand and final blow to this wicked rebellion. So far the "Grand Army of the Potomac" has pretty near all safely passed over the river; only a portion of the right wing has the arduous duty to perform, but there is no doubt that before many days will pass, and in the stillness of some dark night they will make the passage, and before the daws of morning the enemy will find them strongly intrenched and that it is no easy job to drive them from their new position.

The rebels have shown no desire to renew their attack of the 3rd ult. They evidently got the worst of it, as scarcely a day passes but the dead body of some rebel is found who was a victim at the battle of Fair Oak. I understand that yesterday some of our scouting parties found a house containing one hundred and fifty dead rebels, making in all about 1,400 our men have buried of the enemy's dead. Some of those last found died, no doubt, from the want of bread and water. When their bodies were found they had their canteens in their hands and holding them over their mouths, drained of every drop of water. This shows how the enemy care for their wounded; the house where they were found was quite a distance from our lines and they could have easily removed them to some safer place.

There is more sickness in the regiment now than there has been since it came into service. Since we left Yorktown the following men out of company "A" have been sent to the hospital: John Cowens, of Midloth, at Annapolis, Md.; John Mills, on sick furlough home; P. Straw, of Madison, George Harems, of Centreville and O. C. Olsen, of Buchanan, at Liberty Hall Hospital, near camp. Company A is the healthiest in the regiment and turns out the most men for duty. Considerable of the sickness is caused by the bad water we have around here; taking all into consideration the "Badger Boys" stand it as well as any in the field.

Since Capt. Walker has had command of the company, things progress more satisfactorily and the boys are well satisfied with him and the other commissioned officers.

Major Larrabee has resigned on account of sickness, his successor has not yet been appointed.

The Tribune is not received very regularly, and causes a great deal of disappointment. The few copies received, are read by the whole company, and each one anxiously waits for his turn to come to read the news from "sweet home." On the other hand your occasion neighbor the Pilot is not cared for, and many doubt whether such a paper as that would be allowed in...
any city that the Union army would take possession of. Are the stars and stripes still flying over his office? The boys some, what doubt it.

**MADISON COUNTY GAZETTE.**

S. — Since writing the above I learned that Elyso has died in the Hospital.

M. G.

From the Fifth Regiment,

Camp No. 21. In the field six miles from Richmond, June 19, 1862.

**EDITORS STATE JOURNAL:** — *Picket duty is stern work as we approach the ‘desevoted city.’ The inhuman business of shooting guards, I thought had played out. We had no such work the other side of the Chickahominy, but no sooner were we located in this camp and had stationed pickets in front than this system of butchering was commenced with all the ferocity of the Yorktown siege. Now every picket must keep close to his tree.

That part of the line guarded by Gen. Hancock’s Brigade cannot be more than 50 rods from the enemy’s pickets. To show the meanness of our foes—a rifle shot was fired daily before yesterday from their picket line into the 4th Vermont Reg’t, killing one man and wounding three others—they stood in a large crowd around the cinders. The man who did this was a tall “gray coat” as near as I could judge full six feet six. He stood immediately before my post. Pickets had strict orders not to fire at anything less than a squad of men. But a Burdan sharpshooter from Co. I (Michigan) was near with other orders, and I had the satisfaction (soldiers speak of such things with pleasure sometimes) of piercing the sharp crack of a rifle and at the same time seeing ‘big seech’ tumble forward, and to all appearance give up the ghost. Men—said with a full voice, although we had orders to speak only in low tones, and in whispers.

No day passes without some exciting incident in camp, or on the line. A narrow belt of timber separated the camp of the Union men from that of the Rebels.

In this timber both parties station pickets and from behind his cover, each watches the opportunity to shoot into the foe. Sometimes the pickets get tired of this, out of sight business while within hearing distance of each other, and seeking friendly colloquies take place.

While on duty last week I listened to the following:

“Seech—‘Halloo over there, got any terbackers?’

Union—‘Of course I have, come over and get some.’

‘—‘Can’t spare the time, very busy here.’

‘Both were quiet a moment when Seech called out—‘Now don’t you shoot and I won’t.”

U.—“I’ll shoot, come out. What’s that is making such a noise behind the wood?”

S.—“Oh that’s the relief, and I’m d— glad of it too. Do you get all you want to eat in your arsenal?”

U.—“Plenty of beef, hard crackers and coffee.”

S.—“God! We ain’t had coffee for two months. Got any new papers over there?”

U.—“New York Herald.”

S.—“Come half way, and I’ll exchange papers.”

U.—“No shooting, old boy.”

S.—“All right, leave guns behind.”

Seech boldly advanced, and met Porter’s man half way, received his paper and piece of tobacco, gave the Richmond Examiner of an equally late date, shook hands, said “good bye,” and each repaired to his respective station.

The Union man was called to account for this breach of order, but I think, soon dismissed with a gentle reprimand.

Gen. McClellan has been here in camp quite often of late. He paid Capt. Emerson, Co. I, 5th Wis. Volunteers, a fine compliment for having built the best bridge across the Chickahominy.

The Wisconsin boys are at home in every word, and understand their business.

Whether it be cutting down trees and mining roads, building bridges, or shooting rebels, to come among the No. ones.

Little Mack (as he is now more commonly known) “Great dirt digger,” is frequently upon the picket line. Yesterday he was out with Generals Hancock and Smith; and, with shack hands and glass in hand, climbed tall tree to examine the works. Comment is unnecessary—such acts, and his willingness to share the dangers of the field with his men, have endeared him to every soldier.

I am compelled to write an unfavorable account of the sanitary condition of the 5th regiment, this week. Yesterday 165 men were removed from duty, and many men on duty, are anything but stout. It is difficult to estimate, at present, the actual fighting strength of the regiment. Six hundred and eight more were required to fill the ranks, which were to be raised at the expense of necessity, not more than 450 could be brought into action. I am sure I never saw so many ghostly looking men on camp before.

Colonel Emery is unfit for duty—also quite a number of commissioned officers.

The regimental surgeons are exerting themselves to the utmost; but there is something in the water and air, that neither quinine, nor whiskey or any other medicine seems to reach.

Dr. Eastham, with those left at Liberty Hall hospital, three deaths occurred this week in the 5th Wisconsin: Adolph Muhlehuus, Co. C; Gustave Mahler, Co. C; and Colson, Co. A.

It must be remembered that the sickness in camp is among our best men. Those who could not keep up, have been sent back to their homes, until gone but the hardiest (thought so) following the fortunes of the 5th.

Something will have to be done, and that speedily, or many will have to linger in the tent longer than necessary.

Hoping to soon give you a more favorable account of the 5th. I remain

Yours truly,

E. O. B.

**OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.**

FROM THE FIFTH REGIMENT.

Camp No. 20, in the Field, June 19, 1862.

We are delightfully situated—among the tall oaks, pines and hickories, about a mile west of the ugly Chickahominy, and seven or eight miles east of that covered city, Richmond.

Our camp first was in an open field front of the woods we now occupy; but somehow the “rebels” got range, and dropped shell and “hard heads” rather near to warrant our stay; so we fell back by order of Brig. Hancock. Almost four weeks have spun away since we appeared on the bluffs of the “Chicken.” The time has been consumed building bridges, fighting, reconnoitering, and playing the artillery “hoop de doodle doo.” A few showers which generally sprinkle away for three days, has softened the roads, washed down rail road embankments, lifted bridges, and been very unkind, take their actions in most any way we will.

These misfortunes are nothing, however, compared with the terrible increase of sickness. I have no heart to tell you the sad tale. But I will say the last month has thinned the Union army to a very serious extent. I do not know any other cause than that these rains have usted this out to our. Our regiment has less by 250 men than it had when we started from Lee’s Mills. I dare say all other regiments have suffered equally. I have been on the sick list for three weeks. Fever and diarrhoea are the prevailing diseases. Yesterday Lieut. Strong went on the same glorious list, so when an alarm came, and the whole army was drawn up in line of battle, company G had no commissioned officer to lead it on had a fight occurred. I buckled on my sword and went as far as the line of battle, and had to back down and go to my quarters. It seems that one can never get his strength after the fever and diarrhoea have pulled him down. I am gaining, however, every day. Lieut. Strong is improving fast, and Co. G will have one commissioned officer to lead it I know if ever the fight comes on. Fortunately no fight of any account happened. Such hurrahing and yelling, and cheering away to the left I never heard before. We on the right thought Richmond evacuated, Fort Darling taken, or Charleston surrendered. But after awhile Crouse, the World’s correspondent came up and told us McClellan was out along the line of battle, and the troops were cheering him.

The cannonading was very brisk for a short time, which caused us again to be placed in line from which we had just come in. Another half hour (Seech
drums beating meanwhile) and we again came into camp without the loss of a man or the discharge of a gun.

We are in a pretty tight place. Neither side can advance 30 rods without bringing on a general engagement.

Wherever the pickets are in the woods, a great deal of firing is going on continually. But when the lines were in the open wheat fields, in plain sight of each other, the pickets on both sides stick their bayonets in the ground, and walk up and down by their pieces. This is as it should be, because there is no earthly use for pickets popping away at each other. In these open fields papers have been exchanged, and I heard that a Richmond newsboy came down on our lines and sold the Richmond papers for 15 cts. per copy to our men.

I do not see how they can afford to sell so cheap, as we have to pay 13 to 20 cts. for the New York and Philadelphia papers to our own news-boys from the White House. The Illustrated paper 32 cts.

The weather continues warm and then cool, alternately. If it rains to-day it will be cool to-morrow, and at night an increase of blankets are very comfortable.

The way we build beds is novel. We cut four crotches and drive them down in the ground, about two feet by six or seven apart; then place two poles which stretch from crotch to crotch about a man's length. Then we take the staves of a barrel and lay them across the poles, gather a few cedar boughs and place them on the staves, then spread a blanket over the boughs, and the bed is made. This keeps us up from the damp ground, and the staves and poles are a little springy, so that we have not only a dry bed but a spring bed also.

There are plenty of wood ticks in the woods, and then a small animal the boys call "lined backs." These latter are very fond of crawling underdrawers and shirts, much to our annoyance. Nothing but a daily search or "skirmish," as the boys say, will keep one free of them.

The sutler has just arrived with two loads of trash from the White House. Those who regularly attend the sick call, are the first to crowd around his tent. From the surgeon's tent to the sutler's they waddle, where is dealt out that which, if they survive the war, will destroy their constitutions, and which now keeps them under the doctor's paw. They are building a little red earth-work at the end of which a piece of board will be posted, on which will be written or roughly carved "Peter Somebody; Died 15th June, 5th Wisconsin Volunteers."

Yet you cannot make these men believe this. They always know more than any one else about it. With a big piece of rancid cheese you may see them sitting at the foot of a big tree and gorging themselves to an awful extent. I got one of company G to do an errand for me, and gave him some money for his trouble. Away he went to the sutler's, and the next day he was sick and had been on the sick list for two weeks. I am tired and sick of seeing these things. An order issued a few days since has shut sutler's from selling cheese to soldiers. A good thing. Now if they would order the whiskey stopped the sick list would grow less every day.

There is a report that to-morrow the big fight commences. We have been ordered to have the men's canteens filled with coffee or tea this evening. This is something new. But I do not see why the fight should be put off. Every day decreases our strength, as the sick list increases 10 per cent. per day. We are better able to fight them to-day than to-morrow.

Yesterday the thunder of heavy guns came rolling up from the direction of the James. It must have been our gun-boats having a brush with Fort Darling. The fight lasted almost four hours. We have heard nothing of the result.

This army is wild for the great battle. It is curious that men will be so anxious to fight, when they must know 10,000 dead will be stretched upon this coming field. But it is after the battle that horror comes—not the beginning. We have better artillery, better muskets, and better food than they; so we need not despair.

About three miles this side of Richmond the enemy have large earthworks, and perhaps 100-siege guns mounted. This will be the sticking point, but we are hoping to rout their infantry before they fall back upon these guns, and then we will be as useless as though they never existed. Our 20 pound Parrott guns keep their bullets very quiet. Doctors come in every day with useful tales.

I suppose my next will be written either in Richmond or on the other side of the Chickahominy.

Yours,

Peleg,

From Gen. McClellan's Army—Sensation Reporters—The Care of the Sick—Improvement Needed.

Camp near Richmond, Va., June 21st, 1862.

Meas: Editors:—The position of an occasional correspondent to a newspaper is one of great embarrassment. He writes a letter giving a detailed account of a battle. He writes on the battle field from personal observation and the most reliable information he can gain from officers immediately in command, and while scenes are yet fresh in his memory, that he may be among the first to give the information. He entrusts his letter to the regimental mail sack and rests content that he has at least done his best. The correspondent gathers up rumors, from different regiments, compares, and fits up something he thinks will create a sensation. He then goes to the depot and hands his effusion to the mail agent. Two days takes his letter to New York—nine days takes Occasional's. Now O'a letter is published. Is it news? The public has seen a description of the engagement in the New York Herald. The two differ. Truth is evidently on the side of the Regular, for he understands his business and the wants of the public. Mr. Occasional is set down as a very indifferent writer, and his veracity is questioned. He must not undertake to compete with the Herald. Some of his letters reach their destination but are consigned to the scrap-basket, and an apology written—reason, slowness. No man who has the slightest regard for his reputation for veracity, must trust himself in competition with reporters. During the time I have been with the army, over twelve months, I have never yet seen an item of importance, wherein I was cognizant of the facts, stated correctly by any newspaper reporter. They are essentially and emphatically sensationists, and truth is but little considered. Any "occasional," who undertakes to compete against the whole reporter fraternity.

The army of the United States, its soldiers, equipments, appointments, &c., balloonists, telegraphing, and other modern improvements—command the admiration of the whole civilized world. The inventive genius of the fertile North has made our arms the marvel of the world. All thrown in the military channel; and thousands of our scientific men have studied to make our campaign a scientific success. A beautiful system it is, with gun-boats on the surface. While our able-bodied men are being paraded before European generals, and other distinguished visitors, the sick claim our attention. During the last few days in different regiments: in some, at 6, A. M.; in others, as late as 8, A. M. The sick are then marched to the surgeon's tent. Then comes the regular formula: "How are you, this morning?" "What ails you?" "Let me see your tongue," &c. "Give him ten grains of quinine," or "a mustard plaster," and he must not undertake to compete with the whole reporter fraternity. The army of the United States, its soldiers, equipments, appointments, &c., balloonists, telegraphing, and other modern improvements—command the admiration of the whole civilized world. The inventive genius of the fertile North has made our arms the marvel of the world. All thrown in the military channel; and thousands of our scientific men have studied to make our campaign a scientific success. A beautiful system it is, with gun-boats on the surface. While our able-bodied men are being paraded before European generals, and other distinguished visitors, the sick claim our attention. During the last few days in different regiments: in some, at 6, A. M.; in others, as late as 8, A. M. The sick are then marched to the surgeon's tent. Then comes the regular formula: "How are you, this morning?" "What ails you?" "Let me see your tongue," &c. "Give him ten grains of quinine," or "a mustard plaster," and he must not undertake to compete with the whole reporter fraternity.
Insight to the place where the poor follow, who are pierced—not fatally—by the enemy's balls, and by the more dreaded hand of disease, are 'bought to be cured.'

The word hospital has a terrible significance to the soldier, and I doubt if there is any word short of 'death' itself that so startles him. He brings his mind to think that it is the worst place in the world; associating with the very idea of it, all sorts of horrors, sufferings and woes.

And who shall say that it is not reason for his thinking thus? Who, that visits a temporary hospital, where the wounded are being brought in to be operated upon, and hears the groans of the poor fellows, as their heart's blood ebbs away,—who will not then say 'tis a "terrible place"?

Or who that visits the men with the burning fever, and after watching some poor fellow go to his long home, with no kind friend by to soothe his moments, or close the eyes from which the light is fading, will not say, 'God grant I may never die in a hospital!'

There has been much said and written of the suffering of Uncle Sam's soldiers; but it is my opinion that the subject still needs agitation. It needs some one to lay the case before our warm-hearted, generous people, in such a way that they may clearly understand what is wanted and what is their duty. It is not in my humble pen thus to mark out a line of duty for others, and yet a few incidents witnessed since I became an inmate of a hospital, will not, perhaps, be entirely lost, and possibly may set some generous mind to work to devise plans for the relief of the sick and wounded, that would otherwise have remained inactive.

We were before Yorktown; the ground was low and swampy; the frequent rains made the roads next to impassable, so that for some time supplies could not be procured, and as the boys worked hard, and were frequently wet, the privations soon began to tell on them, and many a sick fellow was brought down by disease.

Among the number was a chap noted for health and vigor, and who for the whole time since his enlistment had hardly seen a sick-day. He would not give up at first; but after three days of suffering, his Captain induced him to go to the brigade hospital. Here he failed fast, and after two days the Assistant Surgeon became convinced he could not live; so he sent for the head Surgeon. He came, looked at the patient, who could not speak now, and said, "Call that man sick? Fudge! I'll send all of ye right out!" and giving the hand which he had taken a throw, he turned and left. Never will I forget how that little scene impressed me. There was a poor boy, with no relation within a thousand miles, lying on the ground, waiting by the hand of disease, and gradually nearing the other world, treated worse than a dog, and that, too, by a man wearing the shoulder straps of a Major. Why is it that such creatures are allowed to fill such responsible positions? Why is there not some one appointed who shall make a business of hunting out these drunken wretches, and bring them to justice? If a soldier does wrong he is punished, and if he should commit the crimes of which some of these officers are guilty, he would be shot.

After the battle of Fair Oaks there were nearly five hundred wounded men brought to the hospital where I was, and among the number was a young fellow of about nineteen. A Minie ball had made had with his arm; yet he bore his sufferings calmly, as the most of our men do. He won the hearts of the attendants, and thus receiving good care, soon began to recover. About this time he received a letter from home; his sister wrote—"Come home immediately; mother is dying." She had heard of his being wounded, and of the probable death of his brother, (which also has proved true,) and the shock was too much for her. The attending physician told him he was well enough to go, and he went for a furlough. He showed the old curmudgeon the letter, and asked to be let go, if only for a few days. But liquor, that curse of our land, was here, and that poor fellow is still in the hospital, expecting hourly to hear of his only parent's death. Such is the treatment our soldiers frequently receive from the hand of those who should be fathers to them. I don't claim that all are treated thus, or even the major part; but there are far too many.

So far as I am personally concerned, I have received all kinds of treatment—some left to myself in an old log hut I was nearly starved; and many times when I had wanted to get up I could get no help, but had to roll out of bed and lay till help came. But it is only right to say that this was in the wilder east. Since coming here I have had everything done which kindness could suggest; and often the kind hand of woman softened my aching head, and from their gentle lips I have heard words of encouragement far more precious than gold; nor has the tear of sympathy been withheld. Oh, how far a little kindness goes!

—The 5th Wisconsin Regiment was engaged at the Battle of Golding's Farm, near the James River, and did good execution, with a loss of only fourteen wounded: none killed.

In the list are the following belonging to company A.

Capt. Horace Walker, wounded in arm with shell; Sergeant Morris Mulholl, wound-
The Brigade to which the 5th belongs was handled with skill and did their duty nobly. Being advantageously posted their fire was terribly effective and their loss comparatively insignificant. The 5th is winning laurels and earning its title of a crack Regiment:

**Battle of Golding's Farm—The Fifth Wisconsin in the Fight.**

Among the many accounts of the fighting before Richmond, we find the following in relation to an active and severe fight, in which the Fifth Wisconsin took a conspicuous part:

The general dejection that followed the retirement of our troops across the Chickahominy, relieved, when by the good news of two considerable successes by the division of Gen. Smith, who held a position on the extreme right, consisting of a line of redoubts, two roads and below. The left of these redoubts was strongly constructed, and had much annoyed the enemy, who had reason to think that heavy artillery would be placed on it; they might be compelled to evacuate the high grounds at both New Bridge and Old Tavern. Indeed, it commanded these and other points.

Accordingly, when assured of the success of the left wing of their army, the rebels seemed determined to seize the opportunity. A detachment of Smith's regiment. This duty was assigned to Toombs' Georgia Brigade, one of the best organizations in the confederate service. They drove in our pickets about seven o'clock on Friday evening, and advanced with close volleys of musketry, in two lines of battle. Hancock's Brigade, consisting of the Fifth Wisconsin, Sixth Maine, Forty-third New York, and Forty-fourth Pennsylvania, was immediately under arms, as indeed they had been all day, expecting to join in the contest on the other side. They advanced of course, and passed the redoubts to the right, and after traversing a bottom or declivity, formed in line of battle about a third of a mile from the redoubt and on the ascending slope of a hill.

Here they threw themselves on their bellicos[e]ts, so that they could just peep over a crest by rising to their knees, and waited the onslaught of the enemy. The pickets skirmished right into the main body, the rebels coming pell mell after them, hoping to capture the whole force, when by the time they turned the crest of the hill, Hancock's brigade and Brooks's Fifth Vermont gave them a staggering fire. At the same moment the artillery from the redoubt above and below, opened upon them and they fell right and left in heaps and files, until the desperation of the Georgians had to be changed to doubt and then to a panic. As they attempted to fall back our men rose to their feet, rushed some distance, and lay down again, pouring in as before, murderous volleys. The whole fight lasted about an hour, and ended in one hundred dead Georgians being left upon the field. Our loss was exceedingly slight, as our men were not greatly affected. As the regimental officers of this brigade are some of the most efficient in the service—

at Col. Cobb, 5th Wisconsin, Col. Burnham, 6th Maine, Col. Vinton, 49th New York, etc., etc.,

The following are the casualties in the Fifth Wisconsin:


**From the Fifth Regiment.**

**Camp near Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines.**

On the Chickahamn, June 27, 1862.

Presuming you would like to hear from the 5th, their situation, &c., I will try and give you such information as possible.

We are present encamped near the battle ground of Fair Oakes, and near the place where Casey's division was driven in and about one and a half miles north of the railroad. Our camp is within shelling distance of the rebel battery, the pickets being very near each other. We have a nice earthwork battery directly in front of us, which is so near their sharp shooters that a short time since they shot a sergeant of one of the Vermont regiments standing in a group. They probably fired at the group, I suppose you are getting anxious to hear of the capture of Richmond, but you are not aware of the labor that has to be performed here before an army of this size can proceed with any degree of safety in such a country as this. In the first place the Chickahominy, although in reality the river proper, (unless at high water,) is insignificant stream. It runs through a vast marsh which at high water, as at the battle of Fair Oakes, is all overewed, making it impossible to get an army across without being bridged: and I am credibly informed, by a person who has been there, that between here and Mechanicville, a distance of five or six miles, there has been built by our troops five or six bridges, (to say nothing of several foot bridges,) and allowing them all to be of the same size as the one here by us, which I have no reason to doubt, it makes a vast amount of labor to be performed on them alone, for I have examined this one, and according to my judgment, across marsh and all, it is a full mile. It is made by large logs laid down, then stringers across and covered with other logs, and dirt on top of all.

There was a little incident happened very near us on the left, on the afternoon of the 18th, which was quite gratifying to our men, though by all accounts not so much so to the rebels. There are one or two versions of the affair: One is, that the rebels were aware that "Little Mac" was going his rounds, and that one thousand Virginians volunteered to make a dash and try and capture him; another is, that they thought there was a mutiny in our camp, on account of a briak firing which was going on, caused by the boys discharging their pieces, which had been loaded some time, and a loud cheering, which I suppose was on account of "Mac's" coming out there, for the boys always cheer when he comes around. At all events, they made a dash on our lines; our men fell back; they followed, and the result was they ran upon a battery of sixteen pieces, masked, and four hundred of them staid there. We were drawn up in line, ready. So says report.

The health of the regiment is bad; there are a great many down with the dysentery, diarrhoea, and such complaints, although I don't know of any particularly dangerous cases. The regiment is greatly decimated; it would not be possible to get five hundred effective men out of the whole regiment. The boys are in pretty good spirits, generally, and will be more so as soon as they get over this run on spring sickness.

Our ex-Sergt. Hathaway (now second lieutenant,) makes a good lieutenant, and is universally liked by the men. Long may he wave. "Old Schnapps" is all right.

Capt. Wheeler is around, as usual; he stood right up to the rack, at Williamsburg, and there was plenty of fodder there, too.

Corporals Dutton and Rogers have been promoted to sergeants, and S. F. Smith and H. Curran to corporals. Maj. Larabee, I am informed, is at White House, sick.

When the great fight will come off, no one knows. When it does, if I survive and am able, I will give you the casualties as soon as possible thereafter. Until then, believe me yours truly,

W. L. S.

**From the Fifth Regiment.**

Correspondence of the Times.

**Hospital Ward, No. 3, Newport News, Va.**

June, 1862.

**Ed Times:** — I once more address you from this celebrated watering place, though I had hoped ere this to have left it; I cannot give you any items of war news, nor could I give you any if I was with my regiment, but that which would have been preceded by the telegraphic dispatches, so slow are the mails from that quarter. I will furnish you, however, with something that will be of importance to your readers. Had I been able to write, I should have given you a sketch of the bombardment of the rebel works at Sewall's Point, and other batteries opposite here; the burning and explosion of the Merrimac, &c., &c., all of which were in full view from here, and were ex-
Thus at about ten o'clock, they can be seen, wending their way to their places of worship. Their fine ivory, and black shining faces, and in fact, their whole appearance, may be fascinating to an Abolitionist, but during thirteen months service, I have not seen a soldier, officer or private, but disposes them and whatsoever the continent. After they have been here for a few months, they begin to be uneasy, dislike to work, and seek other means than labor to get a living. Hence they can be seen around the hospitals, piddling fish, strawberries, cherries, &c. to the invalids, at enormous prices. The idea of their being permitted to spread through the northern states, is detected by every man in the Potomac Army.

This peninsula is extremely productive. Vegetation is far advanced, and grass, garden vegetables, &c., are nearly matured. To a person in health, the adjacent country must look cheerful indeed.

The Fifth Regiment Roll of Honor.

Col. Comp. of the Fifth Regiment, has forwarded to Governor Salomon a list of the rank and file of his regiment present for duty at Harrison's Landing July 3d, after the seven days' fight.

The list is forwarded under a General Order of Gen. Smith, commanding Division, in which he directs that such a list be forwarded for each of his regiments, to be filed in the Executive office of their respective States.

The list contains the names nine field and staff officers, and 404 company officers and men—413 in all—the several companies numbering as follows: Co. A, 55; B, 40; C, 32; D, 40; E, 39; F, 47; G, 42; H, 41.

Correspondence of the Tribune—From the Fifth Regiment.

On the Banks of the James River.

July 4th, 1862.

Dear Tribune—The "Army of the Potomac" has met with a slight reverse on the 27th of June. The enemy made an attack on our right flank, stationed at Mechanicsville, with overwhelming numbers, and after a very severe battle lasting all day, were driven back into their intrenchments. The force that made the attack was supposed to be Stonewall Jackson's. Early next morning the attack was renewed and our worn-out brave soldiers on the right flank were forced to fall back before the overwhelming numbers of fresh troops that were brought against them. Stonewall Jackson is reported to have been killed in this day's hard fighting. This same afternoon the enemy made an attack in front of Gen. Smith's Division, where Gen. Hancock's command of the first Brigade. The firing was very heavy for about one half hour, driving back the enemy with considerable loss. Hancock's brigade lost not much more than one hundred. The 5th Wisconsin lost twenty-five in wounded and more killed. Capt. Walker was wounded slight ly in the arm.

Privates John Thomas lost his right arm; J. C. Anderson, Wm. H. Turpin, Sergt. M. Mulhins were wounded slightly.

Early next morning we began to retreat, fighting our way to our present position.

At every point they have driven us back again, and in that manner proceed in saving all our ammunition and coming to a very slary tramp and I have heard of the loss of but a single piece of artillery which was left airport for on field at Savage Station. Our loss during the retreat cannot be heavy. There are but few missing out of the regiment. Albert Sumner, Peter Lyden and Chas. Davis are the missing of Co. A, and these may soon turn up in camp. I. Of course have seen but little of the movements since the 26th of last month. But I do know that there has been one week of hard fighting, and we should have never left our lines in front of Richmond if it had not been for the overwhelming force the enemy brought against us. There seems to be no doubt that a good portion of Jackson's and Beauregard's army reinforced that of the already superior number of the enemy which had been in our front ever since we have been on the Peninsula.

Lt. Col. Emery and Major Larrabee are sick in the Hospital and were of course not with us during our retreat. Col. Cobb proved himself in every way one of the best officers in the army. Where coolness and courage is required he certainly is the man. He is liked by all; the same can be said of our other field officers, and we regret that they could not be with us. Our company officers I have mentioned before, and what I have said, I can certainly, with justice now repeat.

Our Division was among those left for the rear guard, and of course had a pretty hard time of it. We got but a little sleep during the whole time; fighting day and night. Several times our retreat was partially cut off, but we safely made our way to the new line. Our Division being almost on the extreme right, we had the longest and hardest road to travel, but
the boys tried the fatigue well, and are ready to try their best friends another turn and think the day is not very far off, when they will have a chance to do so.

THE BATTLES BEFORE RICHMOND.

Letter from an Officer of the Fifth Wisconsin.

A HIGHLY INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

Correspondence of the Sanitary Commission.

IN CAMP, NEAR CITY POINT, July 4th, 1862.

For a day the thirst for blood seems, in a measure, grieved, the batteries having been opened, and momentarily cooled the heated passions of the citizens of the South. But now, after the battle of July 1st, the army has broken over logs and stumps—barren of all effectual results. For the remainder of the day and the night the troops were now becoming worn out, but the rejoicing at the report of the firing that had been witnessed by our troops was now becoming known, and friendly banter was the only message that could be heard from the Federal lines.

July 4th, 1862.

The fight continued this day, and may God preserve me from compelled to witness another battle. True, 'tis grand, but terrible beyond expression. At 9 the earth trembled, leaving us masters of the morning. This the closed the fight of the second, and in which only two parties could be lost less than from 25,000 to 30,000.

28th opened a bright and beautiful sky, its elements calm and peaceful, the closeness of the parties, for early in the morning, we had a chance to do so.

The letter to which I refer I sent to New York, there in ancient or modern warfare. The letter which two days she left us full masters of the morning.

A few hours after breakfast, we were on the march with our troops, the battle lines, and the setting sun was the rear of 100,000 muskets—tied the stammering for the forces, and the battle of the 29th, of Savage's Station, was ended. We were repulsed with immense force, and we continued and countermanded position till then, when we formed in line of battle. The ground was as smooth as a plane, and the ground was as smooth as a plane, and the ground was as smooth as a plane.

We had laid down in line of sight. We began to stretch our lines, the bravest of the bravest, until we were in the very midst of the campaign—overflown by the enemy.

The night's travel had considerable distance between us, and we continued and countermanded position till then, when we formed in line of battle. The ground was as smooth as a plane, and the ground was as smooth as a plane.

July 4th, 1862.

A few hours after breakfast, we were on the march with our troops, the battle lines, and the setting sun was the rear of 100,000 muskets—tied the stammering for the forces, and the battle of the 29th, of Savage's Station, was ended. We were repulsed with immense force, and we continued and countermanded position till then, when we formed in line of battle. The ground was as smooth as a plane, and the ground was as smooth as a plane.

We had laid down in line of sight. We began to stretch our lines, the bravest of the bravest, until we were in the very midst of the campaign—overflown by the enemy.

The night's travel had considerable distance between us, and we continued and countermanded position till then, when we formed in line of battle. The ground was as smooth as a plane, and the ground was as smooth as a plane.

July 4th, 1862.

A few hours after breakfast, we were on the march with our troops, the battle lines, and the setting sun was the rear of 100,000 muskets—tied the stammering for the forces, and the battle of the 29th, of Savage's Station, was ended. We were repulsed with immense force, and we continued and countermanded position till then, when we formed in line of battle. The ground was as smooth as a plane, and the ground was as smooth as a plane.

We had laid down in line of sight. We began to stretch our lines, the bravest of the bravest, until we were in the very midst of the campaign—overflown by the enemy.

The night's travel had considerable distance between us, and we continued and countermanded position till then, when we formed in line of battle. The ground was as smooth as a plane, and the ground was as smooth as a plane.

July 4th, 1862.

A few hours after breakfast, we were on the march with our troops, the battle lines, and the setting sun was the rear of 100,000 muskets—tied the stammering for the forces, and the battle of the 29th, of Savage's Station, was ended. We were repulsed with immense force, and we continued and countermanded position till then, when we formed in line of battle. The ground was as smooth as a plane, and the ground was as smooth as a plane.

We had laid down in line of sight. We began to stretch our lines, the bravest of the bravest, until we were in the very midst of the campaign—overflown by the enemy.

The night's travel had considerable distance between us, and we continued and countermanded position till then, when we formed in line of battle. The ground was as smooth as a plane, and the ground was as smooth as a plane.

July 4th, 1862.

A few hours after breakfast, we were on the march with our troops, the battle lines, and the setting sun was the rear of 100,000 muskets—tied the stammering for the forces, and the battle of the 29th, of Savage's Station, was ended. We were repulsed with immense force, and we continued and countermanded position till then, when we formed in line of battle. The ground was as smooth as a plane, and the ground was as smooth as a plane.

We had laid down in line of sight. We began to stretch our lines, the bravest of the bravest, until we were in the very midst of the campaign—overflown by the enemy.

The night's travel had considerable distance between us, and we continued and countermanded position till then, when we formed in line of battle. The ground was as smooth as a plane, and the ground was as smooth as a plane.

July 4th, 1862.

A few hours after breakfast, we were on the march with our troops, the battle lines, and the setting sun was the rear of 100,000 muskets—tied the stammering for the forces, and the battle of the 29th, of Savage's Station, was ended. We were repulsed with immense force, and we continued and countermanded position till then, when we formed in line of battle. The ground was as smooth as a plane, and the ground was as smooth as a plane.

We had laid down in line of sight. We began to stretch our lines, the bravest of the bravest, until we were in the very midst of the campaign—overflown by the enemy.

The night's travel had considerable distance between us, and we continued and countermanded position till then, when we formed in line of battle. The ground was as smooth as a plane, and the ground was as smooth as a plane.
The morning of the 3d opened brightly and beautifully, but through the day all has been changing. By noon the sun was quenched, and the flow of blood was checked.

Tomorrow will be the Fourth of July—a day when the 3d portion of this Fourth was to be a day of travail, and perhaps the birthday of another nation—but both brought no fights, and our national Republic proved another anniversary, if not in safety, at least in integrity, for its flag yet floats over the loyal men of every class, and the War Department's proclamations are that we yet are an inter-

July 5, 6, 7.—The 6th has passed, and the attack has not been resumed.

We have seen that after skirmishing for several days and at irregular intervals, the great battle before Richmond commenced on the 25th of June, and continued every day till the 2d of July inclusive, making a fight of seven days, in which I doubt not that half of the troops engaged were killed, wounded, or missing, or otherwise disabled. And from our own estimate of the truth will never be known.

On the 28th commenced our retreat, and continued every day till the 3d of July, I believe not to have been a knowledge of losing one team—since having our fighting and retreating men driven from their position in fight.

We are on the neck of land in the bend of the James river, are hourly receiving reinforcements—arresting, and I doubt whether you will be able to get a frank statement elsewhere, but in the description of the battle and the retreat I have exaggerated.

Letter from One of Our Correspondents

Beloved Reader—

I have received a long letter from one of our correspondents in the 5th Wisconsin regiment, (Gen. McClellan's army,) giving a detailed account of the great battle before Richmond. Much of it is but a repetition of facts we have we have already published, and therefore we omit so much of it. The following details, however, taken here and there from the letter are of thrilling interest. The writer is a member of the Milwaukee Zouaves, in the 5th Wis., and writes from Camp near City Point, Va., July 6th.

In the evening of the fighting on the memorable Friday, as he says:

Part of Gen. Brookes' Brigade remained behind to cover and protect our position from a flank movement, and to guard the battery while the men were playing a lively tune in response to the aforesaid rebel guns—Finally the men came to the conclusion that we must all go forward by their first and not to the rear, so they made a dash on a small redoubt that had been built by us, but, as usual, they received more than they bargained for. At the same time as the valleys of muskets, the 5th Wisconsin charged on them, and drove them from the field at the point of the bayonet.

Again, he says of the part taken by the 5th Wis., on Saturday:

We had maintained a strong front to the rebels up to 6 p.m., when they hurled three or four shocks upon our lines, evidently for the purpose of a movement. We fell back, not to Bull Run, among our troops—but, if that was their design, they soon learned to their cost that it was an utter failure. Our division had been selected to act upon our rear-guard, so upon them fell the brunt of the attack, and well they sustained it. A flank movement was attempted, but were repulsed, although they fought as they always do, with desperate valor. After waiting an hour or more for another attack, should the rebels make one, which they did not, we again took up our line of march; midnight found us crossing white Oak Swamp, and, two hours afterwards, we halted to sleep a little; what little we could before we again started on. Surely we had been on the march long enough to require a little rest. We had started at noon, and had not stop for food or sleep until two the next morning, marching and fighting during the whole of that time.

Next day, after a couple of hours sleep on the ground without blankets, just long enough to stiffen us, we again started empty stomachs, but this time to traverse the fields for miles were covered with them until they were safe. We laid down to the cavemen, and every one we could before we went on. Surely we had been on the march long enough to require a little rest. We had started at noon, and had not stop for food or sleep until two the next morning, marching and fighting during the whole of that time.

Well, we laid down to the cavemen, and every one we could before we went on. Surely we had been on the march long enough to require a little rest. We had started at noon, and had not stop for food or sleep until two the next morning, marching and fighting during the whole of that time.

The next day, after a couple of hours sleep on the ground without blankets, just long enough to stiffen us, we again started empty stomachs, but this time to traverse the fields for miles were covered with them until they were safe. We laid down to the cavemen, and every one we could before we went on. Surely we had been on the march long enough to require a little rest. We had started at noon, and had not stop for food or sleep until two the next morning, marching and fighting during the whole of that time.
Mother:—My knapsack was lost during a stampede of the wagons, so that now I have nothing only what's on my back. I would like you to send me some things, a couple of plaid shirts, a needle case, scissors and a comb fixed into it. I need such things very much, and they cannot be obtained here at any price. I am not a writer as a writer has said, distance lent such six days with only three days rations passed away. They have had a change. Many have passed away with a smile upon their countenances. You may see the stripes of soil permanently over the field where they received their death wound. We have had a forced march, caissons, and two men and sixteen horses died on the road. It may be that the rebel army has been concentrating to meet McClellan, and our army has not been re-formed. If such is the case, then the world cannot put too much confidence in our commander, for a reverse may be a strategical movement on the part of our commander. If so the result will be such as to open the eyes of the world, for what little Mac undertakes to do, he does it successfully. Secondly, it may be that he was forced to fall back by superior forces for their own good. It may be a strategical movement on the part of our commander. If so the result will be such as to open the eyes of the world, for what little Mac undertakes to do, he does it successfully. Secondly, it may be that he was forced to fall back by superior forces for their own good.
The Fourth of July was a dull day. — Gen. M'Clellan rode through the lines, our bands played, and the men cheered for the first time in several weeks. Last evening a salute was fired on the river, and we naturally concluded that somebody was coming. About sundown our guns fired a salute, and it was announced that Old Abe was coming. We were soon ordered to fall in, and formed in line in front of our redoubt. Soon the bands were heard in the distance and we knew that one of Camp Griffin or Camp Kami was to be our last position, 1 left Francis D. and a few men who were with me to be the same men for wanting to see their families and friends; but this I do say: we have been in service more than a year, and during that time we went to Hampton and commenced our march up the peninsula we had done nothing, comparatively, towards crushing the rebellion, and now the crisis has come. Every man and the man who can raise an arm toward the enemy and lags behind, is away from, or in any way neglects his duty, should receive the contempt of every soldier of the army, and every citizen at home.

All the men who were with me at the Chickahominy have come through. Before we took our last position, I left Francis D. and Benjamin K. Platts at the hospital near Gaines' farm (Liberty Hall hospital), with Charles F. Packard, also of my company, as nurse. I hear that Parker and Benjamin K. Platts have every reason to believe the other two have been taken prisoner.

There are some twenty of those here on the sick list, although none are very sick. Wm. Birt and Wm. Stuck are at the regimental hospital. Stuck has a fever; but fatigue, with some cases of diarrhea, is what is preventing his return.

The weather, up to yesterday, has been excessively hot. We have been obliged to do considerable fatigue duty in way of fencing for fighting in the Peninsula, which has been very hard, considering the jaded condition of the men. They bore it as cheerfully as could be expected, and are now
Our position is strong one, and I don't think the rebels will molest us. Indeed, I have not thought they would since we took a position, even before we fortified.

Our regiment did no fighting on the retreat. At the battle of Goulding's farm, June 27th, engaged with Georgia brigade. It was composed under breccuf, although Toombs had the most men, by far. It was a fair fight, open field, just at dark, and ending when we should see nothing but the flash to fire at.

I have no word from company A, are as follows: Capt. Horace Walker, musterted ball in right arm and left leg, spent ball, Private John Tharren, musterted ball in left arm, since amputated. Private William Turner, in left leg, spent ball, Private James Anderson, in leg, spent ball.

We had none killed or missing in the Regiment. I have since heard that the enemy had three lines of battle formed and that their loss was about three hundred in killed, and in wounded not missing about four hundred. We laid in line of battle until 1 o'clock next morning when we marched back to camp, about 9 o'clock A.M. We were ordered to pack knapsacks and prepare for a march, soon after the enemy commenced shelling our camp, but without doing us any injury, about noon we took up our line of march and went about two miles, formed line of battle and waited for our foes, but as he did not make his appearance at dark, we laid down on our arms, and were soon dreaming of our friends and far distant ones. On the morning of the 29th we again took up our line of march, which was very slow as we hailed very often and formed lines of battle. At last we arrived at Savage Station and the whole regiment formed in line of battle on a hill opposite. There was a small rise of ground when we were again ordered up and marched to the front to receive the enemy if he attacked us. We stood in line of battle until dark when we laid down on our arms. The next morning about 3 o'clock we were ordered up and marched to Harrison's Landing, some 8 miles, soon after we commenced our march it commenced raining and continued all day as hard as it could pour, we all laid down in an open field and as we arrived at the landing, some with blankets and some without and many threw everything away on the march, except their guns and clothes. The next morning (3d July) we were again ordered up and marched to the front, from where we have laid ever since, doing picket duty and digging trenches in fact every man is on duty every day; it continues so much longer, our Regiment cannot return to camp till guard for duty.

You will see by the list sent to the Wisconsin papers, that most of my company kept up with us during the whole of the march. There were a great many of the company that kept forward with the trains when we started, as they were unwilling. No pen can describe the suffering during our retreat. I never suffered so much from fatigue and pain during my life, and hope I never shall again. The following is a list of missing, and of the wounded left in hospital at Savage Station of Company A.

Ming in action at Savage Station.
Private Peter Sayder. Wounded left at Savage Station in hands of the enemy.—John Thurean.

Sick left at Savage's Station in hands of the enemy, Private Thomas Oloctt and Joseph Both.

Private Albert Summer, Nurse in Hospital at Savage Station in hands of the enemy. The company have all behaved nobly both in battle and retreat, giving their officers no trouble whatever.

Yours etc.,

HEROLD WALKER.

Commanding Co. A, 5th Regt. W. V.

P. S.—The health of the company is very good, they will be paid off to-morrow, but as they have to pay for their State clothing with this payment, they cannot and wish, if any, home.

H. W.

FROM THE 5TH WISCONSIN.

A Private's Opinion of the Policy of the War.

CAMP NO. 22, IN THE FIELD, June 15, 1862.

Editors State Journal:—Had I written to your paper immediately upon our arrival at this camp, I should certainly have sent a more doleful account of affairs that I now send; for, influenced by my own feelings, I should have said we were all badly whipped—had skedaddled before the enemy, and made long strides and quick steps for the James River. Not that things have quieted down, we are enabled to look at this “retreat” in full the face, and record events with our exaggeration.

The Fifth Wisconsin was “musings the morrow” June 26th, some quietly in camp in and others doing picket duty, when Gen. Porter was ferociously attacked upon the right by a superior force. During the fight, which was long and bloody (it being on the opposite side of the Chickahominy from us) Union and Secesh pickets continued to converse in terms of friendship. “No shooting, pickets,” was the order of the day, and many social cheers we had on the line that day. Your humble correspondent happened to be there, and had the pleasure of exchanging a State Journal for a Richmond Dispatch—dated June 26—a small half sheet printed on very poor paper.—In that paper was shadowed forth prospects of a big fight on our right, but those upon the picket line of Co. G, were ignorant of any moment, and continued their friendly intercourse until dark.

June 27th was a more active day with the 5th. A large part of Smith’s division was brought out to the picket lines of the army, and several batteries were hurried forward with every preparation for a battle. Porter still fighting on the right. The picket line on the left of the division was advanced a short distance from the near and few belts of an open wheat field, and batteries prepared for action. The infantry lay in the woods a short distance behind the pickets. The 5th Wis. and pickets from the 43d N. Y. We did not shoot long for the song of a “ball” to open; the rebels had brought forward their artillery, and soon over our heads, Union and Secesh balls were playing an hourly time as our officers told us to hear. We were out of danger, except from accidental shots, and lay quietly upon our arms listening to the terrible music, thinking a general engagement was being brought on, and Richmond, the right of which had been so often promised us, would soon greet our eyes. All were in high hopes. But it soon became evident that no advance on our side was to be made. A regiment of rebels attempted several times to come out and take our right, but were often repulsed with shell and grapeshot. Suddenly found ourselves where we were at 11 A. M., and with no fairer prospects for a fight, but another hour changed affairs very materially.

Their cover of the district was several cesrrensk advanced and opened fire. We were protected by a rise of ground, and their balls went whizzing high over our heads, and barnesly touched the dirt in the distance. Their fire was re- arrived, with about the same effect by the Fifth; but on the right and left; the regiment had and we heard of good execution being done. deserters say they were badly cut up. Hancock’s bayonet had cut to pieces five rebel brigade. The Fifths Wisconsin advanced with a light charge; Capt. Walker, Co. K, had a dangerous wound from the right lung; Capt. Walker, Co. A, light wound in left arm.—now doing duty—and several other light wounds, such as spent bullet marks, and light scratches constitute the sum total of our casualties up to Friday night, June 27.

Long before daylight the next day we were marching out of camp and commenced preparing to leave. In the meantime Porter was hurrying over to the south side of the Chickahominy, bringing along nearly all our commissary stores. A d M. T. Teague had been struck and he was not packing and we were almost ready for the move when the secesh opened upon us. Then came crashing through the trees over our heads and among the troops at a fearful rate. (Here let me note, the 5th exhibited the only signs of “skedaddling” during all the day.) Officers were extremely anxious to leave and a better rate. I heard some swearing at the slowness of the officers. Why in—don’t they forward, the several anxious ones. We did so forward with quick step, about a mile to the left, and halted, drew up in line of battle and waited for the rebels to come on. There were not over a thousand of them as far as the railroad—three-quarters of a mile. The night was dark, but the men kept well together, and preserved a good line. All this time the fire was going on close to our left. We could not get our trains moving forward, till it was too dark to fire with certainty. The enemy had been beaten at all points where they showed themselves, so I concluded they gave the job up, leaving many of their dead on the field.

At 9 P.M. the entire force moved out of the woods and away from Savage Station toward the White Oak Swamp. This was a hard march. Many stragglers were seen on the road. White Oak Swamp was reached and safely crossed before daylight, on Monday morning, the last train passing over as daylight was reddening the east. Now we will have a day of rest, thought I. But no. The trains were kept moving, and at 6 A.M. the 5th was ready, now the rear guard, was stationed in line of battle, to cover the retreat of
the rest of the army. All was quiet until noon, when the enemy, coming up, opened on Motoi Battery, with forty pieces. The most terrific cannonading I have ever heard, took place. Motoi men suffered much, as the range of the shot was very great. Our guns soon answered, and the rebels were kept from crossing. All that afternoon the 5th, with the rest of Smith's division, was kept in the woods, waiting for the enemy to come on. They did not dare to attack us, and at 10 P.M., we again took up the line of march for James River, being in rear, the rear guard.

Next day the men suffered. In many places the dust was four inches deep, and a thick cloud of it was constantly rising in our faces. Add to this annoyance—which, at times, was almost amounting to suffocation—the weariness of the men, many of whom had been on duty night and day since Wednesday morning, and you can form some idea of our labor. I do not wonder that over two hundred of our men were sick, and many others were rapidly increasing. This march of sixty miles occupied two days. The casualties of the 5th during this engagement made up the remainder of our casualties for the entire campaign, and a final salute was fired—aud lactic, now New York and New England. The James River was reached at day-light, and our tired men lay down to sleep. In comparative security, on the morning of July 4th, we received our order to start. At 3 P.M. we started back to the main road, where we lay until in comparative security, on the morning of July 5th.

The James River was reached at day-light, and our tired men lay down to sleep. In comparative security, on the morning of July 4th, we received our order to start. At 3 P.M. we started back to the main road, where we lay until in comparative security, on the morning of July 5th.

The Fifth Regiment is very much reduced in strength. On Tuesday afternoon, after a few minutes conversation to the commencement of the Battle of Malvern Hill, I passed by it, and Col. Cobb said to me: "Tell my friends I am here, safe, with two hundred and forty-five men in the ranks, more than half of my officers absent, feeling first-rate, but most inferentially mad at the outrageous mismanagement of things."

The Fifth came on to the Peninsula with 850 men. On that Tuesday Colonel Cobb said it stood thus: 100 had actually been lost in battle at Williamsburg and subsequently: 100 were actually sick: 200 had straggled on the march of the previous three days; 250 were in the ranks, and 200 were playing gentlemen at home.

The patriotic fires of 1861 are rekindling in this city. The enthusiasm does not cool and bubble as furiously as then, but is still burning and glowing. On the 28th of last month, an average of 100 men per day have been mustered in, and the enlistments, with the corps, are rapidly increasing.

From New England the accounts are most cheering. Some counties and many towns have already raised their full quota. Berkshire county, Mass., has quota of six hundred nearly all filled up, and many of her mountain towns are furnishing an overplus of stalwart men, to avenge the blood of the thousands of Massachusetts' sons. In haste Yours truly.

L. E. CROUSE.

Correspondence of the Freeman.
versary of the harriett day of fruit kum last year. I enjoyed myself much better this year. All is quiet here, but it may be the calm that precedes the storm. Our position is most hazardous, and the enemy have possession of the James River below, and may harass us much.

"Last year there was one day of fearful anxiety, and then the army settled down in contemplation. This year a week was occupied in executing a masterly retreat. Though admirably planned and better executed, it's seven days were monotonous, and almost to one who had seen a retreat before. Many thousands thought it but a strategic movement, and were substantially content. Their happy state is brought out in the old saying: "where ignorance is bliss.""

"Through all these scenes we have passed, and now wonder that man can endure so much. Our corps in the last in the Grand Army, our division last in the Corps, our Brigade last in the Division, and that of our Regiment last in the Brigade. In fact, our Regimental train was in charge, comprised the very last Regimental baggage wagons of the army.

"During the terrific cannonading at White House and elsewhere, it never entered my mind that the sick soldier in camp is far away from those who may be supposed to take the deepest interest in him and is attended mainly by those who act professionally. Let them have something to read them that comes from those minds that are most largely endowed with the humanities and charities of the age. Nearly all the publications that have been put in my hands have been religious, which, however well-intended, I must say, with all deference, in many cases at least, are poorly calculated either to interest or console, and encourage the sick.

Send them the magazines that you have already read, but which will still be new to our men. The choicest hand literature that is stored with the best riches of the mind.

Have no more boxes, and directed either to the chaplain or surgeon of the regiment, and sent by private hands when possible, and that not, by express. When sent by express, notice should be sent by mail of the fact. Truly yours,

Z. H. How.

Chaplain of 5th Wis.

The Doings of the 5th Regiment.

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter from the 5th Regiment dated at Harrison's Landing, July 23d, 1862. It shows that though the regiment has been placed in a great variety of circumstances and scenes, a great amount of work, yet it has been better managed and cared for and suffered less than some others. The writer says:

"No regiment in the service has done more duty, no division has been placed in positions of greater importance or more imminent danger, yet we have lost few men by the enemy's lead. Our greatest and most deadly enemy was the malaria of the swamps. We have slept in mud ankle-deep, until after midnight, day after day and night after night, and the wonder is that there were any left to tell the story. Yesterday was the annal
2

bound loaves of bread, brought from Baltimore—barrelled up for a night—and when produced here, with one inch of mould, 25c. each; butter, in small cans, not one lb. $1; cherries, stack into bottles, with a sprinkle of sugar on them, marked 'Preserved Cherries,' $1.00 and $1.50 per bottle. Our M. L. Hill and Co. ten oysters and lobsters of Baltimore and elsewhere, and that for months upon months have been unfit for use, are brought here and sold to the unfortunate volunteer, who has no redress when he opens his can and finds how he has been sold. This is a thing which is occurring every day, and still he has no redress.

Nothing will appear in camp since given up the idea of producing it. Whiskey used to be smuggled into the camp some time ago, and was a prize for the Provost Marshal or the officer who made the seizure, and this balm of life was so much hunted after that the whole article of wine, etc., was sold to a man who has since given up the idea of producing it in camp.

Some time ago Sutlers had to sell their commodities at a stated price, and could not exceed that standard; but now they charge what they please, as no one looks to the soldier's interest. Nothing will appear in camp when the money is all gone. When pay-day again comes the camps will present the usual appearance, and with rotten oysters and other stuff that thousands upon thousands are making up for the army of the Potomac, and the poor soldier is plundered out of his hard-earned pay. The fever has caught some of the knowing ones here, and some of the men peddle lemonade at ten cents a glass, and it is eagerly sought after at that price.

I have taken up much space, and will conclude for the present, hoping all old friends in Wankanee are well. Army Correspondence.

In Camp July 26, 1862,

Near Harrison's Landing, Va.

Dear Colonel: In my last I tendered at Saturday night June 26th. Ten o'clock and I was writing a love letter to some one I loved, or thought I loved, or used to love; and after putting on the finishing touches I lit my pipe and kick down on my bed and took up "Ike Marvell" to read awhile, and turned to "smoke," thinking that subject the most suitable at the present time. I had got but very little smoke out of my pipe or book when an orderly thrusts his head into my tent. "Capt., send your baggage to the tannery and what stores and clothing of the men, and camp equipage you can't carry have destroyed, and be ready to move immediately." My company were on picket except the cooks and hospital at about a dozen. My first thought was for my sick. I went to the surgeon to see if they could be taken care of. "No ambulances, you must put them in a tent and leave them their rations and medicines and hang a red flag out;"

I went back and called the roll of the sick, and told them their fate, but they wouldn't have it that way, they would rather die trying. So I started them ahead with a few well men to take care of them; never expecting to see either sick, or well again. I had a grave dug that night, and at its head is the following inscription on a board: "S. M. Ames, Co. L., 20th N. Y. Volunteers, June 26, 1862." When the woods gives up its dead, there will be a queer of Spring and Amsbcekt, cartridge boxes and clothing show themselves. The shelter tents and my tent was cut in half and burned in the rain and mud Sunday morning. What a dreary night I passed.

My thoughts were not for myself; but for my company, my sick ones in particular. That we were to retreat I knew, but the men were to be kept ignorant; it was a "change of base." It was well it was so; morning came, and with it a light rain and a heavy fog—

"The code of war" are with us. Our baggage wagons are off, our nances moved, and our pickets can get off in the fog. I now join my company, another company with it are the head of the army, and I begin to think I will visit Richmond before the army does, but all goes well, and we go well too. Our corps has fell back in good order on their second line of defense—about two miles—and drawn up in line of battle waiting for the other corps to take the lead. Our division, (fighting Joe Hooker's division)"

South Side of the James River. At 4 o'clock, p.m., Sunday, the excitement of Richmond is destroyed and our earthworks blown up, and the rear guard moves on quietly. There is a solemnity prevails in a well ordered retreat that reminds one of a funeral, there is no loud talking or joking that you hear, and is permitted on an advance. We continue to march until ten o clock at night, and then halt in an open field. We drop down and roll ourselves up in our blankets, and in a few moments we are gone.

Three o'clock Monday morning. We are again moving, and we are drawn up in battle line, the Generals and their aids hurrying hither and thither; the Colonel rides by looking remarkably pleased and by this we know some post has been estabished behind a fence, Sickel's Brigade on our right. Our skirmishers are thrown out on the right and the flankers on the left. At three o'clock in the afternoon the bell opened up, and one uninterrupted volley of musketry could be heard until 8 o'clock at night. During the time the pulse of our army could be felt by the cheering of our brave men as we drove the rebels as often as they came up. The enemy would bring up a Brigade and fight for half an hour and then retire with the aid of their guns as if they thought a victory had been secured by them. We started our rags, belonging to the 17th Virginia, which had inscribed on it "Williamsburg, Seven Pines," and with it a Lieutenant Colonel, and a Colonel. One of the captains asked me for a drink of water, I exchanged canteens with him and found in his to contain whisky and gunpowder, so I told him, "we drink our whisky and smoke our powder to you." He laughed good-naturedly, and said he was sorry his regiment had lost their colors as they were the first Virginia had lost. I told him to console himself they were not lost. July 1st, 2 o'clock. We again took up the "skedaddle" on the double quick, and kept it up for the first mile. We halted on a field of near the Hills and Co., and in position again, this time as a support to a battery. We remained under artillery fire until dark when both parties ceased. The enemy's shells burned uncomfortably near at times during the day, and the sensation that one realises must be most appreciated.

Monday, 2d. We again started at 4 o'clock; at six the rain came down in torrents. On we trodged without a halt or a rest, through the rain, and now the mud became deep, until 10 o'clock, when we arrived at the fork of two roads where another division was coming in. Here we got all mixed up, infantry, cavalry and artillery altogether, and it got to be everybody for himself and his own division. We moved on for a mile and then rested on a stump, stopping my men as they came along and gathered together fifteen or eighteen-four and we arrived in light for half an hour and then rested, in the rain and mud, at noon on this celebrated day of July by night. I had quite a company, and the next day my regiment came down with "June and lazy," the former told a pitiful story of their sufferings. We are now getting along well and only hope we may soon push forward and bring this unholy war to an end, and then return to our firesides and turn our swords into pruning hooks and probably pursue our several avocations. Leaves of absence can be had. Resignations are accepted in cases of disability. I know of one surgeon who received a horse for a ticket of disability. Resignations are accepted, but an officer better lose his head than resign now. For sixteen months I have been trying to put down this rebellion, but I haven't put any body down yet. But I shall keep trying.

"In my next I will give you a little of Camp life in Old Virginia." Yours truly.

W. M.


Col. Cobb's official report to General Hancock of the part taken by the 5th Wisconsin Regiment in the recent movement of McClellan's army toward the James river, a very clearly written, complete and satisfactory document, was received at the Adjutant General's office some little time since. A modest intimation of the Colonel accompanying the copy sent to General Hancock caused all the world to be in full. We are permitted to make the following extracts. After reviewing the march and the battles through which the Regiment passed, Col. Cobb says:

"Of the officers and men, when on this difficult and arduous move, and painful march, conducted themselves worthy of honorable mention, Dr. Joseph Craig, leader of the regimental band, stands prominent. My friend, Major L. King, throughout the campaign, was the savior. He also made an excellent and brave officer, and staff officer. The Adjutant, Major L., taking sick on the march, was also brave and brave officer, and staff officer. The Adjutant, Major L., taking sick on the march, was also brave.
indispensable. In this strait I was fortunate
enough to have a person near me of such activity, intelligence and gallantry, as
Leader Craig. For his services on this
march, I return him my thanks, and hope to
see him before the war is over with a
commission commensurate with his merits.
I cannot speak too highly of the conduct
of Capt. H. M. Wheeler, J. M. Bean, and
Horace Walker, for their preservation and
discipline on the march; the latter, though
wounded, marched at the head of his company
and stood at his post throughout.
And, finally, I return my own particular thanks to
the brave and faithful men of my command, who
followed their flag to this camp, and I re-
commend them, General, to your considera-
tion.

"I cannot close this report without making
honorable mention of Lieut. John G.
Clark. Regimental Quartermaster, who
at the commencement of the march, was
sent forward with the baggage train and
convalescents who were able to walk.
Always faithful, active and efficient,—on
this occasion he discharged his duties.
Laborious duties, in a manner far ex-
ceeding my most sanguine expectations
even of him. He brought up every pound
of baggage and every article needed to
his care, and I award him the full meed
of praise as a faithful, deserving and
gallant officer."

An Appeal from the Fifth Wisconsin.

Correspondence of the Daily Wisconsin.

HEADQUARTERS SMITH'S DIVISION, CAMP NEAR
HARRISON'S LANDING, Aug. 3d, 1862.

Last evening I received the joyful intelligence
that Wisconsin patriots to the number of
fifty thousand had assembled in Milwaukee
to let their voices be heard, and to prove
by their actions that our State was true to
the cause in its endeavors to aid in the restora-
tion of our once prosperous and happy
Union.

The people of the loyal States cannot
imagine with what anxiety and hope our ar-
my is looking for the help that is to
reach them. We are ready in need of reinforce-
ments. If they cannot be furnished by fair means,
if there is no patriotism enough in the North
to cause men to come to our relief
with their care, and I award him the full meed
of praise as a faithful, deserving and
gallant officer."

A MILWAUKEE ZONE.

Correspondence of the Tribune from
the 5th Regt.

HARRISON'S LANDING, Aug. 7th, 1862.

DEAR TRIBUNE,—For the last few days
active operations have again been com-
mented. Since the night of the shelling of the
camp by the rebels from the south shore of
the James river, our forces have taken pos-
session of the shore opposite the landing,
and the forces occupying are strongly en-
tertained. Our army has made several
important reconnaissances to within about
5 miles of Petersburg. The left of the
line of Malvern Hill after a short engagement, taking quite a
considerable number of prisoners. This is the same Hill
after the last hard battle was fought be-
fore taking up our new line. The hill seems
be of considerable importance and can
be held without the assistance of our gun-
boats by a small force.

A few days ago several of the enemy's
gun-boats made their appearance near Car-
sey Bend. As soon as it was known, Capt.
Wells sent up his fleet of iron-clads to give
them a short reception; but they have up to
today ventured any further, consequently,
we were disappointed of having an oppor-
tunity of witnessing a naval battle.

Yesterday three thousand of our brave
volunteers were exchanged for an equal num-
ber of the enemy. Joseph Beth a member
of Co. A., was among the lot. He came
into camp last evening and from him I learn
the following particulars in relation to those
who were missing from our company.

In company with 'Thos. Olcott, Albert
Sommer and John Thuram were left in the
Hospital at Savage's Station, where they
remained about two weeks, after which time
they were taken by railroad to Richmond
and quartered in one of the numerous hos-
pitals recently opened. They were kindly
and the attention paid to the sick
was as good as could be expected; but the
hospitals are poorly supplied with medi-
cine. While there he met Peter Lyder,
another member of our company, who was
taken prisoner on the road. Mr. B, says
that Thos. Olcott was paroled a day or
two previous to himself and undoubtedly
was so in some Union Hospital.

Peter Lyder and Albert Sommer are still
held as prisoners; John Thuram he has not
seen for about one week, and thinks that he
died from the effects of his wound, as
he was very low when he last saw him.

His losses which were received were
rather small. About six ounces of bread
and a small piece of fresh meat constituted
their rations for one day; meat they did
not receive every day, and no coffee or tea.

He also informs me that the soldiers and
sailors at Richmond are very anxious to
exchange Confederate money for our Treas-
ury notes, or any of the bills on the banks of
the Northern States. He himself saw
them offer seven dollars of Confederate for
five of ours. This shows that they do not
value their money very highly, and at the
same time that they have no faith in the
final success of their cause. Provisions of
every kind are very high; about ten ounces
of bread are sold for twenty-five cents, coffee
$1. per pound, sugar the same, butter
$2. per pound, molasses $1 per pint and
other articles in proportion. The mortality
in the hospitals at Savage's Station was
very large. During his stay there was an
average of twenty deaths daily.

The news of the drafting of 500,000 ad-
ditional troops called for by the President,
was received with great joy. We now see
that the Government is going to work in
right earnest to crush this injurious rebellion.
When the men called for are once in the
field it cannot take long to give the rebel
monsters its death blow, and we all feel that
time is not very far off when we will again
be permitted to enjoy the blessings of
"sweet home." The health of our regi-
ment is improving, and I learn the same re-
port from those around us. The following
from Co. "A." are sick in the regimental
hospital, Corporal John Slieh, Theodore
Reediger and E. Van Brecklin. They are
Ordered down the river four miles, but we are told to wait until to morrow.

Strange stories in camp about Hancock's Brigade going to Baltimore to recruit, furnish an agreeable stimulus to the men,—and the weather, thank God, is cooler this afternoon. These circumstances have heightened many countenances—especially the latte. The face of the climate is too high for a fair portion of the men.

7 a.m., Aug. 12.—We are still in camp. Details have been made for regular guards and picket. There is not much prospect of leaving to-day.

In consequence of the death of Capt. Evans and the promotion of Capt. Burrens the companies change position in the regiment. Co. F is color company. Co. D becomes the 1st company, and Co. E occupies the place of B. Other companies change places to suit the rank of their respective Captains.

Sundown.—Everybody is packing up. The extra baggage is being hauled off. The big siege guns are gone. It seems a settled thing that we go down the river. The mail-bags have been taken away, and everything is put into movable shape.

As soon as we turn up anywhere you shall hear again from H. From Fortress Monroe.

Correspondence of the State Journal.

Fort Monroe, August 16th.

The army of the Potomac, I am told, is moving, but whether it is going or what its purpose is, is yet involved in a little mystery. While in Washington, I heard a great variety of rumors about McClellan's army. It was said that it was on its way to Aquia Creek— it was marching upon Petersburg—somebody had seen the whole army at Yorktown—while "another source," and one that I supposed had the best chance of knowing, asserted that it had not left Harrison's Landing. Yesterday, under orders to join my regiment, I thought I would see if I could find it. I took the cars for Baltimore, and the best from the latter place to this, where I am now writing. Upon arriving here this morning, I learned that the camp at Harrison's Landing was surely broken up. I went to Gen. Dix's headquarters to get instructions, and was told that I need wait here for further orders. There are thousands of men there on their way to the army. They are all like myself in limbo. The stream, they tell us, is full of transports loaded with men and munitions that have come down from the Landing. What they will do with so many men in this little place, where there is nothing but a fort, a hotel, and some stores and other buildings used for army purposes, I am not able to see. Nobody knows what the destination of the army is, but all Yankees have a right to guess, and I shall guess that the next you hear from the army will be its landing at Aquia Creek, whence it will proceed to Fredericksburg, and thence let us hope to Richmond. If it gets safely away from its late position, the next you will have occasion to be thankful. It is pretty certain it could do nothing there, and must have suffered severely from the disagreeableness of the climate and the state of the ground, and the next few days will be full of absorbing interest.

I left our excellent friend, Capt. Hawley, of the 8th Wisconsin, in Baltimore's Washington. He is wounded in the single, but is very comfortable. He is in the best of spirits, and has the best of nursing.

Waters and things in and about Washington—Stonewall Jackson—Evacuation of Harrison's Landing—Fortress Monroe—Gen. McClellan, D. H. Burnside, &c.—The Stamp Current and Small Treasury Notes—The immediate order dismissing regimental bands. Other matters of course saw much that interested me. The
Letter from a Soldier in the Fifth Wisconsin Regiment

We have been kindly permitted to make the following extract from a letter from a soldier in the Fifth Wisconsin Regiment:

August 25th, A.D. 1862.

Dear Sister E. — I am through the blessing of Almighty God, still in the land of the living, and allowed this privilege of writing to you. I am sitting in the shade of a peach tree, near a cornfield, in which field I intend to get some roasting ears.

This is 9½ miles from Alexandria, and Alexandria is but nine miles from Washington City. This may be somewhat unexpected news, but it is nevertheless the case.

We left Harrison's Landing on the 15th inst. It seemed after working so hard to fortify our positions there, to have to leave them so soon. But the rebels were crowding Pope too hard, and we must go.

That made this movement necessary I suppose.

What is to be done with us I cannot tell; but it is supposed we will be pushed on to reinforce Pope. Thousands are leaving here every day for that purpose, but it remains uncertain where we shall be next. But let it be where it will, Hancock's Brigade will always have enough to do. We hope to have time to recruit a little before going into another battle, but if we are called into the field to-morrow, we will go with a determination to win or die.

Our destination, to Point Lookout, was at the last moment, and we commenced going ashore Saturday, Aug. 17.

Point Lookout, Doubtless some of your readers are aware, is the jumping off place for the very extreme point of Maryland whittled down. Here is the mouth of the Potomac—80 miles by water from Washington, and 40 by land to Baltimore. Point Lookout has been considered a fashionable watering place for the Baltimoreans and the proprietor has built two good-looking buildings, and several large low boarding houses for their accommodation. The most prominent object is the light-house—the most comfortable place, the pine groves. But pine groves, buildings, and every available spot is used for the accommodation of the 1,300 invalids at this hospital. Carpenters are busy putting up new buildings, and a host of workmen are enlarging the hospital arrangements for the accommodation of many hundred more.

The whole hospital forces are under a surgeon, Dr. Wagner, a quartermaster, a post commissary, and a post chaplain, aided by innumerable nurses and help. Some know their place, and some do not. Forty "Sisters of Charity" from Baltimore

Yours, &c.,

F. A. C.
are doing much good to the wounded who were brought here first, (prisoners from Richmond, and the wounded men deployed here), that he sees these kind female nurses pass gently around among the needy, and freely administering whatever is wanted.

It is now about 30 other women on the island, (17 being at Fort Monroe, but I have failed to discover an equal amount of benefit coming from their hands.)

The arrangement for feeding the patients is most shabby. The "grub" is decidedly rough—much worse than I have found in our regiment; "hard tack," which means pilot bread, and coffee we get morning and evening, and at noon a little mixture called soup, is thrown in. I have been here a week and have seen but little variation from this "hard tack." "But the manner is worse than the matter;" a line must be formed at the cook's mess-room, and each receive his regular allowance as he comes on. Think of nearly a thousand men in a single line, receiving their food from one individual. The rear men have to wait often a full hour before they see their turn.

Our regiment is the old cook (Baltimore Plug Ugly) is too stingy to get another table, or hire another to give out, and consequently we have to wait. I have often thought if the ruling powers on this God-forsaken shore had half the energy of the native musquitoes, different arrangements would soon be made.

Since last Sunday, three men per day, have been taken away in pine coffin; by looks of the ready-made stock now on hand, they are calculating to send off a regi­mental number for several days to come. Just back of our tent, the grove, the carpenters have a place where they saw a pale, ghostly-looking man counting them yesterday. How many have you asked, after he had finished his count—"Thirty-three" said he quite merrily. "What is your number?" "Thirty-two." "All right," said I, "I am thirty-three, so we are toothin." (93 is my number in the ward.)

Nearly every regiment in McClellan's army is here represented. From the 5th Wisconsin, there are:

Charles Niseman, John Gilbert, George Christen, company A.

Sponer Hoyle, D. J. Dinsmore, M. Bailey, company B.

James Powers, Wm. D. Lyons, company D.

Sergeant E. C. Hungerford, John R. Moore, George Shaw, Elton Ballard, company H.

None of these are dangerously sick, although all are much debilitated. If we could have a more nourishing diet, I think soon many of us could go back to our several regiments. Praying for vengeance on the second is just as necessary as on the first. I feel as if the first is more important: at least for a moment, for instantly he was seen emerging from the pile of rubbish; the voice was again heard, back rushed his little band to fight; the two bodies of the rebel army failed to connect; the battle of Williamsburg was won by the Federals, and the army of the Potomac was saved. Let none say that one man but little in an army each one made.

But in the reports of the battle I find no mention of this subaltern's merit. I find in the public prints no recommendation that such a man should be promoted. If I have a proposition to make it, that he should be permitted to gather the laurels of which his position warranted him to be permitted to gather the laurels of which chance was weaving wreaths for other brave young men.

For weeks I watched that young officer's movements as he read the newspaper accounts and reports of the battle, to discover some sign of dissatisfaction at not being particularly noticed. I watched with admiration the beautiful politeness with which he continued to hand over to Madame Chance choice sprigs with which to fix his shirt in place instead of a flimsy chaplet, which the first rain might spoil, on his brow was worn an imperishable transparency on which all can read in letters of light and cheerfulness. If I performed my duty, I have accomplished a good, I am content, let those less fortunate wear the worthless trash.

This is an appendix to the foregoing, permit me to follow this young officer through one more scene in the momentous drama of war: Early in the night of the 27th of June (known as "Monday night," because he might be seen active in the line, but carrying his sword in his left hand. A close look in the night would have shown you a man red head, and chief head tightly around the sword arm, midway between elbow and shoulder. He had received a bullet there; it was remaining deep. He was dressed in a shirt and coat, and in this condition he continued active through the battle. He returned late with his regiment, assisted in the care of his wound and wounded men and when the day was over went home, and was seen with his men. This was the third day of the battle before Richmond. The fourth day was that of the march of twenty thousand from anywhere near the Station. Through all he was at his post. The fifth day found him active in the ranks at White Oak Swamp. The sixth found him still in its sting, and he still at his post.

The seventh was the hardest day of all, amidst the pouring of the rain, from daylight until dark, washing through mud, and mire, and creek, and moobs, and masses of the demoralized army, he was still there, holding his men in line, and urging them forward to a place where they had been "dead to the last man" undressed wounded. All night he lay with his men in the mud and water, and the next morning brought into line the largest company of his regiment.

Again have I sought in vain for some complimentary notice of this young man; some notice which might encourage others to emulate him in self-sacrifice and noble deeds.

"After tall honors."

But what has all this to do with the promised trophies from the battlefield? Simply this. Ma Cherie Mibernaiselle—it is first "dame"—second "chere"—third "ma"—fourth "mine," fifth "friend of mine," sixth "friend of mine in Milwaukee. When I shall have accomplished this, who will say that I have been a vegetable man, and not a real benefactor?

Do not appropriate this trophy hurriedly under the impression that such are scarce in Hancock's brigade. You need but one; you need but one to show that you are not "bien-assis," but a man trying to collect. I have an ambition to place just such an one not only at your center-table, but at the center-table in the boudoir, of every deserving patriotic young lady friend of mine in Milwaukee. When I shall have accomplished this, who will say that I have been a vegetable man, and not a real benefactor?

"Jeannie too long at the wars."

The Colonel of the 24th Wisconsin Volunteers, who has been in the last battle, gave the name of this young officer, and to present a photographic likeness of him to any young lady "friend of mine," who will call on him, and by his influence procure the appointment of two recruits. The photographs to be presented after the enlistment.


MISSISSIPPI:

--- You have learned long ago this the latest "change of base" of the army of the Potomac. The movement commenced on the 11th inst. by removing all who were unable to march. About eighteen thousand were carried to Fortress Monroe, and to northern hos-
...but when we consider that the army of lime many seem long to tho ujitiiiiated; in order, which is in four ranks for the Acquia Creek and this place. Only guard Williamsburg aod Yorktown, marolied to Newport Nsws, and lliose at ericksburg, an-' a small foice left to Yorktown were bronght by trausporfa to the i'otomao, reduced ia numbers as it the army to march seventy miles, and be Company G, 6th Regiment, contains the sha, county, 16 in NTarathon, aud less names of 110 men, every one of whom is as the mcster rolls of the curlier regiments, oooaaiuned either through the carelessness county has done as vnell as any county In praise to " Old Grant," aod other coun-
'Wauslama eonnfcy, by the Sheriff and his Berlin, returnd as residing io •Sffregata number ID th* caralry and firat 19 assietanto, shows that instead of 846, we than <S0 in Berlin. A careful canvass of the State, If not better. Our county is I Gcets 8010 idea of the work to be done io the army, with the exception of the county in 1860, 8772. We stlbmit wheth- by exchan-iuK round picce.<; of lead with thc

Wauflara County All Right.
Edition State Journal: I have seen sev- •ariclas in your columns giving great praise to " Old Grant," and other clauses, for raising so many volunteers for the war. We think this: Wauflara county has done as well as any county in the State, if not better. Our county is credited with only 346, in the order made by the Adjant General on the 11th inst, while the fact is that we had up to that time furnished over 550! This error is occasioned either through the carelessness or design of the persons who made out the master rolls of the earlier regiments, in giving the place of enlistment as the place of residence. The master roll of Company G, 5th Regiment, contains the names of 116 men, every one of whom is returned as residing in Berlin, Green Lake county. Of these, 97 resided in Wauflara county, 19 in Marathon, and less than 80 in Berlin. A careful canvass of Wauflara county, by the Sheriff and his assistants, shows that instead of 346, we should have a credit of over 550; and this, too, exclusive of those in the 29th Regiment and Regiments of later date.

Within the last ten days we have raised two full companies, besides furnishing about forty men who have gone into other counties to enlist. The figures, then, stand thus:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Regiment</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6th</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7th</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The largest vote ever polled in Wauflara county was 1,773.

The 29th and 30th we amused ourselves by exchanging round pieces of lead with the enemy. Hooker and Kearney's divisions fighting on the right, and McDowell on the left, this was at Bull Run, and we picked them on the right and then went over to assist them, the left but when we got there McDowell was on the run, and all — couldn't stop them, there being such a line of 'retreat' we left, that's all, just left, however we pushed him way into Maryland, and now they have sent a force after him to push him into Pennsylvania! and the good old report "all quiet in front of Washington is announced, but how is the rear? Poor Kearney! he has given his life to his country and die with the cheers of his admiring men ringing in his ears — pity we had not more Kearneys and Hookers to fight this war. Hooker shed tears when he looked over the muster rolls of his division on the 31st of August. He went on the Peninsula with about sixteen thousand men and now his division numbers only about six thousand effective men. He has reported it unfit for duty and we are rec- cruiting our health, and will remain here a few weeks before we take the field again.

Yours truly, "Mac".
they were out of place. Then I tried to pray—got as far as “G—d d—n the rebels and the Southern Confederacy,” when came the order, “left flank, march in line of battle.” We went through a small piece of woods to a corn-field where King’s Wisconsin brigade had been badly out to pieces that morning. Then came the words “halt and lie down!” Solid shot and shell were flying thickly all around us, and if there is or ever was a Devil, it is in a shell. Our division was a support for about 48 cannon; they were firing at short range. Good God! you cannot have the slightest idea of that roar. After lying in the cornfield some little time, our regiment was ordered up into the hospital tents, which were dead rebels, and dying, here, there, and everywhere. We lay in this position about seven o’clock that night. It was all quiet then. Our company had been detailed to go on picket. We stumbled over the battlefield and posted our pickets on the rebels’ side, which gave us possession of the field. That was a long and terrible night. Such cries and groans, and beggings for water, I hope I never shall hear again.

Lieut. Col. Emery is off duty, and sick somewhere.

P. S. — Extract from letter dated 25th.

We have had a great fight, in which “Little Mac” shows himself all right. I knew he would. Our brigades supported batteries all day, and our regiment did not lose a man. On the morning of the 18th I saw Capt. Rollins looking after the dead and wounded of his regiment.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE

CAMP OF CONVALESCENTS, Baltimore, Sept. 19th, 1862.

Have you heard of the Camp of Convalescents, at Fort McHenry? Well, supposing you have, some of your readers have not and may like to hear all about it. It is a place or camp where the good, kind, and very indulgent Government at Washington needlessly placates the anger of the good, kind, and very indulgent General Wool, all those enlisted men and commissioned officers who are unable to return to their regiments directly from discharge from Hospitals and other places, and are kept there for thirty days, under orders to exercise upon not found in the cities, with fresh, delit. sea-breeze, etc., etc., which old friends have gone into tents, and have gallantly to exercise upon not found in the cities, with fresh, delit. sea-breeze, etc., etc., which old friends have been and recovered partially, and become in the way of dearies coming in daily in charge of the active army to take a turn in the quinine, the knife, and unwounded arms. Here they have to go into tents, and lie upon the ground to exercise upon not found in the hospitals, thirty are not even able to go home. It would do you good to see the poor fellows’ faces brighten up when they get their discharge. Fathers and wives come here from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, the Eastern States, and in fact from all the States, seeking their husbands and sons to hasten their discharge.

The days drag slowly away. This convalescent camp is no place for an uneasy man. To be sick just enough to keep one from doing field duty, able to walk about one day, and abed the next, is slow torture.

Last Sunday we heard the cannonading at Frederick, a distance of 40 miles, very plainly. We felt like the levitation (?) of that old smell that smelt the battle afar off, and wished to be in it.

Within the enclosure a wall runs across the peninsula. Some 50 rods above the Fort are several buildings filled with Secession sympathizers—political prisoners—nabbed by the police and lodged here for a cooling spell. We have some of Ashley’s Cavalry and spies. Within the Fort, trees around the walls, the biggest ascents are kept. Those no one is allowed to see. Their friends often come to see them, but in vain.

One artillery company of regulars is stationed within the Fort, and some of the volunteer companies also. Without the Fort, but within the enclosure, the 15th Connecticut Voltigeurs are encamped, doing the guard duty principally. This is a new Regiment and some eight officers of the Convalescent Brigade are regularly detailed to teach them the drill. Your humble servant has Company A of that numbeg battallion to instruct. It is a special regiment, and commanded by a very fine set of intelligent officers, who need but little practice to make them adepts in military drill.

I hope soon to be leaving these quarters, for those in the field. My health has greatly improved. The glorious news received to-day puts enthusiasm in us all, and we wish to leave drilling for the scene of action.

The 5th has been in again in its usual happy style, using up Howell Cobb’s Brigade, against whom they had some score. That Brigade was doing picket duty on the Yorktown defenses, just opposite the Fifth. Amasa Cobb took Howell as the boys used to say he would, only give him a chance.

The weather is quite cool and agreeable. Little rain has fallen lately. The roads are splendid. To-day minute guns were fired from the Fort, and the flag flew at half mast for Gen. Renoe. Gen. Wool is at Harpersburg. Business. The city of Baltimore, one week ago on the eve of a riot, has subsided. Most of Porter’s gun-boat fleet is lying off the city, the 15-inch mortars all sound on the go.

There are only six or eight men from our Wisconsin regiments in this camp. —-Lieut. Ordway, of the Powerv Dam company, Fifth regiment is here.

FROM THE FIFTH REGIMENT.

HEAD QR’s FIFTH REG. WIS. VOL’S, Camp near Brownville, Md., Oct. 1.

EDITOR RECORD: — I promised to let you know of the doings of the Fifth more regularly, but for two weeks past I have had no opportunity of mailing a letter.

Our regiment has been through two of the late battles but have suffered no loss to speak of. We were at Thornton’s Gap, under fire, but was not to say engaged. At the battle of Antietam or Sharpsburg our corps was ordered up and took the identical ground that Sumner had to yield to the enemy. Our skirmishers met theirs and exchanged
We have had no mail since the 17th of September, and no prospect of any for a week to come. All are growing quite impatient to hear from friends and home.

Hope the Times hav'int routed you all.

We have been laying at our present camp four days; being the only rest we have had since the 7th of September.

Immediately after the battle at Antietam we marched up to Williamsport, as the rebels were reported to be crossing back to Maryland. We lay there one day and was again ordered back to this place, which is about two miles from Sharpsburg. As we are not ordered to hold ourselves in readiness "to march at a moment's warning," there is a prospect of our laying idle until the rebels make some other mysterious move.

Yours truly. ALPHA.

Correspondence of the Janesville Gazette.

From the Fifth Regiment.

CAMP NEAR D项 NO. 4, MARYLAND, Oct. 2, 1862.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am not well, and do not feel at all like writing; but as a duty to the friends of the company, I will write a few lines.

You doubtless have watched the movements of the army of the Potomac, and a long list of their movements would be tiresome for me to write, and, as I consider, perfectly useless. In the battles of Manassas, Bull Run and Maryland, our regiment have done no fighting, although at the battle of Antietam we took a conspicuous part. At the latter battle our corps (Franklin's) reinforced the corps of Hooker and Sumner. The federal troops had fought gallantly, but had been overpowered by numbers and were obliged to fall back. We (our brigade) took position in the cleared fields and corn fields, under the enemy's fire, but they were at a good distance off and were not firing, and we did not return the fire. My company were instantly deployed as skirmishers, with a company of the 6th Maine, and we followed the rebels to within sixty yards of their stronghold in the woods in our front. This was about 11 a.m. and we lay there, partly under the crest of a hill, watching their movements and firing at them as often as we were ordered to fire. They showed their heads from their cover behind the fence. We occupied this position until about 9 p.m., when we were relieved by Co. A of our regiment.

The 2d and 3d brigades of our division (Smith's) did some splendid fighting on our left. Being in the advance as I was during nearly the whole battle after we arrived, gave me a fine view of the whole battle. The fields were fought over some three times after 11 a.m. There was an elevation between our lines and the enemy, serving as a cover for both. Our lines would advance to the crest of the hill, where they would be promptly met by the enemy, and a desperate fight would take place. The enemy having columns entrenched behind the hill, would force our men back, and would follow them to our lines, where they would find us in strong numbers, and after another desperate fight they would fall back. Some three times were the fields on our left fought over in about the same manner; and although the slaughter on both sides was terrible, yet it was a beautiful sight. Men were dropping from the lines as if by every step. Mounted officers would advance to cheer on the men, when suddenly a horse would fall, or the rider fall, and the confused battle and turn in the wildest manner across the fields. Amidst all this the artillery of both sides, as their opportunity comes, are sending forth their missiles of destruction and death in thunder tones. Our artillery has the advantage of position, and after the infantry fight has subsided, and the rebels have fallen back to their entrenched lines in the woods, an order comes for our artillery to "shell the woods." The order is promptly obeyed, and some thirty pieces on our side commence the work—and such music! One rebel battery gets a range on one of our batteries, and tries to reply, but several of our batteries are turned upon it, (much of the artillery firing is at the smoke, the gunner cutting the fuse so it will explode at the proper distance) and soon it is silent.

Myself and my skirmishers were about equi-distant between our's and the rebel batteries, the skirmishers having to lie on the ground so the artillery could shoot as low as possible. Round shot, unexploded shell, and fragments of shell fell thick and fast about us; and we had been sent out to watch the enemy—all knew the responsibility, and not a man flinched.

I was interested to hear more of the rebel battery, and next day our regiment was marched directly by it. Here my curiosity was gratified. There were two guns. At one place where the guns were, there were seventeen dead rebels, and at the other thirteen. Their caissons and limbers were exploded and battered to fragments, and all their horses lay dead on the ground, many with harness on. I inquired of the prisoners if they could tell anything about it, and found one that had seen the whole fight. He said that one shell had killed and wounded all their artillery, and that volunteers were called for to work the guns; that he, with ten others, volunteered; that one of our shells exploded directly over his gun, killing and wounding all but him; that they kept calling for volunteers as long as they could get them, and then abandoned the guns.

I intended when I commenced to write but little, and that more particularly about the company; but I find that I will have
to look up another piece of paper. Paper is scarce.

I said before that we marched directly by the rebel battery stood, but this was the second day after the battle, Sept. 19th, the last fighting being Sept. 17th. On the morning of the 18th I expected the battle to be renewed, but lo! a flag of truce is sent over from the rebel side for the purpose of burying the dead and taking care of the wounded. (This I believed then, and do now, was a dodge to get rid of fighting and prepare for a retreat, for they do not care for their dead and wounded.) After terms were agreed upon, our pioneers went to the work of burying the dead of both sides. They commenced in the forenoon of the 18th and continued the work until the night of the 19th. Wm. C. Stack, of my company, one of the pioneers, gives me these figures as the result: Rebels killed, 193, Union 42. The men of our side were mostly of the 10th and 12th Massachusetts regiments.

I did not have an opportunity to go over the ground except directly in front of our regiment, and behind our line of skirmishers. My judgment is, so far as I saw, that their loss was about three to one in killed. In some places the rebel dead were so thick upon the ground that they lay upon each other. In one spot, directly where my company stood before they were deployed, forty-seven rebels were buried, the pioneers gathering them in a space not more than a rod distant from the grave; in fact they were so thick that we had to step upon them when we moved forward.

You must go on a battle field to get any idea of its misery and suffering. Myself and company went forward before the sound of battle had hardly died upon the ear, and while those who had fallen were in the last struggles and agonies of death. Those poor fellows were soon silent; but there was another sound - a few hours of life, and those few hours so full of thought, suffering and misery! Their cry was, water, water, who, for God's sake, give me water! These cries and groans we had to endure without giving any relief until evening, when detachments went out and brought in many of them; but the number was so great they could not all be cared for until the afternoon of the second day, the 19th.

We marched (Sept. 19th) down through Sharpsburg to the ford where the rebels had crossed, leaving all pioneers and an entire new regiment of our brigade, some eight hundred strong, to bury the dead and care for the wounded. This force was from our brigade. There were several new regiments detailed for the purpose. Sharpsburg, being in range of our batteries, had not escaped the destruction of war. There was scarcely a building but had received some marks of the battle. I was told by a citizen that at one time seventeen families took shelter from the iron storm in the cellar of a large stone house on the principal street.

We did not overtake the rebels, and encamped on the bank of the Potomac for the night. Laying there until the evening of the 20th about 10 o'clock, we marched to Williamsport, where we expected to have a fight; but they "crossed over" the same night and we had no fighting. After lying near Williamsport for two days, we moved down the river about six miles to camp near dam No. 4, where we still remain.

Here we are, and I will tell you what I commenced to tell when I first took this pen. We started from Harrison's Landing, Va., with sixty-three members of the company, all told. We have been on the march nearly every day since August 16th, and I have now with me forty-eight men. We are all tired and jaded out, but not so much as I expected after the excitement of the "chasse" is over. Never did a body of men perform their arduous duties better and more cheerfully than the men of company E. In the march down to the peninsula to the present time, they have been prompt and ready for their duties, and all they have done they have done well. Those who have given out in the marches, as far as I can hear, are in hospital or somewhere in good health.

I am ordered to fill the non-commissioned officers' places, where they are vacant from long absence in consequence of sickness, by promotion from those who are here, which will make quite a change in the company.

Since we came to Washington the following deaths have taken place in the company: Brayl Courtwright, from the neighborhood of Plover, Wis.; Timothy Osborn, of Milton; Sgt. A. L. Catts, Janesville; by pestilence; John S. Vasbide, Janesville; Capt. T.J. Haswell, Janesville, killed at the battle of Williamsburg; Benjamin K. Pitts, Milton; and John C. Simmons, Janesville. I received the notice of Simms' death yesterday. He died Sept. 18th.

All have died of disease except Sergt. Catts and Catts. I have given them in the order they have died, but have not given the dates of their death. I have several subjects for discharge, which will reduce our aggregate to about eighty-five men, making a loss of about thirty from the number with which I came to Washington.

H. M. WHEELER,
Fifth Wisconsin Vol.

Death of Lt. Colonel H. W. Emery.

Col. H. W. Emery, of the Wisconsin 5th, was a New Hampshire man. He took part in all our service in this war, especially in the last battle. He died at the residence of his mother in Lisbon, on the 13th last.

We find the above item of intelligence in the Manchester (N. H.) American. It will send a pang to many hearts in Wisconsin, where Colonel Emery had many friends, and no enemies. Col. Emery was a native of Portsmouth, N. H., where he had lived for several years. We remember well, when he passed through this city for the first time, on his way to his future home. He was then full of hope for the future. Our acquaintance with him has been quite intimate ever since that time, and we can truly say, that he was, in all respects, a noble man. He occupied a prominent position among the people of his own county, and represented his district in the Legislature of 1861. In this position he was gentlemanly, attentive, and influential; and was very popular with his fellow members.

On the breaking out of the rebellion, his strong love of country impelled him to take the field. He was appointed Lieut. Colonel of the 5th regiment in June, 1861, and since that time has devoted himself with all the energy he possessed to the discharge of his duties as an officer. He was not a man of very robust constitution, and was hardly able to stand the privations of camp life; but his patriotism was too strong to allow him to remain a simple spectator in this war. He had received a partial military education in his younger days, and he felt that duty called him to the field; and he was not a man that shrank from any duty. To be satisfied what was his duty, was all that was necessary to insure prompt action on the part of Col. Emery, without regard to his own comfort or convenience.

He was very popular with his regiment, and his death will be deeply mourned by every member of it.

Col. Emery was a native of Lisbon, N. H. For many years he was a teacher in the Morgenstown, Virginia, from which place he removed to Wisconsin. Since he has been in this State, he has practiced law as a profession. In all the relations of life, he has sustained a character above reproach. In his death, the State loses an excellent and upright citizen. It is another great sacrifice on account of the unholy rebellion that now afflicts the country.

Col. Emery was about 35 years of age. He leaves a widow and one child. It will be some consolation to his friends that he was able to return to his native town to die! He there received in his last hours, the kind ministrations of his wife and mother, and breathed his last among the loving friends of his early youth. Peace be his remains.

From the 5th Regiment.

CAMP NEAR HAGERSTOWN, Oct. 27, '62.

Editor's State Journal: A few lines from the 6th may not be uninteresting to your readers at this time.

Our camp is a little over a mile north of the village of Hagerstown, and a short distance to the right of the railroad connecting this place with Chambersburg. Here
we have been in camp doing guard duty and drilling (or picketing at this point) since the late rebel raid into Pennsylvania. How long the 5th will occupy this camp, is of course, not known to any one. I do not think any of us desire a change at present. We are not now in the advance, but living in a land flowing with milk and butter, and sweet things. Large and neat farms of good land, well watered and well furnished, surround us. Everything indicates thrift and independence, reminding one of the old homesteads "down East." Good cattle of nearly every kind are brought into camp nearly every day, except Sunday, and sold at reasonable prices. Availing ourselves of the privilege granted to us, and with regular drill and rest, the 5th Wisconsin is recruiting in health and strength. Two or three months ago this pale, ghostly looking men in camp were moving around, not daring to venture a laugh or crack a joke. Now the men are wide-awake and lively; and as often as you see them moving around "in an evening," you may hear the clear joyous shout and ringing laugh, where the soldiers are gathered around the camp fires. You may hear the sound of the violin, for such music is characteristic of the soldiers. And they "trip the light fantastic too," not on the polished floor, but with heavy shoes on the solid ground, in what the soldier calls a "stag dance." All does pass right merrily.

Our journey down, you will perceive, was on the east side of the Blue Ridge, leaving Snickerville about five miles to our right. White Plains is twelve miles west of Warrenton Junction, on the Manassas Gap Railroad, and seven miles east of Reeder's Ferry, where Gen. McClellan has his headquarters.

The whole army is on the move. Our left joins Sigel, and our right guards all the mountain passes east from the Shenandoah Valley. Report says Sigel has advanced on to Gordonsville. Now the rebels must fight, or flee to the mountains quietly. Every one seemed to enjoy the step to the tunes of quick music.

The Fifth is in good spirits, all ready to step to the tunes of quick music.

Tuesday, Nov. 4, I saw Gibbon's brigade pass—the Wisconsin troops as full of fire as ever. They report a gay old time at their election. Ours passed off very quietly. Every one seemed to enjoy the treat—for a treat it surely was. The votes were taken according to law by companies, and some strange boxes were used for ballot boxes. Co. H used a drum. Col. Cobb depositing the first ballot. But few voters in the Fifth reside in Col, Cobb's district.

Nov. 8.—The weather is more mild this morning. Five days' rations are ordered—three we must carry in our haversacks. I may be able to send some stirring news in my next. The Fifth is prepared for the fiery ordeal to come—it is itself the fiery ordeal.

E. C. H.

From the Fifth Wisconsin.

Camp near White Plains, Va., Nov. 7th, 1862.

Editors of St. Louis Journal: In my last I stated that Smith's Division was waiting for rations at Petersburg, Md., but expect a move every moment. Monday morning, Nov. 8th, we started; crossing the Potomac on a pontoon bridge at Berlin (six miles below Harper's Ferry), passing through Lovettsville and Wheatland, and two or three other insignificant looking places, including Union, near which place we held an election on Tuesday, and arriving at this point Nov. 6th, at twelve o'clock, noon.

Our journey down, you will perceive, was on the east side of the Blue Ridge, leaving Snickerville about five miles to our right. White Plains is twelve miles west of Warrenton Junction, on the Manassas Gap Railroad, and seven miles east of Reeder's Ferry, where Gen. McClellan has his headquarters.

The whole army is on the move. Our left joins Sigel, and our right guards all the mountain passes east from the Shenandoah Valley. Report says Sigel has advanced on to Gordonsville. Now the rebels must fight, or flee to the mountains quietly. Every one seemed to enjoy the step to the tunes of quick music.

The Fifth is in good spirits, all ready to step to the tunes of quick music.

Tuesday, Nov. 4, I saw Gibbon's brigade pass—the Wisconsin troops as full of fire as ever. They report a gay old time at their election. Ours passed off very quietly. Every one seemed to enjoy the treat—for a treat it surely was. The votes were taken according to law by companies, and some strange boxes were used for ballot boxes. Co. H used a drum. Col. Cobb depositing the first ballot. But few voters in the Fifth reside in Col, Cobb's district.

Nov. 8.—The weather is more mild this morning. Five days' rations are ordered—three we must carry in our haversacks. I may be able to send some stirring news in my next. The Fifth is prepared for the fiery ordeal to come—it is itself the fiery ordeal.

E. C. H.
The noble boys stood the march better than any other part of the Union, and it is said that the regiment arrived at Camp Springs without much fatigue. The weather was very cold, and everything that was a burden to their march was taken off by the army. It is said that the boys were in good condition, and everything was ready for the fight. The enemy's batteries were in position on the hill, and the weather was pleasant for soldiering.

Letter From The 5th Regiment, 16th Army Corps, Virginia

Dear Parents:

We have been permitted to publish the following interesting account of the doings of the 5th Regiment at the Fredericksburg battle, taken from a letter from Sargent Keen to his parents in this city.

Encampment of 5th Wis. near Fredericksburg, Va. D. C. 16th.

We have been permitted to publish the following interesting account of the doings of the 5th Regiment at the Fredericksburg battle, taken from a letter from Sargent Keen to his parents in this city.

We have been permitted to publish the following interesting account of the doings of the 5th Regiment at the Fredericksburg battle, taken from a letter from Sargent Keen to his parents in this city.

We have been permitted to publish the following interesting account of the doings of the 5th Regiment at the Fredericksburg battle, taken from a letter from Sargent Keen to his parents in this city.

We have been permitted to publish the following interesting account of the doings of the 5th Regiment at the Fredericksburg battle, taken from a letter from Sargent Keen to his parents in this city.
of the river, and are now, about one half mile from the river, on a high bluff overlooking Robelton. I think it is policy to do so; for long as we could not take their position without a great sacrifice of life, it did not do us any good to remain on that side of the river under their guns; but the supposition is that we are going to get large guns in the rear and hold them in check, while some of our other forces can be brought to bear on their rear. They say that Sigel with 60,000 men, is coming down in their rear; but time will tell. The less has, undoubtedly been heavy on both sides and we have taken a great many prisoners.

Correspondence of the Daily Gazette.

From the Fifth Regiment.

On Grand Guard near Lewinsville, Va.

Dec. 18, 1861.

The mails are so uncertain here that we are for days without any mail matter,—often the mail for us is sent to some other regiment, the 2d or 6th Wisconsin, and theirs sent to us. Letters due here in three days after leaving home, are as many weeks on the road. The large amount of mail sent, both to and from the army, will account for some of this delay. The 5th is about an average regiment on letter writing, and it is perfectly safe to say that we send away every day one bushel of letters, besides papers and pictures. Gen. Hancock complains of the lowness of the mail, and it will require a four horse team to draw it to and from the city.

This regiment buys on an average, every day expect Sundays, three hundred copies of the National Republican, fifty of the Herald, twenty-five of the Tribune, one hundred of the Times, seventy of Forney’s Press, forty of the Philadelphia Enquirer, besides large numbers of the Star, Ledger, the illustrated papers, and other light literature. Every Sunday we buy about five copies of the Sunday evening Chronicle, a paper printed every Sunday morning in Washington.

As the Republican takes very radical ground about freeing the slaves of the rebels, and endorses Col. Cochran, Gen. J. H. Lane, Judge Trumbull, Secretary Cameron, Gen. Fremont, and others of the same stripe, you will at once see how we feel on that subject, when I tell you that nearly everyone of it endorses these same men. The government has, done no one thing which created more dissatisfaction among the men in the army, than when it removed Gen. Fremont, refused to recognize Gen. Lane, and appointed Gen. Hunter in command in Kansas. As far as my knowledge extends, the army were (that is the privates) better pleased with the unmodified report of Secretary Cameron than with the modified one.

The weather here is very fine now, being warm and pleasant. There has been but few flakes of snow yet, and I am, while I write, out of doors sitting on a log, and am quite comfortable. About one month ago we had rain in abundance, but since then we have had but little. Then the roads were very muddy, but now the frost has dried them, and the continual rolling of the government wagons on them, as the teams draw supplies and forage, has worn them quite smooth. They are in excellent condition for wheeling the artillery, and I wish we could improve the chance, because I expect that soon the winter rain will set in, and then we will not be able to move our large guns.

As a matter of course, you will lean back in your chair and ask what the Fifth has done? Well, were I to answer just as I feel about it, I should say, "Nothing but lie around in the dirt;" but as you will require a more general answer, I will give you an idea of what we have done: We crossed Chain bridge on the evening of the 3d of September, took up a position near there, and laboring there, cutting timber, digging in trenches, and going on picket, until we had so securely fortified the approach to that bridge that there was no danger of an attack there. Then we began to go on foraging expiditions, and to gather up the crops the rebel farmers had raised. We soon went on to Vanderverin and flooded the timber around there, gathered forage, took a few rebels, and then came here. Since we have been here we have fortified our position, drilled, gone out foraging and skirmishing, stood on guard, built winter quarters, and prayed fervently for a fight.

Our brigade is the first in the division, and our regiment the first in the brigade, so we are the first regiment in the division. The other regiments in our brigade are the 43d New York, 49th Pennsylvania, and 6th Maine. The 6th Maine is a fine lot of men, but the other regiments are poor spe- cimens. The 43d is officered from the 7th New York, and filled up with canal drivers and the roughest material of all New York. The 49th is but a trifle better. When we were first assigned to this brigade, we were the only ones who had blue clothes, and as a means of safety, we were left one in a place with men from each of the other regiments. Thus we knew each other, wherever we saw a blue uniform we knew the rest were true blue. I was out on guard a number of times in this way, and it was more work to watch the 43d and 49th men than the enemy. One night I was on a post with some New York boys, and just after it was dusk the lieutenant passed along with the counter-sign, and after he was gone long enough to be nearly back to us, I told one of the 43d to challenge him when he returned. Soon the lieutenant came slowly along, and said I, "Challenge him." The man, (who by the by, was a native of Cork,) jumped up, and standing in the center of the path, cried out, "Halt!

Who comes there?" "A friend with the countersign," was the answer. Then followed a pause, and neither said a word for some time, but at length," said the lieutenant, "What more should you say?" "I do not know," was the answer. The lieutenant told him to say, "Advance, friend, with the countersign." The fellow began to advance toward the lieutenant to give the countersign. The lieutenant tried for a long time to learn the guard his duty, then gave it up in despair, and called on the sergeant to send a guard out who knew how to challenge one.

The 6th Maine and the 5th Wisconsin have done an enormous amount of chopping, and were the remainder of the army to do as much there would not be a tree large enough for a whipstock in all Dixie. We have worked right along, night and day, rain and shine, and week in and week out, but we are told that on the 4th of next month we will be relieved and some other troops sent here. We hope that may be so, for we are quite worn down. The lying out of our tents night after night in the line of battle and on grand guard, in the rain and mud, has reduced us very much, and has filled the hospital with the sick and the grave yard near here with the dead. We have not had a man shot in battle yet or taken prisoner, but disease has thinned our ranks.

The country around here looks desolate, indeed; perhaps "Old Virginny never tires," but I think she shows fatigue very much now. This has been one of the most wealthy, as well as one of the most beautiful portions of eastern Virginia, but the farms look deserted now. The fences are gone, the crops removed or burned, the beautiful groves cut down, the houses pilagaged of everything valuable, the inhabitants gone, and no one moving but named men. We have been ordered to not burn rails and fences, but I notice that there has been a large quantity of dry cordwood burned in our tents, in our stoves and fire places. Gen. Hancock says it is a wonder where we obtain so many second-hand windows and doors to put in our shanties. We tell him that we saw eggs and hayed them. We have fixed up our tents by building log basements so that we can live in them all winter unless the tents leak. The timber we have used in building would have been worth thousands of dollars in time of peace. The few pieces of groves left now look like the last rose of summer stepped on.

The few inhabs bitants who live here are the most woe-begone, God forsaken people ever saw.

Extract from a Private Letter dated—

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH WISCONSIN VOL. V.

Camp near Bell Plain, Va., Dec. 20, 1861.

Dear—You are aware, doubtless, that the Fifth was in the battle of Fredericksburg and escaped with a slight loss, only four being wounded, one mortally by a piece of shell—the drummer of Co. D., named Lyon. Cor-
Ickesburg has fought, the results have been
causless, and, by this time, the
people of the North have learned how
much we won—how much we lost. You,
doubtless, have learned from your ex-
changes that this was a very big, and a
very hard fight. The 5th Wisconsin did
not play so conspicuously a part as some
others. We are the "Home Division," and
must have learned, held part of
the center while the fighting was going on
to the right and the left. But we were
under fire most of the time from Friday
noon, Dec. 12, until the firing from the
skirmishers ceased in our front, and we
withdrew across the river Monday night.
Immediately after crossing the Rappahannock, our regiment was ordered to
the front, but luckily we did not advance, the
object being to support the skirmishers.
By some mismanagement we got in front
of the pickets, and while getting into po-
tion were fired upon by rebel skirmish-
ners, wounding two men in Co. H., one
sergeant, John Drucker, by a rifle ball, and Corp. Amos W. Miller hit on the breast plate.
Both are in the hospital at Washington.
Sunday Jan. 11, by a piece of the 5th, to
shell. His recovery is very
doubtful. These are all the casual-
dies of a severity that nature never
attains to. It is a range of many, "how
fortunate were we 10th." We all wonder
at our small number of wounded. Some
of the time during the fight a perfect tor-
choke of shot and shell went over our
heads, and the little wick'd buzzing of
shells hall flew thick and fast. There
is a peculiar sound that accompanies the
shells, like a little bee's and a little not
like it; you invariably dodge, but the hall
has passed when you make your motion.
All soldiers know this, but then it is some
relief to dodge occasionally. All day Sat-
urday—what a murrine way across the
to the ground and listened to
the terrible fight. We could see it too.
Upon the left we could see where our men
would have been ready. Gen. Smith, who
was on the ground, and ready. Gun.
and the little wick'd buzzing of
shells hall flew thick and fast. There
is a peculiar sound that accompanies the
shells, like a little bee's and a little not
like it; you invariably dodge, but the hall
has passed when you make your motion.
All soldiers know this, but then it is some
relief to dodge occasionally. All day Sat-
urday—what a murrine way across the
to the ground and listened to
the terrible fight. We could see it too.
Upon the left we could see where our men
would have been ready. Gen. Smith, who
was on the ground, and ready. Gun.
and the little wick'd buzzing of
shells hall flew thick and fast. There
is a peculiar sound that accompanies the
shells, like a little bee's and a little not
like it; you invariably dodge, but the hall
has passed when you make your motion.
All soldiers know this, but then it is some
relief to dodge occasionally. All day Sat-
urday—what a murrine way across the
to the ground and listened to
the terrible fight. We could see it too.
Upon the left we could see where our men
would have been ready. Gen. Smith, who
was on the ground, and ready. Gun.
tirely dependent for the absolute necessities of his on the monthly remittances of husbands and fathers now fighting our battle. Does he never realize the fact of the advanced prices of fuel and food? And is it not true that many of the privates now in the army have left little homes behind them on which to lean, and that these homes are now being sold for the payment of those taxes?

I pity that fellow, and least I disturb the obstacle which he views the comfort of "the privates," I offer him no picture of little children barefooted amongst the ruins of Maine and Wisconsin, of half-clad mothers shivering and without the means of purchasing fuel, over the body of her dying child, nor will I more than remind him that the heartaches wrought in the private's house, by the failure of the government to pay his wages, are often far greater than the damages of the battle field and sufferings of camp can possibly inflict on the private himself, and I will leave him to imagine the feeling of the private who so well knows the condition in which his family be.

I am, truly yours,

Correspondence of the Tribune-Fifth Regiment.

Near White Oak Church, Va.

December 28th, 1862.

Dear Tribune:—Since our unsuccessful assault on the fortifications at Fredericktown, and the withdrawal of the forces to this side of the Rappahannock, nothing of any special interest has transpired. Everything is quiet and hardly a gun is fired from either side, the twenty four hours round. The friendly micrcoses which the plebes were having before the great battle is again renewed. The other day a number of union soldiers happened to be near the river, and seeing a couple of grey backs on the other side, they entered into the following conversation:

Union.—"How are you, rebel?"

Rebel.—"Right smart I reckon. Have you plenty of coffee?"

Union.—"Yes, we are flush in that line. How are you off for tobacco?"

Rebel.—"Oh, I have a right smart lot up in camp. Don't want you to exchange papers. Come over!"

There being a boat near by two of the Union soldiers crossed and exchanged Philadelphia papers for the Richmond Spy. After wishing each other good luck, and hoping to meet again when this unlucky matter should be settled, they parted, each for their camp to read the news.

With the exception of a few days the weather has been very pleasant for a week or ten, and the sick and wounded of all arms are arranging their quarters with all the care of an expected winter's season. We of course do not know how long we shall stay, but are determined to make ourselves as comfortable as possible for what time we do remain. From the number of big cabins large and small, which have been erected our camp has the appearance of quite a village.

Last evening on dress parade Col. Cobb delivered a short farewell speech; it being but a short time before his office as Congressman commences. From the time the Colonel first took command of the regiment, he has always proved himself an able officer; his courage was never doubted by any one; and on many occasions it has been a query to officers and men of the regiment, why he was not promoted to a Brigadier: He has certainly shown that he has the ability to fill such a position. The Major having a's resigned, the regiment is without field officers, and Capt. T. B. Catlin of Co. D senior officer has command of the regiment.

There is a rumor in camp that the rank caused by the Colonel's resignation, will be filled by an officer from another regiment, but I hope it is not true. If the captains who have been with the regiment from the start are not able to fill the position of a Colonel, no one in any other Wisconsin regiment can be, and this is the universal opinion of the 5th:

The health of the men is good, and but a few out of company A' are in Hospitals.

Truly yours,

Correspondence of the Tribune-Fifth Regiment.

From the Fifth Regiment.

CAMP IN THE FIELD, NEAR RICHMOND,

December 28th, 1862.

Editors Sentinel:—This morning, before reveille was beaten, and whilst the gallant "old Fifth" was dreamily regressing, Col. Cobb and Major Berens, having resigned, left our camp for their respective homes in Wisconsin and New York. It is very likely that in the event of officers from other regiments being placed in the superior positions in this regiment, nearly all our line officers will resign. But I cherish the hope that as a matter of justice, Capt. Catlin, the senior Captain of the regiment being capable and fully deserving, will be our next Colonel, and that the promotion will be to our own regiment. It would be a disgrace, and the first of the "old Fifth" has ever suffered, to be unable to find, out of the many fine officers, one capable of commanding the regiment. We will anxiously wait further developments, with the hope that a regiment, whose reputation is second to none in the Army of the Potomac, and to whom Gen. McClellan said, a few days after the battle of Williamsburg, "through you we won the war," will some day return home, the rebellion crushed, without a single stain upon its (at present unblemished) career.

May success follow the Major and Colonel—and may the Colonel be able to accomplish more in his new field of action than in this. We have always been taught to consider our country's blessings and liberties. May they be strengthened by the presence of one who has carried an "Edged sword" for the last twenty months in defense of the nation!

"Is the Name of God."—In a debate in the U. S. Senate on the management of the war, in which Senator Howe of this state participated, Mr. Cowan asked—"Does not the constitution exist? Are we not bound by it?" To this question Mr. Howe replied:

"We are bound by it. Yes; we are bound by it, and bound to do battle for it, and not to stand here haggling about the force we are to send into the fight. I would bring all the force into the field I could, not caring what the color of it might be. Bring the negroes into the field in the name of God, if we cannot do it in the name of the constitution."

The authority quoted by Senator H. is a good one, and thousands of his constituents will say "amen" to his proposition.

Letter from a Printer in the Army.


Gentlemen:—There is an institution connected with our brigade which has never been noticed in the Sentinel, I believe, which is the Brideg Hospital, now under the able management of Dr. Andrews, of the Sixth Regiment, and late a resident of Pierce County, Wisconsin:—

The Doctor is very popular and successful in his practice; and the Hospital Steward, Mr. Buck, is one of the most thoroughgoing men in his line in the army. Between the skill of the Doctor and the energy and industry of Mr. Buck, the sick are well taken care of.

The Regimental Hospitals in the Brigade are all in a most efficient state. Let all who have friends in this Brigade rest satisfied that no pains are spared by the Surgeon in command, that would tend to the comfort or welfare of the sick.

I observe a disposition on the part of several of your correspondents to pander to a spirit of jealousy between the regiments in the Wisconsin Brigade. This is simply ridiculous, and I could mention a certain one in the Sixth who has lost the esteem of all who know him in the other regiments, and yet gained anything but contempt in the Sixth, by the absurd stories he has retailed to the readers of the Sentinel, and in private letters. I am an Iowa pioneer and like plain, honest talk, and either through your widely circulated paper, or some other journal as well known and read as it is, I will let these facts be known. In all that I have written I was never moved by the hope of reward from any one in the service, or out of it. Thus much for myself, if you will do me the simple justice of making the statement public, and, furthermore, the man who will disparage another regiment in order to work his own advancement (and a regiment, too, from his own State) only lacks one short step of infamy.

The readers of the Sentinel in Paczkawakee, Marquette County, will be painless to hear of the death of an estimable lady, the wife of C. W. Barlow, a sergeant in company E, Seventh Regiment. At the time of her death 'they had only been married about five months, and the heroic young wife left all the luxuries of a Wisconsin fireside to share the toils...
and privations of a camp life with her hus-
band in Virginia. She died of typhoid
fever, at the apartment of the females
attached to the Brigade Hospital, on the
30th of December, and attended by those
of her own sex only, who well knew how to
bestow those delicate attentions which
only a woman can bestow on the sick.

To my old printing office "chums" in
Dubuque who read the Sentinel, I would
say that my "shooting stick" has grown
rusty for the want of a little work in my
line just at this time. You have never yet succeeded in opening any other
"form" with it than that of a poor old crow,
and the only "matter" which I have been
called on to "set up" here was a drunken
soldier. Let all the typographers beware
however, of the service, for not one in a
doz can ever hope to get a perfect
"register," even though a member of that
immortal Association, the "Printers' "
Unions." And now I think of it, follow-
types, what a host of associations crowd
the mind at the mention of it—the
Printers' Union—glorious title! I shall
have its "certificate" in my pocket along
with my diplomas of L.D. of Yale or Harvard.
Glorious Union, next after the glorious
American Union, it comes in for all the
keen and ardent sympathy of those who
drink of the God-like waters of the foun-
tain of liberty.

But facts are cold and sickly
born things; and the wind and fog,
and the other little annoyances of a
camp life, have joined the atmosphere
around here, as far as my observation ex-
tends, so that it is very difficult to think
of anything pleasing to communicate.
The soldier on his post forgets the tune
he was beginning to whistle, and thinks
of home and the girl he left behind him. All
are quiet, and with few exceptions cherish
a tranquil and social feeling in the camp.
Many are the letters which go and come,
and the little tokens sent off to the West
by those both married and single, who
left all the rich and manly treasures of
their affections there; and there is a post
in the calm self-denial which breathes
in much of the correspondence between
some of the volunteers and their friends at
home.

By the way, it is said there is some
trouble about the money appropriated by
the State to the families of volunteers.
How is it? Do they get it regularly? Will
you tell us, and relieve the minds of
those who are interested in the en-
quiry? And let me say to those who con-
tribute blankets and other necessary arti-
cles for the use of the army hospitals or
convalescents, that they need not be sur-
priised if the articles so contributed are
not acknowledged for a time. All those
departments are overrun with work, and
cannot possibly account to all for their
contributions. I make this statement on
the authority of an officer of high rank in
the city.

From the Sixth Regiment.

Arlington, Va., Jan. 10th, 1862.

Editors Patriot:—The days are ominous of
war. All the news to-day is full of dark and
ominous forerunners. There are vast and
extension frauds rumored about the
army. Congress has tripled the price of
the Ball's Bluff slaugther, and the pay
General policy informs them it is not exped-
ient to tell all about that affair. The credit
of Government is ebbing fast. To-day is pay
day in the Fifth Wisconsin Regiment, and the
pay, except the change, consists of treasury notes,
which are on the decline in value now, being at
a discount of five per cent. This state of things
would be tolerable if it seemed to be the
least show of a better hereafter. Speaking of
frauds, there was a contract let here for a great
amount of wood for the army, at seven dollars
per cord, to be delivered on this camp. Well,
Mr. Contractor will not let out the job again; it is
cut, and the Government teams are now having it.
All Mr. Contractor has to do, is to pocket the
proceeds, and feed the army on green and fifty per
cent. over all the expense. This is one of the
thousand gigantic robberies of the treasury
which centers here today or of all those who cried out about Fremont can see it at
Washington. In what name of all that is holy,
can we expect of this administration now?

It cannot be concealed that the army is sul-
Jioned and morose over the present policy of our
Government. This fact is patent to all, and
the Great West is asleep while ruin and bankruptcy
knock at the doors of the government.

Fish and game plunder of the public purse is wink-
ed at all over the North. In the vain hope that
something will be done on the Potomac after a
while, a cold and pusillanimous policy prevails.

Our commanders all act as if the war was com-
enced in order that each of them might make
a political hobby of it to ride into office upon.

A shadow looms up in the distance, dark
and sombre and terrible. The Government seems
to see it, but cannot alter the course, and
discard, which it has counted all along, and that
by this wavering, vacillating course they breed
a moral pig-stye, where no breeze of elevated
or purifying thought can enter until the
channel is utterly cleaned.

Some writer has said that the army was
becoming aboliditionized in the presence of
all the beauty's of the "peculiar institution"
of the South; this is a fact that is
notorious here. The intelligent and active
spirit of a Northern man revolt at much
that is seen already, remote as we now
are from the inner temples of slavery, and
some of the old pro-slavery Hunkers, who
admired it in New York, declare that they
can't abide it in Virginia, and admit that
it ought to be wiped out.

The streets of our camp are now prin-
cipally paved with an equal mixture of
rain water and clay, and the consequence
is they are pretty hard to navigate, though
the boys have carried a large amount of short sticks, and made sidewalks in all
directions about the camp.

PHILLIP W. PLUMMER, (formerly of the
Jamestown Guard of your city,) is now Cap-
tain of Co. G, Sixth Regiment. He en-
tered the service as First Lieutenant, in
the Prairie du Chien company, and his
brother, Thomas, now fills his place. The
Prairie du Chien company presented Capt.
in the quiet country road until I reached a deserted farm. The next morning I roused the farmers and discovered that I was in the midst of a rebellion. The soldiers were everywhere, and the countryside was filled with the sound of musketry. I knew I had to do something, so I set out to find a way back to my regiment.

The Army was closing in on us, and I knew I had to act quickly. I decided to take the road to the north, where I hoped to escape. The road was deserted, and I walked for miles in the dark. I finally reached a small town where a Union soldier told me to go to the main street and look for a man named Brown. He was supposed to be a spy, and I thought he might be able to help me.

I found Brown in a small hotel, and he told me to stay with him and wait for word from the headquarters. I did as he said, and after a few days he told me to go to the headquarters and report to General Blaine.

I arrived at the headquarters and was received by General Blaine, who asked me what had happened. I told him about the rebellion and the rebels who had captured my regiment. He listened carefully and then told me that I would be made a general and given command of a new regiment.

I thanked General Blaine for his kindness and promised to do my best for the Union. He gave me a commission and a letter of introduction to General Sherman, who promised to take good care of me. I was overjoyed, and I knew that I would do my best to serve my country.

I returned to my regiment and found that they had been treacherously betrayed by their own officers. I helped them to escape and then led them into battle. We fought hard, and in the end we were victorious. The rebellion was put down, and the Union was saved.

I was honorably discharged from the army and returned to my old farm. I worked hard to support myself and my family, and I never forgot the debt I owed to my country. I remained a loyal Unionist all my days, and I died in the service of my country.
as well as a lot of clean clothes, to lighten up my load a little. After I got pretty well warmed up and rested, I started my pipe and myself after the regiment. I went only a mile beyond Fairfax when I came up with the regiment who must have been a mile in front of it, for I thought it must be nearly to Centreville before I could get up with it.

It was encamped in a little patch of wood, very nearly on the site of an old camp of South Carolina Volunteers. This morning a great many of our boys went our foraging, the result of which was about twenty hogs, and a large lot of turkeys and chickens. I luckily got hold of a ham of one of the pigs, which was the first bit of fresh pork I had eaten since I left old Wisconsin, and I had no suit for it which improved it considerably you may guess. About forty rods from here, is a Shoshonee garden of the South Carolina troops, who were encamped here. There are about twenty graves in all, six of which have been opened and the bodies taken out. The old coffin is lying about on top of the ground and in the holes which were left open. Most of the graves have some sort of a headstone to them, the more common of which, is a rough chunk of granite. I saw one pretty decent stone, of some sort of lime or sand, which bore the inscription roughly cut with a jack-knife.

"J. C. Willis, Died 18th September, 1861, Co. D, 6th Regiment South Carolina Volunteers." Poor miserable fool; he came up here to take possession of some Yankee land, and he got his reward, for he entered a small piece. We are laying over here to-day for, the Shoshonees have evacuated Manassas and blew up the bridges, so we have to lay over until we can build them up again.

Our Colonel says he expects to be in Richmond in less than ten days, for we have possession of the railroad leading there and we can go there in a hurry. This is all the news I think of at present. I write this on top of my medicine chest, so excuse bad writing.

Yours, affectionately,

H. C. POWERS.

LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

THE PROSPECT.

To the "signs of the times," which soldiers watch as closely as the mariner does the needle of the compass, indicate to the minds of our restless volunteers that the prospect show is absolutely the "upturning" of something that will afford work for the remaining forces of the grand army now quietly reposing upon the "sacred soil."—In the dim vistas of the future we see looming up the grand spectacle of a dash into the capital of Old Virginia and a "rally" stampede of its present rebel occupant as though it were of thieves, Floyd, far in the advance. Our grand leader, Gen. McDowell, is now making all the necessary preparations for a "big march" ahead—our "duds" moved off, not currying, as the Kentuckian says, "a varmity" about where we went. Feeder will like an army of "perfect bricks." We moved off, with "hearts as light and free," towards the deserted strongholds of King Joe. That night we camped about four miles from the spot we left behind.

Saturday, the fifth, after eating a luxurious breakfast of hard crackers, fat pork and coffee, we struck our tents and pushed forward to Blackburn's Ford, a place which will ever be memorable in the history of this unhappy rebellion, from the fact that it was at this place that the first battle of Bull Run was fought in which our brave Wisconsin boys took such an active part. Our antiquarian proclivities induced us to explore the battleground. The limber trees and the performed horses plainly marked the course of the dread messengers of death which summoned many a brave soldier of the Union to his long home on the "other side of Jordan." That night we enjoyed a feast of reason and a flow of patriotism while sitting around the sparkling camp fires listening to the vivid descriptions of that memorable conflict between the defenders of the Union and the boasted supporters of the God cursed Southern Confederacy. Had you been present to hear "our boys" recite the incidents of that bloody struggle you would have felt as happy as a "rigger at a camp meeting."—April 6. This morning Old Sol shone forth with a splendid, instilling a new feeling into the hearts of our gay and rollicking soldiers. The serenity of this morning made us forget that the dread tocsin of war was sounding its terrible notes throughout the length and breadth of our once happy land. The gay "pomp and circumstance" of war caused us to feel as though we were starting after a Fourth of July. The array whose mission was that of death to their rebellious brethren. At three o'clock p. m., we entered the fortifications of Manassas, which but a few weeks ago were occupied by the rebels. A rebel's eye view of this boasted Gibraltar of Rebeldom satisfied us that the ground was gloriously hallowed as to its impregnability. We Napoleon alive he would laugh to scorn the idea of not being able to successfully storm and carry these mud fortifications and breastworks with thirty thousand of his "Old Guard." The strength of Manassas has been egregiously overrated and our army must most beautifully fooled. From Manassas we marched about four miles to a cornfield within half a mile of Bristol Station, where we camped, ate a hearty meal, and then stretched ourselves upon the ground and rested our weary limbs until morning.

Monday, 7th. In company with Lient. Gibson we started out on a trip to see the country, its inhabitants and hunt "corn cakes" and milk. After making a sweep of some five miles and encountering struggling soldiers with secesh turkeys, ducks, geese, pigs and bull beef, which they had appropriated to their own use, we returned to camp well satisfied, the people being too mean for a live Western man to "kitch to." At half past two p. m., orders were issued to strike tents and march to a new camp ground in a pine grove some two miles up the rail road. None of us were sorry at the change of location, as the one we left was better adapted for hogs to roam through than for white men to put upon. By four o'clock we were the lawful occupants of the pine grove camp, where we are now holding forth in all the ease and splendor of a soldier's life, ravelling in the luxuries of fat pork, and crackers hard enough to pave the avenues of our camp.

THE WEATHER.

This Old Virginia climate is enough to try the patience of Job and wear out the constitution of an elephant. It would be easier to count the stars than to calculate the chances of living six hours of fair weather out of twenty-four. Old Sol may rise from his eastern couch in the morning and smile upon the sons and daughters of Eve; but ere noon arrives his bright face is excluded from view by the storm clouds, who raise his flood-gates and deluge the pervading scents of April with the waters of the terrestrial kingdom. From the afternoon of the 7th until the morning of the 10th it snowed incessantly. The snow fell to the depth of three inches. Our boys say it was the most miserable spell of weather they have experienced during the war. Your correspondent, over whose head the fronts of some forty winters have passed, never witnessed a more disholistic season.
Friday, 11th. The storms of rain, hail snow which had been raging for three days, having ceased, we started on our way from the capital in company with two of Co. C’s boys for Brentsville, the county seat of Prince William. We found the country lying between our camp and the court house well settled.

The hand generally was very poor. From an old settler we learned that the land was originally rich and well-watered. The growth of wheat and corn, but it had been ruined through a process of miscible burning. The science of agriculture is as foreign to the minds of the “Planters,” as they are called in this region of Virginia, as the principles of astronomy are to the uninitiated mind of a Hottentot. Brentsville, the county seat of the only county in this State, is a “one-horse” village, consisting of a population of about one hundred and fifty inhabitants. The public buildings, consisting of a court house and jail, look as if they were built in the year one; the dwelling houses are mostly old frame, leaning against each other against to avoid tumbling down. Modern improvements are unknown to the dilapidated chivalry of Brentsville. This county town is situated within half mile of the geographical center of the county. The country around is well timbered, and has excellent water privileges as much as the indomitable Yankees would use to advantage. The land is sufficiently umbilating to afford good drainage. This is fortunate, for those now living in the country, as they are too industrious and ignorant to turn their attention to making improvements where they are needed.

COL. K. D. H. MARTON.

This military son of Virginia was once the occupant and owner of the only hospital looking mansion in the village of Brentsville. He was what the darkies call one of the “great folks,” owing to his being a lawyer, colonel and wealthy. The colonel, like other bold and infatuated Virginia professionals, played an active part among the ranks of disunion in the contest with the union party which resulted so fatally to the peace and prosperity of the State. Shortly after the inauguration of the war he was “honored” with the privilege of Co. C, resulting in a series of Virginia trials. When the rebel army evacuated Manassas he fled to his old homestead and followed the retreating forces of Beauregard, accompanied by his wife and two slaves. While at Brentsville I visited a mansion which I found owned by a number of soldiers, and was taking it easy upon the handsome sofa chairs and lounges. In the parlors I observed a stalwart Pennsylvania Zouave beating away upon a piano, while a dozen others were going it upon a regular break down. In “my lady’s chamber” a squad of soldiers had taken up quarters, where they were playing whist. The handsome mahogany bedstead was holding the elongated forms of four “horrible Zouaves,” who declared to me that it was a “hell—a splendid sleeping machine.”

The Colonel’s library had been completely stripped of its books; private papers and letters scattered over the floor; writing desk and book-case partly smashed. It was sad to see this indiscriminate destruction of property and then reflect upon the causes which had produced it. In the kitchen I came across a sprightly negro woman, who informed me that her master had left four of them behind with instructions to follow him as soon as he should send for them. Upon my pointing southward and asking her whether she intended going in that direction, she gave me a knowing look and replied, “No, Master, by gosh, nor yet, Master, folks don’t do that.” When asked what she could do to take care of herself, she promptly answered, “Why, Master, if we colored folks can take care of de white people in dis country, we can take care of ourselves Norf.” The shrewdness of this reply convinced me that these negroes did not believe they are at liberty to express their sentiments without fear of the lash, are “wide awake,” and appreciate the difference between slavery and freedom.

PRINTING OFFICE.

Claiming, as your correspondent does, a fellowship with the members of the “check art,” I make it a special business to pay my respects to every printing office that chance throws in my way. Hearing that Brentsville boasted of such an invaluable institution, I “dined it up,” intending if the material was in a right condition to issue a loyal sheet upon my own hook. My sad expectations were soon knocked in a “cocked hat.” Upon entering the grand sanctum sanctorum of the Brentsville Advocate, I there beheld a sight that would make your wimp. Instead of finding the office “right side up with care,” I found it a huge mass of “p’s” and horse manure. Upon the evacuation by the rebels of this part of the State the veritable editor and proprietor was not slow to cut sticks, leaving his office to take care of itself. From the sanctum, we ascended to the garret which constituted the second story, then I came across a “check imp,” (containing) rummaging over the personal property of the abysmal editor. “Darkies,” showed his powers “when we thrust our head piece through the trap door.” Thinking to scare him, we exclaimed; “You imp of the Devil, what are you after?” After rolling his big eyes at us, and opening his mouth wide enough to take in a pumpkin, he replied “Noting, Massa. The only sign I de white printen man left any ting dat dis bigger wants.” Not withstanding the word in the “vital” in his search after rebel relics, we bade him good morning, and made our exit from the premises, hoping never again to see a printing office converted into a stable.

THE COUNTY CENSUS OFFICE.

This reservoir of antiquated documents had been entered by our straggling soldiers, and rummaged thoroughly. Bushels of deeds, and other valuable papers, together with ledger, and county record books, lay in heaps all about the floor. To make the destruction more complete a horse had been quartered a day and night in the office, during which time he trampled under his iron-bound hoofs the ancient records of Prince Williams County. While going upon this scene of destruction, a gentleman entered and informed me that he was appointed to straighten out the mutilated papers and put the office in a “good fix.” We did not envy the job he had undertaken. The same scenes of wanton destruction of property, stared us in the face, as we passed through the House and court buildings. Such acts of unwarranted destruction of public records is highly reprehensible and should not be countenanced. The loyalists, as well as the rebels, suffer seriously by their wholesale spoliations of documentary testimony of past events, for this reason we were bold enough to “carry the war into Africa” to that extent.

A FULL BLOODED FEMININE RECRUIT.

From the acquaintance I have formed with “Virginia’s Fair Daughters,” I am satisfied they have in the main been more instrumental in firing up the hearts of the junior chivalry and converting them into rebels, than the loyalists and abolitionites. The acts of unchristian and unchristianized destruction of public records is highly reprehensible and should not be countenanced. The loyalists, as well as the rebels, suffer seriously by their wholesale spoliations of documentary testimony of past events, for this reason we were bold enough to “carry the war into Africa” to that extent. A.

S. E. B. SHEILD.
From the Sixth Regiment.

Catlett's Station, 15 miles south of Manassas, Va., April 17, 1862.

Republic.—The Sixth Wisconsin is here—so is Co. A—so are the Sank. Co. Riflemen, "and here they will remain"—a few hours. We came here last Sunday, marching eight miles on a railroad track,—the Orange and Alexandria R. R.—which McDowell's corps is rebuilding toward its termination in Central Virginia. Since we left Alexandria, where we lay for two weeks expecting to take the beat Fortress Monroe, we have seen more of Virginia than we ever before expected to. I am much pleased with the country through which we have passed, and I think no place in the United States surpasses the tract of country in which we are now situated in natural advantages for a place of residence. The day after we arrived here I walked out upon a hill which borders a large and splendid meadow before our camp, and looking westward I saw in the beautiful valley of the Rappahannock that which surprised and delighted me more than the discovery of a new California would have done. The first and principal attraction was a field of winter rye, which covered the grateful earth with a carpet of richest green. It was glorious indeed to see this evidence of profit and progress—the first we have seen for a long time. The fences about the fields in the delightful nook below, which by some miracle has escaped the storm of war and anarchy, were high and substantial. Away through the fertile fields could be seen numerous water-courses, each winding its quiet way, supplied with bright and healthy water. Skirting the open fields were patches of timber, mostly oak, and occasionally on the hills were groups of cedars. In the distance, and mingling with the clouds, stood the Blue Ridge—covered with snow. I felt a chill run through me as I looked, for this is the "Sunny South" you know, but did not feel as cold as I did a week ago last Monday, when I stood on a bleak side hill where we were to camp, waiting for the baggage wagons, with the big snow-flakes falling upon me in mass. Ugh! How memory called to mind the splendid...
periods of modern Jenkinses writing from the "sacred soil." The "sunny skies," and "balmy breezes," and life-giving air," and so forth, "et cetera," "et id genus omne" came to mind, but did not come to the physique.

Whenever in the dim and distant future any travelled human undertakes to instill into my dark mind, any assertion to the effect that the climate in Virginia is extraordinarily good, I can salute him in the vulgar style of childhood and say independently—I don't see it.

But we are having some really fine days now, and on the whole I think the climate here is perhaps as good on the average as one will find anywhere, only I think it would require some time for a northern man to accustomed himself to it.

But one does not need to travel forty miles in Virginia as carefully and leisurely as we have done, to know the great want of Virginia.—As I have looked at many a fair scene in this State during our journey, I have asked myself why the picture before me did not seem homelike—that I expected it to look like my home, but I thought it should present advantages for some one, and seem to claim the love and promise, the progress and improvement of some part of the human family, but it does not. There is some great feature left out. I could see an attempt at the play of the Prince of Denmark, but no Hamlet appeared. But it does not take long to estimate the want. It is shown in the absence of schools and houses and churches. If a people lived here who would show an enlightened public sentiment by the erection of such, and other monuments of Education and Religion, I think no part of our country would present superior advantages for life and its enjoyments.

The whole army of Virginia is at work, if not preparing for fight. They are paving the way for the successful development of peace by rebuilding railroads and bridges, and improving highway. The same cheerful spirit which pervaded the army last fall still animates it for a summer campaign, although the boys dread the hot summer. On our right, about 8 miles distant, is the village of Warrentown. The other day I talked with two colored men (free) who cleaned from there in the night, to prevent impression into the rebel service.—They reported the inhabitants to be in very great fright, and all the slaves were being sent off south to prevent their escape. They said the rebel officers deceive their men by reporting every distant battle a victory for the rebel cause. It was told to the rebel army of the Potomac, and to the people hereabouts, that all those battles in the west have resulted favorably to the secession cause, but the falling back was a matter of choice.

But want of time forbids me to prolong this letter. All I have to say further is that the act of declaring the seceded States to be territories is the only proper plan, in the opinion—the humble opinion of soldiers. Then this country would be filled with a free people, who would establish an enlightened public sentiment, which is a more effectual safeguard against treason than fleets and armies. It is also less expensive.

Truly yours,

H. L.

From Yorktown.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIG. 4TH & 6TH Brigade, Majr Genl. April 28th, 1862.

Editors Patriot:—Nothing of any special importance has transpired here since I last wrote you, yet we are kept in a state of vigilance and constant activity. We have been strongly fortifying our position bearing upon the rebel works. We have large fatigue parties constantly throwing up entrenchments, digging rifle pits, constructing gabions and placing abatis. In order to hold the enemy at bay, almost the whole work is done at night. Sand bags are filled and gabions made, however, the work is not put in place until morning. We have twelve guns in position. Frequently at night the working parties are saluted by a volley from the enemy or by the grand round of our guns. We are not yet at ease. We have two men killed and two wounded to day. On our side we took one prisoner and killed and wounded several of the enemy.

The rebels are undoubtedly concentrating all their energies for a mighty struggle at this point. Flanked by two large rivers and having their front strongly protected by a continuous rifle pit from the York to the James rivers, with the ears, and fortified by the line of the natural aid afforded by creeks and marshes, their position is indeed a strong one, which need not to be fortified. While our army is fully sensible of these strong points of the enemy, we are prepared to oppose him on every side. The paroled and cavalry officers, Parrott guns, and a solid ready to do as effective fighting as has ever been witnessed under the sun.

The conduct of the Vermont brigade in the action of the 16th has been a subject of universal remark and admiration. The bravery and daring of the men not only elicited the highest admiration, but the perfect coolness and determination of purpose they exhibited even under the most trying and dangerous circumstances. Not a man hesitated, not a man wavered. There was no confusion, no disorder.

Every command was obeyed with perfect precision. The wounded were borne from the field by their comrades, who again gathered and took their places in the ranks. If a deadly shot struck down one, another stepped up to take his place. Such men cannot but be grand and are part of the heroism of the Potomac.

As I write, though ten o'clock at night, two heavy guns have been brought forward, one of our batteries, I presume at working parties on the left.

Letter from the Sixth Regiment.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG,

King's Brigade, Esq., Siturick,—There can be no impropriety in giving a few items of information to the readers of the public journals in Gen. King's old brigade; though since I last wrote from our old camp at Arlington, persons writing to the public journals have been obliged to exercise a good deal of caution in regard to the character of their communications. No patriotic editor, however, would admit into his paper anything calculated to reveal the movements of our troops at an unduly time. I have nothing to fear that will affect me, I trust, or in the least injure it. Our brigade has done its share of the maneuvering of the Army, and is now, in the romantic border of Potomac Creek, an arm of the great river Potomac, and about thirty miles from Fredericksburg, engaged in rebuilding railroad bridges burned by the rebels in their retreat.

There is no complaint against the present arrangements of the commander, and but little in the brigades. Though some officers desire a change of position against the present arrangement of the commander, and but little in the brigades. Though some officers desire a change of position against the present arrangement of the commander, and but little in the brigades. Though some officers desire a change of position against the present arrangement of the commander, and but little in the brigades. Though some officers desire a change of position against the present arrangement of the commander, and but little in the brigades. Though some officers desire a change of position against the present arrangement of the commander, and but little in the brigades. Though some officers desire a change of position against the present arrangement of the commander, and but little in the brigades.

The conduct of the Vermont brigade in the action of the 16th has been a subject of universal remark and admiration. The bravery and daring of the men not only elicited the highest admiration, but the perfect coolness and determination of purpose they exhibited even under the most trying and dangerous circumstances. Not a man hesitated, not a man wavered. There was no confusion, no disorder.

The Harris Light Cavalry, attached to our brigade, fell into a rebel ambuscade on the march out, and lost eleven killed and twenty wounded at the feeble and ineffectual dash they made at the enemy, who kept them at bay, and treated them cruelly in all respects. Some of the men of the Prairie du Chien company took the lead in their charge, intending to close and feed them until they could be otherwise cared for; but the rebels dashed them to the ground and piled him out of the company at once, and threatened with severe punishment the man who should at-
This simple expression created a good laugh, and a "billy for you old hoss," from the Yankee boys.

A week ago to-day there was a skirmish about two miles from us, and in full view of our camp, just as our parade was dismissed. Capt. Wood, aid to Gen. Gibbons, came into camp with orders for our Brigade to fall in; the long roll was beaten, and in ten minutes the brigade was in line and ready for the order to move on action; but to our sorrow and disappointment, secessions again fell back, as they have always done since this part of the army has been after them—

Capt. Miller, of the rebel army, came into our lines to-day with a flag of truce, but for what purpose I have not heard. He rode through our lines blindfolded between two mounted commissioned officers, and two files of infantry. He was a young man of very fine appearance. His entrance into the city caused quite an excitement amongst the sympathizers of rebellion, in fact, never before since I have been in the Old Dominion have I seen so much sympathy manifested as I witnessed this afternoon; boys running along the side-walks cheering for Jeff. Davis, and ladies praying that God would bless that Southern soldier, and exclaiming—Oh, I love to see that gray uniform once more, and so on. It made my blood boil to be obliged to listen to such blasphemous language.

The women here, I am sorry to say, are ten times worse than the men—

I was in the city yesterday standing on the sidewalk talking with Lieut. T. C. T. beneath the stars and stripes, that were floating in the breeze from a window, when about eight or ten ladies came walking down the street, and seeing that beautiful flag that have great confidence in their officers and men, they turned away in disgust and walked in the middle of the street—

That was more than we could stand, and Lieut. T. said by—we won't stand that, and to-day we have not only one but seven flags floating in the breeze—right across the street, so that they must either walk under the stars and stripes, or go around a whole square to avoid them. Poor ladies, I pity them; for they have a worthy of a better cause—it is a zeal without knowledge—they have their sister's prayer meetings often for poor Jeff. If our sisters in the north are as zealous and prayerful for the cause of justice and right, and for our glorious Union, as our sisters in the south are for rebellion and disunion, we shall be well satisfied. There is one thing that we are well sure of, that their prayers are an abomination to the Lord; but I hope they are not far distant when they will see their folly and sin, and return again to their allegiance. In walking around the cemetery to-day I counted ninety-four soldiers' graves in one row, and about half that number in another row; and how many that number in another row, and how many hundreds and seven soldiers had been buried. Oh, how many hearts have been made to bleed through this unholy rebellion. An order has just been put into camp for all those who are not fit for immediate duty to be sent to Alexandria tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. I understand that H. A. Lee, Corporal Jones, W. B. Ryder and W. Groat will be sent from Co. A. Since my last Col. Cutler has taken command of the regiment, and Gen. Gibbons, of the U. S. A., has taken command of this brigade. This brigade now wear the regulation hat with a black feather, with shoes and white leggings, which give it a beautiful appearance. We are the advance on this side of the river, being only about five hundred yards from the city. Before you receive this I presume that we shall be nearer Richmond than we now are, and if the rebels dispute the ground you will hear a good account of this brigade, as its discipline is equal to any in the service, and the men and seeing that beautiful flag that have great confidence in their officers and men, they will fight to the last. If any thing happens that I think will be of interest to your readers you will hear of it.——

War Correspondence.

Fredericksburg, Va., May 21st, 1863

Dear Crescent: The traces of our bit having been absent from your columns long we hardly know whether you will recognize us at this late day, but we will leave this matter with you. It is perhaps an inquiry with many as to the whereabouts of the Wise of a Sixth. Our regiment stationed upon the bank of the Rappahannock river, directly opposite the little city of Fredericksburg, commanding a view of the
city and the country on either side as far as the eye can extend. I must not forget to make particular mention of E. Co., which has caused the road to be repaired and now directly in front of the rebel pickets beyond Fredericksburg. We were sent across the river on Monday for the purpose of performing fatigue duty and I know not how long we shall be obliged to be absent from our regiment.

We have been in the vicinity of Fredericksburg over two weeks, ours being the second Brigade to occupy Maj. Gen. McDowell's department of the Rappahannock. Thus you will see that we are not in the rear of the advancing column in this department. The first Brigade of King's Division took praiseworthy possession of this point where the rebels had promised to make a stand, and to fight till their last drop of blood should drench the soil of Virginia; and color the water of that beautiful river! But, alas, how treacherous the promises of the wicked! The first sound of the clattering hoofs of "Yankee" Cavalry put them to flight, and the torch of the incendiary applied to the bridge marked the course of the retreating enemy.

Immediately on our arrival at this place we were set to work repairing the railroad bridges and track between here and Aquia Creek, which the enemy had destroyed in their retreat, among them were two very extensive bridges which have been completed and the road in running order so that we get our supplies by railroad to this place. Our forces have built a new railroad bridge across the river at this place, and the cars crossed on Tuesday for the first time, we have also laid one portion bridge and constructed another of canal boats so that everything is nearly ready for our army to push on again. Could the faults finders of the North have an opportunity of knowing how many obstacles are placed in the way of the advance of our armies I think they would not think the advance of our troops was "too slow." Even we soldiers claim to be human beings and must have our "hard crackers," coffee, and pork, consequently we must have transportation and thus far we have been obliged to build our own roads and construct our own bridges. It is slow work but according to all accounts it has been sure.

Our advance into the heart of the old Dominion goes to prove all this—gradually repulsing the enemy before us without the loss of a single man.

Fredericksburg is rather an ancient looking city of about five thousand inhabitants, situated on the south side of the Rappahannock river in a beautiful valley surrounded on either side by romantic hills and beautiful scenery. Its inhabitants are mostly colored, a few old hoary headed white men, rosy cheeked damsel (all in their sweet six-teenth), they all think were "right smart looking fellows and were right good clothes" but they have become reconciled to that name "Yankee." Kindness and gentle words will soon have the girls of Fredericksburg all right on the Union question—"we reckon." The victory is won when we get the Virginia women all right as we have generally found them to be the most ardent admirers of Jeff's confederacy, otherwise the masses of the men wouldn't know enough to go to the battle field.

This morning in company with Lieut. M. we took a stroll through the city, visiting the different places of interest, viewing each corner with "Yankee" curiosity, and were much pleased with the ways and to us oddities of the people of this country—the ways, actions, and tastes being as widely at variance with us as the North are with the Aborigines. Among the many places that claimed our attention was the burial place of "Mary the mother of George Washington, the father of our country." Here the visitor will behold the most valiant adventures ever committed by the hand of man, here the most sacred spot—second only to the resting place of her noble son at Mount Vernon—known to the American people the most stoutly rebels took occasion to vent their spleen upon the nation and government of which she was the mother and her son George the father! The slab which marked her resting place had been converted into a target, and along epitaphs marked upon it, the shibboleth which decorated the mound destroyed, and the walk which surrounded it half torn down, and worst of all dead traitors buried along side of her. For perpetrators of such deeds of atrocity we can but believe that the guilt of damnation stands yawning for their reception, and we earnestly hope that pandemonium may not be cheated out of its prey.

The Christian Banner, of which I send you a copy appeared on the 9th of May, after a suppression of two years, to a day, by the order of Jefferson D. It is a spicy, little sheet and will do good work in awakening the people of Virginia up to a sense of their duty. Long may it wave.

The strictest discipline prevails in the army of this department, and the citizens are protected in all their rights and property, and thus far our forces have made a good impression on the minds of all. Whoever depredations have been committed on persons or property, the perpetrators have been severely punished.

The health of this army is excellent as far as we have any Knowledge. We have endured a great deal of hardship since we left the Potomac, not feeling it notably and seem determined to keep up good courage, and show the rebels that we too, are going to have a little fun with them, if we can catch them. The succession of victories which has crowned our arms in all directions has failed to exercise a good effect upon the enemy in this department, and we trust it will inspire the deeds of courage during when we are permitted to renew our onward march!

The weather is fine, everything bids fair for a speedy settlement of this rebellion, and no men will hail the day with more pleasure than the men in the field.

Our Brigades has been supplied with a new Brigadier General in the person of Gen. Gibbons a regular officer, he is a middle aged man and a good officer, and we trust will fill the position with credit to himself and the Government.

My letter is somewhat lengthy, and I will close hoping to deliver our next letter in person. As ever,

"C."

Letter from the Sixth Regiment.

CAMP OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, Va.

Friend Cover:—On looking over my papers, I find, to my astonishment, that one year of my enlistment will soon begone, and all we have left to tell is "that born from which no travel return.

Our good old Grant has not been left unafflicted. Even our company, which is C of the 6th, Capt. House, has not been unnoticed by the grip monster—death. Sylvester Rulison, when encamped on Arlington Heights, was seized by disease, taken to the hospital, and soon after carried to his final resting place. Albert Fish, a noble comrade, while at the same encampment, was suddenly seized by the "scourge of the army", and removed to his last place.

Our Brigade has been supplied with a new Brigadier General in the person of Gen. Gibbons a regular officer, he is a middle aged man and a good officer, and we trust will fill the position with credit to himself and the Government.

My letter is somewhat lengthy, and I will close hoping to deliver our next letter in person. As ever,

"C."

"Letter from the Sixth Regiment.

CAMP OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, Va.

Friend Cover:—On looking over my papers, I find, to my astonishment, that one year of my enlistment will soon begone, and all we have left to tell is "that born from which no travel return.

Our good old Grant has not been left unafflicted. Even our company, which is C of the 6th, Capt. House, has not been unnoticed by the grip monster—death. Sylvester Rulison, when encamped on Arlington Heights, was seized by disease, taken to the hospital, and soon after carried to his final resting place. Albert Fish, a noble comrade, while at the same encampment, was suddenly seized by the "scourge of the army", and removed to his last place.

Our Brigade has been supplied with a new Brigadier General in the person of Gen. Gibbons a regular officer, he is a middle aged man and a good officer, and we trust will fill the position with credit to himself and the Government.

My letter is somewhat lengthy, and I will close hoping to deliver our next letter in person. As ever,

"C."

"Letter from the Sixth Regiment.

CAMP OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, Va.

Friend Cover:—On looking over my papers, I find, to my astonishment, that one year of my enlistment will soon begone, and all we have left to tell is "that born from which no travel return.

Our good old Grant has not been left unafflicted. Even our company, which is C of the 6th, Capt. House, has not been unnoticed by the grip monster—death. Sylvester Rulison, when encamped on Arlington Heights, was seized by disease, taken to the hospital, and soon after carried to his final resting place. Albert Fish, a noble comrade, while at the same encampment, was suddenly seized by the "scourge of the army", and removed to his last place.

Our Brigade has been supplied with a new Brigadier General in the person of Gen. Gibbons a regular officer, he is a middle aged man and a good officer, and we trust will fill the position with credit to himself and the Government.

My letter is somewhat lengthy, and I will close hoping to deliver our next letter in person. As ever,

"C."

"Letter from the Sixth Regiment.
were tried as a mark of military honor.

A wooden slab on which may be read "Homer Lillie, Co. C, 6th Reg. Wis. Vol.-Aged 18 years. Drowned near Fredericksburg, Va." marks his last resting place. We left him to sleep until the reaper, in his place, shall all be "drafted" to fight no more, and in a world of heavenly liberty and eternal peace, sing songs of freedom and salvation forever.

All is quiet about camp save the reports of the artillery, which is now drilling. The weather is almost intolerable; there are never ending showers, while the wind is continually strong, and the water appears to be a small river. The roads are either covered with a cloud of dust, or engulfed in unfa
tomable mud. Disease visits every camp and frowns upon every soldier. Sickness or death threatens us all, and reality, life is stricken with nearly all its beauties and charms. But the love of country and the prospect of victory prompts us to endure all.

This brigade, Gen. Gibbons, is now encamped on the banks of the Reppahannon river.

The water of this river presents, owing to the color of the clay underlying it, a yellowish tinge. It has a swift current and a tide from the ocean. The waters of streams burned to the water's edge, loaded with grain, is really a curiosity to behold. The bridge is 70 feet high and 600 feet long. One week's hard labor made the bridge, formerly so worthless, capable of bearing up the immense weight of long loaded trains that daily cross it.

Hoping that our army will be successful in quelling rebellion and restoring peace, and that we shall be permitted to return to our sweet homes, I remain,

Yours, &c.,

LUKE PARRISON.

The New York World has a leader over the above heading, in which it avers that the priests who have done good service and distinguished themselves have been overlooked in the reports and the promotions, to the detriment of the service. This is a subject which, having been overlooked, is determined to remedy it so far as this State is concerned, and for that purpose has addressed the following circular to the Colonels of each Wisconsin regiment:

STATE OF WISCONSIN, EXECUTIVE DEPT.,

Madison, July 5th, 1862.

This State being called upon for several new regiments of volunteers, it is my earnest desire to find some method by which, in their organization, I can testify to my appreciation of the gallantry and soldierly qualities of some, at least, of the non-commissioned officers and privates in the regiments from this State which have been longest in the field. It is difficult to do this, since the companies and regiments must be raised by the efforts of men who are in the State; and the commissions will properly be expected by those who raise the men, I shall try my best efforts to bring about the desired end.

For this purpose, I earnestly request the Captain of each company to recommend, in concurrence with his lieutenants, such of his non-commissioned officers or men as have exhibited such qualities as to fit them in remarkable degree for commissions. These recommendations should be handed to the Colonels commanding the several regiments, and I request that the Colonels, in conference with the field-officers, select from the numbers so recommended, no more than ten per cent for each regiment, and forward their names immediately to me, preparing the list in the supposed order of merit. This should be done as speedily as possible.

While I cannot, of course, promise commissions to all of the persons who shall be so named to me, I shall spare no pains to forward to as many of them as possible, my appreciation of their patriotism, bravery, and soldierly attainments; and I trust that through contemplated arrangements with the War Department, I may soon be able to gratify my wishes in this respect, and do justice to some, at least, of the gallant heroes who have left Wisconsin homes to peril their lives at the call of their country.

EDWARD SALMON.

The Colonel of the Sixth regiment (Outlier) has responded to this, and three of the names he forwarded have been commissioned as second lieutenants, to wit:

CHAS. P. HYATT, in the Twenty-fifth;

CHRISTIAN NEK, in the Twenty-fourth;

JACOB SCHLICK, in the Twenty-third.

The news of McClellan's recent battles created a good deal of anxiety among the troops at first, but when full particulars were received, we were surprised that he had saved any part of his army, which is now, however, reported to be in good spirits, and strongly reinforced.

I attended the Presbyterian Church this morning, in the city; heard a tolerably good sermon, slightly toned with secession, but not so much as I had expected. The church buildings in this city are all very large and costly. I have attended religious services at all of them.

After church this morning, I visited the tomb of the mother of George Washington. The monument, which is about ten feet high, (not finished) of white marble, has been very much defaced by the rebel soldiers firing upon it, using it as a target. I send you a small piece of the marble, which was broken off by some of the "chivalry."

The inhabitants of Fredericksburg are bit
ter secessionists, but dare not express their sentiments; yet they manifest no particular
erversion to the Federal troops. We find few real Union men in Virginia, and they are not of the most influential class.

Sword Presentation.

Capt. J. N. Mason, formerly Quarter Master of the Sixth Wisconsin, now Brigade Quarter Master of General Gibbon's Brigade, was recently presented with a Sword, Sash and Belt, by the Employees in the Quarter Master's Department of that Brigade. The cost of the outfit was $75. The donors were formed in line and marched to Gibbon's Camp, in front of Captain M's tent, when the articles were presented by Brigade Ordnance Sargent, J. A. WATROUS, formerly of this city, who made the following remarks:

REMARKS OF SGT. WATROUS.

CAPTAIN MASON: Upon me devolves the pleasant duty of presenting to you, in
FELLOW SOLDIERS: It is with feelings of deep emotion that I accept at your hands, this beautiful gift. I know many of the men in the service, and how faithfully and well, you have discharged the duties devolving upon you; and I also know how important those duties are. I appreciate your gift most, for the source from whence it comes, and the feeling of disinterestedness and gratitude it has for me, will always remain with me. I accept at your hands, my own personal, and in the name of the great army of the United States, a testimonial of the regard we have had the privilege of enjoying your acquaintance. We see no reason why the 21st Wisconsin should not be filled up immediately; it has been furnished with excellent officers to begin with; we have had a good chance to acquaint ourselves with the soldierly qualities of Colonel B. J. Sweet, he having had command of this regiment a great deal during the war. He is a gentleman and a good officer. Of Major Seabrook we can say that if he conducts himself in the same way in his present position as he did in his Captaincy, he will never have an enemy in his regiment. He is willing to grant every man the privilege of retaining his rights as a man. Of Lieutenant Col. Hobart, we know nothing of his soldierly qualities, but as a man we can add no new evidence more than every man knows of him, who ever had the pleasure of enjoying his acquaintance. Many men in the ranks of our regiment, have received commission in the 21st. So far as I know of them they are genial, clever fellows, and well qualified for the position to which they are assigned.

The weather is beautiful—days very warm, nights cool. We are rallied out before sunrise every morning, form a line of battle, then comes breakfast, and at 7 o'clock we get either brigade or battalion drill, at 9 o'clock company drill. What do you think of this, ye 'stay at home guards'? We are on the drill ground four hours before you are up to read the morning paper, and see what the night brought forth.

The health of the army never was better than at the present time. Camp fevers and 'rheumatism,' occasionally make their appearance. Our boys are all well and nothing short of commissions would induce them to leave their regiment.

For this time, O Farewell! May we on strings be thrown around those who can muster courage enough to enlist. Let the weak kneed ones be subjected to the disposal of a draft; and not be subjected to the suffering of the United States laws, once a fixed fact.

EDTORS SENTINEL:—Enclosed you will find a copy of Col. Cutter's report of our late expedition.

We have, since our arrival here, learned that Staut, with a force of 3,500 cavalry passed over the country within six miles of us, while we lay at Walter's Tavern. If Col. Sullivan had obeyed orders we would have bagged them.

We arrived here Tuesday, the same day Jackson skedaddled; as usual, too late for the fight, though we did see him marching to get here in time, marching from Fredericksburg in the evening. He is reported as he started in the morning to follow Jackson, and I hope soon to be able to send you something important.

We were reviewed to-day by General Pope. Yours respectfully.

Gen'l Pope informing the anxious inquirers for his headquarters that they would be "in the field on horseback?" shows that the work will soon commence.

There is one very important fact which we would urge upon the young men at home; the Union army needs reinforcing; we need the aid of all our old companions, schoolmates, shopmates and associates, to help us in this great work of reconstruction! Let not the love of your neighbors perish, and the fascinating connections therewith, keep you at home; do not be afraid of the enemies' searching bullets; let none of these things keep you from aiding your country and friends now in such imminent peril; come and occupy the possessions we already hold; drill and discipline yourselves, and let the veteran soldiers go on, and repossess, and subjugate. Lay aside for a time your broad-cloth and kids; bid farewell for a time to the home circle, the pleasant scenes of civil life, and answer to the call of your country, in the time of its peril; for the love of your neighbors, your wife, your children, and our own existence threatened. Let the young men of our "Woodland Home" prove their patriotism by joining Capt. Jewett's Company and rallying around the good old flag and standing by it "till death doth them part never!"

Ponder upon these few lines, young men, and consider how you would like to be placed in a position where you were threatened by two men of the enemy equally well equipped with yourselves and a collision liable to take place at any moment. Let the time come, we will do our duty, then if we fail let each able man at home realize that it is his fault. The ranks of the Sixth Wisconsin in Reg't will contain a large number of the little Badger's noble sons. Springfields have been laid by in one short year; they lay in the Arsenal idle for want of two arms to make three of each. The Second and Seventh are equally capable of holding the same number if not more recruits. Pay no attention to what discharged soldiers say. They have been laid upon the shelf, and we may be, but let us try it, and let no man make up his mind that he is unfit to serve his country! Hardships will stare you in the face at every road-crossing, and on every side, but you will soon get used to that and it will make sport for you in old age, when your little grand children shall cluster around you and listen to the stories of "struggles fierce and wild."

Come, boys, turn out! Join us in the tented fields!

We see no reason why the 21st should not be filled up immediately; it has been furnished with excellent officers to begin with; we have had a good chance to acquaint ourselves with the soldierly qualities of Colonel B. J. Sweet, he having had command of this regiment a great deal during the war. He is a gentleman and a good officer. Of Major Seabrook we can say that if he conducts himself in the same way in his present position as he did in his Captaincy, he will never have an enemy in his regiment. He is willing to grant every man the privilege of retaining his rights as a man. Of Lieutenant Col. Hobart, we know nothing of his soldierly qualities, but as a man we can add no new evidence more than every man knows of him, who ever had the pleasure of enjoying his acquaintance. Many men in the ranks of our regiment, have received commission in the 21st. So far as I know of them they are genial, clever fellows, and well qualified for the position to which they are assigned.

The weather is beautiful—days very warm, nights cool. We are rallied out before sunrise every morning, form a line of battle, then comes breakfast, and at 7 o'clock we get either brigade or battalion drill, at 9 o'clock company drill. What do you think of this, ye 'stay at home guards'? We are on the drill ground four hours before you are up to read the morning paper, and see what the night brought forth.

The health of the army never was better than at the present time. Camp fevers and 'rheumatism,' occasionally make their appearance. Our boys are all well and nothing short of commissions would induce them to leave their regiment.

For this time, O Farewell! May we on strings be thrown around those who can muster courage enough to enlist. Let the weak kneed ones be subjected to the disposal of a draft; and not be subjected to the suffering of the United States laws, once a fixed fact.

EDTORS SENTINEL:—Enclosed you will find a copy of Col. Cutter's report of our late expedition.

We have, since our arrival here, learned that Staut, with a force of 3,500 cavalry passed over the country within six miles of us, while we lay at Walter's Tavern. If Col. Sullivan had obeyed orders we would have bagged them.

We arrived here Tuesday, the same day Jackson skedaddled; as usual, too late for the fight, though we did see him marching to get here in time, marching from Fredericksburg in the evening. He is reported as he started in the morning to follow Jackson, and I hope soon to be able to send you something important.

We were reviewed to-day by General Pope. Yours respectfully.
Command of Capt. Flummer, of the Sixth Wisconsin, at Fredericksburg, seven miles distant, which we reached at half past four o'clock. When within about two miles from the station, I sent forward the cavalry, (except the guard) to out the telegraph both above and below the bridge, to pick out the road to Louisa Court House, and commence the work of destruction. I moved up with the infantry and artillery as rapidly as possible, and after placing the latter in position to cover the villages and our retreat in case of attack, I moved the forward forward. I found the cavalry busy at work, destroying the road for nearly or quite a mile each way. I immediately had details made from the infantry, to destroy the public property on the left side of the road. At six o'clock the work was completed, and we commenced our return, arriving at the bridge across the river at nine o'clock P.M. After getting across the river we destroyed the bridge, and moved on two miles to Waller's Tavern, where the men laid down from pure exhaustion, while the cavalry marched under a scorching sun, and destroyed the railroad and bridge.

At 11 o'clock P.M. I received the dispatch from the General commanding headquarters, advising me of the second day's skirmish, and also that a portion of the enemy had turned off in my direction. Supposing we should meet the enemy on our return, we halted until four o'clock the next morning, and then moved back to camp, arriving at one o'clock P.M., having marched over ninety miles in three and a half days, under a scorching sun; destroyed two miles of the Railroad, burned one small bridge, burned up the turn table, burned a warehouse containing several tons of ammunition, and destroyed thousands of bushels of corn belonging to the Confederate army, and all the Railroad buildings.

I cannot speak in too high terms of the conduct of both officers and men in the expedition. They all suffered severely from heat and fatigue, but were all ready at any moment to execute any order given; the only murmurs I heard being those of disappointment at not missing an enemy. I wish especially to notice Lieut. Col. Kilpatrick and Major Davies of the cavalry, and Lieuts. Col. Bragg and Major Dawes, of the Sixth Wisconsin, for the prompt and faithful manner in which they caused all my orders to be executed, and also for the valuable suggestions I received from them.

We returned to camp without the loss of a man. In conclusion I wish to add, that I twice sent to Col. Sullivan to send forward forces to points which I thought should be held for my safety; which he declined to do. I was therefore, when at the railroad, thirty miles from any support, with numerous roads coming in on my rear from Beaver Dam, Louisa Court House, Tappahannock and other points. Whether Col. Sullivan was justified in withholding from me the support I asked for, I am unable to say, as I do not know what his instructions were. I simply remark that at another time I would not like to be caught with a reserve whose commanding officer refused to obey my orders.

I am, very respectfully yours,

L. CUTLER,
Col. Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers.

The Wisconsin 6th Regiment—A Bold and Effective Movement.

HEADQUARTERS 6TH WIS. VOLUNTEERS,
CAMP FRANCIS, STAFFORD COUNTY, VIRGINIA,
AUGUST 29, 1862.

DEAR UNCLE:—Enclosed you will find a copy of a circular, which was issued by Gen. Gibbon, this morning. The expedition referred to started, on the 6th inst., our regiment going, to Frederick Hall station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, tearing up the track, burning the bridges and destroying a considerable amount of forage belonging to the rebels. The rest of the brigade intended to strike the R.R. at Hanover Junction, but failed. The most remarkable incident of our portion of the affair was, that our command marched 30 miles on the second day, (Wednesday) through sand four inches deep, and under a scorching sun. Gen. Burdick, who is here with his force, says that considering the circumstances, that day's march is without a parallel in the history of the war.

The rest of the brigade lost about sixty prisoners, by the secession cavalry picking up stragglers. We lost not a single man, although we were, so to speak, in the bowels of the enemy, and at one time 30 miles from any support whatever. We also destroyed a bridge over the North Anna River, and captured about fifty miles and horses.

To sum the whole affair up we marched a hundred miles in three days and a half; and cut off the enemies line of communication between Gordonsville and Richmond. Whether we will receive it or not, we are entitled to the credit for as bold, daring and effective a movement as even Stonewall Jackson ever conceived.

We march to-night to join Pope at Culpepper Court House.

I have written the above in a great hurry: urge—read it over before publishing it.

Yours, &c.,

ED. P. BROOKS,
Acting Adj't 6th Wis. Regt.

HEADQUARTERS 6TH WIS. VOLUNTEERS,
CAMP FRANCIS, STAFFORD COUNTY, VIRGINIA,
AUG. 29, 1862.

COL. CUTLER, Commanding 6th Wis. Vol's.

Col. Gibbon directs that the following extract from his official report to Capt. Chandler, A. A. G. King's Division, of the expedition which started from camp Aug. 5th under his command be read to your regiment.

"I refer to Col. Cutter's report for its formation in regard to his part of the expedition, which was completely successful."
and good Judgment, seconded as he was by his fine regiment, the success of the expedition is entirely due to him.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. P. Wood, A. G.

HEADQUARTERS 6TH WIS. VOLUNTEERS,

CAMP WASHING, STANFORD, Va., Aug. 9th, '63.

OFFICIAL.

Ed. P. Brooks,

We invite attention to an article for the Democratic Press, printed two weeks ago, descriptive of the part Colonel E. J. Bragg took in the battles described therein. How can a newspaper, that had the heart to publish so glowing and truthful an article, turn its back on the hero?

How can it? Why, it has changed hands. That accounts for the milk in the Conesus nut. But loyal War Democrats propose to stand by the hero and let the politician, who is pledged to policy the would-be bandage Col. Bragg's sword, sit at home.

Ed.: Col. Bragg.

From the Democratic Press.


We will say in our columns that no resident of Wisconsin can read that account without a feeling of just pride in the representatives of our noble State in the great Army of the East; and the veterans of Kapol and Washington never displayed more steely and heroic bravery, and most truly may we say, well did it happen to that exhausted and over-worked army, that the duty of covering their rear was entrusted to our noble Wisconsin boys; a duty they performed most fearlessly against an overpowering enemy, punishing them severely until our weary soldiers were in safety.

We have not space to publish the whole of that interesting letter. Our object is to call the attention of our readers to that portion which relates to the 6th Wisconsin, and its Commander, our fellow-citizen Col. Bragg.

The regiment with Col. Bragg was in the battles of the 28th and 30th of August; the battle of the 28th was probably the fiercest and most terrible of all the battles of this war, so far.

The account goes on to say, "late in the afternoon of the 28th, Gibbons' Brigade fell in with, and was roughly attacked by the right wing of Jackson's corps, that instantly deploying in line of battle the 6th Wisconsin on the right, always regarded, we believe, the post of danger and danger, advancing coolly and steadily under an exceeding hot fire of the enemy, and when within proper range, was halted by the fire of the rebel battery, depressed on the centre, and deliberately opened fire, that right alone, put an end to the fearful conflict. Gibbons' Brigade having borne the brunt of the battle, Col. Cutler, having been early in the day, but severely wounded, the command of the Regiment was thereafter under Col. Bragg.

With the fierceness of the conflict, it was only fair for us to mention that 732 were killed and wounded in that Brigade.

On the 29th the Regiment then under the command of Capt. D. L. Davis, was put in motion for the old battle line of Bull Run being engaged in severe skirmishes during the day. That at early morn on the 30th active movements commenced for the whole day, and when it did commence it was in bloody earnest. "That several hours the roar of artillery and the battle of musket fire was fearful and incessant, the thunder of cannon continuous, and the infantry colloys one unbroken sheet. That when others of the division gave way, Gibbons' Brigade formed in two lines, undismayed by the unfavorable aspect of the scene, and presented its steady front to the enemy, only faltering back when ordered, and then in perfect order. There was no break in the ranks and no panic amongst the officers and men. There is given the thrilling description of the Regiment under Col. Bragg as follows:

"The 6th Wisconsin, the very last to retire, met the enemy, and standing to the front again, as they reached their new position, and saluted the enemy with three cheering cheers and a most military salute, Col. Bragg, who had 1,600 men before him, felt his heart thrilled with pride for the gallant fellows who gave them. We who know the daring character of Col. Bragg, and how deeply he is in for crushing this rebellion, can readily picture to ourselves his ruffled man and do as that look at the rebels, as he called for those cheers and directed that volley; we see him in one mind, amid those appalling scenes, with death on every side, entirely unmoved, and coolly urging his men to hurl defiance at the deadly foe.

It is not possible for us to say in our columns about that Regiment and its commander, Col. Bragg; one thing is certain, impartial history gives but few examples of such cool heroism.

Col. Bragg with his regiment in the new arrangement at Washington passed as we understand into General Reno's corps and is now most actively engaged in driving the rebels out of Maryland. The brave Reno was killed in one of the battles. We now learn that Col. Bragg is with General Barnard and the last we heard of him was on Sunday, the 13th, in an account stating that his General had been so good as to attend to the care of a wounded officer. Col. Bragg has been most active in driving the rebels out of Maryland, which was doing great execution to the enemy.

CAPT. DAVIES—Our ancient bowman and trustworthy comrade David L. Davis, 6th Wis., with whom we have laughed and joked in by-gone days, but who many other men in this county, and afterwards have slept under the same blanket with, stuck in the mud on picket in Virginia, dropped down upon our community a few days ago, all fresh from the last great battle at Bull Run. Our only excuse for citing this block this week is that we have been likely, if not our duty, to pay our respects to him very much. Davis has distinguished himself in war, as well as in peace. He has been commended by his Brigadier for valiant and successful skirmishing and fighting; 856 men killed and many more wounded in Bull Run, and has told us so many incidents of the fight on the same old field we were convinced to retire from one day, that our mind is mostly in Virginia.

The Captain was a good fellow because he fought so well and did so much duty that his health is impaired in consequence, and General Gibbons told him, "go home awhile, sir."

Davy speaks in the highest possible terms of the conduct of all Wisconsin men in the fight.

From Captain Murston.

We have an interesting correspondence from Capt. J. H. Murston, giving an extended account of the operations of the Wisconsin Regiment in Virginia and Maryland, but as our space is somewhat limited and as we have got a letter on the same matter, we are compelled to omit all except the closing extracts.

We thank the gallant Capt., however, and hope he will remember us in the future:

"I feel a duty I owe the friends of the gallant boys who enlisted with me eighteen months ago, to state that they have all conducted themselves nobly and heroically, and it cannot be said that they miscarried before the enemy of our common country. Many of them have been wounded, but none seriously enough to prevent them resuming their places in the ranks—"if they are not all chosen to some higher position—within a couple of months. I would further say, it is impossible for all the wounded to receive furloughs to go home; and at the same time will assure their anxious friends that everything is being done by the Government to make them comfortable.

"Captain E. A. Brown fell while leading his men on the field. He died nobly for his country, which he so much loved. I have often seen him point his old bayonet to the enemy and affirm that he would either live under its protecting fold, or die in its defense. He was formerly a student of Lawrence University, and a young man of more than ordinary ability. He left a good law business at home to serve his country, and all who knew him as a soldier and officer, knew him but to honor and respect. Every man in his Company loved him, and his loss is deeply mourned by us all."

Killed and Wounded of the Sixth Regiment

The following is the official return made by Lt. Col. E. H. Price, Commanding Sixth Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers, of the killed, wounded and missing of the Regiment, in the actions on the 28th and 30th of August, 1862. We are indebted to Adjutant General Gaylord for the copy.

Col. L. Quittet, wounded in thigh severely.


Lt. Col. Ticknor, company K, 6th, slightly.
COMPANY A.

Wounded.—Corporal L. C. Emmons, leg, slightly; Sergeant John Steg, leg, slightly; Captain Phil. Rockefeller, leg, slightly; Privates Harvey Hoyer, leg, slightly; Wm. H. Rambeau, leg, slightly; Corporal H. K. Wozniak, leg, slightly; Corporal A. E. Turtur, leg, slightly; Private Wm. R. Walther, leg, slightly; Private David D. M. Hayes, leg, slightly; Corporal Harry D. Jones, leg, slightly; Corporal Harvey T. Broad, leg, slightly; Corporal W. W. Cates, leg, slightly; Lieutenant Charles H. Rupp, leg, slightly.

Killed.—Private Samuel Dysart, leg, slightly; John T. Casper, arm, slightly; Henry Snyder, hand, severely; George H. McGinnis, hand, severely; Robert I. Hackney, head, and missing; David T. Jones, left breast and missing; James H. Rupp, arm, and missing; William J. Martin, arm, and slightly; Wm. Hackett, breast, and missing; Henry W. Johnson, leg, and missing; Robert H. Phippen, leg, and slightly; James S. Hopper, leg, and slightly; Henry A. Lang, leg, and slightly; James C. Pugh, leg, and slightly; John Poppiti, both thighs, and slightly; Moses Becker, leg, and slightly; and missing.

COMPANY B.

Wounded.—Corporal Fred Belvin, wounded in foot, severely; John H. Clark, arm, severely; W. F. Fish, leg, severely; M. A. Garland, arm, severely; A. Gilford, leg, severely; W. T. Green, leg, severely; W. C. Singley, leg, severely; H. E. White, arm, severely; H. Reeder, arm, severely; Jas. E. Freeland, leg, back, by piece of shell; James L. Moreland, arm, and missing; Jonas Lentz, chest; John H. Shay, arm, and slightly; J. S. Berry, thumb, slightly; Private G. H. Wagoner, and missing.

Killed.—Private W. J. Foran, W. J. Johnson, and missing; Jacob Barsch, in nose, slightly; Jacob L., raised, raised, to supply provisions for the infantry.

COMPANY C.

Wounded.—Corporal Fred Belvin, wounded in foot, severely; John H. Clark, arm, severely; W. F. Fish, leg, severely; M. A. Garland, arm, severely; A. Gilford, leg, severely; W. T. Green, leg, severely; W. C. Singley, leg, severely; H. E. White, arm, severely; H. Reeder, arm, severely; Jas. E. Freeland, leg, back, by piece of shell; James L. Moreland, arm, and missing; Jonas Lentz, chest; John H. Shay, arm, and slightly; J. S. Berry, thumb, slightly; Private G. H. Wagoner, and missing.

Killed.—Sergeant J. A. Hyatt, Matthew Hale, Wm. Bedford.

COMPANY D.

Wounded.—Corporal L. M. McBride, in leg; Charles Gensle, in ankle; Wm. H. Kinney, in arm; O. Mann, in arm; Thos. O'Grady, hand, and slightly; Andrew Allen, in head; Moses Osalt, in neck.

Killed.—Sergeant J. A. Hyatt, Matthew Hale, Wm. Bedford.

COMPANY E.

Wounded.—Corporal James W. S. and in arm, severely; Corporal James W. S. and in arm, severely; Leander Cowles, wounded in hand, and army.

Killed.—Killed.—Sergeant J. A. Hyatt, Matthew Hale, Wm. Bedford.

Company F.

Wounded.—Corporal W. E. Perry, in arm; Corporal R. W. Washburn, in arm; Corporal J. S. Linn, in arm; Private C. W. Fonda, in arm; George H. McGinnis, in arm, slightly; John N. Cramer, in thigh, severely; W. J. Ramsey, in thigh, severely; H. W. Trumbull, in thigh, slightly; W. H. Clark, in leg, slightly; W. H. Clark, in leg, slightly.

Total Wounded: 91.

Total Killed: 3.


The New York Commercial Advertiser, commenting on the battle of Cedar Mountain, has the following allusion to the important part played in it by Col. Cutler, of the Wisconsin Sixth, temporarily in command of a brigade. The Advertiser is mistaken in speaking of his force as composed of "Berudites Invincible." His men were from King's Division, the Sixth Wisconsin being one of the regiments.

"The retreat of the insurgents was doubtless hastened by the able and successful reconnaissance executed by Brig. Gen. Cutler, on the Wednesday previous. At the head of a detachment of Berudites' Infringeables, that officer marched from Fredericksburg to the line of the Virginia Central railroad at Frederick Shall, nearly midway between Hanover Junction and Gordonsville. There he tore up the track, cut the telegraph, burned the poles and rendered a large pile of iron unserviceable, besides destroying an immense quantity of army stores which the rebels had collected at that point.

"This brilliant dash must have completely isolated Jackson's command, breaking off all the facilities for communicating with Richmond, as well as for sending thither supplies of provisions for the upper country. With a slight loss in prisoners taken, as has been already announced, that reconnaissance accomplished results of much consequence. Though complaints are occasionally made that "somebody blundered," yet the general feeling at Washington and in our army is good, if not exultant, over the defeat of the enemy's ablest General, at the head of his choicest troops, and on a field of his own selection."

The Wisconsin Regiments in Battle.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

We are permitted to make the following extracts from private letters received in this city, with reference to the Wisconsin Regiments engaged in the recent battles in Virginia:

Col. L. Cutler, of the Sixth Wisconsin, writing to his family from Manassas under the fierce battle, in which he took a part, says he was wounded in the thigh, and that there is nothing serious about it. More than this, it's requiring him badly on his back. He had been at the Kirkwood House. He is going to return to his home as soon as he can travel, as he will be some time before he can ride his horse. I found him looking well and in remarkably good spirits.

Colonel Robinson, of the Wisconsin Seventh, is in the same room wounded in leg; not seriously. Lient. Col. Hamilton, of the same regiment, is at Willard's Hotel, wounded by a Minnie ball through the thigh, and there is nothing serious about it. More than this, it's requiring him badly on his back. He had been at the Kirkwood House. He is going to return to his home as soon as he can travel, as he will be some time before he can ride his horse. I found him looking well and in remarkably good spirits.

Field officers had a hard chance. The Colonel of the Second (O'Gorman) was killed, the Major wounded twice. All the field officers of the Seventy Wisconsin were in the room with me, wounded, but none of them dangerously. Several of my company's officers are wounded, but none killed. All the other regiments in the brigade had company officers killed.

* * * Before the close of the action I got a shot through the thigh, just grazing the bone. My horse was soon after dead, and my horse wounded." A gentleman who visited O'Gorman after Washington, writes to his son, Mr. L. Cutler, as follows:

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.

Friend Cutler—I called on your father last night, as I found he had been brought in wounded. He requested me to write to you that his wound was from a Minnie ball through the thigh, and that there is nothing serious about it. More than this, it's requiring him badly on his back. He had been at the Kirkwood House. He is going to return to his home as soon as he can travel, as he will be some time before he can ride his horse. I found him looking well and in remarkably good spirits.

Near Uxterville, Va., Sept. 1.

Editors Journal and Courier:

Our Regiment, with the rest of Gibbons' Brigade, was engaged in a sharp and severe fight near Gainesville, about seven miles from Manassas Junction, on the evening of August 28th. The casualties in Co. G were—


Wounded—Corporal L. S. McBride, of Shiloh, Ill., flesh wound in leg; Thomas Malley, of Camersonic, Indiana, hand and...
be moved. The morning of the 20th saw our boys fighting it out or withdrawing from near the rear guard on the east side of the field. Gen. Gibbon turned to Gen. Mc- rider, having made a march of about 20 miles, and with the tensely streaming ring of the 2d, was ordered to march in the midst of the rebel lines, and without a struggle or a groan. The Rebel officers displayed great gallantry and bravery. As a result of their bravery, the famous "Stonewall Brigade," which boasts that it never has been beaten. Three rebel regiments were cut off, and the rest of the regiment of our brigade were cut off. The next morning the Wisconsin Brigade was ordered to move to Warrentown, where they held until Monday morning, the 20th, when the division was ordered to Sulphur Springs, 6 miles west of Warrentown, on the Rappahannock River, to guard against any attempt of the rebels to cross the river. Here also was another artillery duel, in which the 2d lost two or three men.

On the 27th it was discovered that Jackson's large rebel force had come in sight. Longstreet marched from Centreville, and under the command of Brig. Gen. Gibbon, came suddenly upon a division of Ewell's army, about half past four in the afternoon, and immediately attacked them. They were about six miles northwest from Manassas, and not from the Warrentown and Centerville pike. The 2d and 7th, and 6th regiments of the 2d, and the 6th and 7th companies of the 7th were brought back on to the field, being over forty per cent of the number actually engaged. The 2d lost 245 killed, wounded and missing, the 7th 186, and the 6th 75. Col. O'Connor was mortally wounded late in the fight while gallantly leading his regiment, and died about three hours afterward. He passed away quietly, without a struggle or a groan. Major May of the 10th Indiana, a gallant and brave officer, was killed. All the field officers of the 7th, Major Allen of the 2d, and Col. Cutler of the 6th, were wounded. The action lasted but an hour and ten minutes, but during that time not one man swerved or faltered, but as the Herald says, "Right nobly did the Wisconsin Brigade sustain its reputation."

The list of killed and wounded in our company has already been forwarded to the rear. Brig. Gen. Schurz rode at the head of one of the divisions, looking thinner and more care-worn than when we saw him in Wisconsin, but evidently the same man yet. Sigel is the most unpretending Major General in appearance I ever saw. He is generally dressed in a stuff colored sack coat, with out shoulder-straps, or even brass buttons, and a brown felt slouch hat, without an ornament upon it. But one thing indicates him as a man of work—the horses he rides, which is a splendid animal. I you. Sergeant Byatt was probably the same man as he happened to be the first man in the 8th regiment to fall. He is a quick, nervous earnestness about him that is not a man of great energy. But I must not trespass too far from the shoulder with Lieutenant Carpenter when Wisconsin Brigade to Gen. Sigel's corps he fell. The Lieutenant raised his to say any more than that Sigel's troops were composed of about one-half Dutch (being Blenker's old division, of whom he had no message for any one. He less that is said the better), one-fourth distinctly articulated, "Tell my wife I a splendid looking Ohio troop and saw a great deal of action between the lines, and under fire the other half, and although they were blemished with dirt and smoke, yet in every man's eye there could be seen in that which seemed to indicate that each one had done his duty. They encamped about a mile east of Centerville until Monday afternoon, then they marched to Fairfax Court House, where they lay back as a reserve in the fight of Kearney's and Reno's divisions, but were not called upon, and the next morning came to Upton's Hill, where they were last seen (Sept. 4th).

Of hair-breeches escapes our boys have many to tell. Many of them have bolt holes through their clothing, oilcloths, haversacks, &c. They all speak in the highest terms of the bravery, coolness and daring of our officers, Captains Plummer and Lieutenant Carpenter. The latter is now sick from exposure and fatigue during the fearful week they have passed through. Lieut. Read, who commanded the fight, being absent on furlough. Notwithstanding the humiliation of being compelled to lie in camp again, in the midst of the rebel capital, the army is generally in good spirits, and ready to take the field again when the services are needed. Co. G is sadly reduced. Discharges, deaths.
Iney; those were all we lost. What I ri-
jmore wounded, J. Towie and Wm Rant-
jio to their rear, and in the aflernoon
pou ed a full volley into us, and^ wo fo
as it was. Tommy Cleveland beard th
not fallen back wo would all havo bee
rnti and loft us in the woods, and badw
brave man, and as good ash-aTe. Moll
taken prisoncrp, wo came Tery near

about sunset our Regiment formed in
line of battle in the road near Gaiusvil-
and laid flat on the ground under cover
of the fence till sundown, while tho shells
from the rebel batteryes were bursting all
around us. We were then ordered to
advance on the enemy, which we did for
the first time since we had been in service,
with a firm steady tread, until in close
shooting distances, when we poured in
a deadly fire into their ranks and then fired
at will. I had fired some fifteen rounds,
when a ball struck my right collar bone,
(which I afterwards ascertained made it
black and blue). I then fired some ten
rounds, and while loosing my faithful
pooe, another ball struck me on the right
side of my neck, passing through my
windpooe. The blood poured out in a
stream from each side of my neck, until
I was so weak that I was obliged to retreat
to the woods in the rear of our Brigade.
(Gibbon's). I was so exhausted from
the loss of blood, I cast aside everything
but my Canteen of water. Our men re-
treated in the night and the next morning
the Gray Coats had possession of the field.
When I awoke I saw we were surrounded
by their skirmishers; they soon came up
and claimed us as prisoners. We were
then marched to an old house some half
mile to their rear, and in the afternoon
our skirmishers came up and fired at the
rebels, who fired under cover of the house
we were in. Our skirmishers riddled it
with balls, thinking the rebels were in it,
and we lay hugging the floor under two
fires. One man was wounded in the
wrist by our skirmishers, after having two
balls struck close by my side. We were
then moved half a mile further back into
the edge of the woods, where some 115
of us lay on the bare ground one week
without provisions, or scarcely anything
to cover us with.

Most of the rebels were kind to us,
but short of food and clothing themselves.
On Wednesday, September 3d, those of
us that could walk, went as far as Con-
terville, and were paroled the next morn-
ing, and then walked through to Alexan-
deria, then took the boat for Washington;
arrived here yesterday.

The wound in my neck is gaining rap-
idly, and will soon heal if I do not get
cold in it. We have good surgeons in
charge of the hospital here. For two or
three days I could hardly swallow my
spittle, but can swallow very well now;
my speech is some affected; it is hard to
talk.

I had no shirt on my back while a
prisoner, pants ragged, coat ragged and
all I had on was covered with clodded
blood, shoes worn out, &c. &c.

The rebels stripped many of our men
who lay dead on the field of all their
clothing and took the money out of their
pockets; also took costs and shoes off of
our wounded men when laying on the
field, and put them on their backs & feet.
Many of their dead were not buried,
lav in the road, and woods, a black heap
of clay; maggots crawling from their eyes,
nose and ears. Our Brigade lost in one
hour-and-a-half, 170 men.

The brave boys have been tried, is evidenced
by their severe losses. Gibbon's Brigade,
in the battles of South Mountain and Ant-
etiam, though numbering but about 1800
men, counted 604 men among the killed,
wounded and missing, of whom 495 were
of the Wisconsin Regiments. Adding the
casualties of the Third Regiment to those
of our others engaged, and the total loss of
Wisconsin men is 892, of whom 106
were killed. We have no official report.

From your soldier son,
E. B. HENDRICK.
Painful Mistake?

Death of Captain E. A. BROWN

The entire people of Fond du Lac have been, during the past few days, the subjects of most painful emotions; and two families & their connections, prostrated with grief, when but one was really affected. Last Friday morning a streak of intense pain ran from heart to heart on the reception of a Telegram that Lieut. Col. E. S. Bragg was killed in the battle of the 17th inst. The dispatch was sent from Hagerstown, Md. by the Secretary of War, directing Lieut. E. S. Bragg to march past the homestead of Capt. Brown, where the family and relatives were in waiting. At this point a long line of carriages, filled with sympathizing friends, followed the procession, and all moved on towards the grave, which was in the small and beautiful cemetery situated on the southeast corner of Mr. Pier's farm, about a mile and a quarter from the city.

Having reached the spot, daylight had departed, and, in the dim twilight, all that was mortal of E. A. Brown was lowered to its last resting place, while the mournful silence of a multitude was heard over, yet gloriou.s in the manner of its fall.

A few most touching, yet consoling remarks were made by Rev. H. M. Roberton, well calculated to inspire an appreciation, by the noble people, of the great sacrifice our young
the grave of our friend and his two sons. He was the last one of the three children of that family to pass away. The death of Col. Brown was a great loss to our community and his memory will be forever cherished by those who knew him.

The funeral services were held at the First Presbyterian Church in Fond du Lac, where the body was laid to rest. The city and the community paid their respects to Col. Brown in a most solemn and appropriate manner. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. John Brown, the minister of the church, and were attended by a large crowd of mourners.

Following the funeral, the body of Col. Brown was conveyed to his home in Fond du Lac, where it was received with great dignity and respect.

The news of Col. Brown's passing spread quickly throughout the community, and the outpouring of grief was enormous. The city was in mourning, and the loss of such a respected and beloved member of the community was felt by all.

In conclusion, Col. Brown's passing was a tragedy that left a hole in the hearts of his family and friends. His memory will live on forever, and his legacy will be remembered for generations to come.

Head Quarters, 5th War Vol.,
Battle field, near Sharpsburg, Md., September 21st, 1862.

Echoes of Stars—Knowing the anxiety felt in
your community regarding the fate of the two companies, K and I, raised in the vicinity of Mauston. I append a full list of casualties in said companies to this date, together with some incidents of particular inquiries in the various battles in which our regiment has been recently engaged.

List of Killed and Wounded in Company I.

Killed:—August 28, at the battle at Gainesville, Henry Didiot, Cha’s Barnbaum, Frank Ellsworth, August 31, while on picket, Rudolph Wolfe, September 14, at the battle of South Mountain, Wm. Lawrence, September 17, at the battle of Sharpsburg, Geo. Douglas, Geo. Atwood.


List of Killed and Wounded in Company K.

Killed:—August 30, at the battle of Bull Run, Levi S. Gardner. September 14, at the battle of South Mountain, George E. Chamberlain, Reuben Huntley. September 17, at the battle at Sharpsburg, Charles A. Abbott, Daniel Cummings, in this battle William P. Harrison was mortally wounded.


Private Wm. Lawrence as Co. 1, afterwards killed, at the battle of South Mountain, was personally complimented for coolness and bravery by Brig. Gen. Gibbon on the battlefield of Bull Run. Company L opened the battle of Bull Run, being personally complimented for coolness and bravery by Brig. Gen. Gibbon on the battlefield of Bull Run. Company K opened the battle of South Mountain, Capt. J. A. Kellogg being temporarily placed in command of the right wing, when the regiment retired from the field having been relieved by troops from Gen. Sumner’s corps, the regiment expected that round of ammunition, and only numbered 115 men out of 200 taken upon the field. The loss was all in killed and wounded.

Co. K was thrown forward as skirmishers and opened the battle of Bull Run. At the battle of South Mountain Coys. K and B were thrown forward. At Bull Run, after the driving in the enemy, Sharp Shooters, they received the fire of an entire battalion. The company received special mention in the official report of Lieut. Col. Bragg for its gallantry and discretion. There is not a cooler or braver man in the service than Lieut. Col. Bragg, who being wounded and carried from the field at the battle of Sharpsburg, as soon as recovered from the shock returned to the field and assumed command of the regt.

From the Sixth Regiment.

(Correspondence of the Journal & Courier.)

Camp near Sharpsburg, Md., September 21st, 1862.

Our brigade was engaged in the battle of Middleheights, on the 14th of September, and on the 17th near Sharpsburg, and suffered severely. I enclose a list of the casualties in our company, of G, 6th regiment:

**Battle of 14th.**

**Wounded:**—B. C. Burbanks, Harrison, Ill.—head slightly.

**John O’Leary,** bruised arm.

**Battle of 17th.**

**Killed:**—John H. Coover, Harrison, Ill.

**Frank Green,** Rockford, Ill.

**Wounded:**—Corporal James M. Moore, leg broken.

**Corporal James F. Davis,** flesh wound in leg.

**Corporal John Lane,** Michigan, leg badly.

**Henry Brady,** elbow slightly.

**Michael Ball,** arm.

**John Connors, hand, arm and leg.**

**J. W. Froodine,** ankle.

**John Miller,** flesh wound in thigh.

**Burton Parkerson,** slightly.

**R. O. Wright,** slightly.

**Frank Locke,** leg.

**Thomas Smith,** hip slightly.

**Detached to Battery B, 4th Artillery, name killed:**—Hiram Whittaker.

**Wounded:**—John Fillmore, arm.

**Burton Miller, slightly.**

**Smith Young,** shot through breast.

**Total—3 killed and 17 wounded.**

Our Company has 20 men able for battle; the regiment has about 120 fighting men. The other regiments in the brigade are as badly cut up as ours, if not worse, so that Gibbon’s Brigade has not the appearance of a good sized regiment.

**The Battle Ground of Bull Run.**

(Extract from a letter of Dr. Wm. Frothingham.)

From the Army of the Potomac.

Replenishing my stock of dressing and of truce to care for our wounded soldiers. There accompanied me a train of wagons and ambulances, with two hundred of the men to bury the dead. Reaching yesterday’s position, the field presented a most ghastly spectacle. On that little spot of ground lay over four hundred dead, in every possible attitude. The faces of some, mere boys, bore no scowl of hate or defiance; killed instantly, and dying without pain, on closing the staring eye they looked as though quietly sleeping. Although many wounded had been gathered under trees and in shanties, yet hundreds still lay in the fields and woods. I found one poor fellow who had been wounded on Friday, lying helpless, with a cup of water and a cracker beside him.

“Who gave you these?” I inquired. “One of the rebels,” he replied, adding: “they are very kind.” Some told me that their enemies divided their last cracker with them. I never believed all the stories of rebel barbarities; still less do I now.

As to stripping the dead, they show a utilitarian common sense for which I commend them. Their men suffer for shoes, and all good shoes are taken off; cloth is of great value, and the costly coats and pants of officers are removed; the under clothing is lost.

Privates are invariably untouched, except the shoes: there was no maltreatment of bodies. Pockets were invariably turned inside out, but this is always done by our own men on the bodies of the enemy.

One man who witnessed the same scene of death which I have described, came back with a horrid tale of rebel barbarities which I silenced by a flat contradiction. Men speak from excitement, and I have heard our own express a wish to cut the throats of suffering enemies whom I was attending.

The rebels having burned bridges could not bring up supplies for their troops who were consequently upon short rations; neither had they food for the prisoners they took, who therefore suffered hunger.

I visited one depot of prisoners a mile in the rear and found a thousand unwounded men and forty officers. The rebels with whom I talked were desirous of peace, but solemnly averred that they would fight to the last before submitting.

They think that McClellan is our best general; and I am glad that we are again commanded by him. Neither be nor Sigel would have lost that field, nor retreated when not a fourth of our artillery, nor half the troops had been engaged.
Since we were defeated by the bad generalship either of Pope or of the officers whom his report excuses, we have met and vanquished the invaders on the soil of Maryland, under a new commander. And, although we are now "lying still," we are not asleep. From the left bank of the Potomac, in which we bathe and water our horses, we do not fail to observe our rebel neighbors on the other side, by means of balloon ascensions and reconnaissances; prepared to cross and strike the moment the word is given. Indeed, the guns are beginning to speak sternly on the other side at this very moment.

The men follow their present leader with a confidence and enthusiasm that I did not suspect until I saw it. Cheers al ways greet McClellan when he appears, whether on a stormy or calm day in the bloody field. Everyone knows that a democratic heartiness of manner suits the temper of citizen soldiers better than a dignified reserve. He smiles a familiar response to the huzzas of the men, and I observed one day called "that's the chap," he indicated his appreciation of the rude compliment by a slight gesture, and in passing a cavalry man wounded in the arm, he looked towards him and patted one of his own arms to show that he saw and sympathized.

Right or wrong, the army knows no other leader, and the people may as well be made aware of the name of the romantic Pathfinder, who "parts his hair in the middle," is never mentioned here, even in censure or contempt. I merely state the fact as of much consequence, for it settles the question of making him supreme in command.

McClellan paid our Brigade (Gibbons') which has fought so well and suffered so much during the last and the present month, a merited compliment by saying that he should at once add a new regiment to it, because we could teach them so well how to fight. He has also assigned to us one from Michigan. The need of more men will be understood when the fact is stated that our regiment (the 7th Wis.) has only three hundred and seven men now in camp. McClellan said: "Your regiment is not as large as it was, but," he added, "the men look well."

The Medical Director at Fredericksburg had a few days since, received and sent forward to their destination seven thousand wounded men, and yet there are more—a fact which sufficiently indicates how anxiously the recent battles have been fought. Brig. Gen. Patrick, of our Division (now commanded by Doubleday) seems to combine in himself the character of the warrior and of the saint, somewhat after the manner of Havelock. He preaches well, and when in the action his "steady, my men," is uttered in a tone deep, strong and sustained, it conveys the impression of courage which it communicates.

The morals of the army are sufficiently and solely bad; they do not fall to the bar-room level, because of the absence of the bar-room demoralizer. Whisky cannot often be obtained, except by officers, and not very readily by them; and the consequence is a degree of quietness which would hardly be looked for in camp. The leading vices here are profanity and gambling. There is a remarkable uncertainty to good influences in many minds, which makes me hopeful in anticipating the time of their return to Christian society. A young man whom I know in Wisconsin behaves better here than there; and I find that some Christian men are more firmly rooted in principle than before. But it must be admitted that such are exceptional cases. The large congregation seated on the ground in our temple grove, last Sabbath, was as orderly and attentive as they would have been if worshipping with their families in the pleasant churches of Wisconsin.

October 3.

"Father Abraham" is evidently pleased with what we have done, and pays us the compliment of a visit. To-day he reviewed with McClellan our army corps. (Hooker's.)

The contrast between the tall, awkward figure of a soldier supported by a "stove pipe" hat, and the short, strongly braced, active man in military dress, was sufficiently marked. But the unsteady, staggering walk of that long body are not painful to the observer, because there is no consciousness of awkwardness betrayed, and no effort to appear otherwise than awkward; while the thought that the great proclamation of emancipation emanated from that source, makes him look impartial.

Yours truly.

E. Army Correspondence.

HEAD QUARTERS 6TH WIS. VOLC.
Gibbon's Brigade, near Sharpsburg.
October 14, 1862.

EDITOR COURIER:—We are under marching orders awaiting the appearance of the Stewart cavalry, who are in retreat from their late raid in Pennsylvania; Nolan's Ferry is their probable destination, and from preparations our General has made I judge they will regret their trip.

We that are left of company C, Prairie du Chien Volunteers, have got a lively remembrance of our good friends at the Prairie and Crawford counties: and at times when seated around the camp fire, the conversation will turn to the earlier days of the company, when we used to assemble at the old Fort, raw recruits, to learn our first lesson in that which now cannot be equaled by the regulars.—Then the bible presentation. The American flag and its maker, and the fair young lady who presented it—all these are mentioned, and all seem to wish to do honor to our oft remembered friends.

We are yet in camp near the Potomac river and the late battle field. Our time has been spent in recruiting our strength and numbers, and we are again in condition to meet our old foe. For the benefit of some of your readers I will give the whereabouts of the Crawford County men of our company.

Sergt. John W. Fonda has been very unlucky, having been sick a long time.—We have missed John very much. He is at present at Mount Pleasant Hospital, Washington.

Sergt. Ed. Whaley was wounded in the leg at South Mountain. Ed. is one of the coolest men I have yet seen in a fight, and I assure his friends that before Ed fell I saw him make two rebels bite the dust. He is well cared for at the Frederick Hospital.

Corporal George Fairfield was wounded at the same place, doing his duty nobly at the time.

Corporal Norman B. Bull and Corporal Jacob Lemons have been with us in all the engagements, and are with us now ready to pitch in.

Corporal Gottlieb Schweizer, the same Gottlieb, is one of the best soldiers in the regiment. He has improved wonderfully. He has the good opinion of all his superior officers from the Colonel down.

Alex. Boyd, Thomas Budworth, Lemuel P. Harvey, William H. Pease Henry E. Pettitt and Frank Young are absent at the hospitals, having received wounds in our numerous engagements.


I have said most too much of our company already, but if you had seen the men as I have seen them, you would not blame me for wishing to say a word of praise for them. One of our company, Sergeant Jasper Chestnut, carried the regimental color in the last fight. Five bullets have pierced the staff and one passed through the Sergeant's wrist, and the old flag is riddled with bullets.

Our Grand Co. boys done well in all the fights and Cover of the Herald has noticed them in his able paper. By the way Cover sends us a dozen copies of his paper each week, and it is very welcome. The "Courier" we seldom see, and why, (The packages must be miscarried,) we do not know. Every mail that arrives the enquiry is, "Has anyone got the Courier?" The answer is generally, "No." We want it bad.

Captain Hoke has gone to Washington on furlough, and has not returned, we expect him daily. Lieut. Theo. Plummer is in command of the company. Lieut. Loyd G. Haines is present on duty.

You have probably seen, before this, the complimentary notice given us by "Little Mac." I will give it through. In a letter to the Governor, he wrote: "I beg to add to this endorsement the expression of my great admiration of the
conduct of three Wisconsin regiments in Gen. Gibbon's Brigade. I have seen them every day as a reason that reflects the greatest possible credit upon themselves and their State. They are equal to the best troops in any array of the world.\(^\d\)

The above, coming from one whom we all esteem and admire, made us feel proud, and let us know we had done our duty to his satisfaction. LANCE.

The Reason why the Promised Aid to the Families of Wisconsin Volunteers cannot be paid to them during the Winter Months.

OFFICE OF STATE TREASURER.

Madison, Oct. 17, 1862.

To the Wisconsin Volunteers and their dependent families:

The Milwaukee News of the 14th inst charges me with having been engaged since the adjournment of the Legislature in the deceitful business of retailing falsehoods by private letters to our soldiers in distant camps for the purpose of prejudicing our soldiers against the Democratic candidates at home. "The charge is false in every particular. I have made no statements to our soldiers in distant camps or elsewhere that are not true. I have in one or two instances, possibly three at the outside, in answering business letters, where inquiries have been made in relation to the matter, given the reason why the families of our volunteers will be deprived of the promised aid from the State at the time of all others when they will most need it, during the severe weather of winter."

The News calls upon its readers "to write immediately to the South-west and the Potomac. Let there be no delay. Write! write! Let them know the truth."

The advice is excellent. I am free to acknowledge that I have not done my duty in this respect, as I have not, with the exception above named, written a word to any one in relation to the matter. I thank the News for calling my attention to the subject. I have been grossly negligent; I will be so no more. If the News will pardon me for past negligence, I will speedily send this open letter to every soldier and every soldier's family, whose address I can ascertain. After about the middle of November the payment of the five dollars per month promised to the families of volunteers will be stopped, not to be resumed until some time in the month of February. Somebody is responsible for this. Who is it? The Democratic members of the last Assembly! There are but two ways in which the State can raise money—by a direct tax, and the other by borrowing. The legislature, at its recent session, passed an act levying a direct tax of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, the proceeds to be used in paying the promised bounty to the families of the volunteers. This tax cannot be collected so as to reach the State treasury before the middle of February. The members of the Legislature knew that it would require something over two hundred thousand dollars to continue the payment of this bounty until the money could be realized from the tax, and the only possible way in which it was hoped to do this was by borrowing money on the bonds of the State. The Senate passed an act authorizing an issue of bonds to the amount of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and sent it to the Assembly. In the Assembly the bill was deliberately defeated by the Democratic members, with one honorable exception (Holliis Latham, of Watworth Co.), while the Republicans, with equal unanimity, voted against the amendment. The following is the vote on the question of indefinite postponement—Democrats in the House of representatives elected as Union men cast the vote as follows:


This was the last vote of the day of the final adjournment. Bear it in mind that there was no other way in which the money could be raised so as to continue the payment during the winter months, except in the manner proposed in this bill. To have voted an additional tax would have been of no avail, as the money could not have been collected in time. And not the Democratic members of the Assembly deliberately refused to authorize the money to be raised in the only way in which it could be raised, and not only so, but they made no proposal or attempt to do it in any other way. Such are the facts. They cannot be denied or explained away. I do not speak of the motives that influenced their action. Possibly they may have acted from pure motives. If so let them make them known but not attempt to deny us the aid promised us. At 10 o'clock on the last day of the session, a vote having been previously taken to adjourn at 11 o'clock, a message was received by both houses of the legislature, from acting Governor Lewis, calling attention to the fact that the money promised to the volunteer aid fund, would have to be paid to the families of the volunteers by the first of November, that no benefit could accrue from the tax that had been voted until February, and that as a consequence, no benefit from this source could be had by the families of the volunteers during the winter months, a fact which had been most needful to them most needed. He called attention to the injustice of holding out hopes to those families which could not be realized, and urged the legislature to replenish the fund in some way before they adjourned. The message was referred and a report was speedily made, but nothing was accomplished because a portion of the Democratic members refused to allow anything to be done. They commenced with making motions for the express purpose of delay, and continued this action until within a few hours of adjournment, when a motion being made to extend the session for a few hours for the purpose of acting upon this matter, they finally declared everything by enough of them retiring from the Hall to leave the Assembly without a quorum. Soldiers, when your families are suffering for the want of the aid pledged to you by the State, remember who it was that prevented you from receiving it. Mother, when your children are suffering for want of food and comfortable clothing, remember whose action it was that deprived you of what was promised by your State. When you considered that your husband should leave his family to fight the battles of our common country, and see if they can give you a satisfactory reason for the course they have pursued!

SAML. D. HASTINGS.

The Army Hospitals in Maryland.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM AN ARMY SURGEON.

The following letter from a volunteer army surgeon, addressed to the Sub-Committee on the Supplies of the Woman's Central Association of Relief of this city, was accompanied by a receipt for two cases of hospital goods which have been forwarded from time to time to the writer:

"LOST SPRING HOSPITAL,

NEAR KEDDIEVILLE, MARYLAND,

October 21, 1862.

* * * * I am living in a tent sent to me by a Sabbath-school in Boston. Two gentlemen from Boston are with me, assisting in the distribution of the articles and the care of the wounded. I have not confined my attention solely to
this hospital but have located here simply because the cases here needed the most attention. This hospital is composed of a farm-house, two barns, one carriage-house, one wood-house, one corn crib and twenty-two tents. There are about one hundred and seventy-five patients, among whom some of the most horribly wounded. This place is about ten miles from the battle-field of Antietam, and the men there are supplied from his stores, which have been of late quite depleted.

'Situated as the hospitals in this region are, far from railroad stations, with two mountains to pass, the difficulties are very great in the way of bringing supplies to the wounded. Government supplies depend very much on the Sanitary Commission and the surgeons are constantly sending for sanitary stores. Without the Commission our army would have sustained immense loss, and many a poor fellow owes his life to the prompt action and constant relief. As I pass from tent to tent every morning attending to the wants of the wounded, the grateful looks and words of thanks are poured upon me, and blessings asked for those who sent the relief. More than half the men here have lost a limb. The wounds are frightful, and yet they are borne without a murmur.

'I try to see every wounded man twice a day, see that he has been bathed, that he has had his proper food and stimulant as prescribed by the surgeon, and that the little matters of reading and writing for them are attended to. I held service last Sabbath between two rows of tents where most could see and hear. It was very welcome to them. The Bible and prayer-book can now be found nearly every tent. On the hillside across the road may be seen a long row of graves of those who have died here. A little board with the name, regiment and state of the occupant of each grave is at the head. Nearly every day one is carried there, adding continually to the number of those who have given to their country their most precious offering -life.

'To-day I have to write to a poor mother far away on the hills of New England, and give her the information that her boy has gone to his resting-place. Like most every other soldier he had but two or three things to send her. His little pocket Bible, with his mother's likeness sealed to the cover, his comb, three letters, the medal of his regiment. These were all the remembrances left for her. Yesterday a man severely wounded said to me: 'Oh, I wish I was in Heaven!' In God's own good time he will take you there, my boy,' I replied. 'Yes, I know it; but it is so hard to bear.' True,' I replied; 'be ready to die, and then you are ready to live and serve Him who will do all things right for you.'

'There is work enough among the wounded men now in Maryland and the District of Columbia to occupy the time and attention of every Christian man who can leave his home and go among them, many of our men die for want of a little care, such care and attention as hundreds would be glad to give did they but know and understand its need. Oh that they would come and devote themselves to the work. Accept my thanks for the supplies received, which are exactly those most needed in this region. When I next see you I will give a more minute report of their distribution.

Very truly yours,

WM. W. HAGEN

From the Army of the Potomac.
Scenes on the Return of Union Men—McClellan and Burnside—Deportation of the Army.

WARRENTON, Va., Nov. 10.

We have advanced into Virginia as far as this place—too slow, doubtless, as it appears to the country, but faster than supplies could be transported without railroad facilities.

London county, through which we have passed, has much favored in its scenery and is better cultivated than most of northern Virginia, and, what is remarkable for this recreant, wretched State, some of its inhabitants are genuine Union men, who generally are either of German descent or Quakers. I witnessed the almost sacred scene of the return of one of these to his family after an absence of some weeks in Maryland, where so many fled from the conception while the rebels held possession of this district. What glad tears were shed, and what a tender kiss pressed on the face of the little sleeper, all uncensurable in its steadiness of the tramp of successive armies, and the blasting sorrows of horrid war.

To-day, General McClellan has taken leave of the army, receiving their farewell cheers as he rode before them. During the Mexican war, when Gen. Scott was called home to appear before a court of inquiry, he would not permit the like. "No demonstration in opposition against the government." But the chief who could conquer the enemy, was not able wholly to repress in his men the manifestation of enthusiastic devotion to their injured leader.

One cannot help asking, what is gained by removing McClellan and putting in his place Goldsith before breakfast, for exercised —his other self. That such have been their personal relations, will not be questioned, I think, by any person who has addressed his first in command, could hardly mean less than this.

But it is to be borne in mind that it is a diversity of traits that cements our friendships. It may be that McClellan and Burnside agree so precisely because they are not entirely alike. There is much evidence that Burnside is free from McClellan's fatal fault—action. It is said that while the latter would not move of himself, and could hardly be pushed forward by the Federal Executive, except by his favorite Pennsylvania route, the former says, "we must strike now or never." And you read the same in his face, and in his solar form, so evidently charged with energy throughout. To look at him, one would think that he would need to stay some Goliath before breakfast for exercise.

We have not been able to transport the immense supplies which the army requires fast enough, and have been several days almost without bread. The soldiers have supplied themselves somewhat from the stores of the inhabitants, which in this vicinity were quite reduced by the rebel army before they left. Such a necessity is to be regretted, as destroying the discipline of the army, and also bearing hard on persons comparatively innocent and inoffensive.

I am acquainted with the case of a poor man, more than eighty years old, who served in the war of 1812, and had received a pension until the rebellion, and had never voted for secession, whose small corn field, and garden, and hen roost were pillaged, leaving nothing for himself and daughter to subsist on during the winter. I will give another instance somewhat different from this. A strong Union man in Burkeville, Md., who is a small mechanic, and is quite advanced in years, had cleared a few acres since the war, and had no land near, where, as he expressed it, he might "scratch a living," when his eyes should fail. Gen. Franklin's men encamped on his land and appropriated his wheat, potatoes, corn and clover. They used, as is customary, his fence for fuel, and as they were without tents, cut his choicest trees to form a shelter for themselves. To do all of his hogs to enable him to buy corn to fatten the rest. His fences are gone and he has no timber with which to replace them. He is without
seed for another year, or protection for crops. Gen. Franklin's corps left before he made an inspection for a receipt for damages, and it was not in the power of the officers of any other corps to make compensation.

It is an easy matter to talk flippantly or bitterly about guarding rebel property, but the subject has many aspects, and is embarrassed by many difficulties. We would have had the monopoly of the soldier's fate varied by some luxuries from the table of the well-to-do secessionist, but any army would abuse the license to "help themselves" in a manner which would occasion unnecessary suffering to the poor, and be fatal to military discipline. All such supplies should, as far as possible, be secured through the agency of the Quartermaster. Our supplies failing to reach us here, the Quartermasters in our brigade took possession of a mill and some corn and set the miller at work, allowing him one bushel in eight for grinding his own grain. If he proves his loyalty, of which there is small probability, he will be paid by the Government.

From the 6th Regiment.

Camp near Fayetteville, Va., Nov. 14, 1862.

Editors Republic:—Your readers are aware that the army of the Potomac has been moving down into Virginia again. Gen. Double day's division crossed the Potomac on the 30th of October at Berlin, and took up the line of march toward Warrenton where we arrived on the evening of the 6th inst.

Wherever we go in Virginia we find that the hand of the spoiler has preceded us; a country which was once beautiful and productive, sadly exhibits war's blighting sting. Fields once luxuriant and fertile, are covered with weeds and grass, stripped of the last vestige of a fence and reduced to a wild, and gloomy heath.

The more the army marches over this unfortunate rebel state, the more heartless it becomes and the less sympathy it has for the disloyal and deceitful inhabitants. The soldiers have no genuine respect for the property of people who have repeatedly shown a most invertebrate hostility toward the government and its supporters. A rebel pig or sheep is almost certain to feel a Yankee's knife—all orders to the contrary notwithstanding, and property of every description can be of benefit to the soldiers is converted to his use without much hesitation. Such is the punishment to a disloyal people and such is the unmistakable evidence of our increasing eminence as the war continues. The intensity of their hatred on the other hand, leads the mind to almost doubt sometimes that we ever united friends under one government, and I must say that we sometimes shrink from the idea of ever being united to them in the future.

But here we are down near the Rappahannock once more where we are well acquainted. We were through here last August pursuing what is known as Pope's line of retreat. But Pope was defeated partly through his own inexperience and partly perhaps through the jealousy of some military contemporaries. This is no time however to review past grievances; the question with the soldier is, what next is to be done. It is getting late and he asks to be used speedily for some purpose. Autumn is upon us—the falling leaves and moaning winds declare his reign, and the keen atmosphere and biting frost speak his severity.

"He comes—she comes in every breeze the power of philosophic Melancholy comes."

Summer has departed! Williamsburg, Malvern hill, Bull Run, South Mountain and Antietam are buried in the past, and are matters of history only. Our early victories have been scattered to the winds and are already on the dark verge of oblivion. Our army to-day is in a shattered state of mind. After fighting a year without signal success, they still find themselves without a commander who has proved himself capable of leading them to the achievement of results. It cannot be expected that even Barnside can grasp suddenly that confidence of the army which a commander ought to possess, but I believe that the army as a general thing, knowing him to be a good, general and brave man, are ready and willing to try him, and pray earnestly that something may be done and that quickly. The idea of remaining in service another winter, is to say the least unpleasant and receives no favor with the soldiers.

A stormy day comes, and he has but a shelter套t for protection. Then it is that you can read in his dejected countenance the melancholy reflection. The farmer longs once more to feed his herds of sheep and cattle—talks of his empty cottage home and elite. And the soldier, feeling his power, is about to win. The hand of the spoiler has preceded us; a country which was once beautiful and productive, is now desolate and defenseless. Our supplies failing to reach us here, the Quartermasters in our brigade took possession of a mill and some corn and set the miller at work, allowing him one bushel in eight for grinding his own grain. If he proves his loyalty, of which there is small probability, he will be paid by the Government.

Lincoln, Nov. 24th, 1862.

Massa's Edict:—The following few items may be of interest to those having friends in the Detroit company in the 6th regiment.

The deaths in the company up to this time, as far as I know, are as follows:—

Kendall J. Daley—died March 17th, 1862, in the brigade hospital at Arlington Heights, buried there.

John H. Owen—killed at battle of Antietam, Sept. 17th; Frank Green, do.

Clinton Burms—died of wounds received at the battle of South Mountain, Sept. 14th.

Ole Wilson died at Harewood hospital in Washington, about the 28th of September; he had been sick about three weeks.

Joseph M. Moore—died of wounds received at Antietam, Smith Young and Hiram Whitter, having been detached to battery B, 4th U.S. Artillery are reported to have been killed at Antietam. Henry S. Purfield was detached to Western Gunboat service, and was known at one time to have been on board the Mound City; whether he was lost or not when she blew up, is not known, but it is supposed he was.

One of Co. G is reported to have died, in an ambulance near Centreville the night after the battle of Gainesville. It was supposed that this was Collins Mann, of Harrison, Ill., as he was wounded there; but I have never heard definitely. I presume, however, that his relatives know what has become of him.

Those who were wounded at Gainesville, the 28th of August, were:

L. L. Medbury, Charles Guivoce—since discharged; M. H. Kinsey, Thomas O'Malley, Andrew Allen, Collins Mann—reported dead, Moses Odell—slightly.

Those wounded in Maryland on the 14th and 17th of September were:


None except those marked "slightly" had returned to the regiment up to Nov. 1st; but as far as I could learn, were all doing well.

Alonzo Weller and W. P. Force have been sick a long time. They were in a hospital, in Philadelphia. Geo. M. Kay has been sick nearly two months in Harwood hospital in Washington.

Those who have been discharged from the service on account of sickness and disability were:

Peter Rafferty, in November, 1861; Asher Lane and O. West, December 16th, 1861; Martin Rippl, January 1st, 1862; G. G. Bayles and A. M. Southworth, in March, 1862; Henry L. Reenon, Henry E. Lewis, Henry C. Powers and Alonzo Killiam in April, 1862; L. B. Raymond, Nov. 4th, and Charles H. Giuitts, Nov. 6th, 1862.

Those who have deserted are Geo. W. Bryan, in October, 1861; James Conner, in August, 1862, and Arthur Mollfeet and William A. Fuller, in September, 1862.

There are others who have been published as deserters, but they have either been apprehended or returned to duty. It is unnecessary to give their names.

Randolph O. Wright and B. Puckerson were reported Nov. 1st as missing since the battle of Antietam. They were supposed to have been taken prisoners.

John N. Bingham, taken prisoner at Calhoun's Station, Aug. 22d, returned from Richmond the latter part of September.

Several are on service detached from the regiment. W. C. Gardner, John H. Fillmore and Barton Miller, in battery B,
11th U. S. Art., besides Young and Whittaker, previously mentioned.

James Avery in Engineer and Construction Corps, Barnard Christie at Fairfax Sanitary Hospital; Parfield already spoken of as on gunboat service, and A. Webber and Daniel Briggs in hospital at Snookton, Md. Michael Ball and Arva O. Austin have been transferred to the regular army.

Lis. Hiram H. Carpenter and Jas. L. Converse have been promoted from the ranks to their present positions in the company. Geo. W. Reed was commissioned in the 17th Wis. regiment.

The actual loss of the company, then, is:

- Known to be dead 2,
- Discharged 12,
- Deserted 4,
- Transferred 2,
- Commissioned 3,
- Total 30.

Besides there are absent from the regiment:
- Wounded and in hospital 3,
- Sick in hospital 3,
- On detached service 7,
- Missing 2, supposed to be dead 4,
- Total 29, making 69.

In this enumeration, I have not included four that are on service detached from the company, but not from the regiment, and two that have been published as deserters, but have been apprehended, and will probably be returned to duty.

The company was sworn into the United States service with 92 men. 75 taken from this number leaves only 17. But there have been three returns, and I do not know but one or two lately. In all probability some of the men mentioned above as wounded, sick or missing are now with the company. I presume 25 is not far from the number with the company and fit for duty.

The above was the condition of the company the last, as far as I could learn from seeing the muster roll. Any other information concerning the boys that I can impart is at the service of their friends.

L. B. Raymond.
Letter From the 7th Regiment
No. 10.
Arlington Heights, Dec. 30th '61.

Cold weather has prevailed in this region for a week past. Sharp frost and high winds, with an occasional fine day, have made the aggregate of days which the weather has been pleasent. I suppose a new requisition on the Clerk will have to be made before we advance on the enemy. In our interview with the enemy, we have been well entertained by the Pennsylvania boys, like Old Buck, ever jealous of the welfare of our Southern brethren, and inquired into the condition of the men in the 7th before we advanced on the enemy.

To gratify the wishes of the Richmond papers, the enemy endeavored to advance so as to winter on the banks of the lovely Susquehanna, but the Pennsylvania boys, like Old Buck, ever jealous of the welfare of our Southern brethren, had an interview with them at Dranesville, and persuaded them not to expose themselves to the inclemency of a Pennsylvania winter, but "to wait for something to turn up." They at first reluctantly, but before the close of the interview, willingly acquiesced with the desires of our boys.

Christmas was celebrated throughout the Army according to the regulations of the different regiments. The Seventh was busy putting up log huts, a la corn crib, under their tents, the latter serving as a roof. Some paid a visit to Blenker's, returning heavily laden. After supper the fifers and drummers throughout the Brigade "made night hideous," while the musical amateurs serenaded the officers and the daughter of the Regiment, whose winning and modest demeanor has endeared her to all. We have but few of the gentler sex with us, and those we have are treated with respect by all.

Last Saturday, the 28th, we had another sham battle at Munson's Hill, where we went through the usual manoeuvres. The Cavalry charge was the most imposing, although the artillery is so much more interesting. The Parrott rifles sputtered forth a flame and smoke with a wicked spire, and made one believe almost that there was a real enemy in front. The infantry moved in squares through brush and briars, trailing arms when we could not march upright. Then all reducing square and forming in line, when we loaded and fired at will, which the boys enjoy more than any other part of their exercises. Only one accident occurred, which resulted from the practice of over-loading. some putting in their guns half a dozen cartridges. One of the Second Wisconsin boys burst his gun and had his hand shattered on the occasion by this recklessness. He was removed from the field in an ambulance.

On our return we were assembled in the usual manner by ye Sergeants. Queen of these Sergeants. The amount of responsibility resting on ye Sergeants' shoulders, is positively prodigious. Did you ever hear the sergeants' chorus? If you have you'll never want to again. It is executed on a single string. I wish some of ye Sergeants were executed in the same manner. Thus:

COLONEL—Column forward, guide right, march.
CHORUS OF SERGEANTS—Close up, boys, close up.
COLONEL—By the right flank, march.
CHORUS OF SERGEANTS—Close up, close up, boys, close up.
GEN. KING—On head of column, close en masse.

CHORUS OF SERGEANTS—Close up, boys, D—do you close up?
GEN. KING—On first Battalion, deploy column.
CHORUS OF SERGEANTS—Close up! close up! close up!

COLONEL—By Division in succession, right face, file left, march. Route Step.
CHORUS OF SERGEANTS—Close up boys, close up!

CAPTAIN—At the port, break ranks march.
CHORUS OF SERGEANTS—Close up.

Thus they while their happy hours away.

Lost night we had a good joke on Baby a sobriquet attached to John O. Hamlin, a private in the ranks of ye Tigers. Prizes: Harrison Mathews, formerly of Fond du Lac, and Joe Hurd, and a few other jolly souls had imported at great expense and vigilance a suspicious-looking black bottle from Blenker's, which they proceeded to enjoy in a retired tent, where they had a convivial time all alone by themselves. But Baby accidentally nosed out their retreat and was bribed with a mouthful for his discretion and silence. But Baby could not hold the secret, on the contrary, he communicated it to the rest of ye Tigers. This did not please Mathews and Hurd who had hitherto maintained good reputations as Temperance men, so they determined to arrange the robbery which they had cast on their fair fame. Joe Hurd proposed they should have a spook roll call and Mathews rushed to Lieut. Rogers' tent, borrowed his coat, and acted as First Lieut. and Hurd acted as First Sergeant. The roll was called, and Baby refused to answer to his name. So Lieut Mathews and Sergeant Hurd took him to the guard house, promising him, as it was only play, they would take him out in ten minutes. Baby consented and was marched to the guard house, when, upon arriving at the latter place, Lieut Mathews cried out in a commanding tone—"Sergeant of the guard! Here take this prisoner, and keep him till further orders," which order was promptly complied with, but Baby's ten minutes lasted all night. And even in the morning, he could only be released by the order of Capt. Walther. Moral—Baby will not inform and play spy again soon.

The Sixth Regiment have refrained from getting up jokes on the Seventh, since the Barn scrape. Previous to that lively incident, each commissioned officer had a copy of Burton's Encyclopedia of Wit and Humor, from which they would cut out paragraphs, and by a felicitous turn of words would cut out jokes on the Seventh. But now they hang their heads quite chop-fallen. While they were out on picket they fired on a barn, mistaking it in the night for the enemy. Then their Colonel took off his shoulder straps, donned citizens clothes and went out scouting. At dawn he found the barn.

There were forty shingles killed, ten mortally wounded and two boards slightly injured, showing the good execution of the Sixth's Belgian rifles. One of the Sixth's Lieutenants says there is a company of skull crackers in his regiment which he proposes to march against the Seventh without arms if we stack arms. Our Lieut. replied that he had no doubt of the fact as it furnished a solution for the enigmatical disposition manifested by the Sixth, as the avisey drilling of such a corps must account for the many crack­ed characters in said regiment. However, if they attack the Seventh, says our Lieut., we will retreat behind the Arlington barn.

The Sixth's men subsided.

My attention has been called to a letter, over the signature of Lieut. Misner, published in the Columbus Gazette, which
I pronounce to be a tissue of falsehood. The said that frost four inches deep covered the ground; that we did not have enough to eat; only one blanket, &c. &c.

We have plenty of bread, beef, pork, rice, hominy, potatoes, every ten days coffee and sugar. Then the Government has given each man a blanket in addition to those we brought with us from Wisconsin; also two pairs of good woolen stockings, two pairs drawers, good strong sewed shoes, although many did not take them, preferring to buy their own boots. In fact everything we needed has been furnished us. We have had a little tardy in building winter quarters, and now it is cold, but at the time Lieut. M'Nee's letter was written, no such weather had visited us. True, life in camp and outfield was written, no such weather had ever happened.

Aggravated. It presents the symptoms of an epidemic, and is very severe. Several in company I are unwell—a larger number than over ever before. While some are recovering others take their place on the sick list.

Today we are to have a muster review, which is a preliminary to pay-day. By the end of the week we go out on picket again. How we shall bear it I will let you know.

The men in the Army are generally satisfied with the course pursued in regard to Mason and Sildell. They hope our Government has seen its way through the dilemma without tarnishing the honor of the nation. On the other hand they would as willingly undergo the hazard and hardships which a war with England would bring on us to vindicate our national honor. Each one, however, bears no good will towards that Power for its course, and you may rest assured that the remembrance of her insults will be stored in our hearts for a future day of reckoning. Yours truly.

W. D. W.

Slightly Cool.—At a review of the Wisconsin regiments, a few days since a soldier of the Second very excratedly forgot to draw his rammer, and, firing it off, it unfortunately struck a soldier of the Seventh, passing through the flesh part of the leg. Shortly after, the careless soldier made his appearance at the wounded man's tent, and begged the "loan of his rammer." There'll be a fine thing if I don't have one on inspection, and you won't want yours, as you'll have to go into the hospital. We have heard of a new species of bluejacket, but must call this a perfect bijou of that species.

Washington Chronicle.

How the Men Work in Trenches.

It may be a puzzle to conceive how our men can throw up fortifications in the face and in plain sight of the enemy without being seriously disturbed by them. A brief description may be interesting, as the work is done right under the noses of the rebels:

A working party is detailed for night duty, which marches among our backs and shovels and picks on their shoulders they proceed to the selected ground. The white tape marks the line of excavation. The dark lanterns are "faced to the rear;" the muskets are carefully laid aside; the shovels are in bunks. The man silently commences to dig. Not a word is spoken; not one spade clicks against another; each man digs a hole sufficient to cover himself; then he turns and digs to his right-hand neighbor; then the ditch deepens and widens, and the parapet rises. In the silence of the night the relief comes and the weary ones retire; the words and jests of the enemy are often plainly heard, while from noise from our men disturbs the stillness save the dull rattle of the earth as each spade is thrown to the top. At daylight a long line of earthworks affording complete protection to our men, grotts the astonished eyes of the enemy, while the sharpshooters' bullets greet their care.

Frequently this work is done in open daylight, the pickets and sharpshooters keeping the enemy from annoying our men.

Letter from Col. Vandor.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3, 1863.

Gentlemen: I am informed, through the public press of Milwaukee, that several of the Colonels of our Wisconsin regiments, among whom my name is mentioned, are accused of having been visited by the different Railroad Companies to pass with their regiments over the roads.

Up to that time, I had not the slightest intimation of any such accusation. There was no such report delivered in Congress, or at the War Department, nor anywhere else, by the Investigating Committee, to the best of my knowledge.

Said report, as to my person, is either a gross mistake, or a willful slander, to injure my good name, and I request my friends and the public generally to abstain from forming an opinion on the subject until I shall be able to disprove the statements made in the Wisconsin press.

I furthermore desire to state that I shall take the necessary steps, if possible, by way of a court of inquiry. I will say, in conclusion, that everybody who was connected last summer, in Madison, with the military business of the Seventh Regiment, knows that said regiment, under my command, received peremptory written orders, from the highest military authority in the State, to proceed to Washington over the shortest route, which was as said orders contained, and it also was proved to be—the Chicago, Fort Wayne and Pittsburg Railroad. The regiment marched soon thereafter over said road, according to the tenor of said written command, and according to no other instructions whatever, to its place of destination.

There was no discretion to be used on my part as to "over what road to travel with the regiment." The command was peremptory; there was nothing left but to obey orders or be cashiered; all of which the agent knew well at that time. There was consequently no necessity for paying any pecuniary encouragement on the part of said Chicago, Fort Wayne & Pittsburg Railroad Company, in order to obtain the contract from the commanding officer of said 7th Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers.

Matters of a more interesting nature in this case will be forwarded to you in due time. Please publish these foregoing lines in your paper, and oblige.

Yours, very respectfully,

JOSEPH VANDOR.

Col., 7th Regt. Wis. Vol.
quilt the peaceful pursuits of life and be plunged into such gigantic strife. Yes, how little we realized then what to-day is so sad a reality, but why dwell on the future? The enemy is near, and there is much to do, there is great struggle to encounter, they must be met bravely and with determination, the Union must be preserved. It is not possible to realize the magnitude of the Potomac army every heart is beating for an advance and when the order comes to advance with what joy it will be received, in such an event, how many will never return to tell the tales of their joys, their sorrows, their anticipations and the sad realization. When news returns for the lost, those that will never return to gladden their hearts or smooth down the pillows of their old age. But much as the fortunes of war, we must abide by them.

The question now is, why do we delay? Why not make an advance, this question is on every lip. McClellan has said he was ready, if he is ready, can he be any more so? Is it want of energy or courage? These are things we ask each other but no one can tell why the delay. If this rebellion must be overthrown, if the government intends to crush it, will it be harder now than six months hence? When they have fortified the coast and strengthened themselves in every quarter, are we to wait until England finds another Trent affair to pitch into us. If this rebellion must be overthrown, if the government intends to crush it, will it be harder now than six months hence? When they have fortified the coast and strengthened themselves in every quarter, are we to wait until England finds another Trent affair to pitch into us.

The resolution now is, why do we delay? Why not make an advance, this question is on every lip.

Editors State Journal:—In the matter of the charges against the Wisconsin Colonels, I wish to state that I requested Judge Howe, one of our Wisconsin Senators, to proceed for me in my name to the so-called Van Wyck Investigating Committee, and to investigate the matter so far as it concerns my person, and to have, if necessary, a Court of Inquiry appointed.

Two days thereafter Senator Howe kindly informed me that he had looked into the matter, and that he thought nothing had to be done. E. W. Washburne, of Illinois, who being a member of said Van Wyck Investigating Committee, there can be found no testimony implicating me with taking money in an improper way, such as the Wisconsin press has charged me and others, nor can he remember that any testimony was taken for or against me at all. I also proved to both of our Senators, Messrs. Howe and Doolittle, the written orders received by Gov. Randall from the Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, commanding me to proceed with the regiment over the shortest route, the Chicago, Fort Wayne & Pittsburgh Railroad, that the regiment traveled over said road, that I had no choice over what road to go, and that there was no bribery, neither by way of tax, gift, or grant, either direct or indirect.

I am yours, very truly.

Col. 7th Reg't, W. V.

From the 7th Regiment.

CAMP AMHERST, 7th W. V., Jan. 13, 1862.

Dear Patriot:—We are still in our old camp. Time passes along just about as usual—no重大 test of (we) that is such as the weather. First we had about an inch of snow, or in other words, the snow fell to the depth of an inch. The day the wind changed to southeast, the drum major felt very much elated to treat himself with a serenade for the Surgeon, who blew up a rain storm which lasted two days and nights, more or less. Now, rain and mud is discernible in the best of climates, and under the most favorable circumstances, but here, in camp, it is doubly disagreeable, from these facts: First the soil is of a very glutinous, admixture of much—2nd, the streets are ditched and muddy to a depth of six inches, and the dirt thrown into the center, and lastly, the Government shoes that can be manufactured, not but that they are well made and good for all, but there is but one sole end that soaketh through sooner than ones that are of the most durable nature. However, it is said that we have the privilege of wearing pantaloons, and to both of us, it appears to be a great improvement.

Another of our especial pets in Major Sides' company is the snub-nosed Bob whistle, known to us as the "squawk." We have no very great "squawk" in our company.

We get the news here every day, this morning we have heard of the total rout of the rebels in Marye's Heights, such news does not make the Peninsular run the blockade, she had 22 guns fired at her, we could hear what we supposed to be the cannonading here in camp, also very heavy cannonading coming out of the same direction on the afternoon and evening before. We also get the news that the Cairo and Burlington expeditions had landed troops half way between Cairo and Columbus, and that Columbus will probably be the next place to fall on the Mississippi and that the good tidings falls on the ear of the soldier, and tells him of better, of happier times to come, and that shortly too.

The exchanged prisoners have arrived in camp, (of course I mean those of the 2nd) they have been holding a regular jubilee over there, most of the returned will return home on a furlough. I heart they have the offer of a discharge, if they desired it, but they say they began the good fight with their comrades and that they had no desire to return till they all went, long may they live to enjoy the fruit of their labor.

The world moves, yet the mighty army of the Potomac stand still.
On the road to the Arlington road and a few paces on our enemy, we had an ammunition house. The Major rode up to the line of soldiers who were there, and then, taking a general view of the field, the Major rode heavily on our hands. The Herald is eagerly sought after by the men and received with many expressions of gratitude, especially by the ladies, who seem to be doing everything in their power for the comfort and cheer of the soldiers, by sending them mitten—the not the mitten which they so much dread, but regulations with two thumbs, and various other articles of comfort and convenience, and could they see the caps flying and hear the cheers that went up when the General of the Army, on the receipt of any of these articles, they would feel amply repaid for their trouble.

The general health of the regiment is good, considering the exertions the doctors are making to dispose of their colonial and quinine. The men are in fine spirits, full of fight and eager to get sight of the enemy. We still occupy the tents which we received at Madison. Thanks to the ingenuity and industrious habits of our western boys, we are quite comfortable, notwithstanding the cold wet weather which we are now having. But I must say that the liberal provisions which Uncle Sam has made for us in the clothing line has considerably increased our comfort.

There has nothing of particular interest occurred in this part of the country since the battle of Dronshoals; but it is the general belief here that within the next four weeks this column will be broken by one of the fiercest and most extensive storms of leading. I am informed by a chap there, who has just returned, that he found it not been for the savage hatches of the captured Federal, who killed him a blow on the head. Watch is all right now.

Our "Daughter" is still with the regiment, quite a general favorite, I judge. She has been quite sick, which occasioned much sympathy and some wondernent.

Frank Wheeler is a "cramp," a genuine specimen of a kind and generous Sutter. He gave the whole regiment a nice crate of onions for New Year's day. Who in the age can have one? Of course Frank is popular.

We are all well, and send much love to home. I do not want to write now, but we have an opportunity to try our mothers and wives. May the time soon come when we can make the Sleepless nights, we can write you long letters and noted poems, "Wakes Home!"

East, heed whate'er you do, he's a general agent.

We are well and happy, like our officers, and are "All safe and sound." C. K.

Letter from the Seventh Regiment.

Camp Arlington, Jan. 23.

M. Environ.—We have just received another portion of the Herald, for which we return our sincere thanks to the Editor and the rest of the kind friends in Old Grant, who have so generously furnished us the means of passing many an idle moment pleasantly that would otherwise hang heavily on our hands. The Herald is eagerly sought after by the men and received with many expressions of gratitude, especially by the ladies, who seem to be doing everything in their power for the comfort and cheer of the soldiers, by sending them mitten— not the mitten which they so much dread, but regulations with two thumbs, and various other articles of comfort and convenience, and could they see the caps flying and hear the cheers that went up when the General of the Army, on the receipt of any of these articles, they would feel amply repaid for their trouble.

The general health of the regiment is good, considering the exertions the doctors are making to dispose of their colonial and quinine. The men are in fine spirits, full of fight and eager to get sight of the enemy. We still occupy the tents which we received at Madison. Thanks to the ingenuity and industrious habits of our western boys, we are quite comfortable, notwithstanding the cold wet weather which we are now having. But I must say that the liberal provisions which Uncle Sam has made for us in the clothing line has considerably increased our comfort.

There has nothing of particular interest occurred in this part of the country since the battle of Dronshoals; but it is the general belief here that within the next four weeks this column will be broken by one of the fiercest and most extensive storms of leading. I am informed by a chap there, who has just returned, that he found it not been for the savage hatches of the captured Federal, who killed him a blow on the head. Watch is all right now.

Our "Daughter" is still with the regiment, quite a general favorite, I judge. She has been quite sick, which occasioned much sympathy and some wondernent.

Frank Wheeler is a "cramp," a genuine specimen of a kind and generous Sutter. He gave the whole regiment a nice crate of onions for New Year's day. Who in the age can have one? Of course Frank is popular.

We are all well, and send much love to home. I do not want to write now, but we have an opportunity to try our mothers and wives. May the time soon come when we can make the Sleepless nights, we can write you long letters and noted poems, "Wakes Home!"

East, heed whate'er you do, he's a general agent.

We are well and happy, like our officers, and are "All safe and sound." C. K.

From the Seventh Regiment.

Camp Arlington, Jan. 23, 1862.

Editors' PATRIOT:—Since last I wrote you, a very grand move has been executed, namely, "running around the front, which, in my opinion, is nothing happened except the right wing of our Regiment went out on picket, the weather being so indolent that we were pronounced punctual, but the right wing did the picketing of both, they went out last Wednesday, returned to-day. It has commenced to freeze up again, been awful muddy, cleared soil is very picturesque after two or three days rain. Oh yes! yet we manage to splash it through, our streets are not much worse. It's very muddy.

You see we have not left our old camp yet, nor is there any prospect of our doing so either. Running around the front, and every time the time is set for us to leave, but that is the end of it, we have been here for two months and 19 days, the place is getting on, we want to keep camp life is very irksome, we have but very little to do, no more than is absolutely necessary, we are round and the consequence, the seats of our trousers suffer amazingly.

We are pretty comfortably situated at present, the tents are right high as the head when in a setting posture, with logs, there by rendering our factory houses quite comfortable, some have two tents, others, split homes, covered them, they are comfortable, others have joined tents, fastened them together, raised a log house and covered it with
From the 7th Regiment.

Camp Arlington, June 25, 1862.

EDITORS PATRIOT:—Since last I wrote you, a very grand move has been executed, namely, "running around in the mud," aside from this there has been nothing happened except the right wing of our Regiment went out on picket, the weather being so indescribable that a reserve was pronounced unnecessary, so the right wing was put on the picketing of both, they went out last Wednesday, returned to-day. It has commenced to freeze up again, been a very muddy, scared soil is very offensive after two or three days rain. Oh yes! yet we manage to splash through our streets are not much over six feet, not quite up to boot top, tarnation muddy.

We see we have not left our old camp yet, nor is there any prospect of our doing so either, reports are flying all the time, and very often the time is set for us to leave, but that is the end of it, we have been here three months and 19 days, the place is getting old to us, we want to leave, camp life is very irksome, we have but little to do, no more than is absolutely necessary, so we sit around and the consequence is the scenes of our transactions suffer amusingly.

We are pretty comfortably situated at present, the tents up as high as the head when in a setting posture, with logs there by rendering our factory houses quite comfortable; some have built regular log huts, split shingles and covered them, they are comfortable, others have joined tents, fastened them together, raised a log house and covered it with the tents. One of these is called Fort Button, so called because of a button attached to the loop string that is used to raise the latch.

More anon.

S. DURKEE.

Letter From the 7th Regiment.

Arlington Heights, Va., June 30th, 62.

For the last two weeks, we have had snow, frost, hail, &c., not down in the requisitions made on the Commissary. Yesterday, rain and hail mixed was dealt out, and Camp Arlington is ten times worse than ever the roads on the Indian Land were, in their muddiest condition. A thick, damp, cold fog prevails, and the doleful editorials of the New York papers discussing the financial condition of the country, coupled with sickness and the universal depression so prevalent, make the camps on the Potomac anything but agreeable. Many are too sick for duty, and none are exempt from colds, which is true of the whole army. Cold weather can be borne and general cheerfulness maintained. But such weather as now prevails, and we are likely to have it till spring, with its train of fevers and bronchial affections will play sad havoc with the health of the Army. The list of soldiers' deaths published in the Washington papers, lengthen daily; and the Government is at its wits ends to provide hospital accommodations. There are now in each company of the Seventh, about half a dozen who should be discharged, and we are as healthy a regiment as any.

But the reports have to be made in such a manner, that it would prejudice the professional reputation of the surgeons to use discretionary common sense to discharge those unfit for service. They can linger till the shadows of our forts cover one vast cemetery. It would be much better to fill the "hospitalable graves" so eagerly proffered to us by the enemy.

Each one pays that God may spare them, and hostile General do a popular act, and West Point strangles him. West Point tolerates no brilliant innovations. Mr Editor, implore the people to remove this millstone clinging to the neck of the Army, doubling the weight of every knapsack. There are, undoubtedly, good men who have received their military tuition from West Point. The intentions of its founder were patriotic. But it has proved a failure. Next comes the Army and Navy contractors followed by the politicians who carry the eternal negro, like Banquo's ghost, and who believe that the tableaux,
but on picket, and occupied our old post by confiscation and compensation. Anything to save the country from bankruptcy, the army from being demoralized and our existence as a Nation. Let the people choose between slavery and Union. But I did not intend to write such a homily; so excuse this.

New Years passed pleasantly with the Tigers. A long table was laid in the company street, which was loaded with such good things as could be procured by Captain Walther and Lieutenant Bird.

The head of the table, was graced by the presence of several ladies, including Miss Eubank, of Strong Bridge, near Montello, Daughter of the Regiment, and Miss Mary Stevens, of Waushara County. The names of the other ladies I did not learn. It was quite a novelty to all, and hugely enjoyed; the ladies joining in the repartees of wit which passed from one end of the table to the other. The after dinner speeches were of a felicitous style. Lieut Rogers was called upon to bid the boys farewell, a spell of inactivity would be dispelled. Watching all around, hearing of every sound, as a picket is in duty bound to do, is attended with such illusions.

One of the men thus situated, it was his first time out, fired three times at a log, which his imagination had fashioned into a secession dragon. Fortunately no alarm was raised, as the next sentinel on the line surmising the case, did not pass on the fire. A false alarm is a disgrace to a regiment, unless there is justifiable cause. Saturday we returned to camp, before reaching which, we fired off our guns near the road, where one of the bullets struck a tree, glanced back on the line of the battalion, hitting Jos. Hurd, of Co. I, on the shoulder, but fortunately it did not inflict a severe wound.

Harmony and good feelings exists between the officers and men of Company I, since the cause has voluntarily removed itself. Lieut Bird has been promoted to the First Lieutenant, and Chris. Leffer is promoted from Sergeant Major to fill his place, to wit, Second Lieutenant.

The boys are satisfied with the general change effected. I predict, from what I have already noticed, that Leffer will be popular. He is well drilled, and has risen from the ranks. A few more reforms will make us a crack company. The cooks, who are newly chosen, (the old ones having retired to the ranks) lack the genius necessary to comprehend the responsibilities of their position. The boys stole coffee and meat from them, and refuse to obey their orders. They appeal to the orderly, who is in danger of risking his popularity, by declaring in their favor. This morning they had to apologize to Pat. Kelly, for ordering him to leave the tent. The humiliation they have to undergo are appalling. But they are better fitted for their present positions than any other, and can serve their country to a better advantage, than they could at the cannon's mouth. Our non-commissioned officers have "closed up" in a measure, to the relief of the privates. Their higher aspirations having met a salutary check, they no longer rule so completely as they have hitherto done. When the final "break ranks" is ordered they will find their proper level. I hope they will then learn how to read and write, even if the State has to make an appropriation from the School Fund to defray the expense.

Oscar Taplin is in Kalorama Hospital. Robert K. Jones, who has suffered a good deal, has not yet recovered. Corporal David Pruytian is an able doer of duty. Jos. J. Ingraham is also unwell, Charles Harris and James Rozelle are gradually recovering. John O. Hill is in the Guard House.

Yours truly,

W. D. W.

FROM THE SEVENTH REGIMENT
HEADQUARTERS 7TH REGIMENT,
CAMP ARLINGTON, VA., Jan. 30, 1862.

MEMBERS EDITORS OF THE TITUS:

Seeing a copy of your paper occasionally, and noticing something about several of the Regiments that have left our State for the rest of the war, but seeing nothing from the 7th, it occurred to me that I would write a few lines to let you know where we are and how we are getting along. The name of our camp is Camp Arlington; it is situated on the Arlington Heights between Camp Tillinghast and Camp Case. We have not drilled any for a good while on account of the weather. We have had more or less rain every day for over two weeks, so that the roads are almost impassable. Yesterday it cleared off and the sun shone out bright all day, and all thought that we would have a spell of dry weather, but before the next morning it was raining as hard as ever, and judging from appearances it bids fair for as much more wet weather as we have already had. The health of our regiment is good, although there has been thirteen of our brave men carried to their last resting place since we first came to our present encampment. Their deaths were principally caused by typhoid fever. We have not been in a battle as yet, but the general opinion appears to be that we, that is, the grand army of the Potomac, will advance as good as present, although there has been a little brick fire-place or a little sheet iron stove in it, which keeps the tent quite comfortable in the coldest weather we have yet experienced in old Virginia. Our beds are raised up by driving forked sticks in the ground, and...
From the 7th Regiment.

CAMP ARLINGTON, 7th W. V., Feb. 13, 1862.

Editors Patriotic,--It has been a great privilege since I wrote you, but as there has nothing of any moment transpired, I thought it useless to fill a letter wherein there was nothing to interest the reader.

The time is coming, and that before the elapse of many weeks I will have left this old camp ground. How heartily the news will be received by all the men, although our present camp seems almost like home. We have collected around us such things as our circumstances would admit, and when we do leave we will leave many a little notion behind, yet we would be glad to get away from here, it is a terrible muddy place. The weather for a few days past has been very fine, freezing at night and thawing during the day, so that the mud in our streets is getting dried up some.

Our regiment is drilling in bayonet exercise, also the skirmish drill; we are waiting for our bandmaster. Now that the weather is improving, we will be put right through in all drills till we attain the highest degree of proficiency. We are to have the Austrian musician—expected them before this time, but they have not come. It is also expected that our field music will soon get the U.S. drum, the snare drums are pretty well used up, at least some of them are. Our ordnance sergeant says the music and sword guards would get the old ones—that they are in Washington, boxed up for this regiment. If such is the case, the 7th will be the only Wisconsin regiment around them.

Our Colonel has resigned. Of course you know that before we did, but I don't believe your were half so glad as the most of us here. Our Colonel's ability I will not speak. We are Yankees, and free, though for a time we are under arrest, but I never forget what was and may be again.

Our Lieut. Col. we are proud of, and well may we be so of him. He has not discl

lished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him. He has not accomplished any great feat of daring or bravery, but I may be proud of him.

The main topic for conversation, which has been war! war! has turned into another chauvinistic and Madisonistic sentiment.

"the promotion, set out on a foraying expedition whereupon they captured a Company of rebel cavalry. Companies "G" and "B" were assigned to the most advanced posts of the left wing, one Co. as a reserve and the other to the right on the morning of twenty-four hours. Our newly-appointed Major, Geo Bill, (formerly Capt. Co. A.) accompanied us of the left wing.

This Picket tour was Major Bill's first effort in his new official capacity. We like his "style," and believe he will prove himself to be what our regiment demands—a kind officer and a strict disciplinarian.

Your's truly,

H. J.

Colonelship of the regiment, vice. Vander resigned and appointed Consul to Tahiti; also Major Hamilton to Lt. Colonel; both received their commissions the day we went out Pickering. Yesterday the scout from our regiment, Britton of Co. "G," came into the lines bringing with him a "wearing" soldier captured by himself out near Fairfax. This morning before we were relieved by the 2d, about 1200 Cavalry came out and crossed the lines, the boys cheering them as they passed. Soon after they had got out of sight of the Pickets they were heard to make a charge upon somebody, shooting, and firing their carbines. We have heard nothing from them as yet.

Two large batteries of artillery are reported to have crossed the lines south of us yesterday, by whom commanded or when they design to attack, we have no means of knowing as present. I do not profess to be a "prophet, or the son of a prophet," but if I may judge from the appearance of everything around us, the "Waiting" which I noticed in the Journal which I received this evening is—to use a military term—"relayed-out," and the Great Army of the Potomac is soon to move.

But I must "dry up," for it is getting late and I have just been notified that I am detained as officer of the Brigade Guard at Gen. McDowell's Head Quarters. Tomorrow morning you may guess, too, that we are somewhat weary after our journey of 10 miles home through the mud.

Before closing, however, I will notice a very pleasant affair which transpired in Co. B. last week and which I doubt not will be interesting to the numerous friends of Capt. Huntington who know how he labored to raise the Co. last Spring, and which will show how he is esteemed by his men.

Since the last pay day, they have raised amongst themselves a purse of $35 or $40 and despatched one of their number, his number, to this city, who purchased with it a beautiful sword, scabbard and belt, which they presented to their Captain as a token of their esteem for him as a commander and friend of the boys. It is decidedly the nicest rig we have seen in the lines.

The weather is mild and Spring-like. The general health of the regiment is excellent, notwithstanding the long, tedious spell of heavy, rainy, muddy weather that we have been having since New Year.

The Washington Star, this evening, brings the official account of the victory and capture of Roanoke Island. Good news! May we continue the march on ev-
Lettce From the 7th Regiment.
No. 12.

Arlington Heights, Va., Feb. 17th '82.

"By the powers of mud," is a natural exclamation of the mouth of every soldier of the Army of Occupation, intended to dwell on mud (I dwell in it—(a j sore) but your Fifth Regiment correspondent has raised such a muss about it, darning it with such vigorous fervency, that it would look like "painting the lily," or mixing mortar for your humble "Seventh" to take a hand in it. He has made quite a "stew" out of it—(a J sore, no. 2.)

We have been kept in our tents for a long time, until a week ago when the sun showed a smiling disc once more. This time is deeply indented in our memory. The air the every hour, blue, and scarce a word from home, except the lodging of the mails towards Baltimore, and all that constant dippings of desponding news from the North; the news of the Hatter as tempest and the destruction of Burnside's noble enterprise, as we once believed, dragged heavy on us. With wet feet, we welled up our disk over better times; some reading whatever there was in their hands; on, even to old letters and New Testaments, and others doing guard, police and chopping duties, carrying wood and gathering with the cooks, who, to see their credit be said, took all abuse and ignomination with as much grace, complacency, and with that matter-of-course air which would have been worthy the imitation of even a "eminence statesmen." Verily they should have their reward. Those days are over. We can quote from Acts xxvii., 29, to find a parallel: "And neither we nor any starr in many days appeared, and so small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved, (as a motion) was then taken away." The Italics are hardly necessary to give a conception of our situation.

One night, however the pure snow descended, the frost partially cemented the mud, and the next morning we held a dress parade: Orders were for us; dirty clothes must be cleaned and we must be soldiers once more: No mere passes were to be granted. This was succeeded by a skirmish drill, without arms, and snow balls used as missiles. This rare fun continued until dinner and in the afternoon exercised in the bayonet drill, according to the instructions of the late lamented Col. Ellsworth. Capt. Finnegan, of Company H, who has served in Mexico, being our principal instructor. He has been drilling squads of sergeants in this drill for some time and now the whole regiment are becoming familiar

with parries and thrusts: The following report of this very efficient war science was furnished me by a friend, who desires to remain incognito; and therefore assumes a convenient nom de plume:

"Two o'clock in the afternoon one Wednesday n.: a thousand years ago, as I was hastily consuming my usual bean and horse beef (vide our cook's report) I had been on guard the day before, and hoped no drill would take place, the drum calls of the Seventh Vts., beat a sudden lull into the repetitious thumpings, evidently a drill, sound comprising the Ambush Chorus. Old Dog Tray, Bonny Eloise and a Spanish gait, but which was intended to be a call for the regiment to fall in for drill in the use of the bayonet. Started and exasperated, I jumped up, upsetting the beans on a comrade's oil cloth and a bottle of ink over a now military valentine, blackening the engraving of a blood-red heart which was originally as thickly planted with Cupid's arrows as Munson's hill is with briers, and which the ink improved so as to convey the idea that said heart and bull's eye were united in the succeeding curatures. I then, with my new Austrian rifle, fell into rank and marched with the rest of the company to the parade ground. After forming in open cedars and taking intervals of five paces we took our position; which is thus: From a right infantry shoulder raise the piece with the right hand, at the lef
ter square to the front, carry the right foot about eighteen inches backward, the right heel on the prolongation of the left, knees bent, and take the position of a charge bayonet. The sergeant then commenced:

Resumed guard—I raised the piece quickly with the right hand, winking at my adversary, resized it ferociously with the left, at the height of the right breast, grasped the small of the stock with the right hand, coming to time with my adversary at double quick. First blood for me.

Passado Forward (two motions)—Threw the right foot eighteen inches in front of the left, the inside of it to the front. Carried right foot eighteen inches in front of the left, preserving the guard, but while resuming guard, I jumped up twenty feet, his nose of my adversary, drawing clear, but he white. Carrying to the left on the upper line, cut off several inches of my right ear.

Volf to the Right. March. (Two motions)—This I accomplished on the double quick, executing several extra motions. After turning to the right on the toe of the left, my adversary cut off my left ear. (This did not improve my personal appearance) but I punished him by making a double thrust on his potato-trap, knocking his teeth out with the butt stroke, spite in his face, thereby causing some ladies who came out to witness this exercise to laugh at his expense. (Found out since they were laughing at me) Resumed guard.

Coup de melee—Arms.—(Seven motions) Fitched the piece with both hands to the height of the chin; gave the piece a rotary motion in the right hand with my left, slinging it violently against my adversary's nose, resulting in a second issue of cheese and causing a slight indentation over his left eye; then I came to an about face, succeeded by a double quick. My adversary followed me in the same manner, catching me struggling to get through the cheveux de frise bordering the ditch around Fort Tillinghast, landed in the ditch. My adversary embraced lovingly with the left arm around the neck, made several effete efforts, thrusts over my eyes with his right, which he had doubled with his fingers closed into a fist. Exstricted myself, made a push on my adversary and he parried the bottom of the dart, while, with a double quick, climbed up the encautre of a 30-pounder, and double quacked it for the parade ground, picked up my Austrian rifle and ran into my tent, found my bottle of armire oil broken and the duel spilled. Suspect It was done out of fun, as we were both determined and had been spoiled. Went to the sutler, bought another, and a $2 valentine; gave the latter to my comrade, and resumed guard. Sergeant came and took me to the guard house, where I also found my adversary. Both have since been court martialed; I for the quality of innitation and "conduet prejudicial to good order and military discipline." Charges and specifications have been proved, and we have both been sentenced to six months hard labor, with ball and chain attached to our left leg, the ball weighing ten pounds, chain six feet long; wearing a knapsack on our backs, filled with sand, eight hours each. All our dues from Uncle Sam to be withdrawn, except the honest dues of the sutler and laundress. Uncle Sam has not made much by the latter punishment, as our laundress and sutler dyes white what is due us from him. Sworn to by

Simeon Breakneck Farr.

The above is a truthful record of our bayonet experience.

Jonathan Lonsd, Adversary.

Col. Vander has resigned, after receiving an appointment to represent the United States in the Island of Tahiti. On account of this line remaining, I omit the cause of his withdrawal from the command of the Seventh. He liked "his boys," and the boys liked him. The officers feelings were hurt by his strictures on their military-knowledge. They, as well as the men were raw then, and some of them have since resorted their opposition to the point of causing him ride on his well trained steed could doubt his courage and training. That voice, though not of the finest English, would urge a charge, and the steed and rider would be expected where bullets fell thickest. There was a magnanimity in
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counseled, I say Ready, aim—you wait; when you hear the fire, you pull the trigger; then you have it. Good bye, Vander. We respect you for your qualities of heart possessed by few. Had you adopted a less candid policy in your intercourse with men you would have been with us yet. It is but justice to say, however, that the military examining Board could find no flaw in your ability, and that you voluntarily resigned.

The successor of Vander is Col. W. W. Robinson. He was born Dec. 14, 1819, in Vermont. His father held a Lieutenant's commission in the regular army during the war of 1812 and 1814. Col. Robinson received his military education and graduated at the Military Academy of Norwich, Vt. He held a Captain's commission under Gen. Taylor in the Mexican war. Previous to this war he was an officer on a Western frontier, where he has a farm. He received a commission as Lieutenant Colonel of the Seventh August 15, 1861. He has held his commission commanding the Seventh since Col. Vander ceased to command last fall. He is a patient, pains taking, cool officer, thoroughly educated in his vocation, and should opportunity ever present itself will become noted. At least I believe so. Since Col. Vander's resignation he has been placed to the Coloneley of this Regiment. His Colonel's commission being dated January 31st, 1862.

Lieut. Col. Hamilton, of Milwaukee, to use his own words, was born July 25th, in what State or county he did not inform me, but I presume it was New York. To use his own words still further, his father, discerning early signs of military proclivities, procured him a tin top gun, with which he practiced with potatoes, and after becoming proficient in the art and science of that mode of warfare he, to use the language of the jealous Moor of Venice, Bade:

"Farewell to the planned traips, and the big wars That make ambition virtue! O farewell! Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill thrumming gun The spirit-scaring drum, the ear-creeping rattle The royal banner, and all glory Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war And God you mortal engines, whose rasps thundered The immortal Jove's dread carnage countered. Farewell Young Charley's occupation gone!"

He changed it first, for that of the

"Whining school-boy with his satchel, And climbing morning face, creeping like a snail Unwillingly to school—" and subsequently for Kent's Commentaries, Chitty on Contracts, Coke, Blackstone, Littleton, and other luminaries, that light the dusty records of the law. He received a commission as Major of the Seventh August 15, 1861, and has since shared the danger and fatigue of this Regiment. The fatigue are nearly past; the dangers are remote as yet. He is well liked by all, and time may prove him to merit more than the following, to wit: the gratitude of his country. He is again:

"A soldier Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the centaur, Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrels, Seeking the bubble reputation Even at the cannon's mouth."

His Lieut. Colonel's commission, just received, is dated January 31st, 1862.

Captain Hill, of Company A, is recommended to the vacant position of Major by the officers of the line. He is in daily expectation of receiving his commission from Governor Harvey.

Last week we served on picket. I saw a rebel scout caught by Beekton, of Company G, a very valuable scout of the line, the Seventh, aided by some scouts belonging to Gen. Wardsworth's brigades. His eyes were bandaged, and he was sent to Gen. Wardsworth's headquarters at Upton's Hill in one of the army wagons. The morning the Seventh was relieved, a great stir was made by our cavalry, and it was said they intended to repair the railroad running beyond our lines. Of course it would not do to repair without protecting it by occupation. Whether this shows an advance or a mere extension of the lines I know not. Flint Hill, to the north-west of Vienna, is occupied by rebel cavalry. We can see Vienna from the line now. On our return to camp we found Austrian rifles among them. They are said to be an admirable weapon. The work on them is rude and rough, but the lock and barrel is splendid, though rough too, extremely. Judging from the manner in which the Seventh discharged the ball and back shot of Old Harper Ferry into the roots of a fallen tree, scattering the dust, I think this improved weapon will prove formidable in the hands of those to bear on rebels and traitors. The Second Regiment land them highly, and they are good judges both of rifles and side whips.

The following comprises the number of deaths in this Regiment since its members have been mustered into the United States service, which the respective Ordi nances of the different companies have courteously furnished to be:


Company B.—Alpheus Capper, John F. Tilliker.

Company C.—Henry Immann. Average of sick, 1.


Company G.—Jas. E. Priest, Solomon Bown, Obadiah Jones.

Company H.—John Powers, Horstford Dodge County, Oct. 15th, passed by a succession pedlar.

Companies I and K have not yet furnished none to swell the above list. In addition to these deaths two ladies, who belonged to the regiment, though not but Company master rolls, might be added: Mary Williams, wife of the First Sergeant of Co. L Mrs Babcock, of Puckwaukie, Marquette county. She was married to Sergeant Babcock, at camp, at Montello. Making an aggregate of nineteen deaths.

It is impossible to arrive at any legitimate conclusion in regard to the cause of sickness in the regiment. Some have been discharged, and many more will be, if the new Division Board of Surgeons make a searching examination. Those who cannot recover should be sent away, banter others, so they are a vexation burden to both officers and men. It is the policy, as well as the practice, of Surgeons when the sick, every morning prevent themselves, to give more positives, such as will not interfere with extraordinary turn-outs, like reviews and inspections, trusting to nature for the rest. This, if each patient is allowed rest for nature to work out her own salvation, might do very well. But when a man of sick is suddenly called to Mansion's Hill or some other place to execute marching orders, it frequently occurs that he becomes really sick. To aly this the Surgeon grunts excuses; "Good for this day only." These too lazy and who hate drill, go down to the hospital to get excused. And the surgeons know it. They are, therefore, lavish in applying the medicine of a sallow tongue. "Scurvy are the uses of adversity," but I'm known to be rather hard than that oozing from their lips. There is another class, called "sick in tents," and from this class deaths occur frequently. These are never reported, because it is policy to make it appear to the public that deaths hardly ever occur. You can easily guess the motives which lead to such deception.

Then those sent to General Hospitals from regiments are never reported by the regimental officers, and in view of the fact that soldiers were made to march and fight, it would be too much to ask them to attend to this, and so far it is all right. But it is wrong for correspondents to write back to Madison and Milwaukee that no deaths occur in their regiments.
A worse class to company officers are those physically unable to perform duty, who are neither well nor sick. The hurting officer was wrong in admitting those to the service; some, however, are of that class who wear false colors, pinned on probably by nature. The heaviest, raggedest and healthiest at home, they are worse than useless in the army. But you never could impose any of them on the other Army officers, because if any one doubts these statements, I would cite as strong confirmation, the notorious fact that a regiment, of over a thousand men, failed to turn out for ordinary drill, over five hundred, and those who did turn out are the same ones over and over. It tries the largest grey to their tender mercies to get them out. I do not dwell on this fact from any personal place towards any surgeon. I attack them all, and dare them to successfully controvert these facts. All regiments are equally as bad. There may be a few exceptions, but they are "angels' visits, few and far between;" the officers and agents of the hospitals are well furnished, together with all surgeons and insolent subordinate attaches, and the power of taking care of the sick, and discharging those unfit for service. conferred on the Colonel, the moral, health and discipline of the army would be improved, to say nothing of saving money, which we be quite an item when the treasury is empty and "legal tender" overrides constitutional restrictions. For the in formation of those interested, I would say that the health of your correspondent is excellent and is not likely to suffer, or return to the army, in any manner. Their threats, and even the execution of a temporary injustice will not restrain him from telling the truth. A good surgeon is necessary on the battle field, but a quack dealer never.

There is some sickness in Co. I not reported. Alonzo White is quite well, and several others are unable to do duty. Rufus Wilson, who has been in the hospital is again gaining strength. John Thompson is convalescent. In other respects the company is all right. They are all a free and easy, thorough going, independent, noble body of citizens-soldiers. Their officers are liked by the men. Capt. Walther, the last time out on picket suffered some by exposure. He slept away from the fire on cedar boughs, like the rest; occasionally standing up to get warm, then retreating wherever he could find a piece of board. The Captain is strict on inscriptions, but is always accessible to his men, and is considerate and kind-hearted. Lieut. Bird is the idol of the company, loved and respected by all. He suffers some from sickness now, continual guard duty and exposure wearing heavily on him. — This he attributes to ether in your health more or less. Lieut. Leffer is getting on swimmingly. The weather preventing drill has thrown obstructions in the way of his intercourse with the men. Ordinarily Sergeant Williams suffers from indigestion, but he told me last night he was getting better. Alonzo S. Hoag has been detached, by his own request, for the gun-boat service, likewise many others, the duty of the companies, and from every regiment in the Army.

Yours truly,

From Cap't. Fannin's camp.


Mr. Cover—Dear Sir: This morning finds us all well and in unusual good spirits, owing to the receipt of the news of brilliant victories over the rebels at Fort Henry and Donelson and Roanoake Island. The boys are all wild with enthusiasm and hail our success as a harbinger of what is to follow. But let me add for the boys in whose behalf I take upon myself the task of writing you this note that we like soldiers—like the idea of sustaining our glorious Union; but we like to have our rights here as well as at home. But I am sorry to say that those rights which are so sacred to Wisconsin men have been abused in a manner that calls forth our indignation. You are aware when an officer resists the command on the company have the privilege of choosing another in his place. Well, sometime ago Lieut. C. M. Meyer, of our company, resigned, when we were called together for the purpose of electing the man of our choice—a corporal carrying the ballot by forty-six majority, thinking as a matter of course our proceed would be approved of; but it is an old saying that "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The proper time arriving for us to expect our man to receive his commission, thing of course our rights would be respected as men who have the right to vote, but that was not to be, and instead of the rightful one being promoted, our orderly stepped forth with straps on his shoulders, which honestly belonged to another and better man.

Now, if this is treating us as soldiers, or as men who are willing to sacrifice their lives, that is dearer than life itself, for their country's cause, then we will submit and bear patiently like men who know their duty; yet we wish to be heard, for we think there's something wrong, but are unable to see why there should be, as our man passed a good examination, the Major being heard to say that he know as much about military matters as he the (Major) did. One naturally concludes that we are not served right.

We ask you as a favor to insert this in your paper that our officers may know our sentiments regarding their action in this matter. Please not to think that we mean to be disrespectful to those that are our superiors. No, no; we simply wish to let our friends know how our rights are respected—to have a voice which all true Americans are entitled to. Moreover, allow me, for the boys, thank you, for your kindness in your paper, as it is a source of great pleasure to us, coming as it does from home.

Yours, &c.

W. P. W.

From the 7th Regiment.

Camp of the 7th Regiment, Va., W. H. Vol.

February 19, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—It occurred to me that some of the readers of the Express would like to know how the soldiers, in camp spent the National Holiday—Washington's Birthday.

The morning was rainy and disagreeable, but about 9 o'clock it stopped raining and brightened up a little, and in obedience to an order received the night before, we were ordered to "fall in," with cloths well brushed and brasses scoured, to go to headquarters to listen to the reading of Washington's Farewell Address. The building now occupied by Gen. McDowell and King as Division and Brigade Headquarters, was the residence of Washington's adopted son, George Washington Parke Curtis; and at the commencement of the war was owned by the wife of R. E. Lee, now a General in the army. It is situated on Arlington Heights, about three fourths of a mile from the river, and commands a splendid view of Washington, Georgetown and the bay. Our officers, with their usual skill—or rather want of skill—drew us up by division on the hill side, in front of the house, so that the two front divisions were the only ones that could see or even hear the speaker.

There was a fine brass band present, which discharged some sweet music. The address was then read; after which Gen. King made some remarks. He suppose they were appropriate; but couldn't hear em. We were then deployed into line of battle and fired a few rounds of blank cartridge, and returned to camp, heartily glad that Washington's Birthday comes but once a year.

E. T. M.

Letter from the 7th Regiment.

From the 7th Regiment.

Camp of the 7th Regiment, Va., W. H. Vol.

February 19, 1862.

Editors of Independent:—Although nothing of material interest has occurred since my last, yet amid the varying scenes of camp life in the enemy's country, time passes rapidly away. During the intervals of camp duties, letter-writing and reading the news of the day occupy our time.

Our recent successes in the South have filled all with the hope that the war will soon be ended with glory to our arms. During the excitement all news items are read with avidity, while incredible rumors are circulated...
and beloved, gaining size at each repetition as they pass through camp. Yesterday the rumor gained credence that Gen. Banks, after having crossed the Potomac near Harper's Ferry, had been twice repulsed by the rebels, with heavy loss. Although in possession of the town, nothing has been seen of the rebels in any force. Our regiment will in a day or two be on picket duty beyond Falls Church. Last Friday we were ordered to report at the Arlington House, for inspection, preparatory to receiving our last two month's pay, which we will receive in a few days.

The 22nd was celebrated by the regiments of this brigades by meeting at Gen. King's headquarters and listening to the reading of Washington's Farewell address, and also a few remarks from Gen. King, in reference to our recent victories in the South. After firing several salutes, we returned to our quarters just as it commenced to rain. The several forts about the camps kept firing occasionally from sunrise till sunset.

Monday, quite a heavy gale passed over camp, capsizing tents, blowing down flag staffs, &c. During the first of the gale, the tent used by the regiment as post office, was blown away, scattering papers, letters and stationery in every direction. Some of the companies had lost most of their tents turned over during the afternoon.

The health of the regiment is very good—only fourteen in the general and two in the hospital hospital at present.

All is anxiety here to know when we are to make an advance. We were called out for Brigade drill on the 27th ult., and received orders while out from General McClellan that this (King's) Brigade must hold themselves in readiness to march at a moments notice.

Yesterday we received our portable tents, which are large enough to shelter two men; one carries the tent and the other the posts and pins. It is quite novel in appearance and I suppose you will think that we would be novel-looking persons, with one change of clothes and our houses upon our backs. Well, interesting and useful, not only as a paper will find them more convenient than the open canopy of heaven, and many times when the rain falls in torrents the tents will be more preferable than none.

The death of General Lander creates a great sensation throughout this department of the army; but he died, as many have and must, in the defence of his country and the Star Spangled Banner, which I hope soon to see again floating in all its glory and splendor over all the States of the Union. General Lander died at Paw-Paw, Western Virginia, on the 2nd instant, from the effects of wounds received at Edward's Ferry.

Brigadier-General Shields succeeds Lander's late command.

The Seventh Regiment is now perfecting themselves in the Ellsworth Zouave drill; it is a bayonet drill and we are progressing, and are getting quite proficient in the use of arms; but I hardly think we will use them on the rebels.

But the Seventh would rejoice to hear the word "forward march," to Center ville, Manassas or Richmond. There must be fighting here or laying down of arms; one of the two things must be done and that within a short time, with out doubt, and I hope to enjoy an advance.

Yesterday I received a visit from the Fifth Regiment, in the person of J. E. S. Cooper. He reports the boys in good health and spirits; eager and anxious for an advance. The joke of the visit is on me; we went to fight with Blenner.

I missed roll call at Dress Parade and this morning was detailed on water-squad in the rain; but it is our practice and all right.

I had almost forgotten to mention that the M. M. Charles has been promoted to Corporal. F. L. Warner Second Lieuten in place of L. Kroner, resigned

S. DURKEE.

Signal—The Capital—Res. Mr. Meeker.

Signal Camp, Georgetown, D. C.,

March 6, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—As Badgers are very fond of knowing everything that is going on, perhaps a few lines from a member of the 5th will be interesting. The Regiment, as I am told, is at Arlington Heights, and will be under the command of Maj. Andrew Graham, 1st Artillery, and 20th Wisconsin, who has been detailed from the 4th to command during the absence of the 2nd Brigade, under Maj. Gen. Crittenden.

We expect to leave soon, and will be scattered around among the different divisions. There are representatives from all the loyal States, and we have jolly times. We are mounted and equipped similarly to cavalry. We are encamped on Bed Hill, in a magnificent situation. The landscape that stretches out before us is very beautiful. On the left is the great city of Washington, with its numerous towers and squares; above all the rest, rising far up into the blue, is the capitol. A description of it would be a magnificent structure. I have been through it several times, and it seems as if the genius and talent of the whole world have been brought into action to beautify it. Well may Americans be proud of it. I have also been to the Halls of Congress where sit our law makers. You
can imagine the emotions that would arise in the bosom of a boy from "away out West" upon finding himself an inmate of those old hails whose walls have echoed back the voices of the greatest statement the world ever knew. But I am digressing from my description: on the right is the quaint old city of Georgetown. This is an old fashioned, shabby, forsaken looking place, and serves as a good representation of the effects of slavery. In front is the broad Potomac, dotted over with little sailboats and steam tugs. Across the river, standing bold against the horizon, are those old hills known as Arlington Heights.

Yesterday I received a copy of the Herald on hand, containing a letter from Rev. Moirzen to a Canadian paper. Once I was a Sabbath School scholar in Hazel Green, and I used to love to attend and listen to the few remarks that Mr. M. would generally have to offer at the close of the school. Then I thought he was a good man. Now I have a notion that a soldier and have read several able productions from his pen, I have formed a different opinion of him. It is useless to waste time and space in taking up the rebellious portions of his latter one by one. Sufficient it is to say that the whole letter is couched in vituperative language entirely beneath our notice. It is plainly to be seen that his will is good enough to do all he can to make a disturbance between the two countries. For my part, when we get this rebellion crushed, and the leaders of it disposed of according to their deserts, I am ready to carry a musket long enough to help in killing such men—"poodles of Christ" though they be—as will stay at home where there are scarcely any inhabitants, save a few defenceless women and children, and find fault with our government. Yes, even stimulates the whole American people to the latent bravery of the Scottish Chiefs degenerated so far as this? It is well for the so-called divine that he is out of the reach of our regiment. I fear he would have a worse opinion of military law than he has of Judge Lynch. I would advise him to go on in the way he has begun, and get ready venting his spleen before any of the soldiers get home. He reminds me forcibly of a dog baying at the moon in his vain effort "to do something for his outraged country." Our nation, like the moon, goes straight forward, entirely unconscious of the vituperation which dooms demagogues may in their madness heap upon the American people in this hour of danger.

A. V. RICHARDS.

FROM THE SEVENTH WIS. REGIMENT

Camp King, Virginia, March 12, 1862.

FRIEND CHASE—King's Brigade consisting of 7th, 8th, 2nd Wisconsin, and 10th Indiana Regiments, left Camp Arlington, for an advance further into Virginia, the 10th instant, at 4 o'clock A.M. About eight it commenced to rain and continued until near noon.

We arrived at Fairfax about noon, found the place occupied by our troops, who had taken possession the 9th inst. the rebels fleeing for Centerville like scared sheep. We are ensconced about two miles from Fairfax, four from Centerville and near Germantown, a noted place, consisting of six deserted houses and the site of four which have been burned. It was the rendezvous for rebel troops and all kinds of pictures, figures, and various pieces of writing are found upon the walls. As a fair sample of the latter I quote the following: "I love the Yankee girls," "Yankees, what made you run, at Bull Run? come to Centerville, you d-d *, * and get another threshing; come on you d-d Yankees, you are doomed to die."

This exhibition of rebel feeling tells its own story, but with all their vaunted bravery, if they continue to flee as they have done, before next Saturday night, the army of the Potomac will occupy Richmond.

Before night, the day we camped here, a large hog made its appearance in Camp, on four feet, and it was not long before the savoury smell of fresh pork emanating from the frying pans of our camp-fires greeted our hungry comrades and made Mr. Hog quite welcome. Figs, calves, geese, chickens, ducks, honey, etc., made their appearance without long intervals.

I received a copy of the Record today, which was a welcome messenger. We are ordered to get three days' rations, and I expect now a forced march.

You will hear from me again as soon as circumstances will permit.

Yours in the Army, S. DURKEE.

From the Seventh Regiment.

Camp King, Virginia, 5 miles from Centreville, March 14, 1862.

We were awakened at midnight, the 9th inst., and ordered to prepare two days' rations, and be ready to march at 4 a.m. Quietly, but with rapidity, everything was prepared. All articles not absolutely necessary were left behind. All of our tents that we have had in use were left standing, and at the appointed time the whole effective force marched, leaving only the sick and the women behind. As day began to break, as far as we could see the troops were in motion.

Soon a drizzling rain set in, continuing until about 10 o'clock, rendering the clayey soil very slippery. But we kept on until striking the Alexandria turnpike, when the marching was much easier. We arrived at Fairfax Court House about noon, which had already been occupied by our troops. Passing through Fairfax Court House, we encamped in the woods about a mile and a half beyond. Soon word came into camp that the rebels had evacuated Centreville and Manassas, and the next morning the contrabands coming into camp confirmed it. They came in alone and in squads, men, women and children, with their traps and baggage on their shoulders, and some few Seods amputated in their pockets. The broad grin on their faces indicated that they were well pleased with their escape from the rebels. There are a number of them kept as servants, and others sent on to Washington. Several were kept at work last fall upon the fortifications at Manassas. We have now been here four days, but expect to be off as soon as we can find out where. "Secesh" have gone. The greatest mystery to us is, why did the rebels leave Manassas and Centreville without a fight? We have just received orders to march at 3 a.m. destination unknown. Will write again as soon as we come to a halt.

From the 7th Regiment.

[Bothwell, part 1—Found in the library of S. T. Stuart, near Centreville, who ran away before the advance of the Union troops, taking with him his two hundred negroes, many of them escaped back to our troops, however, and are now employed in lucrative situations in Washington. This renegade was a most active secessionist of the Boumaste Furioso, Henry A Wise school; his cruel persecutions of Union men will long be remembered by the inhabitants of Fairfax County.]

The long-hoped for, long-expected and long deferred advance has been made.
visit around, in the neighborhood. After walking about four miles we halted to rest at a respectable looking man's inn and asked for water. They offered us milk, which substitute we gladly accepted. After sitting down and chatting a few minutes on the state of the Union, an elderly lady who claimed to be an old Virginian and to be connected with the very best families, having a son in business in Centrevilla, and another—a merchant—in Baltimore, said she had an American flag in the garret, and if she thought it would not offend us, she'd hoist it. Upon being answered that it would please us, and furthermore that we insisted on its being brought down, she presented it to us. Geo. Robinson tied it on the corner of the veranda, and it floated gently in the morning breeze. After giving some specie to Madame, we resumed our march, and continued on till we came up to a splendid palace, but a few days before occupied by one of the fugitive secessionists of the old dominion—named S. T. Stuart—notorious for his persecutions of Union men in this vicinity. He had left two elderly and decrepit female chatlies in charge of his negro quarters and the rest of the premises.

We made a thorough inspection of the mansion, but left everything as we found it, save that we took some relics away. Sergeant Johnson played some fine airs on the piano, executing some very difficult passages in the music book before him in a bold and original style. The cellar of this worthy banner was well filled with all qualities of liquors, from old wines down to Saratoga mineral water. After being surfeited with splendor and magnificence, and gazing on the reflection of our dusty countenances in the huge mirrors, we left for the negro cabin, ordered some dinner of hoe-cake and eggs, which we relished highly, accustoming us to the skin in a short time but the boys kept up their spirits by chanting and singing semi religious songs:

“We are going home,” etc.

Being a favorite, another ran thus:

If your brother wants religion, why don't he come along?

He can pray and be converted in the army!

Rain! Oh rain! O rain my Saviour!

Rain! Oh rain! Good Lord send it down!

Send the sanctifying power in the army of the Lord.

Rain! Oh rain! etc., etc.

And it kept on raining. We camped in the rain, laid our blankets on the wet ground; pitched our tents in the rain, built fires and slept on the ground, while it still rained. Just before daylight the sky cleared, the moon shone, and we pulled off our shoes, dried our socks and eat breakfast, to wit: coffee cooked in a tin cup, and hard crackers, which the rain hadn't softened a bit. Then Sunday we packed up our wet blankets, wet overcoats and wet tents and marched round about, via the inevitable Munson's Hill, where we intercepted Gen. McCull's Division on the way to Alexandria——

After a tedious compromise, we passed each other's troops and went on to Ax——
A again. The Seventh's old tents have been destroyed in our absence; the quartermaster not expecting us to return "and taken care of things," and, as the futurities of our old quarters were filled with water, we bivouacked in the woods. Tuesday afternoon we started again, under orders to report at Fairfax Seminary, two miles west of Alexandria, but our Acting Brigadier, Col. Cutter, of the Sixth Wisconsin, halted us on low ground near Alexandria, right in the middle of a Godfatha of dead cavalry horses.

After getting fires burning, and tents pitched, we had to fall in and march where we were ordered to, but as it was dark and the road not well defined, we became a "Loose brigade." After becoming sufficiently lost in the labyrinth of hills and brush, Col. Robinson rode along crying, "Men of the Seventh—camp where you please, within a half mile of the road; there will be no roll call to-night." This morning we moved to our right place. We expect to embark any hour on some gigantic expedition, comprising the whole Army corps of Mc Dowell. Gen. King commands Mc Dowsell's Division; hence Col. Cutler's blunders.

Many of the boys, unfit for duty, have been discharged, Jos. J. Ingraham and several others in company I will be discharged. We have welcomed in a new recruit Mr. T. Hastings, brother of corporal John Hastings. I forgot to state in the proper place, that we passed through Hanceville, a brigade on Saturday and that the Seventh had a general shaking of hands with the Fifth. I saw Capt. Bugh, Lieut. Strong, Davers Brown, Packard and several others, some Berlin boys, all well. They are all going with us. We have now parted with the lades belonging to this regiment. It was with feelings somewhat akin to what we felt when leaving old Wisconsin, that we parted with them yesterday. Miss Mary Stevens shook hands with all the boys in company J, and bade us God speed.

Yours truly,

W. D. W.

Letter from the 7th Regiment.

CAMP ROUNDABOUT, March 20th, 1862.

EDITORS INDEPENDENT:—The orders for marching, which I intimatet in my last, have been carried out to their fullest extent. We have marched till we are about disgusted and tired of "defending our country." If marching toward the enemy and then going back, about a half dozen times, for no ostensible purpose, is called "defending one's country." But likely it's all military.

Now, I presume, something will take place soon, as we are under new "orders," and we will at last leave Virginia. We hope so. A little more than a week ago—the 10th—we, with all the rest of the Potomac army, started for Manassas, the great rebel stronghold! Leaving Arlington at 4 A.M., before daylight, King's brigade, or rather what was his brigade—now under command of Colonel Cutter—arrived at our picket lines at 9 A.M. We passed through Fairfax about noon, without opposition. The town was taken possession of by a New Jersey regiment, the night before, after a slight skirmish with Stewart's rebel cavalry. Our loss was one lieutenant killed, and three privates wounded—rebel loss two killed and eighteen prisoners. Here it was rumored that Centreville and Manassas had been evacuated, and the rebels were retreating to Gordonsville, twenty-five miles from Richmond. About 2 P.M. we struck tents near Germantown, and camped for the night.

Here the news of the retreat of the enemy was confirmed, and the army halted. Gen. McClellan and Mc Dowell, and body guard passed forward to Manassas. All pursuit of the enemy was impossible, on account of his burning the bridges and destroying the railroad. They too, had all of a day the start of us, and retreating towards their own position, no doubt determined upon long before in ease of a united attack in front and rear. Nothing was left behind that would be of advantage to the Union army. Molasses was running shoe deep over the ground where the hogsheads had been knocked in. Flour and other provisions were scattered here and there. Some of the forts in the vicinity of Centreville were poorly armed with artillery, large burned logs being placed in position. Still, there were enough cannon beside to have caused immense slaughter, had it not become by the plans of our Commander-in-Chief, a military necessity for the rebels to evacuate and retreat. Their force was sufficiently large to effectually oppose all our formidable army if only attacked in front. The barracks in the rebel camp were better than anything of the kind provided our regiment since we have been here.

Some of our boys visited the even more memorable battle-field of the 20th of July last. They brought back of cavalry swords, guns, pistols &c, but all were more or less injured, having been placed in a pile and set on fire before the rebels commenced their retreat.

We remained in camp at Germantown three days, occupying our time in drilling and camp duties. We then received orders to march to Alexandria. Saturday, during a heavy rain-storm, we took up our line of march, and arrived at Fairfax Seminary wet, muddy and tired. Here we struck tents, and lay on the ground in the woods, with our slight tents "that we carried on our backs," only between us and the pelting rain. Thus we sought to obtain a few hours rest. During the night we received orders countermanding those of the day previous "to march to Alexandria," and returned to our old camp at Arlington Heights.

Remaining here until Tuesday, we were ordered to our present camp, which is near Fairfax Seminary, four miles west of Alexandria. Here we await "further orders." The weather for the last two weeks has been quite bad. A few have colds caused by our late marches and exposure; otherwise the health of our regiment is good. Gen. King, our late brigade commander, has been appointed to the command of a division, and Col. Cutler, of the 6th Wisconsin, has charge of the brigade.

The boys are in excellent spirits, and hope soon to see more active service. Present appearances denote an early conclusion of the war, and we hope this may be the case.

T. H. R. S.

FROM THE SEVENTH WIS. REGIMENT.

CAMP IN THE FIELD, NEAR FAIRFAX, March 30, 1862.

FRIEND CHASE:—I again seat myself on this Sabbath morning, pen in hand, to lay before the readers of the Record,
a sketch of the doings of the Seventh Wisconsin Regiment since March 14th. On the 15th instant we started for Alexandria, from near Fairfax Court House, per orders received the night before. At 10 A.M., and soon after we took up our line of march, the rain commenced falling in torrents all day, and in many places the water was knee deep in the road. We marched about 12 miles and camped. We then marched 3 miles and camped.

A. M., and soon after we took up our line of march, the rain commenced falling in torrents all day, and in many places the water was knee deep in the road. We marched about 12 miles and camped.

The next day, instead of steaming down the Potomac on an expedition against secession, we received orders to return to Camp Arlington, and the Regiment passed towards their winter encampment; though a beautiful day, their countenances were sad, in consequence of their orders being countermanded.

The old camp ground looked desolate enough, the large tents having been taken down, we were obliged to camp in our small ones which many times are only convenient and at other inconvenient, so it makes about an even thing.

The 18th we again started for Alexandria and about dark camped about three miles from the city. Soon after receiving orders to march, all was anxiety, supposing we were to embark; but after marching till near midnight we found that we were to resume our position in the Division, which is now commanded by General King, Colonel Cutler, of the Sixth Regiment commanding the brigade.

We are still encamped in our position and how long we may stay here, it is impossible to say. This much we have learned, that “it is not all gold that glitters,” and if we receive orders, it is no sign they are to be executed.

Generals Franklin and King’s Divisions passed review the 26th and 27th instant. The day was the most beautiful of the season, the parade ground unexcelled, and the review, the most magnificent of the kind ever witnessed, with an equal number of troops. Lord Lyons and the Prince De Joinville, accompanied by a number of ladies and members of the Diplomatic Corps were in attendance with several British Colonels of note and officers of the Coldstream Grenadier Guards of Canada.

General McClellan with his entire staff was on the field and everywhere received with the utmost enthusiasm. The British officers expressed great surprise at the superior stature, drill and general appearance of the men, and declared the troops to be unexcelled in all the elements of military manoeuvring. Lord Lyons expressed the greatest admiration of the fine physique of the men and regarded them as the finest troops he ever saw. General King’s old Brigade, composed principally of Western men, was the subject of many remarks, and was not only highly complimented by General McDowell, but attracted the attention of all the distinguished observers.

Yesterday it stormed, and to-day it rains, which with the chilly air presents rather a gloomy appearance in camp.

Yesterday was pay-day, and as usual, was stormy; one in four being fair days.

The Record is regularly received. Yours as ever, STEPHEN DURKEE. From the Seventh Regiment. [Correspondence of the Journal & Courier.]

CAMP ARINGTON, VA., March 1.

“All quiet along the Potomac to-night!” No news in that, however, as the above sentence has been put over the wires every night for the past three months. Let not your patience wear. Soon your most extravagant wishes will be realized in regard to the Grand Army of the Potomac. On Wednesday afternoon our brigade—[here our correspondent had given some information in regard to army movements, which in a subsequent letter he has requested us to omit, it being forbidden.—Ed. Journal and Courier.]

We have been supplied with the small French pattern tents, which are to be carried on the backs of the men. Each tent is intended to accommodate two persons, and is so arranged that it can be taken apart, each man carrying one-half. The canvas is linen, and the whole, including poles, stakes and canvas, weighs but a trifle over eight pounds. They appear to be just the thing for an active campaign. Troops on the march, upon coming to a halt for the night, can pitch their tents in five minutes, instead of having to wait for the slow baggage trains to come up.

The “big blow” of the season came off last Monday. In Washington one church steeple was demolished, and numerous chimneys blown down, to say nothing about the signs, awnings and shutters traveling about in the gale to the great danger of passers-by. In camp trees were blown up by the roots, and tents scattered in every direction, and it was only by the greatest exertions that the hospital tent was kept upon “terra firma.” The poles of Frank Wheeler’s tent snapped in half a dozen pieces, and away went the Butler’s department of the Seventh Wisconsin.

Frank soon had another tent on the ground, and now reports himself ready for another blow. By the way, allow me to say that our Butler is generous, wheel-aseled and accommodating, and possessed of these qualities which, in the minds of Senator Wilson and many newspaper editors, are not for a moment supposed to exist among that class of persons called settlers. Unlike many settlers who desert their regiments as soon as they advance, Frank is bound to the thing through, and is making his preparations to go along with us through thick and thin.

Perhaps some of your readers would be gratified to know how Co. K are getting along. O, finely, of course. We have got along through the long, dull winter evenings very well, indeed—thanks to the friends of the Allen’s Grove members who were so kind as to send a box of books to help them pass dull time away. The Beloit boys of Co. K have also derived a great deal of pleasure in “anticipating” the arrival of something of the same sort from Beloit.

We left Camp Randall last September with eighty-eight men, seven of whom have been discharged on account of sickness. Last Sunday morning occurred the first death in our company—David Lord, of Adorn, a noble man and a good soldier. He laid down his life in the service of his country. Always prompt and faithful in the discharge of his duty, he won the admiration and respect of both officers and men. The company, by a unanimous vote, resolved to send his remains to his friends for interment, and they were accordingly forwarded by express on the following day. He leaves a wife and seven children, and I hope that the promise made to him by some friends at the time of his enlistment, that in case he did not return alive, his family should be cared for, will be faithfully kept.

Disease and death are gradually lessening our little band; but I still hope to be “counted in” at the raising of the glorious stars and stripes over Richmond.

On Friday we were mustered for inspection, and had the pleasure of being informed by the mustering officer that Co. K was by far the best company he had inspected.

But I fear I have already made this letter too long to be interesting, and I will “dry up” by subscribing myself for three years or during the war.

SOLDIER BOY.
WOOL to the Secretary of War, that the General thinks the army of the Potomac our Saviour, and all along the road we place killed to prevent their falling into our hands, and all along the road we place killed to prevent their falling into our hands.

Thus far, nothing has occurred of any importance, on our march here, except the unusual sight, to us, of rebel fortifications at Centerville, Manassas, and vicinity, and the destruction of railroad bridges, tearing up of railroad tracks, burning of wagons, stores, and destruction of dwellings, by the "Rebs."

We are, at present, encamped on the line of the Orange & Alexandria R. R., about six miles northeast of Warrenton Junction, in Prince William's County, and expect to resume our march towards Richmond as soon as it has been evacuated by the Rebels; or if that event is long delayed, to march back to Arlington, one of which events we are all most sure will occur one of these days.

For the past three days we have been favored by a specimen of the spring weather; for they have in this portion of the "Sunny South," in the way of a continued storm of snow, sleet, rain, mud, and freezing. I have had some little experience in camping out on the Western plains and mountains,—have slept amid snow, rain, and storms, on the Rocky Mountains,—but can safely swear, that there was never, at any place or time on this continent, as mean, disagreeable, and uncomfortable a storm as the one experienced by us on the 6th and 9th of this month, in this God forsaken portion of His footstool.

This morning is bright and clear, yet it is frozen quite hard. And now whilst I write, the boys are falling in for "roll call," for we have one every two hours, between "reville" and "tattoo," by order of Col. Cutler, commanding our brigade. This is done to keep men from wandering from camp, to the great damage of the camp, the great damage of the camp, to the great damage of the citizens, and destruction of chickens, sheep, hogs, and all things edible, within a circuit of ten miles of our camp; yet near our camp tied together with cords and drowned in Broad Run. Nothing is too revolting for the rebels to do and I hope speedy retribution will be meted out to them.

S. D.

From the 7th Regiment.

CAMP NEAR BRISTOL, VA.,
April 11th, 1862.

FRIEND PEASE:—I think that having a spare moment, I would, through the medium of your paper, give information of the whereabouts and doings of our company. Thus far, nothing has occurred of any interest, on our march here, except the unusual sight, to us, of rebel fortifications at Centerville, Manassas, and vicinity, and the destruction of railroad bridges, tearing up of railroad tracks, burning of wagons, stores, and destruction of dwellings, by the "Rebs."

We are, at present, encamped on the line of the Orange & Alexandria R. R., about six miles northeast of Warrenton Junction, in Prince William's County, and expect to resume our march towards Richmond as soon as it has been evacuated by the Rebels; or if that event is long delayed, to march back to Arlington, one of which events we are all most sure will occur one of these days.

For the past three days we have been favored by a specimen of the spring weather; for they have in this portion of the "Sunny South," in the way of a continued storm of snow, sleet, rain, mud, and freezing. I have had some little experience in camping out on the Western plains and mountains,—have slept amid snow, rain, and storms, on the Rocky Mountains,—but can safely swear, that there was never, at any place or time on this continent, as mean, disagreeable, and uncomfortable a storm as the one experienced by us on the 6th and 9th of this month, in this God forsaken portion of His footstool.

This morning is bright and clear, yet it is frozen quite hard. And now whilst I write, the boys are falling in for "roll call," for we have one every two hours, between "reville" and "tattoo," by order of Col. Cutler, commanding our brigade. This is done to keep men from wandering from camp, to the great damage of the camp, the great damage of the camp, to the great damage of the citizens, and destruction of chickens, sheep, hogs, and all things edible, within a circuit of ten miles of our camp; yet near our camp tied together with cords and drowned in Broad Run. Nothing is too revolting for the rebels to do and I hope speedy retribution will be meted out to them.

S. D.

From the 7th Regiment.

CAMP NEAR BRISTOL, VA.,
April 11th, 1862.

FRIEND PEASE:—I think that having a spare moment, I would, through the medium of your paper, give information of the whereabouts and doings of our company. Thus far, nothing has occurred of any interest, on our march here, except the unusual sight, to us, of rebel fortifications at Centerville, Manassas, and vicinity, and the destruction of railroad bridges, tearing up of railroad tracks, burning of wagons, stores, and destruction of dwellings, by the "Rebs."

We are, at present, encamped on the line of the Orange & Alexandria R. R., about six miles northeast of Warrenton Junction, in Prince William's County, and expect to resume our march towards Richmond as soon as it has been evacuated by the Rebels; or if that event is long delayed, to march back to Arlington, one of which events we are all most sure will occur one of these days.

For the past three days we have been favored by a specimen of the spring weather; for they have in this portion of the "Sunny South," in the way of a continued storm of snow, sleet, rain, mud, and freezing. I have had some little experience in camping out on the Western plains and mountains,—have slept amid snow, rain, and storms, on the Rocky Mountains,—but can safely swear, that there was never, at any place or time on this continent, as mean, disagreeable, and uncomfortable a storm as the one experienced by us on the 6th and 9th of this month, in this God forsaken portion of His footstool.

This morning is bright and clear, yet it is frozen quite hard. And now whilst I write, the boys are falling in for "roll call," for we have one every two hours, between "reville" and "tattoo," by order of Col. Cutler, commanding our brigade. This is done to keep men from wandering from camp, to the great damage of the camp, the great damage of the camp, to the great damage of the citizens, and destruction of chickens, sheep, hogs, and all things edible, within a circuit of ten miles of our camp; yet near our camp tied together with cords and drowned in Broad Run. Nothing is too revolting for the rebels to do and I hope speedy retribution will be meted out to them.

S. D.

From the 7th Regiment.

CAMP NEAR BRISTOL, VA.,
April 11th, 1862.

FRIEND PEASE:—I think that having a spare moment, I would, through the medium of your paper, give information of the whereabouts and doings of our company. Thus far, nothing has occurred of any interest, on our march here, except the unusual sight, to us, of rebel fortifications at Centerville, Manassas, and vicinity, and the destruction of railroad bridges, tearing up of railroad tracks, burning of wagons, stores, and destruction of dwellings, by the "Rebs."

We are, at present, encamped on the line of the Orange & Alexandria R. R., about six miles northeast of Warrenton Junction, in Prince William's County, and expect to resume our march towards Richmond as soon as it has been evacuated by the Rebels; or if that event is long delayed, to march back to Arlington, one of which events we are all most sure will occur one of these days.

For the past three days we have been favored by a specimen of the spring weather; for they have in this portion of the "Sunny South," in the way of a continued storm of snow, sleet, rain, mud, and freezing. I have had some little experience in camping out on the Western plains and mountains,—have slept amid snow, rain, and storms, on the Rocky Mountains,—but can safely swear, that there was never, at any place or time on this continent, as mean, disagreeable, and uncomfortable a storm as the one experienced by us on the 6th and 9th of this month, in this God forsaken portion of His footstool.

This morning is bright and clear, yet it is frozen quite hard. And now whilst I write, the boys are falling in for "roll call," for we have one every two hours, between "reville" and "tattoo," by order of Col. Cutler, commanding our brigade. This is done to keep men from wandering from camp, to the great damage of the camp, the great damage of the camp, to the great damage of the citizens, and destruction of chickens, sheep, hogs, and all things edible, within a circuit of ten miles of our camp; yet near our camp tied together with cords and drowned in Broad Run. Nothing is too revolting for the rebels to do and I hope speedy retribution will be meted out to them.

S. D.

From the 7th Regiment.

CAMP NEAR BRISTOL, VA.,
April 11th, 1862.

FRIEND PEASE:—I think that having a spare moment, I would, through the medium of your paper, give information of the whereabouts and doings of our company. Thus far, nothing has occurred of any interest, on our march here, except the unusual sight, to us, of rebel fortifications at Centerville, Manassas, and vicinity, and the destruction of railroad bridges, tearing up of railroad tracks, burning of wagons, stores, and destruction of dwellings, by the "Rebs."

We are, at present, encamped on the line of the Orange & Alexandria R. R., about six miles northeast of Warrenton Junction, in Prince William's County, and expect to resume our march towards Richmond as soon as it has been evacuated by the Rebels; or if that event is long delayed, to march back to Arlington, one of which events we are all most sure will occur one of these days.

For the past three days we have been favored by a specimen of the spring weather; for they have in this portion of the "Sunny South," in the way of a continued storm of snow, sleet, rain, mud, and freezing. I have had some little experience in camping out on the Western plains and mountains,—have slept amid snow, rain, and storms, on the Rocky Mountains,—but can safely swear, that there was never, at any place or time on this continent, as mean, disagreeable, and uncomfortable a storm as the one experienced by us on the 6th and 9th of this month, in this God forsaken portion of His footstool.

This morning is bright and clear, yet it is frozen quite hard. And now whilst I write, the boys are falling in for "roll call," for we have one every two hours, between "reville" and "tattoo," by order of Col. Cutler, commanding our brigade. This is done to keep men from wandering from camp, to the great damage of the camp, the great damage of the camp, to the great damage of the citizens, and destruction of chickens, sheep, hogs, and all things edible, within a circuit of ten miles of our camp; yet near our camp tied together with cords and drowned in Broad Run. Nothing is too revolting for the rebels to do and I hope speedy retribution will be meted out to them.

S. D.
of those days, to give you a description of a fight in which the "Sharp-Shooters" have had a hand, I quit until then.

Yours,

C.

From the 7th Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS SEVENTH REGIMENT, Wis. Vol. Camp near Bristol Station, (Prince William Co., Va., April 12, '62.)

After many days of expectation to march down the river, the King's division broke up encampment near Fairfax Seminary, and about three o'clock Friday afternoon, the 4th inst., was on its way headed towards our late foraging fields, around Fairfax Court House, and as the sequel proved as many miles farther as our commander chose to take us. We crossed our present camp Monday, the 7th inst., and expect any moment to be hurried either back to Alexandria to reinforce McClellan at Yorktown, or to take up the lines of the railroad to Gordensville. I suppose we are, so to speak, the grand ballast of the Onward to Richmond movement. Blenker's division has been transferred to the Mountain Department. Day before yesterday an Adjutant Camp from the latter division brought news to this camp that: Major Steinhaus, a Sergeant Major, and a Captain were captured by the rebels in Warrenton, by rebel soldiers disguised as citizens.

There were no incidents of our march worthy of note, and I won't inflict on your readers the usual threadbare description of our journey. Centreville is a strong position, commanding the horizon. A gentle rising ridge, covered with clover fields, and dead horses and covered with forts connected together by entrenchments. The ditches in front of the forts are shallow and unfinished. The design of these works seems too grand and scientific, but they were never completed. It is silly to believe that the rebels built all of them with the intention of only using wooden guns. The wooden guns were an after-thought, after they abandoned the idea of holding Manassas. The situation has great natural beauty. A gently undulating plain stretches out to the west, swelling up against the horizon in a grand and continuous chain of mountains—called the London Heights. From the sides of these side-ridges issue such tributaries of the Occoquan as Bull Run, Broad Run and the Cedar Run, and other streams of lesser note, but which during a rain storm swell into a magnitude truly formidable. Looking out from Centreville, right in front is the battle field of the 21st of July. The whole space intervening is one grand scene of desolation—ruined farm-houses, clover fields, rebel barricades, dead horses, and red soil, heaped into little mounds, with pine head-boards, indicating the burial places of deceased foes.

Saturday night we camped within the boundaries of the battle-field; surrounded with dead horses and the debris of secession barricades. The barricades furnished fuel for our cooking operations—Between Centreville and Bull Run the rebels had built a necessary road, through a thin grove of oaks, where the soil was hilly. Much traveling had dislocated the transverse legs, and the mud was so sticky that with every step a man stood in danger of losing his shoes. Sunday we crossed Bull Run and passed through Manassas; thence through pleasant fields, crossing Broad Run, we camped in a corn field, on its banks. Manassas presented the same appearance of desolation. Ruined houses, forts, piles of iron, containing the iron remains of army wagons, more barricades and more graves. The second day after we camped we were treated to a regular April mountain storm of rain, snow, and sleet, of three days duration. Added to this was the cold, and when you are thoroughly wet and have to sleep in the wet, as our tents are too thin to keep the rain out, for three days and nights, cook, fetch wood, more and more have your being in mud and wet, with the additional aggravation of smoke blinding your eyes; wet wood producing more smoke than warmth, you may have an idea of what a pleasant picnic scene the Army of the Potomac, Rappahannock, or what-you-may-call-it has. To escape these blessings, accompanied by a corporal and two privates, I went in search of something to eat, among our secessh neighbors. To do this we had to walk several miles, as the houses around the different camps were too much crowded. So we thought we would cross Broad Run, thinking that beyond it, it would be easier to get something to eat. All that we had from Friday afternoon to Tuesday morning was one loaf of dough and five bi-cuits [pills, bread, with a ration of meat-each]. This was owing to the sammens of our marching orders, and our Quartermaster's expectations of going down the river; instead of marching inland. But when our dining quartette came up to Broad Run, that stream had assumed proportions too ponderous to make it safe to ford it. The whole bottom was a vast volume of water and a troop of cavalry was crossing, the water running as high as the knees of the riders on what was the previous day "dry land." How the poor horses "shivered." Poor beasts, victims of man's necessities and cruelties. Soon their horses will bleach beneath the summer sun, unthought of and unanswered for, save by an occasional buzzard. Nothing daunted by this aspect of affairs, one of our party, an ex-rafsman of the "Old Wisconsin" said he could cross the stream and the next day we struck the stream a mile further up, and our raftsmen commenced chopping a drainage which struck a "low-head" in the middle of the stream, adding two more trees to this; we crossed one by one over to the "low-head." Then chopping down several more "low-heads," the top of which rested in a low growth of willow and old roots. Crossing over to this we floundered over in the water, and finally succeeded in crossing, to what we supposed, to be the main stream, but which subsequently proved to be an island on a large scale, flanked by a tremendous stream, rushing and roaring over eataracts and huge boulders, breaking into mad and dashing foam. It then rained with such vigor that our temporary bridge over the other stream would be swept away by the rising flood, and we be left on the island without food or fire, we went a hearty retreat, and just escaped in time. On our way to camp we passed two groups of secessh graves—the one belonging to a Mississippi regiment and the other to the Tenth Alabama Volunteers. In the latter group we counted eighty-two graves. They had, as beard-bands, indicated, died during the months of August and September, 1861. The names, in some instances had been cut into stones, with the name of the company and the time of the death of the deceased. And these were Americans. It was truly a sad scene.

Since writing the preceding, we've just heard of the great battle at Pittsburg Landing. But few papers—Philadelphia Inquirer—got into camp, and the Second regiment bought them all up.
The news spread like wild-fire, and going over to that regiment, corporal Elson Terrible, succeeded in buying one after the Second soldier had got through with it. The Second boys cried out lustily, "Hurrah, boys; Bull Run-Johnson is killed!" One person read the news to a breathless audience of the Seventh, but there was not much cheering. Most every person in this brigade testifies that he had relatives, friends, or acquaintances in the battle, and all of us awaited with keen anxiety more news.

The inhabitants about our camp are very civil; they are neither Union men nor bitter reactionaries. Their negroes are about as intelligent as they are, and very much the same complexion. This is a fertile country—only a little too stony. Most of our boys prefer the distant prairies and forests of the West, to the land hereabouts. We are to see more of it soon, and will be able to tell more about it.

Oscar Teplin, of Wauseas, died previous to our departure, in the Hospital, near Alexandria, on the 2d ult. No one was allowed to see him in his dying hour, as the doctors feared it might make him worse. He was beloved by all his comrades, and they regret to lose so worthy, valiant and so patriotic a soldier. He has two brothers in the Fifth, now at Yorktown, named Charles and Carey Teplin. A. A. Mead has been sent to Alexandria, to serve in the Hospital there, for his skill as a nurse making him invaluable in that respect. Dorsey Weston, who has been running the Quartermaster's Department all winter, in East and West, brings his good cheer about every day, and says when any fight occurs he'll have a hand in it.

Private Henry Thorngate has been promoted to Color Corporal, vice David Pantsman, who had to leave for home on account of sickness. This is a position of honor and a post of danger, well deserved by the new incumbent. Private Edison Terrible is also promoted corporal. This is also an excellent appointment. Mr. Terrible had a Lieutenant's commission from the Governor last fall, but not being chosen by the company, he enlisted in the ranks, as did also our present Second Lieutenant.

The Second and Nineteenth Indiana regiments have just been detailed to guard the railroads hereabouts. The weather is fine again.

Yours truly,

W. D. W.

FROM THE 7TH WISCONSIN REGIMENT.

CATALETA'S STATION, VIRGINIA,
April 15, 1862.

DEAR RECORD:—Our present camp is thirty-six miles from Alexandria and two from Warrington Junction. Warrington village is on a branch of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, running only to Warrington, six miles from Warrington Junction at Catleta's. The Railroad bridge, across creek, which was burned by the rebels in their retreat, has been rebuilt.

On the 13th at eleven o'clock at night, Company G and H were ordered to strike tents, pack knapsacks and be ready for march. Under the command of Captain Fiscom, of Company H, we marched about three miles and were thrown out as picket guard, where we remained until the next day (yesterday) when we were relieved by the Sixth Wisconsin Regiment, and we returned to camp.

One of the most interesting objects in the vicinity of Manassas is Head Quarters' Head Quarters, while in command at Manassas. It is situated a little more than one mile from the station towards Centerville. He occupied a large brick building, formerly the residence of a rebel named Weir, who owns 2,400 acres of land, including the whole of the famous battle ground. Weir left with the rebel army, taking one hundred of his negroes with him, and is now on the Rappahannock on another of his big farms.

Six of his contrabands were left to occupy the building and the premises around. One arrived recently from his master, and is delighted with the change of his situation. The building is in good condition and a portion of the furniture still remains.

APRIL 16.—Work on the Railroad was discontinued last night, and it now seems that the advance of our brigade in the direction indicated is put to an end.

To-day is the warmest of the season; the grass looks green but the forest shows but little signs of vegetation.

We received our mail to-day, the first for one week. It brought me the Record of April 3d, almost as welcome as a letter, and next to that to be prized.

Since I returned from picket duty I have been on the sick list, but hope to be able to move with the regiment.

STEPHEN DURKEE,
P. S. April 17.—News by this morning's Republican has just reached us of the death of Colonel James S. Alban on the first day of the battle at Pittsburg Landing. It creates a great deal of excitement and much feeling is manifested in the Company, as all are acquainted with him.

Correspondence of the Jamesville Gazette.

FROM THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

CATALETA'S STATION, VA., April 18, 1862.

EDITORS GAZETTE:—There has been so little news to communicate of late that I have not informed you of our movements. We arrived here last Sunday last on our way to Richmond, having left our encampment at Alexandria on the 11th inst., to go via Manassas instead of going down the Potomac as we anticipated.

Our brigade remains unchanged except it is under the command of Colonel Butler, of the 6th Wisconsin, General King being in command of the division, consisting of three brigades. We have been gradually advancing along the railroad as fast as the bridges were rebuilt and the road put in order, but the progress is so slow and the damage to the road so great that no effort will be made to repair it beyond the Rappahannock at present.

General McDowell has here a force sufficient to overcome any resistance that may be offered; his command extends to Gen. Banks', which is within four miles of us at present. Yesterday, Anger's brigade of this division, advanced to the Rappahannock, supported by artillery and cavalry, for the purpose of getting possession of Fredericksburg, 20 miles distant. Before reaching their place of destination they encountered the enemy in force, drove them back, captured one of their encampments, with a loss on our side of five killed and sixteen wounded, among the latter was Mr. Britton, of the 7th regiment, a most valuable scout.

The rebels in their flight burned the bridge over the river at Fredericksburg, but the latest intelligence is that our troops are in possession of the town. As every part of the railroad has to be guarded, the plan to obtain supplies will probably be via Ayles Creek and railroad to Fredericksburg, which will shorten the distance two-thirds.

Our Wisconsin troops are in excellent health and fine spirits. The prospect of active service having reduced the sick list so as to leave the surgeons without business. We have lain dormant so long that the most exhilarating tone which can be prescribed for those on the sick list is "marching orders." When the long roll beats they explain in the language of Shakespeare,
"throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it," and away they go to join their comrades, preferring the random shots of the rebels to the unerring aim of the doctors.

Our progress has been so slow that ample time has been furnished for a minute examination of the rebel position, its strength, while at Manassas, his defenses and resources. Whoever will make a careful inspection of the territory occupied by the army of the Potomac, its winter quarters and camping grounds, and compare them with that portion of territory occupied by the rebels, must conclude that they had a force nearly equal to ours, with far better accommodations in quarters, and an abundance of food and clothing. There is at the present time between Manassas and the Rappahannock more wheat in the stack unthreshed, than the inhabitants will need for the next year, but as our cavalry are in need of forage and our boys are partial to straw beds. They will thresh the wheat for them, and them also, if they object.

Although they were well supplied, their sickness and mortality was severe and in some cases alarming. The 10th Alabama regiment lost 105 men in three months, 78 of whom are buried near their camping grounds. A large percentage of their sick were sent to Richmond, but their hospital accommodations at Manassas were extensive, they consisted of five rows of ten buildings, each 24 by 128 feet, besides several detached buildings, which were all destroyed by the rebels in their retreat. The burial ground adjoining contains 228 new made graves, and as almost every camp had a burial place the aggregate number buried here and at Centerville amounts to over 2,700, aside from those buried on the field of battle.

Their natural defenses atCenterville were excellent, but their fortifications were more for show than hard service, not a fort at that place is sufficient to resist a 52-pound shot, and their breast works and trenches could be passed over with ease by cavalry at almost any point. Their fortifications were well supplied with field pieces, but there is no indications of any heavier artillery ever having been mounted, except several logs or Quaker guns, which remained in position. These logs were placed so as to resemble heavy columbiads when seen from a distance, and had been placed in position when the field pieces were removed, and there is not a fort in the whole chain in which a heavy gun could be mounted and worked without material alteration in its construction. That they never had any heavy gun here is also evident from the fact that only one fort had a magazine, this was a very inferior construction and had never been used.

The indignities heaped upon our dead has not been over estimated, you might find in many places evidences of their deaths which are perfectly outrageous and disgusting. A disposition to seek their utmost revenge on lifeless remains, seems to have been quite universal.

The country from the Potomac to the Rappahannock is almost desolated, the farms stripped of their timber and fences, the stock all appropriated as a military necessity, and the few remaining inhabitants look as weary and care-worn as Old Virginia herself. Negroes are abundant and in high glee, ask one where he belongs, "Free nigger, sah," is his reply. Crowds of them come into the various camps daily, and the information they bring, respecting the rebel movements, strength, &c., is generally reliable.

We are taking the world very patiently, waiting for operations at Yorktown, and before we move again we shall endeavor to select comfortable quarters in Richmond.
lod started for Fredericksburg. Friday
morning we heard firing, which since
turns out to have been caused by a skirmish between our forces and the
rebels near Falmouth, in which Col. Bay-
ard and his command of Penn. cavalry
distinguished themselves.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday,
21st, 22d and 23d was consumed in this
march—I will not attempt to describe it.
I'll merely furnish the text, and if your
readers want to fill it out they have more
patience than I have. Monday—marched
through tolerable country; splendid
soil, as an inspection of our boots would
testify: on either side, everflowed mead-
ows, wet fields, farm-houses, and here
and there groups of cherry and peach:

Run, a furious torrent, recently exasp-
ered it and walking over the same. Took
us two hours to do so; then through
and the water subdived; slept bully in
the mountain sides; had to halt and camp

mud two feet deep till we came to Elk
trees dressed in pink and white blossoms;

ows, wet fields, farm-houses, and here:
testify: on either side, overflowed mead-

oys, oil. as an inspection of our boots would

the bank, of

sun poured its hot rays on us and the

llow. our knapsacks weighed half a ton,
—still we marched on through a miner-
able country—a compound of sand, stone,
gravel, scrubby pine, &c., called Fau-
quier county. Wherever there was any

fertility or a good farm, a cloud of dark-
ies would issue forth. Also white women
and old men. The young men are either
willingly or by compulsion in the rebel
ranks. The darkies were all sexes,
ages and complexion. The teams fre-
quently got stuck and many halts were
occasionally. The Seventieth being in charge
of the brigade train, had to halt also.

These halting opportunities were improv-
ed in many instances by the boys in vis-
iting their neighbors, for the purpose of
obtaining chickens, geese, hoe cake, small
hogs on foot, &c.: some paid and some
did not pay for these luxuries. As we
neared our camping ground and the val-
ley of the Rappahannock, the land and
the road improved.

Wednesday—Very hot day; marched
by splendid fields of grass and clover

ankle deep; ditto wheat; in the after-
noon came on to the skirmish ground of
the 15th. Saw a dead horse with his
head shot off; traces of blood, and a lit-
tle mound of new earth where some were
buried. After getting out of the woods
the prospect widened. Surrounded by
wide sweeping grass, green with the

spring we could discern evidences of a
town; as we neared it, buildings became
distinct: also church steeples; then we
lost the view as we descended to Fal-
mouth, which is a more suburb of Freder-
icksburg, nestling beneath the banks of

the Rappahannock. The heights above
it command the heights on the south side,
thus placing Fredericksburg at the mercy
of our guns. Every house in Falmouth
is at least fifty years old, with small, ga-

tile windows in the roof, so that the wo-

men can poke their heads out and stare
at and insult Union soldiers. The stream
is very wide and shallow where the bridge
crosses. The bridge, one-half of the
wood work of which is burned, was sus-
pended on a series of stone abutments

built length ways, up and down the cur-

rent. I walked over the unburnt half,
and could see on the roof of a building on
the other side where a piece of shell
had tore the roof. The stone abutments
are not much damaged. The bridge can
be repaired easily. The railroad bridge
which crosses a mile below, was, I un-
derstand, a costly structure; I have not
seen it. In the village of Falmouth
there is one church, which, after the
skirmish, was used as a hospital. Stains
of blood now cover it; some of the

bows still remain; the floor near the pul-

pit is strewn with torn leaves from hymn-
books and remnants of the Rappahannock S
Library. In the belfry the bell still
remains; the citizens not having respond-
ed to Beauregard's cry for bell metal.

The Union feeling is said to exist in
Falmouth. They prefer Confederate notes to U. S
Treasury notes. To punish them for
such neutrality, the boys have flooded
the town and bought up all their eggs,
corn meal, bread, &c.; with jaco similitude
of their currency. Corporation notes of the
city of Fredericksburg, are much in
vogue. Thus Confederate notes will not
be worth much in a short time. Sunday
morning the 26th, we broke our camp be-

neath the tall pine in the rear of Fal-
mouth and are now camped near the rail-

road about five miles nearer the Potomac

than Fredericksburg.

Last night I learned the sad news of
the fall of your old partner, John H.
Williams, at Pittsburg. Poor John—heell at his post, one of the first in that
bloody contest where treason recoiled be-
fore the bravery of our troops. Sustain-
ing its first onset with his life, his mem-
ory should be cherished, and it should in
the history of this war be claimed for
him and Captain Saxa that they were the
first to fall at Shiloh. It has occasioned
me deep grief, but no one would die
more gloriously than he did.

In the battles van:

The noblest place for him to die
Was where he died—a man.

I shall not trespass longer, but to add
an account of a sword presentation to
Lieut Bird. The event was unexpected
to Lieut. Bird, and is therefore the more
gratifying. The sword and sheath were pre-

sented by private David Thorngate, and

an address appropriate to the occasion
was delivered by Sergeant Chris. Punts

In the battles van:

The noblest place for him to die
Was where he died—a man.

I shall not trespass longer, but to add
an account of a sword presentation to
Lieut Bird. The event was unexpected
to Lieut. Bird, and is therefore the more
gratifying. The sword and sheath were pre-

sented by private David Thorngate, and

an address appropriate to the occasion
was delivered by Sergeant Chris. Punts

matt.

As it is the spontaneous gift of the
whole company, I enclose the address.

On the scabbard is an inscription, as fol-

lows:

Presented to

LIEUT. J. V. P. BIRD,

By Company I,

SEVENTH REGIMENT, WIS. VOL.,

Calliet Station, Va.,

April 23, '62.

The whole, sword, scabbard and sheath,
cost over fifty dollars, but is an appropri-
tate testimonial, and one that any officer
would be proud to receive.

"LIEUT. BIRD:—We, the non-commis-
sioned officers and privates of Co I, 7th
regiment Wis. Vol., do present you with
this sword as a token of esteem for your
noble conduct since we have been to-
gether. You, acting in the capacity and
holding the position which you do in the
company, have won the gates of con-

victives of all of us. Take this sword, as
a slight token of the esteem in which we
as members of company I, hold you, and
should the foul hands of prejudice again
assail you, may you once more be able to
vindicate yourself without spot or blem-

ish. And rest assured, where you lead
we will follow, and wherever we can see
the gleam of this sword, there will we be
Letter from the 7th Regiment.  
Camp near Fredericksburg, Va.,  May 1st, 1862

Messrs. Editors,—Although I have been silent a long time, yet the Wisconsin 7th is still alive, and ready for any little brush the search may see fit to give us. Since my last, we have passed over considerable very fine country in Va., and it all shows the marks of the great destroyer war. From the time we left Camp Arlington, near Washington, until we passed Manassas several miles, all was devastation; deserted houses and the remains of many which had been burned to the ground; farms stripped of every vestige of fences, cattle, poultry and crops; all had suffered from the presence of the army.

At Centerville were a few houses, mostly deserted, barracks, and ruins of barracks that had been burned by the rebels previous to their flight.—On every hand were fortifications and rifle pits; in fact, all the way to Manassas Junction, they were thrown up here and there on commanding positions. At this latter place we had a few fortified positions commanding the railroad. Almost every house was burned, beside military stores.

From here to the Rappahannock river the country has not suffered so severely, although wherever any opportunity offered to burn bridges or to throw obstructions in our route, it had been done. At Aquia Creek, the terminus of the Richmond and Potomac R. R., the track has been torn up and the iron hauled on the road to Edly's Station, twelve miles beyond Fredericksburg. So I am informed by a contraband who has been working on the road between there and Richmond. The bridges over Brooks's and Potomac creeks, on this road, have both been burned, but the road will again be in running order in a few days. Our division can then receive their supplies by railroad and boat to the Rappahannock, while at present, teams are obliged to bring everything twelve or fifteen miles over a poor road.

When the advance of this division came into Flamouth three weeks ago, the enemy fired a volley or two of musketry from a concealed breastwork on the north road at the entrance to the town, and then fled precipitately across the river, burning three splendid bridges, the only means of crossing here, to prevent the pursuit of our troops. The bridges were all tarred, had shavings piled on them, ready to fire at a moment's notice. The 7th encamped in Flamouth about a week, when they moved to Potomac Creek, to guard the railroad and telegraph for a few days, being relieved by some Pennsylvania troops. We were ordered to march again to the river, and we are now encamped three miles below Flamouth and two miles from Fredericksburg, under marching orders; how soon we shall cross the river, I can not tell. Yesterday Harris' light cavalry crossed over the pontoon bridge on a reconnaissance, and coming upon the enemy's pickets, drove them in. Gaining the desired information, they returned to camp.

There is, no doubt, a large force of the enemy at or near Gummy's Station, between here and Richmond, but they will probably fall back as the force at Yorktown retreats.

Last evening at dress parade, a dispatch to headquarters was read, announcing the capture of Williamsburg of 1,300 prisoners, after a hard fought battle. Late news from the South is very encouraging, and the boys are anxious to participate in the glorious achievements which are occurring so near—only forty miles distant. As the force at Yorktown retreats, we shall be on our road to Richmond.

The rebel sympathisers here have been very confident of a great victory at Yorktown, and last week one of them said to me, in answer to my inquiry whether he thought the rebels would be successful in the coming contest, that as sure as the sun above us, they would, and if they could not whip us there, they never could.—Last night, meeting the same person, I reminded him of his remark of the week previous; he now thinks this is only a strategic movement if so, I think they are quite common with their strategic movements of late.

We have this week, all in the regiment, received new regulation hats. They are tall and rather heavy, but much better in the sun than rain than our caps. Our muster rolls have been made out, and we soon expect our pay. Gen. Gibbon now has command of this brigade, in place of Gen. King promoted to command Gen. McDowell's old division. Lieut. Col. Robinson is promoted to Col. of the 7th, and Major Hamilton as Lieut. Colonel, and Capt. Bill, of Co A, Major of the same. Quite a number of changes have also occurred in the company officers. We have as capable a corps of officers as the best brigade in the field; give us the opportunity, and we will endeavor not to disgrace the name of Wisconsin.

Those most sickly and the disabled in the regiment have been discharged, and the health of the rest is good at present, but few being in the hospital. About 100 men have been detached temporarily, to repair the bridges on the railroad.

The weather for the past few days has been fine, and we begin to believe that Spring has at last commenced. The grass is green, the trees considerably leaved out, and many fruit trees are in blossom.

From the 7th Regiment.

Headquarters 7th Regiment Gibbon's Brigade, King's Division.
Fredericksburg, May 4th, 1862.

All quiet in the department of the Rappahannock. But it looks like the lull which precedes the storm. The enemy is strongly picketed in front of us,
a railroad, a pontoon, and a bridge made for our use. We have built three bridges over the river since our arrival, to wit: from Potomac Creek, where they had crossed every stream on our road to Fredericksburg. The Sixth bas dwindled down to its number, stayed with the regiment, and bid the Sixth, says they are glad he is back with his regiment again. So are we.

Yesterday, what remained this side of the river of King's division was reviewed by President Lincoln. He looks pale; no wonder. He travels so much. At Norfolk one day: here the next: the third at Williamsburg. In Fredericksburg, the citizens—men and women—turned out en masse to see him. They kept their sentiments to themselves, however, and improved on their ordinary behaviour.

In a field, near our camp on Potomac Creek, I found a rough hewn, grey stone with the following inscription. The old-fashioned style of the letters, worn by the storms of two centuries: 54, a half, render a literal copy impossible. But here it is, dated back to the source of our present woes, when cupidity first imparted the evils which we harvest:

**HERE LIES INTERRED**

**THE BODY OF EDMOND**

**HEDER. PREACHER IN**

**PHYSIC AND CHIRURG-**

**RY. BORN IN BEDFORD-**

**SHIRE. ORBIT MARCH 17, 1618. SATATVS SVA, 76.**

I saw the lot enclosing the remains of Mary Washington. By the side was an unfinished marble monument, defaced by cuts, grease spots and bullet marks; the rebels having used it as a target. It is neglected and needs repairing very much. The traitors who were so vile as to desecrate the tomb of Washington's mother furnished more proof of their character of civilization, besides showing their consistency. It is quite in keeping with the baseness which is the constant companion of the rebels. So are we. The poetry, the very flower, the soul-fusing blossoms of every golden hour, the balm of every soul, the health of the country, the rejoicing of the people, the peace of the world—all are engaged. The poetry, the very flower, the soul-fusing blossoms of every golden hour, the balm of every soul, the health of the country, the rejoicing of the people, the peace of the world—all are engaged.
The rebel ladies of Fredericksburg are not so silly as they were on our arrival, and they treat the Federal uniform with more courtesy. They walk by silently now, and do not study out insults. At first we were..."
Dear Times:

It is a rainy afternoon consequently no drill. I have not written you in a long while, for we have been so busy as to have no leisure for writing so poor that it is indeed a task to write even to our family and friends; but I knew you would be glad to hear something from the "old honest 7th" and I will try and make out a brief letter while it rains.

It would be very foolish for me to attempt to give you a detailed account of our movements and various encampments since April 4th, at which time we left camp "Smoky Hollow," near Alexandria, but suffice it to say of the position that we have traveled about 100 miles and encamped on about 30 or 40 different grounds since that time. Saturday night last we came on to our present camp ground, which is on a beautiful field directly opposite the City of Fredericksburg, Va. The Rappahannock river flows between us and the city, and there is a fine bridge constructed of cannon boats from Georgetown, D. C., yet we are not allowed to cross over. The very fine railroad bridge, just above our camp, was destroyed by the retreating foe before we reached here, but the reconstruction of it has been assigned to the brigade, and you may be sure it will not be long ere the cars can cross again and we follow toward Richmond.

Here let me inform you that "King's old brigade"—more recently commanded by Col. Cutter, of the 6th Wis.,—changed hands again last Thursday, and we are now commanded by Brig. Gen. Gibbon, formerly captain of battery 'B,' of the regular army, which artillery now forms part of King's division. Gen. Gibbon is a young, fine-looking officer, and has the reputation of being thorough disciplinarian and able commander.

The ground on which we are encamped is said to be the identical farm on which George Washington spent a portion of his early life, and the place where "little George" hacked the cherry tree, and found his name growing in the cabbage bed in the garden. It is now owned by a mean bitter old scoundrel, whose wife is as "black as the ace of spades," and are also his and her children; this wench is his second wife, and was undoubtedly a slave ere his wife departed this life. Leisure you can form but little idea of the degenerated state of society, the ignorance which prevails in this land of slaves and slavery, until he has been here and witnessed the thing himself. Mrs. Stowe was charmed with it — as are the rest of the Yankees — and I suppose she is as much astounded as we are.

May 22nd, 1862.

I have been delayed some days in finishing this epistle, for we have been very busy in attending to drills, reviews, inspections, &c. The railroad bridge was completed on Monday last, and the cars are now running daily between Fredericksburg and Aquia Creek. Everything indicates a "forward to Richmond" move within two or three days, and the opinion of our officers is now that we will meet the enemy in some before we get ten miles. The pickets from our regiment and the rebel pickets shoot at each other across the river; we have lost none as yet, though many of their shots have been very close. Our boys have killed and wounded, as they suppose, some three or four. But I need not make my letter lengthy for there is not enough of interest to write at present. I am, sir,

Your country's ob't serv't,

Isaac Cooper.

From the 7th Regiment

CAMP OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, Va., May 18th, 1862.

Dear Sir:—As to-day is the Sabbath, and as beautiful a one, too, as man ever enjoyed, I thought I would, again, employ a few moments in speaking of things in this branch of duty by any of Uncle Samuel.

Well, we have been moved, as we always were, since we last wrote you, some thirty miles, to the banks of the Rappahannock, striking it at a small village called Falmouth—a dirty dilapidated, antiquated-looking apointment of a place for either a negro or a white man to live in, yet it possesses quite a respectable Cotton Factory, and possesses natural advantages, which, if they were possessed by any one of the villages of Marquette, would have made it a city of thousands of inhabitants in ten years, as it has been since the little village of Marquette, was made. It has been struggling to get a footing in the world, as far as competition is concerned, for it must have been settled one hundred years ago—some of them bearing date, A. D. 1768.

From Falmouth, so (our brigade) was marched out on the Potomac River, to the crossing of Potomac Creek, at which point we were halted for the purpose of rebuilding the bridge destroyed by the "reb's" in their retrograde movement from Falmouth to the Potomac River. It was entirely destroyed, and the abutments so badly injured as to be almost entirely useless, by an attempt to blow them up. The bridge is now high, supported by two stone piers, it being about four hundred and fifty feet long. We remained at that place a few days, when we were ordered to march to this place—leaving about one hundred men under the command of Lieut. E. Pond, of our Company, to help finish the work which has not yet been accomplished, although the cars were able to cross it last night, and the whistle of the locomotive was heard in the ears of the "Friends" across the river this morning; and it now stands on the track on the bank of the Rappahannock, waiting impatiently to dash through the streets of the goodly little city of Fredericksburg, and frighten the little niggers and horses from its track, hauling Uncle Samuel's family on a summer tour, "through to Richmond."

Since we have been here, we have been under arms, and in light marching order ready, if necessary, to take a hand in some fight, as we seemed to advance on the river—so from our camps we could see the cavalry rapidly moving across the valley south, on the Bowling Green road, and a cloud of dust arising in the distance, to the left, which showed us that there was fun there. But we were disappointed, for in about an hour we were informed that the skirmishers returned with ten or twelve of the soldiers—Lieutenant, who had thought to have some fun by driving in the pickets of Gen. Auer, who were, and are still, in the advance about three miles from us,—much to the satisfaction and probably of the boys, who have had but small hopes of having without the rumor that reached us this morning should prove true, that twenty-three regiments of the enemy had reached a point, on the opposite side of the river, five miles below the battle field, and that they had possessed a session of Richmond to-day, and should have defeated Beauregard at Corinth, this war is over, at least in the gigantic proportions it has now, and several hundred thousand of the men now in the field, will be returned to their homes and families. Thus, should this prove true, the case with us, will prove much to the disgust of some, if not all of us, if we return without a fight.

It is strange what different feelings and promptings govern us in our desires, to shed the blood of our fellow man, and that man our brother, I fully believe at nine out of ten of us would rather run the risk of death on the battle-field than to return without a fight.

I see that Gov. Harvey's body has been recovered, of which we were glad to hear. Our flag, and our officers' arms are draped in mourning for his loss—not as a holocaust, but as an empty show to exude the evidence of our grief at his loss, not only to his family and State, but more particularly to us and all of the soldiers from our State. But he is only one of the many good men that have and are yet to die for.
the good of their country. His loss is but
a tithe of that which has been suffered
to save our land. Oh, when the history
of this war, in all of its consequences, its
horrors, its sufferings, and its agonies shall
have been written, it will leave a record
for the future, as well as in the past, in a blood-
least horrors, has failed to have furnished.

One word as to Fredericksburg: Before
the rebellion broke out, it contained about
three thousand inhabitants, but it seems to
be almost deserted by its white population
until our boys went over and occupied
places which, it looks as though there
was life in it in 1860. The bridges of the
Rappahannock, were destroyed by the rebels.
Three of them, one the R.R. bridge, which
our boys commenced to rebuild one week
ago, and now have it so that fottmen can
cross; and in three more days the cars can
cross it. There is a large foundry in the
city, left deserted by its owners. Our boys,
now having possession of it, are astonish-
ing the natives with the superior
work they are doing; Also, a large mill; this,
too, we are running, and to-morrow,
we will commence receiving our
rations of baker's bread, as we have the
ovens running order. There now was a
Printing Office which the 

"Patriot Banner," a religious paper, published
by the Rev. Mr. Huncicutt, is now run-
ing. Its editor being much of a gentle-
man, a good Union man, and of course
christian. I had the pleasure, this day
week, to take dinner at his house, in com-
pany with Capt. Kellogg, of the Gib
\non's scouts. He is at Falmouth,
and the General has the best care taken of
him. We have a new Brigadier General, Gen.
Gibbon, recently of Gibbon's battery. He
is an accomplished soldier, but it will be a
long time before the boys think as much
of him as they do of Gen. King.

This is a most beautiful country. One
could wish for no better. The roads are
eall in and look finely. Who will take care
of them when harvest time comes? I cannot
tell, as most of the laboring class—"con-
trabandists"—are coming to our camps—
they come in every day, singly and in
squads as large as twenty. We give them
something to eat, and some of the boys
get them at very cheap rates. to cook and
do other things for them. We have 12 or
15 in our company. You would laugh to
see them maneuver. They do not like
to work over all, and say it will take three
or four of us to attend to them in a few months. You
know that a soldier in camp has little to do
but to mind his cooking and a small amount
of his own clothes. So the officer now says,
when there is any police work to do—
"Send down your man to do this or

That Last Sunday our pickets were driven in
by a body of rebel cavalry. The result
was, our forces captured sixteen prisoners,
and the rebels retired.

From the Seventh Regiment.
(Correspondence of the Journal & Courier.)
CAMP OPPONENTS OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA.
May 19th, 1862.

"Send down your man to do this or

That Last Sunday our pickets were driven in
by a body of rebel cavalry. The result
was, our forces captured sixteen prisoners,
and the rebels retired.

From the 7th Regiment—McDowell's
Corps.
CAMP OPPONENTS OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA.
May 19th, 1862.

Mere: Editors:—The Journal was re-
ceived last night, and, right glad was I to
get it, as it contained the first news from
Wisconsin since our party left the State.

When we reached the Regiment the last
week in April, it was encamped at Potomac
Run, about 24 miles from Aquia Creek,
on the railroad to Fredericksburg,
engaged in rebuilding some bridges
destroyed by the rebels. They are now fin-
ished, and the cars run from Aquia Creek
to Fredericksburg. Up to this time they
have not crossed the Rappahannock, the
bridge just having been finished, but the
track not yet laid down. The Western
boys know how to build bridges, as you
would admit could you have seen the road-
road bridge some years since. They have three bridges across now, and will be
ready to advance when called on. We
have a fine army here and all the men
want, is a chance to show their mettle.

All our sick were sent off to Alexandria
today. There were not very many, and
none seriously ill. One of the new re-
cruits from Grant county, G. Manson, had
his leg broken while at work on the bridge
over Potomac Run. He is now in the
hospital at Alexandria doing well. Mr.
Dinton, of Plateville, was shot a few
months ago in the leg by a "secesh" and is
also doing very well. He was one of Gen.
McDowell's scouts. He is at Falmouth,
and the General has the best care taken of
him.
Albott (Chas. L.) 265.
Abrahams (W. L.) 113.
Adams (George) 190. 192. 198. 200. 205.
   (J. W.) 189. 190. 195.
   (J. S.) 260.
   (Jas. S.) 126.
   (Rollin) 90. 101.
Agnew (David) 62.
   (J. P.) 62.
Alban (Chas. E.) 291.
Alderman (Chas. E.) 48. 53.
Alfred (Adj. L. D.) 72. 77. 81. 98. 119.
Alexander (J.) 263.
Allen (Andrew) 260. 261. 269.
   (Eben) 17.
   (Gilbert) 260. 265.
   (Kiram) 48. 53.
   (Jas.) 205.
   (Jas. W.) 189. 190. 192. 195.
   (Joseph) 189. 194. 195. 214.
   (Rich.) 62.
   (Major. 5th) 261.
Alley (Jas. W.) 26. 31. 35. 36.
Allman (John) 139.
Alton (G. D.) 260. 262. 265.
Ames (H. S.) 229.
   (S. M.) 234.
Amman (Christian) 266.
Anderson (Albert) 62.
   (Eugene S.) 265.
   (H.) 263.
   (Jas.) 224. 230.
   (A. B.) 225.
   (John) 53.
   (John E.) 53.
   (Louis) 229.
   (Peter) 189. 195.
   (J.) 263.
Andrews (Dr.) 247.
   (Rufus) 113.
Anson (Jesse) 189, 195, 229.
   (Joseph) 92.
Armstrong (Wm. P.) 266.
Arno (Wilson) 113.
Arnold 5th Regt. 200, 263.
   (C.) 88, 91, 95, 101, 147.
   (M.) 62, 88, 139.
Attridge 263.
Atwood (C. W.) 282.
Atwood (Geo.) 263, 265.
Austin (Arva O.) 270.
   (David L.) 189.
   (Edwin) 189, 195.
Avery (Jas.) 270.
   (R. H.) 263.
Ayers ( Pvt.) 5th Regt. 188.
Ayers (C. H.) 229.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Company</th>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Commissioned</th>
<th>Service Days</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Babcock (Mrs. E. W.)</td>
<td>247</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bacon (Capt.)</td>
<td>1st</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bailey (Capt. S.)</td>
<td>52, 92, 104, 106, 107, 112, 113, 143</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(M.) 238.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Wm.) 263.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barre (Capt.)</td>
<td>179</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barrow (Capt.)</td>
<td>L. B. 1, 29, 43, 53</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baldwin (Capt.)</td>
<td>263</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Fred.) 260.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Geo. W.) 177, 189, 195</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Henry D.) 17.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ball (Capt.)</td>
<td>266, 265, 269, 270</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ballard (Abner)</td>
<td>238</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barrell (Nathan)</td>
<td>265</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barcus (Capt.)</td>
<td>263</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barkov (Geo.)</td>
<td>26</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barlow (Capt. John)</td>
<td>217</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnard (Capt.)</td>
<td>192</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnsens (Capt.)</td>
<td>265</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnes (Capt.)</td>
<td>265</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(T. H.) 61.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnett (Capt.)</td>
<td>262</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barney (Capt.)</td>
<td>265</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnes (Capt.)</td>
<td>173</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barry (Capt.)</td>
<td>125, 126, &quot;A. B. B.&quot; 72, 96, 99, 117, 163</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barns (Capt.)</td>
<td>17, 26, 31, 32, 36</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bartels (Capt.)</td>
<td>263</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bartholomew (Capt.)</td>
<td>1, 61.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bartlett (Capt.)</td>
<td>74, 83, 101, 110, 122, 125, 135, 144, 147</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bartram (David)</td>
<td>126</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bashford (Capt.)</td>
<td>61</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bath (Capt.)</td>
<td>184</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baumbach (Capt.)</td>
<td>190, 195, 198</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baxley (Capt.)</td>
<td>D. F. 12, 33</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bayes (Capt.)</td>
<td>269</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bayly (Capt.)</td>
<td>190, 202</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beach (Capt.)</td>
<td>229</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Bennett (Capt. Andrew W.) 190, 198, 202.

Bennett (Andrew Jr.) 190, 198, 202.

Beckler (Capt. Wm. A.) 61, 98.

Beek (Capt. Wm. L.) 31, 32, 36.

Bedell (Capt. Andrew) 239.

Bedell (R. T.) 39.

Bedford (Capt. Wm.) 260, 269.

Becker (Capt. Andrew) 156, 176, 199, 235.

Becker (Capt. John) 156, 176, 199, 235.

Becker (Capt. Henry L.) 31, 32, 36.

Becker (Capt. John) 139.

Beem (Wm. E.) 259.

Beers (J. B.) 62.

Bell (Capt. Wm. A.) 190, 198, 202.

Beulah (M. L.) 17.

Bevan (Capt. Wm.) 156, 190, 198, 202.

Bevan (Capt. Wm. A.) 156, 190, 198, 202.

Bergman (Capt. Andrew) 62.

Bergman (Christian) 62.

Bergman (Ernst) 32, 36.

Berry (Capt. Wm.) 260.

Berry (Capt. Wm.) 260.

Berger (Capt. Wm.) 260.

Berger (Capt. Wm.) 263.

Berger (Capt. Wm.) 263.

Berger (Capt. Wm.) 263.

Berger (Capt. Wm.) 263.

Berger (Capt. Wm.) 263.

Berger (Capt. Wm.) 263.
Betts (Albert A.) 61.
Boyces (Jacob) 260.
Birt (Wm. A.) 280, 282, 294.
Bingham (John H.) 261, 269.
Bird ( Pvt., Pvt., 279, 283, 286, 293, 294.
Birt (Wm.) 229.
Black (Wm. P.) 263.
Blair (R. T.) 53.
Blaisdell ( Pvt., Pvt., Pvt., Pvt.)
Blake ( Pvt.) 26.
" ( Sergt., Sergt. ) 62.
" ( Sergt. ) 263.
" ( W. M. ) 62.
Blanchard ( Sergt., E. E. ) 62.
Blenkhorn ( Pvt. ) 17.
Bly ( Pvt., Pvt. ) 269.
Bock ( Pvt. ) 62.
Bode ( Pvt., Pvt., Pvt. ) 263.
Bryan ( Pvt. ) 263.
Boyle ( Pvt. ) 31, 32, 36.
Bosley ( Pvt. ) 29, 31, 32, 36.
Boswell ( Pvt. ) 61.
Boswell ( Fred. ) 188.
Boswell ( Pvt. ) 263.
Bryant ( Pvt. ) 31, 32.
Bryant ( Pvt. ) 260, 266.
" ( Pvt., Pvt., Pvt., Pvt., Pvt.)
" ( Pvt., Pvt., Pvt., Pvt.)
" ( Pvt., Pvt., Pvt., Pvt., Pvt.)
" ( Pvt., Pvt., Pvt., Pvt., Pvt.)
" ( Pvt., Pvt., Pvt., Pvt., Pvt.)
" ( Pvt., Pvt., Pvt., Pvt., Pvt.)
Brannan ( Frank ) 17.
" ( Sylvester ) 17.
" ( Theodore ) 17.
Brayton (Chas.) 72.
Bricklough (William) 260.
Brenchard (John) 32.
Bryant (Daniel) 269.
Bryant (Henry) 17.
Bristow (Ed.) 260.
Britten — 282. 291. 298.
Brown (Geo.) 53.
Brown (Lieut.) 154, 159.
Brown (Capt. E.A.) 257. 263. 264.
Brown (Sergt.) 153. [See 5th 21st Regt.]
Brown (Cpl.) 207. 213.
Brown (Leander) 263.
Bryan (Geo.) 53.
Bryan (Adrian) 154, 159.
Buck (L. M. D.) 190, 198, 202.
Buck (W. S.) 17. 53.
Buckley 170. 171. Private 5th Regt. Co. A.
Buddle 263.
Budd (A. A.) 53.
Burdock (Thos.) 260, 266.
Bushing (Cedric) 17.
Bull (Norman S.) 266.
Bundy (Sgt.) 154. Co. K. 5th Reg.
Burbank (Chas. H.) 260.
Burchard — 195.
Burchel (N.) 263.
Burdick (E. G.) 260, 265.
Burnham (Chas.) 260.
Burns (Chas.) 26, 31, 35, 36.
Barton — 170, 171. 5th Wis. Reg.
Baving (Louis) 31, 35.
Bush (Allen) 17.
Buxley (Chas.) 31, 32, 36.
Bushell (Ed.) 72.
Buskirk (Andrew J.) 30, 31, 32, 36.
Butler (E. V.) 26, 53.
Butterfield (S.) 263.
Butterkerchen (David) 53.
Butts (Wesley F.) 118, 53.
Lady (John S.) 29. 31.
Mann (A. B.) 34.

" (E. R.) 31.
" (A. B.) 32. 36.

Calkins (E. D.) 263.

Cameron (Simon) 245.

Campbell (R. E.) 263.

" (R. V.) 260.

Cannon (John) 31. 32. 36.

Capon (Alpheus) 282.

Carrington (Capt.) 239. (5th Reg.)

Carmichael (R. B.) 126.


Carpenter (S. M. H.) 261. 270.

" (E. H.) 260.

Carr (J. B.) 229.

" (Martin) 29. 32. 36.

Caster (Capt. Geo. W. 143.

" (Rich.) 184.

" (Wm. M.) 113.

Cates (Dallas) 1895. 196. 202.

Cassady (Geo.) 260.

Castelman (Dr. A. S.) 150. 219. 221. 246.

Castley (J. H.) 61.

Cattlin (Capt. J. E.) 150. 196. 247.

Gayzer (John S.) 260. 263.

Chamberlain (Geo. E.) 265.

" (Geo. M.) 189. 190. 195.

" (Geo. W.) 187. 207.

" (J. H.) 202.


Chaplain (Luke) 195.

Chappel (Luke) 189.

Charles (M. M.) 241. 284.

Chase (R. S.) 92.

Chesney (Wm.) 62.

Chestnut (Sergt. A. W.) 263. 266.

Chiles (R. B.) 21.

Chipman (Levi B.) 17.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Regt.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Schuttenden</td>
<td>Sergt.</td>
<td>4th Reg.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newton</td>
<td>W.</td>
<td>1st</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K.</td>
<td>Chap.</td>
<td>(lehr.) 62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christen</td>
<td>(Geo.)</td>
<td>2.38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alpert</td>
<td>Sergt.</td>
<td>115, 4th Reg.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clark</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>184, 188, 233, QM, 5th Reg.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Capt.) 184, 4th Reg.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Capt.) 2.15, 48, 3rd Reg.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(J.) 30.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(David)</td>
<td>31, 32, 36</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(D. B.) 61.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(De Witt)</td>
<td>48, 53</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(F.) 263.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Geo. B.) 260.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(J.) 48, 53.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Wm.) 150, 232, 233.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Chm. B.) 205.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clay (Harvey)</td>
<td>260.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleveland</td>
<td>(Prof.)</td>
<td>262.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lemberg</td>
<td>(Geo.)</td>
<td>178.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Jeremiah)</td>
<td>48, 53</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leloton</td>
<td>(Jonas)</td>
<td>53.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lelum</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td>H. R. 167, 193, 230, 236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Capt.) 29, 31, 32, 36.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Crochem)</td>
<td>(Jacob)</td>
<td>184, 189, 194, 195, 200, 201, 203, 214.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(John) 205, 220.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Colby)</td>
<td>(Wm.) 53.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Wm.) 31, 32, 36.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cole (Corporal)</td>
<td>263.</td>
<td>4th Reg.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lient.</td>
<td>80, 84, 88, 89, 91, 93, 94, 95, 96.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(lehr.) 189, 195, 199, 207, 233.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(John) H. 260.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(M.) 228.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L.</td>
<td>Sergt.</td>
<td>Nathan 91, 112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(M.) 263.</td>
<td>Lollin (W. M.) 228, 232.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collins</td>
<td>(Kiram)</td>
<td>61.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Collins (Serg. Jas.) 53, 57.
    (P. H.) 263.
Lenton (Artemas) 190, 198, 202.
Lemmon (W. H.) 282.
Leonard (Leonard) 260.
Lemmon (Dr. G. E.) 39, 43, 49, 55, 64, 65.
Leont (Jacob) 62.
Lown (Gas. H.) 190.
Loyd (C. H.) 115.
Lolant (Gas.) 190, 195, 198.
Londer — 205, [5th Reg. I
Loren (Gas.) 263, 269.
Loren (John) 265, 269.
Lyon (Pax) 62.
Lundase (Lieut. Jas. L.) 270.
    (Capt. R. P.) 263.
Lock (Capt. J. H.) 150.
    (Lyman) 31, 35.
    (R. R.) 62.
    (Wm. H.) 61.
    (Wm. P.) 62.
Lemon (Rowland) 187.
Lennon (S. D.) 229.
Loper (Geo. H.) 189, 190. "H. H. B." 211.
    (Geo. W.) 190.
    (Isaac) 297.
    (J. E. D.) 284.
Leppeland (Wm. H.) 263. Corbett (E. B.) 190, 198, 222.
Lecorran (R.) 263.
Lernish (Eph.) 263, 265.
Lose (Dallas) 189. Lee Cause.
Luttigan — 263, [6th Reg. I
Lott (Lewis) 224.
Lountwright (Braygil) 242.
Lovern (F. H.) 263, 265.
Loven (Dr. Geo.) 150, 234, 235.
Leverett (F. H.) 263.
Lerane (Dr. Lass. E.) 150, 165, 167, 189, 212, 218, 246.
Lerane (H. C.) 21.
Lerane (Gas. E.) 53, 55, 61.
Of the Major L. H. D. 1. 2. 21. 22. 35. 37. 43. 47. 49. 52. 53. 54. 55. 57. 61. 65. 261. Crawford (Sbus.), 77. Crawford (S. D.), 53. 57.
C. J. A. 265.
263. (Lieut. 6th Reg.)

Craze (Wm. H.) 26.

Lecious (Andrew) 53.

Lecies (Sbus.), 126.

Cromwell (Sbus. 13.) 296.

Crosen (Serg. to John A.) 260.

Crook (S. D.) 232.

Cummings (Dan.) 265.

Jan. 4. 282.

Kennan (J.) 224. 229.

Kerr (Serg. to Orson.) 295. 296.

Curtice (Capt.) 196. 121.

Curtice (Capt.) 123. 129.

Currie (Capt.) 196. 225.


Dahl (Knud) 1, 269.
Daly (J. T.) 62.
Danforth (R. F.) 139.
Daniels (John) 189, 190, 195.
Darling (Jim) 126.
" (Jim) 190, 198, 202.
" (Jim) 263.
David (David P.) 53.
Davids (J.) 26.
" (John) 53.
Davidson (John) 266.
" (W.) 263.
Davies (Major) 1, 258, 265, 6th Reg.
Davies (Off. A.) 126.
" (A.) 263.
" (Off. B.) 265, 269.
" (L.) 263, 265.
" (Capt. R. S.) 138.
Davies (Major) 1, 258, 265, 6th Reg.
Dayton (Peter) 53.
Deacon (Lion A.) 263.
Dean (Jesse P.) 53.
Dedak (Morris) 260.
" (W. H.) 189, 195.
Deiner (J. A.) 260.
De Key (Lient.) 103, 111, 112, 113, 114, 120.
Delegklin (F. A.) 263.
Dering (D. W.) 17, 61.
Dennis (A. J.) 260.
Dinmore (G. M.) 229.
Dering (G. S.) 53.
Derschamps (Willard) 26, 62.
Devan (Ralph P.) 48, 53.
Devendorff (corporal -) 113. (Off. B. 44th Reg.)
Deyrey (J. D.) 279.
Dibble (B. K.) 17.
D. (D.) 62.
Dick (Lient. W. B.) 62.
Dickerson (David) 23.
Didiet (Henry) 260, 265.
Dippendalper (Reed) 2.
Dilger (Jas.) 31, 32.
Dillon (Wm.) 260.
Dinsdale (J. E.) 62.
Dinmore (D. J.) 91, 238.

[partial name]

Dougherty (John) 17, 32, 36.
Dougherty (John) 17, 32, 36.
Dougherty (John) 17, 32, 36.
Douglas 198.
Douglas (Gus.) 265.
Dowd (J. J.) 21, 32, 36.
Downey (Reed) 263.
Doyle (John) 131.
Drury (E. M.) 264.
Drysdale (John) 266.
Duffield (W. A.) 92.
Dunham (A.) 17.
Dunken (John) 246.
Dunn (Capt.) -1 119. {[Vis. Reg= ?]}
 (Corporal) 263. {[Kas. D. 6th Reg= ?]}
Dunn (John W.) 31, 32, 34, 36.
Dunning (Hugh) 260.
Durbin (W. A.) 263.
Durfee (E. H.) 62.
Durfee (Sgt. G. W.) 94, 101, 144.
Durr (Lieut.) 111, 114, 125, 134, 153. {[Kas. 4th Reg= ?]}
Durst (Stephen) 241, 278, 284, 285, 286, 289, 291.
Durant (J. L.) 17.
Durham (Dan1) 296.
Cotton, G. W. 22 IV. 229.
Dwinnell (deg. S忌) M. M.
Dysart (Jan. 21) 229.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Years</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Earley</td>
<td>184, 185, 203, 211, 214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eckel</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eddy</td>
<td>194, 195, 203, 214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Fred.) 53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edwards</td>
<td>28, 29, 32, 36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(A. S.) 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eggleston</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elliott</td>
<td>32, 36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(J.) 29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Fred.) 53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellis</td>
<td>189, 196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(E. W.) 263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(E. W.) 260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellsworth</td>
<td>260, 265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elmore</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emerson</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Capt. R. H.) 152, 154, 196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emery</td>
<td>150, 190, 194, 197, 203, 209, 212, 213, 215, 221, 225, 230, 242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enright</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engele</td>
<td>203, 214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ensign</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evans</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Capt. Wm.) 150, 196, 212, 221, 230, 231, 236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everson</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------</td>
<td>---------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacks (Joseph)</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fairchild (Geo.)</td>
<td>263, 266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Falkner (S. R. W.)</td>
<td>260, 266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farnham (Jerg. E. C.)</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farnsworth (J.)</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(JER.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrington (Benji)</td>
<td>187, 195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrington (A. W.)</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fawcett (J. H.)</td>
<td>17, 61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hay (J.)</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(JHN.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stewart (J.)</td>
<td>187, 187, 195, 207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leam (Jerg. E. A.)</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Age (JHN.)</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fenton (Abram)</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ferguson (Robt. A.)</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ferris (Frank)</td>
<td>104, 121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ferris (J. A.)</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fesenden (Sylvanus)</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hatterplace (R. A.)</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gill (W. H.)</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Field (Jef. Brauncy)</td>
<td>61, 62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fillmore (JHN.)</td>
<td>265, 269</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fincom (Capt.)</td>
<td>291, 291, 7th Reg.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hine (R. A.)</td>
<td>260, 265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hinton (J. H.)</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fish (W. R.)</td>
<td>269, 269, 5th Reg.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fisher (Patrick)</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fish (Albert)</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(O. J.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flick (Wm. H.)</td>
<td>31, 32, 34, 36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fleischer (R. J.)</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fletcher (F.)</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flood (Capt.)</td>
<td>– 18, 31, 34, 57, 3rd Reg.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bloom (D. A.)</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flynn (Jerg. E.)</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holts (A. H.)</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fonda (Jerg. S. H.)</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foote (Chas. A.)</td>
<td>190, 198, 202</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Fox (W. R.) 269.
Hosier (A. R.) 229.
" (Wm.) 61.
Hart (Seth) 188, 190, 198, 202, or Tourt.
Hosier (A.) 263.
" (Joseph) 260.
" (L.) 260.
" (Orin) 198.
" (Capt. J. W.) 71.
Fox (E. D.) 53.
" (Sergt. W.) 263, 265.
Frazier (John B.) 62.
Freeborn (Lient. Wm.) 17, 35.
Freeman — 127.
" (Wm.) 62.
Friez (A.) 263.
Frodine (A. W.) 265, 269, or Frodoine.
Fry (Fred.) 62.
" (Jas.) 263.
Fuller (Henry) 62.
" (Wm. N.) 269.
Fulton (Wm. M.) 228, 229, or Kolson.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Company</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gaffney</td>
<td></td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gallagher</td>
<td>263</td>
<td>181, 184, 186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gallop</td>
<td>263</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garvin (Martin)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gardner</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garfield</td>
<td>260, 262, 265</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garrie (Corporal)</td>
<td>127</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garland (Wm. W.)</td>
<td>260, 265</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garling</td>
<td>262</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garlough</td>
<td>263</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garnwood</td>
<td>249</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gauss (Geo.)</td>
<td>53, 57</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gay (Geo.)</td>
<td>61</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gay (Wm.)</td>
<td>61</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geary (A.)</td>
<td>263</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gee (Wm.)</td>
<td>61</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geiseines (O.)</td>
<td>21, 26, 31</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George (N.)</td>
<td>61</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gervis (Geo.)</td>
<td>62</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gervis (J.B.)</td>
<td>31, 32, 36, or Gervis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Giffre (Joseph)</td>
<td>260</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibbets (4th Regt.)</td>
<td>76</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Giddings (Lieut.)</td>
<td>E, 28, 30, 51, 52, 36.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Giroc (J. F.)</td>
<td>196</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gifford (W.)</td>
<td>260</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gifford (P.)</td>
<td>33</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilbert (Erik)</td>
<td>184</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilkes (Isaac)</td>
<td>33, 61</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glass (Henry)</td>
<td>62</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glasier (Sen.)</td>
<td>62</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glovee (John)</td>
<td>184</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gluth (L.)</td>
<td>229</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gluth (L.)</td>
<td>263</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Godfrey ( Isaac)</td>
<td>53, 61</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gretch (S.)</td>
<td>263</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goldston (Retd.)</td>
<td>190, 198, 262.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Goodrich (S.) 126, 131.
Goodwin (Sgt. W. C.) 150, 194.
    (Corporal) 184, 380, A. 5th Reg.
Gordon (Nrs.) 157.
Gorman (Pat.) 61.
Gruch (Martin) 62.
Gould (Capt. H.) 252.
Howe (Capt.) 189, 195.
Howling (G.) 62.
Hoyt (Capt.) 131.
Gray (Capt. E. B.) 88, 92, 93, 94, 95, 97, 98, 101, 102.
    (Hamilton) 3.
Greaty (Serg. Oscar) 260.
Greeley (Pat.) 159.
Green (E.) 263.
    (Frank) 263, 265, 269.
    (John W.) 62.
    (E. B.) 263.
Greenman (M. F.) 26, 31, 36.
    (M. G.) 182.
    (N. F.) 21.
Griffin (John) 62.
Grimes (John) 232.
Grieb (W.) 263.
Groat (M. W.) 254.
Guivette (C. H.) 261, 269.
So.  

Fagerman (O.) 61.  
Hagie (Wm. W.) 268.  
Hale (Geo.) 205. 229.  
" (Wm.) 157.  
Hale (Rechries) 212.  
" (F.) 263.  
" (Geo.) 61.  
" (Lucius) 189. 195. 199.  
" (F.) 263.  
Hilton (Edw.) 184.  
Hamilton (Maj. Chas. B.) 280. 294.  
" (Col. Chas. S.) 1. 9. 10. 12. 13. 21. 27.  
" (F.) 31. 32. 36.  
" (E. B.) 29.  
Hamlin (John A.) 274.  
Hammer (Capt. Gustav) 26. 30. 31. 32. 35. 36. 38.  
Mandrenan (__) 263.  
Harding (Frank) 115.  
" (John) 263. 265.  
Hare (F.) 263.  
Parkett (F.) 184.  
Harper (S.) 17. 31. 32. 36.  
Harrington (Chas. B.) 229.  
" (S. C.) 236.  
Harris (Chas.) 279. 286.  
" (Lieut. L. G.) 253. 266.  
Harrison (G. L.) 17.  
" (F.) 17.  
" (W. R.) 17.  
" (Wm. P.) 265.  
" (Dr.) 61. (4th Regt.)  
Hansberger (G. C.) 61.  
" (S.) 263. 265.  
Hartung (Chas.) 189. 190. 195. 198. 201.  
" (Harvee) (F. W.) 202.  
" (Harvey) (F. W.) 190.  
" (Gov. L. P.) 21. 297.  
" (L. R.) 260. 266. not Gov. H.
Harvard (Oline) 190. See Howard.

Hasbrook (R.) 260. 263.

Hasker (Ed.) 190.

Hester (J. P.) 190. 198. 202.

Hastings (John) 287.

" (Sam E.) 287.

" (Fred) 287.

" (W. W.) 229.

Hatch — 88. [Co. B. 4th. Reg.]

W. W.) 72.


Daughans (M. A.) 62.

Hansher (H.) 263.

Hawc (Ges.) 29. 32. 36.

Hawkins (-) 88. [Co. B. 4th. Reg.]


Hawley (Rept. M. W.) 34. 35. 49. 53. 54. 57. 65.


Heck (J.) 126.

Heath (J.) 263.


Hinrich (J.) 263.

Heldor (Edmond) 295.

Heller (Dep. — 7th) 154. 216. [Co. K. 5th Reg.]

(Rept. M.) 31. 32. 36.

Hendrick (E. B.) 262.

Mishman (G. L.) 195.

Menniche (Ges.) 220.

Henry (Wm.) 200.


(Rept. Lieut. Lieut. E.) 150.


Herron (E. R.) 92.

Hees (R.) 263.

Hewlett (E. R.) 263.

Hewlett (E. R.) 17.

Hickard (Rept. E. B.) 154. 156. 157. 205.

Hickman (Ges.) 61.

Hickox (R. A.) 229.

Riggins (-) 228. 5th. Reg.
Higgins (B.) 83. 91.
Riddeth (D. M.) 97.
Hill (Ghast.) 260.
  (Jan.) 17. 61.
  (O.B.) 260. 265.
  (D. M.) 279.
Hills (Cho.) 265.
Hilton (Geo. E.) 156. 187.
Hines (Rezam) 232.
Hinkley (J. W.) 48.
Kinman — 150.
  (D.) 62.
Hinton (Phillips) 62.
Hog (J. S.) 283.
Hobart (Capt. H. S.) 130. 131. 145.
Hobbs (Nat.) 263.
Rock (Geo.) 17.
Roper (Phillips) 260.
Rolloster (J. R.) 62.
Holm (E.) 263.
Holmes (Wm.) 53.
  (Vonsey) 263. 265.
  (Wm.) 61.
Holthouseen (J.) 31. 32. 36.
Holtson (Edw.) 198. 201.
Horse (Capt. E. S.) 255. 266.
Hopkins (Brainard) 20. 26. 31. 36.
  (Melville) 62.
Hopt (Geo.) 62.
Horn (Fred.) 94.
  (Sergt. R. B.) 206.
  (Crew S.) 62.
Howe (Rev. J. H.) 150. 233.
Howk (Geo.) 31.
Hubbard (Capt. E. S.) 28. 29. 30. 33. 34. 35.
  (J. W.) 260.
  (N.) 263.
Hubbell (Wm. H.) 53.
Huggins (Capt.) 87.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Company</th>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Higgs</td>
<td>1st</td>
<td>D.</td>
<td>229</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hungerford</td>
<td>Sergt E. R.</td>
<td>262</td>
<td>238</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huntington</td>
<td>Sergt E. R.</td>
<td>262</td>
<td>238</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huntley</td>
<td>Sergt E. R.</td>
<td>262</td>
<td>238</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huntley</td>
<td>Capt.</td>
<td></td>
<td>280</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huntley</td>
<td>Sergt E. R.</td>
<td>262</td>
<td>238</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurd</td>
<td>Sergt E. R.</td>
<td>274</td>
<td>279</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyatt</td>
<td>Sergt E. R.</td>
<td>88</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyatt</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>255</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyatt</td>
<td>Capt.</td>
<td></td>
<td>269</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyatt</td>
<td>Sergt E. R.</td>
<td>260</td>
<td>261</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyde</td>
<td>Sergt E. R.</td>
<td>159</td>
<td>213</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Ingersoll (H. A.) 274. 287.
Ingraham (Job. J.) 274. 287.
Fenning (Henry) 282.
Deky (S.) 263.
Frazier (H.) 263.

J.

Jackson (A.) 184.
Jacobi (Curtis) 48. 53.
Jagerson (Andrew) 81. 32. 36.
Jarvis (Henry) 229.
Jennings (John) 91. 101.
Jenson (Peter) 53.
Johnston (Sergt.) 1 266. (7th Reg.)
" (J.) 91. (1st. B. 4th Reg.)
" (Andrew) 27, 31, 32, 34, 36.
" (Sergt. E.) 46. 47.
" (Capt.) 62.
" (Col.) 260.
" (H. M.) 189. 195.
" (Sergt. Jerome B.) 259.
" (Rodney A.) 189. 190. 193. 195. 212. 229.
" (R. M.) 17.
" (R. W.) 61.
" (Sergt.) 34.
Jones (Corporal) 1 254. (1st. B. 6th Reg.)
" (Aug.) 62.
" (B. C.) 253. 265. (Over.)
Jones (D. L.) 52.

- (David T.) 260.
- (John) 202.
- (John D.) 189, 195.
- (John L.) 202, (Rhoda J.) 292.
- (R. F.) 263.
- (R. F. K.) 274.
- (R. W.) 53, 62.

Jorgenson (N. L.) 29.
Krupp (J. B.) 17.
Kesser (J.) 263.
Koch (J. Y.) 103.
Koesser (A. D.) 263.
Koerner (J. E.) 16.
Kett (Milton C.) 53.
Killion (A.) 263.
Kellner (J.) 263.
Kellogg (Capt. J. A.) 265. 298.
Kelly (Capt.) 53.
  17. 279.
Kempthorne (A.) 17. 61.
Kennedy (J. A.) 13.
Kennedy (A. S.) 190.
Kent (L. J.) 265.
Kenyon (W. B.) 162.
Keogh (Sgt. M.) 263.
Kern (John) 21.
Kerr (Sgt. J.) 263. 2. Co. D. 6th Reg. 5.
Kessinger (Sgt. G.) 189. 190. 1957. 198.
Keltcham (A. C.) 92.
Kettleman (C.) 61.
Kyes (Sgt. C.) 263.
  " (S. W.) 263.
Keyp (Geo. M.) 269.
Kegler (Philip) 1957.
Kilby (H. L.) 30. 31. 32. 100. Kilby) 36.
Kite (John) 30. 31. 32. 36.
Kellum (Moos) 269.
Kelp (Gen. Rufus) 116, 118. 56. 157. 166. 253.
  257. 283, 284. 287. 288. 289. 291. 294. 298.
Kemez (Wm. H.) 260. 269.
Kinzie (M. H.) 261.
Kibey (Dan. C.) 224.
Kirk (J.) 1957, 5th Reg. 5.
Kirkpatrick (J. D.) 17.
Kittel (Frank) 1732. 36.
   (John) 29. 31. 32. 36.
Kleiner (G.) 126.
Kleiner (Wm.) 263.
Kline (Wm.) 263.
Klopow (G.) 263.
Knickerbocker (Geo.) 17.
Knight (Jas. G.) 21.
Knowles (S. R.) 147. 166. 169. 178. 225. 261.
Koeltzer (J. R.) 184.
Koehler (Chas.) 263.
Koll (John) 61.
Koller (Jacob) 62.
Koll (Geo.) 93.
Kott (Jacob) 17.
Keamer (Henry) 62.
Kreeger (Chas.) 62.
Kendall (Geo.) 101. 139.
Kett (B.) 260.
Kehm (Geo.) 62.
Kriener (G.) 284.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Company</th>
<th>Company</th>
<th>Company</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lach (Wm. A.)</td>
<td>17</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Language (Capt.)</td>
<td>145</td>
<td>46th Reg.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lard (Jas.)</td>
<td>17</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lambe (Sergt. Che.)</td>
<td>260</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Langan (John)</td>
<td>1. 3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lane (Sergt.)</td>
<td>269</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lane (John)</td>
<td>265, 269</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; (John A.)</td>
<td>17</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Langbrodt (J. E.)</td>
<td>163</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Langley (Rev. Robt.)</td>
<td>161</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Langmuir (J. A.)</td>
<td>184</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laingridge (Sergt. Che.)</td>
<td>150</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lanning (Corporal)</td>
<td>115, 11th Reg.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laramore (Jas. A.)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laramore (Jas.)</td>
<td>263</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larrabie (Majors Che.)</td>
<td>150, 151, 152, 153, 163,</td>
<td>174, 172, 177, 203, 206, 213, 218, 219,</td>
<td>220, 224, 225,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lasson (Sergt.)</td>
<td>32, 36</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lask (Ferdinand)</td>
<td>161</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Langhner (W. J.)</td>
<td>263</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lawrence (Sergt.)</td>
<td>202</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lantry (John)</td>
<td>62</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lawrence (Jas. A.)</td>
<td>260</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; (W. J.)</td>
<td>263, 265</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lapp (Sergt. H.)</td>
<td>189, 195, 201</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lanston (H. W.)</td>
<td>224</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Layton (Sergt.)</td>
<td>145</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leach (Sergt. Wm.)</td>
<td>26, 31, 35, 36, 62</td>
<td>42, A. Reg.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; (W. A.)</td>
<td>52</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leith (Capt. John 4, 189, J. H. L.)</td>
<td>212</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lichtenhall</td>
<td>263</td>
<td>3rd Reg.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lee (Sergt.)</td>
<td>115, 4th Reg.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; (H. A.)</td>
<td>61</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; (Sergt. Frank)</td>
<td>62, 3rd Reg.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; (H. A.)</td>
<td>254</td>
<td>&quot;H. A. L.&quot; 253</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lefert (Capt. J.)</td>
<td>264</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lefler (H. J.)</td>
<td>263</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; (Lieut. J. H. A.)</td>
<td>189, 279, 283</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lefler (4th.)</td>
<td>260</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litch (Sergt.)</td>
<td>195</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Age</td>
<td>Page</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>------</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lemons (Jacob)</td>
<td></td>
<td>266</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leonard (Benj.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>62</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(W. J.)</td>
<td>62</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leslie (J. W.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>53</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lester (J. W.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>17</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis (Geo. H.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>126</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(F.)</td>
<td>62</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(T.)</td>
<td>263</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lighthizer (H. B.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>87</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lilli (Homer)</td>
<td></td>
<td>255</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>256</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Linsberger (Capt., Geo. W.)</td>
<td>2,</td>
<td>20,</td>
<td>21</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lincoln (Geo. W.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>229</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lind (Geo.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>263</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>265</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lindemut (Wm.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>184</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lindsay (Geo., H.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>148,</td>
<td>53,</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Livermore (Geo.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>187,</td>
<td>207</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lively (Wm. H.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>260</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Livingston (Geo.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>266</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>266</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Geo.)</td>
<td>31,</td>
<td>35</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Locot (Jacob)</td>
<td></td>
<td>95</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>137</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leit (Geo.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>263</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lombard (Frank)</td>
<td></td>
<td>265</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long (Geo.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>17</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord</td>
<td></td>
<td>183</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>183,</td>
<td>177</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lathammer (Geo., H.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>31,</td>
<td>35</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>London (Geo.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>236</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>236</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lovelace (Anson)</td>
<td></td>
<td>53,</td>
<td>57</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Jefferson)</td>
<td>62</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loveland (Frank)</td>
<td></td>
<td>62</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lowrie (Alex.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>260,</td>
<td>265</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lowrie (Geo.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>190,</td>
<td>198,</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lowry (Geo.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>103,</td>
<td>120,</td>
<td>202,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loy (Capt.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>120</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lukenzer (Geo.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>187</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucas (Ensign)</td>
<td></td>
<td>84</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Geo., H.)</td>
<td>188,</td>
<td>189</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Note: Page numbers and other details vary in the list.*
Lucian (Herman) 31.
Ludeman (A. W.) 106.
Ludluff (E.) 263.
Luecher (Herman) 32.
Lumbard (S. J.) 263. 269.
Lund (Sidney N.) 31. 35.
Lunge (Jonathan) 281.
Lusen (Ira Q. J. L.) 62.
Lyden (Peter) 223. 235. 22 Lydie.
Lyman (John D.) 53.
Bynn (Capt. J. W.) 122. 126. 130. 131.
Lyons (Wm.) 214. 6.
Lyons (Wm. D.) 238. "W. D. L." 44.
Macaulay (Denslow) 48, 53.
Mc Bride (A. B.) 74.
Mc Carthy (Wm.) 26, 31. 35, 36. or Mc Carthy
Mc Clark 72. 150. 4th Regt.
Mc Cormick (R.) 17.
Mc Cey (Quartermaster 4th Regt.) 72.
" (Sgt.) 62.
Mc Daniel (Jas.) 122.
Mc Donald (J.) 283.
Mc Erwin (Jas.) 260.
Mc Farland (Hesley) 232.
" (Rob. M.) 31, 34, 36.
Mc Gee (Sgt.) 232.
Mc Gleasly (J.) 62.
Mc Grann (Sham) 26.
Mc Intosh 1263. 1st, D. 6th Regt.
Mc Intyre (Sgt.) 263.
Mc Kenley (Jas.) 113.
Mc Kenzie 1263. 1st, D. 6th Regt.
" (Sgt. J. M.) 296.
Mc Kinnon (G.) 263.
Mc Knight (J. F.) 62.
Mc Mahan 263, 269.
Mc Mullin (John) 28, 62.
Mc Murphy (Joe) 53.
Mc Neary (Aug.) 62.
Mc Neil (Malcolm) 189, 190, 195.
Macneth (Jas.) 159, 186.
Mc Pheeters (W.) 224.
Madison (Geo.) 190.
" (Sgt. C. W.) 190, 195, 197, 198, 214, 205.
" (Sergeant) 17, 61.
Makler (J. Gustave) 221.
Maiken (Rev.) 285.
Maines (F. N.) 34.
Manning (F. N.) 31, 32, 36, 64.
Malley (Staff. C.) 260.
Hallow | Serg't | 263.
Mary | John | 263.
Marvin | John | 259.
March | Capt. | Wm. | 259.
March | Capt. | John | 259.
Marshall | (Hanson) | 282, 289.
Marston | Kings | 266.
Martin | | 263.
Martin | | 53, 57.
Mason | Capt. | 53.
Mason | Corporal | 53, 4th Reg't.
Mather | Rev. | Wm. | 21.
Mathias | (Andrew) | 53.
Mathews | (Ravison) | 274, 286.
Mathies | (Andrew) | 53.
Mate | Chas. | 51, 32, 36.
Maul | Mathias | 26.
Maxwell | Gen. | 53.

2. Mason | 74, 77. 4th Reg't.
May | David R. | 21.
Mead | S. J. | 291.
Medbury | S. E. | 260, 269.
Medford | Wm. | 260.
Mechanic | Gen. | 184.

" (Jacob) | 205.
Mechanic | Geo. R. | 20, 26, 32, 36.
Merchant (Sergt. H. O.) 263.
Merriman — 19.
Merryman (Dr.) — 107.
Meyers (A. W.) 263.
Meyer (Sergt. B. M.) 283.
Meyers (F.) 62.
Michael (John) 189, 190, 195.
Michael (John) 198.
Miles (E.) 229.
Mill (Aug.) 184.

John) 184, 190, 198, 202, 215, 220.
Millard (Burton) or Miller, 186, 188, 189, 207, 265.
{269, 278.
Miles (Amos W.) 246.

| G. | 202.
| A. | 198.

John) 263, 265, 269.

Sergt. 3. 194.

A. 92.

(Sr.) 229.

Million (A.) 53.

| M. | 17, 31, 32, 36.

Mill Sergeant 192.

| Ed. | 172.

Sergt. E. P. 167, 193, 229.

Sgt. 193.

Miner (J.) 263.

Miracle (A.) 62.

Miner Sergeant M. B. 274.

Michell (G.) 62.

John 198.

Moffat (Arthur) 269.

Moore (F. H.) 31.

Monteau (F.) 51.

Montgomery (Corporal) 263. Lt. D. 5th Regt.

Moore (F. B.) 189, 196.

| Gts. | 189, 190, 195.

| A. | 263.

| Gts. | 265.

| Gts. | 269.

| Gts. | 269.
Moore | Capt. | 93. | 101. | 108. | 122. | 123. | 140.
Moran | E.A. | 29.
Morehouse | [Nos.] | 92.
" | [Philip] | 31. | 36.
Morton | [Francis] | 48. | 5-3.
Moore | [Stewart] | 7.
Moyer | [Henry] | 62.
Mühlhausen | [Adolf] | 221.
Manson | [G.] | 298.
Murphy | [Jas.] | 61.
Myers | 268. | 110. | D. | 6th Regt. | 5
Taylor (Sam.) 244.
Negriz (Jos.) 17.
Keikeken (Henry) 198.
Kellis (Alonzo) 229.
Nettleton (L.) 263.

Newkirk (J. B.) 229.
Nichols 76. [Rec. 4th. 4th. reg. 5.
Nicholson (John) 263.
Nieman (Charles) 238.
Niepert (Philip) 260.
Nimmelman (J.) 184. Vix (Christian) 256.
Nixon (Jas. B.) 97.

Nolan (John) 189. 196.
Noel — 187.
Northam (B. S.) 190.
Norton — 167. [Quartermaster 5th. reg. 5
Norwood (J. B.) 95. 101. 125. 139.
Notten (W. H.) 61.
Noyes (Capt. D. K.) 254. 263.
Nutting (Daniel) 265.

" (D. W.) 265."
O'Brien (Capt. Moses) 8, 20, 31, 33, 34, 43, 49,
50, 52, 53, 54, 55, 57, 58, 59.
O'Connor (Col. Edgar) 260, 261.

(Fim.) 84.
Odell (D. L.) 263.
(notes) 260, 261, 269.
O'Bara (J.) 26.
O'Bara (J.) 21.
Alcott (Shot.) 184, 231, 235.
O'Leary (John) 263, 265, 269.
O'Malley (Shot.) 269.

O'Leary (John) 61.

(Ele) 220, 221.
Olsen (A.) 263.
Olsen (A.) 263.

Oliver (Lieut. J. B.) 150, 154, 196, 204, 205.

(Sergt. R. L.) 61.
O'Malley (Shot.) 269.
O'Keefe (J.) 263.

O'Connell 8, 20, 26, 31, 32, 36. (or O'munn.)
Ordway (Lieut. Jlr.) 150, 240.
Oxon (F. E.) 53.

Storhenn 8, 13, 190, 198, 242.

(Fim.) 242.

Pethelde 91, 54th Reg. 5.

Peterson (W. P.) 31.
Peterson (W. W.) 35.
Packard — 287. [Capt. J. 7th Reg.]

Paine (Col. H. E.) 70, 71, 72, 78, 79, 88, 93, 97, 98,
101, 103, 113, 114, 115, 116, 118, 119, 120, 121, 125, 126,

Paine (Henry H.) 269.

Palmer (Dr. Perry) 212, 207.

Parko (Fred.) 31, 32, 36.

Parker (T. D.) 229.


Parkhurt (Capt.) 263.

Parker (L.) 189, 195.

Parks (Lt. W.) 21, 61.

Parrott (Edw.) 31, 32.

Parr (Capt.) 32, 36.

Perry (S. B.) 281.

Parrish (Luke) 256.

Patterson (Wm.) 260, 262, 265.

Pattis (H.) 260.

Patterson — 265.

(Parr, C. W.) 189, 190, 192, 195, 198.

Parr (Capt. H.) 21, 26.

Pauli (Capt. Pascal) 80, 88, 90, 91, 92, 94,
101, 111, 114, 120, 125, 136, 139.

Paulson (Harry S.) 62.

Payn (Capt. Walter S.) 92, 145.

Payne (Albert) 184.

Payton (Capt. C.) 17.

Pettigall (Capt. J.) 78.

Pearson (Capt.) 263.

Pears (W. H.) 260, 266.

Pederson (Geo.) 229.

Peck (Capt.) 17.

Perkins (Wm.) 126. [Capt. D. 6th Reg.]

Perkins (Wallace) 113.

Perry (Capt. William) 113.
Perry — 120. [See A. 4th Reg.?]

" (Chas.) 106, 107.


Peter [Henry] 62.

Peters [?] 263.

Petit [H. E.] 266.


Pierce [R.] 263.

Pierce [E. D.] 264.


" [Dwight] 62.

" [G. B.] 92.

" [Harmon] 139.

Pisferson [H.] 229.


Piggly [E. J.] 196, 230. or Piggals. [A. 6, 5th Reg.]


Plemon [—] 184.


" [Lieut. Shot.] 248, 266.


Pool — 195. [5th Reg.?]

Porter [C. W.] 82.

" [G. W.] 92.


" [Lawrence] 53.

Potter [Jas. T.] 263.

" [David] 53.

Powell — 277.


" [Jas.] 238.

Preston — 83. [4th Reg.?]


Priest (Cas.) 275, 282.
Prother (Mr.) 260.
Prothers (Martin) 266.
Prouty (Ira) 62.
Pruttgian (David) 279.
Puhlman (Sergt. Otto) 77, 98, 119.
Pulver (Wm. Jr.) 263.
Puntz (Sergt. Sr.) 293.
" (David) 291.
Durath (Aug.) 126.
" (B.) 62.
Furfield (H. S.) 269, 270.
Putney (Sergt. J. S.) 53.
Quan (Capt. David S.) 259.
Ray (Aug.) 32. 36.
Ray (A. W.) 62.
Redman (Amos) 286.
Reed (Lieut. A. W.) 17. 61.
" (Geo. W.) 270.
" (S. L.) 31.
" (W. J.) 195.
" (W. J.) 190. 198. 202.
Riger (Fred.) 57.
Rigo (E.) 53.
Reid (Mon. A.) 189.
Renter (Aug.) 32. 36.
Rische (Fred.) 62.
Reye (Aug.) 31. See Riese (Aug.)?
Riley (Henry) 263. 265.
" (Mon.) 265.
Regina (Bradford) 237.
Rhodes (W.) 229.
Rice (W. H.) 263.
Richards (Ellis) 269.
Richardson (W. H.) 285.
Richardson (Jeff.) 190.
" (Geo. H.) 62. Richard (W. H.) 263.
" (S. G.) 193.
" (Thos. W.) 189. 195.
Richmond (S. B.) 282.
Richmond [J. B.] 62.
Riddle — 205. [Fifth Regt.]
   [J. B.] 191, 195. or J. B.
Rikel [J.] 263.
Riley (Jas. H.) 260.
Rixley (D. L.) 230.
Rixley (J. D.) 197. — Ripple (Martin) 269.
Rixton (John) 197.
Ritz (Frank) 17. Ritz?
Robin (Leonard) 26.
Roberts [Jas. E.] 197.
Robertson [Rev. N. M.] 263.
Robin — 91. [Rev. N. M.] 4th Regt. 1
Robins [Jes.] 260, 265.
   [Irving] 62.
Robinson (O. D.) 184.
   [Geo.] 286.
   [Robt] 94.
Roblee [Jas.] 53.
Rees (Lieut. Henry) 150.
Rogers (Corporal) 1224. [3rd Regt.]
   [A. B.] 125.
   [Capt. O.] 125.
Rollins (Capt.) 1240. [Wis. Regt.]
Root (J. W.) 289.
Robin (Aug.) 31.
Rox (Edgar) 8.
   [Capt. R.] 150, 156, 190, 205.
   [Wm.] 17.
Rourke (David) 53, 57.
Rowe (W. B.) 263.
   (Wm.) 260.
Rowley — 76. 74th. Reg. I
Royce (J. B.) 61.
Rogers (Jas.) 279.
Ruby (J.) 260.
Ruehler (Theodore) 235.
Ruge (Capt. 7th. N. C.) 3, 6, 10, 20, 21, 27, 30, 31, 34, 39, 43, 49, 53, 55, 56, 61, 62, 64, 65.
Rupp (Wm.) 31.
   (Wm.) 35.
Russell (Sylvester) 255.
Russell (Frank) 26.
   18, 229.
   (J. B.) 229.
   (Wm.) 260, 266.
Rutledge (Arold) 48, 53.
Ryan (Andrew) 72.
   (J. B.) 189.
   (Shot) 187, 197.
   (J. B.) 195, 207.
   (J. C.) 214.
Ryder (W. B.) 257.
Saelen | H. | 17.
St. alain (John) 260, 265.
Salaman (Gov. E.) 52, 253.
Salaman (J.) 184.
Senn (J.) 263.
Santoin (Capt. J.) 155.
Santoson (W.) 263.
Sandnister (Mr.) 189, 195.
Sandmyer.
Saunders (J.) 263.
(S. O.) 122.
Savage (J. D.) 125.
Sandy (Jas.) 31, 32, 36.
Santilton (B. R.) 289.
Sawtell (J. S.) 53.
Sayer (Peter) 251.
Sayre (E. D.) 282.
Schenerman (A.) 190, 198, 212.
Schrinner (J. N.) 189, 195, 198.
Scheidies (E.) 184.
Schlick (J. A.) 256.
Schmitt (Michael) 178.
Scheidfeld (Bernard) 190, 198, 202.
Scherzer (joh.) 31, 36.
Schwenker (Peter) 125.
Schweizer (Gottlieb) 266.
Scott — 107. [4th. Reg. 3]
\( \text{Capt. A. B.} 43. \)
\( \text{Jas.} 29, 31, 106. \)
\( \text{Jas. E.} 32, 36. \)
\( \text{Maj. John W.} 21, 26, 49, 53, 54, 55, 57. \)
Scoval (Skelton. P. G.) 130.
Scouire (Henry) 252.
\( \text{Jas. M.} \)
Scottemicke (Peter) 31, 32, 36.
Scottnar (P. S.) 29.
Seely (Mr.) 296.
Selleck (W. Y.) 52, 53, 54, 61.
Sennett (W.) 26, 31, 32, 36.
Cleton (W. J.) 35.
Shaffer (Capt. R.) 121.
Shaffer (E. W.) 126.
Shanly — 83. I. Co. C. 44th Regt.
Sharpe — 92. I. Co. C. 44th Regt.
" (E. E.) 101. 120.
Shaw (Ed.) 235.
" (J.) 263.
" (P. A.) 229.
" (Lieut. Robt.) 143.
Sheag (John) 260.
Sheffield (J. A.) 61.
Shelden (L. W.) 260.
Shelley (Eli) 33.
Shepherd (Lieut. J. P.) 28, 62 (Shepard ?)
Sherman (Alfred) 127.
" (R.) 263.
Sherry (Ben.) 28.
Shirley (Col.) 29, 31, 32, 36.
Shirrell (Capt. David) 277.
Shoemaker (Ed. R.) 187, 190, 196, 202.
Shoemaker — Lee Schumacher.
Shook (Wm. A.) 17, 53.
Short (A. J.) 263.
Shriver (Capt. R. C.) 15, 32.
Shultz (S.) 263.
Shurtzig (A. J.) 263.
Sinning (Capt. Fred.) 260.
Simmons (Capt.) 260.
" (G. C.) 227, 242.
Simonds (John) 179, 190.
Simons (Ed.) 263.
Simons (John) 196, 202.
Simons (Harvey) 20.
Sills (Marshall) 31.
Sisson (Capt. Wm. A.) 17.
Skinner (Ed.) 178.
" (Lieut. A.) 190, 198.
Slapp (Capt. Theo.) 35.
Small (E. C.) 229.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Smith (Andrew J.)</td>
<td>31, 32, 36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Brownell)</td>
<td>125, 117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(John)</td>
<td>282, 289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Joe)</td>
<td>189, 195, 202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Jim)</td>
<td>229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Josh)</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Josh, J.)</td>
<td>160, 185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Jared)</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(J. W.)</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Nathan S. )</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Sam)</td>
<td>17, 61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(S. J.)</td>
<td>189, 195, 221, 229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Shelby)</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Walter L.)</td>
<td>190, 198, 202, &quot;W. L. S.&quot; 224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Wm. H.)</td>
<td>118, 53, 189, 190, 195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snider (Henry)</td>
<td>260, 263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snow (Wm. E.)</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snyder (E. R.)</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John</td>
<td>30, 31, 32, 36 or Snider</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sommers (W. S.)</td>
<td>260, 265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sommers (W. C.)</td>
<td>184, 225, 235 or Sommers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonniger (Wm.)</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnen (E. R.)</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(O. H.)</td>
<td>282, 287</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Southwick (E. C.)</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(H. J.)</td>
<td>17, 61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Southworth (A. M.)</td>
<td>269</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spaulding (E. A.)</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spear (J.)</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spencer (E. C.)</td>
<td>26, 31, 35, 36, 55, 62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sprig (John)</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sprouse (A. J.)</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sprague (E. J.)</td>
<td>287</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sprig (Jonathan)</td>
<td>187, 190, 195, 202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stablefoot 1st</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stackhouse (Pete)</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stafford (Lieut.</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stender (Dan.)</td>
<td>190, 195, 202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Starks (Joe)</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Stacker | 190, 198, 202
Starn | 220

1. Stearns | 143
2. Steadman | 263, 265

Stevens | Wm. 195
Steen | 263
Stein | 232
Steinmetz | 263
Stephens | W. 6, 229

Stevens | Miss Mary | 279, 287
Stevens | W. 6, 189
Stevenson | Capt. Geo. 62
Stewart | P. J. 190, 198, 202
Stogdell | John | 26
Stone | Albert | 282

Story | E. R. 32
Stapler | E. R. 62

Strohme | D. 61
Strong | 198, 263

Strong | 187, 189, 195
Strong | 196

Strong | 150, 160, 174, 186, 187, 221, 287

Strother | A. 60, 4th Reg.
Stuart | S. T. 285, 286
Stuck | Wm. 6 | 229, 242
Sullivan | P. 263, 265

R. | 17, 61
Summer | Albert | 231
Suess | Michael | 32, 36
Sutton | W. 263
Sutton | Geo. 265
Swain | Capt. Ada B. 239
Swan | 263
Swan | W. 26, 31, 35, 36
Sweat | Moses | 17

Sweeney | G. W. 190, 198, 202
Sweet (Col. B. J.) 253, 254, 257.
Swenson (John) 34, 36.
Swenson (John) 31, 32.
Swenson see Swenson.
Swope 170, 171. [3rd Regt.]}
Tallmadge (Butler) 189, 195, 202.
Tanner (G. W. W.) 61.
Taplin [Carey] 291.
   (Chad.) 291.
   (Oscar) 279, 291.
Tarbox (Albert) 265.
Taylor (G. H.) 229.
   (L.) 189, 195.
Ted — 91, 95, [45th Reg. No. 61.]
   (Rene) 101, 139.
Temple [Capt. — ] 212. [5th Reg. 5]
   (L.) 61.
Terrell (Edson) 291.
Terry (Gilbert) 32, 36.
Terry (Fred) 53.
Thed (G.) 62.
Thayer (W.) 92.
Thode (W.) 53.
Thomas (W.) 53.
   (O.) 21, 26.
   (Robt.) 17.
   (Wm.) 17, 61.
Thompson — 263. [45th Reg. 5]
   (Allen) 17, 61.
   (R. R.) 265.
   (Edwin) 17, 32, 36.
   (Edwin S.) 30, 31.
   (Serg. Fred.) 144.
   (John) 288.
   (J.) 29, 31, 32, 36.
   (S.) 73, 53.
Thorn (Gustave) 26.
Thongate (David) 293.
   (Geo.) 189, 193, 195, 202, 229.
   (Henry) 29.
Thorp (B.) 26.
   (Robt.) 20, 31, 32, 36.
Thurman (John) 225, 230, 231, 235.
Thurman.
Thurlow (Isaac) 61.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Company</th>
<th>Regt</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thurston</td>
<td>W. H.</td>
<td></td>
<td>17</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tichnor</td>
<td>Lieut. John</td>
<td></td>
<td>259, 263, 265</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fmeld</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>154, 155, 156, 157</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tilton</td>
<td>Lieut. John</td>
<td></td>
<td>239</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Titus</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>N.</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Todd</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>18</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tophett</td>
<td>(John)</td>
<td></td>
<td>260</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totten</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Enoch</td>
<td>150, 264</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toulle</td>
<td>(John R.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toole</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>7</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Towley</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>H. J.</td>
<td>32, 34, 36, 38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trainey</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>B. A.</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tracey</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>N. S.</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trank</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>A</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truesch</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Henry</td>
<td>150, 190, 265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trumble</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>H. W.</td>
<td>280, 265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tucker</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Wm.</td>
<td>190, 198, 202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turk</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>H. E.</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turner</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>95, 14th Regt, Co. C. 3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>7</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>W. A.</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turpin</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Wm.</td>
<td>224, 225, 230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tustin</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>17</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuscany</td>
<td>Lieut. John</td>
<td></td>
<td>224</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuttle</td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td>D. A.</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lieut.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>31, 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyler</td>
<td>Lieut. E. A.</td>
<td></td>
<td>97</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
William (Silas) 61.
Ulrick (E.) 263.
Upham (E. B.) 265.
Van Brocklin 235.
Van Brunt (Ralph) 21.
Vandagift (R. C.) 17.
" (Capt. H.) 17.
Vandozer 263.
Van Drogen 28, 29, 31, 32, 36.
Van Ert (John) 31, 32.
Vander (Ed. Jot) 275, 276, 277, 280, 281, 282.
Vankornan (R. C.) 224.
Van Metre (John) 115.
Van Norman 244. [5th Regt.]
Van Orman (G. H.) 62.
Van Notebrand (Dr. A. H.) 85, 87, 107.
Vannam (J. N.) 242.
Vanlin (Nelson) 48, 53.
Vesper (J. L.) 260.
Wetse (Julius) 260.
Wiette (H. C.) 280.
Widel (J. V.) 184.
Viles (G. L.) 127, 132.
Von Bachelle (Capt. Werner) 263.
Von Baumbach (Serg. Carl) 198.
" (Capt. 189.
" (Fred.) 150.
Wroeland (Henry) 174.
Wagner (Andrew) 31, 32, 34, 35, 36.
   (Henry) 229.
Wagner (Geo.) 17.
   (Fred) 184, 200.
Wait (Jac.) 184, 196.
Waite (Owen) 238. "J. W." 171.
Wakon (Rob.) 191, 198, 202.
Walds (John) 34.
   (John S.) 31, 32, 36.
Walker — 230. [Corporal — Co. E, 5th Reg.]
   (Henry E.) 189, 195.
   (Capt. Horace) 185, 186, 187, 194, 195, 196, 212,
Wace 224.
   (R. W.) 189, 195.
Wallace (Nick) 53.
Waller (Geo.) 198.
   (J. G.) 260.
Wallin (Wm.) 265.
Wallace (William) 229.
Watten (J. G.) 265.
Watters (Capt. G. H.) 274, 279, 283.
Ward (Dr. A. F.) 262.
   (Millard B.) 189.
   (Millard) 195.
Ware 18, 17.
Warford (Wilson) 17.
Warham (R.) 266, 265.
Warner (Andrew) 31, 36, 57.
   (J. L.) 284.
   (J. H.) 190, 198, 202.
Washington (Martin) 17.
Watson (W. J.) 62.
Watrous (J. H.) 125.
Watson (Osw.) 224.
Watts (W. H.) 62.
Way (David M.) 20.
Webb (N.) 270.
   (Reuben) 62.
   (W. L.) 239.
Webber (Geo.) 62.
Webber (R.) 263.
Webster (R. B.) 187, 195.
  " (R. B.) 202, 229.
  " (R. B. W.) 193.
Weed (Theodore) 229.
Wein (E.) 167.
Weirich (Sergt. A.) 256, 263.
Welding (Lewis) 286.
Weller (Alonzo) 269.
Wellhausen (Aug.) 260.
Welty — 170, 171. [5th Regt.]
Weisbrodt (H.) 140.
Werner (Andrew) 53.
Westcott (O. R.) 17, 61.
West (Adj. F. E.) 187, 189.
  " (Capt. A. H.) 190.
  " (Adj. F. S.) 150, 204.
  " (O.) 269.
Westermier (Geo.) 229.
Weston (O.) 159, 291.
Westrow (A.) 260.
Weigel (Sergt. G.) 132.
Weigel (Ferdinand) 125.
Weyman (John) 260.
Whaley (Sergt. Ed.) 263, 266.
Wheaton (Chas. W.) 43.
Wheeler (A. A.) 282.
  " (Frank) 277, 288.
  " (Capt. H. M.) 150, 192, 193, 194, 196, 202, 22
  " 229, 230.
Wheelock (A.) 53.
  " (Sergt. H.) 189, 195.
Whipple (Sergt. Wm. B.) 31, 35.
Whitaker (Jiram) 265, 269, 270.
Whitcomb (Levi R.) 53.
White — 154. [Sutlee - 5th Regt.]
  " (Capt.) 115. [4th Regt.]
  " (Chas.) 260.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Company</th>
<th>Age</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>White</td>
<td>H. B.</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Capt.)</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Nathan)</td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Kelson)</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(S. A.)</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Wm.)</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whiteneck</td>
<td>J. A.</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitley</td>
<td>(J.)</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitman</td>
<td>(Capt. Geo. J.)</td>
<td>21, 31, 50, 55, 62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Geo.</td>
<td>189, 196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Widney</td>
<td>(Lt.)</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Widney</td>
<td>(Lt. J. A.)</td>
<td>35, 53, 54, 55, 56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wiegler</td>
<td>(Lt. Wm. H.)</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wiggins</td>
<td>(W. W.)</td>
<td>229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilbur</td>
<td>(Dr. Geo.)</td>
<td>150, 159, 207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilcox</td>
<td>(Corp.)</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilcox</td>
<td>(Franklin)</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Geo.)</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Gunot</td>
<td>53, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Wm.)</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Riley</td>
<td>A. J.</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(C.)</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(H. A.)</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trickett</td>
<td>(Joseph)</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Willard</td>
<td>(John R.)</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Willett</td>
<td>(Amariah)</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Hugh)</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Isaiah)</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(J.)</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(John H.)</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Rob.)</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(R. H.)</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Willis</td>
<td>A. F.</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(J. B.)</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Sgt.)</td>
<td>26, 31, 35, 36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Allen)</td>
<td>269</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minans</td>
<td>C. S.</td>
<td>53, 57</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Winans | A. W.) 53.
Wing | Lt. 172. 115. 44th Regt.
Wintermute | Sergt. 194. 101.
Wood | Capt. 113, 114, 125, 134, 136.
Wood | John W.) 53.
Wool | Lt. 31, 32, 36.
Wise (Eugene) | 62.
Wolf | Fred. 140.
Wool (Abram) | 53.

Woodcock (David) | 189, 191, 195, 203, 214.
Woodford (Capt. Jasper) | 20, 26, 31, 32, 36.
Woodhouse (Capt. Sam.) | 298.
Woodland (R.) 263.
Woodruff (H.) 61.
Woods (Sam. O.) 265.
Worthington (Brainard) | 189, 195.
Wright (Jacob) | 260.
Wright (Salim) | 260, 265.

Winman (G. O.) 263, 265.
Wyman (J. W.) 26.
Yarringer (Benj.) 212.
Young (A. M.) 263.
" (O. J.) 266.
" (Frank) 268, 266.
" (Lieut. R. F.) 296.
" (Jar.) 189, 195.
" (Smith) 265, 269, 270.
Zahus (John) 53.
Zeigler (Adam) 61.
" (Phillip) 189–198.
Ziergel (F.) 263.