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Trip to Prescott—Steamboat Business
A Smart Little City and a Patriotic People—An Indication of Loyalty—War Meeting—Local Items—Col. D. J. Dill.

Prescott, Aug. 18, 1862.

Funeral as the sun. At half past nine o'clock, on Friday evening the well-laden passenger train from Milwaukee halted at La Crosse—at ten o'clock to a minute, the silver toothed belt of that favorite boat the Northern Belle gave the signal for starting and we were off. It is fun to stand and see the eager passengers crowd up to the Clerk's office for tickets. Each one asks a score of questions—some sily—some sensible; each one wants the best berth—each one wants special attention. Charlie Hyde and his fun loving assistant, Will Bannor, have a kind answer—a smile or joke, for every passenger, and all are pleased. Like Railroad conductors, steamboat officers must be perfect dictionaries. They must know the distance to every point—the fare—the best hotels—the time every stage leaves—the latest news—the chances for accidents—whether Col. Jones, Doctor Smith or Esquire Brown is at home or not. We used to think the cathechism was the store house of all questions—but the steamboat passenger can ask two questions to the catechism's one. The La Crosse & St. Paul Packet Company have been extremely fortunate in securing the services of gentlemen of large hearts, easy address and extensive information for the several responsible situations they fill. May their shadows never diminish.

A good night's rest—tip-top breakfast, and Saturday morning opened as fair as one could wish. Nine-tenths of the travel to St. Paul and Intermediate ports north of La Crosse are done by this time, and this morning as usual, the boat was well crowded. Some were talking on business—more were talking of the war which swallows up private griefs and even tea table and sewing society gossip—a few were reading—some were drinking in with pleased eyes the rich pictures of romance and beauty so swiftly passing, while others to whom the river had become familiar were settling the question of our national existence, and ordered beverages, over a rub of euchre or whist. Up on the hurricane roof—slowly walking—arm in arm—his fingers just resting on her fair hand—his arm half carelessly thrown around her waist—his eyes searching for the diamonds of love deep in the ever beautiful depths of her's—walked those whose hearts cared for nothing save the joy of the present, and the hope of the golden future. Disturb them not. Full soon will the storm of life break wildly over them—God grant that the blast may find them prepared for the reality which outstains the romance.

City of Prescott.

It was near 2 o'clock when we reached this ambitious and thriving little city, of about two thousand people, and sought the well known Kilbourn House. A walk around town—on its pleasant streets, and the afternoon was passed. After ten with Dr. Beardsley and his amiable family—after a walk on the bluff, a Mass, War Meeting was the centre of attraction. The large Congregational Church—a fine brick edifice handsomely situated on the rise of ground back of the city—was filled to overflowing with men and women earnest in the work of enlisting volunteers. There was a life—a determination—an earnestness about the people which told plainer than words, that the future of this war would be a victorious one, and that Prescott would never be excelled in devotion to the star glemmed banner so dear to us all.

Dr. Beardsley, Speaker of the Assembly, was called to preside. There was martial music, and then singing by one of the best glee clubs we ever listened to. How it made the blood dart from heart to fingers' end, as the rich voices sang with feeling which found an echo in every heart.

"The Star Spangled Banner forever shall wave, Over the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Short patriotic speeches were made by several earnest speakers—foremost among whom was our able bodied friend Jonathan Dool, Esq., who is doing much in this good work,--songs were sung—money was raised—men volunteered to the number of thirteen—the loved families to be left behind were promptly and abundantly provided for by the liberal citizens of Pierce county—more songs were sung—cheers by the score were given for those who came forward to enlist and those who contributed so freely, and thus till midnight the good work went on.

Talk about overthrowing this Government—talk about the death of the glorious American Union—never while such patriotism as we saw in Prescott on Saturday night last, is to be found. Why, all they talk here is war. The heathen are forgotten—the families of volunteers receive all the attention.

Pierce county, when the order to draft came, had but forty-two men to send in to fill her quota. The idea of drafting was not to be entertained, and now this county has a hundred more than her quota enrolled as volunteers. Think of this, you rich counties of the Eastern part of the State. Look at this Dodge, Rock, Dane, Walworth, Waukesha, Racine, Washington and such backward counties, then. In the town of Trimbell, in this county, when the war began, there were ninety-five voters. The town, up to Saturday night last, had sent as volunteers no less than sixty-seven of her brave men.

Talk about our being defeated! If the country now loyal, was all North-west, this rebellion could have been ended six months since! And the sample we have given above, is but a specimen of the feeling all over this county—all over this Congressional District. When the order to draft came, Wisconsin had to raise to escape that stigma, 18,000. Of this number, this Congressional District was called on to make good her quota, for but five hundred and ninety-two men—an average of but twenty-five men to a county, and the number has been more than raised. Here is an evidence of what the North-west is doing. Look at the record, ye old counties of the State, and hereafter boast of something besides an excess of patriotism. When the Day of reckoning comes, first in the triumphal procession will be this same District, by many supposed to be a howling wilderness.

Prescott is a most excellent business point, built up to its present prosperous condition within eight years. It is situated on the East bank of the Mississippi, one mile from Lake St. Croix, an enlargement of the St. Croix river. There is a landing here one of the finest on the river. The city contains about two thousand inhabitants, mostly from New York, New Jersey, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The town is handsomely located on a high prairie, a little back from the river. This prairie extends back for about 12 miles, and up and down the river twice that distance. Several very fine buildings are to be seen, among which we notice those of Messrs. Dunbar, Beardsley & Co., and others. Among the fine residences, most handsomely situated are those of W. P. Westfall, Dr. Maxton, now with the array, Louis Manshure, Hilton Doe, George Shaser, E. N. Redman and James W. Hill. They would be no discredit to La Crosse, Milwaukee, or any other place. There are here five Churches, The Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Congregational and Catholic. A fine School House, equal in size to either of those in La Crosse, is well kept up. There is now one tip top local paper here, the Prescott Journal, published by that talented genius and good hearted man, Lys A. Taylor. It has a large circulation as it deserves to have, and is doing much to bring this rich county and pleasant village into the notoriety each so well deserve.

Many of the private residences here are situated most charmingly, on little elevations of ground—broken knolls—surrounded by natural groves, while the streets are so hard and dry, that a ride such as we had yesterday, out among the rich farms, with Granak A. Ditt, brother of Col. Ditt, was the very height of such enjoyment.

Last year, 300,000 bushels of wheat were shipped from here to the Milwaukee market! This year, the amount will reach at least half a million bushels, most-
The Volunteers of Trempealeau County left Galeville about noon on Sunday, to take the boat at Trempealeau for Camp Randall, Madison. Previous to their departure from Galeville they were presented with a flag purchased by subscription by the Ladies of Trempealeau County. The presentation was made in behalf of the Ladies by Prof. Farber, accompanied by a short but very impressive address. Capt. Arnold received the flag and in behalf of the volunteers responded in a feeling and patriotic speech, at the close of which there were very few dry eyes among the large number assembled. Three hearty cheers for the Ladies of Trempealeau County were then given by the volunteers, after which they got aboard wagons and started for Trempealeau. About 30 heavily loaded wagons accompanied them from Galeville. They were received at Trempealeau by cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs by the Ladies. The boat, which was to carry them was due at 5 P.M., but did not arrive until half past ten in the evening. Col. Dill who was aboard, came on shore; he seemed pleased with the company, which was formed before Utter's Hotel. The Col. is of medium size, of elegant proportion, and was faultlessly dressed in a rich uniform.

From his hearty and social grip of the hand and kindly and unassuming manner we believe the boys will find in Col. Dill at least a kind officer. In five minutes after the landing of the boat the company was aboard. Deafening cheers from the shore, a vociferous response from the boat, and the thundered awkwardly out blowing and coughing like a patient in the last stages of consumption. The scene on the shore was painful to witness. Those who had parted with their friends bemoaned them as if they had actually been piled over them. We believe there were none so unfailing as not to sympathize with these sufferers, and silently pray for the safe return of their friends.

CAMP RANDALL, Oct. 16th, 1862

Editor of Transcript:

Sir: We started from Trempealeau at half past ten, and arrived at Prairie du Chien (Prairie of Dogs), at ten in the morning. Our accommodations for sleeping on the boat were not first-rate. Five companies came on board above Trempealeau; two of them from Hudson, one from Prescott and two from Reeds Landing. Col. Dill was on board, and took charge of the men till we arrived in camp. The Col. is a splendid looking man, over six feet in height, and very well made. He has black eyes, dark hair, and has the bearing of suppliant or energy and intelligence.

We started from Prairie du Chien for Madison at 3-15 m., and arrived there at 9-15 m. We marched into camp, and were furnished with a supper by one of the companies of the 30th, which came into camp last week. Directly after supper we marched to our quarters, where each man received a blanket and turner in for the night. All slept well, and with one or two exceptions, felt first-rate in the morning. Some of our blankets proved to be damaged, but our officers got them exchanged for better ones on Wednesday.

The 29th Reg., Col. Gill, is in camp here, but expect to leave next week. They received their uniform yesterday and came out in full dress this morning. They were dressed in light blue overcoats and pants, dark blue undercoats and black hats with a black feather on one side. The 29th was on batallon drill this morning, and made a very fine appearance, but we find in movements in which we have been drilled we are not behind them. We are now getting our regular rations of provisions and wood. Cooks are detailed, and we are living the regular soldier's life.

17th.—Our company was examined by the Surgeon to-day, not a man was thrown out. He said it was the hardest company that had been examined by him. A parvo was made up among the men this evening for the purpose of burning swords for our officers. Enough was made up in a short time, and the swords will be presented on the first convenient opportunity.

Oct. 18th.—The presentation of the swords came off to-day. Mr. Freeman made the following remarks in behalf of the company:

Captain Arnold, Lieutenants Chaffell and McMaster:—The company under your command have manifested in some way their respect and esteem for you, their officers, have charged me with the pleasant duty of presenting to each of you a sword and its accoutrements. In times of peace, this ceremony might be but little more than a pleasant gratification. But at such a time as this, when our country is bleeding at every pore, from wounds inflicted by traitors, it has such an intensity of interest as nothing but the stern realities of war can give. They expect in a few days to be led by you into the field of strife. Where you lead they will follow. They feel and know that they place these swords in trusty hands, that they will ever be wielded in the cause of humanity and freedom, and that they will not rest in their seashells until peace shall again bless our once happy but now distracted country.

Reply of Capt. Arnold.

Fellow Soldiers:—We can find no language adequate to express our gratitude for this unexpected token of respect. So long as our country needs our services
these beautiful blades shall never rust in their scabbards. You are fast improving in military discipline, and if your efficiency in the field of battle depends upon your proficiency in drill, you will do Trempealeau county and the name you bear, honor. The cause of the Union will be faithfully served, and you will have the abundant reward of doing your duty in the service of your country. We assure you of our gratitude for the alacrity with which all commands are obeyed, as well as for this renewed token of your friendship and respect.

G. W.

The Transcript.

Camp Randall, Oct. 16th, 1862

Where there is a will there is a way, and a soldier can write if he choose, but such are his inconveniences, I wonder that any letters are written in camp; for it is first this, then that, or no place to write, at least for me, except on my knee, so it must require a strong desire. For just as I sat down to write sergeant Barnard cried out, "fall in," and now it is twilight, and the soldiers are having great fun, and in the midst of this bedlam I am writing. How boms up the scenes and changes since last I wrote you, calling loudly for volunteers! The strong pull, but short pull, has been bad, and the results most honorable to Trempealeau county. Our company is pronounced the heaviest in the regiment, and every one has passed muster, and we are all bound for Dixie. The boys are in good spirits and appear favorably in drill. But in ours as in every other, a little evil destroys a great deal of good—smartness, proficiency being contagious, and the chief employment of some being to injure themselves and as many others as possible; but soldiers are usually kind to each other. I have heard of war, read of war, played war, but never before engaged in war. Recruiting for war, disciplining for war, and fighting in war, is all new business to me, and poor business too, for what I know, except in our country's present condition. However, we have commenced, and will not look back, for the end is not yet, and we have realized only a few preliminaries—among the most interesting of which was the parting scene. On Saturday eve, Oct. 11th, our entire family, ten, were at home, the family circle having never been broken. Such were the countenances, and suffer, the hearts as we thought of the morrow's coming, and with it the trembling lip and throbbing heart, as we bid our goodbyes. And never did tears seem more precious, than when we received that special token of respect, the flag, from the ladies of our county, and the expression "God bless you" never more appropriate than when we bid them our last good byes. And only inscribing for each to feel and know, how inspiring for each to feel and know, how inspiring for each to feel and know, we has a friend indeed—and such we regard most we left on that memorable day.

But the pretender was also there, and that black-hearted villain, one's bitterest enemy, was also readily blandly to bid him good by and wish him success; anything for favor. The Lord rebuke him. But as we love to think of the good and the not of the evil, dear loved ones at home, the grand old bluffs, the sublime natural scenery in the region of Galesville and Trempealeau, are indelibly fixed on my panorama; and I trust will act as an inspiration to bear the privations, the toil, the shame of camp life, and serve the arm in the day of battle, to defeat the same, against fell treason. Our march thus far has been pleasant, and without accident.

Camp Randall is on the State Fair ground, containing about 60 acres, inclosed by a high fence, is somewhat uninteresting, a beautiful grove of small trees on the east, a neat parade ground in the central, a hill midway on the western border, on which is the main fair building. It is wonderful with what facility the fair ground is turned into a military camp; every part, fence and all, being of direct use. Our quarters are in a space of the stables built along the fence, ten feet wide the rafters resting on a strip nailed along the top of the fence, the front boarded up containing doors and windows. We occupy about 6 rods, filled up for the purpose there being three tiers of berths in the rear, along the fence, well ventilated, the fence not being battened; but we have our regular straw, and each a blanket—our cooking and eating out door.—L. Mann and Geo. Case cooks.

Our regular daily rations bread, 137-1-2 lbs.; beef, 120 lbs.; or pork, 75 lbs.; potatoes, 37 lbs.; coffee, 10 lbs., or tea, 1-1-2 lbs.; sugar, 15 lbs.; soap, 4 lbs.; candles, 1-1-2 lbs.; beans, 8, or hom. 10, or rice 8, or peas 10 qts.; 1 gal. molasses per week, 3 cords of wood per week, enough and good enough.

As you may suppose, we are now in Camp Randall. We departed from our well-wishing friends of Trempealeau Co. about 10 o'clock Sunday evening, on board the good steamer, "Ark City," on the deck of which we were transported to Prairie du Chien, arriving there about 8 o'clock A. M. Monday, considerably wearied from necessity sitting or rather walking during the entire night. The train being overbooked, we were compelled to walk the deck to avoid becoming uncomfortable.

On our arrival we were marched from the best to the Prairie, a short distance from the city, a guard stationed, and no one permitted to pass the lines without being passed by a commissioned officer. Here we remained until 8 o'clock P. M.

During the afternoon I received permission to pass the guard, and availed myself of the opportunity to visit the old fort at that place, built long years ago by American troops, during the Indian troubles.

The fort consists of four long stone buildings, probably twenty rods in length, so arranged as to form a square enclosure, completely surrounded by stone walls. This, with the guard houses and a hospital, complete the works, which are very good, and fast falling to ruins. The spot is present occupied by the 31st Wis. reg. as a drilling ground, Col. L. E. Messenger commanding.

At 8 o'clock we were marched on board the cars, and started on the route to the Capitol, which, after leaving Prairie de Chien, passes a long distance through the Wis River bottoms, crossing the river a number of times; then passing to a higher and very sandy country, which, I should judge, is poor farming land till half the route is passed, after which a very beautiful country lies along the remainder of it.

At 9 o'clock P. M. we arrived at Madison and marched into camp where we were welcomed with deifying cheers from the 29th regiment which is stationed here and three companies of our own Reg., who so much regarded as to have our supper and barracks prepared against our arrival, for which we felt extremely thankful, being sadly in want of rest.

The 29th reg. Col. Gill, is uniformed and daily expecting orders to march, while the 30th needs one more company to complete it, and as yet no equipments have arrived designed for it, from which the supposition is drawn that we will remain in Camp Randall a considerable length of time.

Our company was examined yesterday.
By the surgeon of the regiment, and no one hesitated. The men are in excellent spirits, and though they will suffer many complaints, privations, the novelty and romance connected with camp life causes some dissatisfaction at times.

Our fare is simple—excitingly so—consisting of bread, meat and coffee with occasionally potatoes or beans, though, we do not complain, intending, if necessary, to subsist on raw horse flesh, for the sake of fighting. Without, I think, an exception our company enlisted from devotion to the cause and trust you will hear of it in the future, bearing itself nobly in this great effort to carry the flag, into the heart of the enemy's stronghold, and then I will write with a glad heart, if it has done honor to itself and its country, and made its efforts prominent and its toil felt, in the great struggle to perpetuate the waving of the Stars and Stripes over the land.

Which was in the words of our old commandant.

And all the bravest, that dare be.

The government of nature's heavenly band,

In which we were the horse and the crown,

The beautiful, the brave, the taste of land and sea.

Direct to Camp Randall, 30th reg.

In care of Capt. Arnold.

ALBERT BOOTH.

We publish as much of the following letter as is not a repetition in substance of those previously published.—Ed.

Camp Randall, Madison, Wis.

Oct 21, 1862.

Mr. S. S. Luck:—The boys of our Co. are all well. We drill 5 hours a day, the balance of the time is spent in reading, writing, sleeping, mending, cooking &c. It reminds me of a lumberman's life, which I have been used to, and I like it well. Some of the boys think it a little strange, but they correspondents. On Friday 17th inst. will get used to it before long. They were examined by the Regimental officers, and when we go South will make our mark. Last night 150 paces away there was an honest man, and gave his name correctly. Too old, said the stern officer, you may step out. Capt. Arnold from the 14th, 16th and 18th Wisconsin regiments. They can tell some harped great story, and every man passed. We are well pleased with our Co. The boys will make good surgeons, and every man passed. We are well pleased with our Co. If you ever have any letters, please spell your name correctly.

P. S. The respect of "Deacon" to "Judge" and "Scotch."

Correspondence of the Camp.

For the Transcript.

Camp Randall, Oct. 29th 1862.

Will the Transcript please enlarge it so as to receive our love till we receive one. Friends you love, perhaps all the more for being imperiled for your security, you would be happy to do as a small favor, write and you will do us a great one, and as it is we do this, in you do show forth your love till we receive letters. The boys literally dance for joy when they receive "yarns" about their experiences in Dixie. As yet we have received no pay.

H. W. MauSHER.

Camp Randall, Oct. 29, 1862.

G. W. F. Mill Reg.—Dear Sir:—This morning the 30th Regiment had its first battalion drill. We all had the regulation pants and overcoats on, our caps have not yet arrived. Our good-looking, good-natured, and thoroughly military appearance did credit to the 30th. Col. complemented the battalion as a whole, but pointed out some defects which are likely to be corrected as we practice. Lockerson, who stood on the hill watching the movements of the battalion inclined to the opinion that Co. E. was the best appearance company in the battalion.

We are all as a company except F. J. Kirkoff, who has been unwell for several days, from a heavy cold. He is doing well now.

If there are any who wish to join us as to fill up the company before drafting on the 10th of November, we will be welcomed. Bally boys! Now is your time, or never to throw away this chance as well as you might on the altar of our common country.

It is not a small thing, as the battalion drill of to-day proved most conclusively, to have experienced line or company, as well as Field or Regimental officers.

The following are the officers of Co. F. for the Transcript:

Capt. Edward Devlin.

1st Lt. E. C. Foster.

2d Lt. W. W. Smith.

1st Sgt. J. T. Jones.

2d Sgt. Wm. Martin.

3d Sgt. Harvey M. Howe.


1st Corporal. Walter Evans.

2d Corporal. R. McMullen.


5th Corporal. Sylvester K. Gallagher.


7th Corporal. A. Pierce.


1st Corporal. Edward James.

"MIFFLIN."

P. S. The respects of "Deacon" to "Judge" and "Scotch."
We have had some pleasant weather and dust, or as the boys say, dust is no name for it; then cold winds, then storm, and notwithstanding our overcoats came most opportune, for we had just put them on and got out to drill, when down came dashing the snow in massive flakes, and camp Randall presented a grand scene, for a photograph of which I would give a handsome price, yet nearly all of us are more or less afflicted with colds, with poor show for recovery.

Camp Randall, Oct. 30, 1862.

Friend Transcript:

Amidst all the noise of a Lunatic Asylum, I try to write a few lines for the people of Trempealeau county. First one comes and asks for one thing, and somebody else for another; then, when you think you are getting quiet, in pops a newsboy crying at the top of his voice; from the office without any letters for the news, he stood it that it had been a grand event.

Camp Randall presented a crowd and notwithstanding our overcoats came. Our undercoats which we expected next week. We have been "mustered in" and have battalion drill in the forenoon and dress parade in the afternoon. Our Col. is a very fine man; he has been well for the last two days and to-day is not able to be out with us. There is but little sickness in camp. One young fellow of the 29th, has died since we have been here; but the only dangerous symptoms we have seen in our company, is when our Postmaster VanSlyke comes from the office without any letters for the boys. When they do get letters they jump round like a man with snakes in his boots. A man has come in with some beautiful likeness cases, but he has come to the wrong place; we are all "dead broke," I must close, for the drum that would complicate a social and physical situation.

Yours Truly,

Camp Randall, Nov. 3d, 1862.

Friend Luck:

From the monotony and dulness that hangs over the encampment of soldiers when far from an enemy's country, little of interest can be written. Glance com- monment to camp and a sameness of duties day after day affords but little novelty, know, as you must know, but perhaps the deep interest felt in our welfare, will lend an eagerness to the reading of all letters from camp.

I have the pleasure of reporting our company in excellent spirits, and enjoying good health, with a fair prospect of zero long leaving Camp Randall for a warmer climate. Our uniforms have all been given us with the exception of dress coats. Those which our other equipment are reported in readiness for us, and rumors are prevalent that two weeks will be the longest probable prolongation of stay, in this place.

The 29th reg. armed with splendid straight field rifles, departed on Sunday morning. In view of the departure his excellency, Gov. Schuyler, on Fri. visited the camp, and from horse ad- dressed the reg. which toed column divisions, in an encouraging and complimentary speech, and in which he stated that on that day he had received the original order from Gen. Sherman, saying that the three Wis. regts. in Gibbon's brigade were equal to the best troops in any army in the world, a compliment thus far paid to the troops of no other State since the war began.

Three hearty cheers were given for our Governor, as he ended, and then, as his proposal three more for the Union given, as also three for their Colonel.

Ex Governor Randall, the new Post Master General, who has lately returned from his mission as minister to Rome, was on the ground, and being invited to speak, he arose in his buggy and requested them to remain patient while he spoke a few words, which was very willingly done, for more eloquent speakers are rare. He stated that it had been his fortune to witness a short time since in Paris, a grand review of 150,000 troops, of the army of France, and although better drilled yet he saw no regiment that would pass in all the review that would compare in stature and physical strength to the regiments of Wisconsin. He commended them for their bravery and advised them not to lay rude hands on defenseless women and children, but whenever they met a rebel to smite him, and whenever it was expedient to leave a spectacle of a rebel on a tree, after which he courteously responded to three lusty cheers from the reg. and left the ground.

The 29th regiment received its advance bounty of 25 dollars on Friday, as did also our own regiment on the following. There is still due to maintain our company nearly three months pay, and probably the "green backs" will be forthcoming ere long, paying in full for the time of our enlistment.

We shall be more comfortably quartered hereafter, as the barracks occupied by the other regiment are far superior to our own, of which we shall now take possession. To our stables we are becoming accustomed, and a limited amount of food is uncomfortably submitted to as it is generally sufficient and as good as can be expected.

Some of our company are home on furloughs, mostly married men, who are permitted to visit their wives, while young men are restrained from going to the officers entertaining the lowest mixed opinion that wives are dearer.
In the reg we are assigned the position of company "C," which is color company and generally exposed to more dangers than other companies in consequence, but I trust we are equal to the emergency, and perhaps you will do us the credit to think that we will guard the colors well, and that the sight of them will inspire our hearts to do battle bravely, that Trempealeau county may not be ashamed but rather proud of her representatives.

Yours Truly, ALBERT BOOTH.

Correspondence of the Camp.

For the Transcript.

CAMP RANDALL, Wis. Nov. 14, 1862.

Since I last wrote you, I have been permitted to visit, for a few days, home and friends, and even the Editor of the Transcript in his Sanctum, and from each received words of encouragement and cheer and renewed assurances that the soldiers of our county have true friends at home, and that their real wants will be attended to, and if the proper appropriations for the benefit of their families are not made, it cannot properly be laid to the Democrats. We were pleased at the apparent thirst of Galesville and Trempealeau in new-comers and improved business, and hope it may be permanent and increasing, and that neither will suffer any depression on account of so many leaving the county.

It is my business, if my disappointments are usually blessings in disguise. Disappointments are not joyous but grievous, and sometimes sting keenly, as when a man claims to be prompt and anxious to defend his country and is oath-bound as a soldier, and desires to visit home, obtains a favor, as a forbearance, has enjoyed the benefit, starts in ample time to return if conveyances are regular, and then nearly reaches the dock as the boat swings out on which he should go, or be three minutes too late for the cars, and he feels what disappointment means. Such was ours, as we reached Trempealeau and saw the Northern Light swing out, and then we were informed that no other "down river boat" would pass till next day evening, which would bring us a day or more behind time. Indeed it made us nervous for a few moments, but submitting to our fate, we set about closing up business matters, calling on friends and bidding good bye, and had just gone the grand round, when along came Ocean Wave and waved us to Prairie du Chien in ample time to take the cars with the Iowa 25th, (who were the boat we missed,) on their way to Cairo, and rode without expense to Cam-Randall, which we reached in good time all right.

Our Reg is now equipped and nearly ready for the war; all hustling, all activity, cleaning guns, arranging accoutrements, and drill, drill, drill. The 29th Reg left here the last Shabbath and we will probably leave the next one.

Presumably to their leaving, Gov. Salomon made them a speech, one that had the genuine ring in it, and was enthusiastically cheered. Gov. Randall made them a speech, one that had the genuine ring in it, and was enthusiastically cheered. Alex. W. Randall knew how it ought to be done. In my absence Mr. Hastings made our company a speech, which pleased them well, and they presented him with one of our nice Records.

L. P. Armstrong has been quite sick, but is recovering slowly. I. R. King has ruptured himself badly. Penny, Mann, Reynolds, Follet, Engleman and others are relieved from duty to-day on account of their being sick. C. Cary, O. Sweatman, Sam. Johnson and John Confer are tough and healthy. Capt. A. A. Arnold just received a telegram that his daughter is dead. Waters of a full cup are wrung out of him; all that knew her will lament her death.

R. A. Oddell has come into camp. He looks healthy and well, and apparently feels well. He will take charge of our presents to Galesville University and Trempealeau School. By the way, Trempealeau may thank your humble servant for their Record, for when he was securing the ready for the Galesville Record, the Trempealeau boys would not be outdone, and beat us and that stirred up the boys from several other towns, who furnished them for their schools.

Receive our presents as evidence of our good wishes to the institutions of learning, and kind regards for the youth.

D. O. VAN.

CAMP RANDALL Nov. 15th 1862.

Ha! ha! "bullies," we have assurances that we shall have for somewhere soon, and the boys are getting into their element. Better yet, 100 rioters have just been drummed into camp, escorted by two companies of the 29th Reg., who seized them at Port Washington, where they were trying to have things their own way. Two of our companies met them at the depot, and led them into camp. They are a sorrowful, sneaking, unreasonable looking set. Poor fellows, they are hurried into the back part of the fair building like a herd of swine, and are strongly guarded by determined volunteers, soldiers, with loaded guns, and fixed bayonets; this suits our boys precisely: many more volunteered to stand guard than were needed, and if any of those northern traitors attempt to escape they will get blazing. Monday 17th. A general excitement, we are expecting to go to Milwaukee to-morrow night, and we are getting our regular ammunition, and I hope to be the man who resists the draft.

Though we have but few traitors in the North, yet such is our liberty, and the freedom of speech, and of the press, that they are a' together too rampant and daring, and must be checked a little, their assumptions and presumptions disproved. We have been told that the draft could not be enforced, we will see. We were also told, that if McClellan was removed, his entire army would revolt, that has been proved a falsehood, and I trust that the true republican policy will be in full operation by the first of Jan., and then I am a fool if rebellion is not speedily brought to an end. Our prisoners look badly, and have been on the point of dying, and have been trying to have things their own way. Two of our companies met them at the depot, and led them into camp. They are a sorrowful, sneaking, unreasonable looking set. Poor fellows,
I tend to scalp most of them.

Three Weeks' Experience of "Sogerjing."

A volunteer in the 30th Regiment writes the following amusing letter from Camp Randall to the Wausuha Pikes.

We want to engage "Fife Right" as our correspondent from the 30th.

EPPRONS AMUSE.

"Fark from the tombs a doleful sound."

"What will you do with it?" Why, print it, of course; or else do as you do—

but the Regiment should be made fine for swearing, so I'll simmer. Do you really want to know what sogerjing is like? I mean a mild case of sogerjing! Say one of three weeks' standing. Well, sir, here's at you. First, then, imagine that you are "plumb full" of patriotism, mildly ambitious, and slightly green. Your friends commence howling about filling up the ranks of the "Wausuha Pikes"—they want to fill up their quota of "We're coming, Father Abraham, 600,000 more"—they look upon you as a fit subject, and propose to enlist you.

The Captain of the Pikes—why, there never was a man quite equal to him—and the Lieutenants are a pair of perfect peelers—there never was such a chance to enlist—such pay—"$18"—lumber, to patch up the old sheds, a stove or two, clothes, etc., are idle as the wind. No business to be sogerjing.

Watch them throw their regular meal, squatted on the ground, like so many "banty" hens. Here is a six-footer crowding a cold chuck of meat down, while the last year's "pepper-pot," a tin plate on his knees with less than a pint of cold grease in it, and the balance of the pittance dribbling down between his chaps. He's a man quite equal to his pay, but his rations may not prove good for him.

There's a little chap about the size of a pepper-box peeping into a pint cup; "Watch the Pukes take their powder; they look upon you as a light subject, and won't you be indignant though when they hear how the boys are treated?" Well, Company E, Iowa county—Captain, Ed Develin; 2d lieut., Harry J. Curtice.

Company F, Pierce county—Captain, David C. Falcon; 2d lieut., Henry G. Gill.


Company B, Iowa county—Captain, Samuel Hubbard; 1st lieut., William H. Gill; 2d lieut., Thomas Priestly.


Company D, Pierce, Polk and St. Croix counties—Captain, David C. Falcon; 2d lieut., Charles E. Darling; 2d lieut., L. O. Marshall.

Company E, Iowa county—Captain, Ed Develin; 1st lieut., Charles C. Foster; 2d lieut., Samuel W. Smith.

Company F, Pierce county—Captain, Martin A. Drehbieb; 1st lieut., Edgar A. Meacham; 2d lieut., Sara R. Strong.


Company H, Wausuha county—Captain, Andrew Bedal; 1st lieut., George Marshall; 2d lieut., Joseph Mathews.

Company J, Eau Claire county—Captain, Napoleon B. Greer; 1st lieut., Charles Buckner; 2d lieut., Benjamin F. Cowen.

Company K, Chippewa county—Captain, John Klant; 1st lieut., Geo. F. Dinsmore; 2d lieut., Myron F. Hubbard.

From the Thirty-seventh Regiment.

Dear Sister:

Fort Howard, Nov. 23d.

We left Camp Randall on the 17th inst., for this place, arrived and equipped, with muskets, knapsacks and cartridge boxes. A crowd of citizens were assembled at Milwaukew, many pronounced our company the best that had ever passed through that place. At this place we were presented with ten rounds of cartridges, a prop of extra cartridges, a new uniform and a rickety old umbrella.

Yours, F. R.

P. S. Hopping these few lines will find you enjoying the same, or equivalent blessings, I remain, &c.

F. R.

P. S. Small S. My address is Bank No. 791rd tier, three in a bed, Camp Aleck W. near opening. A copy of the above will meet my preparation for the work we must do.
to do. We arrived at Minnesota Junction at 6 o'clock at night. At this place the road to La Crosse, crosses the Fondulac and Green Bay road. At 1 o'clock in the morning we arrived here. Fort Howard is an old style structure, with good comfortable quarters, large brick fire places, and, as it is a wooded country about here we have plenty of material to keep warm. I like the appearance of Green Bay much. There are many fine buildings, and yards and gardens filled with shrubbery. This undoubtedly will be a great place for business, for the grain from a large tract of country finds market here and thence it is shipped east. The Bay and river is navigable for the largest Steamers up to this point. Timber and brick are very plenty here, affording great facilities for building. There are some fine orchards of apple trees about here. We came here to enforce the draft so about 11 o'clock we set out for the Belgian district, through a wooded country, over miserable roads, until we reached the town of Scott, where we quartered ourselves for the night, eight or ten at a house. The people where W. and I staid were very kind to us, and the lady gave us a description of the mob that went to Green Bay, and particularly the captain. He rode a horse, and was followed by a band of men, armed with guns, pitchforks, clubs, hatchets, &c.

We rendezvoused at a school house, and that night sent out pickets, as we understood that the Belgians were within a mile and would attack us, but the night wore away and not a Belgian was to be seen. We captured some prisoners, and at a place called Humboldt, captured the leader of the mob, and many of his men. They were marched to the Fort. Some of the drafted men have already reported themselves to Capt. Sam. Harriman, and the rest are expected in to-morrow. I understand they expect trouble in the county below here and probably we shall go there. It is difficult for us to get postage stamps, as the offices will take only coin. W. and I, have allotted ten dollars a month from our wages, which will be sent home as often as we draw our pay. The boys are well, and we have good times.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN C. M.

DIED.

At Camp Randall, Monday evening, Nov. 24th, of typhoid fever, our beloved friend, Private John Music, from Prescott, aged 45 years. I found him, on my return from Lake and, sick unto death. He said, "Captain, (the used to be my strongest mate) I am glad you have come. Talk with me about Jesus. I'm most gone, the anchor gives; but I know that my Redeemer liveth. I will trust Him." Then we wandered home, and talked with mother, and the children. "That is the way he keeps talking," said the kind nurses, wiping their eyes. Surgeon Hoyt came in, and I saw his sad, hopeless, looks, trouble. After this, he said, "I did not know to seek any one until Monday morning, when he conversed a little with Quarter master Smith. At 7 P.M. I was called. He said, "Captain, she runs hard." I answered, "never mind, Uncle John, turn in and get some rest." "No," said he, "I must get home." We raised his head and showed him two pictures. "That's Jennie, that's my daughter; bring them all up and let them stand right around me. God bless mother and children!" There was a tremor, a grasp or two, and all was over. Wednesday morning the body was escorted to the grave by, besides the usual military escort, fifty soldiers, (his Company is away,) the Quartermaster, Hospital steward, and other officers and citizens, under command of Capt. Plato. Let me assure Mr. Millier's friends, that all was done for him that could have been done at home, during his sickness. We have one of the best physicians, the army affords. A. B. Gave.

Chaplain of the 5th Regiment.

CAMP McDOUGAL, WEST BEND, WASHINGTON CO., WIS., Nov. 24, 1862.

All is well, and we are comfortably quartered in the court house and town hall, and everything is going on as merrily as a marriage bell. Last Thursday we tried our guns, and found them good shot, but had no opportunity to shoot any one in Milwaukee, "for the rebels caved as soon as they saw our bayonets gleaming in the sunlight, and the city is all quiet, as we knew it would be, there not being half the difficulty to enforce the draft that some of the democrats would have us believe. On Friday we received orders to prepare four days rations, without telling when or where we should march, for soldiers are not to know anything farther than commanded to perform, and indeed that is quite as much as some ought to know. At 2 o'clock next morning we received orders to be ready at 6, and of course everything was put in motion, and by 9 A.M. we were seated in the cars; and in two hours more, were landed at She intestine, eleven miles from here, which gave us fourteen miles march on foot, which most of the boys stood well. Sergeant Barnard procured a ride. We reached here before 5 P.M., taking the natives by surprise. Our way led through a district similar to parts of Ohio and Michigan, it being very uneven and heavy timbered with oak, maple, pin, beech, walnut, elm, tamarack and cedar swamps.

together with a general variety of underbrush, and stone in places, without stint, equal to anything I ever saw, literally covered and filled, equal to the stone ground spoken of in scripture; and I am not in favor of enforcing the draft on many in this county; for improving such land as this, ought to exempt any man from any further duty; indeed, such an one must be serving God and his country, as much as any man ought to be required to do. But the Germans and Belgians seem content with such penance, which must take up all their time, and it is not to be wondered at, that they know no more about our government. All that enlisted heretofore were Republicans, and mainly Methodists or other religious men, and few of them that remain are blamed for all this trouble, and the general cry is, hang the Republicans and the Methodists. In some towns the Republicans are not allowed to express their sentiments any more than an abolitionist would be in the South, and many have left the country in order to enjoy their opinions, and a man is talking about, who has served his full term of four years in prison, for killing a man for shouting "Hurrah for Fremont."

The inhabitants are principally old country catholics, and of course, inflexible democrats. In some of the towns there is scarcely a Republican, and hence none volunteered. The drafting is now going on, and all quiet. The commissioners who two weeks ago had to escape through the windows, and flee for his life, to-day, with his little daughter blindfolded to draw the names, is performing his duty as quietly as in church, and the sheriff, a noble looking Teutonic with stentorian lungs, cries off the names as fast as the recorders can write them down. I may not attempt to describe the scene, for while the lot performs some strange freaks, as the drawing of one 70 years of age, or blind, or dead for months, or incurably sick, or just married, or an unknown name, &c. &c., yet it is exhibited more in the looks, or expression of countenance than in words, and must be seen to be realized, some sad, others joyful, some crying, others laughing, some like the Dutchman, who hearing a certain name announced, remarked, dats my nearest neighbor up do read; the next name drawn, dats my nearest neighbor down do read; the next, dats my neighbor across do read; and the next, Oh mine Got! dats me, and sloped. But in a large majority of cases it evidently makes a good hit, taking a "baly secoah,"

IN REUHN.
There are present, a fair representation from every town in the county, of men, women and children, and when the draft of a town is ended, those drawn, gather in groups, drawn together by a fresh tie, as they must go to the war, and in deepest sympathy with each other, shake hands like long parted friends, and then away to the tavern to treat resolution; and those not drawn, also gathering and shaking hands in great ecstasy, his away to the saloon to take a drink on their good fortune; and when well beared, Uncle Sam and his best friends, get particular fits. Poor fellows, they are ignorant, led on by wicked designing men, too many of whom, for the present, escape retribution; but particular judgments await them. The usual prices for a substitute, is from $300 to $500. The court house is a fine large building, and cost $9000. West Bend contains over 700 inhabitants and is composed mainly of the laboring class, who are generally loyal, and Barton, one mile north, contains the aristocrats, regular secessionists, and has a nunnery in a splendid stone building, and they say, is accessible to gentlemen.

We left Captain A.A. Arnold at Camp Washburne quite unwell. Lieut. Chapman is well for the command.

For the Transcript.

CAMP MCINDOE, WEST BEND | November 1862.

As I have a few leisure moments, I thought I would write a few lines for our county paper, to let the friends know where and how we are.

We left Camp Randall Tuesday the 18th for Milwaukee at about five o'clock A.M., and arrived there at about 3 1/2 P.M. and after some delay, marched to Camp Waschburne, where we were provided with comfortable lodgings, except that the barracks were a little too open for the season. We expected that we were going to enforce the draft somehow but did not know where until we got part of the way there.

We left Camp Waschburne last Saturday, provided with four days' rations about half our bread which we expected to draw in hard biscuit, but started without it. Consequently we had to go on short rations part of the time until to day. This afternoon our bread arrived and cheered us up as a consequence. Of course, we do not expect to do as well when travelling round from place to place as when in camp.

The Campaign in Washington County. Letter from the 30th Regiment. (Correspondece of the State Journal.)

CAMP MCINDOE, WEST BEND | Washington City, Nov. 29, 1862.

On the morning of the 18th inst., the commission arrived and took charge of the troops. The troops now are being formed for the march to Milwaukee, where they will be taken to the railroad and loaded on the trains. The route is about thirty miles long, and the troops will be well supplied with provisions, and will be well guarded by the 28th Regiment and the 18th Infantry.

We are now in the camp, having just made ourselves comfortable in the barracks, and are waiting for the orders to march. The Americans are in high spirits, and the whole town is in a state of excitement. The draft has been well received, and the people are anxious to have it over with.

The soldiers are well fed and clothed, and the officers are well treated. The camp is well supplied with provisions, and the troops are in good spirits.

The Americans are anxious to have the war over, and the troops are well supplied with provisions, and the officers are well treated. The camp is well supplied with provisions, and the troops are in good spirits.

On Thanksgiving Day the Americans from the surrounding towns came in with their generous-hearted wives and sympathetic daughters, loaded down with tur-
Dear Transcript:

I sit down this morning to let you know how we spent Thanksgiving Day. I mention the following ladies and gentlemen, among whom are Misses Burnam, Misses Wood, and Misses Miller, who were sitting at the table.

On the morning of the 5th, Col. Miller was killed in a duel with a man named Miller. The duel was fought at a distance of 100 yards, and both men were killed in the duel. The body of Col. Miller was taken to the town of Mankato, where it was buried with full military honors.

The troops, both cavalry and infantry, began at precisely 8 a.m., with many regrets. At this hour, many Indians from the surrounding country arrived at the camp, and were made welcome by the officers.

The dinner went off gloriously, but we could not half thank them at the time, for our hearts were filled with such a feeling of thankfulness. We were all grateful for the food and drink that we had enjoyed.

The troops spent the afternoon in the parade, and then proceeded to the field. The dress parade was a grand sight, and we were all struck with the beauty of the colors and the precision of the movements.

At night, the troops held a grand ball, and the ladies of the town were invited to attend. We all enjoyed the evening, and it was a memorable night for all.

Yours, in haste,

A. W. Griffin,

Camp Correspondent,

Head Quartermaster Corps, Mankato, Minn.

Dear Sir:

This being Sunday, our own day as well as the Lord's, we have had a refreshing day of it. We arose early and had a hearty breakfast, and then awaited the arrival of our officers.

The troops, both cavalry and infantry, began to move forward at daybreak, and we all followed them with eager interest. It was a beautiful morning, and the landscape was a picture of beauty, with the fields and woods in their autumn hues.

The troops moved on to the town of Mankato, where they were received with great enthusiasm. We all felt proud to be a part of this great army, and we were all anxious to see the President, as he was expected to arrive that day.

The President arrived at 3 p.m., and was met with great enthusiasm. He spoke to the troops, and then proceeded to the field, where he reviewed the troops and inspected the camp.

The President then addressed the officers and men, and spoke of the importance of their work and the honor that it brings to the country.

We all felt proud to be a part of this great army, and we were all anxious to see the President, as he was expected to arrive that day.

Yours, in haste,

A. W. Griffin,

Head Quartermaster Corps, Mankato, Minn.
We are having the usual varieties of soldier's life in camp, which is so peculiar but few ever anticipate them, now would it pay for me to attempt to describe them? We are now passing through the transition state, from raw recruits, to that of regular soldiers; this being now a regular U.S. Military post, Gen. Pope's head quarters. And such are the restraints and extra guard duties, that it makes the boys grow, not a little, and some of them have got up their backs considerably; but I guess they will have to get them down again, when all the breaks are on. Though as before mentioned, our army regulations ought to be very much improved, yet our regiment would not be a little improved if our present regulations were worked up to. It is amusing how reckless soldiers become, how indifferent to health, life, and morality. Our Colonel "is a bully fine fellow"—thinks chaplains a nuisance, and I don't know but they are,—not ours by any means, but.— Our Colonel swears as politely, and as good natured as could well be expected from a Col., and so also most of our officers; We have had but one sermon preached to us since we came into camp, and that one was by an Episcopalian, who would be chaplain; Ike Slade swore he could preach a better sermon and pray as good out of a book, and I guess he could. There has not been a religious meeting, as I know of, in this camp for a month; however we live in hopes and prospects, on the whole, are growing better: One good man from our regiment, went to his long home a few weeks ago, and on this morning an other died, literally choked to death by dysentery. Both were in Co. F, from Pres- ent, in which Co. there is considerable sickness: C. L. Segar has been quite sick, but is better, so is Hanson; all the rest are convalescent, or in quarters.

*Army Correspondence*.

**Camp Randall, Dec. 18th, 1862.**

*Friend Sam,— I take this opportunity to give you a few items of the doings of Company A, and the details of a trip to draft the enemy in Brown county. A Sergeant and four men had been sent to the town of Morrison to bring in nine drafted men, but returned without accomplishing their object. Some had fled to Canada, and others could not be found, and others would not own...*
their names, so the squad returned without a man. This was not satisfactory, and Capt. Harman determined to make one more attempt. Accordingly, on Wednesday December 10th, orders were given to eleven of us to pack up and be ready to move. The next morning we started out. We marched eighteen miles that day over muddy roads, and such mud! the good Lord delivers us from ever seeing again. Our plan was to surprise the "conscripts" and so we did not allow any traveller to pass us on the road. We stopped to females and although they had heavy loads to carry they managed to keep up with us, showing that the women in "these parts" know how to travel.

Gaining the vicinity of the town we stopped a short distance outside while our Sergeant went on ahead to reconnoitre. He found a loyal German that led us around to the back of his house, where we entered, and were concealed in his chamber, and who furnished us with a good warm supper. Here we rested about four hours. As the evening advanced the moon rose and shone brightly, and we quietly moved on to prosecute our search. We could not procure a guide from among the settlers, they being afraid of the consequences of serving as such when they should be left without our protection, so we had to do the best we could without one.

We marched thirty miles that night, through timber and swamps and over bad roads, and sometimes nothing but foot trails and searched twenty-two houses from top to bottom. We found but one drafted man, and he was hidden in a potato-barn.

The country through which we have marched is very poor. The roads where there are any are very miserable, the swamps and marshes corduroyed without being covered or leveled, and on the whole are as much worse than the poorest road in Polk county as one can imagine. The inhabitants are all foreigners and are mostly Irish, good fighting men but not very patriotic.

We got back to our German friend's house on the morning of the 12th about nine o'clock, where we were supplied with a warm breakfast.

It now began to rain and we concluded to remain until the next morning. We all got well rested and the next morning we took an early start for Fort Howard, our head-quarters, which place we reached at dark, tired, and foot sore. The next day being Sunday, we were allowed to rest.

On Monday the 16th we bid good bye to Fort Howard, taking the cars for Madison, where we arrived the next morning at six o'clock, and went into our old barracks, having been absent just one month from the time we left them.

When we went to rest that night, we could not help but think of the comfortable rooms at Fort Howard, and the kind and smiling faces that so often greeted us while there, and which so forcibly reminded us of our dear friends at home; but sleep put an end to our musings. About 11 o'clock we were aroused by the cry of fire, and on getting out found that Company H's quarters were burning. The flames spread rapidly and before they could be arrested the quarters occupied by three companies were destroyed. No damage was sustained except by Company H, and their loss is trifling. The Colonel and Sergeant Major were both slightly injured while assisting in extinguishing the fire. The barracks, in order to prevent the flames from spreading were torn down, and we now occupy more comfortable quarters.

The 25th regiment came in to-day and have pitched tents here. They are a hardy looking set of men, and never had a hard time of it in Minnesota. They tell some heart rending stories of the brutal treatment of the whites by the Indians in that State.

The Polk county boys are all able to eat their regular rations, and have been most of the time. We have got a good Captain who looks after the interests of his men. We like all of our officers, and it is really hard to tell which the men think the most of. Company A is becoming proficient in drill, as is also, the whole regiment. We are counted number one here. Trusting in Providence,

I remain yours, a Polk Co. Boy.

July 24, 1860.

T. PARKS, Marine Surveyor.

MASON, Secretary.

Of March 2. Illness and press of business to the seamen to whom they are insufficient, and obtaining relief to which they are indebted for the benefit of such a system is possible.

Possibly they may sometimes.
Letter from Prairie du Chien.

Mr. Cover:—We scarcely know how to dispose with the halcyon days of the old Herald. We greatly miss its old foreman, Frank, and pleasantness.

Yesterday was one of intense excitement here. Our soldiers composing the 31st Regiment Wis. Vols., left camp Messmore. Some of them go to Madison and some to Racine. It is whispered that their services may yet be required to enforce the draft in Milwaukee, and in some other localities.

Many of our citizens turned out to say good-by to the brave boys, who have been so long among us, and we saw more than one maiden and matron with eyes suffused with tears as they bade husband, brother and lover an affectionate farewell. As we gazed upon the many forms of these fine looking, athletic set of men, we could not avoid exclaiming: "What an unaccountable infatuation could ever have induced a few of them to throw their ties to the winds to break up this last testament that every one of them longed for!"

But so it is, and I suppose it is still true "that whom the Gods intend to destroy they first make mad." Yet this is God's war and I sometimes feel like thanking Him for it. One thing is absolutely certain—slavery will die or this fearful summation comes to a close. That's so.

Our sympathies, best wishes and prayers accompany the 31st Regiment Wis. Vols.

Prairie du Chien, Wis., Nov. 15, '62.

A friend of Colonel Messmore wrote to the State Journal the 14th, in effect saying that 88 men enrolled their names that day as the effect of his speaking at Boscobel; also, that the day before, the said Messmore, raised two companies at Millville and vicinity. Wonderful man that Messmore! Messmore, it seems, went to the Governor and found himself not wanted—at least not a chance man for anything, having made out so badly in his several previous aspirations. So the Governor decided to bluff him off by the promise, 'if you can find ten companies in the State who don't know you, and therefore may be persuaded to promise to try for Colonel then I may appoint you.'

According to our recollections of this Messmore, after a short residence at LaCrosse he was taken up and elected to the State Senate some three years ago; he soon became one of Randall's tools, and by the influence of the two, a new Judicial District was formed and Messmore appointed Judge, which place he accepted in direct violation of the Constitution which provides that no member of the legislature can fill by appointment an office made during his membership. The Supreme Court subsequently removed him of course. Then Randall made him a Lt. Colonel, which he resigned in order to be a candidate for Judge of said Randall Messmore district; but he failed to get any support from the people rightly judging that one so corrupt might not prove a just judge. He left LaCrosse, came down to Prairie du Chien and got the people there on his side by promising to muster and feed a regiment at Fort Randall, they would in turn come out to canvass for companies for him, one running here and another there and another writing his exploits for the papers to make believe that he is a great warrior. They certify that he didn't run at some battle, and that during his brief career as Judge of a district

Hope is the vehicle of the electioj in this State and New York. I wonder what the Republican papers will think of what they see, and whether they are doing—trying to make the people of the North and South believe that the Democratic party was composed of eccentrics, what must they think now that the greater portion of the Northern States have gone Democratic—they must find themselves in a curious dilemma—they get the wrong ox by the horns this time.

Now gentlemen to conclude:—We are blessed in the medical line with three tip top Surgeons—the first Surgeon, Dr. Mason, of Prairie du Chien, a perfect master of the healing art, and our second Gentleman; our second Surgeon, Dr. Wright, is a perfect master of the healing art. I suppose you know him, is Dr. J. B. Galer, of Menasha, another A1. I Physicus; our second assistant Surgeon, Dr. Wm. L. Harris, of Lafayette county, is a man small in stature, but I think the remark of Dr. Watts of nurses is more true, that he is to him a nurse and a friend. I want you to vote for him and not to allow any one to have a hand in the election of a Surgeon. He is a man small in stature, but I think the remark of Dr. Watts of nurses is more true, that he is to him a nurse and a friend.

The 31st Regiment Gone to Racine.

The 31st Regiment, Colonel Messmore, has broken up camp at Prairie du Chien. Three companies are to remain in camp at Madison. Three companies and as many parts of companies (90 in all) have gone to Racine. Their principal business is to look after drafted men ordered to report at Camp Randall and Camp Uley.

From the Thirty-first Regiment.

Camp Uley, Racine, Nov. 10th, 1862.

Editors Patriot-Sioux:—I embrace the present opportunity of informing you and your readers, of some of the wanderings of our regiment through the State. Well I suppose I may as well let you see a familiar face to the subject at once. Well all of our regiment left Prairie du Chien on the fourteenth ultimo—three companies, Capt. Mason's, Hardie's and Price's; and two companies for Madison, for Madison, at twelve o'clock M., the rest of the companies, Capt. Burns, Chase and Thomas. By the way, I think Captain Burns has got a little the best drilled, best looking—what was the word?—and better behaved company of the job. He has not had a man in the guard house yet, or placed on extra duty for misconduct. These new companies are both of them very truthfully. They are not in the camp. Perhaps this may not be considered impartial, as I am a member of that company myself.

Now right here I would like to make a few remarks on the subject of soldiers' votes, for the brave men who have risked their lives for the Union, I consider it a perfect hanky. They may say what they please, but a soldier is under too much influence to cast a free and independent vote, you may generally notice that the men vote as the Colonel and Captain do. Our Colonel has signed a special order and sworn he will vote as the election of, favor of Mr. Cobb. Now you can see the influence that was at work in this instance, and I suppose it was the same in other instances. I often wonder what the Republican papers will think of what they see, and what they are doing—trying to make the people of the North and South believe that the Democratic party was composed of eccentrics, what must they think now that the greater portion of the Northern States have gone Democratic—now I think they are in a curios dilemma—they get the wrong ox by the horns this time.

Now gentlemen to conclude:—We are blessed in the medical line with three tip top Surgeons—the first Surgeon, Dr. Mason, of Prairie du Chien, a perfect master of the healing art, and our second Gentleman; our second Surgeon, Dr. Wright, is a perfect master of the healing art. I suppose you know him, is Dr. J. B. Galer, of Menasha, another A1. I Physicus; our second assistant Surgeon, Dr. Wm. L. Harris, of Lafayette county, is a man small in stature, but I think the remark of Dr. Watts of nurses is more true, that he is to him a nurse and a friend. I want you to vote for him and not to allow any one to have a hand in the election of a Surgeon. He is a man small in stature, but I think the remark of Dr. Watts of nurses is more true, that he is to him a nurse and a friend.

Yours respectfully,

Davy.

Patriot War Correspondence.

From the Thirty-first Regiment.

Camp Uley, Racine, Nov. 10th, 1862.

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Yours respectfully,

Davy.
From the 32nd Regiment

CAMP BRAAP, OSHKOSH, WIS. Sept. 20th, 1862.

Eds. Spectator—The raven clouds and sunny tints of our voyage, and the interstitial incidents of our encampment can be given in a succeeding number, but now a list of the leading facts connected with our master will be expected. We found a line of well-constructed barracks leading from west to east, formerly occupied by the 21st Regt., waiting for our patronage. Six companies preceded the Truesdell Rangers, and the remaining three were on the grounds with in forty-eight hours of our arrival.

The First Co. stood thus:

James Freeman, Capt.; N. L. Whitemore, 1st Lieut.; William A. Tanner, 2nd Lieut.; and eighty-three privates.

The company was raised in different parts of Winnebago Co. The Captain was a legal gentleman of some prominence in Oshkosh, and a very accomplished gentleman, and worthy of the position he has been called to occupy. The 1st Lieut. was transferred from the 2nd regiment, and the 2nd Lieut. is well known in Berlin.

The privates had been duly examined and approved by Dr. Linde, who acted at the direction of government.

Among these privates were R. W. Frees, 4th Corporal, Oscar Buck, James Barrett, Jeremiah Dryer, Alexander Riley, and 86 privates. Four of these were rejected on examination and 17 were transferred to Capt. Freeman's Co. viz: H. M. Toll, J. Osborn, S. Fay, T. Fay, Wm. S. W. S. Santa Jr., H. G. Kruger, F. Penton, S. Pendall, S. Cornwall, W. P. Coogswell, J. A. Foster, E. Liskay, A. Kopishe, G. Scheneman, K. Priebe, and N. Kiefer; six were transferred to Capt. Manning's company, viz: H. Gifford, C. H. Olin, E. B. Masters, Pat Carr, L. Koch, and A. Chipman, and two to the Pinney Boys. H. A. Holcomb and Ed. Wright, making twenty-five transferred from this Co.

The 2nd Co. stands Wm. Manning, Capt.; J. L. James, 1st Lieut.; W. F. Bailey, 2nd Lieut., and 86 privates. Four of these were rejected on examination.

The 3rd Co. stands G. Wood, Capt., which were rejected, one was removed to the 2nd Lieut., and 98 privates; of these 32 were transferred to Capt. Freeman's Co. Capt. R. W. Frees, 4th Corp.; Ezra Scovell, 3rd Corp.; A. F. K. have not heard from your correspondents.

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We have received our over coasts. They are not of the best quality, being made of calico, and not very strongly put together; but we hope they will be supplied before cold weather comes.

Our guns have been distributed as follows. They are Enfield rifles of the best quality, and all of the boys are highly delighted with them. All of the Field Officers are here now, excepting the Lieut. Col. and Captain, and attending to their duties. Frank Guernsey has been appointed Sergeant Major, an excellent appointment.

The companies appear on Dress Parade in their new over coasts, and draw quite a crowd of citizens, including a number of ladies. All the companies are now in, and are being organized as fast as possible.

The following is the list of officers and privates of this regiment, especially the officers. We have received equipments, clothing and pay, and we expect to get the entire outfit this week. So far everything has come by piece-meal; but the Quartermaster informs us that we must now wait until all is received, and then receive all we are entitled to, at once.

I wrote you in my last that we had received our guns, (Enfield rifles) and the gratification they caused. We have not changed our opinion since, on the contrary, every man likes them better the more he uses them. All of the old soldiers—and there are quite a number in the 32d regiment—tell us that among the very best arms in the service, being much lighter, made of better material, better shape, and better finished than most others. All of the Sergeants and musicians of this regiment are furnished with swords, the same man reported sick this morning. There is of course a great deal of fun among them, as they are some fifteen cases in the hospital, two of which are very severe cases of fever.

Several of our Berlin friends have visited us, and we should be extremely happy to see more. The men will commence to go home on furloughs as soon as they get their bounty money, and uniforms.

The different companies were lettered last Saturday. One of the Fond du Lac companies received letter A, the Ripon company B, and the Trempealeau Rangers C, which makes them color company. It is a post of danger and honor, and I think the Colonel has conferred the colors to men who will defend them with their lives.

From the 32d Regiment.

CAMP BRAGG, OSHKOSH, Wis.

Sept. 29th, 1862

Edds Spectator.

Our Field Officers are as follows:

Col. J. H. Howe, Green Bay.

2nd Lieut. Col. W. A. Bugli, Berlin, a Capt. in the 5th Reg., and worthily promoted.

Major, A. B. Snedale, Oshkosh,

Adjutant, Ben. Bockwith, Green Bay.


Qu. Master, Geo. Farnsworth, Green Bay.
The meeting was in the open air, as no accommodations had been made for public worship, whether it be preaching or prayer or meeting.

The companies were mustered Sept. 26. Capt. Freeman's company had five mustered out; four of these from sickness, and one from being rejected from the U. S. service; neither of these five had been connected with the Truesdell Rangers.

Capt. Wood, and Capt. Burrows had each two thrown out on account of their youth, and physical incapacity. Captains De Groat, Higges, Grout, Manning, and Eke's last name by mustering Capt. Carleton, one, Fred. Thiel, a German, some disease of the feet and legs, perhaps varicose; Capt Moad, two. About a dozen in all of the companies, refused to be mustered, believing that at present they were at liberty to serve in or out of the State as they might choose, but if they should yield to this demand they would ill eyes are directed. England and France do not favor the cause of the South; they have no sympathy for the rebels; the proclamation of the President is approved of, and endorsed by nearly all in this section. The late victories of our army over the rebels, give our Regiments as it were, a new life; and seem to estimate them in all their movements, and cheer after cheer goes out as the new branches us of the downfall of any part of the rebel kingdom.

Our Regiment has about 1050 men—15, with a few exceptions, good, stout, thinking men, and when all together make a grand appearance. At all events, we think we will be good for twice the number of secehs.

We have had no serious mishap to any, though occasionally one gets slightly hurt.

Last Saturday evening a small crowd was standing near one of the barracks, and among them was a man with a gun and bayonet in his arms—another chap was abusing and running about among the crowd—in so doing ran the bayonet of said gun into his face, between his nose and eyes, making rather a bad wound. He was immediately taken to the Hospital and properly cared for. But a few are in the hospital—only 11 at present.

Camp life comes rather rough on some of our Boys—it does not agree with them. The companies have been assigned to their respective places in the Regiment and stand thus:

**Field Officers.**

Colonel, James H. Howe; Lt. Colonel, Wm. A. Bug; Major, Abel B. Smedley; Adjutant, Ben. M. Beckwith; Quarter Master, Geo. P. Farnsworth.

**Companies.**

A—Capt. DeGroat; 1st Lt., G. Wood
B—Capt. W. R. Hodges; 1st Lt., G. W. Patten; 2d Lt., L. F. Grow
C—Capt. Carleton; 1st Lt., J. Freeman
D—Capt. J. Freeman; 1st Lt., N. E. Whitmore; 2d Lt., W. Tanner
E—Capt. Irving Eckles; 1st Lt., C. I. Richardson; 2d Lt., S. H. Wells
F—Capt. Moad; 1st Lt., J. Clum
G—Capt. Wm. Manning; 1st Lt., J. L. Jones; 2d Lt., W. F. Bailey
H—Capt. Wm. S. Burrows; 1st Lt., James Farnsworth; 2d Lt., Pompey
I—Capt. Wood; 1st Lt., Wm. Young; 2d Lt., J. D. Quimby
J—Capt. John Grout; 1st Lt., Lew Low; 2d Lt., John Walton.
ARMY CORRESPONDENCE:

From the 32nd Regiment.

CAMP BRAGG, OSHKOSH, WIS., Oct. 4th, 1862.

EM. SPECTATOR.—Truth, in her sober dress, long since taught that "coming events cast their shadows before." But in a merrier mood for an equal time has she sweetly whispered that "the rising sun sends in advance his rich penelings to announce that brighter hours are close at hand."

To the expectant soldier the day of examination was far in the distance, and when its slow moving hour had arrived and the augeous gave a favorable rending, the fires of hope were kindled anew; but these were painfully smothered by the forger keeping concealed, and refusing all the offers of money or friendship to quicken his lagging pace, or throw off his covert garb.

The day came, and for once palpitation of the heart was not a symptom of Dyspepsia, and therefore no prescription of weak eye, nor any other form of lie, was required to secure successful treatment. This ordeal triumphantly passed, and hope began to appear, as exultant as American Patriotism on the morning of July fourth.

The right to the over-costs they had received was confirmed, and shoes were distributed to each of Uncle Sam's recently initiated sons who might desire the favor. The shadows of the past, however, were not entirely forgotten, and therefore many were confident that their shoes were an inferior article, and several pairs were immediately sold to fellow soldiers for four, six and eight shillings; but those who retained their shoes found them of much better leather, and of much better make than they had expected, and more than this: the universal exclamations were "I never had an easier fitting shoe!" "not one in which I could march near as well!" Those who had not drawn shoes had refused to, because they had learned that they were to receive in addition to their monthly wages, forty-two dollars a year for clothing, and that if they did not receive that amount of clothing during the fiscal year, that the balance would be cashed them on settlement, and therefore they thought they could do better than accept a worthless article; but the experiments of their comrades quickly removed all fears, and first decisions were readily reversed; then those who had sold their shoes, not only found that they had sold a worthy article, but that their sales had been at a ruinous price. The impression prevails that government furnished the shoes for ten shillings a pair, but the truth learned, shows that they were one dollar and ninety cents.

The socks met a more cordial reception, as each soldier was allowed two pair.

Privates receive $13 per month, and the first months wages was paid last Saturday afternoon, and hungry pockets had a little something to quiet their excited appetites. But Wednesday was a still more brightening period; then each soldier was furnished with a hat, for caps were not the order of government, a pair of woolen shirts, and $25 State money. Two companies, A and C, were supplied with pans, and a few of the regiment drew their blankets. Next week probably each soldier will be furnished the balance of his clothing and camp fixtures; most might have been had yesterday and today, but the boys did not wish them till they returned to camp, as they are now safe and well cared for.

On Thursday the ladies of Oshkosh and vicinity gave the entire regiment a splendid dinner. After muster the order was adopted that ten of each company could individually have a furlough of four days, and when these returned, then ten more, and so on till the whole company had been furloughed, requiring about six weeks; but National affairs were found to require more expedition. On Wednesday the number was raised from ten to fifteen; but this did not chiefly matters.

On that evening the Col. returned from Green Bay, and after dinner Thursday furloughs were given to about nine tenths of the regiment. The scene Union kindly waited at Oshkosh till four o'clock in the afternoon, and then took aboard some 120 of the different Co's—More than a hundred of these went to Berlin, where they arrived the same day at half past ten, and the shout they gave as the home shore was gained, need not be described. Most of these were from Co's C, D, and G. The few retained on guard, the Co's were furloughed the next day, and the camp appears as hushed and quiet, as the hour after church service.

Winnebago county had paid her generous bounties, but the soldiers from abroad had not received, except in a few urgent cases, what their several counties so patriotically donated to them; but most of this was obtained on Friday last, this was the first day home since muster.

Thirteen dollars, twenty-five dollars, and the county bounty of fifty dollars, more or less. What a pile of money! Who would not dig for his country?

Yours,

CAMP BRAGG, Oct. 13, 1862.

Ed. TIMES.

CAMP BRAGG. Thursday P. M. the 9th, Commissioner FRAZER and Treasurer HASTING were in camp to explain the allotment scheme, and give the 32nd an opportunity for subscribing to the allotment roll. The explanation given by the Commissioner and Treasurer was satisfactory, showing the wisdom and goodness of the State in adopting this system for the safe bestowal or deposit of the hard-earned money of her soldiers. When the Treasurer concluded, Col. HOWE rose to address the Regiment, and the Regiment (which was resting) rose also. The Colonel made a brief but juicy speech.

The Regiment allotted about $10,000 per month; Company B, allotting nearly $1,000. We doubt if any regiment in the service has done better. This shows that the 32nd is composed of honest, sober, intelligent men, who think of home and country, caring nothing for self-indulgence, only waiting patiently for the grand feast which awaits them on the sin-polluted soil of "Dixie."

A little past midnight, a few nights since, the boys were called in the realms of dream land by the thundering of the long roll. The Boys composed themselves like veterans, rushing to arms instantaneously, the Companies vying to see which should be first in line of battle. Company B took the palm; being in line, armed and equipped in five minutes, and a few seconds after the first up of the drum, the Colonel appeared and good-naturedly informed the Regiment that the object of the nocturnal call was simply for discipline, complimenting them highly for their promptness, and the Boys went back to bed thinking it rather a good joke.

Our W. H. HUNTINGTON, a private of Company E, died of Typhoid fever at 3 o'clock P. M., the 8th, and was buried in the city Cemetery with military honors, at 3 o'clock P. M. the 9th. The deceased recently came to Wisconsin from Massachusetts, and had no relatives in this State. This is the first death in the 32d. The Regiment is now generally healthy, being but twelve in the hospital—mostly cases of fever. E. K. PASCO and FRANK MANN, are the only men of Company B on the sick list; neither being in hospital. Our worthy old friend, Pvt. W. W. COLE, of Company B, is home on a sick furlough. It is about as well known when we shall leave here, as it is when the war will close. Reports are frequent that we leave this or that day, but before the supposed time arrives another time is fixed upon, and in fact nothing is known for a
To-day we packed our knapsacks and went on battalion drill for the first time. A regiment with knapsacks looks like business, and when they are filled and dressed in theirPay enameled buttons and other equipments filled and placed upon a man he is ready for business. We are getting so that we can make a very creditable appearance upon Dress Parade, and also go through the manual of arms passably.

Two more deaths have occurred in the regiment since my last, one from company A, and one from company K. The former died while away on a furlough; the latter in the hospital in camp, and his body was escorted to the cars by his comrades in arms with military honors. It is a sad sight, but one that quickly fades from the mind of a soldier. There are none from our company in the hospital at present, and few slightly indisposed. Those who are absent and sick, so far as heard from, are recovering, and some are already able to return to camp.

The sad news from the 21st regiment, of which your readers are informed before this, has cast a shadow of gloom over Oshkosoh, Col. Sweet, Maj. Shumacker and a number of patriot citizens of this city have died a glorious death in defense of liberty, or been maimed and crippled for life. And while the 32d are thankful they were not in their places, they are anxious to meet the enemy as soon as they are efficiently disciplined, and avenge their fallen comrades.

We have been called up by the long roll twice during the past week. The first time the regiment formed in line of battle in five minutes; the second time I am informed it was accomplished in less time. This will do for raw recruits, here; but when we get into an enemy's country we shall probably do better.

I will endeavor to keep your readers posted in regard to the various incidents in camp worth noticing; but they must not expect much until we are in actual service.

W. B.

FROM THE THIRTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

Correspondence Ripon Times.

Oshkosoh, Oct. 21, 1862.

To-day has been one of general excitement among the Boys. Brig. Gen. His Excellency, the Governor of Wisconsin, was here to-day and reviewed the 32nd Regiment. We were gratified at the presence of the Hon. Governor. The Colonel gave orders for every soldier in camp to get on duty, to appear in the ranks with arms and accoutrements on for a "grand review." At half past ten A. M. we were ready and marched to the parade ground. After we were in line, the Governor came riding out to review us. We went through the different movements belonging to Reviews, when we were drawn up in close column to listen to a brief address from the Governor; the substance of which is as follows:

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE THIRTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

Camp Bellog, Oshkosoh, Oct. 24th, 1862.

Your readers will see by the date of this that we are still here contrary to the expectations and wishes of a large majority of the regiment; for you probably know that a soldier is always longing for a change and the excitement incident there to, no matter how pleasantly he may be situated, or how uncertain the change will be for the better. Some complain of the confinement and monotony of camp life, but the student of human nature has a wide field for observation; and the most casual observer cannot fail to see some thing to arrest his attention many times every day. One thousand men drawn from the peaceful avocations of civil life and brought in such close contact as soldiers must necessarily be placed in, would of course, contain many eccentric and ludicrous characters, and their very intimacy would tend to develop their characteristics, Such is the case in this regiment, and in the course of my correspondence, I may take occasion to describe some of these individuals and narrate their adventures and practical camp jokes.

The week past has not been without the usual amount of incidents, the most noteworthy of which was the visit to our camp of the widow of the late Governor Harvey. She rode along the line of troops in company with Col. Howe and his wife, the troops present, while she passed, after which Major Stainley called for "three 32d regiment cheers for the true woman soldier's friend," which were given as only the 32d can give them accompanied by a rousing "tiger." She was deeply moved by the demonstration, and the soldiers were only too happy to show their appreciation of her praise-works, and the efforts in behalf of our sick and wounded brothers on the field and in the hospitals.

Another incident occurred in camp which caused much meriment among the boys, and may serve as a warning to others who desire the same fate. A man "old enough and big enough," who "ought to know better," had been smuggling bad whisky into camp, and dealing it out by the dram, on the sly, for some time, to those who are unfortunate enough to have acquired a rtited taste for such vile compounds; and the breaths of some of these arousing the suspicions of our Captain, he kept one eye open and caught the victim. The Colonel sentenced him to be marched around the various quarters with his hands tied and a large placard fastened upon his back on which was written "Old Soaker" in conspicuous characters. The boys booed him, and he must have thought them very ungrateful to laugh at his misfortunes, which were brought upon him while trying to administer to their appetites. After he had been marched through all the grounds, he was sent out of the camp with a present by the Colonel of fifty lashes if caught inside the guards again.

New rumors of our departure and destination continue to prevale the camp, but as yet we have received no orders to leave, and when and where we shall go is the great query among the boys. I learn from reliable authority that we are to be brigaded with three other Wisconsin regiments, and destined for an important expedition where we shall not need winter clothing. This much and no more.

The remainder of our clothing and equipments have come and been distributed to the men. The tents have also arrived. There are small, and calculated for two men, who have to carry them on the march. The Officers' tents are of good size and well contrived. The field officers have pitched theirs and commenced a "life in the tented field" in earnest. They look cozy and comfortable.

Lient. Col. Bugh was with us a part of last week, and we are much encouraged to think he will go with us. He is in fine spirits and improving in health. We expect he will soon take upon his quarters here.

The pleasant weather of the past week has been improved in fitting the regiment for the field, by drilling mostly in battalion movements, and now that we have our uniforms we make a soldierly appearance.

Yesterday we had a company inspection, and the company looked well in every point of view. The clothing was new and clean, the guns were bright, the bayonets shone and the horses shone like gold.

This is the case in the camp of the 20th Wisconsin, on the parade ground, where a large number of the officers and men were inspecting the regiment. The inspection was made by Lieut. Col. Brown, who gave the men a good example of how to present arms, and the men were all pleased with the result.
CAMP BRAZZ, Oct. 29th, 1862.

Sgt. Wm. A. Bugh.

Camp items of interest are very few and far between, at present.

The Col. Howe refuses to grant furloughs, unless in case of dire necessity; this causes some pretty bad murmurs among the homesick boys.

We are progressing daily and rapidly with our new business.

We give the Col. a good deal of credit for learning his lessons as well. He has a regiment in good shape, considering he is in commissary with a new beginning.

He exercises the promptness in his new avocation that he evidenced in his former one; he requires every soldier to do his whole duty—nothing less or more—

He deals justly by all. For instance, at the first regiment inspection, a soldier was sent to Headquarters for undress in clothing and arms. On inquiry he found out that the man was a cook, and did not know that it was his duty to be present at inspection until too late to fix up.

At Dress Parade of the same day, he made note of this fact, and before the whole regiment excoriated him from all blame.

Many other instances might be given, but this will suffice for the present.

As the time of our departure draws nearer, we feel that we are losing our last friends on our march. They receive us heartily and truly, and those whom you see often-times bear from them through the mail, but a one of you left.

As is very well known, we have been in camp nearly six weeks. Camp life may seem to agree with most of the boys very well; some few have severe colds, but the generality are in good fighting order.

A few days will probably find us in the enemy's country, when I will write you again.

The National Flag was to-day received and presented to the regiment, drawn up in line of battle, by Senator Howe.

The conclusion of his speech, the flag was placed in the hands of Col. Howe, who being to his men as follows:

"Soldiers, this is the flag our regiment has all these years, the one under which we are to fight for our country, our liberty and our God:—KNEL TO IT EVERY MAN OF YOU, and swear that you will return it if it is but a single one of you left."

The enthusiasm of the speech that arose from a thousand kneeling forms, gave promise that our national banner is entrusted in hands that will never dishonor it.

There has been one or two cases of desertions in the regiment, but never could be called such, from Co. C.

Capt. Carleton was quite ill some of the days, and really unfit for drill, but his motto is "Forward," and as long as he can stand, he will not miss any drills; he is all right now.

Those wishing to communicate with the company should be particular to put on the Co. C., otherwise there is danger the letter will not reach its destination.

Roster of the 32d Wisconsin.

The following is the roster of the 32d Regiment, which left for the South Friday, the 30th ult.

Colonel—James H. Howe.

Lt. Col.—W. A. Bugh.

Major—A. B. Sowell.

From the 32d Regiment.

CAMP BRAZZ, Oct. 27th, 1862.

Eds. Spectator—Knowing that a good share of your readers reside in the southern portion of our State, and also that the greater share of the "Trueblood Rangers" were recruited from that part, I thought a correspondent from that section might not be totally unable to interest your readers, and taking into consideration the fact that friends of soldiers can often-times hear from them through the medium of the press, when they cannot directly by letter, I have volunteered to write this article with the promise, if this assures its attention of Editor and readers, I will write again.

As is very well known, we have been in camp nearly six weeks. Camp life may seem to agree with most of the boys very well; some few have severe colds, but the generality are in good fighting order.

FRIEND PASE.—Being on the supposed eve of departure from this place, I see down to briefly initiate a correspondence with your paper, which I shall hope to continue from time to time, as overtranspire of general interest to those who may have friends in our Regiment.

The "boys" of the 32d, who, for a month past, have been confined in the precincts of Camp Brazz, hailed with rousing cheers the news that our departure was near at hand.

Our destination is supposed to be Cairo, Ill., where we expect to start to-morrow afternoon. The boys, as well as the officers, are not pleased with the idea of being sent to that unhealthy locality, and it is understood that Col. Howe is making an effort to have the order changed, but we have but little hope of success.

The men now are showered with the accruements of war, and ready and willing to use them against the enemy.

For several days the men have been on drill, with knapsacks packed and sling, and have learned to "handle themselves" very well as soldiers.

Our proficiency in drill has progressed rapidly of late;—officers as well as men—will we consider ourselves tolerably disciplined.

His excellency, Gov. Schuyler, was present a few days ago, and closed a review of the Regiment with some flattering comments on our general good appearance.

Co. G., alias "Marquette Rangers," received a complimentary recognition from the Col. in being selected to present the colors at the camp service, on the 25th, a ceremony which was handsomely performed by our boys.

Our colors are a splendid thing, a background of deep blue, with golden fringe.

On the center is emblazoned the American Eagle, with pinions extended, and on his breast the words: "United States, where he grasps in one talon the emblem of war, in the other the olive branch of peace.

The National Flag was to-day received and presented to the regiment, drawn up in line of battle, by Senator Howe.

As the time of our departure draws nearer, we feel that we are losing our last friends on our march. They receive us heartily and truly, and those whom you see often-times bear from them through the mail, but a one of you left.
The Chicago Journal, of Friday, the 31st of October, says that the 32d Wisconsin Regiment arrived in Chicago that morning via the Chicago and Northwestern railroad. The Journal says:

"The regiment numbers 960 men, and like all other Wisconsin regiments, is composed of robust, stalwart men—regular military, splendidly equipped, and armed with the best Enfield rifles. The Thirty-second Regiment is in good condition to take the field, and without doubt will render a good account of itself.

The regiment left Chicago for Cairo, via the Illinois Central Railroad, this afternoon.

The Thirty-second Regiment.

The trip to Columbus was passed while the men were asleep, the previous two nights’ ride in crowded cars having tired them out. Company C took possession of a part of the hurricane deck and having spread their blankets were soon in the arms of Morpheus dreaming of home and friends or war and glory. I slept so sound that the bell of the steamer, which hung only a few feet from my head, failed to awaken me when we arrived at Columbus, and very few of the soldiers were disturbed by either the bell or the whistle.

At sunrise Sunday morning I gazed for the first time on the Father of Waters.—The sluggish muddy stream failed to arouse much sentiment in my mind, although it looked like "a right smart chance of water" as the natives express it. Opposite this town is where the battle of Belmont was fought, and here we saw the huge iron cable with which the rebel General Pillow conceived the happy idea of blockading the river. The first flood burst it asunder, and it now lies upon the bank, and in company with shell and spitted cannon, which the rebels left when they evacuated, forms one of the curiosities of the place.

I visited the part which is built upon a very high bluff and commands the river in both directions. Numerous guns were mounted on the fortifications, some of which are of heavy calibre—one a 128 pounder. Several regiments are stationed here and two companies of regulars. One of the soldiers informed us that at one time the rebels had 75,000 men stationed here. The earth works extend for five miles back from the river, and to a novice in war seem impregnable. But after Dayton and Henry fell, Beauregard pronounced it unsafe, and hence the evacuation. The rebels spiked most of the cannon and pitched them down the escarpment.
bankment before leaving, where they still lie. There is a camp of about 700 contrabands at this place. Some of them are intelligent, and all who were questioned expressed themselves satisfied with their change.

From Columbus we were ordered to Memphis to report to Gen. Sherman, by the same boat. Soon after we started the men were presented with 40 rounds of cartridges each, which pleased them very much. This was a necessary precaution, as both sides of the river are infested by bands of guerrillas who take every opportunity to annoy the Federal boats.

We passed Island No. Ten in the afternoon. This place was looked for with much interest by the boys, but we had passed it before we were certain of its location. I was much disappointed, as I intended to scrutinize it more closely. The island itself is a long low sand bar, covered with timber, and making the channel between it and the east shore narrow. The only evidence of its ever being fortified are some slight earthworks on the shore and a few log houses. A few soldiers were standing on the road leading up the bluff. The next place of note was New Madrid, where earth works are erected and guns mounted, and some troops stationed. The scenery down the river is very monotonous. Imagine a very large muddy river flowing sluggishly between two banks lined with small timber, and with the exception of a few bluffs, you have the picture. I presume the scene looks tame now, for there were once steamers, flatboats, rafts and other craft in almost endless numbers, now only a few steamers make trips between the principal ports.

If the rebellion has hurt the North, it has ruined the South. Every thing in the business line looks dull, decaying or dead. Memphis morning we stopped on the Tennessee shore to wood near the residence of a small planter. The boys went ashore and got cane, the stalks of which were nearly twenty feet in height. The planter said he had lost four slaves, and the rest might go if they chose. He said a planter who lived in sight above him and owned 6,000 acres of land, had lost thirty-seven. Only a few years ago this man had been offered $100 per acre for his land and $1000 for his slaves; now he could not sell his land for five dollars per acre, and his slaves are not worth two bits a head. They begin to realize the beauties of secession.

On our arrival at Memphis about 9 o'clock Monday morning, and after waiting till nearly noon on board, were allowed to land. We were soon formed and marched through the streets of the city to our camp grounds—some three miles south of the dust nearly suffocating us. In passing through the streets no signs of loyalty were exhibited, the men looking solemn, the women keeping steady, and the negroes

We are now living in our tents quite comfortably, in the midst of a beautiful grove, where rebel troops were once camped. All of the people in the vicinity are observed the women openly avowing the sympathy, and boasting of their friends being in the Southern army. You probably think in Wisconsin that guarding Rebel property is played out, I did before I entered. But only today morning our Capt. sent a squad of men to a secession’s house for a few boards to make his tent comfortable, and found it guarded by U. S. soldiers.

Our March from the Lovee to our present camp ground was a very tedious one for beginners. The distance is about three miles, and dust about three inches deep. When we arrived we were very much the odor of Contrabands.

Our Camping Ground is a beautiful place, and were it not for the scarcity of water, we would be perfectly happy, for soldiers.

Our Regiment received many compliments from General Sherman for soldierly appearance & & co. The regt. is quite a curiosity to the soldiers here; when we were marching along, we often asked how many regiments we had. Their Regiment’s number about 350 men apiece.

Our hospital list is decreasing gradually, the boys all seem anxious to get well, which is better medicine than any "doctors stuff." We have as yet, not got our "Colored Gun men" for cooks, but Gen. Sherman gave orders for us to secure five for a company, as soon as we could find them.

You will please excuse scattered thoughts for everything is in confusion this morning, caused by general agitation in tent locations. If this is acceptable for a Tyro, I will promise a better letter next time.

From the Thirty-Second Regiment

CAMP HUEE, NEAR MEMPHIS, TEnN.; November 6, 1862.

En. Times:

I will give you a brief account of our journey from Camp Bragg to this place, noting that which may be of interest to your readers—at least as much interested me.

At half past 5 o’clock, October 30, we were under way for Chicago by the N. W. R. R. Cheer after cheer rang through the ears, as the Boys finally realized the grand dissimulation—going to Dixie. We were sorry to leave Wisconsin by night, and could not refrain from going out upon
the platform at a late hour to "cast one longing, lingering look" upon the State of Ohio. Arrived at Chicago at 9:30 A.M, and marched to the great Union Depot, where we threw off our knapsacks and received a few barrels of excellent coffee. Left for Cairo by the world-renowned Ill. Central R. R., after a stay of two hours, being very much refreshed.

The prairies of Illinois—some of which seemed to the naked eye to be of infinite magnitude—were very attractive. I should judge from the amount of game we saw that, when the English sportsmen arrive, they will realize all they expect and desire. But we could not see Illinois as we had hoped to, for we had almost forgotten that we were soldiers. We are no longer rovers of the world, setting sail at our caprice and feeling enterprise at our will. We cannot look upon the country like the tourist of pleasure, nor can we wait for the landscape to pass before us according to the imagination of Dick, but must be content by stealing an occasional glance as we are hurled on to attend to a matter of greater importance.

The buildings are not as good along the line of railroad, as I had expected. The country for the most part is but sparsely settled, very much of the land being unoccupied. But it takes the Company some time to dispose of the stupendous grant of two millions of acres of land.

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I phis month, and some others of which I pay. It is probable there are not at present any extensive guerrilla bands in Western Tennessee. This is the first considerable march of the 32d, and many of the boys came back foot-sore and exhausted, having made a full march each day. But all around...
The troops at Memphis and vicinity, have to-day been arranged in divisions, five Brigades. The 32d is assigned the 1st Division, Brigade under Gen. J. W. Denver, commanding 5th Brigade, Col. Archibald Brigadier.

The result of the recent elections—supposed to be in favor of the Democracy—is a matter of vast interest here. The ascendency of the sympathizers are jubilant, believing the President will have to retreat from the Emancipation Proclamation; due probably to the recognition of the Confederacy, or demand on the part of the Peace Party for granting a dishonorable compromise. Possible, but hardly probable. But the opponents of the Administration are already impetuous in their demands and surprising in their course.

The recent charge of Judge Swain—president State's officer of the Criminal Court of Tennessee—characterizes the former conduct of this class of men. He argues the inviolability of slave property—and hence of all other property—incidental circumstances and military necessities to the contrary. The Administration are already imperious in their demands and surprising in their course.

We are expecting soon to be called into the field of active service, but the work of preparation for an advance may occupy two weeks. We have just returned from a reconnaissance in force, with a detachment composed of six companies of our Regiment, including Co. G, of course.

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The Judge of the Criminal Court has charged the Grand Jury on certain points where a conflict of authority might arise, all persons will take notice. That among the Governor State's Officers, is the Attorney General, the U.S. Attorney at various sources, with the Orders of the President and the military Commanders, will be construed a contempt of the 'Authority of the United States, and will be summarily punished.

The status of the negro is involved in the day, as it is his as well as our right to be considered citizens, and the papers I had seen since I left Wisconsin.

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The Colonel announced at dress parade on the 18th that the Regiment would be in a state of readiness, and the men were encouraged for the field of active service.
The command to "stack arms" quieted apprehensions of immediate danger. The Missouri 8th, with cavalry scouts, was sent forward to reconnoiter, but found only a small body of "horse" and dogs. The small body of "horse" and dogs was given up.

The roads showed evidence of a force having passed during the day. It was deemed prudent to throw out a strong picket guard to prevent a surprise. The "Marquette Rangers" were selected for this important duty, which, by the way, is considered the most reliable company of the Regiment. We met with no disturbance during the night, and in the morning resumed our march. At noon our advance was reported driven in by the enemy at a cross roads, where we halted while our cavalry scouted the woods in search of Rebel horse. Here the boys divided themselves with Black Walnut, Butternuts, Hickory nuts, which are abundant in the region. Fresh pork was also plenty, from a fine drove of swine shacked in the woods, supposed to be of Confederate sympathies. Later in the afternoon we moved again two or three miles and halted for the night in a field by the way, appropriating the fence for fire to boil our coffee, and took contaminated chicken &c., after which we lay down upon the ground to rest, with guns for sentinels, and enjoyed for the first time the comforts of a rainy night, with no shelter, but the dark canopy of Heaven. We awoke in the morning with sensations of a "liquid" in the bones, the water having invaded our resting places from above and below, in spite of our gum blankets. After partaking of our indispensible coffee, in the midst of a drizzling shower, we resumed our march in a North Easterly direction toward Germantown, where we assured there was a force of the enemy that would probably oppose our advance. This assurance inspired the boys with great elevation of spirit, and the slaughter of rebels, in imagination, was horrible.

At 8 o'clock A.M., brought us to the town, a dirty, unique looking village of the Mississippi & Grinnell B. R., showing signs of having been a place of business, but alternately given up to pillage by Rebel and Union soldiers, has left but a scene of desolation. But here, again, we were doomed to disappointment as an enemy was to be seen or heard of. How ever, the boys were not to be fooled into resting, and made a brilliant charge upon a large store of sweet potatoes, and hogs, on which luxuries they lived "hugely during their stay. It is but a few months since this disused village tell in the way of Gen. Sherman's march through the country, since which bands of rebel guerillas have made it their occasional rendezvous. Still this last onslaught upon it, in which stores were plundered and every thing that could be carried away, was made confiscate to the laws of warfare.

The next morning we decamped from Germantown toward Memphis, a distance of fifteen miles, and when about half way met the Missouri 8th coming to our assistance on the strength of a report that we had been badly whipped. We got to camp, however, without loss, disappointed only in not having had an opportunity to show the "rebels" our good will towards them, and benefited by a sight at the enemy, and in a trial of our marching abilities, which proved as good as we expected.

This section of Tennessee is well timbered, with Oak, Whiteoak, Hickory, Walnut, Ash, and other species of valuable timber, and what surprised me in a country so old, is the fact that more than half of the most valuable land is yet covered with primeval forest. In our march of about forty miles I did not see a single stream of living water; and when it seems remarkable, the water from six to fifty feet in depth, is as warm as that upon the surface. The country shows signs of neglected cultivation—large cotton fields ready for the picking, going to waste for want of laborers to gather it. Mast r's have gone into the secess army, and the slaves follow suit, only in the opposite direction. At every plantation, men, women and children, with their bundles, stood ready to take perhaps the last chance of escape. Neither was the confiscation act neglected, as many an unlucky owner of mules, horses, turkeys, chickens &c., along our line of march could testify, and had it not been for an order against it, every man on our return would have been mounted on four legs. As it was, our formidable cavalry rode in one of the finest mongrels, in all the boldness of original ownership, and his mule at voice was still heard from his post in the rear of our squad, awaiting to do his master service.

Col. Bowser's disastrous indiscriminate plunder of private property, on the principle that there are too many of us people ought to be protected. But to Unionism in Tennessee, in the opinion of your correspondent, it is all explained in the r. p. of an intelligent female slave, viz., whether her master was a good Union man? She replied that he was "good just as the devil was good without property." We are called upon to fight a desperate enemy, and it becomes our duty to cripple them in every possible way, and though a few may suffer, with the many guilty ones for the benefit of the many. It is only a tramp, in said company, the end will justify the means.

The Marquette boys, all but one or two, are able to do duty and disperse their irregulars, and we Cal.boys say they will give a good showing if they get a chance, and such a chance he will give us as the earliest opportunity, for he will be a thorough fighting man we have no longer any doubt. He will ask no man to go where he will not lead, nor will any man flinch from following our noble Colonel.

More anon.

Sergeant.

SIR: Army Correspondence.

From the Thirty-Second Regiment.

Camp Hove, Memphis, Tennessee, Nov. 19, 1863.

We have been encamped now for twelve days, and today for the first time we received a call from Wilson, and that a very menacing one for only C. I saw a Chicago newspaper, and from that gleaned all the nation news that has been received here. We don't think it very reliable authority, but the citizens hereabout do. As far as I can make it out, it gives a small majority for the Conservatives. Rather drole news for soldiers who are fighting for the Union as it was. I think we anxiously wait further tidings.

Last Monday morning six companies of our regiment, including Company C, togetheger with the 6th Missouri, 6th Iowa, 72d Ohio, 4 pieces of artillery and a troop of horse, in about 1500 men started upon a foraging and reconnoitering expedition under command of Colonel Buckland, v. i. by the way is half brother of Luther Handel of Stoughton. We were entirely in the dark as to our destination when we started, and all sorts of rumors prevailed of our camp. Our order was to provide ourselves with 60 round of cartridges and five days rations, two days of which were to be carried in the men's haversacks, and the remainder in the wagons. This looked like service, and created a good feeling among the companies that were detailed for the expedition. Sunday the companies were really inspected, and the arms and equipments of the men not already in good order were made up, and Monday morning at 4 o'clock we were called up to prepare for our march. All was bustle and activity in camp, and we started for the place of rendezvous, where we found the other regiments in waiting. We were soon formed and started on the road leading south from Memphis. The heat was oppressive and the dust suffocating, but the troops pushed on at a rapid pace, only halting two or three times for rest, our advance guard keeping well ahead to avoid a surprise.
About two o'clock p.m. our advance drove on as a free life among the Federal invaders. The battery got into Cotton bring. In the enemy's picket, we formed, into line of battle. News now came in that our skirmishers had exchanged shots with those of the enemy, and all of us expected to have a battle immediately, but we were disappointed. One company was detailed for picket duty, and we were ordered to build fires and cook our coffee. Soon we halted at a small creek, and we soon made our dinner. Our boys soon ran sugar, syrup and salt, were confiscated from the enemy. We procured a good meal. For dessert we had hickory vine, which supplied us with sugar, several barrels of salt and other stores, besides a number of contrabands.

We procured several guides here, and resumed our march taking the direction of Germantown. We turned many side roads before we reached a very rough road. The cross roads in this country are very narrow— mere lanes—and pulled out so as to make it almost impassable for teams in many places. We continued marching until it was very late. Having passed through the rebel property, we could carry with us, men, horses and a few contrabands, which included a large number of chickens, geese, turkeys, ducks, several mules and horses, and a few contrabands. At a small creek, we halted at a small creek, and we soon made our dinner. Our boys ran sugar, syrup, and salt, were confiscated from the enemy.

We procured a good meal. For dessert we had hickory vine, which supplied us with sugar, several barrels of salt and other stores, besides a number of contrabands. One company was detailed for picket duty, and we were ordered to build fires and cook our coffee. Soon we halted at a small creek, and we soon made our dinner. Our boys soon ran sugar, syrup and salt, were confiscated from the enemy. We procured a good meal. For dessert we had hickory vine, which supplied us with sugar, several barrels of salt and other stores, besides a number of contrabands.

The men were ordered to fall back from the line of fires. We then started on our march, which we did at sunrise by taking a by road to the east, very much to our surprise; for we expected to have a chance to see what there was at Hernando, and possibly get a sight of the enemy.

Hubbard takes charge of the contrabands (we are allowed five to the company) and with the exception of one who "went dead," they are progressing finely.

We reached Memphis before noon, and our camp early in the afternoon, having passed for about eighteen miles. Our expedition, I have learned since, accomplished the object for which it was intended—simply a feint against an enemy captured considerably, and gave the boys an opportunity to show their mettle in marching. Our forge master brought in about thirty mules, several good horses, one of which the Colonel rides, some cotton, negroes enough to work a plantation, and various other articles.

We are brigaded now with the 72d Ohio.
From the 32nd Regiment.
Camp Howe, near Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 16th 1862.

Ed. Spectator:—Since writing my other letter, there have been some changes in the military machinery of Gen. Sherman's division, which affects the interests of the 32nd Regt. and consequently those of Co. C.

Last Monday morning six companies of the 32nd—among them, Co. C—were ordered out with five days rations to join forces of about one thousand, and two hundred men under Col. Buckland, of Ohio. There were not a few inquiries concerning our destination, and the object of the expedition, but they were all naught, for we did not understand why and wherefore, until we returned to Camp Howe, where we learned that we were sent out to intercept any reinforcements of the rebels at Holly Springs, from Hernando, where a rebel force is posted.

We left Camp Howe at nine o'clock A. M. and marched to the rendezvous, a distance of three miles in just three-fourths of an hour, where we were drawn up in line of battle or "Present arms," while the other troops filed past us; we were then brought up the rear and plodded on as best we could.

The 6th Mo. had the advance, and as we were a green Regt., they proposed to initiate us in the mysteries of a "forced march." They (the 6th Mo.) were in good marching trim, having nothing but Jim and Cartridge Box to carry, while we had our two blankets. There had been no rain in two months and you may naturally suppose that in this dry soil, there was some kicking up a dust; in fact the dust was perfectly awful. Every now and then we could see a man of the 6th Mo. waiting by the roadside for the announcement to come up; but the 32nd were pucky on the march, not a m. in giving out the first cry; whether we are likely in a fight means to be seen.

About 4 o'clock in our advance drove in the enemy's pickets, then the battery took a position at the infantry were posted in a man; to protect it, all expected to hear the whizzing of bullets and the roar of artillery every moment. Your correspondent looked around to see what had the right but "merry" men trembled; all were ready for any emergency. After waiting one time and hearing nothing further from the enemy we stacked arms and went to prepare supper—Soon the alarm sounded and every man sprung to his post. The alarm proved to be false and we dove into supper, intending if need be to go "in" on a full stomach. We had two alarms during the night. At morning found no one "killed, wounded or missing." At daylight we took up the march and did not halt until one o'clock, when we did stop, the performance was more amusing than the previous. Before we were fully halted, you could hear the distant sound of squelching swine which the "eli bands" of the 6th Mo. had caught and before we could get our "arms sacked," some of the fresh pork was roasting for dinner. Our boys were not able to imitate the example set before them, and at the next stopping place we all had meat cooking as soon as 'any other man." During our rest here several "six horse mule teams" loaded with supplies for the rebels came into camp knowing, until too late to rectify their mistakes, that anything was wrong. Our "forge master" was kind enough to confiscate the supplies, teams and negro drivers.

A three o'clock we started on once more and marched until nine o'clock, through mud and water, and in a driving rain storm. We encamped on a elevation of ground approaching the side of a hill. Here we tried to rest; some slept "standing, with one eye open," some tried to lie down but didn't get much rest. We were off again at daylight, and marched about six miles to Germantown, where we remained until the next morning. Each Regiment was allowed a certain portion of the village, in which to forage. We happened to be quartered where there was any amount of Honey, sugar, molasses, fresh beef and pork; I think it unnecessary to say we did ample justice to ourselves in our first attempt at foraging. We had plenty of time to prepare shelter for the night and consequently had a good rest.

The next (Thursday) morning the 32d had the advance. We had a very slight desire to give Mississippi a good thrashing, and that added to the impetus derived from the knowledge that we were headed for Memphis, made our load light, and imparted great strength to our propelling propensities. We think Mississippi is satisfied that Wisconsin is tough on a march.

The sum and substance of the forage taken in the expedition is about forty horses, nearly the same number of mules, some cotton and any amount of Jcoutre-bands. Gen. Sherman sets them at one to work on the fortifications. An Army is being massed here, for occupation "down river," probably Vicksburg.

We have not received any mail from home yet, and all are impatient to get tidings from friends.

It may be that letters are not directed correctly. Persons writing should address

More anon,

The 82d Regiment.—The Oelkosh Courier has a letter dated the 16th ult. from the 82d, Col. Hawk's Regiment, which was encamped near Fort Pickering, in the vicinity of Memphis. The letter says:

There was an expedition went out last week to Helena and Germantown. Six companies of our regiment formed a part of the expedition; we were out four days. The second day out when we saw us coming, and the boys had it all their own way. It would have done you good to have seen them pitch into the cattle, hogs, chickens, turkeys, and everything they could find to confiscate. The third day we camped in Germantown, and in the evening the boys brought in sixty hives of honey.

The owner complained to the Colonels, he said he was sorry the boys took so much; he was afraid it might make them sick. That is the satisfaction he got.

Horses, mules and wagons were picked up and brought back.

Our Colonel and his staff are all right on confiscation. We have one of the best Colonels that Wisconsin has yet. If the other regiments are as lucky in getting a white man for Colonel as we have been, they are all right. He has the confidence and respect of all his officers and men.
The 32d is again under marching orders, and it is not very probable that shall ever date another communication from this post. We have made ourselves very comfortable since we returned from Green Bay. Our regiment is in fair condition, and the men fixed up their quarters by making log huts and covering them with their tents, and then built near the fires to warm them. After they had completed their quarters, it was quite a treat to step into their little dwellings and see the boys sitting around their cheer-hearth-stones, some engaged in writing to their loved ones at home, others telling stories, conversing, on various topics, playing euchre. The men worked so diligently in fitting up their habitations, that they regret to leave them. They have made themselves comfortable to pass a winter in this latitude. All are eager to meet the foe, and the comforts of Camp Howell will speedily be forgotten in the anticipation of a brush with the butternuts. You have probably surmised that there was quite a large force gathering at this point, though the papers of Memphis have not been allowed to whisper a word upon the subject. The regiment after regiment has been landed here and brigade after brigade has been formed, and all so quietly done that even your correspondent was not aware of the large force here till quite recently. Now General Sherman is ready to advance, and before this reaches your readers it will not be contraband news to inform them that a force of some 30,000 infantry, artillery and cavalry has started to form a junction with General Grant near Holly Springs.

Since we were brigaded we have drilled once in brigade drill, been reviewed by General Denver, and inspected by Colonel Buckland. The brigade drill was simply a battalion drill on a larger scale. The review was a fine affair and worth witnessing. It was well conducted throughout, and the 32d received much credit for the soldierly appearance and excellent condition of the men. The inspection took place last Sunday morning, and Colonel Buckland and staff inspected us. The Major who inspected Company C pronounced himself perfectly satisfied with the condition of our clothes and arms. The General said we were without exception the best regiment he ever inspected. For the past two days we have been drilling in the fields, and the way the boys fell the targets would frighten a secession.

To-day we have provided ourselves with 600 rounds of cartridges per man and five days ration, two of which are carried in the men's haversacks, and the morn-ing we start with General Sherman's grand army farther South. Yesterday and to-day every mule, horse and wagon suitable for service has been pressed. A scouting party sent out for teams yesterday brought back about 300 horses and mules, and just now a foraging party returned with 100 horses and a mule and a rockaway wagon.

We are preparing to leave this place in style.

The field and line officers have been cut down in their baggage to a value each and consequently many fine military suits and other fixtures will find their way to Wisconsin.

The 32d Wisconsin is encamped about one and a half miles from us. I have not seen the regiment, but I am told that it is equal in every respect to any regiment that has ever left the State, which is sufficient praise when all stand so high.

There have been some changes in the officers of the regiment since my last letter. Major Smiley is now assisting Colonel and Captain DeCourct takes his place by seniority. Adjutant Buckland is now on Colonel Buckland's staff, and Lieut. Bailey has been promoted to the office of surgeon. He is one of the best drilled officers in the regiment, and makes a capital Adjutant.

We are fearful that Lieut. Colonel Bull will not be able to join us, as the last returns from him were unfavorable. This will be a sore disappointment to the regiment, and particularly so to the Texas Fell Rangers.

The health of the regiment is as good as it could wish. Two deaths have occurred in the regiment since we came here. We have had no deaths to chronicle in our court, but five have passed away in the hospital. The hospital is seriously ill with inflammation on the lungs. James J. Barrett and Carle-ton V. Noble are also inmates of the hospital; but are improving. We shall have to leave some more here who are unable to march and carry the loads we have to back.
Mrs. Harvey was here this week. As usual she was looking after the interest of the Wisconsin soldiers. Her unselfish zeal is the order of the day. No wonder her name is revered and she is looked upon as a ministering angel by the Banner State boys.

The removal of McClellan gives general satisfaction so far as I have heard. There is much confidence expressed in General Burnside, and all seem to think that the right man is in the right place at last. I sincerely hope that the confidence of the people and the army is not misplaced, and that now there will be an onward movement of all the various arms extending from Mississipi to the Potomac. Such is the wish of all the rank and file here. I sincerely hope the confidence of the people is well placed.

The roads are dry but not dusty, and every man will do his whole duty. It is different to walk along the roads than to go down the river, with the current. The old regiment is brigaded under Gen. Buell, formerly of the Seventy-second Ohio, in the division of Gen. Thomas, and under Maj. Gen. Sherman whose head-quarters are in Memphis. The work of enlarging and improving the fortifications at this point is going on with all the surplus labor that can be brought into requisition. The large chain of earthworks, mounted with the heaviest guns, commanding every approach from the rear, and ready to spill the fire of death at any approaching foe, renders this point exempt from any probability of an attack from the enemy.

I have no data from which to estimate the strength of our force at this place; as troops are daily coming and going.

Yesterday our division was reviewed by Gen. Sherman, and we flattered ourselves we made about as good a show as any number of men in the service. A comparison of the new and the old regiments in point of numbers, is showing the fearful diminution the latter have undergone during twelve and eighteen months' service. The old regiments here will scarcely average four hundred effective men each, and it is a well known fact that this great decrease is due more to disease than to the enemy.

We have had “camp rumors,” without definite origin or vouchers, that the war is to be speedily ended by negotiations already on foot at headquarters, but all sensible minds regard the “wish as father of the rumor,” for there is nothing more prone to give the feeling on the part of the majority of our soldiers, that the war should stop, and peace be again restored on almost any terms. Home, friends, and the loved associations of former years, and all that is nearest and dearest to the heart, are considerations too weighty to be counterbalanced by a theoretical patriotism that is wasting the lives of thousands only to further some political scheme, not for the good of our common country. Such is the feeling that is heard expressed by officers and men.

The nights are chilly and frosty; days warm, which changes have fastened severe diseases upon us. The field is more conducive to health than the sedentary life in stationary camp.

When we move it will probably be in the direction of Vicksburg, the sanctuary of all eyes in this direction. We may also reasonably expect an advance will be undertaken before the winter rains set in, as thereupon it will be difficult for land forces to move. We impatiently await the developments of time. More anon.

L. D. F.
I think, in its appearance. He has the confidence of the soldiers. Col. Buckland of the 25th Ohio, acting Brig. Gen. commands our Brigade. I understand there is no discount upon him in a fight. He has been well proved, and not found wanting.

"The 32d has won high encomiums from all, for its appearance. When we were marching through the city, it was constantly remarked, "what a fine body of men!" Many supposed we were a brigade from our large numbers, the old regiments here, not numbering more than three or four hundred men. At inspection, upon last Sabbath morning, Gen. Buckland was present. At first close he remarked in an impressive manner to the officers, "For cleanliness of appearance, neatness in dress, care in the polishing of arms, and soldierly bearing, it is the best regiment I have ever seen." Quite a compliment from a veteran warrior.

Today foraging parties have been out to pick up terms for our transportation. Every team and vehicle suitable for the purpose, is at once pressed into regimental service, necessity knows no law, or is rather the highest law. Cartwheels drawn by fine blood horses, often containing bodies, are brought up to the sides of the city. In the bluest manner possible the horses are asked to shift and are politely helped to do so by the provost marshal, while others are busy unlashing the traces. The horses are walked off to the government stables, and the ladies walk off desolately.

If the parties are Union, a receipt is given them; if Secesh, that is the last of it. Sometimes an exchange is made in a summary manner. "Halt!" says the soldier, "a white man, or contraband, driving a fine mule team." (For the latter, here are almost inseparably connected.) The mules are turned out and a sorry looking set put in their place. The darkness are always in high glee about it, "The don't care," they say, displaying their ivory, from end to end.

This city is almost wholly given up to secession. There are not ten righteous Union men of the highest classes to save it from destruction. I doubt if there are five. There was a large Union demonstration here a short time ago. I saw it in the Northern papers heralded as an immensity affair. I was present from beginning to end. The demonstration was got up by the Washington Union Club. The procession consists of about a thousand persons, but full four fifths of them were German and Irish, there was not a single native American. He is now acting Lieut. Col. Howe is very popular with the soldiers. Major Smalley is a fine disciplinarian. He is now acting Lieut. Col. Howe is very popular with the highest classes, as I was well assured, and will probably be so, in fact, in the whole affair. The speaking was very good, but unable to join the regiment on account of audience, consisting of about four thousand, sickness. Capt. De Groot of Co. A., and one of the best stump speakers. I heard, delivered one of telling effect.

The clergy here are all sincere except Dr. Grundy of the Presbyterian church. He had to preach however to empty benches, until the Federals came. His church dismissed him for his sentiments, but Gen. Sherman took possession, and redeemed the building and reinstated him and respect of all under his charge, as Pastor. I went to the 3d Presbyterian church. There is a sort of epidemic affecting to and heard an excellent sermon. But as yet a greater or less extent, the throat and lungs. It is probably the initiating step for acclimation. Mr. Hicks of Osbourn, died very suddenly, but he had been suffering from chronic disease of the heart for a long time. The men are in high spirits for our march tomorrow, all is bustle. Letters are pouring into the office to be sent out by the hundreds. We have sent out in three weeks nearly 4000 letters. That speaks for the intelligence of the regiment. I will write you our destination in my next and glean all the incidents, that I think worth mentioning, in our journey.

Our journey started from "Camp Howe, Memphis, Tenn." Thursday night, Nov. 26, 1862: There is no hope to comfort them, but in vain. At last new in particular, only all the letters began to pour in and the train which was a good Memphis, except was complete, from the blackness of the four regiments, have got marching out, to a thunder cloud, to a terrible exasperation. They are going to move a sky. Friends at home hardly realize morrow morning. I don't know where the value and influence of a letter to the heart is the last of it. I think to Holly far-off soldier. A missive of affection from parents, or wife and children, is one of the surest safeguards against temptation. Many eyes glisten and many hearts ache, while these messages of love are telling their simple yet eloquent story. More effective are they than ordinances or preaching in camps; or at least they are the most powerful ally the Chaplain has in reaching the heart. A chord is always touched in the roughest heart, when home is spoken of. Let friends write frequently.

My respects to the ladies. Joe.
THE 32D regiment has marched three days since it left Memphis, and is now encamped at Chewanna, seven miles south of Holly Springs. We—the 32d—are encamped in the midst of the army, hilly country very sparsely settled. One of our cannoneers instantly fainted.

Our route this day lay over a rough and hilly country very sparsely settled. One of our cannoneers instantly fainted.

A short distance from Hog Hollow, we dined at a house belonging to an old secessionist, who had two sons in the rebel army and in the morning nothing remained but a heap of smouldering ruins. The roads were in splendid condition—no mud or dust—and we easily accomplished in six hours march, what it took us eight hours to perform before.

The second day we did not get into camp until 9 o'clock P. M., and as a matter of course, we were pretty well used up. Our camp was situated on the banks of "Cold Water Creek," a beautiful, clear, running stream which is a scarcity in this country. The next night found us encamped near Pigeon Roost Creek—rather a sluggish affair, and like the "Father of Waters," not calculated to inspire much sentiment. Here we saw numerous Riffle Pits and Earth Works constructed by the Rebels, and, to the eye of your inexperienced correspondent, looked like a strong place. We rested here one day (Saturday).

About ten o'clock firing was heard in the front, so we were marched along cautiously until we reached the village of Chulohoma, when it was thought we were getting too near the Rebels, therefore halted two days. During our stay here, we were visited by a violent storm of wind and rain which swept many of our tents flying no one knows whither. Our Hospital tent was blown down, and our poor sick boys suffered terribly until the storm abated and the tent could be again pitched. It may be noticed here that our Regt. was located near a Seminary, large enough to accommodate all the sick in our Division, yet no one was allowed to enter it.

Wednesday morning we were ordered to advance at daylight. Owing to the rain the roads were in awful condition. It was barely possible for the Artillery and heavily loaded teams to get along, but by dint of great exertion and no small amount of swearing and whippings, by the drivers, they succeeded in reaching our present camp, a distance of seven miles from Chulohoma.

Price, in his retreat, burnt the Ferry boat, across the Tallahatchie river, and our folks have been building a bridge, which has caused a delay of two days.

The said bridge was completed yesterday, and two Divisions move to-day; our turn comes to-morrow. We have had a rather unpleasant sojourn here, as it has rained the greater portion of the time.
and this morning we had quite a snow storm—a great rarity for this country.

So far as I have seen, I like the appearance of the country in Miss. better than in Tenn. The soil is about the same. Timber is mostly Oak and Cotton-wood. The greater portion of the surface is level or slightly undulating, with occasionally a ravine, however the last few miles we have passed over have seen hills and valleys not unlike some portions of Wis.

We have received no news from the Army of the Potomac since Gen. Burnside assumed command, but we have faith that he will do his utmost to push the rebels to the wall.

I believe it was the general opinion of the new volunteers when they enlisted, that guarding rebel property was not labeled. I am sorry to say we have learned the contrary. While we were encamped near Memphis, when our army had possession long enough to "Unionize" a few, formerly secesher, I did not think it so strange that some property was guarded, for if soldiers were allowed to plunder indiscriminately, some really Union men might suffer; but on our march, to sea houses guarded when it was well known that the proprietors had furnished men, mena and money to aid the rebellion, was a sight too sickening to be witnessed by any loyal soldier, who has to bear the hardships of war, and exposure of his life, to defend and uphold that sacred principle, "Equality and Justice to all Men."

It is also generally understood in the North, that the Rebels are destitute of provender; that, in a measure, may be the case. I have noticed on our march, any amount of cornfields, some where the corn is harvested, and a great deal where it is not. Our horses and mules cannot consume the supply, and the remainder is not allowed to be destroyed. Therefore the rebels have a considerable to fall back upon. Wheat fields are not uncommon, and the growth is extremely good, and as nearly as I can judge, is about as far along as our Wis. wheat is in the fore part of June.

The general health of Co. C is good. We have only one or two complaining and none seriously sick. Nine of our number were left at Memphis, the surgeon pronouncing them unfit for our camp. Their names are Capt. E. B. Preston; Corp. W. P. Low and Frank Avery; privates Wilder Waterman and Homer McIntyre; Michael Dullard, Thomas Andrews, Cornelius Williams and Frederick Whitehead.

Dullard was quite sick; the others were able to be around and improving when we left. Letters should be digested to Holly Springs, Via Cairo, in order to reach the company.

More news.

From the Thirty-Secend Regiment.

IN CAMP, HICKORY CREEK, MISSISSIPPI, December 8th, 1862.

EDITOR TIMES: I can not presume to give you any information concerning the movements of the forces here, which you do not already possess. In fact, you are in daily receipt of important news from this section, of which we know nothing till we receive the Northern papers. When I say "we" I mean us little folks, like the undersigned. We have no opportunity of learning anything that bears the semblance of authenticity, except such as comes under our own observation—since none are allowed "inside the ring" or to pass the various guards—save commissioned officers and niggers.

On our march from Memphis, the second night out, we camped on Coldwater Creek. About twenty of Company B took lodging in a large building, well filled with gunned cotton. At three o'clock in the morning the cotton was fired. Had it not been for the timely discovery of the flames by a corporal's guard, the boy's would certainly have been consumed, as cotton burns rapidly. As it was, they were barely dragged out—leaving behind knapsacks, blankets, &c.,—many of them minus considerable hair, eye-brows and "Sger" whiskers. This was believed to have been the work of some incarnate fiend, with the most wicked, cowardly intent of burning to death the unconscious sleepers. When, the next morning, I saw the red flames of burning mansions streaking up and flicking the very face of Heaven, I thought it a just though monstrous retribution on those who had thus stealthily sought the lives of my noble companions. The destroying of property is against and contrary to orders, but the boys would be and were, in a degree avenged.

Northern Mississippi presents an undulating surface and contains considerable excellent timber. Large fields of corn are noticeable, as also a vast amount of unpicked cotton. In many instances the white inhabitants quit their habitations as our forces advance, and leave their homes to the "immortal nigger."

It is a matter of great surprise and disappointment that Gen. Price should have vacated his stronghold at Abbeville, but he is just the man who knows how and when to retreat. We are now in camp, waiting the repairs of the Miss. Central Railroad, that supplies may be brought from Columbus. It is impossible to get sufficient quantities in any other way, especially during the rainy season.

The weather to-day is warm and delightful. Nothing doing this forenoon, though the ever recurring monotony of camp is considerable in itself. Blowing of hoarse buggies, pounding broken-headed drums, rumbling of army wagons, hideous crying of mules, faint hearted boys running around with distorted features, corners of their mouths drawn down so as to imitate those of a new moon at the beginning of a rainy season, whining about "light rations and heavy duty." No soldier will make complaints of this kind while short allowances are unavoidable or heavy duty necessary. But the soldiers of the 32d have at least one cause of complaint. Our sick list is astonishingly great; so great that Co. B have to-day mustered but forty two men for duty. The cause of this is principally traceable to the use of miserable little portable tents, or "dog huts" as the boys call them. They are worth comparatively nothing during the cool winter nights, and less during a rain storm. It is urged that the transportation of suitable tents would involve a great expense. True, it would make expense, but shall the country value its Treasury above the lives of its soldiers? Somebody in a fault, but certainly not Col. Hows, for he has made requisitions for tents everywhere, but signally failed to procure them. A further cause of sickness doubtless is a change of climate and the too free use of fresh meat.

But a doleful sound breaks in! I hear the drums beating the funeral march. Oh, how common, yet how thrilling still! Every time I hear the death march, it reminds me of the loss of my beloved comrade, Francis Kinney. Noble boy! With a heart throbbing with generous impulses, vigorous and ambitious—he conceived the mistaken notion that it was his duty to go forth in defence of his country and her institutions. But he was too young, too tender a plant. His duty was under the paternal roof. Poor Frank! "Sit tibi terra levia." I learn the deceased was a young man of Company E, and died of Pneumonia.——

General Sherman, to-day, reviewed and bade farewell to his troops—preparatory to taking a new command—with which you are more familiar than I. He speaks in the highest terms of Wisconsin Soldiers.

Dec. 12.—Our postal arrangements are so deficient that I have been delayed in writing this letter. Since writing the above the status of Company B has been considerably changed, and I give you something of our whereabouts.
before yesterday we were ordered four miles down stream from camp, to take possession of a steam Mill—belonging to one J. R. Bowles—and crack corn for twenty-four hours, when we were to be relieved. Captain Hodges having discharged his duty with great promptitude. The following order was yesterday issued by order of General Beucland:

**HEADQUARTERS 82D REGIMENT, Wis. Volts, Dec. 11th, 1862.**

CAPT. Hodges: You are directed by the Colonel to remain at your present quarters until further orders. You will therefore remove your tents, &c., from this Camp and establish your Headquartes at your present post.

By order of the Col. Commanding.

W. F. B. Bailey, Adjutant.

I have, to-day, been looking over the Mill and find it an extensive establishment, Attached to it is a cotton gin—Gullette's Patent, manufactured at New Orleans—and cotton press. The building now contains one hundred and fifty bales of raw and ginned cotton—one hundred and ten bales having been taken away yesterday by order of Gen. Grant;—a Saw Mill, with one large buzz saw and corn cracker, one set Narracong's patent burr stone; all driven by a thirty-five horse power locomotive engine, Talbot & Bro., builders, Richmond, Va. This is the plantation property of Mr. B., who has recently quit his premises here and removed to an estate on the Bottoms; taking with him forty of his more effective slaves, leaving sixty-five behind; besides nearly the entire remainder of his property. Our business here is to picket, protect property, and grind corn for the use of the Brigade. The engine is decided to be the very best, and the entire machinery perfect. We have men who understand the business and are 'running the machine' to perfection, grinding from fifteen to twenty bushels of excellent meal per hour, and we are getting to be experts at making hominy, corn dodgers, and hoe-cake. We have collected quite an extensive library, with which we while away the few idle hours, very profitably; though the boys exhibit a rather keener taste for the former than the latter.

We are just in receipt of a synopsis of the President's Message in the Chicago Tribune of the 2d inst. We are glad to see inaugurated a system of emancipation, wherever there is connected with it a thorough and efficient scheme of colonization.

**BRITISH DOMINIONS.**

Property wrecked on these islands being American, the operation of the interests of Americans, and there is every reason to believe that cases of salvage has been by arbitration, from which there law required the arbitrators to be justices of the peace and has found difficult to procure arbitrators who were entirely law, the old method of settling cases of salvage by arbitration either party being dissatisfied with the award, an appeal may may in the first instance be carried into the court. I am alternative will be generally chosen by agents of wrecked where the amount involved may be too small to warrant incurring

**BARBADOES.—**Noble Towner, Consul.

The following is a synopsis of the value of imports and exports between the United States ending September 30, 1860:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type</th>
<th>September 30, 1859</th>
<th>September 31, 1860, (estimated)</th>
<th>September 30, 1860, value of imports into Barbadoes</th>
<th>September 30, 1860, value of imports into Barbadoes, (estimated)</th>
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<tr>
<td>Imports</td>
<td>$484,600</td>
<td>500,000</td>
<td>510,000</td>
<td>521,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exports</td>
<td>$25,200</td>
<td>75,000</td>
<td>112,700</td>
<td>90,365</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**DISCIPULUS.**

Total for the year: $303,265
The Thirty-Third Regiment.

The chief regimental officers of the Thirty-Third Regiment have been appointed. Jonathan B. Moore, of Grant, is the Colonel. He is a man of ability, and is known in his county, and reported to possess the energy and capacity to make an excellent officer. At present he is the Sheriff of Grant county.

The Lieutenant-Colonel is Hon. Fred. S. Lovell, of Kenosha, one of the oldest citizens of the State, and widely known as the former popular Speaker of the Assembly. He will make a capable and discharging officer.

The Major is Horatio H. Virgin, son of Senator Virgin of Grant, and now Battalion Adjutant in the 2d Wisconsin Cavalry.

Col. Moore's Regiment.—Shirreff J. B. Moore received on Friday his commission as Colonel of the 33d Regiment, and with it an order to report himself at Madison on Monday. We learn since that the Governor had already appointed for Lt. Colonel, Fred. S. Lovell, speaker of the Assembly in '57; for Major, Horatio Virgin of Iowa; for Surgeon, Dr. C. J. Whiting of Janesville, to be assisted by Dr. C. B. Stock. The remaining appointments are under consideration and will be made soon.

The companies assigned to Col. Moore's Regiment are as follows: Earnhart and Burdick's, with a prospect of Farquharson's by exchange with a surplus company now at Madison; also, J. O. Moore's of Iowa, Gurley's of Shullsburg, Miltimore's and Wemple's of Janesville, Wustrom's of Janesville and two from Racine. These complete the Regiment.

The Thirty-Third Regiment.

Some sixteen of the men who went from this vicinity with Lieut. Geo. Carter and consolidated with Jerry Moore's company at Avoca, returned last Monday on a few day's furlough. They report the regiment in first rate condition, and making good progress in drill. It has not yet received its equipments. We have a letter from one of Co. A, dated Camp Ulysses, Racine, of which we publish as much of our space will permit.

"We received orders to leave Avoca for this place on Friday evening. Sept. 20. Our journey on the cars was a pleasant one. Arriving at the Racine depot, Capt. Moore's Union Guards being in a hurry to reach camp, soon formed and took the lead for Camp Ulysses, distant one mile followed by Burdick's, Frank's and Earnhart's. As we neared the camp, we were greeted with martial music from the Rock County Boys, Union Avengers, and Gaylord Guards that had arrived previous. Our Colonel and Adjutant were in camp and assigned us our barracks, and we commenced our first day of camp life Oct. 2. To-day had our first battalion drill, and our regiment made a very respectable appearance. It made us think of home to see little McCarr in camp to-day.

Oct. 7. — It rains almost incessantly. Our camp ground is trying to run opposition to Lake Michigan. Our old town man J. L. marsh made his appearance in camp and treated us to a cigar.

Oct. 9. — The well-known cane of J. H. Evans was seen poking along early this morning, held firmly by his owner.

Oct. 10. — Our officers are preparing the muster rolls, and we expect soon to be mustered in and receive some little money. We expect to receive our arms and clothing soon.

The Thirty-Third Regiment.

The Racine Advocate publishes a complete list of the field officers and men of this regiment, now at Racine, and says it is as fine a body of men as has ever been raised in this State. It gives Capt. J. B. Moore, (the only Sheriff of our County,) the credit of drilling the men, with the assistance of his staff, until their movements elicit universal praise. The following is a list of the commissioned officers:

FIELD OFFICERS.

Colonel—J. B. Moore, Grant.

Lieutenant Colonel—F. S. Lovell, Kenosha.

Major—H. H. Virgin, Grant.

COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Adjutant—W. Warner, La Fayette, Quartermaster—J. W. Nichols, Rock.

Surgeon—J. B. Whiting, Rock.

1st Assistant Surgeon—K. C. Blackall, Racine.

2nd Assistant Surgeon—D. W. Carley, Grant.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Alfred H. Fitch, Sergeant Major, Grant.

Alfred J. McCarr, Quartermaster Sergeant, Grant.

Omer T. Pardoe, Com. Sergeant, Rock.

Reuben Sampson, Drum Major, Kenosha.

CO. A—LOWA AND GRANT.

Captain, J. C. Moore; 1st Lieutenant, Geo. B. Carter; 2nd Lieutenant, O. C. Denny.

CO. B—GRANT.

Captain, George R. Frank; 1st Lieutenant, George Haw; 2nd Lieutenant, Matthew Birchard.

CO. C—LA FAYETTE.

Captain, John E. Gurley; 1st Lieutenant, W. H. Budlong; 2nd Lieutenant, William Wier.
The following story of the performance of a deserter is told us by a friend, says the Kenosha Telegraph, who was engaged in the capture:

Dick M. enlisted in one of the Kenosha companies in the 35th regiment, and went into camp with Capt. Smith at Racine. Dick got his bounty and uniform and a few days before the regiment left for Cairo, being placed one night on guard duty, and next morning deserted his post, and left the point of embarkation.

Dick was a stranger and claimed to be from Missouri, where he had been in the Union army. When he arrived at Racine, he stayed, and the next day, with his uniform on and his rifle, he stopped in the western part of the city. It was after noon when he was first seen in the vicinity of his final capture,立足 in the south, and it was not long after that a squad of soldiers was ordered to capture him. Dick was not noticed at first, as the soldiers were passing by. Dick then turned and took shelter in a house near by.

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The Thirty-Third Wisconsin Regiment

This splendid regiment arrived in this city Wednesday afternoon from Racine, where they have been in camp, en route for Cairo. They number 900 men—four companies from Grant county, two each from Kenosha and St. Louis, and the balance from points adjacent to Racine. They were mustered into service and went into camp at Racine on the 1st of October, and have been in Wisconsin only the most disciplined and best drilled regiment which has left that State. They are armed with the Enfield rifle and complete with equipment, except the rubber blankets, which they still need.

The regiment is composed of the very best fighting stock in Wisconsin, and we are glad that we have them in our service. It is a most promising instance of the aptitude of Americans for military life. These men are fresh from the harvest fields, and the soundness of arms or the technicalities of drill, all in his line, and feeling jealous of those who did, making the remark that we complained of suffering for our want of what was necessary for our sick.

We have never complained; we have had no occasion to complain. The men are the best, their equipment the best, of any regiment that has been sent north by Gen. Curtis.

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We bivouacked near the mansion of a wealthy planter, whose surroundings gave evidence of cultivated taste, ease and luxury. Its situation was beautiful, just outside an eminence; a stream of water winding through the grounds, negro houses and negro servants and house slaves were continually reaching me to move on, as the news of the day, and informing us the men, and they move on with a more biniome, division. About 30,000 or 40,000 troops came with us from Memphis.

From the Thirty-Third Regiment.

Date and Place: December 1864, at Memphis, Tennessee.

We left Memphis Wednesday, the 25th day of November. It was a cold, dark, stormy night, with snow falling thickly. We marched four miles, stopping about two hours in the middle of the day for the men to rest and take refreshments.

The moral effect of inducing some punishment upon us is salutary, no doubt, as like adventures would be (and have been) of too frequent occurrence by those who are troubled with home sickness.

The general health of the regiment is good, the sun rose on the morrow, cotton press, though disordered is prevalent, consequent store houses and cotton, negro houses and water and climate. Our regiment had left the bivouac. I confess we move again soon, though to what point is, to many regrets at such wanton destruction, made no move. We still move on, and again our eyes beheld the sight of a camp fire, more especially when bivouacking from home, I fancy they would not be quite as delicate of their attentiveness to us. Here in camp, we feel all but isolated from society, and 'tis a positive treat to get a letter from home, giving tokened in a camp. A suppressed cheer from department, Sherman's corps d'armée, and us the news of the day, and informing us the men, and they moved on with a more laconic's division. About 30,000 or 40,000 troops came with us from Memphis.

Our reception into Dixie, was a 'cool pleasant surprise' as it is termed in the newspapers. By so many hundreds we are welcomed. With good grace, and with no other than a smile, and an occasional laugh the troops were received with good natured, and by dint of hard struggling we kept up our spirits. But such a rainy day!

Before you receive this we shall very likely have had a battle. An immense army is being massed at this point, between one hundred and two thousand men. With the road once crossed and the enemy defeated and scattered we shall force our way through their lines and the men foot-sore and impatient, shall fear for the results. I cannot tell you our route. We rose a high hill, and a distant light be-point in a day or two. We are in Grant's elastic step, to be sadly disappointed.

From the Third Regiment.

Date and Place: December 1864, at Memphis, Tennessee.

Editor: '*Anon. As I thought it might be interesting to some of your readers, to hear from the 33rd Regiment Wis. Vol., I will write a few lines.

Our regiment, left Raleigh on the 12th of Nov., about 385 strong, for Cairo by railroad. We took the Illinois Central at Chicago, arrived in Cairo Nov. 14th, about 1 o'clock, A. M.,
received orders that morning to three; we lay there until the 26th
and proceed on down to Memphis. We of Nov., (were brigaded in the
12th Indiana) and us comprising the
three other boats loaded with troops, 6th Brigade. We left there
the same day, while 26th for Holley Springs, marched
we were laying at Cairo, myself about half way to that place, (the
with several other officers, went on men carrying their tents on their
board several gun boats, among others, besides the other traps.
them the famed St. Louis, the one We were in three divisions under
that Commodore Foote was wounded. Generals Smith, Denton and Laumaned
on; the officers of the boat were, the whole under Gen. Sherman, in
very kind and showed us every all about 40,000 men, we marched
thing interesting; we started down as far as Pigeon Creek, learned
the river (crowded in so tight that there, that the rebels under Price
a person could hardly turn around,) had fallen back across the Talas-
stopped a few minutes at Columbus, hatchie river, we lay there one
I was very well and did not go day, then started, and marched
ashore; we proceeded on down the about 10 miles to a place called
river past Island No. 10, stopped at Chulahoma, we camped there for
New Madrid for the night, (the one day and two nights, while we
water being to low to run safely af-
lay there, we witnessed one of the
ter dark,) the officers had the southern thunder storms, such an
privilege of laying in the cabin on one as you seldom see north, it laid
the floor, (it being a free country,) tents to the ground, everything was
about fifteen minutes, we were
camped in a corn-field, and it was
gloriously muddy, that was the 1st
of December. We left on the 2d,
then it rained slowly all day, marched
about 10 miles that day, the mud
knee deep, our whole wagon train
in the rear, halted here at 5 P. M.,
cold, wet, muddy and hungry, and
very tired, our teams did not get up
till the next night, so the men saw
the benefit of carrying their tents,
for not an officer in the whole
column had a tent or blanket, and
it rained all that night.

We are now about 2 miles from
the Talahatchie river, our troops
have built up the bridge that the
rebels burned when they left. Our
advance is on the march now, crossing
the river. Price has fallen back,
how far we do not know, but we
are after them, hot, blacks, deserters,
are coming in every day from the
rebel army, they say Price has
about 30,000 men, our boys are
ready and anxious to meet them.

Our regiment is very healthy, we
have marched about 50 miles, now
through mud and rain, and we have
not five men off duty yet. I think
for new troops, that cannot be best;
if, in fact, I have we cannot be best
any way, we have had the same
so far of being second to none that has
left Wisconsin yet, we shall likely
push on this P. M., or to-morrow
morning, and follow them until we
catch them, or run them into the
Gulf of Mexico. The rainy season
has just commenced down here, so
we can look for plenty of mud from
now until the first of April.

For the information of those wishing
to send letters to the 33d regi-
ment, I would say, direct to the
person, letter of company, number
of regiment, 6th brigade, 3d divi-
sion, Sherman's corps, via Cairo,
Illinois, and they will reach us.

If there is anything in this you
think worthy of publication, you
are at liberty to publish it in whole
or in part.

CHAUCY R. THAYER,
1st Lieut. Co. H. 33d Reg.
P. S. Please excuse this writing.
I have to write on my lap with a
book for a desk.

C. R. T.

From the Thirty-Third Regiment.

TALLAHATCHIE RIVER, Miss., Dec. 5.
Editors Gazette: We left Memphis the
30th of last month, and by painful, forced
marches, reached this point last Tues-
day evening, having marched all day
in the rain and mud. We were forced to
leave quite a number of our regiment be-
hind at Memphis, who were unable to
march. I can only give you the names of
some of our company: Kirk W. Tan-
er, Michael Sethser and Charles H. Hoard.
They were turned over to the general hos-
pital. Our boys, with a few exceptions,
have stood the march unremarkably well,
considering that they have had all their equi-
ments to pack. Our regiment is furnished
with but one ambulance, and we have made
it answer. The 33d is the first battalion,
sixth brigade, third division of Gen. Sher-
man's corps. Brig. Gen. Lauman com-
mands our division, while our Col. Mo-
ore has charge of the regiment. Sherman's
force is estimated at twenty thousand effective
men. We anticipated a big fight here,
as we had been led to suppose the
Price's entrenched upon the opposite side
of the river were of a very formidable char-
acter; and our men were greatly disappoint-
ed to hear that the acech bird had flown.
Our advanced battery reached the bank in
time to hurl a few shots at the enemy as he
incontinent fled, but without doing him
any injury, I believe. Price had taken es-
special pains to destroy every facility for
passing the river, before he retired so we
are detained here from pursuit until a
bridge can be constructed, over which we
can pass the stream. Our men are labor-
ating night and day for its completion, and
will probably finish it to-night, so that we
can move forward in the morning. Grant
is in our advance with fifty thousand men,
and will hardly allow the enemy to sleep.

From a regular butternut border ruffian,
who deserted from Price's army and came
into our lines this morning, I have gleaned
The Thirty-Third Regiment.

From a letter from Q. M. Sergeant A. J. McCarn, written at Oxford, Mississippi, on the 10th inst., we learn that this regiment was reviewed on the 9th by Gen. Sherman, who complimented it very highly, and expressed the wish that he could have it with him. Col. Moore replied, saying he would rather be a private in the army that takes Vicksburg than a Brigadier General guarding railroads.

[signature]

J. H. S.,
Co. F, 33d Reg., W. V.
Direct to Memphis.

Army Correspondence.

WATERFORD, Miss., Co. Miss.
December 16th, 1862.

Mr. Clement,—With the remainder of Gen. Grant's army we advanced to this place, and have been here a short time; but how long we have yet to remain, I am unable to state.

Waterford, like a majority of the other Southern towns which I have seen, shows plainly the effects of the war, situated on the Mississippi Central Railroad about nine miles south of Holly Springs, but few of the inhabitants remain. Everything appears deserted. Immense cotton fields, abound through this portion of Mississippi, the crops of which are going to waste for want of picking, many of these are the property of wealthy men who have abandoned, and hold commissions in the rebel army. The railroad will soon be in running order to this place. At present trains run but a few miles south of Holly Springs. The bridges and trestle works, to which the rebels set fire, and completely destroyed as they retreated, are being repaired by Col. Bissell's famous engineer regiment and details from the various divisions in this vicinity. The speedy completion of this road will be of the greatest benefit to this army, and our progress south will be greatly impeded until the road is finished. Lately we have been reinforced by quite a number of new regiments. The 101st Illinois has been attached to our brigade. To my knowledge there are no new Wisconsin regiments in this locality; but there are several with Gen. Steele and Sherman, among them the 33rd Regiment (organized at Racine), which is with the latter.

The frothy nights and windy and rainy days begin to remind us of the approach of winter; the winds blow a perfect hurricane, and the rains comes down in torrents, and at times the roads are almost impassable. Large forage trains are sent out daily, and generally return heavily laden with corn and fodder, which we find nicely stored on plantations near by. Everything down here is sold at exorbitant prices. A citizen informed me the other day that he bought a barrel of flour at Holly Springs, while the rebels had possession of that place, and paid $75 for it. Chickens cost $1 apiece. Other things are equally as high. Confederate script passes at par, but the "natives" prefer "green-backs.”

Our destination no one knows, but we are faced to the south, and I think ere a great while we will be in Jackson or Vicksburg. Jackson is about 180 miles south of here. Vicksburg is 40 miles west of the former place, where they are in strong force, and we shall probably make a stand. One thing is certain, if our army undertakes the reduction of these two strongholds, they will do it.

Dr. Murta, of Racine, has been appointed surgeon of the 9th Regiment. He is thought a great deal of in the regiment—Major Wm. E. Strong, of the 12th Regiment, visited the 8th the other day. He is looking well. The boys in the company and regiment are in the best of spirits, and fine health, as also is our captain.

P. S.—Since writing the above, we have received marching orders. It is supposed we will go to Oxford. "Forward" is the motto of the 13th army corps.

AUGIE.

Letter from the 33rd Wisconsin Regiment.

Those persons hereabouts, having friends in the 33rd Regiment, and interested in the doings and whereabouts, are referred to the following letter just received:

FRIEND MERRILL:—This Regiment left Memphis on Wednesday the 26th of November, under Gen. Sherman, along with a force of 20,000 men. We arrived at Chilohuma on Saturday night following about midnight, to await further orders. Tuesday night, about 12 o'clock, orders came to strike tents and march at daylight. The 33rd was on a line and ready to start at that time. Soon the whole column was in motion for the Wyant, a crossing about 4 miles below the rebel fortifications on the Tallasaches River. A drizzling rain had set in and the roads were very muddy, and of course marching was bad, and wagon trains could not keep up. The men commenced to fall behind, when "boom!" "boom!" went the cannon in the direction of the fortifications. The sound of the guns enlivened the tired men, and the march went on briskly until we came to the River, where we found the bridges gone and were ordered to pitch tents, and "wait for the wagons." We must have our tents with us, so as to be ready to start at any time. The next morning after reaching the river, we heard the rebels had left for some other point South, with but a slight rear-guard and we had lost all the fun of a fight. A bridge was soon built across the river, and we moved to College Hill, where we remained until Gen. Sherman returned back to Memphis with part of his command, and we were transferred into Gen. Grant's Main Army, and promised a chance of going to Vicksburg by land. We marched about 15 miles south of Oxford, when that affair happened at Holly Springs. The reports here are conflicting, but quite disagreeable to us, as Col. Murphy was a Wisconsin man. We were compelled to fall back to this place (Glasgow, Tenn.) and live on less than half rations until supplies could be got from Memphis. You may be assured that when the rebels hereabouts had anything to eat, it soon fell into our hands.

Where we are going to from here Lord only knows, but we are ready to go wherever they send us, and do what they tell us—only give us full rations and good tents, and we are ready to go where they send us, and do what they tell us—only give us full rations and good tents. And, now, while I mention "Tents" let me ask, who is to blame for sending us into the field with such miserable apologies. These we have are the shelter tent made out of common muslin, and are no protection to the men in any kind of weather. If the Government is to blame, I say, "Old Abe" had to sleep in one of them during a week's storm. If it is our State authorities, the men will be sure to remember them when they get home, if they live to get there (which is very doubtful) unless we get better ones.

We started from Racine with 891 as good men as ever left Wisconsin, and now we cannot muster 500. My heart bleeds for the men when I see their sufferings, but it is the "fortunes of war," and we (Officers) must say "It cannot be helped," when we know it can. This "military necessity" is growing to be a great thing in the Army.
They are now sending men from this army to Vicksburg, as fast as possible. They have sent already from this department 65,000 men, and more are going. Without doubt before this reaches you, there will have been fought one of the greatest battles of the war.

I am confident of the success of our armies, for the soldiers are all getting tired of this war, and just give them a chance to fight, and they will fight to win. I trust we are nearing the end. It is time the People demanded it. The soldiers demand it. And it is high time the thing was closed. If it is to be closed by the mouth of the cannon, let the cannon more forward. If the "Proclamation is to finish it up honorably, you will hear the poor soldiers shout amen! But there are very few here in the Army who believe good will come out of Emancipation. Once in a while I hear a man here talking about "fire in the rear"—meaning Democrats—and saying "if the fire in the rear" does not kill the "Proclamation" it will be all right. There are very few of this class here, and what there are have little influence upon the soldiers at large, for most of us have pretty well formed ideas about Constitutional rights, and are fighting for our country and not for Proclamations. But we must all wait for the "end," but not the end of this letter, quite.

Able to promise, William, I have written you hastily, but if you can read and wish to print any of it—well.

I forgot to say that Wm. Sanders, of Town Scott, Crawford County, Wisconsin, has been appointed First Major of the 33rd Regiment. We have not paid a cent yet, and I cannot tell when we will see our pay. "Uncle Sam" is a slow paymaster. The weather, until lately, has been fine here, but last Sunday we had quite a snow storm.

We have received your papers here regularly, up to the 1st of last month, the rest are behind, as the mails bring letters first, papers afterwards. That is right, send them along, and trusting I may see you, I have a good long talk before the 4th of July next, I close this letter, with love to our friends in Old Crawford.

Yours Truly,
G. E. H.

Correspondence of the Daily Gazette,
From the 33rd Regiment.

From Maj. Gen. of Volunteers, Miss., December 1st, 1862.

Edinboro Gazette: Since my last, but little of interest has transpired in our regiment. We have pursued a fruitless search after Price, and are at last constrained to abandon the chase. On the 12th last, we had reached a point ten miles south of Oxford, where we received intelligence that Holly Springs was in the hands of the rebels, and that all our commissary stores were either burned or appropriated, together with the total destruction of a heavy mail for the thirteenth army, corps. The depredators were supposed to be led by the notorious Van Dorn. So with the pleasing prospect of entrapping the guerrillas, we were ordered to counter march back to Oxford, and from there, as we then suspected, to Holly Springs. In a short time the whole of Grant's great army of forty thousand men were moving northward. The advance of our forces was found to be sufficient to hold the Springs, the rebels having skedaddled with their booty, consisting in part of near one million dollars in green-backs, which they took from cotton buyers. It was supposed that Price would about face and harass our rear, but was not heard from, nor do I believe his whereabouts to be known. It is difficult to surmise Grant's policy at present, or what it has been. It is at least quite certain that we have effected nothing, and yet he claims that he has accomplished all he set out to.

Never have I witnessed more beautiful weather at the present season of the year, and the roads have been passable most of the time, and yet we have experienced nothing but halts and delays. There is an inertia prevailing this whole army corps, that will never allow it to accomplish anything. It must be shaken off, for our civil institutions seem to be our greatest opponent, and the demoralization attendant upon its nurture is vitiating in the extreme, for dull delay is sure to breed impotence and fear.

We have men enough to cope with any force the rebels can probably bring against us here. In fact we have too many to be properly wielded by a general of undeterminate abilities. For rapid movements, a small force is always preferable to a large one. When a general allows one irreparable blunder to succeed another, it is as sure to follow as the day the night, that his men will lose confidence in his ability. Why in the name of heaven not let us fight or send home. The play of war should be played out by this time, it never before. We are disgusted with our dilatory motions, and hold in sovereign contempt men that can, but will not, inaugurate a more energetic policy. If there is any change of feeling in regard to the special institution, 'tis not apparent to the casual observer, for men in high places still bow at the shrine of the obnoxious idol with more than an eastern devotion. I wish, sir, I could tell you all I know and feel, but I must not compromise myself.

Suffice it to say, that there is but one opinion in this army corps—that we have been cut out here already, and that the mountebanks usurp the palaces of the gods quite as often in the army as in social and political life. Our base of supplies being cut off, a train of wagons has been sent to Memphis for provisions, and will probably return in about a week, if it is not taken by the enemy. We shall continue on scant half rations until its return, and will then probably set out for Chattanooga, Tennessee.

We have had no mail since leaving Memphis, more than a month ago, nor is there any encouraging prospect of receiving one, so that we have no knowledge of what is going on outside of our lines, and have only the felicity of indulging in conjectures and feeding on vague rumors. We hear something of a peace, or propositions to that effect on the part of the rebels; that Richmond and Vicksburg are ours; that papers are suppressed in the army, (which we believe,) and that we shall soon be mustered out and sent home! I have much more to write, but will not trespass further on your patience.

J. H. S.


5,500,000
Not specified
8,600,000

79,000,000

125,700,000

63,700,000

33,200,000

69,700,000

83,300,000

61,200,000

59,000,000

55,400,000

34,900,000

Not specified

44,100,000

69,700,000

53,900,000

106,200,000

36,700,000

37,700,000

36,200,000

44,500,000

26,900,000

44,700,000

21,300,000

25,000,000

26,600,000

38,400,000

10,000,000

5,000,000

6,500,000

5,700,000

6,300,000

11,900,000

9,600,000

13,300,000

4,100,000

4,100,000

1,300,000

1,300,000

1,700,000

1,400,000

800,000

800,000

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800,000

23,100,000

50,700,000

18,900,000

15,900,000

15,400,000

10,700,000

1,000,000

1,000,000

6,200,000

12,400,000

800,000

1,500,000

Not specified

+ Actual value

Out of bond in 1859.
I have again taken the pen to indite a life as a partial offset to my last. In that I have been accused of writing in a strain considerably more dependant and discouraging than the actual state of the case required. I believe I said this, carelessly, that we never should get arms. For myself I retract, so far now persuaded we shall, eventually, I will not pretend to answer for all, for there are still some who remain firm in their belief to the contrary. Again I stated, that our Regiment, or rather Brigade, had suffered more from disease than any other. To this, however, there is an exception in the case of the Nineteenth Indiana Regiment, which I am told has lost, in all, some one hundred and odd men from sickness, and for whom the hospital established in a wing of the Patent Office building, and known as the "Indiana Hospital" was fitted out. Thus far, and no farther, I retract. In support of my assertions as to our vexatious delays and wearisome life of suspension, I quote the words of Col. Byrkan himself, and in an earlier date than yesterday. He remarked that he well knew what his Regiment had suffered, and complimented them upon their silent forbearance. "Had I been a pirate," he said, "I believe I should either have cut my throat or deserted at the first opportunity."

This was said in connection with the meager intelligence that our rifles were in the rough at the Hartford factories of the "Sharpe Co.," and would be hurried up to the best of the manufacturer's ability. The statement was substantiated by a letter from Pres. Palmer of the Co., who desired Col. B. to promulgate the news to the men, in order to stop them from writing letters of inquiry to the establishment in such numbers as they had done of late, and in some instances desiring the guns to be made on their private account. Altogether, it looks fair to believe now, that the rifles—the genuine "Sharpe"—are coming for certain of late.

The "times" (for there are "times" in camp as well as anywhere else,) are dull here now, and the weather awful. Be assured, you outdoor men in the North, that no movement can be made here, with the ground in its present condition, and as it promises to remain for another month. A fall of snow last night has put two inches of the watery crystallization upon the six inches of mud below, and rendered walking a difficult matter. The journey from tent to cook-houses for one's rations, is a foot of pedestrianism fearful to contemplate, with its dangerous surroundings. Therefore, don't be uttering sentiments of dissatisfaction with our little commander-in-chief for not moving on, when the weather is a moral impossibility. Nothing but cavalry can move in such times.

Idio, as we are, in camp ourselves, we are watching with heartful anxiety the course of the weather, and its influence among your extended "army correspondence." I have taken up the pen to scribble said lines in the time afforded me, as a customary, after standing guard through the long night.

Verily the path of the S. S. has been a rough and varied one during the last few months—none the less so because we have not moved from where we pitched tents in September. Kept in continual suspense to regard both as to our arms and disposal, week after week and month after month, we have at last settled down to a firm conviction that we shall not only never see our guns, but that we shall never leave the site of our present duldrums, but tolerably comfortable encampment.—In brief language, the sum and substance of the "sharp-shooter's business" may be put down as follows:

First Regiment, consisting of eight companies, with no Colonel, (excepting the reliable Berdan, who is Colonel already to three regiments,) with no Lieutenant Colonel or Major—armed, (with the exception of the New Hampshire and Michigan companies,) but otherwise thoroughly equipped, well fed, and well quartered, but all particularly down in the mouth at the retrospection of having been "nobody," and the prospective of continuing to remain the same, disheartened and discouraged, though not demoralized, in our idle camp. Second Regiment, consisting of eight full companies, properly officered, somewhat differently equipped, but totally unarmed and equally as disheartened, but more demonstrative than the First, owing to their being later in the camp. Their demonstrations have already extended to the burning of certain of the head ones in camp in effigy, and taken shape in numerous and untold petitions, to numerous and untold grave bodies.—Third Regiment, consisting of thirty men from some company in Western New York, with one Lieutenant, militarily encamped on an adjoining hill, grumbling over their coffee and pork with all the vehemence of new comers into the field.

"In thus" the bright sunshine of this day of the young year finds us all "companions in misery," waiting for something to "turn up."

Lonely Selkirk, on his solitary island, was not more totally isolated from the world than are the sharp-shooters from the main body of our great and active army. A peculiar superior Berdan calls us) of opinion we are of ourselves and in ourselves, and, indeed, we promise, at the present rate of affairs, to end within ourselves.

It is melancholy to see how disease has thinned, and is thinning, our idle but none the less brave ranks. Already three of our little band of "Badgers" are laboriously making their last, long sleep at the "Soldiers Home."—LORIN K. TYLER, MORRIS B. BEMIS, of Dane county, and poor CHARLEY TOWNSEND, from our sister State of "smoke and water."—"the land of the Dacotah"—brave, noble men have fallen under the shadow of the dark angel's wing, and left us, as we hope, for a camp of happiness above.

Above all other regiments, the Sharp-shooters have suffered the most during the last month from disease. To show you how, I will merely mention the fact that in Co B, Second Regiment, four poor fellows died in twenty-four hours, and seven in three days! 'Tis a sad thing to die thus, away from home and friends, by disease—death on the battle field were a thousand times better.

Just a few words as to our living, and I will close a letter already too long. The white covering was a familiar sight up to this point, as the little garden and wood is the great desideratum, and not very easily obtained. That brought by the teams is usually needed at the cook houses, so we have to forage for our own. A peculiar vegetable garden, planted by the army, is indispensable and inscrutable combinations of tender beets, and carrots, and other inscrutable combinations.

Last evening the entire regiment saluted forth to Corcoran's (the wealthy banker of Washington, and by some suspected of unawakened secession sympathies,) lands, and gathered them all a motley collection of fuel, presenting in the mass a confused jumble of cord-wood, rails, beams, boards, pickets, whole lengths of picket-fence, in fact—gates, and rickety bridges, roughly torn up; boxes, barrels, bean-poles, wagon wheels, sled runners, and other indescribable and inconceivable combinations of timber borne along by panting men in blouses and leggings from retreat till tattoo—a continual stream of fuel-bearing S. S.'s going and coming directly over my boat. In view of such proceedings I considered my "occupation" gone, and listlessly crouched over my fire, watching the picturesque spectacle, and laughing myself fat as the performances continued, and some burly chap passed by in the moonlight grunting with a load of some mysterious looking mass which towered from his shoulders like Earth to Hercules.

As the bugles sounded the not unmusical "listou" I hailed the relief, and left the scene to seek my four house repose, "Drinck all gone before I nambled in beside my "pard," that I might not forget it—the counterintelligence.
of the volunteer service, I thereforr under the instruction of Acting Major, Capt. Edward Drew of the Wisconsin Company. The 'arm question' among the S. S. is now settled, and I am satisfied that it was no fault of Col. Berdan that it was not settled long ago. The fact is, a strong influence has been brought to bear against our Colonel by some disappointed seekers of position, but he has succeeded in overthrowing them in the 'last round,' the result is, that our Rifles have been ordered, and we undoubtedly soon be armed, and prepared for marching orders, which we may expect to receive on the drying up of the mud and the roads becoming passable. The weather here now is getting to be quite spring like and although there is snow on the ground to-day yet there is a warm sun and every appearance of a general clearing up. And we of the S. S. think the time cannot come too soon, especially if Uncle Sam intends 'triving us on' in a real fight; otherwise a few more such good and telling blows as those dealt out to the enemy by a Burnside or a Grant, or a healthy kick on the left wing in the region of the heart, by a Foote, may wind up this little matter of a row in Dixie in 'double quick' style.— John O'Neil who was absent to Fox Lake and vicinity on a furlough, has returned safe and sound, and looks none the worse for the trip. We were all glad to hear from him, the latest news from that ancient place—'hmm'—and also happy to toast Mr. Geo. Hadson, in doses not altogether homeopathic. I notice by a late paper that our old acquaintance Sam McDowell has been appointed Second Lieutenant in Captain Dawes Company.—Good buy Sam.

In conclusion I will state that we will probably receive our Rifles, before this short letter appears in print, and then may you expect to hear again from

C. of N.

### The Berdan Sharpshooters

**Correspondence of the New York Tribune.**

**WASHINGTON, Jan. 15, 1862.**

The condition of two of the regiments now connected with the volunteer service is still and fitted to render, under proper management, the most important service, should receive immediate attention. I, indeed, believe the men have been too late to remedy the evil; to call it by no worse name, they have experienced it. Will it be believed that the two regiments of Sharpshooters, now near Washington, are still living in camp, unsupplied with arms? Such is the case. Worse than this, it is doubtful if they can ever be brought to any degree of efficiency such have idiocy, and sickness, and the demoralization consequent thereupon, made among the officers and men. The muster-rolls of the two regiments contain about 1,500 men. Of these, in the last three weeks, sixty-four have died, and about 700 are in military hospitals and on the sick list. Hardly is the presence of discipline preserved. Officers and men have become indifferent, and it is most likely that when the officers are paid off, the present week, large numbers of them will desert, and this is openly canvassed in the camps. They pass out of the lines with impunity, and in the night, the sentinels never calling for the exhibition of a pass, except some officer who inspects it. Absence from roll-call and parade passes unnoticed. The order of drilling are to some extent kept up, but there is no heart in it. Two or three times a week those who are not on that sick list leave the camp in the morning for a march of four or five miles, carrying their rations and have a sort of picnic, returning in the afternoon to camp. The idleness and consequent lack of spirit and confidence doubtless increase the liability to, and invigorate the ravages of disease. A few days ago six companies of the 1st Regiment could muster at a battalion drill only 180 men. A large portion of this Regiment has now been living in this condition fully six months. Both Regiments were enlisted as riflemen, and they claim the right to be armed accordingly. Where the responsibility for this state of things rests I do not pretend to decide. I believe it rests with Col. Berdan or with any officer of the regiments. It is said that there is some gentleman connected with the Ordnance Bureau who does not believe in Sharpe's rifles, and such like new-fangled notions, but thinks the Springfield musket the ne plus ultra in the way of arms, and insists that some others shall be furnished them. But whoever may be responsible, the fact is, that a body of picked men, every one of whom is a dead shot, and whose services have been of no service in an engagement, would be invaluable, should be allowed to idle, without arms or any instructions to attend to such a duty as dress parade, is a disease incident, to a large extent, to the condition of enforced idleness.

**Sharp Shooting Letter, No. 6.**

**WASHINGTON, Feb. 16, 1862.**

**Friend:—** As I hear not a great deal to do at present, I therefore write a few lines to let you and the Gazette readers know that we, that is, the Fox Lake delegation of the Wisconsin Company, under the instruction of Acting Major, Capt. Edward Drew of the Wisconsin Company. The 'arm question' among the S. S. is now settled, and I am satisfied that it was no fault of Col. Berdan that it was not settled long ago. The fact is, a strong influence has been brought to bear against our Colonel by some disappointed seekers of position, but he has succeeded in overthrowing them in the 'last round,' the result is, that our Rifles have been ordered, and we undoubtedly soon be armed, and prepared for marching orders, which we may expect to receive on the drying up of the mud and the roads becoming passable. The weather here now is getting to be quite spring like and although there is snow on the ground to-day yet there is a warm sun and every appearance of a general clearing up. And we of the S. S. think the time cannot come too soon, especially if Uncle Sam intends 'triving us on' in a real fight; otherwise a few more such good and telling blows as those dealt out to the enemy by a Burnside or a Grant, or a healthy kick on the left wing in the region of the heart, by a Foote, may wind up this little matter of a row in Dixie in 'double quick' style.— John O'Neil who was absent to Fox Lake and vicinity on a furlough, has returned safe and sound, and looks none the worse for the trip. We were all glad to hear through him, the latest news from that ancient place—'hmm'—and also happy to toast Mr. Geo. Hadson, in doses not altogether homeopathic. I notice by a late paper that our old acquaintance Sam McDowell has been appointed Second Lieutenant in Captain Dawes Company.—Good buy Sam.

In conclusion I will state that we will probably receive our Rifles, before this short letter appears in print, and then may you expect to hear again from

C. of N.
The La Cross Sharp-Shooters,
FORT HENMAN, Ky., Feb. 10.

EDITORS REPUBLICAN:- The day before yesterday our regiment marched back from Fort Donelson, having taken an honorable part in the fighting scene of the edge of that place, and I reserve the first opportunity since my return to redeem my promise to you.

On Friday last we marched to Fort Donelson, and were on our arrival added to Gen. Smith's division, the 5th Brigade, consisting of our regiment, the 11th Indiana, the 1st Nebraska, and Willard's Battery, being under command of Col. Smith of ours. Early Saturday morning we marched to the front to support two guns of Stone's Battery, and soon after were sent to the extreme right to reinforce Gen. McRennells Division, that had that morning been driven from its position by a vigorous sortie of the enemy. On the way we passed several regiments that had been driven back and badly cut up by our skirmishers, and their passing remarks to us were not encouraging. Unfortunately we left Willard's Battery in position, supported by the 1st Nebraska, and advanced beyond our lines to the attack. In a narrow ravine we threw off our blankets and superfluous clothing, and were ready for action.

Complum B. Lieut. Otis commanding was sent ahead, advanced on the road around a hill, deployed as skirmishers and marched up the hill on which the enemy were posted, through thick brushwood and timber. A moment after the enemy's advance was driven in, and on the brow of the hill the enemy were discovered in line of battle, four or five thousand strong. A tremendous fire was opened on our skirmishers, under which they steadily advanced covered by tress and stumps and inequalities of the ground, and making one enemy lost at every shot of theirs.

As the enemy soon discovered our position and from the hill a cross fire was opened that compelled Co. B to fall back upon the battalions now advancing upon the hill, and followed by the 11th Indiana, while two of the other regiments were held in reserve at the foot of the hill. Again Co. B was sent forward into a terrible fire, soon relieved however, by another company. And then we slowly gained ground, our skirmishers annoying the enemy and drawing a heavy fire with light loss to themselves and yet inflicting great loss on the enemy's compact line. For an hour or more this combat lasted, till finally the enemy were compelled to retire, and were pursued in a more rapid and successful manner by our regiment and the 11th Indiana. We had regained possession of all the ground lost by our troops in the morning, and till nightfall remained in position, the enemy only occasionally being permitted by our skirmishers to give us a shot or two. But our capture of Grape was not correct, and our companies bear on us, and the sharp brow of the hill partially protecting us from their riflemen in the pines, waiting for a battery and reinforcements to stem the encroachment. No battery coming up, at nightfall we retired a hundred paces behind a second hill, stacked arms, and properly protected by advanced pickets, without fires, sleep on the wet ground, and the next morning the butcher sold a fast of hard bread and bacon was soon disposed of, and the two regiments, now fully supported, again advanced to the attack. Just in range of the enemy's guns, while we were forming our scoots ahead looking over the ground, and arrangements being made for our charges and the capture of the town with an unarmed party advanced to meet the fort was surrendered.

The battle ground was a horrible sight. The dead and wounded, many of whom had been there for thirty-six hours, covered the ground thickly and marked the scenes of the conflicts of the day before. I cannot describe and hope never again to see such a sight.

The loss in our regiment was only seven killed and thirty-seven wounded, which may be credited to the manner in which we fought. The Texas regiment opposed to us lost a loss of sixty-five killed and wounded by our skirmishers. Among the trophies of the day was, our Adjutant having lost his hat this being taken possession of after the surrender, by our men.

You in your remote homes do not more eagerly scan the columns of the papers for the "war of war" than we in our sharp teeth, smoking our coffee, or smoking our pipes. And a grateful thing it is, too, for one to receive, semi-occasionally, a paper from home. I think the folks at home have hardly a just appreciation of the daily a soldier experiences upon getting intelligence, either in the shape of letters or papers, from friends or family, else some would write oftener than they do. It will not answer to be too particular in regard to the punctuality of a soldier in answering.

His facilities for writing are poor, at best, and is often the case that his time is very limited, and he tries in vain to cram all his moments of leisure into his letters to write. If the "folk at home" could know how many names, perhaps, of the North, but knew the circumstances of the case, I am sure there would be fewer sad, disappointed faces each day, when the letters are called off, and less reckless talk (which is worse) among the disappointed.

When one thoroughly looks into the case, he will find that very little matters sometimes exert a painful influence over the happiness of the soldier, and should remember it. In the best of circumstances the soldier suffers more or less, and it is his duty to write about it. If the "folk at home" would make occasional visits to our regiments, perhaps, of the North, but knew the circumstances of the case, I am sure there would be fewer sad, disappointed faces each day, when the letters are called off, and less reckless talk (which is worse) among the disappointed.

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man from our company, and reduces us one man beneath the maximum number. God grant no more may follow, at least in the same way. In the words of ancient Spartacus—"If we must die, let it be under the bright skies, and by the pure waters, in noble, honorable battle." I hope that ere I shall have occasion to trouble you again, we may have our trusty rifles at hand, and all ready for the fray. When we do go, we mean to make our mark, and it's a prophecy to make, that our little band shall never disgrace the banner of our State which we bear.

Yours truly,
J. P. S.

The S. S. on the War Path!

Their Advance on Great Bethel!

Camp Porter,
Near Hampton, Va., Mar. 29.

Ed. Gazette:

It is now sometime since I last wrote, and having considerable news to communicate, I therefore sit down on some blankets, leaning my back against a knapsack, with the warm sun shining in my face, and will endeavor to post you in the Gazette readers in regard to how matters stand at present with the Sharp Shooters. The many little incidents which happened in the old Camp of Instruction near Washington, (where we spent six long months,) since sending off letter No. 9, I will not take time to speak of; as it would hardly pay, they being of a character similar in many respects to scenes often written of before.

Suffice it to say that on the 20th of March, inst, Col. ERDMAN's 1st regiment of United States Sharp Shooters left the Camp of Instruction, D. C., about 2 P.M. (partially armed and equipped) and marched 15 miles distant, camping at night in some deserted tents, some two miles from Alexandria, near Fairfax Seminary, at a place called "Camp California." It was after dark when we arrived at that Camp, and being somewhat fatigued from the effects of the muddy walking and the heavily packed knapsacks, haversacks, and caustics, the former with rasions, such as hard crackers, and bacon, and the latter with water, the different members of the Corps were very glad to pile into the small tents, heller shelter, and get to sleep as soon as possible.

The next day we received a visit from several of the Citizens Guards, (the 2d Wis. being encamped about ¾ miles north of us, and the 5th. 2½ west.) Among the visitors were Lieut. Jones, and Orderly CHAPELL, both of whom looked well, if their complexions were not quite so fair as they once were—say, for instance, about a year ago.

In the P. M., we left Camp California, the road being full of moving troops, and marching back to Alexandria, embarked on board the steam transport "Emperor," bound, in connection with many others, for Fortress Monroe. The next A.M. we started down stream, keeping in the wake of the main body of the fleet, some twenty vessels in all, being guided in our movements by the signal flags from the flagship, on which was Gen. Porter, to whose division we have been assigned. At our old Camp near Washington, we left behind several members of our company—among them THOS. McCARTY, of Fox Lake, being in the Quartermaster's Department; also 1st LIEUT. MARBLE, sick.

On the trip down the Potomac we passed many noted places, such as Fort Washington, Mount Vernon, Cockpit Point—latter rebel battery—also Aquia Creek Battery, and the mouth of Bull Run river. Although the transport was considerably crowded, especially at night time, when bed time arrived, both in the cabin and on deck, yet did the members of the different Co's get along on the whole very well, and apparently enjoyed the sail very much. In the afternoon of the 22d we anchored off Fort Monroe, near the Rip-raps, a cobble stone island—among many war vessels, prominent among which may be mentioned the celebrated gun boat Monitor, which the rebels aptly called a Yankee raft with a cheesebox attachment. In fact, it looks like a raft, and the round tower in which are the guns, is very much like those old Hamburg cheeseboxes that used to fill up the cellar of Stevens' Grocery Store, in days gone by, when it's were westwardward than they are now. The Monitor is the vessel that played thunder with the rebel Merrimac, off the James river, not long ago.

While lying off Fort Monroe we could distinctly see, by the aid of a spy glass, a rebel flag floating through the trees at Sewall's Point, some three miles across the way opposite.

On the 24th we landed at Hampton four miles from the Fortress, and rested some three hours on the shore of a little bay, where the Sharp Shooters feasted on Oysters, Clams and Muscles, raw, roasted and stewed, they being easily obtained, the tide being low. The boys just waded in some with boots off, others with boots on, and running their hands below water mark into the soft mud, brought forth the different species of shell fish above mentioned. And, as DAN. DeCOOMAN remarked, after finishing his 50th Oyster, and 34th Clam.

"Fat living is this; who would n't be a soger—what!"

About noon, however, we left our Oyster Camp, and proceeding through the deserted streets of the ruined Hampton, camped on the outskirts at Camp Hampton, among some 30,000 troops. In the evening we received a rubber blanket, three of which, fastened together and stretched over poles, make a very comfortable, altho' small sized (Poncho) tent, capable of covering two or three men each.

It was a grand sight that night to see 30,000 troops spread over that vast plain, the air filled with the martial strains of Brass Bands, fifes and drums and Cavalry, Artillery and Rifle-men's bugles. It was a scene, in fact, not easily to be forgotten by the beholder.

The next A. M., after breakfast, the Badger Co. were marched up to the gun boxes, and received Colt's five shotter Rifles, temporarily, until Sharpe's Rifles are brought on, which are soon expected.

Two Co's still remained unarmed, and in place of guns shouldered picks, spades, and axes as we left Camp for this place—Camp Porter—about one mile distant.

We are now in full feather, having yester-day advanced as scouts and skirmish-ers at the head of 20,000 troops, on a reconnaissence towards Great Bethel, emerging that place about noon on the heels of the retreating rebels. We followed the scamps some three miles beyond Bethel, and then returned, having approached within seven miles of Yorktown, the rebels having gone on to that stronghold, in a hurry. We arrived back to Camp soon after sundown, somewhat fatigued, having traveled as we did, close on thirty miles, a portion of the way through brush thicket, briar swamps, and water. The main body of the troops kept the road. Three of the rebel cavalry were shot by members of Co E (N. H.) of the S. S. Two others were taken prisoners by some other regiments Great Bethel, it will be remembered, is the place where we were repulsed in the early part of the campaign last year. It looks now as though it might be a tough place to pitch into, but it seems that the rebels didn't wish to try another battle there but evacuated the same in haste on our approach yesterday. Gen. S. S. MERRIMAN's division was also out yesterday, at the head of which were the 5th Wisconsin, which were camped the day before about a mile from us.

SAM. DEXTER, of Co. A of that regiment, was out here on a visit to the Fox Lake Delegation of the S. S., and not only looked well, but apparently felt tough, hearty and rugged. The 24, 6th, and 7th Wis. are expected hereway daily.
Our Army Correspondence.

Sharp Shooting Letter, No. 11.

The S. S. Before Yorktown.
Camp near Yorktown, April 9.

Ed. Gazette:—
I wrote you last from Camp Porter near Hampton Roads—giving details of our trip to that place from Washington affairs at Great Bethel on the 27th, &c.

On the 2d inst, great preparations were made by our Regiment (and also many others) for a forward movement. Usual clothes are thrown away, and overplus of blankets, and all the Grey Haversack Hats were "turned in" to the Quartermasters Department, and in fact everything done to lighten the load of each man, possible. Extensive arrangements were made on the canyons of many men, especially of Co. G, where our (able senator) Andy Johnson (not of Tenn), used the shears with close effect, and Dan Conan, the "inimitable Dan," took charge of the shaving apartment declaring every few minutes that now was the time to shave a Badger at cost price. That night the Regiment was ordered up at an early hour and consequently before daybreak on the 4th inst we left that camp and marched onward, passing Great Bethel and camp about dusk in an old cornfield; having tasted on the way a scattering party of Secehed at a place called Mills, where the S. S. planted their flag, being in advance; on a small fortification, we taking two prisoners. The Albany Company received the credit of that affair, most of the Co's, Co. G, among them being in reserve on the road awaiting to be called up if necessary.

The next morning, Saturday 5th, we again advanced with a scanty supply or provisoes, our transports (wagons) not getting up. Scouting a while through woods and fields, we finally entered again the road, the rain which for a while poured heavily "drying us up," and about ten o'clock were greeted with a Rebel Shell which, however whiz-zzed by, over one house in an adjoining field. One of our number was hit by a Rebel shot in the right arm, and although giving serious wounds, he was not seriously hurt. The Rebel infantry and artillery opened fire on us, many close by, but we escaped unharmed.

One artillery man was killed and one or two wounded while we were there. We were afterwards called up to some buildings near by in an adjoining

Peach Orchard on the left of the road where we rested over an hour. Some of the men of our Co. and many of Co.'s C, and B, and some of F, were busy keeping the rebel batteries silent by pouring in a constant shower of bullets, at a distance of about 900 yards. Our Co. and Co. F, after a resting spell and a scant dinner, were then removed to the field where we first entered where we laid low at the road side behind the fence until about 9 P. M., listening during the time to the whizzing rebel bullets and watching sharp for the dreeded shells which were sent in to us in rapid succession for a time, after those at the peach orchard fence had been called back under an expectation or sudden charge upon us of Rebel Cavalry, which however, did not take place, although we were exposed to three fires; one a cross fire on our right and in front, yet Co. G., which was in advance on the right of the road, escaped unhurt. The Rebels failed to root the Badgers out.

A body of Cavalry tried to run down our Sharp Shooters on the left of the peach orchard, but their bullets and a Union shell scattered them like chaff, unhurting several. Our loss that day, were among the Sharp Shooters, 3 killed, one each of Co.'s E. H. and B, and about 6 wounded not seriously. All night after 9 P. M. we were relieved by a detachment from the N. Y. 44th, and Mich. 4th, and retired to our present Camp. We are encamped about a mile and a half back from the Rebel lines in a thick piece of woods mostly white, which is interspersed with deep ravines, being on the right of the road leading towards Yorktown.

Many other troops of all descriptions are about, and gunboats are in the river but when the Grand Movement will take place I cannot say, nor dare I if I know. Suffice it to say that the Sharp Shooters are about and as they were far in advance on Saturday last and were not driven in by the Rebels, and are now daily and nightly engaged in hanting the enemy as Pickets, they have received much praise from headquarters, and are the continual talk of surrounding regiments. The 2d Ws., is reported to be on our left, but how far I do not know, nor am I certain they are close here at all.

The affair of Saturday last, was the opening scene of operations that are probably soon to follow, and the part that the Sharp Shooters played on that occasion proves satisfactorily that they are bound to make their mark in whatever battles they may be engaged in during the present war.

Yours, hurriedly,
Charley of Nimrod.
Letter from a Member of Berdan's Sharpshooters.

We are permitted to publish the following extracts from a member of Co. G, Berdan's Sharpshooters, to his father in this city:

"CAMP NEAR YORKTOWN, VA., April 16, 1862."

"I suppose before you receive this you will have heard about us being in a rather right place last 5th, but I will give you a short sketch since we left Hampton. On the 5th we got marching orders. With three days' rations in our haversacks, and knapsacks all packed, you had better believe I had a heavy load. At 5 o'clock A.M. on the 4th, we were called up, and in half an hour were on our march. We took the lead, supported by artillery; arrived at Big Bethel about noon, took a short rest, and then went off to the right of the main road to scour the woods; did not see rebel, neither did we get on the main road again until 3 o'clock P.M., when we again got on the advance. Co. A were then deployed as skirmishers, and we were saluted by a shell from a rebel fortification.

The artillery came up with a rush and threw two or three shells into it, and when the rebels came to the conclusion they had to leave. Co. B of our regiment were the first to plant their colors in the fort. The company colors were deployed and determined of purpose they exhibited towards the morning, but the perfect coolness and determination of purpose they exhibited that time was not hesitated, not a man wavered. There was no confusion, no disorder. Every command was obeyed with promptness, the men being born from the field by their comrades, who again returned and took their places in the ranks. The shots were born from the field by their comrades, who again returned and took their places in the ranks.

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"I suppose before you receive this you will have heard about us being in a rather right place last 5th, but I will give you a short sketch since we left Hampton. On the 5th we got marching orders. With three days' rations in our haversacks, and knapsacks all packed, you had better believe I had a heavy load. At 5 o'clock A.M. on the 4th, we were called up, and in half an hour were on our march. We took the lead, supported by artillery; arrived at Big Bethel about noon, took a short rest, and then went off to the right of the main road to scour the woods; did not see rebel, neither did we get on the main road again until 3 o'clock P.M., when we again got on the advance. Co. A were then deployed as skirmishers, and we were saluted by a shell from a rebel fortification.

The artillery came up with a rush and threw two or three shells into it, and when the rebels came to the conclusion they had to leave. Co. B of our regiment were the first to plant their colors in the fort. The company colors were deployed and determined of purpose they exhibited towards the morning, but the perfect coolness and determination of purpose they exhibited that time was not hesitated, not a man wavered. There was no confusion, no disorder. Every command was obeyed with promptness, the men being born from the field by their comrades, who again returned and took their places in the ranks.
to protect them from the murderous fire of a sneaking enemy. Many exciting scenes occur while on picket duty, especially among the Sharpshooters and the Rebel, Sidemen. Very often they will lie for hours within range of enemy rifle-pits, and while they watch closely the movements of one another, exchange no shots whatever. At other times, they cannot be expected to do so, for rifle volleys from both sides have been fired, although some escapes are frequent occurrence now. Often a man or two, face to face, will be standing in the open spaces, when within about ten rods of each other, when the expected battle will come on, and the whole will be thrown into a state of excitement. Joe.—“Have you got any tobacco?” Seesb.—“You got me, Joe; if you have got any, I will have a quiet smoke.” Joe.—“I will meet you half way.” Seesb.—“No, I will meet you half way.” Joe.—“Have you a boat?” Seesb.—“No, I have not.” Joe.—“Down taking care of the Merrimack?” Seesb.—“Then come over in that big balloon?” Joe.—“Where are you a lot?” Seesb.—“I have, sure; I am a comin’ over.” Joe then enquired the news of the day, and if his comrade had a Nelson Log Book. Seesb replied, “I have. Have you got a Nelson Log Book?” Joe.—“I am not sure that he had not.” Seesb.—“Where’s Gen. Buell?” Joe.—“Buell’s all right, and surroundered by the rebels.” Seesb.—“Where’s Gen. Prentiss?” Joe.—“Where’s Johnston?” Another rebel laughed. Joe.—“How about Island No Ten?” Seesb.—“Evacuated.” Joe.—“How is it you left 100 guns in 8,000 prisoners?” Seesb.—“It was by the order of the president.” Joe.—“How about Fort Pulaski?” Seesb.—“Stoned.” Joe.—“How about Bull Run?” Seesb.—“Yes, Joe.” Joe.—“We had marching orders!” This caused great laughter among the rebels, some exclamings, “Bull boy!” Joe.—“The Union lines were not much account.” Seesb.—“How about Fort Pulaski?” Joe.—“Stoned.” Seesb.—“Bull Run.” Joe.—“We had marching orders!” This caused great laughter among the rebels, some exclamings, “Bull boy!” Joe.—“The Union lines were not much account.” Seesb.—“How about Fort Pulaski?” Joe.—“Stoned.” Seesb.—“Bull Run.” Joe.—“We had marching orders!” This caused great laughter among the rebels, some exclamings, “Bull boy!”

Narrow and Fortunate Escape of a Madison Sharpshooter.—Mr. J. S. Webster, a resident of this city lately met with a narrow escape from a shell while out reconnoitering for Union troops. The rebels suddenly became exposed to his position, and opened a heavy fire on him, but he managed to escape and reach Union lines, where he was taken care of. At the time of the engagement, Mr. Webster was acting as assistant surgeon to the regiment, and his services were greatly appreciated by the officers and men.

A Fortunate Escape of a Madison Sharpshooter.—Mr. J. S. Webster, a resident of this city lately met with a narrow escape from a shell while out reconnoitering for Union troops. The rebels suddenly became exposed to his position, and opened a heavy fire on him, but he managed to escape and reach Union lines, where he was taken care of. At the time of the engagement, Mr. Webster was acting as assistant surgeon to the regiment, and his services were greatly appreciated by the officers and men.

Another of April’s showers has come, and all are invited to take a walk in the woods where they are made, to certain points in our front where they can be made use of. "Gabions" are a sort of bucket made of stout sticks interwoven with stakes and brush, and placed closely on top of each other. They are used to protect our Artillerymen and are generally prepared at night.

Our regiment furnishes at least sixty men for picket duty. The Sharp Shooter Picket is rather an independent character compared with the Infantry soldier. We partake in fact more of the character of scouts and guards to the regular pickets than anything else. Departing from camp at a very early hour, we return as soon as darkness sets in, although at times an extra picket is sent out at night to afford protection to squads sent to dig more advanced rifle pits.

Lient. Shephard (latey returned from Wisconsin with recruits) was detailed a few nights ago to pick out a more advanced position for our scouts, and before onemorning a pit was made within about 600 yards of the Rebel lines, which are as far, if not farther, in advance of their own fortifications. The Seccession Mob—ocracy try hard to steal our men out of the rifle pits and occasionally launch forth at us bombshells and grape shot, to which we now and then reply when a good mark presents itself, with small leaden messengers, which make the secession pickets and lookout dudge quickly. A disposition also prevails at times, on our side, to "lay low" and bob our
heads, especially when the rebel gunners treat us to an extra dose. The manner in which the S. S., treat these warlike demonstrations on the part of the enemy, can well be demonstrated by the following "small talk" between a Badger and one of the Infantry Soldiers in the rifle pit a few days ago, when the shells were coming along considerably thick. The Rebel officers finding that our Riflemen could not be scared out of the pit by a shell or shot thrown from a cannon, concluded to try the game of "dropping in" a mortar shell; they therefore let drive from three of those destructive projectiles at our men. The 1st, one fell short, the 2d one was heard to go upward with a slow sound, which finally for a short time ceased but soon after was heard coming rapidly down directly over the heads of seven badges, but luckily for them it exploded with a terrific sound, some 75 feet above them.

By gosh! exclaimed a Pennsylvania Dutchman near by, "We'll get him.

"Hit be d—d," retorted Bob C. (who by the way shoulders a heavy hunting Rifle) "Hit be d—d! They can't root us out.

And neither were they rooted, or in other words, driven away, for, after firing mortar No. 3, which came down some distance beyond them, phuzing out thereby failing to explode, and going two feet into mother earth, which at this place and in fact throughout this region, is of a sandy character—they ceased their mortar experiments. Yesterday the rebels tried hard to drive our busy workmen out of some intrenchments, which were apparently not very pleasing to their optics, being about 2000 yards in their front and which were being prepared expressly for the benefit of our Artillerists. But although they blazed away very heavily, and I may say savagely too, for the greater part of the day yet as far as I could learn, our loss was but one killed and two wounded. The damage done to the works was soon repaired, although round shot and shell would plough through the fresh earth that was thrown up in front, covering up our wily workmen, who lie snugly stowed away in the bottom of the trench where they dropped as soon as the first puff of smoke was scene to frown on the enemies' guns—notice of which would be generally given them by lookouts stationed above them. A lucky oversight occurred on Monday night, in which a few of our pickets were the plain actors. As it was getting to be quite dark, the party in question having discharged their pieces, neglected to reload expecting momentarily the relief, and wishing to have a fair chance to clean their pieces on turning to Camp, no firing being allowed there. The officer in charge started back from the pit to the reserve to hurry up the relief, or at least find out something about it. While away, the men in the pit suddenly discovered an unknown body of troops advancing from the direction leaning more towards the rebel than the Union side. When discovered the party in question were within 10 rods of the pit, and when suddenly commanded to halt, the strangers although did so, yet they came to a full charge. The reports of the pit, concluded to make tracks for the rear, where, after firing a few rods from the pit, they began recoiling. This was soon done and they then watched closely to see what turned up next. Suddenly a form passed before them. Joe hauled up to fire. "Hold on!"cried "Jake," that's the tall one, referring to their own officer. They called to him to halt. He did so, spoke, was recognized and approached them. He then marched them off the ground and back to camp, paying but little attention to what they said of the "rebels and thieves." The pickets were afterward informed of the character of the party that threatened charge on them at the point of the bayonet, proved to be the relief, and the Sergt. Major in charge of the pickets had become aware of the fact, although to his working handsome was not told to his men until after the getting into camp.

It appears that a relief in question went out to the pit in a roundabout direction, probably through some mistake, and when they approached the men had deployed, not knowing who or what they might meet on the road—e. g., he having been taken for that worthy officer many times. He has a great relish for Packet Duty and scouting, and while away your correspondent comes out and "takes his post."}

From Herdan's Sharpshooters.

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT.

Porter's Division, 6th Army Corps, Before Yorktown, May 7, 1862.

Ed. State Journal: Agreeable to promise, I will give you a letter as extensive as the occasion will admit.

Yorktown is evacuated, as you will have heard by this evening, and we are waiting, with knapsacks packed and camp-cans filled, for orders to take up our line of march.

We received the orders just after breakfast this morning to get everything ready for marching, and went to work accordingly. Soon in came one of our pickets, with the news that the rebels had crossed the king's bridge and were advancing toward Yorktown. They had captured the town, and the air was heavy with confusion. Our pickets soon came in bearing trophies of their occupation of Yorktown, in the shape of Kincheloe's
tobacco, Condemn worry, some articles of provision of companies, trinkets of various kinds.

From these men we gleaned the following particulars:

This morning, shortly after daybreak, our pickets saw with their glasses that the rebel fort was almost deserted, and the men that remained were very much depressed. Our men held the fort our line of rifle and musket rilings, and encouraged the people to come out. They formed our pickets that Yorktown was evacuated, and awaiting our occupation.

The men were taken in custody, and the 23rd Massachusetts Regiment, with some of the sharpshooters, were ordered to the front. They proceeded to within about twenty or thirty rods of the fort, which was on the extreme left of the enemy, for skirmishing, and halted and deployed their arms. Jenison then, with Sergeant Major Hovey, went up to the people to their respects to the rebel fort. They were advancing in the embankment, and keeping within those rebel walls, which were fortifications and held up their bayonets. They were wounded so swiftly towards them. They even supposed that some of our men might be undermining the ground to their very lines, and that should they remain there much longer they might all be precipitated at any moment into eternity. The commanders, also, under such circumstances, deemed it prudent to retire, but left behind them a few tokens of their affection, in the shape of concealed internal machines which they planted all along the road, and one of which was in the death of the Massachusets men.

I append a copy of a letter found by Corporal Jacobs in the rebel fort. It speaks for itself. Here we will pass over the more strongly expressed sentiments of our fortifications.

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Patriot War Correspondence

The Badgers on the Peninsula

General, Massachusetts' Headquarters, Yorktown, Va., May 3d, 1862

Dear Sir—

I write a few lines to the columns of your valuable paper, the headquarters of the rebel General Magruder, to inform its many readers of the latest events that have transpired here. You have undoubtedly learned ere this of the death of Pender's Sharpshooters in the recent skirmishes before the rebel fortifications at this place, previous to the period July 7th, which so much attention and interest have been given to the sneaking evacuation of the fortification on the 10th at the rate of 100 or more shots, which however is destined not to be the end of the rebellion in the South.

A large body of our cavalry and artillery, supported by infantry, followed in pursuit on the morning of the 8th, and our advanced guards coming up with their rear guard at the 9th. On the 5th hour of the 5th inst. the 5th month, the 5th Wisconsin and the 5th Georgia got into close action. The former, at the first fire, killed every field officer of the 5th Georgia, and their Colonel, Lieu. Col. Major and Adjutant now lie low beneath the surface of the earth on the battle-field. The 5th Wis. was brought cut up, but fighting bravely, they drove the enemy out of the fort before them killing and wounding a large number of rebels. They were joined by other regiments, all marching on, and at the 9th they were on a fair field and no favor—the Western men had conquered the Eastern men of the South.

Two companies of Sharpshooters, one from Michigan, and the other the Swiss, New York, being detached for Gen. Smith's division, the command of Major Troup; were deployed on our right, among uncut grass and brush, and made some effective fire when the opportunity occurred. Our men offered to fight the rebels with apparent good effect, and big the rebels did not appear to fight much.

At last accounts we had driven the rebels 15 miles beyond Williamsburg, and are still holding the rear. Many prisoners have been taken, and a large number on both sides have been killed and wounded—particulars in that
Yesterdav afternoon, we learned the distance to Point West from Yorktown is 32 miles, and from West Point to Richmond 18 miles. The rebel army is reported to be moving. I cannot say, but it seems to me that if they cannot hold out here their chances are mighty slim of holding them elsewhere. This place was strongly fortified in every respect, and the harbor in front was commanded by large batteries both on this side and at Gloucester, about three-fourths of a mile opposite. The bay in front is now filled with hundreds of sailing craft of every description, and the appearance of the whole seems ready to be promptly got away.

The view last night from the ramparts was actually grand—the many little lights run up on the house presenting a striking contrast to the darkness around.

As I said before, two of our companies are in Smith's division; the balance are here—the total number of companies in the regiment being now eleven, one company from Minnesota having joined us yesterday at this place, being transferred to a spot from Washington.

Our guns herefore have been, with two companies, target rifle, the balance having Col. Black's; nor however, are we to have Sharpe's rifles, they being here for us and will probably be distributed today.

We arrived here from Camp Winfield Scott yesterday afternoon, and will probably have leaves shortly for the 'scene of more active operations.' The reputation of the U.S. Sharp-shots, Capt. Black, to admit of being kept in a fort, or in fact any other one place for any great length of time. The rebel prisoners, indeed, that we bothered them more than any other regiment in the field, and during the late siege.

The enemy enter the Yorktown forts, were Gen. Jameson, Col. Black, and five Badger scouts, under charge of our sergeant major.—Their appearance in camp, after a six days' march, was most exciting and affecting; being bedecked as they were with red hairlocks, left by the Louisiana Zouaves, a number of trophies of different kinds and a considerable quantity of "tip top" tobacco, and a few good cigars, taken from Magruder's cigar box.

The only man lost by the Wisconsin company as yet, in battle, was the brave hearted Joe Durkee, who, on the night of May 1st volun-
ter joined us, and was to do the digging were wounded.

Our men retired and did not go on the work again that night owing to a wrangle between some of the infantry officers, as to whether we were to send our workers, and men be-fore the enemy. We laid down and got into our tents, where we slept till the next morning.

The number of shots were tried at them, and down toward the rebel's guns here, we laid out a great number of destriciive missiles, but it couldn't be "done.

Since the evacuation we have learned from prisoners and deserters that the sharpshooters killed and as times for cutting them among the rebels. One old darky who is now here, states that he "Neber seed sick shunting! Poot up yer hut, an' a holt it, in no time!"

About a week ago while the Badger scouts were out, examining the ground for the purpose of sinking an advanced pit; while approaching through the brush towards the rebel's, a number of shots were fired at them, and down went Sergeant Joe— with a burnt chin, not a very pretty sight, but instantly rallied over, he with three others, one a 44th New Yorker, poured in their shots, and we have since found out, by one of the rebels then in their pit, a prisoner here, that three of their number were killed at once. They supposed that they had killed the Sergeant on seeing him drop. We have also learned that on the 5th ult., the day we first "stood fire" before the enemy. We laid down and got into our tents, where we slept till the next morning.

At Yorktown, however, oure, and the rebels will probably never gain a foothold here again but we will probably have a chance at them somewhere else. I haven't time to get into.

I don't think it will be the fault of the sharp shooters. The rebels left behind them at this place many large guns mostly spiked, and a number of other articles, such as ammunition, military stores, &c.

A number of our troops have been killed and wounded by torpedoes, placed carefully in conspicuous places for the murderous purpose of cutting them down. We are bound to revenge them on all we meet and the ingratiators of such wickedness must certainly at no distant day pay dearly for it.

In conclusion, I remain worrying about the fate of the S. S. about as follows.

"By gar! stick up a cap, an' a hole gits in it imme-

At Yorktown we received our long promised Sharpie's Rifles. The boys have now got what they "enlisted for," and are more anxious than ever to get again within shooting distance of the rebel rabble. On the night of the 8th, we left Yorktown by the Steamer State of Maine, and the next morning when we awoke we found ourselves at anchor opposite West Point. We are now encamped at West Point awaiting orders, and as notice has just been issued to have three days ration prepared this after-
noon, we may expect a departure further onward to Richmond soon. The rebels are said to be some 6 or 8 miles from us, but whether we will overtake them or not is uncertain.
our movements up to the afternoon of Thursday, the 8th inst. We started about 11 o'clock of that evening on the Examiner, State of Maine, for West Point, acting as Gen. Porter's escort to that place. Arrived off West Point at 8 o'clock Friday morning and anchored, remaining quiet until daylight. The weather gave us a fine view of the river, alive with transports and tugs, and the shore swarming with busy soldiers. The landing of troops—Porter's Division—commenced at daylight, and was necessarily accomplished by Pontoon boats, the water being too shallow for the steamers to approach nearer than within about 100 rods of the shore. This was kept up all the forenoon and presented an animated scene, the boats plying to and fro from a dozen steamers, an occasional long boat from a U.S. tugboat, bound on some official errand, the oars measuring time in military cadence, the arrival and departure of schooners and commissary transports, the lively movements of the troops on shore, with the bright morning sun casting a hazy warmness of light over water and land, and the inspring strains of music vibrating on the ear with mingled sensations of joy and sadness from the boats on either side, completed a pageant on which the senses of sight and hearing lingered with delight.

Our landing was not effected until about noon, at which time the heat was almost intense. On shore we immediately commenced pitching tents and hunting for waters. We found most of the springs brackish and unpalatable, but succeeded after a long time in getting some water from a distant spring, comparatively cool and clear.

Saturday and Sunday we spent lounging round camp, and listening to incidents of the late battle on the James, reading the inscriptions on grave boards of the fallen brave (mostly of the 16th and 33rd N. Y. regiments), and watching the drilling of some of the best regiments in the service.

Our camp ground was a broad, level wheat field nearly surrounded on the east, west and south by woods, on the north runs the Pamunkey river. West Point half a mile northward, over which floats the flag of our Union.

We were a mile east of the woods into which the rebels were so ignorantly driven.

Sunday night we received the first news of the capture of Norfolk and the annihilation of the Merrimac, which occasioned some considerable joy, as you may suppose. Monday A.M. we drilled in skirmish and bayonet order. The afternoon we received orders to march at five o'clock on the following morning, and went to work making preparations accordingly.

Tuesday morning we were up before daylight, and at five o'clock, with three days' rations on the 75. per cent, and our knapsacks packed, commenced our march. "Onward to Richmond!" We took the main road via Barooneville. The morning was comfortably cool, and we were not compelled to use the caps and haversacks, and gave ourselves up to sweet oblivion.

We passed through Barooneville about four o'clock, and here the fields were green, the grass so inviting, and the water so cool, we flattered ourselves that we were to camp for the night, but after a rest of a few minutes, we again pushed on through the dust, and now commenced a succession of secondary halts, it being impossible to proceed without intermission from the blockade of wagons, artillery carriages, cavalry, &c. We began to heave Rumors of being near the enemy, and heard that the transports had been ordered to the rear. Tired soldiers began to rally, the ranks were closed up more effectually than before that day; then the order was given (about six o'clock) to remove all stopples from the muzzle of our guns, and take off our caps and haversacks. The men began to be inspired with fresh vigor, and all were eager for the fray. At a turn in the road we came across Mem. McCh it 6, Porter, Battle-fld, Morell, and some others, holding a consultation. This looked like business, and more particularly when one of our men overheard one of McCh it 6's aides report "all quiet ahead," and heard little Mac's characteristic reply, "They must be waked up!"

But the rebels were careful to keep far enough in advance to escape our observation.

We passed the corner which turns to Richmond, and read on the guide-board—"To Richmond, 30 1/2 miles," and camped half a mile to the North, on the ground occupied by the rebel army two days before. Here we found several divisions, and before midnight, nearly the whole army of the Potomac, with the exception of Franklin's Division, which was in advance, in the vicinity of New Kent Court House. The Fifth Wisconsin was encamped but a few rods from us, but I was unable to see them. This morning, probably 50,000 troops moved onward at an early hour. We have been under marching orders all day, and ready at fifteen minutes notice to move. Half rations of whiskey were issued to our division to-day, to be repeated to-night—whether to the whole army or not I am unable to state. We find that it improves the water wonderfully.

6 o'clock P.M.—Our regiment have just been ordered out on inspection. There is a rumor that there is a large body of rebels—109,000—a few miles from here, ready to impede our further progress towards Richmond. Of course they did come from? Conclusion—booh!

The weather to-day is rainy and cold. In consequence of an accident last night, I am obliged to keep my tent. I hope to be able to join in the forward movement, and until this occurs, I remain, truly yours,

J. W. S.
Sharp Shooting Letter No. 15.

Camp near White House Lees Farm, Virginia, May 17th, 1862.

Ed. Gazette.

With a poor pencil, I hurriedly scribble off No. 15. We are now encamped in a clover field near the White House on the Pamunkey, some twenty miles east of Richmond. This building is said to be on the site of the one where the Father of his Country courted and married, and I know of no reason to doubt the truth of the story. I understand that the house is occupied, and a guard is stationed there to keep out intruders. It is the property of the Rebel Col. Lee, son of Gen. Lee, and is part and parcel of a property or plantation of some 1200 acres of land, well situated with better soil than I have yet seen, and some of which is at present sowed with wheat, which presents just now a very farm like appearance. It is altogether a very handsome place here, and is accessible by steamers and sailing craft from York River. At the present writing, a great many vessels of different kinds line the shore near by, loaded with provisions and other necessary articles for the Grand Army of the Potomac. The Railroad to Richmond crossed the river near this place previous to the destruction of the bridge. We are in the niche of a splendid clover field of many acres, while above us, on the opposite side of the road, is a fine old apple orchard of some 75 trees. A great many troops are encamped about us. But where did we come from, and how did we get here? We left West Point from whence I sent No. 14, on the 13th, at 5 o'clock A. M. with Knapsacks packed, Haversacks ditto, and Canteen filled, and falling in behind artillery and loaded wagons, commenced a weary trip; a description of which I will endeavor to give although imperfect, from the fact that one should undergo the same to understand it fully. The 1st mile or two was fair walking when we suddenly brought up standing, at the word Halt! Five minutes later the Bugler sounds the advance. Slow travelling—road narrow and dusty—weather warm—quarter mile farther onward—Halt—three Minutes! Advance 10 Rods more—Halt! Men now begin to rest their shoulders by sticking their rifles under their Knapsacks, some resting on stumps, others lying down on their backs. Attention! Fall in Co’s A. B. G. &c. Keep in your places! Close up men! Forward 50 paces—Halt! again—Down on your back—road side-middle of the road—anywhere—open order—for some mounted Officers or maybe a few pieces of Artillery. Sometimes the matter ahead—no farther movements for a full hour—off go knapsacks—some eat egg, drink and crack jokes—others roll over and sleep. All to be quelled and hurried into line by the word attention! Then advance, and away we go. Two miles now, halting every 10 rods about 2 min. each time. Then another Halt! Then the Lieut. Col., in command of our Reg., now comes along, and gives us twenty minutes rest at his own risk. Hurrah for the Lt. Col. After a long 20 minutes (full 45) we push on twenty rods more and halt again, and so it goes all day long. Pushing ahead—slow time—common time—quick or double quick (to catch up) and halting. Ali mixed up with dust, dirt, sweat, dirty faces and lame shoulders. Towards the close of the day a rumor spread among the Co’s. that the S. S., are to be sent ahead and that a little fight would probably take place. Passing Gen. Mc Clellan and others at a crossing of roads apparently in close confab, did not tend to divest the minds of the S. S., of the probabilities of a meeting with the Rebels before going much farther. The men began to revive in consequence, the report acting as a stimulant to the previous tiresome and dusty march. But it proved to be a "Kitchen Story," although it may have been started originally on good grounds.

Towards sundown we reached Cumberland Landing on the Pamunkey, and pitched our Poncho’s in an old cornfield near the river. Our march that long dusty day from West Point was about 12 or 15 miles all told. We laid out until the morning of the 15th. We were ordered out however on the P. M. of the 14th, and were hurriedly reviewed with other regiments by Secretary Seward and party, Gen. Mc Clellan and staff, &c. Cumber land Landing 37 miles from Richmond, boasts of two or three old houses and was lined in front with many boats of different kinds while we were there. We marched to this point on the 15th over a very wet and muddy road, the rain pouring down all the time very copiously.

Stopping often at long periods, and accompanying five miles from 6J A M. to 4 P M. at which latter hour we arrived here. I’m in hopes to be able to soon write you from Richmond City. The Chickahominy Swamp halfway between here and Richmond is where the Rebels will fight, if anywhere in the land of the F. F. V’s, unless they should try it on at Richmond, which many doubt. Fight where they will, the S S., although now acting as Body Guard to Gen Porter, whose Division is at present in reserve, will probably be sent ahead with our new Sharps to drive away any and all bodies of troops or guerrillas that may lie ambushed in our path.

C. of N.

From Berdan’s Sharp Shooters.

[The following letter from our always interesting correspondent in the Wisconsin company of Berдан’s Sharp Shooters, has been delayed in reaching us, and the pressure of other matter on our columns urges us to give some of its earlier pages, giving an account of the march from Cumberland, which the company left, with Porter’s Division, on the 16th, after being reviewed by Secretary Seward and Gen. McClellan.]

Camp at Torreys’ Station, Va.


We remained in camp at White House three days, and drilled one hour during the time. The balance of the time was most advantageously devoted to rest and enjoyment.

The general call sounded on Monday morning, the 16th, at 5 o’clock, and in fifteen minutes thereafter we were again on the road to Richmond. The weather was warm, but cloudy, and the dust had been well laid by a shower, that morning. We reached this station about noon, and were greeted by the sight of a railroad—the first we had seen since leaving Washington. It looked like civilization.

The rebels had left their devastating mark behind them here, too, as at White House. We lost the sky bridge and the road to Richmond. The weather was warm, but cloudy, and the dust had been well laid by a shower, that morning. We reached this station about noon, and were greeted by the sight of a railroad—the first we had seen since leaving Washington. It looked like civilization.

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The mail closes in a few minutes. More when we get to the Capital of old Virginia, the occupation of which we hope may close the contest—on the sacred soil threat that he will prolong the war in the Old Dominion for twenty years.

Shavberries are plenty at the farm house in this vicinity, at twenty-five cents per quart; but the officers monopolize them all, and leave us out in the cold with our "hard tack" and coffee.

Yours truly,

J. W. S.

Sharp Shooting Letter No. 16.

Camp No. 13, Before Richmond.

May 26th 1862.

Ed. Gazette—

Having pitched my poncho, eaten a dinner of fried hard tack and coffee, which empties my haversack, and things at the moment being 'on the quiet,' I sat down in the cool breeze which plays gently beneath the raised folds of the 'canvas' and make a commencement to No. 16, which I trust I'll be able to finish without interruption. Already I bolt of timber with good water easy of access. Dan De Coonan was left behind to be other than Burtles at the last camp with a few others, being as well, but we expect to see him.

Since the evacuation of Yorktown, we them soon again. We found a number on the go, pretty much, of families around Gains Mills and while marching by day and camping at night, flags were freely displayed from their doors, in a day as we used to hear of in 'olden times' that no harm was intended or would be done, but I think that my description seems to be correct. We are near Richmond Railway. We found the place of the said Virginia for to breakfast at the said Virginia for four hours and a half, which is a good start.

We are approaching Richmond, although the distance we have traveled and the slight difference in miles between our destination at each station, would hardly substantiate the supposition. They tell us now that we are but 14 miles distant; that our rebel pickets are not 4 or 6 miles out, and that we are to remain here until some heavy siege guns are transported from Yorktown, and then with our army on the east, McDowell on the north, and Goldsborough's flat tops on the south, close in on their devoted city and crush it into submission.

Yesterday four of us made a reconnoissance round the neighborhood, seeking what we might buy in the shape of huckleberries or other dainties, and found a few eggs two miles from camp, which the woman lower she'd ought to have 50 cents a dozen for but 'seein' as how we had specie we might have.' We drank some milk, ate some cold biscuit and beer, paid our bills (not very high) and moved on again, enjoying a warm breakfast in the morning.

At the next house we found some sweet potatoes, and at another obtained some onions. With these delicacies we returned to camp with visions of a rich repast floating through our imaginations. This morning we went as per agreement to breakfast at the said Virginia farm house, our two tents, which is a pleasant spot in a pleasant spot in a pleasant spot.

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We purchased while at this camp, many articles of provisions, such as Sweet Potatoes $2.00 per bush, Onions 25c a doz., Eggs 50c per dozen, Chickens 75c each, and other articles at pretty steep prices; and the gold and silver received for which, they stated was the first hard coin they had handled, or even seen for a long time. They do not appear to have a high appreciation of Confederate scrip (at present), some of whom have a large supply on hand of that valueless "rag."

The Chickahominy Swamp being but about one mile from the camp, and the Rebels were reported to be there, the Badger Boys were again hushed and quietness prevailed in camp. Several skirmishes are reported as having taken place between some of our Regiments and the Rebels. The 4th Mich., I understand, worsted them in a little fight a day or two ago driving them back under a full charge.

An elderly woman residing near the Mills, was of the opinion that Jeff. Davis would "cut it" from Richmond if he had the chance, and said she hoped we would catch him and give him the "ropes end." So much for one of the Mothers of the F. F. V.'s. We left camp No. 15 this A.M., early and going back some 2 miles, struck the Richmond direct Road and advancing about 3 miles farther we reached our pleasant camp about nine miles from "The City." We expect a fight soon if there is any fight in the enemy, and as their pickets are reported close at hand, the ball may open at a moments notice.

According to an article taken from a Petersburg Va. paper (secoad), the rebels appear to have a very high colored opinion of the manner in which Uncle Sam fits out his troops. The paper in question rejoices greatly over the killing of one of our Sharp Shooters, young Derkee of our Co., I should judge from the tenor of the article spoken of. But poor Joe instead of being picked off by a Kentucky Hunter at 200 yards distance while in a cushioned arm chair in a rifle pit, surrounded by segars, liquors and choice provender generally, was shot while scouting on a dark night, as noticed in a previous letter, within 40 yards of their own rifle pits. So much for "Rebule Yarns." We did not come here to fight in arm chairs, but intend when necessary to go in rough shod, and meet them face to face if they will stand and there settle the question whether the Union shall stand unbroken or Rebellion run riot over the land. In all probabilities long before this reaches you the contest will have taken place, and I have no reason to believe that we can be otherwise than victorious.

C. of N.

P. S. Several of our prominent members are at present unwell. I am sorry to say, but I am in hopes of their speedy recovery.

From the Wisconsin State Journal.

Letter from a Madison Boy in Herdan's Sharpshooters—The Battle at Hanover Court House.

[The following letter was received in last night's mail by Mr. B. A. Atwell of this city, from his son B. A. Atwell, a young man of about eighteen years of age, who enlisted in the Wisconsin company of Herdan's sharpshooters.]

Harp's Station, Hanover Co., Va.

May 28th, 1862.

Dear Father and Mother:—I sent myself to answer your kind letter which I received this morning. It found me well, and I write this hoping it will find you all enjoying good health and prosperity.

We had a battle on the 27th. We fell in and marched away from camp sixteen or seventeen miles; the cavalry scouting ahead. After a while we discovered the enemy and were drawn up in line of battle when our artillery opened on them. They returned the fire with grape and canister; several were wounded but none killed. The 25th N. Y. deployed as skirmishers; we supported them and one of our batteries; after a little we were deployed as skirmishers and went into the woods on the right of the 25th N. Y. About this time the enemy began to run; we followed on the skirmish line ‘w’’ and then were ordered to halt. We thought the battle was over and sat down in a clover field to rest. I was making some coffee and eating pork and crackers, when an order came to "fall in and double quick," at the same time we heard sharp firing in our rear; it was soon ascertained that the enemy had out-flanked us and trying to surround us. We were formed in line of battle and away we went on a double quick. We soon came up where the firing was. Two or three of our regiments were fighting against great odds.

About this time Captain Griffin's battle came up to our left and opened on the enemy. Into the trees we dashed taking it as we could catch it. We came up to a ditch fence—the enemy was on one side and we on the other. Nothing could be heard but the roar of cannon and musketry; after a while the enemy began to waver and run; we following and firing all the while. Through the woods on our right dashed the 9th Massachusetts charging the enemy, driving, taking prisoners and killing them. Our company took some prisoners; one of our boys—Ben. Atwell—took three. This is the first time our regiment has been in a regular field fight, and they did very well, considering that half the boys never were trained in battle drill. I felt queer at first to get a chance to shoot, sobered down pretty quick. The idea of getting hit did not enter my head; a shot at some ahead he looked around my prisioners, and discovered a second Lieut. Ordered assembling three big men marched along by Sergeant and a private. They had had one little one. "Says I," General, I have their guns and were just putting caps on them, when Ben rushed up and

From Herdan's Sharpshooters.

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I will write no more now. Good bye. I hope to see them some day. The neighborhood; tell the boys and girls that I still remember them, and joy the home circle and fireside; but if merely a slight scalp wound, but he probably lost two fingers of his left hand. We were soon after moved up under cover of a small wood in our front. There we remained a short time, watching the artillery playing on both sides. Finally we were ordered to deploy as skirmishers G, A, and I, in reserve. E, and L, remaining under cover. We deployed through the woods, but the enemy had fled and we followed on for a full mile, passing on the way a rebel Doctor who had in charge several wounded, both rebel and union. We took several prisoners on the way, among them a lieutenant of a North Carolina Regt., who said on being taken, he was so much exhausted to run. The artillery and cavalry in the meantime had pushed on in flying style after the fugitives and succeeded in capturing a good number. Those of the 24th New York that had been taken succeeded in escaping from the enemy during the chase. So far so good. It seems however that the enemy were playing a deep game. A nice little plot was laid to snare us all. They had heard in the morning of our approach and prepared themselves accordingly. The 1st batch of rebels we fought were only a bait. The main body of their forces awaited in ambush, to our left, until we had passed forward and then attacked our rear. The 44th New York and 2d Maine were for a long time held engaged in open field exposed to cross fires from surrounding woods, but although many fell, yet bravely did they stand their ground, and send volley after volley at their hidden foes. On hearing of the attack, we were ordered back in a hurry, and away went infantry, artillery, zourers, and sharpshooters at a rapid pace, finally on double quick, towards the woods where lay the foe. Regiment after regiment formed in line when near the woods, and with a loud whoop! hurried charged fiercely through the timber. The S. S., deployed out double quick and entering the woods hurried forward. Some of our men were engaged but the main body were halted for a short time by a deep ditch, before a second piece of wood, and went forward soon after. The firing was long and rapid, resembling young thunder, while the smoke rose rolled up in heavy clouds rendering objects indistinct. The rebels were driven out from the wood, over the road, down the railroad, through the wheat field, and beyond, to another wood a mile off. They were badly cut up—dead and wounded lying all around. Our Regiment fought well. The 44th and 25th N. Y. and 2d Maine, 1st (Irish) Mass. 62d Penn., 5th (with their flaming red costume) N. Y. and 1st. U. S. Sharp Shooters. Other Regiments were about, but those above mentioned were the ones principally engaged. Our loss was quite heavy, principally among the 1st three Regts. But it was not near as great as was that of the enemy. I understand on the next day we buried 400 rebels, many of them North Carolina troops, and that we took over 1000 prisoners. We saw many prisoners passing by, and many of them appeared quite glad to be taken. They were apparently sick of the war. The rebels were fairly rooted, leaving knapsacks, blankets and guns in great
with the devotion of a Brother, attended to and stood by his friend and comrade to the last. That very day (yesterday forenoon) Thomas applied for Gideon’s discharge or at least a furlough, but before it could be granted.

In defense of his Country,
The Hero died, and the Great Ruler of the Universe granted our friend that discharge which we are all sooner or later receive. The warm hearted McCaul, however, over the demise of our friend, with great difficulty owing to our present situation here, succeeded in obtaining leave to carry the body to White House for the purpose of having it embalmed, and as possible, forwarded to Fox Lake, which will undoubtedly be done if he can procure a pass to Fort Monroe. The requisite funds for that purpose having been immediately raised here, although at an hour when all in camp wore in a state of quietness and repose, until awakened by Thomas; and who started off at an early hour this morning with the body. Success to his Holy purpose.

I need not say how deeply we all deplore the loss of poor Gideon. His noble heart and manly feelings induced him to all who became associated with him.

It is not saying too much to state that there has probably been no one man whose death has been so generally felt by the Regiment entire, as that of Gideon F. Jones. His friends in Wisconsin, especially in the neighborhood of Fox Lake, are not to be numbered: In fact all were his friends, it could not be otherwise.—

He had no enemies!

Poor Gideon’s gone! We’ll see him;
No! Never again in Life,
His battle fought! The Victory Won
Thus ends this scene of strife.

Respectfully Yours,
C. A. STEVENS, First Sergt.
Co. G. II S. S.

From Berdan’s Sharpshooters: MECHANICSVILLE, VA., June 14th, 1862.

DEAR PARENTS,—As I have a few leisure moments I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know how we get along.

Yesterday we received marching orders; about noon we packed up everything and marched up here. We are encamped in Mechanicsville, a little village near the Chickahominy. The pickets are very friendly here, they talk with each other and in some instances have exchanged papers; that is stopped however, and the persons that exchange papers are arrested, because they contain some of the movements of our army.

Do not believe it is right for pickets to shoot each other, but when our officers and men get so that they associate with secession pickets and exchange papers with them, I think they are but little better than the secessers themselves.

As soon as it was found out that it had been done, they arrested a captain and orderly and several privates.

Mechanicsville is a small village about half as large as Friendship. At present it presents a very dilapidated appearance, on account of a skirmish General Stoneman had on the 27th of May; as he advanced on the town, he commenced firing at the secessors; they were holding a party in one of the houses and as our batteries came up, they opened on the house with grape and canister. I do not know, but it is generally reported that the dammned ladies were seated and the fiddler paid off on “don’t be quiet” time, for secessors scattered in every direction. I entered the house this morning and found it completely riddled. Grape and canister had visited every room; almost every house in town has had a shot or shell through it.

One of our boys, Gideon F. Jones, from Fox Lake, died yesterday; this makes 5 that have died out of our company since we landed at West Point. A number of the boys are sick; changing climate and water so much is not good for a man’s health.

We are five miles from Richmond on one side of the Chickahominy, and the rebels on the other. I can see the rebel batteries commanding the bridge crossing the river. They opened on one of our batteries the other day, their shells went over the battery into some houses in range. I suppose they were trying to stop some of the holes our shells made when we drove them out of the village. All is quiet to day; the weather is very warm and acts like rain.

I wrote you some time ago enclosing $10; write and tell me if you received it. I wrote since enclosing $1 which please give that to Emma and Eva. Now dear parents you must write often and I will do the same. I hope this war will soon end and so we can all return to enjoy once more the comforts of home. Many of us would like to be back there; however, being in the Quartermaster Department, remained at the Camp, and
B. D. Atwell of this city, writing to his father, from Mechanicsville, under date of June 16th, after a few general remarks, says:

"I tell you we miss home now if ever. You know you are not allowed to plunder, but still once in a while we get something good to eat in that manner, and for everything we buy we pay four or five times the price, or at least what they cost in the North. For example, eggs 50 to 60 cents; butter $1.00 - $1.25; milk 25 cents per quart; bread 50 cents per loaf; strawberries 50 cents per quart; in fact everything in proportion; and of course our fare is none of the best, but I am about as fat as ever. The weather is very warm here, but it seems the boys stand it first rate. Three of our boys died last week in the hospital. They have been sick for some time; too much so to be sent home. Their names are Ovid Coddington, on the 10th. He was from Rock county. G. E. Jones, from Fox Lake, on the 12th, and Taylor Melvin, on the 14th, from Oregon, Dane county. They were all respected by the company, and none more than I miss them than I do.

From Herdan's Sharpshooters.

MECHANICSVILLE, VA.

June 18th, 1862.

Dear Brother:—I now seat myself to write you a few lines, to let you know that I am still in the land of the living, and enjoying good health. We are now encamped near Mechanicsville, on the Chickahominy, within five miles of Richmond. The Rebels are on the other side of the river, but our pickets have got possession of the bridge, and have got a battery on the hill that commands the bridge; and right across the river the Secehs have got their batteries planted, and are throwing up fortifications, and I should judge by their actions, intend to dispute our crossing the river.

The Secehs pickets are very friendly toward our boys, they will stand and talk with us across the river as if we were friends. I will relate a circumstance that occurred the other day. As our pickets were standing by the bridge, they heard a pig squeal on the other side, and looking over, saw a Seceh orderly killing a pig with his bayonet. Pays one of Uncle Sam's boys, "Shan't I come over and help you skin that hog?" "Yes," said the Seceh sergeant. "Enough said," says the Union boy, so over he went, and while the Seceh held the pig on his bayonet, Uncle Sam's boy skinned it. After it was dressed, the question arose, Who should have the hind quarters? Uncle's boy told him he wanted the hams because he could roast them; that he might have all the rest, if he would bury him have them. Finally, it was agreed upon that uncle's boy should have them, so he shouldered them and came back, built up a fire and roasted them.

It is very sickly here; a great many of our boys are sick, and some of them have died. You will be surprised to hear of the death of Taylor Melvin; he died last Saturday, with typhoid fever.

He is the fourth one that has died out of our company since we left Yorktown.

Our first Lieutenant, Frank Marble, and Corporal Colsen were taken by the hospital this morning. I am getting tough again, am getting so I can eat my rations and do my duty. All is quiet along the river, but it is the calm before the storm. By and by the storm will burst, the battle will commence and then it will not be long before we shall know whether we are victors or defeated.

Deserters come in at the rate of four a day. One came in last night, who stated that he was at work on some public works when the rebellion broke out and was pressed into the rebel service.

I must close, for the mail is almost ready to start.

Write often, for I am anxious to hear how you all get along. No more at present, good boy.

C. M. CHAMBLIN.

From Herdan's Sharpshooters.

CAMP NEAR MECHANICSVILLE, VA.

McCall's Division, Sunday, June 18th, 1862.

Dear Journal:—The last I heard I was at Gains'Mills, from whence we marched to Camp No. 18, about one mile from the Gaines House, where we were paid off and equipped for the service to Sher- man's Division, (formerly Franklin's) two miles to the right, since which time we have had a very active campaign, and I must say that we have had a very good time. We have been marching up and down the line, marched 2 miles and camped about 1/2 miles the left of Mechanicsville, and remained within a stone's throw of the headquarters of Gen. Reynolds, in whose brigade we with Taylor's New Jersey Brigade nearly hope to remain. A part of our company a week, doing a very little picket duty, started on picket early this morning and a good deal of nothing else. On this we probably will be our principal business until the great strike is made which may possibly happen soon.

On the 7th inst, Comp. O and G were sent on detached service to Sherman's Division, (formerly Franklin's) two miles to the right, since which time we have been marching up and down the line, marched 2 miles and camped about 1/2 miles the left of Mechanicsville, and remained within a stone's throw of the headquarters of Gen. Reynolds, in whose brigade we with Taylor's New Jersey Brigade nearly hope to remain. A part of our company a week, doing a very little picket duty, started on picket early this morning and a good deal of nothing else. On this we probably will be our principal business until the great strike is made which we hope may decide the issue of the day, as we have been in hopes to move to the left, crossed the river on Wood-road, having heard that it was here, bury's bridge, and camped within half a mile, but the Bankers inform us that they left this portion of the army on the way to bed sore and tired.

The next day I was glad enough to re-see our friends and have been much hope yet to great main in camp, lounging in the thickets of some of our Wisconsin friends in the 2d, shade, and resting from our labors of the 6th and 7th regiments. In fact it is a most desirable consumption to us, and I myself rallied forth to visit the battle-field of the 31st ult. We passed the..."
benefits and advantages accorded to officers and men. In our present capacity, we seem to be isolated from all part or parcel in its distribution of help or assistance. Our sick are suffered to remain at the mercies of some Samaritan brigade eur* with other troops; and, altogether, the to be left totally nnootiood or uncarod for by tbe very State from whom we have a right to expect the aid and immonitUa (not able to say) ot the Adjutant General, and was tho same ~

The other States drive in our pickets, but were repulsed the melancholy intelligence that our fel- imye had to march jycjhts und fight daytiaies, and driven back, and it is said tbat we citizen, J. W. STAPLES, was killed in and if you ever heard of or saw .i used u{j»uruiy...

his here for SOIO days yet, und get re-

news will bave flashed over tbe wires Sharpshooters, from tbis State. Mr. STA-

The next
good I would no't have given muh for my life the though: of his family being embarrass

A private letter has just been received in this city, from Mrs. Johnson, from her son, FRANK SMITH, dated July 6th, that gives the melancholy intelligence that the fellow citizen, J. W. STAPLES, was killed in the recent battle before Richmond. He was a member of the company of Berdan's Sharpshooters, from this State. Mr. STAPLES was well known to the people of this city, having been a large circle in the boot and shoe establishment of F. D. Fellows. He was a good business man, and honest and faithful in all things, and had a large circle of friends in this vicinity, who will deeply lament his fall.

On the breaking out of the war, Mr. STAPLES felt it to be a duty to be one of his country's active defenders. He united with the Sharpshooters, has acted well his part as a faithful soldier, and has fallen in the fight.

Our readers have been favored with many valuable and interesting letters from the pen of Mr. STAPLES. He has been connected with the Army, over the initials "J. W. S."). His last letter was

The following extracts are from a letter written by R. D. AZWELL, in the Wisconsin company of Berdan's Sharpshooters to his father in this city, dated June 31,

"Dear Wife: Yesterday I sent you a letter, but it was such a disjointed thing I don't know as you could read, but I knew you was anx-

From June 26th to July 31st it has been one continual fight with us, without any rest, for we have to march eight to ten miles a day, and if you ever heard of or saw a used up army it is this grand army. I expect we are here for some time and are ready to get under way in the ent. To see them break for the left and run through and over the boys felt it to be a duty to be one of his country's active defenders. He united with the Sharpshooters, has acted well his part as a faithful soldier, and has fallen in the fight.

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daughter. McClellan comb riding along, and as
something now, and fight, and that when it did come off he had men in.
army, he knew it was hard, but it was all right
enough to do the business, I think I ought to have been done six months
and as he had got the rebels just where he
had fought so hard that day for it, that with
t ему was a prominent part in the late great bat-
tles occurring before Richmond from June
20th until July 1st, I conclude it will not
be amiss to let 'er folks at home
know, through the columns of your widely-
circulated boast, something about their
actions.

At the battle of Mechanicsville, (our
extreme right,), which properly commenced
in the morning, but which was not at its
height until the afternoon, Gen. M. A. Scott,
McAllister, did good work both in the
front and in the rear, where a portion of
them were deployed under our gallant
Captain. The fighting was very
sharp, and the inamissable cries of the rebel
wounded after nightfall could be distinctly
heard along our lines. We succeeded that
day in killing a number of them, and
so we shall.

Enclosed with this letter you will find a letter
from Gen. Pope at Mechanicsville when he
bad every time I think of him, I thought more
of him than any other one in this Company
and I do think that all the boys who was killed
that day were not men. They have
manded us, but poor man he was shot to, so
I wish to let his family die with him. New good
bye and God bless you.

Your loving Husband.

The Action in the Battle of Gaines' Hill,
Mechanicsville and White Oak Swamp.

Correspondence of the General.

HARRISON'S HILL, JUNE 5, 1862.

Eo SERFING:—As the Wisconsin Com-
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pany of Ierden's Sharpshooters have enro-
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rise, during which time they were exposed to an incessant shower of rebel grape and shot, our boys responding with their rifles. About eight o’clock we were suddenly ordered to fall back, and we did so, to Gaines’ Mill, about four miles, being near our former camp. Our losses were two, one of them being the second lieutenant, John E. T. C. 0. 3. C. 2. 2. Missinig Capt. Drew with a small party of Co. G, being at an advanced position, followed soon after us, and narrowly escaped capture. The rebel bullets flew after the little band thick and fast.

In the afternoon fighting waxed warm and around Gaines’ Mill, and the whole regiment of C. S. being more or less mixed up in different places, kept their rifles generally speaking, quite warm. A number of the S. C. were killed and wounded here; but Co. C. escaped unharmed, although at times very much exposed.

Co. G and C at dusk rallied with detachments of other regiments, and in line of battle, but the stubborn and reinforced enemy were again driven back. Our loss in that portion of the part in the closing charge.

Early on the morning of the 28th our forces crossed the Chickahominy side of the Chickahominy, destroying the bridges as we passed over, and leaving the enemy recovering the bodies of the killed. We then went in with 61; most of our men being scattered along the route. While acting as a portion of the campaign in Richmond side, and the balance between the Chickahominy and Pamunkey rivers. Our advance was continued gradually, but not hurriedly, falling back towards the James River, for a purpose that will probably be seen developed, and whenever the enemy near us would cover our rear, lowering about our rear guards, or on our advance, we drove him back. All our late fights, however, have been hotly contested; the enemy in every instance, to all appearance, having greatly the advantage in point of numbers.

One of the hardest fought battles was that of the afternoon of June 30th, at Charles City Cross Roads. A portion of the battle of White Oak Swamp, in which Co. G suffered heavily, considering the number we had, were killed and wounded, most of our men being scattered along the route. While acting as a portion of the campaign in Richmond side, and the balance between the Chickahominy and Pamunkey rivers. Our advance was continued gradually, but not hurriedly, falling back towards the James River, for a purpose that will probably be seen developed, and whenever the enemy near us would cover our rear, lowering about our rear guards, or on our advance, we drove him back. All our late fights, however, have been hotly contested; the enemy in every instance, to all appearance, having greatly the advantage in point of numbers.

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On July 1st, one of the most terrible battles that has ever taken place during the war, occurred near James River, (the battle of White Oak Swamp). In this battle our losses were incredibly heavy, both killed and wounded. Our loss in this battle was not that day, but near enough to witness the scene. The next day we were on to this place, where it is said our losses were so heavy, and such a terrible battle, that it appeared to have been such a fine time shelling our camps, by suddenly charging on it, and capturing the same, with a number of prisoners. They have not troubled us since, but should they see fit to play on us, we will give them all they want, especially as we are now being steadily reinforced. A movement may soon take place that will place Richmond out of danger.

Jiron of Co. O, having command of that A. M., of the 27th, at the pit, Capt. Drew, Among those members of Co. G, wht ioned in a pit with tho Backtails, Capt. youngster's name is Alvin Sherman, of Attempts wero made to recover tho comrade, Sergt. Jas. W. Staples, wero sta- Fox Lake, nnd is bat 17 years of ago. bodies of the fallen once, which wore nn- fonco until ho fired four shots, and did not vice taking priso.icra nnd firing straight oono brave little fellow remained at tbe throughout tho timber, and did good sor- ers returned the fire wiib undoubtedly bet- and missing. Missing.—Wrn. E. Wheeler, fact most all of them put in two nnd three our lamented Capt.iin full while rallying early tho next A. M. As it happened, jt^pt ti,em back from the roatl we wen squad of Bharpsboolers, they being in fact charged a volley in the vacant space be- jlesh WDund ; liobert Casey, Jloscobol, owing to the thundering volleys uf mus- dark. Our wounded and missing aro 7, horther side" through tho thick brush.— jng Ponnsylvania Kegiment, lost their g.nl- Shepard, whilo behind a fooco iu aswup, bleeding considerably, and ranny un>- bristling of rebel bayonets over tho fence IOQX Lake and Jus. W. Staploa of Madison, ",., jso. men wbo when attacked aomewhere fn tho leg. Among the wounded was our beloved Lt. center. Tbis was tho A. M. of the 27th, other membors who fired oil' their cart- 
us Army to observe tbo movements tho minions of Davis and Co. att- 
ship opened on the 20th ult. The fight nt drove them back and thereby cfl'ectod our 
ning considerably scallorcd, and ranny un>- bcing considerably scattered, and many un- fit for duty, among them our "3d," Char- ley Shepard of Stoughton, who had been with us in all our trials along the route, 
unless under the circumstances, the country is sometimes previous to the "opening ceremo- 
"Wounded.—Jonas W. Shepard, Oregon, in head, severe; Henry S. Roberts, back, slight; Geo. W. Lewis, Lake Mills, leg, flesh wound; Robert Casey, Bosobol, 
foot, slight; W. O. Clark, Milwaukee, hip, and missing. Missino.—Wm. E. Wheeler, Dunlirk. 
ning considerable, and kept them back from tho river.
I have all but clothes—even to lice. I sound and snore as comesm, I shall have to progress the beat lean ibed every night, and in the morninK set it in. "Engagement nor dangerous place, e.x watch and feel anxious every time the mail arrives. If I could only get a letter from you I think it would help me along aome. But as I don't expect to make matters worse our surgeon is a prison- and try and amuse you a little, in order to keep the fight a over putting all his orders under, the truth about it, there is a great deal of error, or had to look after ammunition—and after and in the hospital, sick, and If you can get a good duty. I will give you the names of those whoeed to-day we can't muster thirty able m., for we are now living on the top shelf, for we have fresh beef every day. If I were a corporal's guard. I don't know as this is growing fast again, but I doubt it, for I don't think there is much chance to grow fat unless it is by laugh- ing and taking a share of that when there is anything laughable going on. They say there is a step from the sublime to the ridiculous which often occurs here and helps materially to pass the time of camp life.

As I will not be able to finish this in time to leave to-day, I will stop and rest for a while and think of another thing for a new start. It is a kind of a lowery day, there is nothing new happened here since I heard the death of John T. Vincent in the hospital yesterday. Our company is dropping off. We have three men in the hospital, one for corporal's guard. I don't know as this company is any worse off than any other, but I do think we have been in very unhealthy in every- thing since we came in. In this regiment we have lost, for instance, three sick in the hospitaL some eight or ten on sick leave, and about half of what there is left are my dear friends. There has been about one hundred and thirteen enrolled in this company and to-day we can't muster thirty able m. for duty. I will give you the names of those who have died, were wounded, are home, sick, and in the hospital, sick, and If you can get a good chance get Ross to privilege me if practicable. It seems to me that the most raunted sanitary committee of Wisconsin can see how some of her soldiers get along.

The present time has not got a change of clothing, nor can we get for some reason or other. It seems just as though Col. Berdan thinks much of his regiment and is quite given to taking to the Lieut. Colonel when there is a chance for a fight—he as he always some very pretty things to write in the letter in the rear, or has to look after nutrition—and after the fight is over putting all his officers under guard and making him if practicable not in looking to the good of his regiment, and to make matters worse our surgeon is a prison- off, I give you the names of those who have died, were wounded, are home, sick, and in the hospital, sick, and If you can get a good chance get Ross to privilege me if practicable. It seems to me that the most raunted sanitary committee of Wisconsin can see how some of her soldiers get along.

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ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

The Wisconsin Sharpshooters—a Badger’sGrowl!

CAMP HARTRSON’S LANDING, Va., July 20, 1862.

Editors of States-Journal:--As you have long ere this received the results of the late great battles on the borders of the Chickahominy, during the memorable seven days in which our worthy young commander succeeded in effecting his purpose of falling back with his forces to the banks of the James river, and also ascendant to our losses principally, especially of those of our troops falling from Wisconsin, I therefore will not attempt any description of those startling events, but will confine myself to the present aspect of matters here in camp.

Our troops are now recruiting in health as fast as could be expected, and already the old system of drill exercises been established. It is to be hoped that exercise will prove to be better medicine than quinine or blue pill, and that, although the heat is tremendous and the sun scorching, a regular sweating will do more to throw off disease than a regular attendance at sick calls. This Company, which you are aware is a part of the Regiment known as Berdan’s Sharpshooters, being now on detached service in Gen. McCullough’s Division, and while acting in company with the noted Bucktails, did good service in the late battles, sustaining at the same time a considerable loss in the persons of their Captain, Edward Draw of Buffalo, N. Y., and two worthy Company Officers, Staples of Madison, and Parker of Fork Lake. Also Messrs. Lanning and Thompson, two good and true soldiers, while many others are missing and wounded—this has become somewhat reduced in numbers of late by sickness and death, since marching here.

On the 10th inst. John T. Vincent died of dysentery and the latter we believe from some disease. Their loss is much deplored by the entire Company. Our loss in Berdan’s has been severe, this last one being the fourth within the past fortnight. The 2d is also under the weather, and the 1st is acting in another capacity, as will be seen by the statement I have made of the result of a choice of Company officers made on the 15th, by the entire Company present: Lieut. Charles F. Shepard, of Stoughton; Capt. Charles A. Stevens, of Fox Lake, as 2d Lieutenant. It is true that the above are not yet commissioned, but there is every reason to hope that the Senate will act soon. The Government will not fail to consult the wishes of the Company in this respect.

I generally understand here that the Col. of the Regiment, which we so fortunately belong to is trying to “enclose” the Wisconsin Company, by having placed them over the New York Company as Captains. Whether the Col. actually believes that Wisconsin has not within its extended bounds military genius enough to command a Company of Sharpshooters, we know not; but the Wisconsin Sharpshooters having been so designated by the Gen. Berdan, notwithstanding the fact that he proved to be a good officer, now ask to be commissioned by a Wisconsin man.

One man as large as when we first entered Washington, is true, but with officers from our own State over us, it would take but little time to recruit the ranks to the number required. Our Company has heretofore enjoyed a good reputation in the Regiment, and we are doing our best to keep it up.

We want and will have Wisconsin men for officers.

BADGER.

SERGEANT J. W. STAPLES KILLED.—From a letter written by Frank Smith, of Berdan’s Sharpshooters to his mother, Mrs. Ruth Johnson, living in this city, we learn some melancholy information. Young Smith writes that in one of the late conflicts before Richmond, Sergeant Staples of Company G, Berdan’s Sharpshooters, and for several years a resident of this city was killed. Sergeant Staples was for years an assistant in Fuller’s boot and shoe store, where he made himself a general favorite among the working people. He is highly beloved by the Governor’s Guard, and his bearing as a man and a soldier was always creditable to that organization. He died bravely fighting for his government, and his New Hampshire native state, and Wisconsin his adopted one, have lost a son whose memory they can be proud of as the many friends who know and respected him in this city.

His death comes home to every resident of this city as he is the first Madison man who has died on the battle-field.

The same writer saw Captain Drew and Sergeant Parker, the latter, we believe from some disease, has been ordered back to the State, and that is placing guards where his forces to the north of Virginia.

The following were wounded:—


WOUNDED.

Collins B. Bledgett and W. C. Wheeler, who are supposed to be prisoners in Richmond.

ABSENT.

The following are absent:—


There are on duty:

Tobin N. Casey, in the Quartermaster’s Department, and W. L. Sieg, 2nd Lt. Secretly, in the hospital.

T. M. BROWN, CORP. DERRICK, CORP. COOK.

Company G’s roll originally showed one hundred and seven men, which is badly cut down by the 2d two captures; what I think is correct, and in order to make anything of this paper we shall have to do some pretty tall-filling.

Yours respectfully,

Enclosed.

The following have been discharged:—


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Yours respectfully,

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Yours respectfully,
Last night we were joyously surprised by the arrival of one of our colored com- rades, who has been missing ever since the first day's fighting. He was taken prisoner in com- pany with the rebel guard and two of Co. C, and one of a company of Bucktails. This boy's name is Dewitt Collins, and his com- rade and standard BIdgett was still in Richmond sick, but expects to be exchanged a day or two. Four of the missing ones are now in receipt. They were all prisoners, and are now all released except Bldgett. Their names are Wm. E. Wheeler, who was missed after the 90th, and was released about a week ago; Wm. H. Lewis, of Lake Mills, who was wounded in the calf of the leg, and was released two or three days ago; the next is D. Collins, who is the one that was released last night; the other is Bldgett. Collins did not get a chance to see many of his friends, but he was strongly guarded. He says the prisoners had good rations and probably got as good food as their own troops, which was barely enough to live on. His daily ration was a pound of hardtack and about half a pound of meat; most of the time he was in prison he was allowed to buy was enormous. He paid one dollar for three drawings of tea for him and Bldgett, and twenty five cents a loaf of bread. Collins and Bldgett had some of their医药 supplies, but they are all now returned. A few weeks ago they would not have taken it, but now all kinds of northern chargo; it must have been hot work.—

Dear Father:—We have been over considerable ground since my last letter to you. On the 14th, we started and marched about 80 miles, arrived at the Chickahominy about dark; rested over night, and then were on our march to Williamsburg, where we got by 4 o'clock P. M. — We went over the battle ground, and I can't see from the looks of the field, how so many of our boys escaped; it would have been almost impossible; the rebels made and tried new patterns all the fashioned look, but has been cleaned up

As I have not had a chance to post this letter yet and have some interesting details of one of the late battles:—

From one of Berdan's Sharpshooters.

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a letter of B. A. Atwell, a member of the company of sharpshooters from this State, to his father in this city:

Camp near Fredericksburg, Va., Aug. 21st, 1862.

As I have not had a chance to post this letter yet and have some interesting details of one of the late battles:—

From Alexandria, Sept. 1st, 1862.

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Alexandria, Sept. 1st, 1862.

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As I have not had a chance to post this letter yet and have some interesting details of one of the late battles:—

From Alexandria, Sept. 1st, 1862.
on the hip bone, with a grape shot and putting my hand around quickly, was very much hurt. I lay down as fast as I could and had done me no further damage than to lame me considerably. Now the fire became terrific, and being answered by our batteries we were obliged to fall back through it. The boys went off as fast as they could, and I, with my own junt could not keep up, so I took up a musket ball which I used as a gun barrel. I was not much excited, for I knew I should not hit any line of men. Seeing a basket that somebody had left behind, I went to it and got a nice piece of bacon from it, for I was hungry. Put on, a few miles, where Dury's house was, was drawn up to receive two regiments of rebels, who were coming up. I went back about fifteen rods and stopped to see the performance. The rebels came up within about ten rods, received the "redlegs" fire without finishing, baled and delivered their own fire, and then charged. Within five minutes that a part of the regiment broke and run leaving one third of their number dead and wounded. It was horrible.

Seeing the rebel near me, I thought I had better to take to the brush, so I ran to run a few steps, till I got into a ravine, which sheltered me, and then made off. Finding my regiment had gone to the rear, and that it was quite a dangerous place, I thought of advantage to the long lines of the surface to keep myself sheltered from the bullets as much as possible. Soon the engagement began general, and the rebels flanked us and drove us all back a little ways upon the Reserve, and then the firing almost ceased for the night. About dark I found what of the regiment had got to, and we began to march back towards Centerville. As I had been sick all day I soon got tired out, and with Frank Smith and four or five others fell out and laid down for the night. In the morning Frank and I went on to Centerville.

Sharps' Letter.

Hall's Hill, Va., Sept. 4, '62.

Dear Father and Mother,—Thinking you might want to hear from me again, I take the present opportunity of penning a few lines that you may know I am well. I wrote you a letter when I was at Fredericksburg and should have written again, but I have had no chance.—Letter writing was prohibited until we reached here.

We have had another battle on the old battle field of Bull Run. The next day after I wrote you from Fredericksburg, we marched away toward the Rapidan, we did not cross the river but went up and struck the railroad at Rappahannock Station; marched up the railroad to Manassas Junction, and there turned toward the Bull Run battle field. On Saturday we joined Pope's and McDowell's forces, together with Gen. Sigel's command. They had had a battle the day before, and was in line of battle when we came up. Porter's corps immediately marched to the front. Ours regiment deployed as skirmishers; we drove the enemy's skirmishers in through a piece of woods and across an open field into another piece of woods. We soon found the enemy's force; they opened from a few batteries, to which some of our batteries replied for a long distance. Soon an order came for us to advance, and our company (G,) and B had to cross the open field; the Lieutenant yelled and away we dashed into the face of the enemy's fire. Some of the boys were wounded as they ran. There was a kind of gully in the middle of the field into which we went and laid down; the rebels tried to shell us out and their skirmishers tried to sharp shoot us, but we kept on shooting, and soon stopped their fun. We lay in the ditch until three or four o'clock, and then our column charged. We advanced at the same time and then came the tug war! the enemy opened all their masked batteries on us; their forces were behind a railroad or bank and our columns charged upon them. My God! what a sight it was! what slaughter in our ranks! Shot, shell, grape, canister, and musket balls filled the air. Our Co. and B occupied a position on the left of our division and a very dangerous one it was. The enemy determined to drive us off as we had good range on some of their batteries; but we stood our ground. After a while our forces began to fall back, this they did in good order. It was a badly managed attack from the beginning; our artillery was back too far and did not reply only once and awhile to theirs. Our forces fell back to the hills where we had plenty of field artillery planted. While this was going on the enemy were flanking us on the right and on the left, and had it not been for some of our heavy guns our whole left flank would have been turned, and we would have had another Bull Run. We succeeded in holding and driving them back. About dark Porter's corps fell back to Centerville; we lay there two days and was in line of battle most of the time. On the night of the second we marched towards Fairfax a little way and lay down and slept till morning; we reached Fairfax a little before noon and went into camp. We were then on some side lovely Lou'sonsville. Yesterday we came up here within or four or five miles of Washington, back again where we were a year ago. I tell you if it is enough to discourage us all; it has been nothing but march, march, fight, fight, and what have we gained. Not much; all our army has gained is partially upon the Mississippi and James rivers.

Our regiment lost 58 killed and wounded. We had 9 wounded and I missing in our company; some killed, one or two may die, I cannot tell. I can think of nothing more to write. Good bye. I am as ever,

Charley M. Champlin.

From Jordan's Sharpsshooters.

Harrisonia, Ill., U. S. S. S., Camp at Hall's Hill, Va., Sept. 4, 1862.

Editors Patriot.—Once more I address a few lines to your valuable paper hoping there may be something interesting enough about this little word of "battle" to make it worth your while. At the writing of my last letter at Harrisonia Landing we were under marching orders. At six o'clock the next morning we struck tents and left, the march was on. After about forty miles of marching we were on the move with orders to cross the Chickahominy that day, which I did, a march of about seventy or about two days, which took us for two nights. For the night we small Company had dwindled down about half, they were scattered all along the road used up with fighting. I thought I had a duty to perform in going around the little soldiers and make them comfortable. By the way the boys brought in forage (green corn, apples, peaches, eggs, chickens and even Figs) you would think we had been pretty generally read amongst the boys, but mind you all this had to be done on the run, for the regiment has been too busy to stop altogether and pick up stragglers, but many was the one that gave them the slip. As you believe well, you better believe we got our fill, we even more than we would dare do at home, but without having to own to it.

About four miles the other side of Williamsburg is a cross road and there it was that I saw some most excellent guides board the F. F. V.'s, they don't tell very well for their education, or artists skill in the getting of them. Roads was up and cross roads and m's made wrong side to, and the w's was m's, and their m's was w's and if I may be called a judge I should say it was a very bad job. Some of the L's on the letters on the road we write it as one, but I think it was a very large town or place we had seen since we were in the service. The weather is very warm, houses and some good ones, but all old and the place had a kind of a dreary deserted look about it, as if it was not worth the name of a more or grocery open there. I saw some white folks there but the most of the population was from a called folks from a called folks. The next day our march was twelve miles to Yorktown, which we found the longest twelve miles we ever saw. Ten Pope's order that night. That night we camped on our old camping ground that we occupied on last spring, but it was hardly anything it was all grown over with weeds and grass—While there I went and lay down in my old tent where we were last fall. I lay there and the happy hours we spent there and at the comrades who were with us were good times. Then the next day there was a shower and a good one, the rail soft and a cool breeze, I rolled myself up in my blanket and went to sleep and dreamt of home. The next day we marched again for Hampton which place we reached about dark and camped amongst the rails here thought we wanted to make camp to eat dinner, the morning we had to take the back track Newport News, which place we reached about noon and went on board the steamer John A. Warren for Aquia Creek. While there we found two of our little boys.
Charles Kiwood and Oliver Melvin, but neither well enough to join the company. After we got aboard the steamer we swung out into the stream and were off, leaving the army behind; which was sunk last spring by the rebel Merrimac with about five hundred on board, shot and shelled. All the next day a howling and rigging are standing yet but none of her hull shows above the water. It is a sorry sight I assure you at her and think of the dead that are in her.

Just before sun down we got under way, and steamed up, passing Fort Monroe and Fort Monroe, and through a perfect forest of mast—Hampton Roads and Fortress Monroe one complete body of vessels, transports, ships of war, and guns, which it was impossible to get through. As we passed up the river, we saw Fort Monroe, and our regiment at that time. After our skirmishers struck the woods, we were in a straight course from where we started from.

Why did we go round so far? Because it would not be military to go straight. In that camp we lay two nights and one day, the longest time we had layed since we left Harrison's Landing in the morning of the second day. (dates I have forgotten all about,) we started again and marched the road we came over and passed through the old town of Manassas Junction, which we found in the mouth of the creek. All there was there were johns and water, built out into the woods, and covered with warehouses filled with commissary stores, and a railroad track running to the railroad. We were there waiting for us to get on. After a good deal of trouble and hurly burly we were safely deposited on the point of four o'clock, and rode to Frederickburg. By the by, at Newport News, our regiment was cut in two. This regiment consisted of companies K, I, J, L, and M, under command of Col. Kinder. L. J., having taken some other boat and did not get to Frederickburg until after we did. While we were on the boat our boys found a good chance to spend their money, and they went in some. Sharp spectacles had a lot of water melons, ginger cakes and cheese aboard, which he soon sold out at running prices. One dozen ecoks for a quarter, a piece of cheese as large as your hand for a quarter, melons for seven or ten cents. What the most of us wanted they were shut in the trains which were behind the road leading to Alexandria, which we followed, and at night we reached Manassas Junction. The next day we reached a point within two miles of Manassas Junction where there had been a by pass of Charles Hunt and Hooker's Division. The rebels burnt two bridges and two empty trains of cars, which was in the way of our troops. We got on the road and had to be burned by our troops which you probably heard of. While looking for water, I found three dead rebels, three young boys and all shot through the head. We buried them, and they lay which is a soldiers fortune always.

The next day we thought it certain we would get into a fight, but the nearest we got to it was to receive three or four compliments from the "rebels," in the shape of three inch shells, which brought up our column standing for a few moments, when we fell back about a mile, where Gen. McDowell passed us, going to the front. He is a surly looking fellow and had not shaved for two or three days: he had on a funny looking hat, which looked like an Euchre card from the side. He was not greeted by anyone, as General McClellan is when he passes the troops. Moreover (Saw that,) and as he turned the road they were not even noticed by him, if his own division can be believed, they don't like him much, for I heard many a man say they thought him a very ignorant man.

At dark we went back to where we were sheltered, and slept there till night. What shell the rebels threw at us killed one and wounded three infantry men, and also wounded one man in our regiment belonging to Company K. The next morning we started again, and finally pitched up on the old Bull Run battle ground No 1, and there it was that we got fighting again, which we had been looking for, for the last three or four days. As near as I can understand, Porter's corps had the center and was attacked by the rebels to the right, which was under command of Gen. Hancock. The center and left was under command of Gen. Meade. The center was the first to be attacked, but the rebels were driven out of the woods, across an open field, and then a second battle began. Companies G and B were acting as sharpshooters for the rest of the regiment at that time. After our skirmishers and the sharpshooters shot across the field for a few moments, the Colonel ordered Lieut. Nash, of Co. G. to lie in command of this regiment and ordered the other companies across the field in front, and swing the right around through a point of high ground to the right. We started, and as soon as we got out of the wood, we got a perfect shower of bullets.
C. N. Jacobs, Orderly, was shot in the arm: so I could not spare, with men to take care of them. Hon. cve.-y day. one of these men had no support, and had to fall back, tents, food, meat, and everything they had of which they got road, which the rebels were using as a breastwork. Wo were firing at us, but we got to A ravine when we were about three miles below Shepherdsville. We got there, but we did not fully believe it until yesteryear when it was confirmed. Only one man was wounded, and many killed and wounded out of those who were in our regiment, but we know for a matter of course, and do not speak of it so easily. We are in the line now, and you will see by it is not the usual, as we are in the line now, and you will see by the heading of this letter, opposite a lord, and we could hardly believe it and did not fully believe it until we were confirmed. He was a good and amiable companion and had no fault, and his death also is deeply regretted by the company who also sympathizes with his father in the loss of so noble a son —

All the new recruits go through a regular course of drill every day and are getting quite proficient in the drill and manual of arms, and I guess we are splicing for a fight, of which they got a small hint the other day.

Our camp is full of rumors of every description every day, one of which happened a few days ago and created a good deal of excitement and rejoicing. It was that the capture of Richmond by our forces. It came in by 10 o’clock at night, and all the regiments were called out to the last man, and as you may suppose there was a great deal of excitement. The next day it turned out particularly false —true as far as the capture of Richmond went, but not true of one Richmond.

Another which creates a good deal of excitement and argument in the north is, that the Rebel Congress have sent Peace Commissioners, 10,000 strong, to Washington. Some believe it and some don’t, and some think those who think we are ‘impossible, but very improbable,’ as for myself, I can’t see it.

Yesterday there was a grand review of Gen. Porter’s corps by the President and General McClellan. Everything went off splendidly, and I guess we gave satisfaction all around. The
President looked very plain, he was dressed in plain black, even to a tall stone pipe hat, and he rode a black horse. I did not get a very good look at him, for he was on the move all the while, but from what I did see, I thought he had a very careless look, and looked thinner than he did a year ago. He was loudly cheered by all the troops, except the Regulars, who I believe don’t never cheer, he acknowledged the compliment by one of his smiles and uncovered head as he rode down the lines.

Now I want to say something about home matters, and that is, how is the State pay coming out. I see from the papers that it is almost used up, and our special session of Legislature neglected or refused to make any provisions for the continuance of it. The boys here seem to think that now Wisconsin has all about the troops she can raise by volunteering, she wants to break her promises as the county of Dane did. Now if you can enlighten us enlightened individuals out here any in relation to that we wish you would. There is a great many here who are deeply interested in that State pay, and don’t want to and say they won’t see their families thrown on the cold charity of the public. Some of the “stay at homes” seem to think and say that thirteen dollars a month is enough for any family to live on a month. Perhaps it is, but few of us can send home that amount of pay every month, for there is lots of little articles of a very necessary character, which we have to buy here, and they can’t be bought here as cheap as at home either.

And to end this letter, I will say to all such men, just come here and try it one month, and live on nothing but hard tack, salt pork and coffee, as we have done for the last four weeks.

An Old Subscriber.

For the introduction of rice and corn, articles largely consumed in the island, business relations should be established with Charleston, South Carolina, Baltimore, Maryland, and Norfolk, Virginia.

Vessels from 100 to 150 tons are the most suitable in the traffic with the United States; small cargoes being sold at greater advantage, and it being easier to secure a return cargo of sugar for the proper account, or to freight the vessel for two or three cents more. The rates are generally from 37 to 43 cents per 100 pounds for sugars, and $2.50 to $3 per hogshead of 110 gallons for molasses.

Relations with Hamburg and Bremen are convenient to facilitate procuring provisions from those countries.

Consignments of the manufactures and products of England, and also of some parts of France, are useful in many cases to reimburse the credits opened in those countries, and some interest should be taken for this purpose in sugars.

The introduction of machinery for the use of the various industrial pursuits of the country would be profitable, with good connections with the manufacturers at home to render easy the importation of such articles in this branch of commerce. There are other local transactions and trade, not indicated, that are more frequent, and bring extended relations and connections with the business of the island when they are looked after and attended to by a house of the first order.

The business established with the United States being of great magnitude, it is very important that from there we should have some capital which, without doubt, might be invested here to great advantage.

Recapitulatory statement showing the value of importations of one American House in San Juan, Puerto Rico, during the six months ending June 30, 1859.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Value</th>
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<tr>
<td>Flour, provisions, and coal</td>
<td>$118,000</td>
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<td>American produce, including lumber,</td>
<td>182,000</td>
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<td>ice, &amp;c</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>300,000</td>
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</table>
I have been enjoying one in camp to day. Last evening we were all permitted to go down town; to-day we were all permitted to remain in camp—officers and all; the instructions to the guards being to let no man or commissioned officer pass out. To-night we were again allowed to go out and "enjoy New year's night with our friends."

We enjoy ourselves finely here; have enough to eat and some to spare. Our surplus rations we trade for milk, cabbages, beets, and other "goodies" that are brought into camp. One loaf of bread, 22 ounces, procures us a quart of milk or a nice cabbage. We do not pretend to consume all of our beef; (one and a quarter pounds per day,) but make it furnish us with extra butter, sugar, molasses, rice, or candles.

The health of the regiment is good, and has been, with the exception of one hundred or more cases of the measles. The Surgeon has laid his hands full for a couple of weeks past. The most of the patients are now well, I believe, or rapidly becoming so.

We have about two-thirds of our uniforms, and 120 horses, all owned by the men. The contract for the purchase of our horses you perhaps have noticed, was let at $44.75 per piece. The purchase has since been stopped for some reason. It is very well that it has, for we are not the men who are ambitious to ride any such horses. Eighty-five dollars for a horse! What a humbug!

The report that we are to go immediately to a camp of instruction at New Albany, and spend the winter, does not disturb us at all. We believe reports of moving when we see the tents struck and baggage packed into the cars. Sooner than that, it is not safe to believe anything. The universal prayer of the soldier is, "do not let us go and strike a blow for our country before it is ruined." I assure you that it is not the wish of the men here to be drawing my money from the national coffers, and doing nothing in return. We say, let us go and settle up the trouble, that we may return to our peaceful pursuits and again do something that shall do some good to ourselves and to the world. It seems, sometimes, as if those who have the control of the movements of our armies were postponing the war as long as possible. The high salaries of some would cease if the war was ended; probably they have thought of it.

The box of blankets, quilts, socks, mittens, etc, sent by the patriotic ladies of our "Woodland Home," to the members of Co. G, was duly received, and the contents distributed. Every soldier was needed, and it is now doing good service. The box of books, collected by Prof. Jones, has been received in good order. We have also the library of nearly 200 volumes, purchased and on the way to us from New York.

Some of our men have organized an evening school, in which those who never have had an opportunity to learn to read and write, as well as those more advanced, are instructed.

Warlike preparations are still slowly progressing in Camp Harvey. We have received our sabres—a very superior article, by the way, costing $11.50 apiece. We may well be thankful that the Government has furnished us with so good a weapon, for if we ever get into battle, our very lives may depend upon the service-ability of our sabres.

We have received a letter from the Home Guards, of which he was a member, viz: "never to leave the State, unless it is needful." Still, report says we are to leave soon for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to go under Gen. Jim L. The Colonel has ordered it to that effect, but when we shall get ready to go is very uncertain. I believe, however, it is not the intention to wait here till we get all the horses, but that we shall get the remainder somewhere on the route.

We have received our sabres, and nearly all our camp equipage, blankets, clothing, &c. Everything is far, has been of the first quality; the sabres especially are much better than we had expected—being brass mounted and well made. The blades are about thirty inches long, and the naked weapon weighs about three pounds. We ought to do some execution with them, if ever we have an opportunity. The pistols are totally expected, but I believe we are to carry no carbine.

We are all quite jubilant at the idea of going under Lan. D and, if we were going to start to-morrow, what a about there would be in camp!

Since the 2d inst., I have been in the hospital, assisting in taking care of the sick. The measles have been going thro' the regiment, and when I first came in there was quite a number sick with them; though there are now but few, I believe about twenty, and most of those are able to walk about. While we remain here, a large brick hotel is used for hospital purposes, instead of tents. It is about a mile from camp, but is very pleasant and comfortable.

During the last week, the thermometer has indicated as low as 20° below zero. I was in camp yesterday, and the boys said they were perfectly comfortable that night. The way in which we have our tents fixed enables us to keep warm in almost any weather, besides giving us more room: boxes are dug in the ground about four feet, the sides are boarded up, and then the tents are set over them.

We Wausau boys went to the railroad
depot yesterday, to see H. MILLARD on the move to the Potomac. He looks
ragged and healthy, and I suppose the men down there, as well as ourselves
have done little but lie in camp and con-
sider Uncle Sam's provisions.

Commissary Sergeant Calkins tol-
d me yesterday that he had a number of
the new paper issued at Wausau; but I have not been in camp since, I have
not seen it. Success to the enterprise.

FROM KENOSHA.

CAMP HARVEY, Jan. 13, 1862

Editor Curtis—Time enough has
elapsed since my last letter to de-}
velop a few items for your readers.

The beginning of the new year
seems to instill into matters in camp a
new harmony and energy, hitherto
not experienced in this regiment, and
things are moving along quite smoothly, from the fact, I suppose, that our prospects seem fair for leaving
the state by the last of this month,
though it is uncertain.

Our destination, I presume, is
Fort Leavenworth, under Gen. Lane;
the boys are elated at the prospect of
entering upon active duty; if we go
under Lane I believe we shall have no
cause to complain of inactivity.

All we want is an opportunity to fight
the rebels; we enlisted for that purpose;
why stand we here idle?

There are now eleven companies on
the ground; and the 12th is expected in
a few days; they are not all full, but
are filling rapidly; the 12th is the last
and yet this seems to make
by Government; but it seems our
business is uniformed, and all will be;
the same with every volunteer;
or being received daily, and the purchase
superior horses are being purchased by
U. S. officer in Chicago, with the usual
and such variety, and the firm that will elo;
before this regiment is fully armed and
equipped, and on their way to the field
action. Whether? Rumor has it that
will form a portion of Gen. Lane's e
and will rendezvous at Ft. Leavi
worth. We sincerely hope this may po;
true; for where can a noble body of spiral
better be sent than to the support of such
noble leader—a man who knows his d
and cares to do it?

If not now, then ultimately, the State
Wisconsin will do justice and accord gra
tude to Col. Daniels, for his labors, his di
and his courage, while gathering this re
mote around him. Very few are able
to estimate the difficulty of the undertaking;
time, patience, and extent and variety of the resources it requires. But
unyielding will, the cheerful courage of the
imperishable good temper of this people,
have borne down every obstacle and con
sequence, and these 1,000 erratic troopers are
and will be a monument of services.

Maj. Lagrange has been but a few
weeks connected with the Regiment,
which few weeks have been sufficient to
make him the worth of the man. Men's instincts,
seldom at fault; Major Li had been a
day upon the grounds; before the time
numbers, began to be attached to him;
the feeling of attachment grows strong
every hour, as he becomes better known
as one of the privates remarked, he is
very hard hold of us. Sir, he has us by
heart. Soldiers alone, know the full
significance of such assertions as these, ap-
ning up spontaneously, and we predict
the future of the Regiment grows strong
every hour, as he becomes better known
as one of the privates remarked, he is
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LETTER FROM DANIELS' CAVALRY

The following letter, though not intended for publication, we take the liberty of laying before our readers. This we do, in the first place, because it contains such good advice; and in the second, because there are matters of interest in it relating to our friends and relatives in Wisconsin.

We thank our correspondent for his timely suggestion, and promise that we will never so far forget ourselves as to disgrace the Record by any blackguard strife or improper personalities. It shall always be our aim and delight to make it appear as an honor to Marathon County and a credit to ourself. For the future, as heretofore, to advocate the right, and spurn error shall be our watchword, and no “dirty or scurrilous sheet” shall turn us therefrom.

We hope to hear often from our friends at Camp Harvey; and his communications will ever find a welcome place in our paper:

CAMP HARVEY, Kenosha, Jan. 22.

EDITOR RECORD:—I have received the first and second numbers of the Marathon County Record, and very welcome messengers they were to me—reminding me of the many friends and pleasing associations I have left behind. I also see by it that you are its editor; you have assumed a great responsibility, and in the discharge of your duties, allow me, as a friend, to entreat you not to demean yourself and disgrace the Record by noticing any dirty, scurrilous sheet with which it will be your misfortune to come in contact.

Let your paper ever advocate the right, and spurn error in whatever garb or circle it appears, and it will be a lasting benefit to mankind. If it continues to be conducted in a like spirit with the two numbers before me, I do not hesitate to say that it will be an honor to Marathon County and a credit to yourself. I wish you prosperity; and if I can add to the interest of your paper in any manner, I will do so, when circumstances permit.

Perhaps a little account of our camp, &c., will be interesting to you. It is named, as you must be aware, in honor of our new Governor, and is situated one mile south of the Court House, near the Lake Shore, on a sandy plain—thus keeping us clear of the mud incident to heavy soils. Our regiment now numbers eleven organized companies, and a twelfth is almost full; thus making, when complete, twelve hundred volunteers—and a better set of men cannot, I think, be found in the whole army.

Since the Colonel’s staff has been appointed, the discipline has become excellent, and all are well liked. Dr. Lewis, of Bull Run notoriety, is our Lieutenant Colonel, and although Daniels was at one time very unpopular, we now hear nothing against him—so well pleased are we with the other officers. Our tents are of the “Sibley” style—being conical in shape, and accommodating seventeen men more comfortably than the square tents do six. The rations are dealt out from the Quartermaster’s department daily, and are cooked by the men; and the quantity and quality are such, that most of the men have a surplus, which they trade for milk and garden vegetables. The rations consist of 12 oz. of pork or 20 oz. of beef, 22 oz. of bread or flour, 8 quarts of beans per 100 men; 15 lbs. of sugar, 8 lbs. of ground coffee and 10 lbs. of rice per hundred men, besides salt, soap and candles daily.

In addition to this, syrup is dealt out twice a week, at the rate of one gallon to a hundred men; butter is also given at the rate of 1 oz. per man, and potatoes as often as the weather will justify.

We are now equipped and armed with sabres, but not pistols, which are to be six-shooters, are still on the way. Today, the Colonel, Quartermaster and Majors have gone to Chicago to meet Gen. Lake, and ere this month ends, I should not be surprised if we were on the way to Fort Leavenworth. We are certain to go under him, and when you hear of Montgomery and Lake, you may expect to hear of the “Pinery Boys.”

We are highly elated at the prospect, for if we get with them we know we shall not “spile for a fight.”

A great many of the boys have been sick with the measles, but none of those from Wausau. Yours truly,

HIRAM CALKINS.
energies in restoring fugitive slaves to rebel masters? These men are the soldiers of freedom—they follow and fight under the banner of their country, to bring it out of the thunder of battle and from beneath the feet of traitors, grander and purer than ever before—to set it up among the nations and in the eye of all the future as the symbol of liberty and hope for mankind. This may displease the Milwaukee News and other sheets of that character; it may set the wretched political ours who have, from the first, been yelping at the heels of Col. Daniels, astray.

But the Regiment marches forward to the service of its country and liberty, in spite of all such; they go down before it with their malignant opposition, and of the need, greed and prejudice which marked their entire action, nothing will be left them but the heart burning and bitterness of defeated effort.

The Regiment is now prepared to march, not as others were reported, weeks ago to be prepared which are still in the State; but ready in the number of men in uniforms, equipments, arms, drill, discipline, etc. Even ready, it may be said in horses, for they wait the men in Chicago. And what is next best after this preparation to march is the prospect of marching with Gen. Lane. The very mention of this sets the boys wild with delight. He is the man of all others whom the Regiment wants to follow. Under him there is no hark of danger, no grandeur of achievement it will not reach.

The sanitary condition of the Regiment is very good. Under the skillful and faithful supervision of Dr. George, head surgeon, the sickness is reduced to the very lowest point, or to state the matter more correctly, sickness is almost wholly prevented. The Doctor believes more in keeping the men well than in doctoring them when they are sick; hence he laborers more than any army physicians. I know it to be a fact that there are few officer in the Regiment who work harder or no complain more than he. He does not put upon the shoulders of the assistant surgeons the more laborious or repulsive cases. He takes the burden upon himself, and the good health of the men attests his fidelity.

Should you grant me room, I have more to say upon a future occasion.

Yours truly,

S. H. Y.
From the 1st Regiment.
Camp Harmony, Ewing, Jan. 26, 1861.

According to your last instruction, I must say to your readers a few lines in regard to this, the first, and probably the only Cavalry-regiments which the State has ever had.
better, but as it is, I am better off here. I suppose we shall enjoy being at home all the more when we do get there.

We have not got our pay yet, but hope to get it every day; we may not get it till the last of March.

I must bring this letter to a close, for I want to send it by Uncle W—, who leaves to-morrow morning.

He has enjoyed the life of a soldier much; making fun for us, as he always does for the boys; we shall miss him very much. Write soon, and love to all.

Your cousin, C. F.

CAMP HARVEY.
KENOSHA, Jan. 29th, 62.

EDITOR RECORD:—Like an Angel of mercy, the "Record" has paid us his weekly visit for the past three weeks, and I can assure you, its appearance is highly prized by the "Pinery Boys" and especially, the Waukesha boys. We read and record the local news and army correspondence and thus enjoy, in spirit, the society of our old associates. Don't forget, we absent ones are anxious to hear from old friends at home. Send us the Record with all the local news you can pick up.

Your home readers have probably been well posted as to our camp, so I shall not trouble you with a further description, than to say, that notwithstanding the Mercury has marked as low as twenty-five degrees below zero, attended with strong winds, the boys were comfortable in their tents. Sleighing has been fine here for two weeks or more, and all but we, poor soldiers, seem to enjoy it; but when you are informed that the regular routine of camp duties are kept up here, daily, you may well suppose a foot of snow, is no welcome guest, but still the men continue their drills and guard standing as though no impediments were in the way. The prospects of going under "Jim Lane" is sufficient to buoy the spirits of good soldiers, above obstacles of the greatest magnitude.

Our Col., Major, and Q. M. met Gen. Lane at Chicago, and he assured them that we should go with him. He telegraphed McClellan "I must have Col. Daniel's Wisconsin Cavalry Regiment," so we are waiting with anxiety for the order, "Forward to Dixie." Fight is in our boys, and if "Uncle Sam" prevents it, he will certainly be chargeable with man slaughter, as some of the boys will spit. Notwithstanding we have been so long in camp, our boys are well disciplined, except a few, who have disgraced our regiment, both at Ripon and here, and their insubordination led to a trial by Court-Martial, of about a dozen.

Sunday last, in presence of the whole regiment, the sentences of court, were executed upon those found guilty. It was a scene, the like of which I wish never to witness. Picnics, showing the offenses which they had been found guilty, were fastened to the back of the car, and exhibited to the public. The criminal, and he then marched by a guard in review before the regiment. The offenses charged were various, but prominent among the cards, two classes of descriptions struck me forcibly. These were "Chicken Thief," and "Perjurer." After being marched in review they were taken to the guard-house, and "chicken thief" compelled to stand upon a barrel of flour for one hour, in view of all present. Others were sentenced to be fed on bread and water for twenty-four hours, and hard labor for one week. The easterly wind, as you may judge, has been salutary.

It is gratifying to record the fact that not one of the "Pinery Boys" was ever suspected of offence. Generally, the regiment is composed of the best class of men, who will not countenance wrong even in soldiers.

The health of the regiment is now good, although many have had the measles. We understand there are only about twelve in the hospital, and none dangerous.

Last week we had the pleasure of seeing the Ninth Regiment, and the First, Second, Third and Fourth Batteries Artillery, on their way to "Dixie." "God bless you," was the general sentiment expressed, on the occasion. In the third Battery I noticed several of our old friends from the Pinery. They seemed elated with the prospect of seeing "Secessia"

Our regiment is full. (twelve companies except some of the companies have only the minimum, and will continue to fill up till the maximum is attained, unless ordered off before. We are well equipped and ready for work, and if we get under Lane, we feel sure we shall have it.

Last I tax your patience I will close with the promise, with your permission to keep you posted in matters of interest, as they may occur.

Yours, etc., CAVALRY.
FIRST CAVALRY, Kenosha.}
Camp Harvey.

DEAR ZOUAVE:—Doubts still shroud the movements of the Wisconsin cavalry. Col. Daniels has been absent on a tour to Washington about six weeks, and what will be the result of his visit and actions we are unable to even guess. The prevailing sentiment among the officers is that we shall be fortunate enough to go into more active service, and as such an event is always expected, the regiment is more than full, all equipped and uniformed, and with about 250 horses. If indeed, it be true, that a complete regiment so well drilled and prepared for service is to be disbanded or assigned to another military position it will cause the utmost dissatisfaction, with merited cause and reason. Why Wisconsin cannot furnish one, or even three cavalry regiments, as well as 20 of infantry, or as well as other states, with less material, is a question we would like to have satisfactorily answered, if it can be done. To disband the 1st Cavalry Regiment, would be to the same effect as squandering large sums of money which has been appropriated for its preparation. Loss of time, means, and men, would be the inevitable results of such a step.—

There has been quite a sufficiency of this kind of business already.

When this Regiment was removed from Ripon to Kenosha, (where we now are) it was plainly understood we should leave the state as soon as ready. The "Press" has howled over it in discussing terms of efficiency in his capacity as Colonel, and the public sentiment all along, from the time of its first organization, has been, distrust and prejudice. There have been abundant reasons for it, it is true, but the censure should fall, not upon the inefficient "pets" of ex-ministers of power, but upon those who have controlled the destiny of this Regiment ever since last July. Lieut. Col. Daniels, (not Col. Colonell) has been actuated and backed by official power in all his proceedings relative to our regiments, and his movements and existence as a Cavalry Regiment, and it is there, in the foundation cause the censure and blame should justly fall. If a man is unfit to hold so responsible a position, it is the duty (not the policy) for rulers of State to see that he is removed and a competent person be made to supply the vacancy.

In a few days, at most, we shall know what is to become of the noted "Daniels' Cavalry." In point of view as a regiment of military men, it is the best that has ever been mustered in the "Badger State," and if permitted to go out into active work, would prove itself the flower regiment of Wisconsin.

Three companies are mostly graduates or students from advanced college classes. Some of the best citizens Wisconsin are uniformed among men of education, ability and
principle. Certainly it is hoped the
Regiment will preserve its position as
Gavaley and be allowed to represent the
state in that capacity.

More in the future.

L. WALKER
Camp Harvey
Kenosha, Feb. 8th, ’62.

EDITOR RECORD:—In looking over the
last number of your paper, I discovered
that you had taken the liberty to publish my
letter, which was addressed to you and
not designed by me for publication.—
You have done me the credit of
acknowledging that fact, and "the court"
having had the matter under considera-
tion is prepared to grant you pardon
upon your promise, not to do the like
again. Perhaps your readers are ever
anxious to hear from soldiers, that have
sacrificed all the pleasures of home and
friends, for their country's good, if so
you are at liberty to publish so much of
this as you may think readable. But
few persons, who have not had experience
know the trials or duty of soldiers. I
find it very different from a "free fight."
It is drill and discipline; discipline and
drill, day in and day out. Men who
have been educated as soldiers, think
discipline indispensable to success, hence
the delay in our great army. I wish not
to be a judge in this matter, but will
give it as my opinion, that had we
had but a dozen civilians for our leaders,
whose hearts were in the cause, and who
knew the will of the men that make up
our vast army, ere Manassas was fortified,
Norfolk, Richmond, Charleston and New
Orleans would have been occupied by
our loyal boys, and traitors taught the
severe lesson of their folly. It may be
true, that the result would have been the
shedding of a vast amount of loyal blood,
but who would rather die upon the
battle field than drag out a miserable
existence in the camp. I venture the
assertion that more misery is experienced
in the do-nothing policy of our educated
leaders, than could have been the case,
in an active, go-ahead policy. Those
conclusions have forced themselves upon
my mind, from a careful observation of
the material our army is made of. I
had forgotten, that it is sacrilegious, and
punishable for soldiers to speak against
their superiors, so I will pursue this
branch no further.

I wrote you that we were clated with
the prospect of going under Lane. Our
ardour has been dampened somewhat, by
the news that a difficulty exists between
Gen. Hunter and Lane. We know Lane,
and with him to lead we know something
will be done. With Gen. Hunter we
fear, the do-nothing policy will rule—
Our departure for "Dixie" will doubt-
less be retarded in consequence of that
difficulty, but I trust ere long you will
have the gratification of knowing that
we are off. Could you but hear the ex-
pressions of joy that goes forth from the
men, when we receive encouraging news
of our early departure, you could not
doubt, that these men's hearts are in the
work of putting down rebellion. We are
all, I believe, anxious for the time of our
departure to arrive. With the excep-
tion of a few odds, I think the regiment
is in fine health, and if we were to march
tomorrow, nearly all would be ready
and able to go. Our regiment is now
full, numbering twelve companies, thus
making three battalions, each of which
has a Major, an Adjutant, Sergeant-Maj-
or, and Quartermaster, thus making a
place for a goodly corps, who are patri-
ots (?) (when they can get office.)

To-day it has been rather amusing in
our camp from the fact of a certain num-
ber of the boys (about a dozen) having
tired of confinement in camp, last-
night, took it into their heads to go out,
and have a little fun, consequently try-
ning their agility, which by-the-by may
not be a bad idea properly exercised;
they succeeded in passing the guards,
and finding no "sneezy" enemy, they
concluded to encounter some enemy, so
they grappled "old rye," and as usual
in such encounters, the enemy got the
best of the fight, and the poor victims
were brought into camp, and to-day,
under the charge of our old friend, Ser-
gent Bullock, have been put through
a series of duties, that none but good
obedient soldiers would be willing to do,
carrying wood for camp, cleaning streets
&c. That a body of twelve hundred
men should have some hard cases, is not
surprising, but that men, in the full
possession of their faculties, should conduct
themselves so as to be put upon the
menial task of slaves, is surprising; but
so it is. Such scenes disgust all lovers
of good order, and happily for us, finds
but few sympathizers. One thing I have
to console me, and it must be a consola-
tion to our friends at home, that is, not
one of the "Pinery boys" have been
captured in such company, but on the
 contrary, they are acknowledged to be
worthy of imitation. Perhaps this arises
from the fact that the Pinery has a hard
name, abroad. Having written more
than I intended when I commenced, I
shall leave it with you to do as you like
with it. I had like to have forgotten to
assure you, that the Record is always
gladly received by me.

Very Truly Yours,

FROM THE FIRST WISCONSIN CAVALRY.

CAMP HARVEY,
KENOSHA, March 8, ’62.

EDITOR RECORD:—The long looked
for order,—"into line for Dixie"—has
at length come and all is bustle in camp,
reminding us of ancient Cuba. I have
only time to say the order is just received
for our departure for St. Louis on Tues-
day next, so that ere you receive this
we shall doubtless be in "Dixie Land."
It would do you good to see with what
delight, the order was received by the
boys, who have been so long wishing a
hand in the fight for the Union. All are
packing up and forwarding to the depot,
with all the means in our power, and by
Monday night we shall be ready to start.
Few if any will be left behind as "sick."

You will doubtless have full discip-
lation of our departure by your Correspond-
ent, "Cavalry," which will save me the
trouble. Send the Record to me.

Yours in haste,

HIRAM CALKINS.

Kenesha Correspondence

CAMP HARVEY, Kenesha, 1
February 15th, 1862.

FRIEND WRIGHT:—And still mat-
ters are dragging slowly along the
same as usual. This is true of both
the conduct of the war and of this
regiment. Occasionally a cramp of
comfort is dropped to us in the form
of a little success, which is heralded
throughout the land as a great victo-
ry. But judging from precedents the
victorious general must tremble in his
boots for fear of removal. Gen.
Thomas and Grant risked incurring
the wrath of the administration by
daring to engage the enemy, and their
success is flattering to us; but these
engagements were mere skirmishes
compared with the battles which would
be precipitated upon us should a vigo-
rous advance be made immediately by
the different divisions of the grand
army of the United States. The re-
result of these skirmishes indicate, how-
ever, how battles on a more extensive
scale would terminate.

What is the policy of the adminis-
tration with reference to this war?
Like people generally, I for a long
time supposed it was so profound as to
be incomprehensible. I supposed it
must have a policy, and surmised that
ample time for preparation was to be
taken, and that much caution was to be exercised throughout. But I also supposed that finally, the war for crushing rebellion was to be vigorously prosecuted.

The policy of the President is certainly too profound for common minds; or, what seems more probable, he has no policy at all. Months have elapsed since there were over half a million of well drilled soldiers in the field, anxious for fight, and yet the powers that be show no sympathy other than a disposition to hold them back. The credit of the Government is being rapidly exhausted; the people are suffering from oppressive taxation—from the general suspension of business, etc.; the young men of the nation are lying in military encampments, becoming the victims of loose morals and disease;—in fact the nation is rushing into ruin, degradation, almost barbarism, with alarming velocity, and the administration seems powerless to impede its progress.

Inaction is the order of the day, and it seems as if the President is unaware of the immense responsibility resting upon him, and that he is incompetent for his place during this terrible crisis. It is my hope that there are events near at hand which will remove this apprehension; but we have hoped anxiously through many dark months until all ground for hope has nearly disappeared.

A sensible and vigorous policy for the conduct of this war must be speedily developed, or else Mr. Lincoln will leave the Presidential chair without the regrets, gratitude or thanks of the loyal American people, and his name will be inscribed in history among those who by a series of circumstances have been placed in positions much higher than they had the capacity to fill. The individual interests of the people are well, and able to devour their rapture, were those of the inhabitants of those counties at 2:40 speed. Our Frenchman from Missouri has the courage to express himself, and he is familiar with the scenes and people with whom the President were the principal features of the evening, would perhaps have been considered more appropriate. He had it not followed a day of fasting and prayer, appointed by himself, for a reason not yet removed, and were it not for the fact that half a million of thousands of troops are now required in the immediate vicinity of the Presidential mansion to enable him to retain possession of it.

I have said more with regard to the administration of our national affairs than I intended; but still I cannot help thinking that I have expressed the views of a great majority. I have cheerfully defended the administration so long as it appeared that there was anything to hope for from it. If a change comes for the better no one will hail it with more joy, or proclaim it in re freely.

Col. Daniels has not yet returned from Washington, where he went some weeks since to obtain information with regard to the fate marked out by the War Department for his regiment. He is expected home this week. Whether or not he will bring definite news is not positively known. We know nothing otherwise than that we shall be retained as a cavalry regiment, but there are many doubts with regard to it. I hardly think the men will consent to serve as infantry. Their officers throughout suited them and the war was pushed more vigorously, their patriotism would impel them to submit to the change. But these are two quite serious obstacles. We hope, however, that no such change is designed.

The health of the camp is quite good at present. Only 15 are in the hospital.

EAGLE

CAMP HARVEY, KENOSHA, Wis.

FEBRUARY 11, 1862.

FRIEND SHAKER:—No acts or events of any special interest to your readers, have transpired within our 'guard lines' since you last heard from Camp Harvey. It may however be proper to say that higher than they had the capacity to fill. The individual interests of the people are well, and able to devour their rapture, were those of the inhabitants of those counties at 2:40 speed. Our Frenchman from Missouri has the courage to express himself, and he is familiar with the scenes and people with whom the President were the principal features of the evening, would perhaps have been considered more appropriate. He had it not followed a day of fasting and prayer, appointed by himself, for a reason not yet removed, and were it not for the fact that half a million of thousands of troops are now required in the immediate vicinity of the Presidential mansion to enable him to retain possession of it.

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FEBRUARY 11, 1862.
tion under Lane—to be conducted on his well-known plan, which we believe is founded in wisdom, and which, if carried out, would result in crushing out rebellion more effectively than the policy pursued by the West Point Diplomats, in any other, or all other, divisions of the army. We felt confident that Lane would inaugurate a more vigorous mode of conducting this campaign than that which has been pursued by army leaders on the Potomac, who seem to be conducting this war to preserve the peculiar institution, and make such a steal on the loyal people of this government that the history of the world can furnish no parallel. But disappointment came in an order from Gen. Hunter, announcing his intentions to command the expedition himself.

In summer we were asked to look for great results when the warm weather was ushered—in the fall, to wait till winter, when we might expect to expect something decisive when spring opened. Delay has succeeded to our hopes and foreign powers are about to acknowledge the power which has kept the Federal army, but these long months, or act upon the reports furnished them by Jeff. Davis & Co., and we are compelled to admit the fact that the remarks made by the Chicago Tribune of the 6th in reference to the news brought from Europe by the Norse Scotia:

Do we say that the Government is satisfied with what it has done? Are the loyal people gratified at the beggarly account of successes that have followed the lavish outlay of men and money? This steamer's news finds the highest legislative body of the nation still arguing whether it shall expel a convicted traitor who comes like Catiline into the very Senate. It finds a Congress that has not yet had the courage and sense to pass a confiscation Act. It finds Washington filled with traitors, in government pay, whom neither Cabinet officers nor the Administration have had the firmness to root out and punish, or even given notice every movement made by our army against the enemy languishing from the dread that slavery may still exist; or, indeed, the rebellion. With the record of 1861 completed without one single vigorous blow struck at the heart of the rebellion, from the same point of view, and from the same point of view, finds West Point commanders consulting with the rebels and negro officers in Kentucky and on the Potomac. Finds a greater concern everywhere manifested in the moment of the war that the institution of treason stand alone than that the burdens and hardships imposed by this war on the people of the United States should be lightened. Finds all this.

Are we prepared to witness an any result that may be based on these findings?

In discovering these facts, we cannot fail to notice the remark of Tryon Stevens, when he said, "Oh, the resurrection of the spirit of Jackson." The blood gained for the Revolution have melted away, and our fathers long since gone to their reward; but where is the Patriotic, generous, liberty-loving zeal that animated the men of those times? Is there but one drop of their blood yet remaining in the veins of the American people? Are those who have volunteered to sustain the best government that ever shone upon, to die in hospitals and from inoculation, in many cases, within speaking distance of the enemy?

One ray of hope seems to reach us from the War Department. The Dispatches are to be relied upon. We hear that three commanding Generals, independent of each other, have been appointed by the President and Secretary Stanton, so that the whole war machinery will not be compelled to wait or stop running at the bidding of any one man except the President. And as the new Secretary says, that the object of this war is to attack and destroy the rebellious enemy and our faith in the Administration receives, and we will impatiently wait to see what time will prove. Unless time does demonstrate the fact that this sickness delay is for some wise purpose, the very administration whose inauguration was hailed with delight by men of all parties all over the Free States, will be down below zero—instead of being a triumph of freedom over barbarism, it will only serve to render Buchanan's administration comparatively respectable. Yours for emancipation.

KENOSHA, Feb. 12, '62.

Camp Harvey,

Editor Record:—You little know that "the powers that be" are not unmindful of the right. On this, in behalf of the Waukesha boys, I beg to extend the best of fellowship.

More anon,

CAVALRY.
DEAR CRESCENT: I wish to prove this tedious, cold and windy day, by writing a few lines to post you up with regard to the 1st Wis. Cavalry.

But little occurs now-a-days to break the monotony of every day’s life here in camp. Sober as the weather has been, we have been quite comfortable in our underground tents. We are warmly clad and well fed by Uncle Sam.

We know no more of our destination than we did four months ago. Many believe we shall be disbanded soon. Our prospects for seeing service are not very bright, yet I am not at all discouraged. It seems as if we should go, even if one regiment of Wis. Cavalry is disbanded. Most of those here will go to war some way at all events. They enlisted to go to war and they are going.

We have twelve organized Companies and all are nearly full. In Co. M, of which you are a member, there is now a member, there are about twenty-five Minnesota men, who have come here because they could not get into the cavalry at home.

We have organized a debating society, known as “the Co. M Lyceum,” in which there are witnessed such outbursts of eloquence as never were heard in the halls of Congress.

We have not been paid since the 1st of December, and then only to the 1st of November. There is no prospect of seeing any money soon; neither but there is very little complaint on that score or any other. We are all anxious to be off to war; yes, fairly dying with impatience to be in the land of secession, where we may see sabres flash and hear guns speak.

We have no pistols yet, but have good sabres. There are no more horses here than two months ago, viz., 150.

Our Colonel has been in Washington for several weeks negotiating, we suppose, for the acceptance of the regiment.

A few days since the patriotic Indians of the city presented the regiment with a beautiful flag. The citizens of Kenosha treat us very kindly indeed: there is the best of feeling between the two parties.

We are busily engaged in drilling and practicing sabre exercise nearly every day.

We mean to prepare for war whether we ever get into it or not.

From the 1st Cavalry.

Editor's Register:—As letters from the “soldier boys” are always interesting, I send you a part of one we received from a private in the 1st Regiment Wis. Cavalry, in barracks at Kenosha.

CAMP, Kenosha, Feb. 28, 1862.

Dear Friend: If you knew all my circumstances, I don’t think you would blame me if I didn’t write to you for any other man, once in six months.

In the last month or six weeks we have been in the most miserable state of doubt and suspense that can be imagined. We have been tortured by tales of dishonor and rumors of being turned into Infantry—fooled by stories that the Paymaster was in town, and reports that we had received marching orders.

We have now been in camp near sixty months, and have only half of our arms, no horses, and have received but one payment (and that only a partial one) in the whole time. And after drilling day after day, and month after month, we don’t know, our officers don’t know, and Heaven only does know, whether we are cavalry, infantry, artillery or anything in particular, or whether we ever will be. As for me, I am heartily tired of it, and would hail the order to leave the State to-morrow, with delight; even though I should be compelled to war with a shirt collar and a pair of spurs for my only uniform, and carry a stockin stuffed with saw-dust for a cannon weapon, and diet on bran and carpet rags during the entire campaign. I would willingly, when I heard of our glorious victory at Fort Donelson last week, have given all the money Uncle Sam owes me to have been in that fight, and felt the pride which I know I should feel, of having nobly struck a telling blow for my country and for freedom. All I ask, and all I wish, whether I live or die, is to be brought into the field as quick as possible and given a chance to vindicate the honor of the “dear old flag” under whose starry fold I have lived and been free. I had rather be an American and die with that emblem of freedom clasped in my hands, than be the king of any civilized nation on earth and live forever.

Our Colonel has been absent for nearly a month, figuring, I suppose, to get the regiment accepted as cavalry.

I have received three numbers of the Register, and shall be happy to have you do so some more.

But I am on guard to-day, and they are calling for the second relief; I must go at once.

My health is quite good at present, though I have had severe cold and have had to do immense amount of dancing and marching to get rid of it. Write soon.

From the First Wisconsin Cavalry.

CAMP SPRINGS, near Iron Mountain, Mo., March 23, 1863.

Friends: Wright: After a long toil and rough pilgrimage, at last we have set our stake to the “promised land,” &c., &c., in land which promises us as much as the “promised land” did the Israelites.

We started out last fall sometime, (have kept no diary) on a winter campaign, and we campaigned it to our heart’s content for three long months through the wildest and roughest country that ever held out before us.

We have been almost constantly in country where land sells at a shilling per acre, and it is the poorest investment a man can make at that; in a country where there are no houses or cultivated farms, but where, with intervals of eight or ten miles between, may be found log cabins, and five or six acres of green dog up around each, on which corn was raised; in a country where the few half-civilized inhabitants live solely on a compound of cracked-corn and water, and lank hog; where navies born American citizens do not know B from broomstick or anything else, beyond the distance to the next shanty. It is a country which the United States Government has receded from long ago; and before proroguing the war any farther I advise this Jeff Davis be given a quit-claim deed of it.

Well, we have marched and counter-marched through such a country the greater portion of the winter, and why wonder then that civilization gladdens us now?

Our regiment, the 1st Wis. Cavalry, arrived here in the 21st the men received four months pay and had a little season of enjoyment on the strength of it “down town.” Considering the hardships and privations the “boys” had endured during the winter, the officers left them pretty much unrestrained for a while, and they had a downright, old-fashioned spree, though, as is characteristic of the regiment, they behaved themselves with decorum, so much so that the citizens of Pilot Knob stated it was the worst civil regiment ever let loose in their streets. On the 22nd the first and second battalions started for St. Genevieve, on the Mississippi—80 miles above Cape Girardeau, leaving the third battalion here. The latter was finally removed to this camp, about which the whole of the Army of southeastern Missouri, 10,000 strong, is concentrated. The two battalions of our regiment which went to St. Genevieve was probably the advance of the army, the whole seeming to be destined for that point to get transportation down the river.

The winter campaign seems to have improved the health of the men rather than otherwise, notwithstanding its hardships. They never, as a body, looked to be in better health. The ladies of the town, as usual, now noted in the army for the fat, stout, healthy appearance of its men. The contrast presented to its appearance last September is decidedly great.

Col. Daniels has resigned and Lieut. Col. A. Gramling has been appointed in his place. The latter more than the former has been in command of the regiment since it was mustered into the service and, consequently, well knows its men, and is well known by them. He is a man possessed of remarkable genius and energy. I hope, for his years, being only twenty-five or so years of age. He entered the service as captain of the Bugle Rifles at the commencement of the war. When the First Wis. Cavalry was organized he was called here from the Potomac to take the position which he holds in the 1st Wisconsin, and has been present with the regiment constantly since joining it, except when upon his bed sick, which was not for a short period, and has contributed very much to the efficiency and discipline of the regiment which it has been noted, he has been present with it during all its important and hazardous operations. He was in command at the Black Bluffs fight, where a detachment of
The regiment entered the enemy against great odds and was soon after the regiment took to the field. On this occasion he displayed the utmost courage and ability in making a force under trying circumstances. Being dismounted at this point, he was not unwed from his saddle by a rebel officer, and appropriating his horse, a splendid light stallion, to his own use. The Colonel prized this horse very highly, partly because he was a valuable animal. Unfortunately, much to the sorrow of the Colonel, on our last long march from Arkansas, the horse sickened and died.

The boys are in fine health and spirits, and were expecting to be sent down the river; an event they ardently hope for.

FROM THE FIRST WISCONSIN CAVALRY.

Lettors have been received during the past week from members of 1st Wis. Cavalry, written to their friends in this village. They have been employed during their entire service in the field, in association with the brigade to which they are attached, in putting down the guerrillas of south eastern Missouri, and the borders of Arkansas.

That work having been very thoroughly accomplished, the 1st Wis. Cavalry has recently been ordered to St. Genevieve on the Mississippi, where they have received three months pay; the first money they have received from Government since last June.

The boys are in fine health and spirits, and were expecting to be sent down the river; an event they ardently hope for.

The First Wisconsin Cavalry.

The First Wisconsin Cavalry, Col. Edward Daniels, broke up a camp at this place, on Monday morning last, and took the cars for St. Louis.

This regiment numbers 1,150 men, and as we have before said, frequently composed of the best men—the best drilled and best disciplined—these have left the thirty horses, and saddle, and horse State.

We do not say this for any parry or flattery, or simply because the regiment will get the remainder of their animals in what we believe to be the right way. This regiment, in the mental bond (which is a fine one) were services, which both officers and men purchased with the savings from the missions of the men, while in camp, as a precautionary measure, the regiment furnished themselves for duties and labor as a private soldier, and will be before them.

A large proportion of the men have left high lucrative offices and positions in civil life, to fight themselves for the duties of the nation. They have patronized, last February, and has been making of the country was a good use of the winter months in thorough, well-organized and scientific training. Every regiment that we know, personally that the command has seen more or less service from any sudden or spasmodic excitement, or with the hope of place or power, but solely from a sense of patriotic duty, and a sincere wish to serve their country. And there has been no cause under heaven to which they have appealed on, in every emergency; at such a time the men of the First Wisc. Cav.

We felt confident this Regiment would make a more than ordinary impression wherever it went, as we have never main For the long looked for order,—"line for Dixie"—at length come and all is bustle in camp, reminding us of ancient Babel. I have only time to say the order is just received for our departure for St. Louis on Tuesday next, and if you receive this you shall doubtless be in "Dixie Land." It would you good to see with what delight the order was received by the boys, who have been so long wishing a hand in the fight for the Union. All are

picking up and forwarding to the depot, with all the means in our power, and by Monday night we shall be ready to start. Few men will be left behind as before.

You will doubtless have full description of our regiment by the correspondent of your correspondent "Cavalry," which will save me the trouble. Send the Record to me.

Yours in haste,

HIRAM CALKINS

From the Kenosha Telegraph.

Departure of the First Wis. Cavalry.

The First Regiment of Wisconsin Cavalry, Col. Edward Daniels, broke up a camp at this place, on Monday morning last, and took the cars for St. Louis.

This regiment numbers 1,150 men, and as we have before said, frequently composed of the best men—the best drilled and best disciplined—these have left the thirty horses, and saddle, and horse State.

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Yours in haste,
We were soon steaming down the Mississippi on one of those floating palaces of which I have often heard and read; but ere this had never seen. Twenty five miles of steamboating brought us to the Head quarters of the U. S. A. in the West, and chief commercial emporium of the South-West.

In the morning, we received our barrack and settling and arranging, incident to a regiment is going on. We found encamped here 8,000 men among them the 14th Wis. and a few batteries of Wisconsin Artillery. So it seems more at home. News reaches us that we are to leave immediately for some point, I know not where.

All letters and papers can reach us at present, by directing to Co. G, 1st Wis. Cavalry, Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Mo. Our company are all in good health, and enjoying themselves finely. The prevailing request among us is, "Give us a chance to fight," and many a boy is ready to realize it.

As I close this I am told that the 17th Wis. has arrived.

I must close this letter as I have no more time.

Yours, &c.

BENJAMIN BARRACKS, ST. LOUIS,
March 20th, 1862.

Dear Father: Amid the many doubts and fears of our regiment, we have, at last the satisfaction of knowing that we will not be disbanded, and that, after long and weary months of waiting and watching, praying and hoping, we find ourselves at length on the border of "Secessia." After starting from Kenosha, our journey was extremely pleasant, and, though the leaving of the hospitable and goodly city of Kenosha, was rather sad, for many of our boys had formed pleasant and lasting friendships there, and, indeed, many of us were from that city and its surrounding country, yet the boys parted with sadness, under the exhilarating effect of being fairly started for the sunny South.

Nothing of interesting import occurred on our journey until we arrived in our Great Western Metropolis—Chicago. At about 4 o'clock we were landed at the southern terminus of the Chicago & Milwaukee R. R. and marched through the city to the Chicago, Alton & St. Louis R. R. depot, where refreshments had been prepared for us. The encomiums passed upon our appearance, I am proud to say, were of the most flattering nature. In fact, I heard no one say anything derogatory to the regiment, in the slightest particular.

We are in good health generally, but the loss of sleep, and a slim supply of rations, left us in a sleepy and hungry condition.

It was nearly dark when we left Chicago, but we were enthusiastically cheered from the city—old and young shouting until their lungs gave out under such prodigious efforts. On our side the noise was terrible. Yells of the most horrid description, were sent from the powerful throats of our brave boys, and an occasional "yip-yip" rent the air, bringing back a noise equal to the young satans, we send about. All along the route the appearance of our train was the signal for the heartiest and most 'prolonged cries of welcome. But as twilight settled down, bringing with it darkness, the shouts of the boys gradually died away, and Morpheus claimed his right. One after another of the boys dropped to sleep, and all was quiet.

On the morning of the 18th, I arose, took my tent-cannek, which was full of water, and, together with some of the other boys, washed myself. Sleeping in a crowded rail-car, without devoting ourselves to a single article of attire, is uncomfortable to say the least, and seldom have I felt as tired and soro as I did after that stifling sleep on our trip. I was not the only one either, for on every side the boys were stretching themselves in every direction. Nothing could present a more ludicrous appearance—the rufous, woe-begone expression of the faces, rubbing of eyes and stamping of feet were enough in themselves to provoke the utmost mirth, but there was no one who did not feel just as bad as anybody else, and I assure you I was not a laughable sensation.

We passed through the city resident of His Excellency, the President of the United States. Springfield is a pretty place, and apparently some considerable business is done there. One of the United States Arsenals is situated here. No important event occurred during the ride from this city, until our arrival at Alton. Here we had a "Dress Parade," and in about thirty minutes afterward, we embarked on the "Father of Waters," for St. Louis. Another night endured while on the river, and, as the weather conspired against us, I began to rain—an unpleasant, disagreeable, drizzling shower, which, as we were obliged to sleep on the deck of the boat, added much to our discomfort.

The 18th of March, found us in Missouri. Allow me a word about St. Louis; which I believe to be worthy of it. Its surprising growth has, of itself, rendered the name of "St. Louis" famous far and wide. I have never seen a place which appeared to overflow with business like this.

Late in the day we started for our barracks, which we found quite comfortable, though most deliciously filthy. We are now nearly settled down, and quite cheerily situated. It is repeated that we are to have our horses and pails, in less than two days, but it is the general opinion that it is only a camp rumour, without foundation.

Yours affectionately,
HENRY.

From the First Wisconsin Cavalry.

From our Own Correspondent.

BENTON BARRACKS, ST. LOUIS,
March 22nd, 1862.

Messrs. Editors:

I presume upon the quiet of your sanctum, for a few moments to give you in brief, (though in a feeble manner,) a few facts connected with the trip of the First Wisconsin Cavalry, from our city; to their present quarters, in Camp Benton, St. Louis. I shall pass over the taking leave, of your never to be forgotten city, be cause of the delicate task, and also for want of descriptive power, adequate, to the real feelings of the heart.

We arrived in Chicago about 2 p. m. Nothing unusually interesting transpired during that portion of our route, other than a general good feeling, on the part of the boys, at a prospect of the fulfilment of more than six months' anticipations; and the many wranglings of flags and handkerchiefs, by fair hands, impelled by noble hearts, and fair faces; and many words of cheer and comfort, greeted our ears, as we passed along; proving conclusively that the good wishes of all, go with us; through the many trials we must necessarily undergo, in defence of the glorious Stars and Stripes.

After our arrival in Chicago, the Regiment formed, and we were marched through the principal streets of the city, to the Chicago, Alton & St. Louis R. R. Depot. In our march through, we sighed for a little of Kenosha soil, to keep our feet out of the mire—as it was, we had to keep on the move, to keep above ground at all. I understand it was remarked by a number of Chicago men, that our Regiment was composed of hard men, that had yet passed through that city. One man said he did not know how far our men were below the surface, but they were at least six feet above.

After the usual amount of labor, charging baggage &c., we got on board the cars for Alton and got under way about 6 p. m., consequent the most of the journey to Alton, (a distance of 200 miles,) was in the snow. We kept ourselves the best way we could. Subsequently, no accident happened to us—and at 10 p. m., the 18th, found us in the city of Alton—a very pretty and romantic place, of about 15,000 inhabitants, situated on the banks of the Mississippi, 25 miles above St. Louis. The buildings are old styles, and built mostly of red brick.
THE 1ST CAVALRY.

Yesterday we received a long and interesting letter from "Mac," too late to print this week, dated at—

BENTON BARRACKS, St. Louis, March 22.

He says they had a pleasant trip, and are comfortably quartered, except to remain a few weeks, belong to Gen. Strong's brigades, with the Wis. 14th, 17th, three batteries from Racine, &c. He expects they will be detailed to guard the mail-route to the South Pass, Santa Fe; says the Oconomowoc boys are all well, and want all the papers their friends can send them.

J. King sends us another long interesting letter, from camp of the 2nd, which also reached us last night, too late for this paper; but we make the following extract:

"On Friday, two boys from our company while scouting around came across a nice fat sheep; they killed and dressed him, and were on their way back to camp, when soon they were arrested by a Major, of another reg't, who was not very friendly to ours, and therefore takes delight in arresting all the boys of the 2nd he can. He took the boys to Gen. King's quarters and reported them.

The Gen. asked them where they killed it; and was informed they killed it about three miles from there; they had not had any thing to eat that day, which was the reason they took the rebel's sheep.

"All right, boys, take it to your quarters," said the Gen. and be said to the Major, "What business have you to go round enlisting all the boys you can get hold of when I give you orders to go after them it will be time for you to act."

The Major was taken down and felt pretty sheepish. In about an hour a soldier might have seen with a leg of mutton going toward General King's quarters."

As there may be some of the citizens of Fox Lake and vicinity who have some anxiety about the First Wisconsin Cavalry, I will write a few lines for their benefit. It is well known that we were encamped at Camp Harvey, Kenosha. We received marching orders some two weeks ago, and the 17th was the day set for our departure. Sunday morning, there was three days rations issued, and orders given to be ready to strike tents at 6:30 A. M., on the 17th. The camp was all alive long before day light, and everything being packed away for transportation. Every officer and private was full of business.

But long before the appointed time for the bugle to sound, everything was swept away, and twelve hundred anxious ears and hearts awaited the sound of the bugle. For several moments before the appointed time, there was a silence that spoke louder than words, that there would be a rush at the sounding of the horn. At length the first shrill note was heard, and it was enough; everything moved simultaneously, and in just one moment, from the time the bugles struck up, one hundred and twenty-five tents were being rolled up. There was not one solitary tent to be seen standing.

We had everything ready to march in thirty minutes; the order was given to fall in, and every man was at his post with an alacrity which characterized the regiment. The Colonel then took command, and led the boys to the cars. These were the haverns of those that wished, were filled, by the good people of Kenosha—with delicacies that will long be remembered by the first Cavalry Badgers.

To make a long story short, hands were shook, tears were shed, a few parting words of advice were interchanged, and soon the cars were off for Dixie. We left the depot at about half past eleven, A. M., and arrived at Chicago, about 3 P. M., and did not get away from there until just twi light. There was three trains, and we managed to keep in sight of each other until after six o'clock the next morning, when our train, which was ahead, left the others. We passed through Springfield, Ill., about noon, and arrived at Alton about 1 P. M. Here we were obliged to wait for the other trains, which were three hours behind. While we were there, had the privilege of visiting the rebel prisoners stationed at this place. They were the most ill-looking set of men (or rather
Letter From the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry

BENTON BARRACKS, St. Louis, Mo.
March 24th, 1862.

 Friend Ballou—I have not posted you with regard to our doings very lately, for the reason that our prospect of leaving the State was rather dubious, and I did not suppose your readers would care about the operations of a "Home Guard," when more interesting news was so abundant, as are now close to the seat of war, and stand a good chance of seeing service soon, you may expect to hear from me occasionally, as long as anything of interest occurs.

About the 10th of April, we received marching orders, and by the 16th, all arrangements for our departure were perfected. At half-past 7 next morning, the signal for striking tents was sounded, and in fifteen seconds, not one was left standing. Three hours afterwards, we were ready to start. All were in high spirits, but our joy was mingled with regret at leaving the people of Kansas, who had proved true and generous friends to us during our whole stay at their city. They could not have cared for their own brothers more kindly. Hundreds of assembled cavalry, well filled with refreshments, which we were scarcely able to dispose of, though we filled our haversacks as well as our mouths. But the time for departure soon came; the last hands were shaken, the last good byes uttered, and we were fairly on our way.

We marched down to the barracks which we had got their things half off, received orders to move on down to Island No. 10. While we were lying off the levee, we saw a packet approach, crowded with soldiers, and when it had approached near enough, we challenged, "who goes there?" It was the 5th, 6th, and 7th Wis. Batteries, and the first man I saw was Charlie Waterman, of Fox Lake. Two regiments of Infantry, and the 9th, 10th and 11th Wis. Batteries, the 6th and 7th have gone to New Madrid. We do not expect to remain here but a few days. If acceptable, you may expect to hear from me again, B. F.

Benton Barracks, March 24th, 1862.

Mr. Carruth—Dear Sir:—

I suppose you may have heard all the incidents and important occurrences of our removal from Camp Harvey to Benton Barracks, St. Louis, long before this, but I may drop a little at random that will be news to you; and I find that dif...
From the First Wisconsin Cavalry.

BENTON BARRACKS, St. Louis, March 27, 1862.

Friend Chase:—As it has been several months since I left Wausau, to join the army, and have neglected to write to you until now. I will improve the present opportunity, to write you a brief account of our travels since we left Wisconsin, as it probably would be useless for me to try to tell you anything of the many incidents that transpired before that eventful period, as in all probability you had correspondents that kept you posted.

We left Kenosha the 17th inst., about eleven o'clock, and arrived at Chicago about three in the afternoon. The Regiment was formed and marched through some of the principal streets of the "Garden City" of the West, to the depot of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, where we were bountifully supplied with hot coffee and other luxuries, exceedingly agreeable to a tired soldier.

Sunset found us "all aboard" the cars for the Mississippi river, and the "land of Dixie," while we were greeted on every side with cheers, and the air was filled with waving of handkerchiefs and the tooting of horns by both old and young.

The country through which we passed is the most beautiful of the whole West.

Arrived at Springfield the 18th inst.; stopped about an hour—had a good chance to view the Capitol of Illinois, and also the residence of the present President of the United States, which is a plain but handsome place. We left about one o'clock and arrived at Alton about four. Here we were marched through Main street, to the levee. A dress parade we went on board the steamer, "City of Alton," bound for St. Louis, unrolled our blankets, and camped for the night on the upper deck of the steamer, which would have done very well, had it not rained; but we were somewhat tired, having been broke of our rest for two nights, therefore we soon dropped asleep. We were awake about four o'clock the next morning, and were surprised to find ourselves in the 'land of Dixie!'—Saint Louis. At day-break, civil, and from a camp of torch-light we were formed again, with the ex-wards of men, alive with the bustle of preparation for active service.

Our Regiment left Kenosha on Monday, the 17th inst. in three long trains of cars, and taking the Chicago and St. Louis R.
Wisconsin is well represented at Benton Barracks. The 14th Regt. left a few days ago for some point down the river. Three of the Racing Batteries have been here for some time, the 17th, or Irish Brigade, and Col. Washburn's 2nd Cavalry, arrived a few days ago, and Col. Barston's 300 Cavalry, came in this evening, having been delayed by the terrible accident, of which you have heard the particulars. Of course many acquaintances meet among so many from the same state, and the best of feeling prevails among all.

Col. Bonney, the commander of this post, is the same when Irving has rendered famous in his work, "Bonnell's adventures in the West." In speaking of the care of the camp, I might have said that the officer of the day, in making the "grand founds" at midnight, to see that the sentinels are at their posts, and the quarters are well lighted, is well paid off his duty.

While you "at the North" have been struggling through snow drifts, we, some 3 degrees further south, have swung open doors and windows, and gone about in our shirts and trousers, and blessed those stars that we were in the "Sunny South." Whether we can ever console ourselves with you cold-blooded "Northerners" again is a matter of doubt. At any rate, we don't mean to, "for three years or the war."

When and where our Regiment moves from here I cannot say, as we have been in tents probably in two or three weeks, and very likely on to the plains or to Utah. But whatever we go, we are bound to put a plan into the ear of reason. You will hear frases from me again, as soon as we have had a brush with the rebels, if not before. Meanwhile, I shall not forget the Journal, or the many good people to whom it pays its weekly visits.

R. H. H.

From the First Wisconsin Cavalry. BENTON BARRACKS, St. Louis, March 26th, 1862.

Editors Journal—Thinking you had no correspondent in this regiment, and that perhaps your numerous readers might have an interest in the regiment, I take the liberty of writing a few lines.

Notwithstanding the opposition Colonel Daniels met with, he finally succeeded in getting an order to move his regiment to St. Louis, and on the morning of the 17th might be seen a regiment of fine looking men, with glad, smiling countenances, marching from Camp Harvey towards the depot, and although they had to go without their pay, they appeared happy to go toward Secessia. At the depot we were met by the kind and generous citizens of St. Louis, loaded with innumerable baskets filled with the best of estables, in the shape of sandwiches, pies, etc. About noon we started in two passenger trains and one very long freight train. About a hundred rode as far as Chicago on the top of the freight cars, for the purpose of seeing to the horses. I went with the other freight, to see a certain old gray horse.

When we got fairly under way the boys gave three roaring cheers for Wisconsin and its Governor, and they felt so glad that they were off at last, and we had all wished to cheer everybody and everything.—The horses fairly trembled as the cars started, of course with joy, they too, wanted to go South. We were beginning to feel about one o'clock the next night, and remained on the boat which we took at Alton, Ill., till morning, and the boys on the deck got a good rinsing, but a very muddy in wet weather. It appears to have been a large field, and is very level and quite low. We have not drilled very hard since we came here, from the fact that our time has been occupied in getting everything ready for living.

We were paid off yesterday, and received four months pay in U.S. Treasury notes. The boys are sending a good share of their pay to their families in Wisconsin. I presume they will send 30,000 dollars, and then have enough left to keep themselves in postage stamps and stationery, besides probably, a little tobacco, &c.

The men are in good health as a general thing, but as a matter of course, a few are sick in each company; still the surgeon is not very busy. There has not been any serious illness in the regiment since we left Kenosha, nor is there any appearance of any such cases. The horses we brought from Wisconsin, stood the jolting and jarring of the journey first rate, but a very rough journey. They are much superior to the horses of other cavalry regiments quartered here.

When on dress parade, we often hear the remark from a bystander, "where does Wisconsin get so many big men," and like remarks of the First Wisconsin being a large regiment of large men; and there is a great comparison between this and some of the regiments here. I noticed quite a number of very small boys in the 2nd Missouri.

Gov. Harvey arrived here today and in tended to review this and the other Wisconsin regiments here, but a shower of rain prevented it. It will probably be done tomorrow. The second regiment of cavalry and several sections of our batteries are here, and the Third cavalry is expected this P. M. We expect to be mounted very soon, and it will not be long after, till we will move forward to take a more active part in this warfare. We are well drilled, and only need to get our horses trained a little, in order to be ready for action, and horses learn their part very quickly.

B. H. E.
OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE FIRST CAVALRY.

BENTON BARRACKS, St. Louis, Mo., March 26th, 1862.

If your readers are blessed with good memories they may possibly recollect that in my last letter I told them that when something happened worth making a note of I would let them know. I was tired of talking over the old story—that we were going to do something but had not done it yet, and resolved that the date of my next should not end with Wisconsin. There was something to which I had special reference. That was that which took place on Monday the 17th inst., upon which day we bid goodbye to Camp Harvey, and before the sun went down we were far on our way to Seattle.

Everything was packed up Sunday, and three days’ rations of meat cooked and put in the haversacks. At 5 a.m. on Monday reveille sounded, when we got up and got the tents ready to come down at the proper signal, which was given at 6:30. At the sound of the first note of the bugle nearly every tent on the ground came down with one accord, a few remained a moment as if loth to quit the positions which they had occupied solong, remumbled an instant, and then bowed their heads to the dust. Not over 15 seconds elapsed from the first foot till every tent was down. We rolled up the tents and fell into line. The time for the train to leave was set at 9:45, but we were delayed so long for one thing and another that it was nearly 13 o’clock before we started.—

The Regiment was transported on three separate trains,—two passenger trains of 13 cars each, and one freight train of 22 cars containing the horses and baggage.

At Chicago we changed cars; leaving there about 6 p.m. we ran all night and arrived at Alton at 1:30 the next day.—

For some reason the second and third trains did not keep up with us and did not arrive till 4. While we were waiting for them, a number of the officers visited the secession prisoners,—of which several hundred are stationed here, guarded by detachments of the 18th regular infantry, and our hand played “Dixie,” “John Brown,” “Hail Columbia,” and other patriotic airs for their edification.

Alton is a city of about 8,000 inhabitants, and has sent over 1100 men to the war. From the quarries in the vicinity is obtained the stone denominated “Illinois marble.” We left the cars at this place and got aboard of the river steamer City of Alton, but owing to the tardiness of the other trains, it was nearly 10 p.m. before the last of the baggage was got aboard.—We rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and notwithstanding the crowded condition of the boat, slept soundly; when we awoke we were in St. Louis. We left the boat and after marching nearly four miles in the mud ankle deep, on empty stonewalls we found a resting place in Benton Barracks. The 14th Wis. was here when we came, but they have since left, and the 17th, 2d, and 5th Cavalry, and two or three batteries of Wisconsin Artillery have come in.

Our Regiment numbers 1276 all told: we are the largest and “they all say” the best Regiment in this camp—the best body of men, and the best disciplined. Last evening we were reviewed by Gov. Harvey; he complimented us highly on our perfection in drill and discipline, and said he was proud of Wisconsin, he was proud of every Regiment that had left the State, and he was especially proud of the 1st Wis. Cavalry, and that he knew he should hear a good report from us. At the close of the review the Colonel requested the squadrons to have the married men’s rolls made out and sent to headquarters for the Governor to take home with him, in order that the families of the married men in the Regiment might receive the benefits of the care that has been so recently extended to cavalry.

As this was the first that we had heard of the passage of a law to this effect, it was very gratifying intelligence to those having families dependent upon them. We have not been furnished with horses as yet, but we have received rubber blankets and stable suit; and what is better than all, four months’ pay. Most of our boys have been wise enough to send the bulk of their money home, only saving enough to pay up their debts and have a little spending money left.

The Berlin boys sent home $800 by express in one package, besides various other smaller sums which they have sent at other times.

Only four men were left behind in the hospital, but change of climate, and change of water, have caused a great deal of sickness in the Regiment. The days are very warm, but the nights are cold and damp; nearly every man in our Company has a cold and full a third are unfit for duty.

Letters to the Berlin boys should be directed to C. D., Ist Bn’t W. C., Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Mo.

Letter from the First Wisconsin Cavalry.

FRIEND COVER,—Thinking that a few lines from the First Wisconsin Cavalry might be interesting to your many readers, I take the liberty to write you a few items.

We left camp Harvey last Monday, the 17th inst., and arrived in Chicago at 3 p.m., marched through the city, and thousands thronged the streets at every corner. We were pronounced the best regiment that ever passed the city. We kept changed, and got under way at sunset passed the pleasant cities of Joliet, Bloomington, and other small places, and arrived...
From the 1st Wis. Cavalry.

BENTON BARRACKS, NE.—April 3d, 1862

Sergeant Editor:-

On the morning of the 17th of March, we struck our tents and bid farewell to our friends in Kenosha, whose acquaintance we formed during our sojourn in that city, and at 12 o'clock the trains for the conveyance of the regiment, three in number, started in order, for Chicago, arriving at three P. M. The regiment was there formed and marched to the Chicago and Alton depot, where hot coffee was served up. At 6 o'clock the iron horse started and soon we were on our way to Alton, where the regiment embarked on the beautiful steamer City of Alton, and arrived at St. Louis at an early hour on Wednesday morning. For some time the regiment was marched to Benton Barracks, and marched to the 1st Wis. at the levee, where it had been waiting all day. This morning the Regiment states that this and two other regiments will be sent to Santa Fe, to guard the mail route. On last Tuesday, one of the most daring robberies on record was committed in this city, Cha. W. Redman, aged sixteen, a private in Co. I, 3rd Mo. regiment, the perpetrator of the dark deed. He having obtained a guard of several men from the 8th Mo. regiment on a former occasion, and taken arms from disloyal citizens, and appropriated them to his own use, planned and carried out this robbery. On Tuesday morning he came to Benton Barracks, changed the name of Capt. Southard, of the 17th Wis. Regiment, and obtained a guard from him, pretending to act on the authority of the Provost Marshal. Having obtained the guard, he immediately marched them to the Broadway Bank, arrested the banker, took him to Broadway and placed him in custody. Redman then returned to the bank and failing to open the safe, returned to the Garden and had the bank return and open the safe, telling him that all papers must be examined. The banker was again sent to the garden after opening the safe, and Redman pocketed all the money he could find, and left for other parts, but was caught before he had got a thousand miles.

All letters designed for this regiment should be directed 1st Wis. Cavalry, Co. — Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Mo. — Yours, Truly,

ELIIX.

First Wisconsin Cavalry.

From the 1st Wis. Cavalry, Benton Barracks, St. Louis, April 3d, 1862

Editors.—The past week has been really one gala-day for the 1st Cavalry. Reading, writing, and a moderate drill have occupied our attention. With the exception of one regiment, we are all Wisconsin boys, and find among us many who often met in daily life in our woodland home away up North. Regiment after regiment has departed, until only about 5,000 men remain in Camp Benton. The 1st, 2d and 3d Wisconsin cavalry, the 17th infantry, 1st Illinois cavalry, and a few batteries of artillery are the only troops left out of 12,000 men who were here a few days ago. Some have gone to defend territory already gained by Federal arms in Tennessee; some to Island No. Ten; others to our Southwestern border, to defend our frontiers from wanton guerilla bands. We hope and pray for an immediate departure; but if our past history as a regiment is to be the standard of our future progress, I tell you, a vast amount of patience will be called to view.
The weather, generally, has been most glorious since we arrived. Here we see magnificent sunsets. We oftentimes sit beneath the distant silhouettes of our miniature masts, and watch the sunsets, and enjoy the cool evening air, and talk in groups of our Northern homes. During several warm days, it was really necessary to divest our persons of the thick jackets, and replace with the uniform stable-frucks. We expect soon to sweat and fret under our labors, enjoying the rays of a Southern sun.

Tuesday, the 31st, we were drawn upon to witness the presentation of a beautiful saber to Major Lagrange, of the 1st Batallon. The donors were the officers in his regiment. He responded in a patriotic manner, and said he hoped he would soon have a chance to wield it, and that it should never be drawn in an unjust cause.

Nothing of importance has happened since my last, and affairs are in status quo.

We hope to receive our horses this week, having paddled around on foot long enough.

 Yours, as ever,

M. Letter from the 1st Wis. Cavalry.

BENTON BARRACKS, Apr. 16, 1862.

FRIEND BOWERMAN:—The terrible crisis is passed. Each blow has been timely struck, each thundered fiercely. Opposition has been forced to yield to industry and perseverance, and every obstacle to give way to untiring energy. Daniels' "menagerie," I mean those that have a general circulation to notice, has certainly left the head-tide we have been obliged to stem, comparable with the soldier's life. We very quickly dispose ourselves, with splendid horses, for which our army is mighty good, probably, is not true; but in an emergency, when the country is suddenly threatened by an overwhelming danger, and men rush by thousands to the rescue, can it be presumed that the great majority are actuated by a less pure motive than love of country? Nearly the same inducements to evil are held out to them in time of peace, with this in addition: no present prospect of being called upon to face death at the enemy's cannon's mouth. No, in a time of peace, when there is none of this, there is a sample of the kind.

A few facts that many can vouch for may be noticed. Patience, forbearance, charity, &c., are peculiar to this life, naturally teaching men to cultivate the highest Christian virtues, to stand all times, and to be constant in their love to virtue, no matter to what extent and not the former. I think the positive religious elements in the regiments, making due allowance for the average of those who are not religious, will have an impression upon the character they have previously formed. I can find an abundance of reasons why this army will interest the young of any century, why soldiers should be moral and religious men, and, in fact, I think that in this contest for the Union to-day will, at least, compare with the great mass of those who have served in the camps of that character.

There are, doubtless, many reckless young men in the army whose conduct being noticed, tends to give the soldier a bad name; but I cannot help thinking that such cases are comparatively rare. A few facts that many can vouch for may be added here. The supply of religious books and papers to Wisconsin Cavalry, Col. Edward Daniels, Commander; which regiment, probably, is the holiest of any other regiment in respect to religion and intelligence, and though its character would probably be too high a standard for the average of some, it is certainly one of the highest in the Union. No other regiment has more books in the library, and they are generally found in well regulated reading rooms. The debates are generally conducted with considerable ability, and are instructive as well as entertaining to the large audience commonly present. The character of the officers in the library meetings give some indication of the extent of the positive religious elements in the regiments.

On the contrary, soldier's life presents in a peculiar manner, the contrast between the kind of men composing this regiment. This book has an extensive membership, and holds meetings weekly for the purpose of debating systematically any question they may choose to bring up. The debates are generally conducted with considerable ability, and are instructive as well as entertaining to the large audience commonly present. The character of the officers in the library meetings give some indication of the extent of the positive religious elements in the regiments.

During several warm days, as Falstaff had, "never strike your lance," but strike your spear. What, then, is the answer to this question? The question is a very important one, and it must be answered with a determination that would induce men not to conform to moral and religious conduct? Motives the most noble can possess men to serve their country as soldiers, and does it seem natural that the soldier's uniform should cause him to conform to a sudden transition of character? On the contrary, soldier's life presents in a peculiar manner, the contrast between the kind of men composing this regiment. The privations, hardships and vicissitudes peculiar to this life, naturally teach men to cultivate the highest Christian virtues, to stand all times, and to be constant in their love to virtue, no matter to what extent and not the former. I think the positive religious elements in the regiments, making due allowance for the average of those who are not religious, will have an impression upon the character they have previously formed. I can find an abundance of reasons why this army will interest the young of any century, why soldiers should be moral and religious men, and, in fact, I think that in this contest for the Union to-day will, at least, compare with the great mass of those who have served in the camps of that character.

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I presume, however, that this regiment is only a fair representative, in the respects referred to, of a large portion of the army. It may be rare that so many strictly moral and religious men are concentrated in one regiment, but diffused throughout the entire army. I presume to judge this element to be of great importance, at least, as it is in the society of citizens at home.

As a means of time employed by the First Wisconsin Cavalry, 

The health of the regiment is as good as could be expected, although nearly all have suffered more or less from the effects of a change of climate, water, etc. Last Wednesday Company B was called on for the first time to lay one of its number in its final resting place. We buried him with the honors of war, the whole Company with arms reversed escorting his body to the grave, and the band playing mournful and beautiful dirges composed on the death of Elsworth. We buried him in the Wesleyan Cemetery, which is about a mile and a half South of the Barracks, and in the suburbs of the city, to the West. It is on a beautiful knoll surrounded by and partially covered with shade trees of all kinds. His remains are not detracted from evidences by the passing of time, and the teamster's have got so they will be found, whether by man or military, in the volunteer forces of the United States Army. I mention this that no person may think time or attention is misplaced by the officers and men of the First Wisconsin Cavalry.

DEAR SIR:—Although by your correspondent, "Cavaler," you hear from the First Wisconsin Cavalry occasionally, I presume that this element is not positively known, but it is supposed to be to the South-west. Our Colonel told us not long since that we must see to it that each man had an outfit that would stand at least four months without replenishing before leaving here.

Accordingly we have all drawn an entire suit from hat to boots. The clothing is of good quality.

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ever cherish the memory of your sympathy with them in the private troubles, your tenderness in every case of suffering, and your personal sorrow when by the necessity of your position, and for the good of the regiment, you were called upon to prescribe the penalty for violated laws. Some of us have felt upon our fevered brow when lying upon our sick-bed, the gentle touch of your hand—a touch delicate as that of woman, yet full of the electric influence of the strong man—a touch, a presence, and a sympathy, better than all the medicines of the East, to the pluming soldier. But we will not embroil you by a recital of what you modestly would keep in the recesses of your own heart. We beg of you to receive this Sabre as a pledge of your loyalty to you and our Country, as a promise that wherever you go in the name of God and Humanity, the officers and soldiers of your battle go about them as you would as friends or as foes. May they not be enthusiastically and joyfully to victory or death—and death will be victory in our glorious cause.

Upon receiving the Sabre the Major responded as follows:

**MY FRIENDS:**—I hardly know how to express my gratitude for this beautiful token of your regard. Its value is enhanced by the fact that it comes from those whom I first learned to respect as soldiers, afterword to esteem as men, and finally to love as friends. The smooth of this blade is not purer than the motive, or brighter than the principle for which you left your homes, to suffer the uncertainty, the toil and the dangers of the camp. The firm texture of the solid Steel is not stronger than the will with which you will sustain that principle; and it is a happy thought to me to-day, that the particles which compose the blade, are not more firmly united than our hearts are knit together in the cause of our country. I believe the final triumph of the Federal arms is not far distant, and that those of us who witness the dawning of the new Year, will have the proud consciousness that it breaks upon the old loved banner of our fathers, the Stars and Stripes, floating in tranquil beauty over every inch of territory encompassed within the former boundaries of the Republic. A war in defense of a great principle often becomes of a necessity aggressive, and it may be for our self-protection to carry our eagles beyond the Sierres, and extend our civilization and our free institutions, based upon natural equality and intelligent liberty, far into the fair empire of the South. As it may, when this unhappy civil strife is ended, the voice of duty will no longer call to arms, and each man may choose for himself. It is customary of bestow such gifts upon those who have done great deeds. Tried by such a standard I am wholly unworthy, and I accept not as a reward for anything I have done or attempted to do, but as an earnest of what the 1st Regiment expects of me in the future. I pledge you this sword shall never be drawn in an unjust cause, and once drawn shall be sheathed until the wrong is righted. If it be our to go together to the battle, I will trust this blade to make the path that you have so pointed me out, and if it may deal a blow upon our enemy, let that blow have a tongue and say as my heart does now—I thank you for this gift.

**AND BROTHERS GOD SPEED THAT STRIVING BLADE IN THE BATTLE WE MAY MOVIE ON TO GLORY.**

**A SOLDIER FROM THE FIRST CAVALRY.**

**BENTON BARRACKS, ST. LOUIS, MO.**

There has been a pretty thorough cleaning out of the troops here within the last few weeks. The only troops here now are the 1st, 2d and 3d Wis. Cavalry, 38 members of the Battery Artillery, and a squad of sharp shooters—not 1000 men in all. Three cavalry regiments with horses, and armed only with sabres, are a poor defense for a place like this, and it would not take very large force to capture the whole camp. The success in the neighborhood is getting exceedingly bold. A guard on the north side of the camp—a member of Co. B, 2d Cavalry—was shot through the right hand a few nights ago by a skulking rebel, and a member of the same regiment was fired at by an unknown person, while returning from the city after dark. Another while walking in the city with two ladies, a few days ago, was accosted by an individual who inquired if he was a Union man. The Soldier told him the uniform he wore was an index of his sentiments. The other, who did not attempt to conceal his ascendency, said the soldier was "d-d son of a—," and asked him why he did not enlist in the Southern army and fight in the right cause. This was taken no notice of, and the rebel followed him up continuing his abusive language, and, finally attempted to draw a knife. The Yankee thinking two might play that game, drew his own knife and stabbed the traitor to the heart. He was immediately arrested, but was released after the facts of the case became known.

**OUR PROSPECTS LOOK BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE SINCE THE REGIMENT WAS FORMED.**

We have received new uniforms throughout—the blue coat and pants, and blue cloth cap,—also cavalry hats and sabre belts. The First four squadrons are already mounted, and horses are still coming in the rate of about 100 per day. The boys begin to think "foot cavalry" is about played out. Our Squadron gave Lieut. Merrill a pleasant little surprise the other night. A subscription of over sixty dollars was raised which was purchased a splendid gold mounted sabre, with a nice saash and the trimmings. The Q. M. Sargent was to the city and bought it, and that night after roll call, before the ranks were broken, he presented it to the "Lieutenant-in-chief of the squadron". The Lieutenant was taken down somewhat. His remarks were short and to the point. "After expressing his thanks for this token of our regard," he said, "it shall never be drawn as an unjust cause, nor sheathed while our country needs us. I will not attempt to tell how he has deserved such a special mark of respect. "Actions speak louder than words," and talk of this kind shows a plainer than words can tell to whom the praise belongs.

Col. Daniels is at present sick in the hospital, but of the nature of his disease I am not informed. The hospitals are crowded with the wounded, which have come here from the bloody field of Pittsburg, and a number of men have been detailed from the different regiments to take care of them. We will give a great deal of sickness in our regiment. A great number have the mumps, though but few are in the hospitals.

The weather for the past three weeks has been cold and rainy, rendering navigation both difficult and dangerous. In dry weather the ground is very hard and dry, but let it rain an hour and it is immediately converted into a vast sea of mud, varying from three to eight inches in depth. Then let the rain cease, the clouds disperse and the sun shine forth, and in another hour or a little more, it is as dry and hard.

**LETTERS FROM THE 1ST CAVALRY REGIMENT.**

**CORRESPONDENCE OF THE SOUTHEAST.**

**BENTON BARRACKS, ST. LOUIS, MO., APRIL 18, 62.**

**EDITORS SURVIVE:**—Will you have the kindness to make know to the citizens of Wisconsin and to all whom it may concern, through the columns of your paper, a few facts with reference to the condition and prospects of the First Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteer Cavalry. This regiment was the first of the kind organized in Wisconsin, and was composed of men who did not enlist in the Southern army, and left the State, and is to be, thank God, the first to strike for its country's banner. The most interesting feature of the arrangement was that we are no longer foot Cavalry, we are mounted, and equipped as the last was thought of, but played out. Improvements in the way of fire arms could we have our own essay; but we are too happy with the prospects which is just before us of sharing the glory of those who are to restore our flag to that proud position it had occupied the day of JEFF. DAVID'S reign of terror to raise our voices in commendation or murmurs.

**WE EXPECT TO GO TO NEW-MEXICO, THAT IS IF THEY DON'T WANT FIGHTING CAVALLERIE DOWN THE DAKOTAS. WHERE VERMIN WILL NEVER BLUSH FOR SHAME FOR ANY OF OUR acts.**

**THE FIRST AND THIRD CAVALRY REGIMENTS SUGGEST TO THE BUREAU TO ORDER THEM TO GET HERE AND SEE IF THEY CAN GET THEIR CONTINENTAL PAY BEFORE THEY ARE ORDERED AWAY TO THE WEST.**

**WHERE TO GO AFTER THE COMMISSION THEY WILL BE ORDERED AWAY TO THE WEST.**

**THE HEALTH OF ALL THE OTHER REGIMENTS IS GOOD AND THERE IS A GENERAL GROWING ANXIETY AMONG THE OFFICERS TO COME HOME.**

**WE ARE ALL HEART AND HAND IN THE SAME OLD WORK, UNION LOVING, UNION SAVING PEOPLE, AND IT IS HIGH TIME TO TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES.**

**THE TIME IS AT HAND THAT THERE IS NO TIME TO BE SPARED IN CONNECTING WITH THE TRICKERY, TALL FIGURING, TALL LYING, AND DISGUSTING BRAGGING TO GET IN AND GET SOME ONE DISHONESTLY TO PLAY OUT. IT WORKED SOME IN WISCONSIN BUT WON'T GO DOWN HERE.**

**Yours,**
DEAR TIMES: Would a few lines from the 1st occasionally, be acceptable? If so, I should be happy to contribute my mite. I pen with sadness the death of several of our Regiment since we left Kenosha, two of which were out of our own Company (Co. F). Little did they think that so soon the grim messenger Death would beckon for them to follow in the "dark valley of the shadow of death." Who shall say that they died not a glorious death?

More of our soldiers are being carried to their last resting place by disease than by the bullets of the enemy. There are now a large number of sick in our Regimental Hospitals, to say nothing of the General Hospital. The question arises, what can be done to prevent this fatality? I can answer nothing without the cooperation of the soldiers themselves. The most essential thing is cleanliness. There is one thing that applies, perhaps, more to our Division than any other, as there are daily, men admitted to our camp, who are at heart our enemies. At most daily there are runts of some one being poisoned. We cannot be too careful about our purchases, especially those made of the peddlars that throng our quarters.

I have no doubt that many of them are the agents of the cursed secessionists. Grant that at some time we may avenge our comrades.

Speaking of these peddlars puts main mind to the rather amusing manner in which the boys took upon themselves the task of punishing the abominable nuisances. A committee of 15 or 20 was organized, a Captain 1st and 2nd Lieutenant elected, and sentences passed upon all dispensers of liquor, &c. A blanket would be thrown over their heads and their buggies kicked into the mud. Then came the tug of war; and screams of the peddlars and the shouts and laughter of the soldiers, there was a discreate unequaled even in the palmy days of the Chocotaw or during the reign of King Howl, of Cannibal Island; notoriety fame for having 100 wives. Every man grabbed a pie or cake, or perhaps an apple, as the case might be, and "dusted" for "the baracks." For this time the prevailing word was "fun." You should have witnessed one of these efforts; you would have collapsed.

This diversifying occupation was finally stopped by the Major.

Congratulate us that we have received our horses, and have commenced our course of mounted drill. The regiment is in glorious spirits in consequence—no more tedious foot drill—no more trotting about on foot for three, or four miles, three, or four times per day—Hurrah! They are an excellent set of horses, too; none of your lazy drones, but real genuine "get up and climb" animals. There is a fair prospect of our leaving St. Louis in fifteen days. If anything of note happens, I will post you. Yours,

HENRY.

FROM THE FIRST WISCONSIN CAVALRY

Dear Times:—I have found my self so immersed with camp duties since our arrival, that I have had but little time to write letters, which must be my excuse for not writing sooner, and hay the few lines in this direction might not be uninteresting to your readers, since it is a year that the attention of the American nation was turned, and I may almost say, centered here.

The gathering of an immense force of rebels, and the establishment of a camp here, with a design to seize the United States arsenal and Custom House, as they have done all over Rebeldom, and the breaking up of that camp by General Lyon, is yet fresh in the minds of all—loyal rejoicing and the disloyal chagrined.

On my arrival in St. Louis, I desired above all things to see the spot where Southern chivalry first received a check by that spartan band under the immortal Lyon, and soon as my duties in landing were performed, I strode up Olive and Market streets to view camp Jackson, meditating upon the scenes that transpired upon those same streets so short a time since. Here is where the sneaking, cowardly robbers (I use no harsher terms than are justly attributable to the stories, who are seeking the destruction of our government) in shame passed as prisoners of war. Here too the rabble, following the example of their Baltimore friends, had hurled the missiles of death amongst the loyal soldiers, Here, neighbor was arrayed in deadly hatred against neighbor, and life and property were both, apparently valueless. Here, then the traitor's rag. (the rebel emblem is unworthy the name of flag), waving in triumph and disloyalty, was forced to seek a hiding place.

I queried: Can it be possible that so short a time since, all this and a thousand told more transpired on this very spot? How changed the scene. As I sauntered along in my military costume, meditating upon these events, my ears were continually greeted by the shrill notes of children of all ages and sexes, as I approached and passed, in "Hurrahs for the Union," and blessings upon the soldier.

Occasionally, I could meet one whose frowning countenance told but too plainly upon their ears, but why broke the insults was again queried. The cause was soon explained. Force had conquered.

On the summit of the ground, on either side of the streets, were earth works erected, mounted upon which, were one or more of "Uncle Sam's bull dogs," looking down every lane and avenue, apparently ready and willing to send forth death and destruction in form of grape and canister, to traitors. The business of the soldiers attending them, only seemed to be to hold them in check. I wended my way from camp Jackson northerly towards "Benton Barracks," and at every street crossing, the same death dealing monsters were savagely looking down the street, carrying terror to traitors. Arriving at Franklin avenue I could distinctly see the line of earth works to the reservoir, but being fatigued, and duties requiring my attendance in camp, I reluctantly changed my line of march, and made for our camp, reflecting upon what I had seen, and the cause of all this.

Arriving at the Missouri State Fair ground, I found it used for a military camp. Here I met the Fourteenth Wisconsin Regiment, and to my joy and surprise found several of the Marathon and Portage county boys, and after spending a few moments with them, passed on to where our regiment were quartered, which was about one mile westerly of the "Fair Ground." The scene was an imposing one. A vast city of whitewashed barracks extending for nearly two miles, capable of quartering one hundred thousand men, presented itself to view. Thousands of soldiers were busily engaged in the various duties of camp. Here I met th Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin batteries, who had received orders to repair to New Madrid.

I can assure you I had known but little of camp life before coming here. Daily new regiments are arriving to be armed and equipped, and then leave for a field of strife and blood. The 25th Missouri and the 15th Iowa Regiments,
who were in the rear at Pittsburg, were, but a few days before that eventful battle, our comrades—here, and a fine set of men were the Iowa men. The Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Wisconsin batteries were in camp here for about two weeks, and it seemed like home to see so many of the boys. They all well and having got their horses, were ordered to Fort Leavenworth, to join the expedition to New Mexico. They were furnished with guns taken at Donelson. Many of them still besmeared with the blood of traitors, but they assured us they should never go back to traitor hands, so long as "Lyons's Pinery Battery" had blood to spill. We bade them God speed.

Since their departure we have had only the three regiments of Wisconsin cavalry here and one Iowa infantry, and one Indiana battery. In the Third (Barrow's) Regiment I have met with many of the Pinery boys in Captain Stout's Company, our old friend R. H. Liver among them. They, like the balance I have met, are anxious for more active scenes.

When we shall leave is uncertain, but think only a few days will elapse, as we now have our horses, pistols and everything except our ambulance wagons. We are actively engaged in drilling the horses when the weather will permit, but it rains and snows almost daily, so that we cannot drill over half of the time.

To-day it is pleasant but cool, though for three days past it has rained and snowed continually, but notwithstanding the cold, the fruit trees are in full bloom, and everything in nature looks cheerful.

I have visited the city and hospitals where the wounded of Pittsburg are. The sight is sickening to behold, but the brave men endure their pains without murmuring. I cannot describe my feelings, at seeing them, and hearing their histories. They will tell you of scenes that transpired, of the parting word of some loved one, when they fell by their side, and in relating it weep like children. But when you ask them about their misfortune, they scorn to weep and only wish to camp life and theai ors slow adoption is coming to the Piney, and another victor of the Pinery. The weather is quite dry now, and vegetation quite forward, plenty of grass, for feed, and winter wheat is headed out. I think the decisive battle will be fought at any rate we can return to old Grant by autumn.

I have just learned that Captain Walker's company of Mason's Rangers, who left here Tuesday, have been taken prisoners at Bloomfield 50 miles from here, and that part of this regiment must go there immediately. Time tells and I must close now.

Respectfully Yours,
A. Barnett

P.S.—Colonel Daniels has been appointed by General Balfour, commander of this post. And I have just learned that Col. Barrow's Regiment is going to the plains.

A. B.

A dead body was found in the river a few miles below St. Genevieve, last week, which from the description, we have no doubt was that of Henry McPherson, a member of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, who was drowned when the regiment was being removed to this place.


to the citizens of Missoni.

Letter from Missoni.

FRIEND CORVETT:—According to promise I now drop you a few lines. Five companies of the 1st regiment Wis. cavalry, left camp Benton, St. Louis, Monday April 28th. They are out on the steamer Chocow, 8 miles below St. Louis, next day noon. The rest of the regiment arrived here yesterday, last man who was detailed, and fell overboard, another victim of the caps. This is a beautiful place, and we all camped in an orchard, which formerly was owned by a scoundrel, who had to shaddle, and the trees make a fine shade for us this hot weather, as the meadows indicate 87° in the shade.

There is some access in this town but they have to keep them. There is a small access force 5 miles from here, but Major Langrange is going out with us boys in a day or two and clean them out. Jeff Thompson is within a short distance of here, in a swamp, with quite a large force, committing depredation on the union men and their property, and watching for a chance to take this place, but it is strongly guarded, and he will get into a trap if he understands it. The 1st Missouri regiment left here yesterday for North Arkansas. There is two Forts here coming down the river, and if a boat don't show her colors she is fired into and brought to.

The weather is better here than at Camp Benton, and I think will be healthier, we lost 10 of our regiment by sickness, at St. Louis, and quite a number are there now in the hospital. It will be pretty hot but on us Wisconsin boys but I think with care we can stand it.

This regiment is fully armed, and have a lot of good horses. I understand Colonel Daniels's regiment is coming here soon. As to Col. Barrow's Regiment, I don't know what disposition will be made of it. The weather is quite dry now, and vegetation quite forward, plenty of grass, for feed, and winter wheat is headed out.

I think the decisive battle will be fought at any rate we can return to old Grant by autumn.

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ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE FIRST WISCONSIN CAVALRY.

Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Mo., April 29, 1862.

DEAR RECORD:—You, as well as our friends in general will doubtless be glad to learn, that after so long, the First Wisconsin Cavalry is about to enter a field of service.

The order for marching was received yesterday morning, and at six o'clock P. M. five companies were on board the steamer, bound for Commerce, Mo., the late headquarters of the notorious rebel robber, Jeff. Thompson. To-morrow the balance of us go to join them, and you may hear of some fun down that way, so look well for reports from Commerce.

Some of our men would have preferred going to the Plains, but generally the fighting feeling, predominated over the romantic, Company "F" in which our Waukesa boys are, are among the number gone, and by the way their "traps" were packed up, one would judge they were going on a pleasure trip. All went in fine spirits.

I learn from the Eighth Battery now at Fort Leavenworth, that the expedition for "the Plains," numbering fifteen or twenty thousand, have already taken up their line of March, the Twelfth Regiment having left Lawrence Sunday last.

Eight of our Regiment have died since we came here, and about twenty-five more are in the hospital. A military funeral is a sad sight; the plaintive notes of the bugle, the solemn and steady step of the soldier, in uniform, the "reverse arms," the dark horse, and the solemn words of adieu from the Chaplain, bespeak the feelings of those whose solemn duty it is to consign to mother earth, one of their number.

I find it difficult to be a "correspondent" and soldier, too. The soldier's duties must be attended, and writing when convenient; so in future you will excuse me, if I do not write as often as you might desire. I wish, before closing, to remind my friends, that in writing care should be taken to write plainly; the regiment, Company and place, and state where last located, without reference to the camps, and the letters will be forwarded, if the Regiment should have moved.

Please continue to send the Record, and direct to Commerce, Missouri.

Yours, etc.,

HIRAM CALKINS.

PROCLAMATION BY COL. DANIELS.

We have received a copy of the Cape Girardeau Eagle, edited by Dick Gore and H. F. Potter, and printed by members of the First Wisconsin Cavalry. The proprietors of the paper are alleged to have been secessionists, and were driven out, and the office confiscated. In the Eagle we find a proclamation of Col. Daniels, to all the people round about, in which he says:

If any Union man is robbed, I will levy ten times the amount of his loss upon those of his neighbors who are not actively loyal. If he is injured, I will avenge his wrong. I will hold all men who are not, unreservedly, and ardently loyal, responsible for the person and property of every Union man in their neighborhoods, unless they can show most clearly that they did their utmost to defend their neighbors, and to convey information prompt to them, and to our forces, of the approach of the enemy.

This is precisely the pretext upon which the villain Jennison desolated the whole country through which he passed. We do not know that Daniels will follow Jennison's example, but from the conduct of some of the officers of that regiment when it was encamped at Kenosha, it is reasonable to infer that "actively loyal" men of property will be found scarce within the limits of that command.

Litter from Missouri.

FRIEND COWEN:—According to promise I now drop you a few items. Five companies of the 1st Regiment Wis. cavalry, left camp, St. Louis, Monday April 28th, got on board the steamer Choctaw, and got under way at midnight; and without anything of note, right way, arrived at Cape Girardeau, 15 miles below St. Louis, next day noon. The rest of the regiment arrived here yesterday, lost one man who was intoxicated, and fell overboard, another victim of the epos. This is a beautiful place, and we all camped in an orchard, which formerly was owned by a secessionist, who had to leave, and the trees make fine shades for us this hot weather, as the mercury indicates 87° in the shade.

There is some secession in this town, but they have to keep mum. There is a small secession force 5 miles from here, but Major Lagrange is going out with us boys in a day or two and clean them out. Jeff. Thompson is within a short distance of here, in a swamp, with quite a large force, committing depredation on the union men and their property, and watching for a chance to take this place, but it is strongly guarded, and he will get into a trap if he undertakes it. The 1st Missouri regiment left here yesterday for Corinth, Tennessee. There is a running command down the river, and if a boat don't show her colors she is fired into and brought to.

The water is better here than at Camp Benton, and I think we will be healthier, we lost 10 of our regiment by sickness, at St. Louis, and quite as many as here, when we were in the hospital. It will be pretty hot on us Wisconsin boys, but I think with care we can stand it.

This regiment is fully armed, and have a lot of good horses, I understand Colonel Washburn's regiment is coming here soon. As to Col. Barstow's regiment, I don't know what disposition will be made of it. The weather is quite dry now, and vegetation quite forward, plenty of grass, for stock, and winter wheat is headed out,—I think the decisive battle will be fought at Corinth, and we can return to old Grant by autumn.

I have just learned that Captain Walker's company of Mississippi Rangers, who left here Tuesday have been taken prisoners at Bloomfield 50 miles from here, and that this regiment must go there immediately. Time fails and I must close, more anon.

Respectfully Yours,

A. BARRETT.

P.S.—Col. Daniels has been appointed by General Hulme, commander of this post. And I have just learned that Col. Barstow's Regiment is going to the Plains.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE FIRST CAVALRY.

Capt. Girardeau, May 1, 1862.

You will see by the date hereof that we have changed our quarters again. We did not have long to wait after we were mounted. Last Saturday morning orders came from Gen. Beck to leave as soon as transportation could be procured. The 1st Battalion was ordered to keep four days' rations constantly on hand, and be prepared to leave on short notice. On Monday about 11 o'clock the order came to leave at 1 P.M. Two hours was a pretty short time in which to pick up all our things, pack our saddles, eat dinner, cook four days' rations of meat, and make all the other preparations necessary for leaving, but considering that it was the first time we had moved in this way, I think we were exceedingly prompt. We rode through the city to the river, dismounted, and commenced embarking the horses; it was a long, tedious job, but at about 10 P.M. everything being ready the boat started. We had on board five squadrons (A, G, D, M, and B) with all their horses and equipments, baggage, mules, and wagons; a pretty good load for one boat, but we made the trip, without any accident, excepting the loss of one mule. The night was dark and cold, and the chances for a night's rest rather slim; nevertheless the boys extended themselves at full length wherever a vacant space occurred, and many slept soundly. But now and then a stray fellow who was vainly looking for his bed, might stretch his weary limbs, would place his hat in rather close proximity to a horizontal commaude, or accidently use his spur on other than horse flesh, and sometimes a sound would occur. It was certainly very aggravating for a walking individual to allow his boot to jam the hat of an uncor-
J ust night It Is scarcely possible to move
the boat up the river. The heavy waves
made it dangerous to attempt to
move. We decided to wait for better
weather before attempting the
journey up the river.

We reached this place about 10 A. M. on
Tuesday, and after unloading the boat,
we set out for the town of St. Louis.

Three small forts have been built along
the river at this point, and the lower one
commands this camp also. The
forts were built to prevent
unauthorized entry.

Although it is not probable that
this will be attempted, it is best to be on the
safe side.

This post is now under command
of Major Lagrange; we are getting fairly
settled in our new abode—the daily drills
are resumed, and everything goes on in
the same old way.

P. S.—Five, more squadrons of the
regiment have just arrived. The remaining
two are expected by the next boat.

Letter is due in the morning
direct. As before, substituting "Cape Gir- 
dead" for "Benton Barracks."
There are many here who side with the south and who will soon receive the proceeds of the harvest which they have sown. I understand five fine dwellings were confiscated yesterday and are to be used as hospitals.

I have conversed with a number of citizens here and all seem confident of a speedy return of peace to our once happy land. For my part, I would not have the contest end here, only on condition that it shall be understood that the Union shall be placed, now and forever, upon such a foundation, and the trouble settled on such a basis, as that no such difficulty as this can arise hereafter from any such cause as that from which this one sprung.

We are very pleasantly situated here, being encamped in a fine grove, and with beautiful surroundings.

* * * * *

Our Colonel has been placed in full command of this post which will probably be our headquarters this summer. Our duties as near as I can learn them, will be the breaking up of the numerous bands of rebels which infest the country here. We have already had a chance to try our skill but were not very successful. Compaun A and B of this regiment, a company from Illinois and one of state militia, representing "Uncle Sam." The rebels had twelve hours the start of us and found refuge in a large swamp where they hid. The chances for capturing them being slim, we abandoned the chase.

* * * * *

A foraging party went from here yesterday and returned this evening. They went fully prepared to bring with them everything belonging to secesssionists. Their day's work consisted of the capture of thirty head of cattle; one hundred bushels of wheat; a head of bacon, a horse and buggy; and seven prisoners. The first battalion will probably leave for Bloomfield this week. The Watertown boys are all right and in fine spirits.

From the First Wisconsin Cavalry.

(Correspondence of the Journal & Courier.)

BLOOMFIELD, Mo., May 12th, 1862.

My last letter to the Journal was from Benton Barracks, St. Louis. After a stay there of some six weeks, our regiment, fully mounted and equipped, and filled with sabres and splendid six-shooters, left the barracks by several different boats about the first of May, and steamed down the Mississippi to Cape Girardeau, Mo., 150 miles below. This is a pretty town, of some 3,000 inhabitants in prosperous times, situated on high ground, rising from the river, and stretching away into a beautiful diversity of wood-land and opening, watered by numerous little streams. The place is defended by a number of forts commanding the river and the vicinity, and who, we arrived was held by some 400 troops, principally Home Guards. Our camp was located in a fine grove near town, in the healthfulness and perfect independence of true camp life. Col. Daniels immediately took command of the post, having with him jurisdiction over a very large section of country surrounding, and we prepared to do something. We were now in the midst of the cornfields and bean patches, and pickets were placed around the camp, a few miles from it. After a few days scouting, forage parties began to go in force. The number of prisoners, 150 or 40 head of cattle, quantities of grain, and other property belonging to known secessionists, was brought into camp in. I had the good fortune to be placed in charge of a party and wagon of foraging party, with instructions to obtain some grain. A journey of some 6 miles brought us to the farm of a notorious secessionist, with the orders to bring the whole stock that we could draw, and return safely to camp.

On Thursday last we received word from scouts that a camp of some 240 rebels was located near this place, and nearly the whole regiment was immediately ordered to march, either to prevent them from joining the last division, escorting the provost train, Saturday moon; camping out two nights, and slowly moving ever rough roads, and ended up at the camp of rebels, killing at every mile, by the deserted houses and fields, the silted law of the almost insensible absence of adult males, the desolation of war. We reached this place this morning, and found, from the admissions of the rebels, that the rebels had deserted at their coming. Our troops are securing the country by companies, trying to drive them from their homes, and force them to make a stand. As yet, we have not succeeded in doing this, but we have captured some fifteen prisoners, taken a number of their stores and supplies, and foraged for provisions and equipment, and furnished for good success for ourselves and animals.

I intend to drive the traitors out now.

This town, which before the war contained 12 stores and 2 hotels, stables, shoemakers, and store business, seems now entirely dead; these buildings are all emptied and closed. Hardly a door can be found; pleasant homes and blooming orchards stand deserted, and the desolation of War is written everywhere.

I am writing this in the Court House, which is occupied by our stores, and are all filled up with papers and legal documents, and scattered around and exposed to destruction. The whitewashed walls have now filled by a pile of books; a stack of muskets occupies the prisoners' b.-r, and the learned counsel and jury are now sitting in these boxes. Civil Law has fled, and stern Martial Law takes its place.

The sufferings which the Union men of this State have incurred within a year, only by a taster can be analyzed, as it makes my blood boil to hear these poor men tell you how they were driven out of their homes, forced to flee for their lives on foot, or by the rebels, their families infested, their property plundered or wantonly destroyed, and thankful if they might reach a free soil with their families, though destitute as when they first began life. And this is the history of thousands in the unhappy State, which nature intended for a blooming paradise rather than a neglected wilderness. Our train starts for Cape Girardeau in the morning, and I take the rare opportunity to send you this. Mail routes were broken up a year ago, and we are almost shut off from communication with the rest of the world. We are less than thirty miles from the Arkansan line, and possibly may visit a state that before we return.

Our Quartermaster, J. C. Mann, of Beloit, is now Post Quartermaster at Cape Girardeau. Prof. C. L. Porter is 1st Lieutenant in Co. D. and is a good example for all soldiers. Your servant who does the commissary business for the 5th Battalion, is the only other Beloitier of whom I know.

This country is perfect for guerilla warfare, an account of the lizards and almost rice wood-wood, and we ride along constantly conscious that the bullets of lurking traitors may come crashing through the thickets, we and our career without warning. If this foe does not occur to me, I hope to win you again by force lone.

H. R. H.
I action to-morrow, and will be able to
tell you more of it in my next.

Speaking of Maj. LaGrange reminds
me that his family is well represented
in the Regiment. Long before we
left Kenosha his mother went into the
hospital there to attend sick soldiers.
She followed us from there to St. Lou-
is, on the same errand, and is now in
the hospital here. Surely she is enti-
tled to much honor. Let not Wiscon-
sin overlook such a philanthropist.

Mrs LaGrange is naturally more in-
terested in this Regiment than any
other. Besides the Major, she has
two other sons connected with it. One
a Lieutenant in Co. I, the other, Sut-
er's Clerk.

This is the headquarters of a
districi 100 miles square. Col. Dan-
neils is Commander. Upon him rests
the responsibility of performing a work
which others have undertaken in vain.
I dare assert that if a reasonable
length of time is allowed him, he will
not leave an open rebel in his district.
He knows no such thing as fail.

We have started a paper here. It
is published under the auspices of the
1st Wisconsin Cavalry, and edited by
Adjutant R. L. Gove, and your bumble
servant, the writer. This must be
my excuse for writing so hurriedly
and rarely; what spare time I have is
necessarily mostly bestowed upon the
paper.

Thank you for the compliment paid
me and kind wishes expressed for me
in the number of the Freman which
contained my last letter. I almost
fear that through your efforts friends
will form an opinion of me so exalted,
I shall hardly be able to sustain it.
I did not enlist for position, but still
have won the confidence and kind reg-
ard of our field and staff officers,
which fact is highly gratifying, aside
from anything accompanying it.

Then I fill two or three respectable
positions through their kindness. Am
Clerk at Headquarters, hold a place
on the non-commissioned staff, and
most honorable of all—am editor be-
side. What more could I ask.

Again I thank you most sincerely
for your kind tributes in my behalf.
and let me assure you all others
that whatever duty involves
upon me shall be performed faithfully
and fearlessly.

I know how it seems to bury a dead
rebel. I have buried one since we
here came. He was a desperate fel-
low.—was taken prisoner and being
brought to this city. When about
four miles from here he attempted to
escape, and was killed instantly by a
shot through the head. I was sent
out with a rough coffin and a small
squad of men to bury him. I used
to disint the sign of a dead body, but
this dead rebel did not affect my nerves
in the least. Let any man hear the
stories of the wrongs inflicted by these
villains on good Union people and he
would feel the same way. A Union
man killed in this country is seldom
placed under the sod by those who
took his life. More anon.

Yours, &c,

The 1st Wis. Cavalry

Col. Daniels' regiment of cavalry has
removed from St. Louis, and now has its
headquarters at Cape Girardeau, on the
Mississippi, a few miles above Cairo.

Cape Girardeau will be a base for op-
érations against the notorious Jeff.
Thompson's and his gang of guerrillas,
who are roaming through the South-western
Missouri plundering and murdering, and falling on
our troops as opportunity offers. Jeff
and his officers have thus far eluded all
the efforts of different officers who have
been sent to that region to capture these
ruffians, but the mere thought of our
commander's presence would make the
rebels feel the same way. A Union
man killed in this country is seldom
placed under the sod by those who
took his life. More anon.

The 1st Wis. Cavalry

In the Cape Girardeau district.

CAIRO, May 15.—An expedition con-
sisting of six squadrons of the 1st Wis.
Cavalry, from Cape Girardeau, went to
Bolivar, Mo., on Saturday, and early
June morning, fell upon the rebel Phelan's
camp, scattering them in every direction
—some killed and others captured. A
rebel force, numbering five or six
hundred, offered resistance, but the
cavalry was victorious. The country is be-
coming better for horses, cattle, and supplies, which
are being sent South. The country
represented to be a state of great ter-
ror.
Cape Girardeau, May 17, '62.

FRIEND MOAK:

As all the Watertown boys, but myself have gone out with the regiment and will have no opportunity for writing home for some time, I thought perhaps you might be interested in hearing how we are getting along.

The boys have undertaken to clear up the old cemetery for us, and it has been found to be a beautiful place, but now all is going to decay.

To the south is Fort A with the stars and stripes flying from its flag staff. It is an earth work, thrown up last summer by the Home Guards. It is so arranged with angles as to cover the ditches surrounding it, making them the whole length. It has 3 24 pounders of long range besides 3 pivot 24 pounders and one 12 pounder captured from Jeff Thompson. To the west is Fort B, while to the S. W. Fort C covers the approach from the Bloomfield road, beyond which a mile distant perhaps are the white tents of the 1st Wis., in a beautiful piece of woods, a fine piece for the camp though nearly deserted now, only a few remaining to claim squatter's rights, and this brings me to the point at which I started, to tell you of the whereabouts of the main body.

Scouts discovered a rebel camp some sixty miles south west, and the boys were called up suddenly one night and ordered to travel. In an hour they were ready. After reaching the spot the birds had flown, leaving their camp and equipages, evidently in a hurry. They took to a sloop to escape, and knowing the ground so much better than our men, they escaped, much to the chagrin of Maj. LaGrange, who had a few days before, in the garb of one of their style visited their camp, and posted himself in regard to their strength &c. The Colonel planted the old flag at Bloomfield, and leaving men to protect it, went on with the main body, to intercept, if possible, the rebels on their way south. The regiment will go to Chalk mountains, and wouldn't fear to attack them either.

The Colonel is handling the secesh herabouts without mitters. He makes them pay tribute for the support of the refugees of the city who have been compelled to flee here for protection. On the march secesh corn cobs feed the horses, secesh matrons the men. It is easy enough to distinguish a secesh farm from a union.

The former is in good shape, the latter going to ruin. Our boys know already the color of secesh blood and if they get any kind of a show will give a good account of themselves. A messenger just in with dispatches reports Col. Phelan taken with 100 men. He has attained to quite a notoriety here in the Guerrilla line. But I am spinning out a longer yarn than I intended when I commenced, as I only meant to say that our boys are all O. K., in good spirits and "spilling for a fight."

Send us down a Republican, we would like to know what is going on in the old city, and if you desire I may pick up an item occasionally to send you. We get but little news from abroad, a mail reaching us only semi-occasionally, but we have home items of an exciting character to make some remuneration. I will send you a paper published under the auspices of the regiment. Gen. Curtis, with his division from Pea Ridge, will be here next Thursday to embark for the south some 7,000 men. We expect an exciting time. But I must stop. More anon.

PEEB.

From the First Wis. Cavalry.

A rumor having gained currency in this neighborhood to the effect that Lieut. Gen. Rose was either killed or mortally wounded in a late skirmish with the rebels in Missouri, we subjoin a few extracts which we are permitted to make from his last letters to his wife; which show that though he may be killed or wounded in the next skirmish, he certainly was not in the last.}

Cape Girardeau, May 18, '62.

Dear Wife:—** Our Regiment is nearly all at Bloomfield, in this State, where they surprised a rebel camp of about 600 and took 30 prisoners, among whom was a rebel Colonel. The rest took to the swamps as usual, and left us their camp equipage, &c. No loss on our side, and only two of the Rebels killed.

We keep constantly scouting and hunting up the devils, but there is not much sport in it, for they won't fight. I can take ten of our company and drive fifty of the rebels, and wouldn't fear to attack them either.

I have been here at head-quarters ever since I returned from St. Louis, instead of going to Bloomfield (50 miles from here), not being able to...
A dispatch from our regiment came in this morning, which reports an action at Chalk Bluff in Arkansas, where thirty of our men, belonging to companies A and D, attacked eighty rebels, who temporarily stood for a fight. The dispatch says:

"We fought with balls a short time, but found they could shoot as well as we. We then charged several times, and escaped our bayonets, they ran for the swamps. We had one man killed and eight wounded. Lieut. Plimpton of Co. A mortally. A ball passed through his lungs and lodged in his shoulder. Lieut. Merrill was badly wounded, but not mortally. We killed eleven of the rebels, took seventeen prisoners, and wounded as many more. We captured all their luggage and a lot of stolen property.

The above dispatch impels me toward these battlefields, and I shall start to-morrow or next day with an escort to a supply train, and shall remain with the company. Captain Hyde is sick with typhoid fever.

Yours in haste,

H. W. GETCHELL,

Letter from the 1st Wis. Cav.

BLOOMFIELD, Mo., May 18th, '02.

Mr. Editor:

Dear Sir: This being an unusually still day, with nothing going on in camp, and thinking a communication from this uncivilized part of the world would be acceptable to you, I have undertaken the task of giving you a short history of the doings of the First Wisconsin Cavalry.

We left Kenosha on the 17th of March and arrived at Benton Barracks on the 19th, where we drilled three weeks, and at the end of that time we received our horses. After we had them about ten days, we were ordered to march to Cape Girardeu, where we arrived April 29th. We remained at the Cape a number of days without anything transpiring of any importance, except the confiscation of a rebel press, which has been converted into a regimental weekly paper. Also a large dwelling house which is now used for a hospital. Things moved on quietly with about the same daily routine of duty, until the 8th inst., when we were ordered to be ready for a ten days expedition in the vicinity of Bloomfield.

We took up the line of march at 9 P.M., and travelled until 3 o'clock the next morning, when we halted for rest. As we went forward, we fed our horses from the plenteous stores of a good old secession. At eight o'clock we resumed our journey, and halted at the village of Spring Hill for the night. As we were in advance of our provisions trains, we had nothing to eat, but our officers knowing the condition of affairs, sent us in squads of six or twelve to the houses, there to claim their hospitality and get a piece of corn bread.

But where were we to get our breakfast? Mreements came in this morning, which reports an action at Chalk Bluff in Arkansas, where thirty of our men, belonging to companies A and D, attacked eighty rebels, who temporarily stood for a fight. The dispatch says:

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We took up the line of march at 9 P.M., and travelled until 3 o'clock the next morning, when we halted for rest. Our boys say the rebels are engaged in the swamps in making these pestes with which to drive us out of the country. At any rate, we fear the musquitos more than we do them.

May 19.—A dispatch from our regiment came in this morning, which reports an action at Chalk Bluff in Arkansas, where thirty of our men, belonging to companies A and D, attacked eighty rebels, who temporarily stood for a fight. The dispatch says:

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We left Kenosha on the 17th of March and arrived at Benton Barracks on the 19th, where we drilled three weeks, and at the end of that time we received our horses. After we had them about ten days, we were ordered to march to Cape Girardeau, where we arrived April 29th. We remained at the Cape a number of days without anything transpiring of any importance, except the confiscation of a rebel press, which has been converted into a regimental weekly paper. Also a large dwelling house which is now used for a hospital. Things moved on quietly with about the same daily routine of duty, until the 8th inst., when we were ordered to be ready for a ten days expedition in the vicinity of Bloomfield.

We took up the line of march at 9 P.M., and travelled until 3 o'clock the next morning, when we halted for rest. Our boys say the rebels are engaged in the swamps in making these pestes with which to drive us out of the country. At any rate, we fear the musquitos more than we do them.

May 19.—A dispatch from our regiment came in this morning, which reports an action at Chalk Bluff in Arkansas, where thirty of our men, belonging to companies A and D, attacked eighty rebels, who temporarily stood for a fight. The dispatch says:

"We fought with balls a short time, but found they could shoot as well as we. We then charged several times, and escaped our bayonets, they ran for the swamps. We had one man killed and eight wounded. Lieut. Plimpton of Co. A mortally. A ball passed through his lungs and lodged in his shoulder. Lieut. Merrill was badly wounded, but not mortally. We killed eleven of the rebels, took seventeen prisoners, and wounded as many more. We captured all their luggage and a lot of stolen property.

The above dispatch impels me toward these battlefields, and I shall start to-morrow or next day with an escort to a supply train, and shall remain with the company. Captain Hyde is sick with typhoid fever.

Yours in haste,

H. W. GETCHELL,

Letter from the 1st Wis. Cav.

BLOOMFIELD, Mo., May 18th, '02.

Mr. Editor:

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Bloomfield, a pretty little town of perhaps 1,000 inhabitants but now nearly deserted. The Union people having been driven away by the rebels, and the rebels leaving when they heard of our coming. It is the county seat of Stoddard county, has some fine private residences, and is in the midst of a country in natural resources, but sparsely settled and poorly cultivated. The Col. did not give us long to rest. Detachment from a portion of the regiment preceding us had been sent out and others immediately followed them, and the poor secess have found no rest for the soul of his foot. His secret hiding places were visited unceremoniously, and several fugitives with being constantly disturbed by ill-bred fellows, "vaunted over the line; but the Wisconsin boys like cold noses, were on the track and not far in rear. On Wednesday night a detachment consisting of Companies A and B, pushed on to Chalk bluffs, on the State line, and in the morning of Thursday the 15th surprised a body of about 125 rebels under the notorious Jeffries. The advance of fifteen men, fell in with the enemy in a ravine, thickly wooded, a short distance from the road, and nothing daunted by the numbers, commenced firing. Jeffries was heard to call out to his men, "Pepper them boys. They are green and won't stand fire long." Major LaGrange rode upon the ridge along which our boys were firing, and cried out in his stentorian voice, "Stand fast boys. The cavalry will soon be here." You will observe the ferry was of small capacity, capable of passing but fifteen men at a trip, and of course the men as fast as passed over, pushed on. The Major who was mounted upon a magnificent black stallion, which he had taken from secess, and the pack and nerve manifested by the little band that had opened the fight, with the prospect of reinforcements of cavalry, was too much for the rebels and they broke and fled in all directions. Two were mortally wounded on our side. Lieutenant Merril of Company D, had two balls lodged in his person, and was hit by two other bullets, making wounds not dangerous. A fifth ball cut his clothing, but did not touch the person. Lieutenant Phillips, struck in the breast, has since died. Another was shot in the head, by a rebel in the top of a tree. Major LaGrange with his revolver brought down that wretch.

Here in this battle fell Salmon Howard, from your vicinity, as noble and brave a boy as ever shouldered a musket in his country's defense. He was one of the first members of my company, and myself and the other officers, as well as his companions, were much attached to him for his quiet and manly deportment. He was always civil and respectful, and never gave occasion for reproach; of quiet unobtrusive habits, he was capable of heroic action. Brave boy, he was in the advance, and while the bullets were whistling about him, he stood up calmly as could a veteran and loaded. He too rounds and drew ten deadly aim at the enemy's line in hand, when struck down by the fatal bullet. Those who saw him say that his charging, raising, firing and aiming were done as coolly as if unconscious of danger. He knew not fear. Noble boy.

He was an honor to the mother who bore him, and the father, if he lives may well tell with pride of how the brave boy fought and fell. Had he lived through the war he would have returned to the pursuits of civil life unstained by the enmity engendered by the war and that destroy so much that is innocent and fine in the camp.

We expect to remain in the State until ordered away, which may not be for long time. The State with her own forces ought to keep down the marauders and doubtless will.

N. BRUETT.

Col. Daniels' Cavalry Fight in Arkansas.

St. Louis, May 19.—The following is by telegraph to headquarters:

Col. Daniels attacked the rebels under Col. Jeffries, forty miles from Bloomfield, and reports from Chalk Bluff that he seized a ferry boat, and crossed under the enemy's fire, routed and pursued them six miles into Arkansas, they fleeing into swamps:

We had two Lieutenants wounded, one mortally, one private killed and six wounded. The enemy lost eleven killed and seventeen wounded, who were captured.—also, provender, horses and arms.

Lieut. Bacon Montgomery has killed the rebel Col. Schumate.

FROM THE FIRST WIS. CAVALRY.

BLOOMFIELD, Mo., May 19, 1862.

DEAR RECORD:—In my last, I said a portion of our Regiment had started on an expedition against a camp of rebels South, and I have only time to say that a portion have returned, having engaged the enemy, one hundred and forty in number; and our advance of twenty men, after an engagement of thirty minutes, put the whole force to flight, killing eleven and wounding sixteen of the enemy, having three killed and three wounded on our side. Companies A and D being the only ones engaged and suffered: Lieuts. Phillips of Company A, killed; and Lieut. of Company D, severely wounded with four shots, but says he will be after them again in a few days.

The boys fought desperately, dispersing the enemy, in fact routing every one taking to the woods on his own hook; the camp falling into our hands. Col. Fehlman who is now our prisoner, said to me yesterday, "When your boys came, and commenced roaming the woods and swamps, night and day as though they were acquainted with the country, I knew we were gone, there was no use of contending against such men. The troops herefore only fought us in the woods, and we only had to keep in the woods to be successful."

Such is the feeling here now, and hence the people are flocking in by scores, "making their peace" with the First Wisconsin Cavalry. All the Wapsau boys are well.

H. CAKINS.

Death of Lieut. Phillips.

We received, two or three days since, a piece of poetry from somebody at Sparta, Wis., in the death of Lieut. Phillips, of the 1st Cavalry. The poetry is not passably well composed, and we cannot give it place. And now while we are on the subject we might as well say that unless a person has a talent for poetry writing they had better confine their efforts to press. Poor poetry is an abomination. The following remarks compose the poetry above mentioned, which we print cheerfully:

"W. J. Phillips, 2d Lieut. Co. A, 1st Regiment Wis. Cavalry, was mortally wounded in the chest and slightly below the knee, while fighting for the cause he loved so well, at Chalk Bluffs, on the St. Francis river, Arkansas side, on the morning of Thursday, May 15th. After lingering four days without a murmur or complaint falling from his lips, he calmly
and peacefully closed his eyes in death on Sunday evening, May 15th, at the early age of 21 years and five months. His remains were taken to his sorrowing parents, brothers and sisters, and the home of his childhood which he loved so well, at Burns, La Crosse Co., Wis., where they were quietly but sorrowfully laid in silent grave.

M. J. E.

Col. Daniels' Cavalry Regiments

A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat writing from Cape Girardeau, thus speaks of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry:

The mail facilities are so poor between this place and the rest of the world, that a great many things are taking place here, or rather in the country back of here, from time to time, which if recorded, would make quite a show in the history of the times.

I am told by responsible men that a person cannot go a great distance in any direction from this place, back in the country, without crossing the skeletons of men whose lives have been sacrificed on account of this damnable war.

Col. Daniels and his 1st Wisconsin Cavalry are doing a glorious thing for the cause of true freedom, and those misguided men who are striving to do away with their greatest blessing—free government. They are breaking up all of the organized bands taking secession property, and prisoners without number; in fact, the inhabitants here say that they are the first men that have been stationed here. The Colonel and most of his command are now near the Arkansas line. And I must mention here a deed of daring that even in these times of heroic action will immortalize the name of the three men who executed it.

The notorious Col. Phenin had got his command on a high bluff on the opposite side of the Francis river, and as they had taken the ferry boat over with them, the command could not be got over to make them "skedaddle!" while a council of war was before them. A plan could be devised by which they could hope to dislodge them, private J. O. Tuttle and Wm. Abels plugged into the stream, swam over, and with a shower of bullets pouring from the bluffs behind them, succeeded in getting the boat over. They escaped with but little damage. Tuttle received a shot through his right wrist; a bullet grazed the back of his head, and two or three went through his clothes. Abels getting on the boat, after it was shoved off, did not receive a scratch. If such heroism is not worthy of a "comm. order," I do not know what is. The result of the operation was, they took Phenin himself, as well as many of his great prisoners, besides lots of horses, mules, &c., &c., effectually dispersing the band.

First Cavalry Regiment

The advance guard of the First Regiment Wisconsin Cavalry, had a sharp skirmish at Chalk Bluffs, Arkansas, on the morning of the 15th inst., with a body of rebel guerillas, under command of the notorious Jeffries, and routed them hand somely in twenty minutes.

Our force consisted of parts of squadron A, Capt. Mars, Lieuts. Howland and Phillips, and squadron D, Lieuts. Merrill and Fredericks—all under command of Major LaGrange. The rebel pickets on the Arkansas side of the river (St. Francis) were driven in by a volley from our side, just after sunrise. Firing over, our men charged on home and a half mile to the enemy’s camp, and began the attack.

The firing was incessant and heavy for twenty or twenty-five minutes, when the rebels ran for Memphis. Their own report of their loss is four officers killed and seven privates and fourteen wounded.

Ours, Lieut. Phillips (of squadron A), and two privates killed, and Lieut. Merrill (of squadron D) wounded. None of the wounded are seriously hurt, though Lieut. Merrill had four hits, but none vital.

Nearly the whole regiment, including Col. Daniels and Major LaGrange and Torrey, are close upon the Arkansas line. And I must mention here a student in Galesville University, and of late a Lieutenant in Col. Daniels Cavalry, was shot in a recent skirmish and his remains have been brought home for interment. Mr. Phillips will be remembered tenderly by his friends in this place as one who has given his life in defense of his country.

First Wisconsin Cavalry—killed and Wounded at the Battle of Chalk Bluffs, Arkansas.

The following are those of the First Wisconsin Cavalry, who were either killed or wounded in the fight at Chalk Bluffs, Ark:

Lieutenant Wm. J. Phillips, killed.

Shot through the chest, bullet lodging near the spine; also, in the right leg below the knee. He formerly lived at Sparta, Wis.

Solomon Howard, of Squadron D, killed, instantly shot wound in the neck, and one in the breast. Formerly lived near Waupun, Wis.

Wm. McCaulley, of Squadron A, received a mortal wound in the head from a rifle ball. Formerly resided at Pleasant Prairie, Wis.

Lieutenant F. C. Merrill, of Squadron D, received four wounds, one in the chest, one in the thigh, and two in the left leg. His wounds are not considered dangerous, however, and he will probably speedily recover. Resides at Fort Atkinson, Wis.

Charles Ens, formerly of Kenosha, Wis., belonging to Squadron A, wounded in the breast with buckshot, but not dangerously.

Thomas Tafe, of Squadron A, formerly of Kenosha, Wis., wounded in the right hand, and in the head, but not seriously.

I. O. Tuttle, of Squadron C, slight scratch on the head from a ball, and shot through the arm.

Total loss on our side three killed—or mortally wounded—and four wounded, who will recover without doubt.

The rebel loss is known to be not less than twelve killed, and fifteen wounded. Of the former, two or three are commissioned officers. Some of the prisoners assert that Jeffries was one of them. An Ordinarily Sergeant, who commanded the rebel: in the latter part of the engagement, and fought bravely, was killed while urging on his men. It is safe to assume that this gang of rebel marauders will never more disturb the Union citizens of Southern Missouri. — Cape Girardeau.

First Wisconsin Cavalry.

Among the special dispatches to the Chicago Tribune, from Cairo, the 2d was the following:

Col. Daniels, of the First Wisconsin Cavalry, left Cairo to-day. The gallant Colonel is expounding the gospel, according toAbraham to the excavationists in Missouri with wonderful success. He does not wait to introduce himself before he attacks, but he moves with a rapidity of the wind, and his blows fall thick and heavy.

In his recent expedition in Missouri from Bloomfield to Little River, a distance of sixty miles, where he captured rebel steamer laden with Confederate stores, the march was made in twenty-four hours. He has taken several rebels in the act of shooting Union citizens, and proposed to hang them. He has accomplished more work with that single Wisconsin regiment, than some Generals have done with a whole army.
that place without any serious battle except at Gainesville, making some two hundred miles in their route. They lost one man in the St. Francis river and have cleaned the valley of that river of armed rebels.

Since they left the Cape their rations drawn from the Government have been but what sugar and molasses they wanted from the steamer Dan E. Miller which they captured. The balance of their subsistance they have obtained by the way mostly of rebels. Forage is plenty and provisions not scarce in that part of Arkansas.

The correspondent relates this incident. Tim had gone to the house of a Union woman for some refreshments, and were well supplied. When about leaving, "Do you want some bacon?" she said. "Certainly we do if it is good," was the reply. "Well, then you stop at a certain house [describing it] and call for Old Tim Tuckcr's bacon." They did so and procured a good quality, which Old Tim had forced his Union neighbor to receipt for and take in store, to be returned to him again. Tim had gone to join some guerrillas bands and was killed in good hands, as the finale has proved.

At the writing, the boys were in good health and fine spirits, and had no fear of being captured. When they discovered the rebel steamer Dan E. Miller, they fired a six-pounder across her bow, which the disregard. This was followed by another, and after another, which the rebels hauled to the Captain. A, a fractions fellow, came on deck and hailed the cavalry to know where the gunboats were. "I know not," said a cavalryman, that they carried carbines, revolvers and swords; but who ever heard of cavalry carrying big guns? Where's your gunboats? Where's your gunboats?" He surrendered with a good grace, evidently gratified he had fared no worse.

The regiment had taken a number of prisoners, and allowed as many contrabands to accompany them as they could make useful.

From the First Cavalry.

The last number of the Cape Girardeau Eagle has several interesting articles and items. The reader will not overlook Capt. Chittenden's tribute to "the Gallant Fifteenth," which we copy. The Eagle relates an incident of the narrow escape of Col. Daniels. The Colonel was sighting a brass cannon, at the taking of the steamer Daniel E. Miller, when a rifle ball from the steamer struck him in the chest. With commendable foresight however, the Colonel had ensconced himself within a bullet proof vest, which intercepted the ball, and saved his life. The vest is said to show the mark of the shot plainly, and the cloth has a hole where the ball went in and came out.

From the correspondent of the Kenosh Telegram we clip the following incidents which have occurred in the regiment:

The two surgeons, Gregory and Lord, have been mustered out. They, Captain Isoy and Lieut. Barber have all been mustered out. Captain Brutts has been arrested, and Capt. Hobbs has been mustered out. Lieut. Porter has exchanged into squadron B, and will take his place without any serious battle except at Gainesville, making some two hundred miles in their route. They lost one man in the St. Francis river and have cleaned the valley of that river of armed rebels.

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About a week ago our company, together with the rest of the regiment, had orders to be ready to march on half an hour's notice, taking three days' ration in our haversacks, a blanket beside our rubber blanket, and thirty rounds of ammunition for our rifles and ten for our revolvers. Several companies started about noon for this place, but our company and some others did not get away till after sundown. I was on picket duty that day but was relieved about two hours before they started.

Bloomfield is about fifty miles south west of Cape Girardeau, and is nearly on a line due west of Cairo. The road to this point is through heavy timber, with only a narrow wagon road most of the way. The first night our battalion came twenty miles and stopped at the farm house of a Secesh, appropriating what forage we wanted for our horses. As I had been on picket duty the day before I was very sleepy before we stopped; so much so, that I actually dreamed in my saddle. After feeding in the morning we rode on to within a few miles of this town and encamped for the night. Said operation consisted in turning our horses loose in a pasture lot for a couple of hours, then taking them up, feeding and tying them; and we eating our own suppers which, by the way, consisted of what we brought with us together with some fresh mutton, cooked over some coals; and then spreading our rubber blankets and lying down with our wooden ones for a covering.

That night our major sent out a foraging party which brought in corn for our horses, and plenty of fresh mutton and fowl for ourselves, so the next morning we had a nice breakfast. I wish you could have seen us that beautiful Sunday morning, cooking our breakfast. We were on a nice grass lot, beside a spring of splendor, cool water, and our horses grazing around us, while each man had a piece of mutton, goose, turkey or chicken on the end of a long stick, cooking it over the coals, with an occasional tin cup from which might have been seen the stains of good coffee. I could but contrast the scene with that which was occurring at home. But war brings about strange circumstances; and we hardly know when Sunday comes.

About noon that day we found ourselves at this place—a town which, a year ago, probably contained a thousand inhabitants with a dozen stores, but which now is almost deserted, and the stores empty, forcibly reminding the visitor of the "deserted village" spoken of by one Goldsmith. The court house, (where I am writing this) and other office buildings, together with all the records, are abandoned. The court house has been appropriated by us for a commissary department—the lower part of it, I mean—and the court room for a prison, where there are now some fifty rebel prisoners.

I was reported before we left that there were from four to six hundred rebel troops here, well fortified and having several pieces of cannon; but we discovered that if such was the case, they had hastily folded their tents and fled at our approach. The rebels are very fleet. We have been unable to find more than fifteen or twenty in a place and they scatter when hearing of our coming. When the first battalion came in a week ago, we found about thirty of these traitors, but they fled so quick we lost them but six.

The county and the country round about has been under rebel rule since the war broke out, except at short intervals; and it is enough to bring tears from admittance to learn and witness the suffering they have precipitated upon the Union men. They have driven them from their homes or murdered them, and in most cases taken their property and leaving their families destitute of the necessaries of life.

Near our camp is a tree upon which last summer they hung three men for the crime of being Unionists, after compelling them to dig their own graves, and allowing their bodies to hang five days before cutting them down. The graves of these patriots are twenty rods from my place when I am in camp. One Unionist was let off after digging his grave, —that is vacant.

These men that were driven off went to the Cape and joined the State militia and now act as guides for us while we hunt their neighbor enemies. We have been constantly busy since we arrived here and have had good success considering that we either had to surprise or run down all the prisoners we have taken, among whom is a Colonel who was in command of the post. Nearly all the rebels in the country have voluntarily come in and taken the oath of allegiance. Since yesterday morning they have come in so rapidly that our Major, who is the provost marshal, has been over head and heels in administering it.

We were afraid when we left home that the southern climate wouId not agree with us, but in this we have been happily disappointed. The southern part of Missouri has proved thus far to be healthy and we are getting acclimated. Our regiment has been free from sickness and were never in a better condition since leaving Wisconsin. There is good water here and plenty of it, and I suppose this fact accounts in no small measure for the general good sanitary condition of the boys.

LETTER FROM THE FIRST WISCONSIN CAVALRY.

BLOOMFIELD, Mo., May 21.

Mr. EDITOR:

The First Wisconsin Cavalry is scattered, some at Cape Girardeau, about 250 men, and the balance are in Arkansas.

We have had busy times and any amount of work to do since landing at the Cape. The regiment has taken over 200 prisoners, among whom are Col. Phelan, two Captains, four Lieutenants, and the non-commissioned officers.

We have had two fights. Squadron "L" has the honor of killing the first Secesh in battle. That was on Sunday evening, the 12th inst., when they took two prisoners. The fight was in a swamp, about ten miles South-east of this place. Capt. Miller commanded the rebel force, which was superior to ours in number. We should have had a fine time had not the darkness prevented.

We made the attack, charged their camp, and took two prisoners. The enemy then retired behind a swamp.

On the 15th, part of Squadrions A, F, G, H, K and L arrived at St. Francis River, at "Chalk Bluff." A small ferry boat was tied at the opposite side of the river. A scout by the name of Tuttle swam across, and while untying the boat, was fired upon and wounded, but succeeded in bringing the boat across, when 15 men of Co. A crossed over, and a brisk battle commenced, about 80 of the rebels under Jeff. Thompson making the attack. Our men, as they were crossed over, fifteen at a time, joined in the fight, until the enemy fled. Our loss was one killed and Lieut. Phillips, of Co. A, mortally wounded. Lieut. Merrill was wounded in four places, and four privates were also wounded. Our forces are in pursuit of the rebels in Arkansas.

We have totally cleaned out "Seech" in this (Stoddard County.) About five hundred of them have come in, given themselves up and given their parole of honor. You cannot imagine how the pea-
people have been disappointed to find a Northern army in their midst. They are allowed to pursue their daily vocations and are protected in their pursuits of peace. No property is destroyed or disturbed without undergoing the proper processes.

There are many wealthy "seceh" here, who have been compelled to contribute largely to the support of our Government. Yesterday our foraging train came in with about five hundred dollars' worth of property, taken from a wealthy "seceh" who is in the enemy's army.

Real property has not been destroyed in this section like other parts of Missouri, but oh! how desolate. This village is a county seat, has better public buildings and better and more private buildings than Virden, but there were not when we entered it, but twenty-two families in it. Vacant buildings, with broken glass, met our view on all sides. No Court has been held here for 18 months. A year ago, Judge Jackson, a Union man, came here to open Court, but dared not. All the county officers and members of the bar were "seceh," and his life would have paid the penalty, had he opened Court.

The health of our troops is very good, and they are at all times ready, day or night, to mount and away to meet the enemy.

I forgot to say that three of the graves of those who were hung by the mob about a year ago, for expressing Union sentiments, are close to our camp. The open grave is by their side which was dug for the fourth, who was condemned at the same time, but was released, and is now one of our guides.

The scattered bones of several Union men, who were led out and shot by another mob, still bleached near a bridge here. Burial was refused their bodies, and any man threatened with instant death who would dare to cover them with rude earth.

We are about forty miles from Cape Girardeau and about forty miles from New Madrid.

Of the men who came into the service with me, Jonathan Willard and John Adney were left at the hospital at Benton Barracks, and all the others are here, I believe, on active duty and in good health.

Yours truly,

T. C. ANKENY
FROM THE FIRST WIS. CAVALRY.

BLOOMFIELD, Mo., May 22, 1862.

DEAR RECORD:—In my last letter to you, I briefly stated that a skirmish had just taken place between a small force of our men and a force of the rebels under Miller and Jeffries, and of the result as then known, but find I had left out little of the real facts, which I now wish to interest your readers. I will therefore give you the facts as fully as time will permit.

As I have already informed you, we left Cape Girardeau for this place, expecting to find a strong force of rebels here, as this had been a "military post" of theirs since last fall; and here, all the unofficiated Popular forces met, the Cape, was represented to be the centre of Jeff Thompson's broken forces. Our spies had hunted out their encampment in a swamp where they rested in perfect security, having put to flight at various times the Illinois and Missouri State troops who had been sent to hunt them out. When we came into the village most of the male inhabitants fled to the woods and swamps, in perfect fright and not a shop, and scarcely a house showed visible signs of being inhabited. Our men tarried not, but burning a scanty dinner, hastened to the hiding places of the enemy, until darkness compelled them to return.

The next morning they started in pursuit of, designing to attack their camp, distant about twelve miles; Colonel Pehan's forces had concentrated there expecting to meet upon us. They had no troops when they should be scouting, as they had done with troops before, an soon routing us; but when—unlike any who had ever been here before—our boys had penetrated the swamps as far as the horses could go, they dismounted and started on foot, through water, mud and quagmires, the poor deluded cowards, thought "old nick" himself was after them, and such a "skedaddling" you never saw. Although our boys were enraged at their cowardice, and being disappointed in having a good fight, yet they could but laugh at the fright they had given them. The Colonel had had time however to don his military, and put on "the habiliments" of his men, and put on "the habiliments" of his men, and clothes as a disguise, but not quite time to get up even his private papers, and all fell in with the game. Among the papers we found the "Special Commission" which partially compensated for the toil. The boys returned that night with their trophies and a few prisoners, disguised with "Southern Chivalry." Three or four days our boys were busied in hunting out the hiding places of the cowards, bringing in from day to day, prisoners, until we had the Court House full, and we had to suspend action operations against the enemy until we sent the prisoners to St. Louis. Colonel Pehan in the meantime had been captured and the terror-stricken, were coming in by scores daily, eager to take the oath of allegiance; but our officers had become so disgusted with the experience of the past, that they would not let them parley, or have them, but would take their names, place of residence, etc., and then give them their choice, that if they were ever found in arms, or joining in feeding or in any other way, death should be their portion, let them go. After having conquered this part of the country, news came that Jeffries and Miller, with about four hundred men were encamped near "Chalk Bluff" in Arkansas. The news was received in the forenoon, and by three o'clock two squadrions were on their way thither, and two more with the provisions, got off about nine o'clock at night. They marched all night, and about seven o'clock, next morning, came to St. Francis river, the border line between Missouri and Arkansas. On the opposite side appeared the enemy's pickets in possession of the Ferry Boat—shots were exchanged and the pickets met with the loss of one horse killed. U. O. Tuttle, of Company C, plunged in and swam across the river and fought over the boat, by means of which fifteen of our men were able to cross at one time, and when the first boat had reached the opposite shore, without waiting for the horses or canoes, they started in pursuit of the enemy; and after traveling about one mile, they discovered horsemen making their way into the woods, and with a determination to have a shot at them, the boys rushed into the thicket, when they were greeted with a volley of shots from about one hundred guns, from ten to fifteen rods distant; at the same time they heard the shrill bore of leader cry to the rebels, to "shoot, the d—n black Republicans, for they were cowards and would not fight."—Major LaGrange was with the boys but it was not necessary for his orders, for no sooner was the volley of the enemy's guns sent than every man was determined to have one victim, and into the fight they rushed, heedless of consequences, each man selecting his man. Their muskets were first used and then their pistols; each time rushing closer upon the enemy, until in some instances they were not over five roads from the enemy when they fired. The Mayor, too, was equally reckless, rushing upon an officer who had a fine horse, shot its rider and mounted the horse, and dashed upon the enemy like a maniac; and so terrible was the fire of the enemy, that any reinforcement which came up, the order was given by the enemy commander: "boys, run! every man to the care of himself, and meet me in Memphis as many as can." The order was obeyed, the wagons and all falling into our hands. The result of the battle was, eleven of the enemy killed and fifteen wounded. We lost one in killed, and five wounded; two of them have returned. Our men gained from the rebels an appellation of "devils," so regardless of form or number.

Having cleared that section of the enemy, we turned our direction towards Hornsville, the County seat of Douthard county, and hearing that a steamboat was on its way up from Memphis with a load of sugar, molasses and whiskey, they hastened forward, having their cannon along, and when they got in a commanding position, when the boys got up they hailed her, and she attempting to escape, they opened fire upon her, and soon taught her to. A fine prize she is. We are now hailing in the cargo, and sugar and molasses are plentiful with
US. One month more and Jeff. Thompson's old stronghold will be cleared of every vestige of rebellion. The work suits the boys finely, and none are sick when a charge is to be made. A perfect stampede from Arkansas, of Union men, is the order of the day to encourage the conscription act of the State. I tell you this part of "Dixie" is reaping the bitter fruits of their folly. Everything bears the impress of destruction. There has been no mails from "the Cape" here since last August, and not a pound of government goods, or a yard of cloth sold in this county since January last.

I have been imported for "a little coffee" for sick persons, as I never wish again to be. It makes one feel sad, yes sick to see misery, and not be permitted to alleviate it. The people are getting sorely sick of the war, and are heaping curses innumerable on the originator's head.

I have just seen a squad of six men who are fleeing from the tyranny of Arkansas. They say the people are fleeing to the Cape to arm to defend themselves against the troops. I do not blame them, and am almost in a starving condition, having had everything eatable taken by the rebel troops, and what they could not take with them destroyed. Money they say is plenty of the character I have seen here is just cast of Tulle Co. A cowman over a ferryment, and to take this class of work as I have seen how they have been treated, I would call them to justice. It is lamentable that our Government is so embarrased. May Heaven spare them to duty.

HIRAM CALKINS.

Letter from the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry.

HOMESVILLE, Missouri, May 23, 1862.

Dear Brother,—I received your welcome letter on Monday last; a lot of us were out on a scout for two days and on our return to "Four Mile Town," where about half the Regiment was encamped, we were very glad to find that a train had come in from Cape Girardeau with provisions, and what was better letters. I suppose some account of our doings will be interesting to you, so I will begin at the beginning.

When we came to "the Cape" three weeks since, the only armed rebels left in the state were in the south-eastern part, below Cape Girardeau. Their cavalry was now gone and they had suffered terribly in loss of property and rank of life; some who were threatened with hanging managed to escape to the Cape where the most of them still are. A perfect reign of terror prevailed throughout the entire section of land about the Cape, and Daniel's. The armed rebels were not over eight hundred in number, but they were well equipped and mounted splendid horses, which they had taken from the Unionists. Jeff. Thompson had been called to Memphis, to take charge of the gunboats there leaving Col. Phelan and Hinchins, and Major Bowles, and all our reinforcements, Taylor and Miller in charge of the rebels. Our first expedition was after a band of Jeffries' men who were within fifteen miles of us, plundering the German settlements of Hamburg. About half of his section is composed of swamp lands, mostly inaccessible, except by unusual places, and over sixty miles which have been built at great expense. East Swamp extends from near below the Cape to Memphis, but there is a part of good land a few miles in width on the east side of the river, which extends nearly the whole length of the swamp. Hamburg is situated on this strip, between the swamp and the Mississippi. It is called "Mill." Swamp and East Swamp. Between the two is a broad tract of very good land. The principal town of this tract is Bloomfield, for a long time Gen. Low's headquarters; he was killed at Fredericktown. East Swamp is a branch of East Swamp and opens up between that and May's swamp. The country I have seen here is just east of the Cape, and Bloomfield is a pretty place, but the most desolate looking town I ever saw. It had 300 inhabitants and has been very prosperous, but now there is not a store, school-house or church open, half the houses are empty and the people have moved out almost entirely. I left our quarters at night without seeing a single light or hearing scarcely a single sound. The few people left, living in almost continual fear before we came. We went up the saddle continually for two or three days, hunting the rebels. We went up in search of a place to encamp, but the ground was too hot and we could not find a place to accommodate us. We ran up to the brush and made a fire. We were put through enough during this campaign to lead any man to believe he would escape them, but after that they were too busy getting out of our way, to stop and molest us.

We would start out in squads from a dozen to seventy-five men, according to the force we expected to find. Our guides knew the country perfectly, and we could pitch our tents and then return to the camp; but the rebels always scattered like frightened rabbits at our approach. We did not take very many prisoners, but any quality of muskets and 40 good weapons and ammunition. The next day after our arrival, I was one of a party of about 50, under Maj. LaGrange, who went to Kratsch's camp, 12 miles from the Cape. We found the place occupied by the rebels, but we took several horses, fat cattle, baggage wagons, guns, sabers &c., and many quantities of bacon and meal, Besides some molasses and 4 bushels of dried apples and peaches. We killed a "possum" in the shape of a large hog, and in the collection that we made, together with a good quantity of holly, made out a bully dinner.

Two days such work as this set them all camp moving toward Arkansas, and on Wednesday morning, 200 miles on our way after them. We rode all night and part of the next day, 3 miles from the St. Francis River, leaving about 80 miles behind us. Maj. LeGrange came for me and the other seven and we met at the "Ridge" where we would have a council of war. We marched, along very fast, but found nothing of them till we reached the river, when their pickets were seen on the other side in Arkansas. A messenger was sent back for the rest while we waited for our assistance as to not create an alarm. Here the mistake was made; half a dozen men should have been put across the river above who could have cut off the pickets, but instead of waiting till Daniels came up, we clumped to the river boat and suddenly springing up we fired on the pickets; one was mortally wounded; but they all, 4 in number, mounted their horses and commenced a run for camp, as they were going up the bluff, 30 rods distant. Clinton, the ball passing through him, had Mr. Bell landing on his head in the gravel. He jumped up however and took his own legs to it, and succeeded in getting to the camp, 5 miles off, ten minutes after the two others—the one who was shot having died on the way. A fellow named Co. C, mounted a horse in the night, and soon there was a good load in it for the other side. I was the first one to jump out and Dr. Dock Lord was right behind. We ran up on to the bluff but could see no enemy or camp; a boy of 17 came near losing his life; when he saw us he ran, and as he was dressing in his blankets he ran around a hill and down the bluff, 30 rods distant. We rode up to him, and three thousand yards of the hill and had not fired a shot.
The first Wisconsin Cavalry Regiment, about 120 men, went over the bridge, leaving four men with a boat behind. A rebel Colonel was killed, also two other men; besides a Colonel and Lieut. Colonel, and perhaps 45 other prisoners. The boat was full of the prize; she had $375 worth of plundered sugar on board, besides considerable tobacco and whiskey. We also took a forage of bacon from a barge, and the day after over $300 worth of furs, which had been carried. The boat was worth $12,000, and all the Rebels rigging her up and means to keep her till Memphis is taken. The boat’s name is Daniel M. Miller. I wrote a letter of this in her pilot-house, on paper found in the Clerk’soffice. Take it altogether, the boat made a safe and quiet run. That might be sent clear to General Fremont, for teams to haul off the plunder. I started with about 20 others, at 3 o’clock in the morning, and came down here; how long we shall stay here is uncertain, but it is stated that we are attached to Carters’s Division, and are to report there as soon as possible. I shall soon start for the Cape, and then if the way is open, for Carters’ army, by the way of Arkansas river; if not open, we will recruit awhile, and go overland.

In a few days we have cleared South East Missouri of the land pirates, taken Col. Phelan, Maj. Bowers and Captain Taylor prisoners; Capt. Phelan was drowned in the swamp running from us, and Capt. Jeffries was severely wounded at the skirmish. Five other regiments have been sent to the Cape, but went off with us, and our doing anything. Capt. Phelan said he was “not afraid of Missouri troops, but that he never expected to have these Wisconsin devils to fight.” A good regiment of Infantry ought to hold all we have taken, and I hope one will be sent here if we are called off. I know I am in our usual health, but Meg is sick at home. I heard from Capt. Tophill last night; I should like to see him much to be home while this summer, but don’t expect it. If we stay here till fall we can live on fruit. Peaches are as plenty as hazel-nuts in Wisconsin. Ed. Tophill is well, and makes a bully good cook. Col. Phelan is fine, and takes good care. Harvey Moore is at the Cape, acting clerk to the Commissary Master. I mean to win home immediately, but do not know as I get sent off very soon.

Your Affectionate Brother,

EDWIN D. COE

From the First Wisconsin Cavalry Regiment

P. S. — Send me a few things, to be sent off as soon as possible.
the first troops that have done any actual good in restoring peace and safety to the south-western part of the state. Col. Daniels is laying by laurels for himself, and his excellent judgment and superior management is gaining over thousands here to a firmer and more devoted love for the stars and stripes. But I must close, as the ladies aboard have gathered around the piano and are discoursing very sweet music, and I am always on hand where anything of that kind is going on. Moro

PELED.

*From Maj. Pomeroy.*

We are permitted to publish the following private letter from Maj. Pomeroy, of the First Wisconsin Cavalry, addressed to President Mason, which will be read with interest by the Major's numerous friends here:


**President Mason:** As I am about to send a train to Cape Girardeau, loaded with provisions and tobacco, and a courier with it, I take the chance to forward this, being no Post Office nor mail outside of “the Cape.” The prisoners are notorious “bush-whacking” rebels taken in the woods and swamps. The tobacco is seared on rebel plantations, and confiscated to the U. S. Distance to the Cape, about fifty miles through woods infested with the “bush-whackers,” so that I have to send a strong guard.

You’ll see that “I” and “me” figure largely; but when you recollect that there isn’t a judge, jury, court, justice, sheriff, constable, clerk or any single piece of the machinery of civil administration in this region, and that “Major Pomeroy, Provost Marshal of Bloomfield Sub-District,” holds in his hands the absolute control of the life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness of every person therein living or coming—recollecting all this, you can imagine that he is High-as-tyme, Grand Fudge, etc., and can see how it comes about that he says “I” and “me” frequently. Still, I think my head keeps level so far.

Among my plunder, are some books from the library of Brig. Gen. Watkins, of Scott County, which I have laid aside for our Library at the College.

At Cape Girardeau the limestone comes to the surface, and at many places, here and there, but as yet I’ve seen no fossils. Here abounds, the rock isn’t exposed. The mineral region is some sixty miles away. I feel quite sure our work will be done before winter, so as to muster out the regiment before January 1st, 1863, thus giving me a chance to get at work on (A plus n)² in the winter. Ergo I wish the present arrangement to continue, if possible.

Our regiment is now down upon the Arkansas line and into Arkansas, very active apparent dangers, a man across and procured the boat, under a shower of bullets. He received a slight wound in the right wrist. Only fifteen men and horses could cross at a time. All landed safely and ran to meet the foe, which proved to be 75 in number. They were soon engaged one to five, and stood their ground until a reinforcement of another fifteen came to their assistance. They then fought desperately for about forty minutes and routed them completely with a loss on our side of one 2d Lieutenant and one private killed; one 3d Lieutenant and one private wounded. Enemy's loss was one Captain, one orderly and eleven privates killed and sixteen wounded. We took the whole camp equipment and baggage.

The Col. took a new direction the following morning down the Black river. Having marched about 30 miles he encountered a steamer coming up from Memphis with rebel soldiers and supplies. The steamer was taken and found to contain $20,000 worth of sugar and molasses. Sixty officers and privates were taken prisoners.

Euglestone sent off a dispatch of twenty men and succeeded $500 worth of tobacco and various other.

**FIRST WISCONSIN CAVALRY.**

The following was written by E. M. Bond of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, son of Mr. M. P. Bond of this city, to his mother, and gives the best account we have yet of the proceedings of Col. Pomeroy, since he has been on the Western Frontier.

Bloomfield May 24th, 1862.

...I arrived here with the train on the morning of the 23d, found what was once the beautiful and prosperous village of Bloomfield deserted. Towns and stores were all closed, besides half of the dwellings. When the regiment entered the town, there were not a half a dozen people left; those who had not been murdered or driven away by the confederate soldiers, fled before the Union forces, as if conscious of deserving the wrath of a just and indignant people. Thus, a once flourishing town of 2,000 inhabitants was deserted. Not entirely though; there were left about a half dozen of prisoners—a few who adhered to the Union colors, amidst persecution and constant threatening—persons of character, so opined that the rebel ruffians dare not molest them.

Our regiment, under the command of Capt. A. M. Pomeroy, descended upon the town, and Col. Pomeroy and our Colonel is picking up prisoners daily. We have now about 30 rebel prisoners impressed, among whom is the notorious Col. Plehan.

Before this rebellion broke out, this place with its 2500 inhabitants was very prosperous; now only a dozen families can tell the tales of the most important proceedings. The houses are chiefly built of red brick and are completely destitute of architectural beauty. The Roman Catholic Church is the only edifice not built in the downtown corner. There is a large Catholic College for the education of German students.

After our arrival we pitched our tents about one mile west of the town on the Bloomfield turnpike. Soon after our arrival in Camp, Major Pomeroy was called upon to make a large expedition down towards Dutz. He said to the officers, men and the necessary teams, went out about 24 miles and succeeded in capturing on his way 17 prisoners of war. 45 head of cattle, 3 hogs, 1 horse, 500 pounds of molasses, 1 worm, 1000. It Ull an ancient, French town. The distance to Cape Girardeau, about fifty miles.

As I arrived at the town, we found ourselves in an almost deserted place. The view from the parapets of either of these forts is magnificent. The town has a beautiful healthy site, and be fore the place can be rendered a stronghold for the rebel, many more houses must be built.

Col. Pomeroy has been put in command to continue, if possible. He soon discovered that the enemy, camp under his immediate command to push forward that same evening. He arrived the next morning on the right bank and made a headlong rush. He soon discovered that the enemy's camp was situated upon the edge of a small perpendicular bluff on the opposite side of the river. This being the only crossing point, and the ferry boat, of course, being on the opposite side, our troops labored under great disadvantages. But quick as thought one of our gallant boys, amid all
The citizens having recovered from their fears of assassination, are returning to their homes. About half of the dwellings are now occupied. The people flock about the Provo's Marshall's office in crowds constantly, desiring to give in their declarations of rejoining the Union. Major Marshall is now in command of this place. Col. Daniels had a detachment of his men, having gone below in search of Jeffries' gang. The Colonel has succeeded well thus far. The advance of his detachment, under command of Major LaGrange, came upon Jeffries at Chalk Bluff, Ark., and after a short battle they were completely routed. Our loss was one killed, two mortally wounded and three others wounded but not dangerously. Of the wounded two were Lieutenants, one of whom, Lieut. Phillips of squadron A, has since died. Lieut. Merrill of Co. D, was wounded in four different places, but will, I think, recover, as none of his wounds are dangerous. A private of Co. A, who was badly wounded, is said to be recovering. Making three from our side who landed dead at the battle of Chalk Bluffs. The rebel loss was twelve killed, and fifteen wounded. Among the killed, were two officers, names unknown, and the balance of our rebel force broke and ran in all direct east; some had already come into this place and given themselves up. Thus have two notorious rebel gangs, which have infested Southern Missouri for a long time, been completely broken up, and disposed of.

I shall hear from there soon again, and then I shall write. Our Watertown boys are all well. Two privates wounded. The exultation of having so signal a victory, a greatly superior force, testing the gallantry of our men, was checked by this our first loss on the battle-field, of men brave and true as were those who fell.

On Thursday last we had our first open battle. A detachment of some 300 of our regiment, which was pushing southward, hoping to find the constantly retreating enemy, had reached the St. Francis river at Chalk Bluffs, where it forms the boundary line between Missouri and Arkansas, and were being ferried over in a small boat holding but fifteen. The first boat had crossed, and had proceeded about five miles on foot, not waiting for the rest, when they suddenly found themselves face to face with over 100 mounted rebels. A sharp firing immediately commenced, and continued till another boatload of our men came up, when the enemy fled, having lost 11 killed and 15 or 20 wounded. Our loss was Lieut. Phillips of Co A and two privates killed, and Lieut. Merrill and two privates wounded. The exultation of having so signal a victory, a greatly superior force, testing the gallantry of our men, was checked by this our first loss on the battle-field, of men brave and true as were those who fell.

On Thursday last I was ordered to accompany a train of supplies which was to be sent to our forces below, with a detachment of men. Leaving Bloomfield in the afternoon, we traveled 25 miles, camped for the night under the "Star Spangled Banner," and at 3 o'clock the next day arrived at the city of the camps, the town of Dunklin county, and on the west side of the St. Francis river, which separates it from Arkansas. Here we learned particulars of many good news that had met us on the way. A part of our force had gone on a few days before to Homelaville, Jamesville, and Point Comfort, where they heard a steamboat was landing and dashed into the place on a gallop, found the boat just starting to escape the rebels and drive down the river. A brass-field-piece which were dragging the way from Cape Girardeau was quickly sighted to bear and, a hail, sent crashing through her decks. It drifted on the water for us to board her to bring her ashore, which they immediately did, and the prize was ours. The cargo taken on the boat is valued at $5,000 or more, and is a valuable acquisition to us as well as a serious loss to rebels. It is a whisky costing them $100 a barrel at Memphis, coffee $100 a sack, and other things in proportions.

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Friend Cover:—Part of the First Wisconsin Cavalry is stationed in this place, the county seat of Stockdale Co., South-East Missouri. Part of the Regiment is at Cape Girardeau and part at Chalk Bluff, 30 miles south of here. Our band of which we are proud, went out on the 14th inst., and captured the notorious Col. Phillips and 40 of his men, in a swamp; McPherson, the pilot, had his horse shot under him, which was all the loss we had. There are 50 prisoners here in the court house, who will be sent to St. Louis.

On the 15th, part of Companies A and D, under Major Langrange, met Capt. Jeffers with 100 men, and after a sharp fight of one hour, we drove them off, after killing 11 and wounding 16 of them; our loss was 3 kilo d.—Lieut. Phillips of Co. A, was killed, and Lieut. Merrill of Co. D, wounded but not dangerously; a private of Co. A, was wounded.

On the 22d a detachment under Major Terry, captured a steamboat on the St. Francis River, with a cargo of sugar and molasses, and sixty officers, among them two Colonels, one of whom attempted to escape in a canoe; but a cannon ball stopped his progress. This I consider a good haul, done without the loss of a man.

The rebels have possession of Kennett, 30 miles distant, over a swampy country. They swear they won't give it up. Majors Langrange and Sorrow, have gone there with 400 of our Regiment, and will doubtless have possession soon, for the First Wisconsin Cavalry are bound to succeed whenever they meet the foe. Our energetic little Colonel is with the boys every time. Our boys have captured over a hundred head of cattle and sheep, 40 horses and mules, three tons of tobacco, a quantity of arms, among them Col. Phillips' rifle, worth one hundred dollars, and his military suit; these were sent to Cape Girardeau.


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Bloomfield is almost deserted, the union men were all driven from here by Jeff Thompson. The stores are all closed and there has been no mail here since July last. The nearest post-office is Cape Girardeau, 30 miles distant, over a swampy country. There is now at Cape Girardeau, 7,000 troops receiving pay.

The health of the Regiment is tolerably good, a few are down with typhoid fever; weather wet and cool; roads very muddy. Yours for the right,

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A. BARTEN.


Friend Cover:—Part of the First Wisconsin Cavalry is stationed in this place, the county seat of Stockdale Co., South-East Missouri. Part of the Regiment is at Cape Girardeau and part at Chalk Bluff, 30 miles south of here. Our band of which we are proud, went out on the 14th inst., and captured the notorious Col. Phillips and 40 of his men, in a swamp; McPherson, the pilot, had his horse shot under him, which was all the loss we had. There are 50 prisoners here in the court house, who will be sent to St. Louis.

On the 15th, part of Companies A and D, under Major Langrange, met Capt. Jeffers with 100 men, and after a sharp fight of one hour, we drove them off, after killing 11 and wounding 16 of them; our loss was 3 kilo d.—Lieut. Phillips of Co. A, was killed, and Lieut. Merrill of Co. D, wounded but not dangerously; a private of Co. A, was wounded.

On the 22d, a detachment under Major Terry, captured a steamboat on the St. Francis River, with a cargo of sugar and molasses, and sixty officers, among them two Colonels, one of whom attempted to escape in a canoe; but a cannon ball stopped his progress. This I consider a good haul, done without the loss of a man.

The rebels have possession of Kennett, 30 miles distant, over a swampy country. They swear they won't give it up. Majors Langrange and Sorrow, have gone there with 400 of our Regiment, and will doubtless have possession soon, for the First Wisconsin Cavalry are bound to succeed wherever they meet the foe. Our energetic little Colonel is with the boys every time. Our boys have captured over a hundred head of cattle and sheep, 40 horses and mules, three tons of tobacco, a quantity of arms, among them Col. Phillips' rifle, worth one hundred dollars, and his military suit; these were sent to Cape Girardeau.

Bloomfield is almost deserted, the union men were all driven from here by Jeff Thompson. The stores are all closed and there has been no mail here since July last. The nearest post-office is Cape Girardeau, 30 miles distant, over a swampy country. There is now at Cape Girardeau, 7,000 troops receiving pay.

The health of the Regiment is tolerably good, a few are down with typhoid fever; weather wet and cool; roads very muddy. Yours for the right,

A. BARTEN.

by some of our prisoners, who are of a more intelligent class, that the population of Missouri at the present time, were a consensus to be taken, would not exceed one third of that existing before the breaking out of the war. The stories told by these returning fugitives are wild and annoying. Here is one, for the truth of which I will vouch, as it was told me by a man, whose fearing for his life, had fled to the swamps. I accepted him one day, and entered into conversation generally. He said that everybody had told him that if he stayed here, and was seen by our troops, he would be shot, that all the women and children would be killed, their property destroyed, and their crops destroyed. They are now apparently satisfied that they were in error, and that their leaders are mad, audacious liars. It is said that our Regiment has materially aided in the great work. I hope so.

Our wants are few, but our supplies are uncertain. But what we most want are letters from home, and something to read. No one who has not tried a soldier's life, can know the sense of such as we, the men of Missouri, knowing that every day is re-enacted, and nothing for a change, can you judge of it.

From editorial correspondence of the Cape Girardeau Eagle, we clip the following relative to our Appletoniers in the 1st Wis. Cavalry, at Bluefield, Mo.:

** We overtook a party in an ambulance, among whom was Mrs. Captain Paine. She was on her way to join her husband, the gallant Captain of Squadron G. ** ** About the middle of the afternoon the party met Captain Paine in search of his escaped lady, on meeting with whom his countenance lighted up with the smile of happiness peculiar to young married men. **

** Dr. Major Pomeroy, the Commandant at this Post, has established his quarters at the Court House, and has the men quartered in buildings contiguous, all being within a stone's throw of Head Quarters. The Major has his confinement so arranged that in case attack is threatened, he can have his men in line of battle in very little time. As it is characteristic of Maj. Pomeroy, he has everything moving off here systematically. From revell unit to tattoo, everything comes on at the appointed time. The men have good quarters and food. Captain Paine is seldom heard from. **

** The 1st Wisconsin Cavalry **

A gentleman residing in this city who recently visited Cape Girardeau, brings highly favorable accounts of the 1st Wis. Cavalry, Col. Daniels. The people there pronounce it greatly superior to any regiment yet seen in that part of the country. For endurance, hardihood, energy and dash, it is unsurpassed. Wherever it goes Union men are protected and the flag respected. It tolerates no display of the secession sentiment, and enforces submission to the laws of the country.

** The Eagle contains proceedings of Union and emancipation meetings in various quarters in southern Missouri. We notice that Col. Daniels has addressed several of these meetings, and he appears to be winning laurels as an orator quite equal to those he has acquired as a military leader. **

** The Eagle also brings intelligence of the death of Dr. Gregory, which occurred in the 7th inst. **

** Greencroft and Wounded at the Battle of Chalk Bluffs. **

The following are those of the 1st Wis. Cavalry, who were either killed or wounded in the fight at Chalk Bluffs, Ark:

* Lieutenant Wm. J. Phillips, killed. Shot through the head near the spine; also, in the right leg below the knee. He formerly lived in Sparta, Wis. **

* Captain Paine, killed instantly by two buckshot wounds in the neck, and one in the breast. Formerly lived near Waukesha, Wis. **

* Wm. McGloughlin, of Squadron A, received a mortal wound in the head, from a rifle ball. Formerly resided at Pleasant Prairie, Wis. **

* Lieutenant F. C. Merrill, of Squadron D, received four wounds in the chest, one in the thigh and two in the left leg. His wounds are not considered dangerous, however, and he will probably speedily recover. He formerly resided at Fort Atkinson, Wis. **

* Charles Roe, formerly of Kenosha, Wis., belonging to Squadron A, wounded with buckshot but not dangerously. **

* Thomas Tate, of Squadron A, formerly of Kenosha, Wis., wounded in the right hand, and in the head, but not seriously. **

** I. O. Tuttle, of Squadron C, slight scratch on the head from a ball, and shot through the wrist. **

** Total loss on our side three killed—seven mortally wounded—and four wounded, who will recover. **

** The rebel loss is known to be not less than twelve killed, and fifteen wounded. The former, two or three are commissioned officers. **

** Dr. H. N. Gregory, whose death we mentioned on Saturday, was mortally wounded at Chalk Bluffs, Arkansas, on Saturday, the 3d of June by a band of bushwhackers. In company with the Regt. Chaplain, he had crossed the river for a horseback ride, and was descending the bank to the boat on his return, when a party of five or six guerrillas appeared on the bluff above and fired on him. One ball struck his left arm near the shoulder, shattering the bone, and passed into the body, coming out near the spine. His arm was amputated, but it appears without avail. Such a species of warfare should not be tolerated, and we hope to hear that Col. Daniels has captured these "bushwhackers," as long as any of them. **

** First Wisconsin Cavalry.—From the Eagle, of the 7th inst., published at Cape Girardeau, Mo., by members of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, we learn that Wm. Mann, brother of Q. M. Mann, of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, was accidentally shot while handling a revolver a few days since. The ball passed through his leg, and he is now able to get around with the aid of crutches. Three or four others of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry boys have been injured in a similar manner, among them Wm. Travis, of the band. **

** The N. C. Observer, late Assistant Surgeon of the 7th Regiment Wis. Vol., has been appointed Surgeon of the 1st Wis. Cavalry, position vacated by Dr. H. N. Gregory— and Dr. T. P. Russell, formerly Assistant Surgeon of the 2nd Regiment Wis. Vol., Assistant Surgeon—position vacated by Dr. Charles H. Lord. **

** H. N. Gregory, acting Surgeon of the 1st Wis. Cav. was seriously, if not mortally wounded at Chalk Bluffs, Ark., on Saturday last, by a band of bushwhackers. In company with the Reg't Chaplain, he had crossed the river for a horseback ride, and was descending the bank to the boat on his return, when a party of five or six guerrillas appeared on the bluff above and fired on him. One ball struck his left arm near the shoulder, shattering the bone, and passed into the body, coming out near the spine. The wound is terrible, and his recovery from it is doubtful. The arm has been amputated, and he has the care of a good surgeon. **

** Death of Dr. Gregory. **

** It is with feelings of sorrow that we have to record the death of Dr. H. N. Gregory, acting surgeon of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry. In company with the Regt. Chaplain, he had crossed the river for a horseback ride, and was descending the bank to the boat on his return, when a party of five or six guerrillas appeared on the bluff above and fired on him. One ball struck his left arm near the shoulder, shattering the bone, and passed into the body, coming out near the spine. He was mortally wounded and died a few days after. **

** No one else of the party was hurt except the Doctor, probably from the fact that none of the rest had on a uniform. **

** He was picked out as a special mark for the murderous bullets of the guerrillas. **

** The ball struck his left arm just below the shoulder, shattering the bone, glanced off the spine, and killed his horse who was standing close to him. The arm was amputated and it was thought there was a chance for his recovery with good care and attention. **

** He had the best nursing..."
there was in the regiment, but did not survive his wounds, dying on the 9th inst.

On Saturday his remains arrived here for interment, accompanied by Lieut. Jones and private Jerome Ward. They were met at the depot by a large concourse of our citizens, and about 6 o'clock P. M. consigned to their final resting place.

Dr. Gregory had long been a resident of this county, and for many years of this village, and had an extensive medical practice. Being a man of great sociability, he had many warm personal friends among his acquaintances by whom his loss is deeply felt.

Death of Dr. Gregory. A correspondent of the Kenova Telegraph gives the following particulars of the death of Dr. Gregory:

He was shot at Chalk Bluff, by some Villagers concealed behind a tree. The circumstances are briefly these: Major LaGrange took a detachment with him to follow the enemy to a place where he was assailing our lines. Our men were held for the night, on this side of the St. Francis river. The Chaplain of the regiment and Dr. Gregory expressed a desire to visit the ground of the late battle, which was on the opposite side of the river. Major LaGrange said he would go and show them the place. The party had been to the battleground, and Dr. Gregory was standing by the side of his horse while the animal was drinking. Suddenly several shots were fired from beyond the river, none of which took effect, except that which hit the doctor. He was struck by a heavy musket ball, which shattered his arm, passed obliquely through the chest, and imbedded itself deeply in the body of the horse. The horse died immediately. The doctor lingered several days, in great agony, and although his arm was amputated, nothing could save his life. He passed calmly away, a week ago, leaving behind him a memory which we shall long cherish.

[We are permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter from the 1st Cavalry Regiment. It will undoubtedly be interesting to those who have friends in that Regiment.]

At "Major Nation's Place,"

June 24, 1862

DEAR MOTHER:—I have not written to you in a long time and I am afraid you will think it is because I am sick, but I am happy to inform you that I never was in better health, and that the only reason I have not written was that I have been on the march almost constantly for the last four weeks, and in a country where the supply of forage for carrying teams is extremely limited. I have rode several hundred miles since we came to "the Cape," and in all the time have but very few opportunities to send a letter, and I would not know of that until I was too late to write. Now I do not want you to feel anxious if you don't get letters from me, as anything should happen to me you will not be surprised if it is as soon as it is possible for the mail to carry it.

I wrote brother Charles a long account of our doings while I was at Kennebec or Homer watershed and you must get him to tell you some of the principal parts of it. Since there a few of us went on an expedition to Chalk Bluff, where we had the fight. Our Major expected to find a considerable number of the rebels a few miles off in Arkansas, and had gathered several parties of our troops together who met us at Chalk Bluff. By the way, our Regiment is scattered all over this part of the State—so party of over 72 can be found in one place. We arrived at the river opposite the Bluff by 3 o'clock and finding Major LaGrange, Dr. Gregory had a number of personal friends about him. They were met at the depot, accompanied by Lieut. McPherson and specimens of the chalk, equal to some of the best arts of Missouri. The people here are very plenty, and I have been profited by it; strawberries are well-nigh gone but blackberries abound in large quantities and will soon be ripe.

I hope that this war will soon be over and I can see you all in our new home.

FROM THE FIRST CAVALRY.

The Recent Capture of a Rebel Steamer by the First Wisconsin Cavalry.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

HORIERSVILLE, DESKIN, CO.,

One of the most brilliant achievements of this or any other campaign, was the capture of a Rebel Steamer, on Little River, a tributary to the St. Francis, one day last week, a telegraphic notice of which has already gone the rounds of the papers. The particulars of the capture have not yet been correctly stated, and I therefore give you the facts:

After breaking up the rebel nest at Bloomfield, and defeating Jeffries in the battle of Chalk Bluffs, in the edge of Arkansas, the vessels were ordered into Missouri, and distributed so as to observe the fords and ferry places on the St. Francis. We had a grand gathering of Dunklin and Steoddart Counties on Sunday. Colonel Daniels addressed the multitude, enlightened many darkened minds, and warmed every heart with his truthful and eloquent words. The "Stars and stripes" were then unfurled, and the crowd gave three hearty cheers for the Union of the State, and three for the Government as our Fathers made it. Hundreds of honest and simple-hearted men were away saying, "If we had only heard this two years ago, we would never have been found-aiding treason."—One of the most brilliant achievements of this or any other campaign, was the capture of a Rebel Steamer, on Little River, a tributary to the St. Francis, one day last week, a telegraphic notice of which has already gone the rounds of the papers. The particulars of the capture have not yet been correctly stated, and I therefore give you the facts:

On Tuesday, May 20th, reliable information was received that a rebel steamer was captured, but was not captured, a vessel on Homer...
Leaving Capt. L. A. La Grange, and the 1st Wis. Cavalry, in charge, and selecting eighty of the freshest men and horses, taking all the moveable, nailing the siding to the dock, and loading the boat to their own strength, we pushed down the Hornerstown road, which was not less than 10 miles distant. On the way we were joined by two or three butternut citizens, and met several loaded with sugar, molasses, and whisky. We picked up all persons we trapped from the town, and ordered them to take their own families and horses, taking all the moveable goods. They then came to us, till the whole boat was under way northward. Rebels came quickly and in a body, and threatened to stop us, but the men were not afraid. They had hidden their

In the noise, the colonel ordered the man to fire, and a volley of small arms was opened upon them. The rebels retreated, and the boat continued its course down the river. After a few moments of excitement, the colonel ordered the men to return to their positions, and the boat continued its course down the river.

In the meantime, the town was surrounded by the rebel forces, and the colonel ordered the men to return to their positions, and the boat continued its course down the river. After a few moments of excitement, the colonel ordered the men to return to their positions, and the boat continued its course down the river.

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er side. A little before dark that night we were startled by a volley of some eight or ten shots fired from the bluffs. The call to arms was sounded, and in less than three minutes all the men were in line, ready and anxious for a fight. No more shots were fired, however, and in a few moments it was found that the surgeon was lying in the water at the edge of the river badly wounded; he had been standing at the brink watering his horse, which was killed, and he was shot through the arm and body. A party of scouts were immediately sent out: the troops moved back a short distance from the river, and slept on their arms until morning when the country was scoured in every direction for about twelve miles. Our company and company M went out together; I was one of the advanced guards with Billy Crawford and Peter Schlitz, and expected when we started, that one at least, if not all three of us would be killed before we had gone three miles. No enemy were found, however, and we learned before night that the party that fired into our camp was composed of only five or six men who had been stationed at the river when the rebels fled, to watch our movements. It was useless to follow them farther, and we came back to this place, where we arrived last night. No one was hurt except the doctor; his arm will have to be taken off, and it is thought to be very doubtful if he will live.

A part of Co. A, and a part of Co. D. had a skirmish near this same place (Chalk Bluff) some weeks since, in which Co. A lost their second Lieutenant and one private, and Co. D lost one private, and had their first Lieutenant severely but not dangerously wounded. Two or three more were slightly wounded. There were less than thirty of our men in this engagement, and not less than a hundred of the rebels; yet in spite of these odds, the enemy were routed, and our boys got their teams and camp equipage. How many of their men were killed we could not tell, as they carried them away as fast as they fell. Our troops took several prisoners also; how many I am unable to tell. Our regiment also had a skirmish at Hornersville on Little River, in which they took a steamboat and a valuable cargo of groceries and provisions, and killed a rebel Colonel who was on board; this man tried to escape by lying flat down in a Union man— they chew, drink and smoke, though the damned Yankee abolitionist. And they say they are too warm to work in the heat of the sun. So much for South-West. Our troops had a six-pound gun, and with two shots fired from it, they could not have the boat. What do you think of it? The enemy fired quite briskly, and we didn’t want to come home until the war was ended.

A Hanging Scene

ESTA M. Bown of the 1st Wis. Cavalry gives the following sketch of a scene he witnessed in the west in a recent letter to his mother in this city, from which we are permitted to extract the following paragraphs:

BLOOMFIELD, Mo., June 31, 1862.

"DEAR MOTHER—I***This has been one of the most exciting days I ever witnessed in my life. Yesterday a company marched through from below, stating that Dr. Gregory was mortally wounded, having been shot by a sneaking rebel, the ball taking effect in his left arm, up nearly to the shoulder, coming out under the arm, entering the side again, and passing out near the spine. They would hardly recover. The Major informed these men that he came in to give themselves up, if another of our men was shot in this way, he would hang two for every one they killed. We have several hard cases in prison here. For example, he took those out this morning to hang. Two men we were to have hanged last night before making coffee for them. This morning, all the boys were called out and marched down in the woods to a tree, where the rebels had hung three Union men, the guard coming up in the rear with the prisoners. The coffins were placed under the tree, which I should judge was designed purposely for hanging rebels on, the ropes fastened to the limb, and the caps drawn over their heads. And though the people are in part, at least, civilized and refined, of all the people in the world, from the Hottentot up to the most God-forsaken and degraded. They have neither the decency of appearance nor the capacity of their negroes. There is not one man in ten in this section of the country that can read or write. Not one half of them have any correct notion of what they mean when they talk to you about the Constitution of the United States. Scores of them have never seen the United States flag, and many of the prisoners stated that they never saw the stars and stripes until hoisted by us in this place. I have been all up and down this country for the distance of one hundred and fifty miles, and have never seen more than a half dozen school houses, and in only one was a school kept; the rest had their windows smashed out. One old man living near the Arkansas line, a pretty smart old fellow, and a school teacher, told me there were not ten men in his county who could read and write. This seems incredible, but he vouched for its truth.

The children he had taught knew more than he.

The women milk all the cows, go barefooted, wear no hoops, and chew. The men are all
Letter from Adjutant Gove.

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a letter from Adjutant Gove of Daniels' Cavalry Regiment — to his mother. It will be seen that the boys are producing order and quiet among the outlaws of Missouri by the enforcement of Christianity. We think the prescription a good one, and trust that the Adjutant will extend his labors until all the people of Cape Girardeau District are brought under the mollifying influences of the Gospel.

Headquarters, Cape Girardeau, Missouri, June 4th, 1862.

Sunday last I took 22 men and went to Jackson, the county seat of Cape Girardeau Co., to open a M. E. Church that has been closed by its southern members since the war broke out. We took a flag—arrived there about church time. Our coming was anticipated, and a large congregation had already got together outside. A ladder was soon procured, and two of our men climbed to the top of the bellfry, and nailed our banner fast. I then called on every man, woman and child, black or white, to give three cheers for the star spangled banner. The cheers were given, the darkies nearly splitting their throats. I learned that there was some forty secessionists on Main street talking about the d— abolitionists, and I sent men to arrest and bring them to church. Down they came—asked me if I was going to compel them to attend church when they were not in the habit of attending. I told them I only wanted them to cheer for the flag. They manifested a willingness, and I called for the cheers. All cheered but six. I called them out, told them I should hold them prisoners of war, and send them to St. Louis. They then said they would cheer, and did one at a time—while every body, darkies included laughed them to scorn.

The minister then prayed for the soldiers, the Union, and the President, much to the discomfort of the secessionists, who were unwilling listeners.

I had a pleasant time, and only regret that we could not have had a small fight. This is the first expedition I have commanded. I shall go out in a day or two when we shall have a brush.

Your affectionate son,

Richard.

From the 1st Wis. Cavalry.

In Camp on West Prairie, Eighteen Miles South of Bloomfield, Mo., June 8th, 1862.

Ed. Spectator.

Several weeks have elapsed since I informed the readers of the Spectator of the doings of this regiment. This has been unavoidable. It is well known to every reader that Southern Missouri has been cursed with the most fiendish gangs of marauders that ever cursed a civilized country. To capture or dispense free this section from these bands, I came the duty of the 1st Regt. Wis. Cavalry. Cape Girardeau was made the headquarters of the regt. This town is situated on the Miss. river, one hundred and eighty miles south of St. Louis. It is strongly guarded by four forts. For several weeks the regiment was engaged in scavenging in this section, and many "butternuts" were made prisoners, and a large amount of property confiscated. Among the property confiscated at the Cape, was a printing office and materials. A paper called The Cape Girardeau Eagle, is published by the regiment. C. B. Palmer and George Clayton, of Berlin, are the post masters.

Having repelled all invaders from this section, and learning that the rebels had quite a force at Bloomfield, fifty miles distant, orders were given on the morning of the 9th of May to prepare to march immediately, and take no luggage but our blankets and overcoats. On our arrival, we took one hundred and twenty-five miles south of the Cape. Among the crew on board were two Colonels, one Lieut. Col. and six Captains. The Lieut. Col. was shot while undertaking to escape in a canoe. $8,000 worth of sugar and molasses, and $8,000 worth of forks were confiscated. These together with the prisoners at Kennett, were taken to Bloomfield. The Col. ordered Major P. to have three hang. So on the morning of the 1st of June, the ropes were tied to the same tree from which three Union men were hanged last Sept., for expressing their Union sentiments, and theirofficiants were placed in the rear.

At the appointed time the prisoners were led to the place of execution and the ropes placed around their necks, but they prayed and entreated the Major so earnestly to spare them a few hours, that he relented them for a few days.

We have been continually on the go since we left the Cape, and have performed much arduous labor. Our food has not been of the best quality, nor of a great variety. Bacon and mush have constituted our principal living. It has not cost the Quartermaster much to feed the men.
The following letter from Col. Daniel H. Phelps of Bloomfield to the Freedmen's Bureau, relates the outrages committed on the property of a Union man, and the death of a Union doctor, by armed rebels in Stoddard County, Missouri.

Dear Sir:
I have the pleasure to inform you that the beautiful flag which you so generously presented to Company C First Wisconsin Cavalry, now floats over the Court House in this place on the very staff and holysticks used by the rebels to slay their helpless rag only a few days ago. Believe me, sir, it is with proud and grateful hearts that our men view this magnificent gift, so lately transferred from our own happy Wisconsin floating on the breeze, over a captured town besieging defiance to secession and all who would do it honor.

Your son, by his manly bearing and good conduct has won the esteem of his officers and fellow-soldiers. It becomes my painful duty at this request to inform you that he is now lying in the very dangerous sick with typhoid fever which has settled in one of his legs. He is suffering very excruciating pain. Fears are entertained it may burst open. Should this be the result there would be little hope for him. We hope for the best—we will make him as comfortable as possible—will write soon again.

Yours,

E. H. PHILPS.

General Order No. 6.

HEADQUARTERS, CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISS., JUNE 18, 1862.

The commanding officer desires, in this public manner, to thank the garrison, officers and soldiers of this command, who were in the advance in the Battle of Chalk Bluffs, for their gallant and resolute conduct. Major Sprague, commanding detachment, Captain T. H. Magruder and Sallah of the 4th Ohio Cavalry, and the officers and soldiers of this garrison, were everywhere conspicuous for their bravery and intrepidity, and throughout the whole action displayed the highest qualities of manhood and soldierly deportment. The commanding officer is proud to have such men in his command, and he trusts that the garrison will continue to serve the State and the Union equally well, and that their conduct will be a guide and example to the infirm and infirm of the army.

Your example is glorious and deserves our gratitude.

By order of,

R. I. Gove, Post Adjutant.

BLOOMFIELD, Mo., June 6, 1862.

Dear Sir:—Since my last so amusing scenes have transpired, as well as some revolting to humanity. Last Friday, the Surgeon of our regiment, Dr. H. N. Gregory, accompanied by the Chaplain and several men, paid a visit to the late battlefield near “Chalk Bluffs,” and after their return to camp whilst engaged in watering their horses, just in the dusk of evening, some five assassins fired from the opposite side of the St. Francis river, at the men, one musket ball taking effect in the Dr.’s left arm, breaking near the shoulder, and then passing through the body under the shoulder blade, and entering his horse by his side, killing the animal almost instantly. The Dr. however still survives, but as his arm has been amputated and the shot was so near his vitals, there is but little hope of his recovery. Company B was immediately called into requisition, and after scouring the woods nearly all night, being unable to find any of the desperadoes, returned to camp. It is recommended by the Commanding officer that the death of the Dr. before they quit the field.

The next day the bad news was brought to this place, and Major Pomeroy, who is Provost Marshal here, determined to avenge the death of the Dr., (as all supposed he had died before that time,) and consequently ordered that three desperadoes who we then had in prison here, should forfeit their lives at five o’clock the next morning.

The time came, the prisoners were brought forth, their arms pinned and their arms pinioned and their hands behind their backs. They professed to have killed the Doctor, and that they had assisted in hanging three Union men but a short time before. The coffins and ropes were placed in their proper places, and all things being ready, the death warrant was read to them and the black-cap drawn over their faces. Then came a scene that no pen can describe, such prayers, weeping and eulogies for our brave men that day were spoken, that the sun could not shine upon them but the tears of men and women drizzled upon them.

FELIX.
Mr. Editor—I this morning chanced to come across an old copy of "The Northwestern," and so thinking of Oshkosh, and old times and old friends, I thought, perhaps, that a few words in relation to our First Regiment of Wisconsin Cavalry might prove unwelcome to you, or your readers.

We are all hard at work in this worst kind of a struggle, a guerrilla warfare. We have broken up several of their camps and pursued them across the borders of the State into Arkansas. They tell us that we are the first troops here, that have dared to pass through the swamps and into the bushes, and take them at their own warfare. You have doubtless seen, this heard of our little fight at Chalk Bluff, in which the brave Lieut. Phillips was killed. Peace to his ashes; for he was a true friend, and a brave soldier. As he was passing along to join in the fight, I spoke to him, "Strike me blow for me, Philip." "Yes," he answered, "and I will strike hard, too." A short time after, he was a corpse; but we still remember his words, and we will strike hard, too.

A few days since, a party of the rebels fired on our Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Dunmore, and one of our Surgeons, Dr. Gregory. The Chaplain escaped a hail of bullets; but Dr. Gregory was shot through the arm and body, the bullet going through both, and then killing him. He is said to be a man who probably lives, as it has been necessary to amputate the arm at the shoulder joint.

Last Sunday the wretches also fired on the post Surgeon of this place, Dr. T. W. Johnson, formerly of our county, as he was going out in the country to attend a patient, and that patient, too, the mother of a rebel colonel, on whom you have probably heard. The S. P. He began by shooting at our patient. One of their bullets passed through his cap, taking off a lock of hair, and another one went through one of the holsters on the saddle, and then through his coat. The Doctor, however, got back to camp safely; but he says he tired of attending rebel patients in the country.

To-day we had quite an earthquake here, and it shook matters up pretty lively for a few moments. Several chimneys came rattling down, and the Court House, in which we have our headquarters, shook as if it was coming down about our heads. The people here say that it was the hardest one they had known for twenty years.

The rumor is now that we have got some more. The fire was returned from the boat without any damage. Our "little barking bull dog" was brought to the rescue. After two of its balls passed over their heads, a white tablecloth was displayed and the boat beaved to shore.

In the St. Francis River, a few days ago, we captured a rebel steamer with a lot of rebel officers on board. The Captain of the steamer warned us considerably. He said: "I knew there were cavalry about here, but did not think they could take a steamer. But here we are," he says, "you are with revolvers, with muskets, and at least every man with a Bowie knife."

We have ordered six-pound pieces to be fired with our artillery. Now where is your ammunition? For I expect you have got one of them on horseback, too.

In Arkansas they are forming guerrilla squadrons to fight us. We have orders now to take no prisoners, and we will go to hanging, too, pretty soon. They fire on our pickets almost every night. More soon.

Letter from J. A. Norris.
By looking at a map you can see the section of country we have been at work in. The most of our time has been spent in Cape Girardeau, Stoddard and Dunklin Co.'s. There are three very large swamps in this vicinity, which cause considerable sickness, but there is no danger with us as long as we keep moving round.

All of the Co.'s except one left the bluff last Sunday and arrived here in the afternoon. We are encamped on a farm owned by a rebel Major, by the name of Nation. We have full possession of the farm and use things as we please. We have no snails about appropriating to our use any thing that we find. The old lady is as veninuous a woman as I ever met. She talks scotch to the boys, but she generally gets paid well. The payment being made, though, in coin that she don't admire. Our accommodations are the best we have had since we left the Cape. Our fare is poor. I have not seen a bit of wheat bread for a long time. Wheat is little known in this country. The staff of life here is corn. We get corn meal and we have no means to make anything of it but mush. This we have lived on since Sunday. Heretofore we could make a sort of hoecake out of it, but now it is all mush which is all the substitute we have for bread. One in a while we get hard crackers. Major Torrey and some of this battalion captured a lot of bacon, some ten thousand lbs., so we have all we wish for of that. It is far inferior to the bacon we have been accustomed to get in Wisconsin. We occasionally get some rice, but that goes hard when we can't cook it as it should be. Yet, notwithstanding the poor living we get and the hard times we are having, I manage to keep about 140 lbs. weight.

The greatest trouble we have here is that we don't get papers. It is seldom we get any here, but when we do we enjoy it. It would please you to see how eagerly we listen to a person reading a paper a week old. I occasionally receive a paper from you. Yet may send more perhaps but I don't get them. Send me one often. No matter how old. I hardly know what is going on in the country at large.

We are all looking anxiously forward to the day when peace will be declared. In this we are not alone, for I believe that the people north and south are hoping for the same day to come soon.

In regard to Charles Lord resigning I would say that there was some trouble between Dr. Gregory, Dr. Lord, and the Col. The former two resigned. Since then the matter has been settled and they have withdrawn their resignations. Dr. Lord is now Post Surgeon at the Carpc, which is a good berth. I am glad he still remains with us.

The whole regiment has been lying idle for the past five days. Col. Daniels is at Cairo. What is intended to be done with us is unknown. We don't like this lying still. Had we any reading matter, or something to do, we would not mind it so much.

We are not having warm weather here, though we are in the extreme southern portion of the State. I wear two woolen shirts and a pair of drawers, and have not suffered with the heat as yet, though at times the perspiration flowed freely. We have had some strawberries, but the season for them is now over. Blackberries abound here in great abundance. They will soon be ripe. Remember me to all my friends. Your brother,

JAMES A. NORRIS.

First Regiment, Wis., Cavalry.

Cape Girardeau, Mo.

June 8th, 1862.

Mr. Editor—Dear Sir:—As I have a few leisure moments I thought I would let you hear from the First Wis. Cavalry. It is doing just what ought to have been done months ago. We left St. Louis very near two months ago; for Cape Girardeau. While in St. Louis, our loss of men was nine, since we have been here, we have had two or three skirmishes, one at Chalk Bluff, another at Hornersville. At the Bluff we killed thirteen, and do not know how many wounded, our loss was one Lieutenant and one private. The poor soldier was shot through the breast, and the officers told him he had better fall back, but he said "be'd be—I if he would," and commenced loading and just as he got loaded, three more balls took him through the lungs, and the poor fellow fell.

At Hornersville, we took a steamboat, she was loaded, with provisions for the Southern Army, and was just on the point of starting for Memphis, we boarded her, she returned to the bank, and the officers told him he had better fall back, but he said "be'd be—I if he would," and commenced loading and just as he got loaded, three more balls took him through the lungs, and the poor fellow fell.

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Mrs. EDDYARD.

From the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry.

Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

June 8th, 1862.

Mr. Editor—I would acknowledge the receipt of several of your late issues, and rejoice in the hope that notwithstanding the present pressure the "Bipin Times" comes out with sail set and colors flying. With liberty for its guiding star, truth and justice for its land-marks, Allen & Bowerman at the helm, what craft will not ride triumphantly over the tumultuous sea so often? There is nothing more cheering to the soldier in the field than the assurance that things are all right at home; that the old machine is running as usual, and that the terrible effects of civil war have not blighted his own fair dwelling-place; and moreover there is nothing better adapted to attain this end than the receipt of an occasional copy of the Times. One word concerning the Gallant First. I have been at harp upon its achievements at Chalk Bluff, or the taking of Don E. Miller; but, in my humble opinion, he has been a bit too hard on the other account came very near preceding the engagement. Suffice it to say that their undaunted courage in those
two engagements was admirable to the last.

Our march from the Capt to Hornerville, was quite a novelty to many of the boys. We soon learned to our great amusement that a young lady was considered highly accomplished when she had become mistress of the following branches: Spin and weave, well; bake corn bread in the ashes; fry bacon on a charter stick; talk "right smart" to her fellow; chew tobacco like a hog; "dip snuff," and ride a vicious mule bare-back. We were often invited to "dip snuff," but always declined the invitation, for the very good reason that we did not know the meaning of the term. However we soon ascertained that to dip snuff was to take a wooden paddle made from some soft kind of wood, about two inches wide and three times as long, dip it into a huge gourd like shell filled with snuff, place it in your delicate little mouth, and go about your business, happy as the day is long.

The education of the man consists in wearing a coon-skin cap all summer, with the tail streaming gaily out behind; appreciating Betty's corn-cake and bacon; cultivating an acre or two of corn or tobacco; go bare-footed through the swamp without stubbing his toes; ride Sally mule after she has broken him, and run like an Indian at the approach of the "tarnal Northeners." Their habitations closely resemble the ruins of a log turkey-trap in Ohio.

Their yards are not unfrequently adorned with an abundant growth of brambles, guarded by half a score of half-starved curs, which give the boys a boisterous greeting if not a welcome one. A man is considered in very poor circumstances if his domicile does not afford shelter for at least half a dozen hideous hounds. This corner of Missouri was principally settled by fugitives from justice, who have followed up the boundaries of civilization and obtained a livelihood by hunting, and plundering the pioneer settlers. Such were the Border Ruffians in the Kansas war; such are the Bushwhackers in the war of '62. But notwithstanding the people are generally ignorant and degraded as the hounds that boy the wolf, there is still an occasional jewel whose lair is hidden by the associations of these God-forsaken miscreants who inhabit the Cypress swamps and "sunk lands," of south eastern Missouri. When I have seen truth, honor, and intelligence beaming in the eyes of a child, I have often wondered if God would permit him to grow up trained to follow in the footsteps of their diabolical and inhuman parents, their only teachers. But I trust that the present war is fast opening a road to intelligences, and casting a light upon the kingdom of nature which will never cease to grow bright until all men are in full possession of their inalienable rights. Truly,

Lieut. W. W. LA GRANGE.
consideration, " we fired on the guards, mortally wounded one of them, and driving them off in a great fright. Having obtained the boat, two or three loads crossed over and a part followed on toward the camp, while others waited for their horses. As the advance party were walking leisurely along, they were suddenly assaulted by nearly six times their number, when there ensued a skirmish of short duration, but very deadly for the numbers engaged. We lost one killed outright, two fatally wounded, and four or more severely wounded. Lieut. Phillips of Co. A, received one ball through the breast, and another just below the left knee; he died on the way back to Bloomfield. A braver man never faced the enemy or fell on the field of battle for his country. He did it gallantly, but although by our side, we feel that we cannot fill his place.

Since we left the "Cape" we have been actively engaged in ridding this portion of the state of the rebels, and also in inducing the people to return to their homes and resume their employment. Great numbers have taken the oath, and the most, no doubt, are sincere, though some have since been heard to express disloyal sentiments, for which of course, they received their due reward. The Regiment is scattered throughout the whole extent of country, from "the Cape" to Homerville, and as all the points of ingress from the south are strongly guarded, the people are resuming confidence, and the old order of affairs which existed before the war, is being restored. The places of business are being reopened, and nearly all those who were driven out have returned.—Our campaign has not been very brilliant, but its results are very important, and can easily be seen. Besides driving out the rebels, we have captured four of their Colonels, one Major, several Captains, and a large number of private soldiers; the horses, arms, camp equipage, and stores taken, are very valuable. This kind of warfare is the least desirable, and the most dangerous of any; we are liable to be shot down at any time by some straggler, who can elude pursuit by his knowledge of the country. For example, as a party of us were at Chalk Bluff ferry—where the skirmish occurred—we were fired upon from the opposite side, and Dr. Gregory, our Surgeon, was mortally wounded. The cowardly assassins were four in number, and escaped under cover of the darkness. Our fare, until late, consisted of hasty mush and molasses with coffee for breakfast, mush and molasses for dinner, and for supper we had a change of coffee, or tea, with molasses and mush. Occasionally, of course, the boys killed a small secession beef and confected a few "bea guns." We have all the bacon and corn meal we wish. The boys captured a "flat boat" from the enemy’s side, and their leader gave the command to save themselves as best they could, when they scattered in all directions. A few days after we crossed West Swamp, to West Prairie, and going to Homerville we captured a secession steamboat, which had loaded at Memphis, with sugar and molasses, and run up the St. Francis and East rivers, to various named places, where the owners were bartering their wares for corn and bacon. The cargo was estimated as worth $1,000, and the boat $1,200. Two rebel Colonels were taken from the boat, and a Lieut. Colonel was shot in attempting to escape. Several thousand pounds of bacon, and $3,000 worth of furs we were also taken in the village.

Our Battalion is encamped at present on West Prairie, where we find ample forage for our worn out horses. The country is beautiful hereabouts, and well adapted to the raising of fruit, grain or stock. Wheat is ready cut and some pieces have already been harvested. Peaches and pears are loaded down with fruit; corn, potatoes, and cotton are growing rapidly. But the system of farming compared very unfavorably with that pursued at the north; what is produced is rather in spite of the farmer’s neglect, than the result of his labor. No one ever takes the trouble to get improved varieties of fruit, or blooded stock, all seem to be out at a fast-fall with what they have, and see no use for anything better. The slaves are but few and well treated; their holders, however, are great sticklers for the system, and extremely jealous of any interference on the part of the north or northerners. A heavy fine from Missouri, so popular on this fertile prairie, and conducting affairs of the government, system, could not fail to prosper abundantly, as nature has done all in the way of climate and soil which could be asked.

Since writing the above, we have received orders to get ready to move to Arkansas, and our Major has permission to lead an expedition against a band collected in that state. So I must close and make ready for the march.

FROM MISSOURI.

J. R. Carpenter, Eng., has handed us a letter from Lieut. J. Stahl, in which he reports:

"Expedition from Daniels’ Cavalry, from which we make a few extracts: the letter is dated Camp Mars, West Prairie, Mo. June 14, 1862.

We are all well with the exception of our esteemed friend and mess mate, Nelson H. Brown who is not very ill, but unable to do duty for a few days; he will join us soon. We are having very fine weather here, and the boys are having fine times. The "First Wis. Cav." is scattered all along on the Cape Girardeau to Chalk Bluffs, on the St. Francis river.

Our fare, until late, consisted of mush and molasses with coffee for breakfast, mush and molasses for dinner, and for supper we had a change of coffee, or tea, with molasses and mush. Occasionally, of course, the boys killed a small secession beef and(confected a few "bea guns." We have all the bacon and corn meal we wish. The boys captured a "flat boat" from the enemy’s side, and their leader gave the command to save themselves as best they could, when they scattered in all directions. A few days after we crossed West Swamp, to West Prairie, and going to Homerville we captured a secession steamboat, which had loaded at Memphis, with sugar and molasses, and run up the St. Francis and East rivers, to various named places, where the owners were bartering their wares for corn and bacon. The cargo was estimated as worth $1,000, and the boat $1,200. Two rebel Colonels were taken from the boat, and a Lieut. Colonel was shot in attempting to escape. Several thousand pounds of bacon, and $3,000 worth of furs we were also taken in the village.

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...
FROM THE FIRST WIS. CAVALRY.

BLOOMFIELD, Mo., June 19, 1862.

DEAR RECORD:—Since my last letter, our regiment have remained nearly in stetto quo, recruiting their horses and giving the men, who had become nearly exhausted from continuous labors, time to recruit themselves. Having done nothing more than pick up, an occasional struggling bushwhacker, and the confiscation of some notorious rebel property, sufficient to satisfy the daily wants of man and beast, till the first of this week, when it was deemed advisable by the commandants, to break up a band of about four hundred rebels, who were encamped about sixty miles in Arkansas, under command of a notorious out-law named Jeffries; also at the same time, it was deemed advisable to run the rebel steamer, Daniel B. Miller, (the capture of which by our regiment, I gave you an account some time since), out into the Mississippi river, a distance of water of about four hundred miles. Both of these enterprises were considered of vast importance, and attended with much risk.

The running of the boat was entrusted to Lieutenant Colonel, of Company "B," who selected thirty of the men from his Company (mostly the "Piney boys"), and being armed "to the teeth" started on their enterprise, last Saturday, since which we have heard nothing from them, but although they have an enemy's country to penetrate for several hundred miles, we have no fears but the little spartan band will bring the boat safely to Cape Girardeau. The expedition against Jeffries consists of about five hundred men, under command of Majors La Grange and Torrey. That they will succeed in capturing or dispersing the whole band of miscreants, let their force be what it may, we have no doubt, for their watch word is, "victory or death.

Before starting, several persons were entrusted with the fearful responsibility of ascertaining the locality of the enemy, their strength, &c. Among these was one, Sergeant Wase of Company "B," whose appearance, when donned in "butten," would be sufficient to pass him in any rebel camp. He, with others,
entered the rebel camp and having learned the rebel vocabulary of phrases, were enabled to curse the Yankees and Black Republicans, in a style apparently original, and satisfactory to genuine traitors, but in one thing only did the Sergeant, lack. He had not learned to drink whiskey and carouse—a necessary qualification for “butternuts”—and for this reason was suspected, and finally arrested as a spy. A guard of four men were placed around him, two of whom were armed with Sharp's rifles. Apparently unconscious of his situation, the Sergeant had doffed his nether garments preparatory to retiring for the night’s repose, when observing the guards unmindful of his intentions, he seized the two rifles, and ere they had time to collect their bewildered thoughts, the Sergeant had leveled one of the “ six shooters” at their breasts, and without stopping to parley, they “skedaddled” for a hiding place, and when sufficiently remote, the Sergeant made a requisition upon the agility of his feet, which was responded to, in “double quick,” leaving nothing visible in the darkness of the night, but the tail of his witticism.

I night, but the tail of his witticism. I responded too, in “double quick,” leaving nothing visible in the darkness of the night, ready to return, but not till then. The first house he came to, contributed upon the agility of his feet, which was to parley, they “skedaddled” for a

ers” fit their breasts, and without stopping death. Such the people took to lus from the result, only “s to one” brag-... so I have no confidence in it. When the rebellion is crushed. I am ready to return, but not till then. Yours, etc., HIRAM CALKINS.

FROM THE FIRST WIS. CAVALRY.

BLOOMFIELD, Mo., July 21.

DEAR RECORD:—Since my last, we have nothing cheering to relate, but much that is revolting to human nature. Daily we are compelled to witness men, women and children fleeing, as it were, with their lives in their hands, from their homes and all that attaches them to earth, seeking protection at our hands, from the desperadoes that are overrunning Arkansas, many having been compelled to flee by the darkness of the night through almost an unbroken wilderness, for a hundred miles or more, without food or clothing except what they can carry on their backs, and when exhausted nature sinks under the task, as is often the case, the victim is left to die, unless succor can be obtained to save them, which, in several instances, since our regiment came to this place, has been rendered by us. We have met several, of this class of persons, who were in comfortable circumstances at home, without food, or money, and tattered garments, rent by the thorns, and briars, through which they have forced their way, barely sufficient to cover their nakedness. Such is the universal condition of Union people in North-east Arkansas. That it is any better in more Southern portions of the State, can hardly be possible, from the fact, that the abominable miscreant traitors are determined on the destruction of every particle of loyalty to the government.

You may think, I make generalities out of specialities, but I assure you, I have given no false coloring. We all look at things from the “stand point” of observation, and you never having seen barbarism practiced in its vile forms, can form no just conception of the cruelties practiced towards Union men in this portion of these United States. It is the universal practice of the rebels, whenever, they cannot find the men and compel them to join their cause, to destroy every thing valuable, that they can use. It is emphatically a “reign of terror” to all classes, whether rich or poor, old or young. Those so unfortunate as to be caught have to pay the forfeit with their lives. Of this last class, our men found three, near Scadderville in Arkansas, suspended by the neck to a tree, and five others near by. This is the character of our enemies, and in the hands of such men as these, can the destinies of our country, ever be trusted? These men are only acting out their natural instincts, and to form a government to their tastes, it must be such an one as savages alone would choose, and get, to them and their demands, we are required to compromise for the sake of peace. For humanities sake I hope this war will never close, until this people shall have learned there is a government to punish; but when that lesson shall be taught them, is hard to predict. Scenes similar to those I have mentioned, have not been rare, since this unholy rebellion broke out, but of daily occurrence, through the length and breadth of rebeldom, as we have reason to believe, and let our Government, our officers and all that have authority, treat these wretches, whenever caught, as though they were beings almost worthy of being worshiped. Even here with us, men, from Colonels to privates, who have been most active in this unholy warfare, are caressed for a few days, and then let loose to plot the more effectually. —Soldiers are willing to fight for the government so long as they see any disposition in the government to put down treason, but when all these acts are encouraged, it is hard to bear the hard ship of a soldier for naught. Let me talk of mercy, policy, and the thousand other excuses that are invented to justify this cause but I tell you this war will never cease—peace will never be inaugurated until, “death to traitors” is the
policy of our Government. Then, and not till then, will these traitors learn to fear. Love, is not in their organization, and fear is the only thing that will subdue them. All our acts of mercy are taken by them as cowardice.

From our regiment, who went into Arkansas we have heard nothing for ten days, but we are sure they are not idle. Rumor is very active now-a-days. By her we learn that McClellan has surrendered his whole force, as well as Curtis', and that Hinderman is within two days march of this place to route us. We take stock in all of this, and are fully prepared for a desperate resistance, so if you should hear of a great battle at Bloomfield you set it down that we are the victors. Although the weather continues very hot, there are comparatively, few sick, and none have died since our arrival here.

Yours, &c.

H. CALKING

Letter from the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry.

Justin Taw, Mo., June 26th, 1862.

Last week we made a trip into Arkansas of which I will give you the particulars, hoping that the history of it will be interesting to you, Saturday the 14th, all in this camp except a few sick ones, left the camp and moved toward Arkansas. We encamped that evening about 9 miles from here. We were routed up at 4 o'clock Sunday morning. We were determined longer than we expected, waiting for some of our wagons. We started at 5, and arrived at Chalk Bluff Ferry at 11.5. The job of ferrying the men and horses across the river, was long and tedious. We were all ferried across at 11, when we moved forward. Major Terry had crossed the river. A part of the third Battalion, a short time before we crossed. We went about three miles, and then came to the place where our advance was encamped. We stopped there to rest and to have something to eat. It was some time before supper was ready. Diner and coffee were served without leaving the food disappeared so slow. At dawn the Chaplain held divine service. After which we saddled up, and the column consisting of 369 men, moved on. It was quite dark before the moon rose, and we traveled through thick woods, not knowing what moment a band of rebels would fire upon us. This could easily have done from the thick brush, and then retired into the swamps before we could dismiss and pursue them. We kept moving till midnight; we had then gone 12 miles since 2 dark. We stopped, ungallooned and laid down to sleep. At daylight, Monday morning, we were annoyed from our sweet sleepers by the order to saddle. In a short time we were again on our journey. We did not like the idea of going off without our breakfast. We did not go far. After going eight miles we got to Shaco; there we took our breakfast. We that which has been encamped in the woods or the outskirts of the place. We had breakfast and dinner together at noon. We had some good fresh beef for dinner. We stayed there all day. I don’t think I ever suffered more with the heat than I did that day. There was not the slightest breeze strike the heat of the sun’s rays. A little before dark we again took up our line of march. We entered Gainesville at midnight, where we stayed all night.

Gainesville is the county seat of Green county; like other towns in this country, it was in a wretched condition. Two or three miserable little stores, and a drugstore, constituted the whole business portion of the town. The court house, like the one at Bloomfield, was open, and the county papers scattered over the building and yard, and most of the citizens had lost their homes and gone to parts unknown.

Tuesday, our company was left in the town while the other companies went out scouting. They did not find any bodies of rebels, but found a few scurrying ones, among them a Quarter Master, a Lieutenant and some advance guard. They learned that the rebel camp was about 40 miles from Gainesville. We could not pursue them any further Tuesday night; there was a very severe storm. The wind blew so terrific that several trees were prostrated. Wednesday morning we started on our way home. It was a very pleasant day and we could travel without difficulty. We reached Scattersville that evening, and started again Thursday and crossed the St. Francis before dark. Stayed there all night, and reached our camp here the next day. This ended an expedition, which, when we started on it, we thought would be ended with incidents worthy of praise. We all went with the expectation of having a fight before we returned, but in this we were disappointed. I cannot say, however, that we got good results followed from the trip.

In the first place, we gained the confidence of many who before thought we were perfect demons. You know, I suppose, that there are all sorts of reports spread abroad among the inhabitants concerning the Northerners, as they call us. As we move into a portion of country, rebels go a head, tell the people of our approach, and that we burn houses and kill the inhabitants as we proceed. Many of the people expect to be driven from their homes as soon as we arrive; but much to their surprise and satisfaction we pass along without molesting them, or their property. Of course they at once see how they have been deceived—their faith in the rebels grows less, and in us it increases. Their confidence in and respect for the dear “old flag” is renewed, and they long for the day when it will once more wave in triumph “over the land of the free and the home of the brave.”

Again, we took some prisoners, most of them being substantial and leading men. We also took quite a number of arms. The taking of the latter is a blow which they cannot recover from easily; as they are not very well provided for in this line. There a rifle, both our side arms are very poor. Some of their pistols are curious looking weapons, though I believe they are serviceable.

I have given the details of our expedition so that you may have some idea of what a soldier’s life is.

Northern Arkansas is far the head of this portion of Missouri. The farms in the former look better, and seem as though the farmers have more energy and character in the latter. There is more houses, barns, &c, more resemblance those found on Wisconsin farms than any I have seen before there. The crops looked well, except wheat, but in this country that is a small item. The most of it was cut, the remainder was being harvested as we passed along.

There has been considerable excitement in camp for the past two days. Caused by the report that the rebels are gathering together a force in that portion of Arkansas we were in. I suppose you know that the conscription law, has passed in the south, which obliges every male, between the ages of 18 and 55, to join the army or suffer the penalty inflicted.

Quite a number of men from Arkansas came into one of our camps a few days ago, having run away in order to escape being pressed into the rebel service. They report that every able bodied man is being forced to enlist or be punished.

These men who came in our camp want to be armed, so they say that they will fight till every one of them dies, before they will stand the abuse heaped upon them by the rebels. A detachment from the third battalion went into Arkansas a few days ago, and returned Friday. As soon as the rebels heard of their coming, they retreated into the swamps. One of them while on picket guard was taken prisoner. Our men returned without getting any of the rebels that are pressing the union men to service.

James A. Set

Head Quarter, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry

Dear Times,—You will not expect me to interest you in a letter from me, as you get from those who have been longer in the midst of the scenes that have happened. I will endeavor to give you some idea of the condition of people and things in this portion of Missouri, and also of what has happened in the last few days. We have fixed out the bands of lawless guerrillas which have so long infested and made desolate this part of the State. We will not enumerate the prisoners we have taken nor the skirmishes we have had; but suffice it to say that we have driven all the armed marauders from the State, or to their hiding places. But those who have had no experience in battles, cannot form any correct idea of the difficulties we have had to encounter. Here we can never more meet the enemy face to face in open combat, and try the strength of steel or accuracy of head in fairly contested fights; but they pursue out upon a small party or solitary picket, and then, like the wary Shoshone, they fall back into the swamp, leaving no trace of their course behind them; and the next day the same men might be seen at the plow and pass as good loyal citizens.

They seem to have no regard whatever for their oath. Almost every prisoner that we have has exclaimed to have been forced into the service of the Confederacy, and manifest a strange readiness to take the oath of allegiance, while they are at heart, the most disloyal, dishonorable, untruthful traitors that ever disgraced American soil. We have treated them with kindness and respect due to an inhabitant of the United States, and they spit upon us. We have again established mail lines and reopened trade, and they scoff at our flag.

The morning tranquility and beauty is past, at least in this State: the death should, and I believe will be, their only portion hereafter.

But a word with regard to their domestic habits, &c. To take them as a plan, they are the lowest type of hu-
FROM THE FIRST WIS. CAVALRY.

BLOOMFIELD, Mo., June 30.

DEAR RECORD:—In my last I stated, two detachments of our regiment had gone on separate expeditions, one to run the steamboat, Daniel B. Miller, up to Cape Girardeau, and the other to break up an encampment of "secesh" under Jeffries, in Arkansas. The first of these expeditions have not yet accomplished their purpose, but will. The other, as I feared, found the enemy's camp, but the "bird had flown," they however succeeded in capturing fifteen prisoners, besides several fine horses, the best we have seen in this part of the county. They also captured several bales of cotton and quantities of tobacco; and after assuring the citizens of protection by obedience to the Constitution and laws, and of certain punishment in persisting in their rebellious course, they returned to camp without any mischief.

Our men have been particularly active for several days, in hunting out returning fugitives from Beauregard's Corinthian army, who, disheartened are seeking an asylum in the woods and swamps of this and adjoining counties. Rumor says there is a large force of them concentrating in Arkansas, about one hundred miles south of us, with the design of routing us here. When reliable information of that fact can be gained, we shall meet them, at least half way. So eager are the men for a fight, that they would willingly go the whole distance, and meet double their number. We have seen so much of this class of people, as to believe them wholly destitute of moral courage, and will only fight from the bush and thickets, stealthily. Like cowards everywhere, they are afraid some of them will get hurt.

Amongst the prisoners we have here, (thirty in number,) is a Baptist preacher, who was Chaplain in the "secesh" rabble, and it would do you good to see him, with others learning the lessons of industry, that we are teaching them.—Our "Washington Officials" are very much troubled, lest "the nigger" may by some means, help us conquer, so all the "darkies" must help the rebels, and let the "mudsills" of our army perform all the hardships of camp. This is all "O K" with the "powers that be," so when we get a prisoner, that is a good Union man, (and they all profess to be as soon as caught,) we apply the rule "that white men" must do the work in camp, and put them to cleaning up the streets, and keeping the camp clean generally. The lessons seem to be irksome to the Parson and some other worthies we have, but I think before we get thru with them they will respect labor, at least they will have learned a lesson under Northern tutors that will be service to them. We hope yet to fit them for white men's society.

We are to have an old-fashioned Fourth (except the liquor,) this week. We can appreciate it. More anon.

Yours, HIRAM CALKINS,

P. S.—The Record has at last got along and a welcome messenger too. I am...

FIRST WIS. CAVALRY.

We give a roster of the battalions of the 1st Regiment Wisconsin Cavalry: (now in S. E. Missouri,) sent to us from Bloomfield, Stoddard Co., Mo. From it will be seen that our townsman Major Pommeroy has been raised to senior Major, (car Largenize made Lieutenant Col. J.) that Major Torrey of Green Bay has been raised to 3d Major; and that our former townsman Henry S. Eggleston, Capt. of squadron C of said regiment, has been commissioned 3d Major. The regiment expects within a very few days—say by the 10th or 15th inst—to march off into Arkansas to stay—unless indeed they keep on into the country of Albert Pike and his Indian regiment, to see how the piny boys can stand their hand with scalping redskins.

The health of the Appleton boys in the regiment is good and they acquit themselves with credit. Appleton need not take any meanness about their conduct and efficiency.

DISTRICT OF CAPE GIRARDEAU, Mo.

Commandant—Colonel EDWARD D. DAVIS, of the 1st Wis. Cavalry.

Post Adjutant—R. G. Gove.
Post Quartermaster—J. C. Mann.
Post Chaplain—H. W. Moore.
Post Wagon Master—S. Vanickel.
Post Telegraph Operator—D. Reid.

Post Printer's—G. B. Palmer.
Chief Bugler—J. J. Haring.

Post Ordnary—E. B. Roberts.
Chief Clerk in Adj. Dept.'s—H. P. Potter.

Chief Clerk in Q. M. Dep.'s—H. W. Moore.

Q. M. First Major—C. H. Johnson.

FIRST BATTALION.

Major—Henry Pommeroy.
Adj.—R. G. Gove.
Serg't Major—J. C. Seaton.
Q. M. Serg't—C. N. Hoag.
Com. Serg't—W. H. Rawles.
Chief Bugler—C. M. Eggleston.
Hospital Steward—H. J. Schubitz.

SECOND BATTALION.

Major—Wm. H. Torrey.
Adj.—E. F. Brooks.
Serg't Major—P. J. Williamson.
Q. M. Serg't—H. C. Calkins.
Chief Bugler—E. D. Town.
Hospital Steward—J. A. Red.

THIRD BATTALION.

Major—Henry S. Eggleston.
Adj.—George O. Norwood.
Serg't Major—A. H. Halcum.
Q. M. Serg't—E. A. Blood.
Com. Serg't—H. R. Hobart.
HEROIC ADVENTURER.

From the Cape Girardeau (Missouri) Union.

Sergeant W. B. Ware, of squadron B, Wisconsin cavalry, Col. Daniels and private McCabe, of squadron A, were on last week a party of eight on a scouting and reconnoissance expedition in Arkansas, several miles from Hornersville, when they were suddenly pounced upon by a squad of rebels. McCabe succeeded in escaping barefooted and helmetless, and started for the rebel camp a prisoner. At night the party stopped for rest, and Ware was placed under a guard of four men. Duty while the other two slept close at hand. He was deprived of all his clothing except his shirt, and comforted with the assurance that the next day, on their arrival at camp, he should be hung. They also informed him that Dr. Gregory was murdered by them, and exhibited what they purported to be the identical gun which sent the fatal ball—all of which must have been decidedly comforting.

During the night, one of the guards whose duty it was to keep awake fell into a deep sleep, and Ware, watching for an opportunity, seized two guns belonging to the sentry, and, with a determined look, had his attention drawn to something else than his regular business, and, cocking one of the guns, he aimed it at the breast of the on-duty guard, coolly informing him that if he made the least alarm shouts should be his portion. With his gun thus leveled on the astonished guard, Ware commenced backing off, which operation was continued until he thought it safe to turn and run, and then he made the best possible use of his nude lower limbs, and, made for a short distance would undoubtedly have been an honor to either Jeff Thompson or General Price.

Finding the weight of the two guns too much for him on this rapid retreat, he broke up the poorest one against a tree—

The one he saved brought in the gun that was said to have killed Dr. Gregory. On the approach ofmorning Ware went into a house and pressed into service a pair of pants. In this novel style—for a distance of 25 miles, and all the way through woods and swamps, with his single gun, and with his gun made by his own hands, and his safe return was greeted with many demonstrations of joy, and he now enjoyed the attention a genuine hero merited.

This truthful narrative of Ware's adventure deserves circulation in preference to the numerous fictitious and half-stories.

The Way Colonel Daniels Does Things.

On the first of the month:

Col. Daniels issued an order that all white males over the age of sixteen and within fifteen miles of Cape Girardeau should report themselves at Headquarters on the 6th of July under penalties of arrest for disobeying.

The curiosity of all, male and female, and centralbrand was excited, and as a consequence the appointed time, there was a general turn out. It was directed that the names of all present should be registered; this being done, Col. Daniels took an elevated position, and made the speech a speech of two hours in length. When the Col. makes a speech it is pretty sure to calculate that it will be Union all the law allows. It was well received, but with hearty cheers. After the speech the men and boys were ranged in divisions and an oath, nearly a column long, administered; all, with one exception, with bared heads and uplifted hands responded "I do." Upon the oath being read, the job done, all seemed to feel better and adjourned to dinner.

When with patriotic toasts good wine and fair women of the day passed off as a first class Fourth of July.

If the consent of that region can take that oath and that speech without a pretense of being affected, internal remarks are of no avail. Blowing must come.

LETTER FROM THE 1ST WISCONSIN CAVALRY.

CAMP LAGRANGE, WEST PHARIE, MO, July 24, 1862.

PSRIO RAY:—Our Battalion is still at this camp recruiting and waiting for further developments; we spend the day in seeking shelter from the burning rays of the sun, and the night when the rain is not too heavy, in forgetfulness of our troubles and the dreams of home. We do not feel the good reason that there is little else to do; the week we were sent here to accomplish has been done; two companies of Infantry could retain all that we have possessed, and secure order and quiet throughout this part of the State. It has been an interesting speculation with us as to our future destination, and the question is still open to debate; there are almost as many opinions on the subject as there are persons in the Regiment; two weeks since it was quite generally thought that we would be sent home before the end of the week, but now it is supposed from some vague hints thrown out by the officers, that we will pass down into Arkansas and join Curtis' Division. Where we are to go, and whatever we are to do, there are few, but who would not prefer being about it to lying idle in camp.

About two weeks since Major Lagrange—now Lieut. Col—took four hundred men from the 1st and 3d Battalions, and went as far as Gainsville in Arkansas, expecting to find a body of men, which Colonels Kitchen and Jeffries had recruited for a regiment, in the vicinity. But we were disappointed in this respect and returned from Gainsville bringing in a full dozen prisoners, several negroes, mules, and horses which we confiscated on Col. Kitchen's plantation, and also a goodly number of other derelicts, who came to us, and a fine drove of mules and horses belonging to other secessionists. Our scout into Arkansas was followed by a trip which Corporal McCabe of A, and Sergeant Ware of Co. B, made to spy out the land.

They separated soon after crossing the ferry at Chalk Bluff, intending to meet at Gainsville. McCabe met with no particular adventure and returned in safety, but Ware fell in with a party of Capt. Miller's men and although their leader was half inclined to believe his story, that he was from Kentucky and on his way to see his mother who had been captured in Napoleon, they at length concluded to take him to their camp 70 miles distant. After going about 50 miles with them, Ware seized a favorable opportunity, when one of his guards was asleep and the other had wandered a short distance, to take their two guns and desert. He hid the main road and crossing the swamp reached his own camp well worn out and without anything. He did not wait, however, but came up to Maj. Torrey's camp, eight miles from this town, and learning that we had not already gone, he followed on and overtook us twenty miles beyond the ferry, near the place where he had been taken. As may be supposed he was welcomed enthusiastically by all, as we had began to fear that we should not see him again very soon.

That part of Arkansas through which we passed is a ridge from right to left, the mountains being between the Black and St. Francis rivers; its surface is hilly and broken; yet there were many farms which showed more systematic and thorough cultivation than we had seen in Missouri. The people as a general thing seemed more intelligent and enterprising than Missourians; but I am sorry to say that with few exceptions they are all "Secesh," and they own it too, in an honest way, very different from those we have caught in this state under very suspicious circumstances, but who were nearly always good Union men. The dwellings of the people in Arkansas as well as in this State are usually built of hewn logs and after a plan peculiar to the country; each house consists of two rectangular structures about eight feet apart, and a roof which covers both parts leaving a covered passage between them, where the family spend the most of their time during the hot weather. Every building nearly, whether dwelling house, stable or granary, is made after this plan; so prevalent is this style of architecture it might be placed as a new order beside the Doric, Corinthian, &c., if an appropriate name could be given it.

The inhabitants of this portion in both States are generous and hospitable, but deliberately ignorant; they respect a person who has a good education, but consider it no derit to be lacking in that respect. I have seen less school houses since I came to Cape Girardeau—now I have rode hundreds of miles—that might be seen in a ride of twenty-five miles on almost any road in Southern or Central Wisconsin. The fact is that although slavery exists in a wild form, yet the people feel all its baseful effects, with its jealous restrictions upon all enterprise and improvement, but scarcely any of its benefits or profits, if it can be said to have either. I have talked with very many of them, and have been astonished at the vague ideas they have of many subjects which school children at the North are expected to understand. Their conversation on the subject of the war is often highly amazing. They unite in heartily extenuating Southern California as the cause of their troubles, and in almost the next breath will be praising the glorious Confederacy, predicting its future success. They are all for Gen. U. S. Grant, and think that Jeff Davis is fighting for it. Those who are unable to own slaves, hate their more fortunate neighbors heartily, and
say they have all the benefits of the war, but they hate the Yankee, as he has been pictured to them still more, and declare that they can never be shipped. In the course of an evening, coming from one of their versions of Dixie: "we have no fleeces, we have no navies, we put our trust in old Jeff Davis," and "go it blind."

I have asked many of the people and also prisoners, what they were fighting for, and what benefits they expected to derive from the new government which they did not receive from the old, but do not receive from the new. Their answer was a negative and inexplicable reply to either of those questions, and very many of them seemed to have taken no thought on the subject before. Some would make the old assertion that "Lincoln was elected to free the slaves," but they would soon own that they did not really believe that statement, and they all, with sea crying an exception, agree frankly that the rebellion was a great speculation on the part of their leaders, and that they had been duped by them. It is a fact beyond question that this rebellion would never have attained to the magnitude, or met with the success it has, had the people been better informed on subjects of vital importance to their government or its armies, or disrespectfully of the Government.

For surely, if our men did not have room to exercise their jigs and other dances, I should have mentioned that the event of the day was the Fourth of July while you at home were probably passing it in the good old way as near as the times will allow. We have in hand a procession which will be there to help in handing the Fourth to those who are not very strong faith in the justness of our cause, while we know for what we stand, and never again forsake that old target practice with our long yongers, and we left the Cape, for the good reason that they have had no opportunity to lay it out. Our Regiment "allotted over $7,500 of their monthly pay when at St. Louis and had another opportunity they would largely increase the amount.

The Fourth" passed very quietly with us. As the sun rose on this great day, four guns were fired by the battery of a continuous fire of small arms for an hour or more followed. There was no procession, no reading of the Declaration, and nooration in the grove, to arouse our patriotism; we felt that we were strangers in the land and that this was truly a new way of spending the Fourth. So we soon subsided into the shade to think of the Fourth which we had passed amidst associations far different from those which now surround us. In the evening a large gathering collected on the Court House Square and sang several patriotic songs with a zest and earnestness not always witnessed. There were perhaps twenty-five contrabands among the mob, and our power, which are still in this place, not having been forwarded on their way to "Cannan," they concluded to celebrate the day by a "party" in the evening. Your correspondent looked in for a short time when returning to camp, and found them enjoying themselves hugely, the only thing that troubled them was that the soldiers crowded into the house thickly that they did not have room to execute their "jigs" and other dances. I should have mentioned that the event of the day was the news of Richmond being taken. The report was almost too good to believe, but we risked it a hundred times over and feared that the magnitude of this city is certain, and that they would not be in a position to celebrate the next.

The 4th at Cape Girardeau.

From the Cape Girardeau Eagle, published under the auspices of the First Wisconsin Cavalry, we learn that the 4th was celebrated in that place to some extent. On the 1st of July, Col. Daniels issued the following:

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 57.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, Mo., July 4th, 1862.

Every white man over the age of 16, residing on or now residing within the city of Cape Girardeau within 10 miles of this city, and heretofore required to report at the Fair Grounds, at 10 o'clock A. M., July 4th, in the exercise of his right to the privilege of voting in the election, and subject to the penalties of disfranchise or deportation, and will subject the offenders to arrest and punishment.

All persons of business in the city will be closed from 10 till 11 P. M.

BY ORDER OF,

EDWARD DANIELS,

Col., Comd. Post, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

In response to this order the people came in from all directions and in large numbers. After they had assembled, Col. Daniels took an elevated position and addressed the multitude for some two hours in a speech which ought to convert the worst secessionist and turn him into the right path. He told them briefly what had brought on the war, what would be the result in certain emergencies, and counselled them to return to their allegiance, and never again forsake that old flag—the flag of our Union. He concluded by announcing that he would now proceed to administer the oath of allegiance to all who were willing to take it—those not willing to be considered disloyal and punished as traitors deserve to be. The speech was well received, and met with hearty cheers.

Over 1000 men and boys over sixteen years of age, took the following oath, prepared for the occasion:

OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

I, (name), of (village), County of (county), State of Missouri, do solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance to the United States of America, and support the Constitution and laws thereof; that I will maintain the Constitution and laws of the State, County, or Confederate powers; that I will not give aid, comfort, or counsel to the enemy, nor enter into any combination, rebellion and disorganization of the Federal authority of these United States and all the states within; that I will do my duty; that I will, if necessary, remain and defend them from any such attack, to the best of my power,

Affidavit.

I hereby certify that Col. Daniels, the Commanding Officer of this regiment, administered the above-mentioned oath, according to the directions given, to the number of (number) men and boys over sixteen years of age, on (date), A. D. 1862.

W. H. BROWNE, Adjutant.

Brayer Dam, 
July 8th 1862.

Mrs. Enright—The First Regiment of Wisconsin Cavalry has its head quarters at Cape Girardeau, Mo., where it arrived on the 1st day of May. Many of your readers will feel a lively interest in any intelligence from this Regiment, as it contains a large number of true and good men from Dodge County. During the last two months we have labored hard in filling up and preparing the Regiment for the field, and when we were called into active service, I venture to affirm that no Regiment ever went forth to vindicate the cause of Liberty, better drilled and disciplined, or with a clearer knowledge of the nature of the rebellion. Being composed of men selected as well for their sobriety and intelligence, as for their physical powers of endurance, the Regiment could not fail to realize the most sanguine hopes and expectations of its friends, when the fitting opportunity presented itself. Several of our boys have been enemy under circumstances of their own choosing, in a great measure, and yet, though vastly superior in position and numbers, they have been compelled to retreat precipitately before our Belgian rifles and murderous revolvers. The enemy are skillful and prudent war, and make close shots from the brush, but cannot cope with us in our thorough knowledge of the tactics and persevering determination to conquer. They seem to have no very strong faith in the justness of their cause, while we know for what we fight.

At Chalk Bluff on the St. Francis River, they desist after our passage of the
fand with 130 men under cover, and we drove them from their position with only 15 men, as 60 of them were killed and 7 wounded while 11 of their men were killed and 17 wounded. Notwithstanding constant exposure to the damp night air and the malaria of the swamps, the health of the Regiment is remarkably good. There are several reasons that led in the first place the examining surgeon (the lamented Dr. Grego-ry who was recently shot below Chalk Bluff on the St. Francis River) would accept no man without close examination and hence we had a few men who were not of regular constitution; in the next place when any soldier falls sick he is removed to a pleasant hospital, where he receives the constant care of faithful and skilful physicians and nurses, till he is not only convalescent but well. Col. Daniels is untiring in his efforts to provide for the sick and wounded. At Bloomfield he took possession of the dwelling house of the rebel Maj. Bedford and converted it into a hospital. The surgeon who was to conduct the Col. that there were other buildings in town that would do for that purpose, but he replied to him that the Union soldiers deserved and should have the best house' that could be found. The hospital is an old style mansion, on an elevated site, surrounded by gardens filled with shade trees and fruit trees and flowers. Cool and spacious verandas run the entire length of the house, which is a very pleasant place to sit during the heat of the day. There is also a well of cold water near the house. The surgeons now acting are Doctors Russell, of Os-çois; Lord, of New York; and Johnson, of Ripon. Our field officers are the right men in the right place, ever ready to share with the men their privations and dangers. Col. Daniels has led several expeditions in person and cheerfully shared their corn dodgers and bacon. Major Pomroy of the First Battalion had the honor of leading out the first expedition of any sort against the enemy. He moved rapidly and succeeded in capturing several prisoners and a large amount of property. The fullest confidence exists between the men and officers. We have but one thing to regret which is that we have not a larger field of operations; but if the war continues we shall undoubtedly receive authority to extend our jurisdiction further south. We have already cleaned out south-eastern Mo. and a large portion of Arkansas. It is rumored that the rebels are raising a considerable force in the latter State with the intention of driving us back and carrying the war again into Mo but they will have no a few of their dead to bury in Arkansas before they succeed in getting further. The only success of this period is the fact that the men who are raising a considerable force in the latter State with the intention of driving us back and carrying the war again into Mo but they will have no a few of their dead to bury in Arkansas before they succeed in getting further. 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was promptly among those who have been looking about the ferries on the St. Francis and firing frequently upon our pickets. They killed our Surgeon Gregory, and wounded several men and horses. The enemy have now experienced a slight touch of retribution which will doubtless prove salutary to the survivors.

Our regiment reached Scottsville in divisions during the day, and encamped all together. During the night company F, under Lieut. Jones came in, having taken another route and captured a camp of the enemy, finding some horses, saddles, &c.

The occupants had felt a pressing need of eating, but luckily left a warm meal to which our tired men did ample justice. After dark a severe storm came up and as we had no tents, we all took the benefits of a thorough and long continued drenching.

At midnight the sound of the bugle caused those who were trying to sleep in the storm, and saddled our tired horses and moved on. After an exceedingly uncomfortable ride over roads so rough and muddy that our train made but very slow progress, we reached this place at 6 o'clock in the morning, just as the rain was stopping which had soaked us all night, and I found time in finding a comfortable store from our Commissary supplies.

Galena, 120 miles from Cape Girardeau, is the county seat of Green county, and a dingy little town of perhaps 400 or 500 inhabitants before the war. Now I am told there are not a dozen men in the place, the greater majority having joined the Southern army; no enmities in the Union army as we frequently found in Missouri. It is emphatically a Southern and secession State. Still hundreds are very unwilling to go to war and the conscript act which has just gone into effect is meeting with bitter opposition— and the new levies will make very poor soldiers. They however are gathering in considerable numbers throughout the State and make a little trouble for a short time. We have heard that some forces farther south are collecting to meet us, and we go to-day and to-morrow to pay them a little attention. Attached to our regiment is a little company of Missouri volunteers from this St. Francis River district, who have fled to us through fear of persecution and to evade conscription. They are under the charge of our worthy captain, Capt. Dougmore who believes in the church militant as well as the church triumphant, and they will probably do good service. More anon.

H. R. H.

The First Wisconsin Cavalry

Camp TOBBY, ARKANSAS, July 20, 1862.

Dear Crescent: Here is a little from the 1st Regiment Wisconsin Cavalry. As Madison on the St. Francis River, Arkansas, 40 miles west of Memphis.

Think of it. One single regt marches from Cape Girardeau, Mo., to Madison, Ark. 200 miles through a population intensely and murderously hostile, in a country specially fitted for surprises and ambushes at almost every mile, subjugating and quieting the counties along the routes; subduing its men and horses off the enemy; taking many recidivist prisoners; breaking up camps; dispersing guerrilla bands, skirmishing continually, marching; routing; spreading terror and dismay, overawing all opposition, smashing down all resistance—and all this without drawing supplies from government beyond the original outfit of horse and arms and a current stock of ammunition—without losing more than twenty officers and men by the enemy—and keeping up its stock of horses and mules by levies and substitutions. It is doubtful if any other (federal) regiment has such a record—so much accomplished, with so little expense of men, horses, rations, &c.

The effective strength of the regiment is now about 800; the remainder of the 1000 are scattered by detachments, by sickness.
Mr. Anderson came to the spot about two miles since from Arkansas; he found himself a free State man surrounded by slave owners and their ignorant dupes. In spite of his protestation his oldest daughter married the son of his neighbor Swift, a prompt rebel. This son is in the rebel army. Rev. Mr. Anderson's oldest son established two miles from St. Luke and the old man of the "Prairie.

Last fall the rebels sacked his store, dividing the spoils among leading "secessionist" citizens and rebel soldiers. Foremost in this was the rebel Col. W. G. Phelan, whom we have since taken prisoner, and one Capt. Bartoung. In January, Edward, the oldest son, went to Bloomfield to see some old folks who were members of the federal Indiana regiment, then at this point. A few nights after his return home, at 2 o'clock at night a party of his secession neighbors, among whom was the Abram Holmes boys, shot Edward Anderson of ferer in his bed, and Anderson twice, so that he died two days and—

The sole neighbor was aware of the attempted assassination, and Swift was in the conspiracy, as the secretaries, Anderson ran for his life and in the darkness escaped the shots that were fired after him. He was in his night clothes, the night bitter cold, and bar-footed walked three miles over the ice, his feet bleeding, and over found shelter of men who owed him hundreds of dollars. He got to safety in two days and—

Anderson had not been long mounted and rode 60 miles to Cape Girardeau, where he lay down at the point of death. Swift and the rebel immediately gave out that Anderson was dead. Swift without any authority entered upon the estate, constituted himself administrator and sold all at an auction to his rebel son, Anderson's son-in-law at one-sixth its value. Having extorted from the dying Madison, a boy of 17, the hiring price of $300 in coin, belonging to the Anderson's. Swift took possession thereof and expended a portion of the same in Confederate bonds. Our troops took possession of Bloomfield in June, and Anderson, who had previously been to St. Louis and told his story to Gen. Schofield, came to Bloomfield and asked our assistance in recovering his remaining four children and his property.

Major Henry Pomeroy was in command at Bloomfield at the time of Anderson's arrival. He heard Anderson's story and sent Lieut. Ogden to St. Luke to investigate the matter, who ascertained that the children, $475 of the buried coin, and the books and papers of the estate were in the hands of Swift. Major Pomeroy sent down Sergt. Munger, who took the money of Swift and delivered the same to Maj. Pomeroy. Major Pomeroy, instead of giving Anderson any money, gave Swift a receipt for the same and permitted Anderson to live upon the charity of the soldiers. Anderson came to me and told me his story, showing me his papers proving, beyond a doubt Anderson's right to the money as guardian of his surviving children. I called Maj. Pomeroy, and stated his case. Major Pomeroy turned on his heel, saying "I know all about the case; I have given a receipt to Swift," and left the room. I was astounded. I took pains to investigate the matter and am satisfied Maj. Pomeroy lent the money to the sufferer. I then advised Anderson to go to the Cape and state his case to Capt. Daniels, commanding the regiment, who ordered Maj. Pomeroy to pay the money to Anderson, and forgo on secessionists to the amount of his losses.—

Anderson came back to Bloomfield with this order, Major Pomeroy refused to obey, and Col. Daniels has thus far neglected to order. Anderson than took his remaining four half naked children and specially reached St. Louis, carrying with him statements from St. Ogden and myself. I have been informed that Provost Marshal General Parare, of St. Louis, has taken the matter up and ordered Maj. Pomeroy to deliver up the property. If so, Anderson may receive tardy justice. The loyal people of the North will hardly believe this story, but I have the proof for every statement. Anderson is, believe now in St. Louis.

I am your obedient servant.

RICHARD H. CHITTENDEN.

Capt. Squadron E 1st Reg. Wis. Cav.
DEAR WM.—I wrote you a few lines from West Prairie, Mo., the day we commenced our march into this State. I told you that we were going to Little Rock with Gen. Curtis; that, however, was only a supposition of mine. Of course it was not told to us where we were going, but it was supposed by the men that we were going to join Curtis. I will not give you a minute detail of our journey from thence here. I will give you the most interesting features, and let that suffice.

Wednesday, July 9th, the regiment with three pieces of artillery moved from West Prairie towards this State. We reached Chalk Bluff ferry that afternoon and commenced ferrying the men and horses across. One boat load consisting of a cannon, eight horses and ten men sunk. One man was drowned; the rest got ashore safe. The horses all escaped uninjured. The cannon went to the bottom, but it was taken out the next morning. Ferrying the teams, horses, &c., continued without ceasing all night, and when all were across we moved on. Part of the regiment reached Scatteredville that day. Our squadron did not get there till midnight. Just before entering Scatteredville our advance guard numbering about forty, came onto between seventy and eighty rebels. A short skirmish ensued which resulted in a grand scattering of the latter, with a loss of seven killed, ten wounded and twelve taken prisoners. One of our men had one of his fingers hurt, which was the only casualty we sustained. The following incident will give you an idea of how fast the rebels ran: One of them in his eagerness to get away from our men, ran against a tree and knocked his brains out. Before we got into Scatteredville we were visited by a heavy rain storm, and of course we had no other alternative than to sit in our saddles and take it. We lay on the wet ground that night, while the rain continued to pour upon us most of the time.

Friday we went to Gainesville where we stayed till noon the next day. I have written to you of a previous expedition to this place, so I will not stop to reiterate a description of it. While there we learned that there were six or seven hundred rebels below awaiting our coming. This news of course suited us, as we were anxious to have a "brush" with them.

Saturday, about dark, we entered Greersburg, where it was reported the rebels had concentrated, but we found the place destitute of everything in the shape of soldiers. We learned here that the rebels were in the town below, Jonesburro. We stayed here all night taking up our march towards Jonesburro Sunday morning.

On arriving there we found the same state of affairs that we found at the other places: the cry, "they are below waiting for you." There were two companies at Jonesburro the day before we got there, but on hearing of our coming they departed to "parts unknown."

Jonesburro, the county seat of Craighead county, is as miserable a hole as we have been in. There are only two wells in the place, so our supply of water was quite limited. But man and beasts suffered for water during our sojourn there.

We stayed there till Tuesday when we again moved on. We were told that before dark we would have a fight. Well, we did have a fight, (?) and it was a big one. When our advance guard entered Harrisburg there were ten or twelve soldiers there. A few shots were exchanged when the rebels ran, leaving one of their number wounded. That was the only fight we had that day. We did not stay any length of time in Harrisburg. We encamped that night on Sugar Creek. It was a beautiful place for a camp. The creek was clear and much finer than any we have met; such a one is not often found in this country.

Wednesday we pushed on towards Wittsburg, where we again heard that the rebels were entrenched and ready to meet us; but again, like all future cases, when we arrived there we found "nary" rebel in arms.

Wittsburg is situated on the St. Francis river. Was once a thriving place, it being a steamboat landing. We stayed there all day. Thursday, several scouting parties went out in search of rebels. One party charged on a rebel camp, but were about two hours too late. The rebels heard of our coming and fled in great confusion. Our boys picked up many articles, such as coats, pistols, knives, &c., which were left by the frightened rebels. At Wittsburg we were again visited by a heavy rain storm. The trees under which we slept afforded a poor protection from the wet.

There being nothing to keep us there we moved off towards this place Friday morning at sunrise, and a little after noon took peaceful possession of this place.

This town is situated on the St. Francis river, where it is crossed by the Memphis & Little Rock R. R. It is the county seat of St. Francis county. It has the signs of having been once a thriving business place, but like all places in this country it is now in a wretched condition. The marks of the destructiveness of the rebels are seen on all sides of us. A splendid R. R. bridge which crossed the river here, was burned about three weeks ago by the rebels in accordance with an order issued by Gen. Hindman, commandant of the forces of this State. It was a fine structure and cost $200,000. The track was also torn up in several places. This act of barbarity was committed contrary to the wishes of the citizens of the town and vicinity; in fact the people of the whole State are dissatisfied with the manner in which he is conducting the war in this State. Between Jonesburro and this place we passed by several large plantations. At each one we saw the indications where large quantities of cotton were burned. The planters had quite an amount of it on hand, and in spite of all they could do to save it, it was burned by Hindman's men. One merchant in this town had $100,000 worth of cotton destroyed.

Hindman is every day losing the confidence and respect of the citizens of this State. He is virtually destroyed in the State, and were his orders obeyed the people would die of starvation.

The rebel soldiers which are in this vicinity are those who have been forced into the service under the conscript law. Men who heretofore have stayed at home to keep their wives and families from starvation have been forced to leave their homes to fight for a cause in which they have no confidence. Such men don't want to fight and will not if they can help it. You can travel for miles in this country without seeing a man. The most of the conscript men would come into our lines and take the oath were they not so deceived by their officers. They are told that we hang or kill every one of them we can catch.

This story is not only told to the soldiers, but also to the citizens. As we move on a messenger goes before us saying: "The blacks are coming! They are killing men, women and children, and burning houses and destroying all property!" As we passed along the men retreated to the swamps and cane breaks; the women would collect in groups of ten to fifteen, and stand shivering. Often have we
been asked if we had not hearts like them. As soon as the citizens of this place heard we were coming, the men ran into the woods, there to remain till they would learn the truth, or until we would leave the town. As soon as they learned the true state of affairs they returned to their homes, and to-day are as free as ever.

I don't know how long we will stay here, but the prospect looks as though we were destined to make this our headquarters for sometime. Our Colonel went to Memphis to-day. I think that before long there will be a line of communication between here and Memphis, and hope before a great while from here to Little Rock.

Our coming into this country has been hailed with joy by many. We often meet northern men in our travels, who have long looked for deliverance from the tyrannical rule of the Confederate States; and even southern men, those who were in favor of a dissolution of the Union, are glad to return to their allegiance. I can assure you they will never try secession again, it is too bitter a pill for them to take more than once.

The weather is real warm now-a-days. We are truly in the "Sunny South." We are 214 miles from Cape Girardeau and 40 miles west of Memphis.

James Norris.

The 1st Wis. Cavalry.--After the reports we have had of the capture of Col. Daniels' Regiment, or the greater portion of it, we are glad to learn that the regiment is all right, and that it has met with few casualties. The following is the account of the most important.

On the 23d July a portion of Capt. Allen's guerrillas the little squad left on the site of Old Camp Terry. It consisted of a few sick men, with two or three well ones to take care of them. The latter went out to look for some, hidden ammunition, and were overtaken before they could arrive at camp. The rebels fired on them killing Corporal E. W. Houch of Co. B. Quartermaster S. M. Massey, and one of the prisoners. At the camp nobody was in condition to make resistance. Sergt. Brown of Co. K., though sick, succeeded in mounting his horse and getting away. He arrived safely at Bloomfield. The sick were allowed to remain there, and the prisoners were taken to Brown's Ferry and released on parole.

Col. Daniels with the main part of his regiment have been having an active and exciting time in Arkansas. They have had a number of skirmishes, and in very one have been successful. They have broken up some half dozen bands of guerrillas, and have cleared the country between the St. Francis and White Rivers of them.

FROM THE FIRST WIS. CAVALRY.

BLOOMFIELD, Mo., July 24.

Dear Record:--Since my last, we have nothing cheering to relate, but much that is revolting to human nature. Daily we are compelled to witness men, women and children fleeing, as it were, with their lives in their hands, from their homes and all that attaches them to earth, seeking protection at our hand, from the desperadoes that are overrunning Arkansas, many having been compelled to flee by the darkness of the night through an unbroken wilderness, for at least a hundred miles or more, without food or clothing except what they can carry on their backs, and when exhausted, sinks under the task, as is often the ease, the victim is left to die, unless succor can be obtained to save them, which in several instances, since our regiment came to this place, has been rendered by us. We have met several of this class of persons, who were in comfortable circumstances at home, without food, or money, and tattered garments, rent by the thorns, and briars, through which they have forced their way, barely sufficient to cover their nakedness. Such is the universal condition of Union people in North-east Arkansas. That it is any better in more Southern portions of the State, can hardly be possible, from the fact, that the abominable miscreant traitors are determined on the destruction of every particle of loyalty to the government.

You may think, I make generalities out of specialties, but I assure you, I have given no false coloring. We all look at things from the "stand point" of observation, and you never having seen barbarism practiced in its vilest forms, can form no just conceptions of the cruelties practiced towards Union men in this portion of these United States. It is the universal practice of the rebels, whenever, they cannot find the men and compel them to join their cause, to destroy everything valuable, that they cannot use. It is eminently a "reign of terror" to all classes, whether rich or poor, old or young. Those so unfortunate as to be caught have to pay the forfeit with their lives. Of this last class, our men found three, near Scadderville in Arkansas, suspended by the neck to a tree, and five others, shot. This is the character of our enemies, and in the hands of such men as these, can the destinies of our country, ever be trust-
Letter From the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry.

Bloomfield Mo., July 23d, 1862.

Friend Ballance: Our Regiment is absent on an extensive expedition into Arkansas, and the reason your correspondent is not in his place with the rest, is that the "shaking demon" had so evidently possessed him, that he was told to return to this place where a large deposit of Quinine had been made, for the express purpose of exercising this evil spirit.

The Regiment had collected at Torrey's camp, about twelve miles from Chalk Bluff, and on the 9th of this month they set out, and the same night crossed into Arkansas, at the Chalk Bluff Ferry. There was a long train of provisions and ammunition, besides a few pieces of artillery, accompanying the Regiment; and they were anxious to effect the crossing before morning; this they succeeded in doing, but without accident. The old ferry boat had been sunk by the secession, during a temporary removal of the guards from the ferry, so another had been procured from Franklin ferry, and it is reported to be of less capacity than the old one; for it sunk to the bottom, being loaded with a cannon, a wagon, and several horses, and one man, by the name of Streeter of Co. C, was drowned, or some think was crushed between the cannon and the boat; at all events he started to cross, but was not seen after.

Capt. Hammond of Co. S, with twenty of his own men, and about 40 of Co. H, under Lieut. Comstock, was sent ahead to clear the way. They met no opposition, until reaching Scatterville, about twenty miles from the bluff, where they suddenly came upon about 125 rebels, posted upon the brow of a hill, where there was only one road by which to approach in front; but two in the rear open for a retreat. The Captain, who was nearly a mile in advance with his own men, first saw them, and shouted, "Come on, here they are." The boys spurred into the run after their daring leader, and dashed up the hill, and among the "conscripts," who, in their amazement and terror, fired one gun and fled. Forty of them were mounted and drawn up in rear of the Infantry, but making the best use of a horseman's advantage, they were soon out of sight, leaving their guns as they went; the Infantry threw their guns as they went; the Infantry threw up their horses and whatever would hinder their progress, and plunged into the underbrush, closely followed by our boys, who made good use of their arms. I will not vouch for the correctness of the figures, but authority which I consider reliable, says that four rebels were killed, twenty wounded, and fourteen taken prisoners. As invasion of this kind showed six horses, thirty good rifles, besides several broken ones, and a fine assortment of old clothes; no provisions were taken; on the other hand, the first thing the prisoners asked for was something to eat.

Nothing reliable has been heard from the Regiment since it left Gainsville, about sixteen miles beyond Scratchville. Their destination is unknown to any person here, and it is a much debated point, whether they have gone toward the west to join Curtis' Division, or have continued down Crawley's ridge toward Helena, where a large number of conscripts are said to be collecting. In either case, they are expected to return to this State in the course of a few days, where we may be ordered to a new field. By the way, Crawley's ridge, which has figured prettily extensively in accounts of our transactions, is a geographical curiosity worthy of notice. Starting from a hilly region North West of Cape Girardeau, it runs in a southerly direction, inclining slightly to the east through level country, and generall y between swamps, to Helena on the Mississippi, where it terminates in a bluff. Its length is about 550 miles; it varies in breadth from that of a wagon road to 15 miles; sometimes it rises the height of 300 feet above the swamps on each side; in one such place it is said a person can see from Mem-phis to Jacksonville. Though the ridge itself is barren and broken, the bottoms on each side are very fertile, and sometimes of many miles in extent; one of these, which is more elevated than the rest, is dignified with the name of West Prairie, and is a very extensive tract; it is on this prairie that we camped for so long a time; and where the most of the corn was grown, that our horses have eaten since we came here. The St. Francis cuts through the Ridge at Chalk Bluff, and a small stream runs through six miles of its course in the latter state, is, besides a lake, formed by the great earthquake of 1811, by which the face of the country was greatly changed in some parts. But I have pursued this subject far enough.

The famous conscript law seems to mean very little, as is evident from the poor favor and success in Arkansas; thousands have escaped to this state to avoid its enforcement, while others have hidden away in the swamps nearer home. About eighty men from one locality came to our camp, about the time that the Regiment left. Nearly forty who came first, at their own request, were armed, formed into a company, and put under the command of our energetic Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Dunmore, as captain; they do good service, as they know the country perfectly, and are thoroughly aroused by the wrongs they have suffered. One of these refugees, a northern man by birth, but an impecunious one, who could not fight; that he had heard many of them say that they would desert if opportunity offered, and if brought to fight, would come over to our side. I have not the least doubt that the conscript act alone would be sufficient to win the Southern army; according to the accounts of deserters, companies of troops now in this way are kept under strong guard. In spite of all precaution, they are escaping continuously, bringing with them many who were regular volunteers. Scarcely a day passes that they do not come into our camp. One of Jeff. Thompson's men said that he was left without any forces, that half a dozen men would desert, and then the whole company would be sent after them, the most of whom would follow their example, and so on until nearly all the regiment might be read by the subscribers were gone. The rebel, Gen. Hindman, seems to have made up his mind to have as many as possible of those able to defend themselves it lies aside in the Southern warfare, as far as it dares, and adopts those of savages; it preludes to burn and destroy out of mere rascality, it has no respect for true bravery, no mercy for the defenseless, no generous pity for the weak and suffering; it would seem as if a person once fairly committed to the Southern cause, thenceforth acted under the direct inspiration of the old arch-fiend himself.

There has been a sentimental among the officers and in the Government, which prompted them to treat their adversaries with all the indulgence that could be extended to soldiers engaged in honorable warfare. In the West—speaks of what I have seen and know—this is proved to be the poor policy. It was not appre- ciated, and all leniency was considered cowardice and kindness an evidence of weakness. The rebels only feel respect through fear: so let us command the fear, and we will soon begin to receive the respect. Should the constitution law and the order directing guerrillas to be forever enforced, they would do more to convince the South that we are in earnest and that the time for trampling and inaction have passed, than all our victories.

Speaking of confiscation, I believe it to be the surest way to settle our present difficulties and secure future harmony. Let the slaves of all a part of the state be disposed of in this way, and let those who can give good evidence of their loyalty be duly remunerated for theirs. Thus the troublesome "institution" would be blotted out, and by an act of Congress would remain forever. Then let all those under a certain age be removed from the country as rapidly as possible. The work might begin at once and be continued as fast as the territory was conquered. Its accomplishment would be effected more easily from the presence of the army, and would not require the assistance of a large force to carry out the plan after the war. As soon as the Southern society would be reformed on a new basis; the men of sense would remain, and with the aid of immigrants from the North and from Europe, would develop the unparalleled resources of the South, so that we might expect the next century to find our country in a condition of prosperity which in real prosperity and all that makes a nation great.

Having "ventilated" my theory, I will close, hoping to address my next to you from the

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE FIRST WISCONSIN CAVALRY.

MADISON, WISC., July 24th, 1862.

Thinking a few lines from me, and a little information about the country and our Regiment, might be read by the subscribers were gone. The rebel, Gen. Hindman, seems to have made up his mind to have as many as possible of those able to defend themselves it lies aside in the Southern warfare, as far as it dares, and adopts those of savages; it preludes to burn and destroy out of mere rascality, it has no respect for true bravery, no mercy for the defenseless, no generous pity for the weak and suffering; it would seem as if a person once fairly committed to the Southern cause, thenceforth acted under the direct inspiration of the old arch-fiend himself.

Our Regiment was paid off the 5th at Bloomfield, Mo., and the 1st Battalion left the same day for Camp Lagrange, west from where I, with about 500 men, had been left to guard the camp during the absence of three days at Bloomfield.

Lieut. Frederick of Co. D is dead. We
The next day—Sunday July 8th—we left camp for Arkansas; marched seven miles to camp Torrey, and went into camp with the 3d Battalion for a few days, or till a supply train arrived. Left camp Torrey the 8th; marched nine miles that day to Craighead county seat of St. Francis county, and commenced taking over the artillery, when the ferry boat was capsized, upsetting men, horses and cannon into the river together. The men and horses were immediately got out, except one man of company C, who was drowned. We got the ferry in operation again, and by 7 o'clock in the morning had all crossed the run.

Our men soon succeeded in raising the cannon by diving and fastening a rope on to the carriage of the gun.

We left the Bluff about 9 a.m., and arrived at Scutterville same day. The country appears some better on this side of the run, and the people more intelligent. Our advance guard found a force of rebels numbering about 100 at this place, and after a short fight, killing 10 and taking 25 prisoners, the rest skidded.

The distance from the Bluff to Scutterville is 19 miles. Friday, the 11th, left Scutterville for Gainesville, and arrived same day; distance 13 miles. Gainesville is the county seat; 50 miles farther, and in place of no great note. Left Gainesville Saturday, 12th, and reached Greensboro same day—distance 14 miles. Expected to find some troops here, but they all run before we got in town. We took some contraband property, such as we needed. Sunday, 13th, at 7 a.m. left for Jonesboro—distance 10 miles. This place is the county seat of Craighead county. Southern troops were here this morning, but left on our approach.

The country continues to grow better, as we go south, and the people more civilized. The negroes are flocking to us from all quarters; but we cannot take more than we have worked for, as we have no provisions to spare.

Monday, 14th, the 1st and 3d Battalions commenced their march at 9 p.m., and went four miles and camped. Tuesday, 15th, 4 a.m., started without breakfast, and marched 16 miles before eating—went to Sugar Creek that day—distance 29 miles. Contrabands continue to flock in. flurry a white man to be seen between Chalk Bluff and this town; mostly gone to the Southern army or run to the woods. Wednesday, 16th, 1st and 2d Battalions started for Vicksburg—distance 10 miles. This is on the St. Francis river. We stopped here one and a half days, and all went in and had a good bath. But we lost one man of Co. F by drowning. Left Vicksburg the 18th and arrived at Madison 2 o'clock—distance 15 miles. This is the county seat of St. Francis county, situated on a river by that name. Madison is the terminus of the Memphis and Arkansas R. R. The bridge of the road at this place was burned last year by the rebel. We find this a good place for forage, and send our teams every day for corn and bacon, or anything man or horse can eat. We take all the mules and horses we can find from men who are siding the South. I took five men and two teams out Sunday on a foraging expedition; we loaded the wagons with corn, took six mules and four horses. Came across ex-Governor Izard on his plantation, took some of his horses, and left the Governor himself, with 100 men in pursuit towards Old Buck. He still clings to the "peculiar institution."

There are but a few of the Berlin boys here. Many of them were not well, and we left them at Bloomfield. Those here are well.

On the morning of the 18th, a largeConfederate army under Old Buck. They started for Vicksburg—distance 28 miles. Contra bands continue to flock in. We have to live on corn meal and bacon the most of the time, which does not agree with us in this hot climate.

I hope this war will soon close, and we be permitted to return to our homes and dear families. I have left out many interesting incidents, as I have not time to write my daily keeping me constantly employed. Should be happy to see the COURANT. We have had no news from civilization since the 7th of July, but hope to get some papers soon.

Yours truly,
W. R. COUL. Sergt. of 1st Bat. 1st Wis. Cav.

First Wisconsin Cavalry.

POFT HEADQUARTERS, GREENSBORO, ARK., August 4, 1862.—The intelligence of the attack upon the Battery was received here yesterday at one o'clock p.m., by Gen. Washburn, who immediately despatch a force of one thousand cavalry and infantry to the scene of action, which was able to reach within eight miles of the scene of battle. He sent this morning Dr. Moses Bean, of the Second Wisconsin, with provisions, to supply the wounded. I have no doubt Lieut. Col. L. A. Grange will overtake the attacking party.

CAMP NEAR MARIANA, AUG. 5
Brigadier General Washburn Commanding at Helena:

Will you be so good as to forward by telegraph the annexed account, thereby relieving our Wisconsin friends of needless alarm and anxiety.

Very respectfully,
H. H. HOMEROW,
First Major First Wis. Cav.

Memorandum.—At sunrise, Sunday, August 2d, 1862, a party of 500
Pennsylvania Teemans, under Parsons himself, surprised a detachment of about 175 of the First Wisconsin Cavalry, under Major Eggleston, in camp on the north side of L'Anguille River, at the ferry between Madison and Helena. The detachment was consisting of a large wagon train, a large number of mules and horses, rations, ammunition, sick, &c.

Seven were killed outright, and about thirty wounded—but believed mortally. Among those killed is the Chaplain (Don), who fell dead upon the fighting splendidly. Maj. Eggleston is safe in camp.

All in Marianna able to ride were taken prisoners, except such as made their escape into the woods. An exact account cannot yet be made up.

The ambulances, wagons, animals and supplies were mostly carried off; the rest were burned.

Lieut. Col. LaGrange and Major Torrey are in pursuit towards Madison, with moderate force.

Major Pomeroy is in command of the camp at Marianna, with about 50 men, guarding a large train of supplies.

THE 1st WISCONSIN CAVALRY IN ARKANSAS.

Another Successful Expedition.

From the Missouri Democrat.

Cape Girardeau, Mo., July 29.

This afternoon, however, about three o'clock, Mr. H. F. Potter arrived from the regiment with dispatches, he having accompanied it from Bloomfield to Madison, Ark., a small city on the St. Francis river, about fifty miles southwest of Helena, about forty miles southwest of Helena, where Gen. Curtis' army is present located. Mr. Potter, with Col. Daniels, and an escort consisting of Lieut. Comstock and ten men, of squadron H, left Madison on Sunday, 26th inst., for Memphis; at which place they arrived safely on Monday night, having experienced a rough trip on railroad track and through swamps. On Wednesday evening the Colonel dispatched to Mr. Potter to proceed to start for the regiment, by way of Helena, the same night.

Mr Potter reports the regiment in fine condition, despatched a force of one thousand cavalry and infantry to relieve their own. The Cotton had been burned at Crowell's Edge, the following being the principal places: Scutterville, Gainesville, Greensboro, Jonesboro, Harriburgh, Winniberg, and Madison. The country through which the regiment passed was mostly rough and poor. The principal produce of the valley was cotton, which was principally cotton. The crop of last year was entirely burned up. There was a possibility a large burnt place, where the cotton had been burned. Not a bale had been preserved on the entire route. It generally had been burned contrary to the order. It was reported that the Confederate soldiers sold out for that purpose. This year the cotton lands were seeded with corn—no more cotton being raised than was necessary for family use. The roads were completely lined with corn fields—it appearing as if the whole state of Arkansas was one vast cornfield. It was suggested that the federal soldiers and their animals, who occupied the country during the coming winter, would not lack subsistence.
The bordering between the St. Francis and White rivers, was reported full of guerrilla companies, and as yet, had not been explored by Union soldiers. The reports extended up to the borders of the Missouri, on the St. Francis, and they occasionally amused themselves by shooting across the river at each report read. Col. Daniels that the rebels were organizing a formidable force below him in Arkansas for the purpose of crossing the river and attack his regiment. These reports he kept within himself, resolving they should have no such opportunity. He resolved to cross the river with the main body of his regiment, win the enemy before he should have time to concentate a very large force, and destroy him or drive him beyond the White river, so far away he could not conclude the force. He had not been long on the other side, when he was informed that a detachment of Capt. Allen's company—rebels—was attacked at Scatterville, A. K., from twelve to fifteen killed, wounded, captured, and sixteen taken prisoners. The detachment attacked numbered about ninety, and was commanded by one of Allen's Lieutenants. Allen's force, when together, numbered near 200. The balance of his men were driven back a southwesterly direction, and followed until they were supposed to be beyond the White river. Another rebel force was chased from Greenbore, another from Jonesboro, another from Harrisburg, another quite large force from Taylor's Creek, and still another from Madison. From these companies all the refugees were taken prisoners, and every armed rebel was followed until either captured or well out of the way. The whole country was secured, and not a rebel man escaped the observation of our scouts. The country was entirely cleared of armed rebels.

Hundreds of deserters were captured, reformed in par of honor, and returned to their anxious families.

A feature of the expedition, highly worthy of note, was the gatherings of the principal places on the route, where they gave close attention, while Col. Daniels told them in logical, eloquent words, of the tremendous folly and wickedness of the rebellion. They had heard one side of the story. Their demagogues had blinded them to the right. Col. Dan-
into the swamps, but dare not go a great way as it was yet daylight, so they hid themselves again.

The search was not given up till nearly midnight, when they again got up and started on their way toward the regiment, still hoping to reach it, although they dare not travel the roads. They kept on all day Monday and into Tuesday night, but as they were unacquainted with the country and did not know the direction, they finally made up their minds to return. They traveled till Tuesday three o'clock p.m. without having eaten anything since Sunday, nine o'clock a.m., except the two crackers each. They then came out to a clearing and house where they determined to have something to eat. The man of the house professed to be a good Union man and gave them something to eat, but the boys did not wait for virtuals to be cooked, but only ate some corn cake and milk. Upon inquiry the man told them they were thirteen miles from the Ferry, and that he would conduct them there where it was not for their sore eyes.

He told them, however, that a neighbor of his, who was a good Union man, had mules and a boy who would send them in, and told them the way to his house. But they had but little confidence in the man and after thanking him for their repast, started off in the path he showed them. They had not gone more than half a mile when a gun was fired in the direction of the house, so they again hid themselves. Some men with rifles were in hot pursuit. They kept searching till darkness rendered it useless, when the boys again traveled a short distance. Next morning they reached the Ferry after traveling about six miles.

Supporting their way was clear back to Bloomfield they procured horses and started for the camp where they had exchanged their horses for mules; but a short distance before reaching it, they learned that it had just been taken by the rebels, so they put back to the Ferry, and after destroying all there of value which they could not bring on horses, they together with the boys there, started for Bloomfield by way of the swamps, which place they reached Thursday about ten o'clock.

The above I consider hair-breadth escape.

In the skirmish of taking the small camp mentioned, the rebels killed one man and took four or five prisoners.

The prisoners they released on parole. They got but little property, perhaps two hundred dollars worth. The regiment is heard from last. It has worked its way out on the Mississippi, and probably will return by steamer.

From the First Wisconsin Cavalry,
Witttarsburg, July 25th, 1862.

Since my very hurried letter from Gainesville, we have pushed on 75 miles south, through the little towns of Greensborough, Jonesborough, Bozalvar and Harrodsburg, to the place now headed on steam navigation on the St. Francis, opposite to, and 45 miles from Memphis, and 200 miles from our starting place, Cape Girardeau. The 1st and 3d Battalions have gone on to Madison, the terminus of a railroad from Memphis, 20 miles south of here, and we are all lying lately in camp, resting and awaiting orders for the future, known only to Omnipotence and Colonel Daniels. We have men and horses enough to have a meeting with the valiant foe; but they have fled or disposed at one coming.

With the exception of occasional coups de main in the south, and the various prisoners taken, we have had no engagement since that at Sciterville, over a week ago. Several countries of ordinances have been collected to oppose the enemy of the country, and a little military persuasion scattered them, and we are "monarchs of all we survey."

The appearance of this State as we first entered it was very uninviting; the soil was poor, and a great part unsettled, the dwellings miserable log huts, inhabited by squatted looking people, content to raise enough "hog and hominy" to keep soul and body together, and rear divers of children, only here and there along the road, a few white mansions of the aristocratic lords gleam among the varied fields and the humble huts of the Ethiopian, with the many huts clusters in the background, and the snowy cotton and the yellow-haired corn stretch on either hand into the distance—mould the "golden sesame." The "Cotton is dead and Sara is king."

All along the road lie the half-burned remains of the great staple, which the dejected and abandoned, lest it should fall into the hands of the "red-clad Abolitionists." Officers have been appointed in every county to see that every bale came to the federal presses. Some men have lost one hundred and fifty thousand bales, or three hundred bales each, worth in New York thirty thousand dollars. The masses which has been thoroughly done in this State, at least, though I believe with little opposition from the planters, are greatly contributed to a few bales from the Tory ordinance. This year the amount allowed to be raised is limited to two acres to each hand, or enough for home consumption. The average yields is a bale to the acre, and it requires about two bales to clothe a slave for the year. The greater part of the land planted with cotton in counties have 300 or 400 acres of this Northern, and now ruling staple.

The depletion of the rebel leaders in this ill-starred State, is not satisfied with this immense destruction of property. The rebel Hindman has issued an order to the citizens of this state to destroy every pound of meat and food, every ear of corn and stack of fodder, oats and wheat that can fall into the hands of the enemy; and citizens have assured me that our coming alone has saved this country from being reduced to starvation. The rebel leaders admit that the whole of the State east of the White river is already lost, and their main purpose now is to leave it a desolated waste for the Union army to occupy. But the people who are led by their mad counsels are awakening, and will oppose such folly.

The great feature with which we have to deal now is "Darkness"—not abstractedly, and from a distant and uncertain standpoint, but present, tangible, black, men, female and male, old and little. Our coming into the plantation country has produced, as we feared, an excitement among the sons and daughters of darkness, and they have come on foot and on every variety of animal and conveyance to join themselves to us. Now, with the rest of the regiment, we are all unitedly opposed to the sin of Slavery, the cause of the war, and hope soon to see the day of its extinction. But we want to see this thing brought about in a general and peaceful manner, and we know that the poor creatures are only going into trouble by following us on our unsteady, and sometimes all pleased with the noisy crowd that is attaching itself to us, growing every day, and eating up our supplies at a rapid rate. Our very radical Colonel does not allow us to keep them away, we are free with our advice to them to stay quietly where they are until the "year of Jubilee" comes. Those who persist in coming are set to work as much as possible, though they are universally pronounced a nuisance. Our General, H. S. Eggleston, commanding this post, has ordered that no more black women or children be allowed to present. The number now here is 200 or more, and "our wants are all supplied." We pity the fancies, but we have no means of helping them, and I do not follow us southward, they are exposed to the knapper as well as to suffering and possible starvation.

Madison, Ark., July 30.

Yesterday my battalion marched on to this place, the seat of St. Francis county, 20 miles south of Wittsburg. The rain fell in torrents, and we were soaked as to feel disinclined to pay great mental effort this morning. We went on, probably, in the afternoon, toward Helena, where Curtis' division, now an entire brigade are now in camp. It is rumored that we move soon towards Little Rock. The low lands along the St. Francis are subject to annual overflow, and are exceedingly unhealthy, breeding fever and ague alarmingly, and we are glad to leave them without delay. The heat has been intense; but we Northerners, clad as we are in woolens throughout, seem to endure it fully as well as the natives "to the manner born."

I shall mail this by the little steamer "Carl," which our regiment has conscripted to take our sick down the St. Francis to Helena, where it will arrive some time before. I hope that the "bread cast upon the water," it will reach you after not many days.

An Adventure of the War.

NARROW ESCAPE OF WM. J. BAKER AND HIS COMRADE.

We are kindly permitted to publish the following from a letter written to his mother by J. A. Baker, a Plover boy now in Col. Daniels' Cavalry, referring to the narrow escape of his
I am entertaining you gentlemen in your party halted till within fifteen miles through the enemy's country.

One week ago last Saturday evening, William and his comrade made up their minds that they would escape and penetrate far into the enemy's country. After going a short distance, they were surrounded by rebel horsemen, while detailed to destroy the enemy's posts. Wounded, all hands were taken. Each man fired off his revolver. William was hurt, but at the second fire from his revolver the man who had shot at him clapped both hands to his breast, raised, and fell dead to the ground. William's companion had his mule wounded in the breast but not so badly that he could travel. He however shot the horse from under his man.

The messengers rode about eighteen miles the first night, when they were compelled to halt on account of severe thunder shower which was accompanied by a terrible wind. Next morning they rode on about nine miles to a camp where they had a few boys encamped. Reenchanting their horses, the two soldiers went on about ten miles further to Chalk Bluffs where there were a few more of our men, guarding the ferry. They tied their horses and getting breakfast, the two soldiers went on about ten miles further to Chalk Bluffs where there were a few more of our men, guarding the ferry. The boys there tried every means to dissuade them from going any further, telling them that they could not go more than ten miles beyond the river without being either taken or shot. But the boys were not easily frightened and did not like the idea of going back without first giving the thing a trial. So after being ferried across the (St. Francis) river, they started on toward the village of Scatterville, sixteen miles distant, which lay in their way.

They were frequently warned to retrace their steps but still they pressed on. Anxious to get by this Seeseh village before the storm, the adventurers moved along a pretty black gait, and arriving within a mile of it without having been noticed, they stopped at a farm house to get some corn, thinking that Col. Daniels had stored two hundred bushels in the village and left them in the care of a certain doctor. They rode to the edge of the village and stopped at a house to learn where said doctor domiciled. Two men were in the house, one of whom was asked to show where the corn was. But he pretended to be very lame with rheumatism, so of course had to walk very slow. After going a short distance, William and his comrade made up their minds that his lameness was feigned, and that he was trying to detain them while the other man should inform against them, so told him if he would point out the house to them he might go back, which he did. They went to the house while inquiring about the corn, discovered two horsemen with double-barreled rifles, approaching the house. They instantly mounted their mules and went in the direction of the coming rebels. When within hailing distance the rebel horsemen were detailed to destroy the enemy's post. The boys were then told to dismount, but after refusing, all hands fired: each man fired two shots, the rebels having two chargers each in their guns. William nor his comrade were hurt, but at the second fire from his revolver the man who had shot at him clapped both hands to his breast, raised, and fell dead to the ground. William's companion had his mule wounded in the breast but not so badly that he could travel. He however shot the horse from under his man.

They now saw eight or ten men with their horses all saddled and ready to mount, about twenty rods from them and a large number more saddling; so they wheeled and rode on through the town midst a shower of bullets and buckshot discharged from the houses. But their brave boys were closely followed, and by putting spurs to their mules were enabled to keep twenty or thirty rods ahead. They rode thus for about three miles when they discovered that the wounded mule was giving out, so after passing a turn in the road so as to be out of sight of their pursuers, they darted into the brush to one side. The boys about twenty rods and dismounted when the lame mule fell to the ground. They then tied the other mule, and taking only a couple of hard cracker each out of their saddle-bags, they penetrated further the woods, but as it was not yet dark they dare not go far for fear of being detected, so hid themselves in a patch of heavy brush.

On Monday night, after consideration, the boys made up their minds that it was impossible to reach the regiment and so started on the back track. They wandered in the swamps till Tuesday evening, avoiding all clearings and settlements to escape being seen, having eaten nothing but the hard crackers since Sunday evening. They soon came to a house and determined to have something to eat and run the risk. The man of the house pretended to be a Union man and was willing to give them something to appease their hunger, but they did not wait to have anything cooked, and so gulped down a supper of cornbread and milk. He told them that it was thirteen miles to Chalk Bluffs and that he would pilot them through if it wasn't for his mare eyes; one of his neighbors however, he said, a good Union man, would furnish them with mules to ride and a boy to show them the way. The boys did not have much confidence in his patriotism; and after thanking him for their rest they started in the path shown them, but after losing sight of the house they again took to the swamps.

They had not gone more than half a mile when they heard a gun fired in the direction of the house where they had eaten. They knew they must again conceal themselves, which they did; and in a few minutes they again were surrounded by their pursuers. They waited that night so hard that the chase was given up early. The boys now came out from their place of safe retreat and traveled some distance into the swamps and "put up" for the night, notwithstanding the severe rain.

Next morning after traveling six miles
Collecting the captured effects in and about the Court House—a wooden structure, two stories high, and about fifty feet square—I detailed twelve men as picket guard, placing three on each of the four principal roads leading to town.

Three men were posted over the livelier stable, in which we had placed our horses; this stable being about six rods from the Court House, having doors in front and rear, with a remainder of seven, with myself, took quarters in the Court House, putting the prisoners in the upper story. We remained unmolested until daybreak of the next morning. When, just as I was giving the order for respite, we were saluted by a volley of rifles. We sprang to our feet, and saw the pickets galloping in, of whom fell dead from their horses before they could reach the Court House, I looked from the window, and saw two of the horse guards dead at their post shot through the head before they awoke. The rest of the pickets now coming in, one fell mortally wounded, when the others turned and fled, seeing that we were far outnumbered.

Our fighting forces were reduced to eight men, including myself, all of whom were in the Court House. Cautioning my men to keep cool and not waste their ammunition, the fight opened in good earnest. Each man took his loophole and window, concealing his person as much as possible. First we began on the captured rifles of the day before, and emptied them with telling effect. Next the men took their own rifles and muskets, taking deliberate aim, and rarely missing their mark. The rebels were mostly saved for more close conflict if necessary, and should see none of the enemy, except as they ran from one tree or building to another, yet all about us the town seemed full of them. During the conflict, which raged three quarters of an hour, my men maintained the most impenetrable coolness. An instance of which, Nathan Ridding, one of my men finding that the musket cartridges which he had in his pocket had given out, remembered his brother, and let his cartridge box at the root of a tree about three rods from the door of the Court House, and it naturally wanted it. He rushed out before the other men had time to return with his unharmed, although he was fired at by not less than forty rifles. Soon the firing ceased on both sides, when a voice from behind the Court House, near the door, called, "Give us fifteen minutes to surrender."

We gave fifteen minutes to surrender.

Holding a rapid consultation with the men, none of whom had received a scratch, although the building was riddled with balls, I sent out a white flag with these conditions, "that we should keep all our personal effects, including side arms, and should be treated as prisoners of war," which terms were accepted. We were then ordered to fall in line. The enemy's forces did the same. You can imagine the surprise which occurred to eighty-three men who stood before us, composed of the whole command of Captains Allen, Adair and Miller, and a portion of Captain Busby's company, and Major Zettler's, of the Thirty-Sixth.
At “Chalk Bluff” a distance of twenty miles from here a detachment of fifteen men were left to guard the ferry at that place. At this place a force of seventy-five men was stationed, with one hundred and fifty Secesh. We had no escort to send, and we had no teams and horses, only four men to bring in some lead scat-tered, some time before, by the rebels. It was determined to remove the government stores to their place, and the guards were reinforced with a small detachment of men and teams and horses, and came within about a mile of the ferry, but we had no escort to send. We had one 12 pounder cannon, and the fight was kept up briskly till about three o’clock A. M., our pickets were attacked by a force, said by themselves, to be over five hundred.

We were all soon in our element, having the privilege of once “having a fight.” We were attacked simultaneously on all sides, but as often as the enemy would come into the open field, our men seemed like crazy men, more than sane, for they would rush after them fearless of danger, and in almost no time, drive them to the bush. We having so small a force it was deemed advisable to fight on the defensive, hence we would not pursue them. We had one 12 pounder cannon, and when we could discover in the woods, their position, would occasionally throw a shell, for the amusement of the boys.

The fight was kept up briskly till about three o’clock in the afternoon, when a severe rain storm put an end to the scene. During the day we had one man shot through the arm, but not seriously, which was the only casualty we suffered. By their own acknowledgement they had ten killed, and several wounded.

To-day again the skirmishing is progressing at intervals, though it is still rainy. When I shall be able to send this, God only knows, for we are shut up here effectually from any communication with the outer world, with plenty to eat and drink, and full of courage. We may die, but I think we shall never be taken prisoners.

Yours truly, H. Calkins.

LATER—August 3. —Since writing the above the greatest calamity has befallen our regiment, we have met with since we came here. On the 1st instant, being closely pressed for feed for our horses, we sent three teams, with an escort, out three miles for forage, and when on their return they had got within about a mile of camp, they were fired on from the bushes, by a band of about three hundred Secesh, and eight out of sixteen of the escort killed or seriously wounded, four only having come in safe.

We have heard the regiment is safe and here, all safe. By the breaking-up of will be avenged. 

From 1st Wis. Cavalry.

Camp at Madison, Arkansas. July 30th, 1862.

We left St. Francis River on the 9th inst. Our force consisted of three battalions of cavalry 200 men each, 4 pieces of artillery, besides a long and heavily laden baggage train. We crossed the river all right expecting that the ferry boat on one trip, with 1 piece of cannon, about a dozen men and horses, &c., sunk in the middle of the stream. The work of our advanced guard composed of 40 men from squadron F came upon two companies of rebel troops; our prisoners say the rebels were over 100 strong. The rebels were just over the brink of a hill, filling their canister at 3 p.m., and our men were almost within pistol shot of them before either party were aware of the presence of the other. The rebel officer tried to form his broken ranks but had no time. Our men were ordered to charge, and instantly every man was erect in the saddle, revolver in hand with terrific shouts, every horse under the spur, our men dashed upon the frightened rebels, when after delivering a few shots they fled for the woods throwing everything away in their flight, even to their boots. We killed four and took sixteen prisoners, about forty double shot guns, and five good horses. One of our boys got his eye on a butternut scamp—our mans revolver and gun were both empty, and his sabre was torn off in the brush; secesh was running and there was no time to spare, cavalry boy spurred his horse and soon came up with him, rebel had a double shot gun one barrel of which was loaded with buck shot, which let fly at our man when he was close upon and thought he had him sure. One of the shot took effect in our man’s hand, he paid no attention to the wound but sprang from his horse, seized the rebel by the throat, throwing him to the ground, when after giving him a few ticks, made him get on his feet and with his horse in one hand by the throat, and the horse in the other, took his secesh prisoner back to the road. This was all
done before the head of the column came up. We have had several other skirmishes since then, but nothing serious only a few horses killed, and three of our scouts taken prisoners, two of whom escaped and were in camp again next day. Second retreat before us when ever they hear of our approach; they have an idea that the 1st Wis. cavalry boys are perfect devils, and very well they may when they meet to fight us. We are giving protection to all the darkies who come within our lines and ask it; ration tickets are issued to them, and they are employed to do all kind of fatigue work that will lessen the toils and hardships of the soldiers.

If I had time I could tell you much concerning the contrabands that would interest you all — could tell you many anecdotes of their escapes, their hopes of liberty and their notions of politics. I could say much in their favor in regard to their general intelligence, if time allowed. I can only say I was pleasantly surprised to find they understood the politics of the country, and have a clearer idea of the effect the war will have on their condition, than the general mass of the whites here. In my regiment, Col. Daniels, has been arrested and placed in the same filthy prison in which he had formerly confined Union men. Col. Daniels, being incapacitated for business, had gone to阌 , and was immediately taken en board the boat, while all the cavalry that had arrived started in pursuit of the enemy. Out of one hundred men only eighteen or twenty escaped; the balance were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. The whole cavalry, numbering twenty-five or thirty, was taken or destroyed, together with all the horses, arms, and ammunition. Some twelve or fourteen of our men were killed on the spot, and about the same number of rebels.

A Voice from a Door Co. Volunteer.

A small band, part of the Third battalion of the 1st Wis. Cavalry, while guarding a baggage train at L'Anguille, Ark., on the 3d of August; was attacked by 600 Texan Rangers; the devoted little band of Unionists fought desperately, and many a rebel dropped from his saddle, but our brave boys were overpowered, the train plundered and destroyed, a few only escaping, among whom was our townswoman Mrs. LeRoy, who writes home the full details of the rebel raid. We regret, in our small paper, we cannot find room to publish the letter in full. Hack's letter is dated at Helena, Arkansas, Aug. 8th.

The rebels it seems are in strong force, and more Union soldiers are wanted down there; read what a Door county boy says about it:

"The enemy are numerous and strong; they are elated by their late successes, and they fight with energy and desperation. We are not disheartened nor
From the First Wisconsin Cavalry.

Extract from Maj. Eggleston’s letter in regard to the engagement at Mariana.

"I have not time now to give you a full account, but will in a brief manner give you some particulars that will interest you.

My Battalion, (or a detachment of it rather) was encamped at the Ferry awaiting orders from head quarters, which was eight miles distant at Marianna. At 4 o’clock Sunday morning the Pickets were driven by 600 Texan Rangers under Col. Parsons; our total force being only 120 men, and about 25 of this number were sick, leaving us less than 100 effective men. In less than three minutes from the time the first alarm was fired they were in our camp and entirely around it.

Our men were mostly in bed asleep when the Pickets fired (perhaps 20 were up). I got up and threw on my clothes, and when I got to the part of the camp where the firing was sharpest saw at a glance that there was no probable chance to save the camp. The firing almost instantly became general on three sides of us (front, on our left and in our rear), and expected every moment to see our boys break and run, but not a single man flinched. It was if it would be impossible to form a line, and under the circumstances was convinced that it would not be prudent, if I could, the desparity in our forces being so great, and the enemy being all mounted, ready to charge upon us as soon as a line was formed, I consequently gave the order for every man to pick his position as best he could behind the trees.

For about thirty minutes the hail of bullets and buck shot was terrific. They were mostly armed with double-barrel guns, loaded with 12 or 15 buck shot.—

How one single one of us escaped is, and always will be a mystery to me. Our boys would every little while be obliged to fall back a little from tree to tree, to avoid the fire of the enemy’s cavalry, and the fire of the enemy’s infantry. No one could have spared the Pickets more than a few rounds, and they were forced to retire, leaving only a few of their number to pursue us.

All in Mariana able to ride were taken an opportunity to fall back into the woods.

The arms, ammunition, sick, etc., fighting in this manner and after the combat were mostly carried off, and the rest burnt.

Lieut. Col. LaGrange and Major Terry are in pursuit towards Madison, with a moderate force.

Major Pomeroy is in command of the camp at Marianna, with about fifty men, guarding a large train of supplies.

Col. Daniels has been for several days at Helena.
General:—Please send at once to hospital at Mariana a good surgeon, with instruments, medicines, and other things needed for the sick and wounded. Our surgeon has gone in pursuit, leaving nobody here in the medical line. We have a very many sick, needing cars, and quite a number of wounded—some severely. The case is really quite urgent.

Will you be so good as to forward by telegram the above order, thereby warning our Wisconsin friends of needless alarm and anxiety. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

P. Pomroy,
First Major First Wis. Cav.

Memorandum.—At sunrise, Sunday, August 30, 1862, a party of 500 Parson's Texans, under Parsons himself, surprised a detachment of about 175 of the First Wisconsin Cavalry, under Maj. Eggleston, in camp on the south side of the Languille River, at the ferry between Madison and Helena. The detachment was covering a large wagon train, a large number of oxen and horses, rations, ammunition, sick, &c.

Seven were killed outright, and about thirty wounded—five died mortally. Among the killed in the detachment (Parsons, who fell dead where he stood, fighting splendidly. Maj. Eggleston is safe in camp.

All in Mariana able to ride were taken prisoners, except such as made their escape into the woods. An exact account cannot yet be made up.

The ambulances, wagons, animals and supplies were mostly carried off; the rest were burnt.

Lieut. Col. Latrobe and Major Terry are in pursuit towards Madison, with a moderate force.

Major Pomroy is in command of the camp at Mariana, with about fifty men guarding a large train of supplies.

Col. Daniels has been for several days at Helena.

A recent report from the war is that the 6th August, 1862, a detachment of 500 Texans, under Parsons himself, surprised a detachment of about 175 of the First Wisconsin Cavalry, under Maj. Eggleston, in camp on the south side of the Languille River, at the ferry between Madison and Helena. The detachment was covering a large wagon train, a large number of oxen and horses, rations, ammunition, sick, &c.

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Major Pomroy is in command of the camp at Mariana, with about fifty men guarding a large train of supplies.

Col. Daniels has been for several days at Helena.

The recent report from the war is that the 2500 cavalry, headed by the First Wisconsin Cavalry, with abundant artillery, charged the enemy within three hours after the capture of the train. The attack was made on Sunday, the 31st, and resulted in great slaughter. Seven dead bodies of our force have been found, the chaplain, Rev. George W. Dunmore, fell heroically fighting. The skirmish was fierce and desperate, and paraded in these respects.

A column of 2500 cavalry, headed by the First Wisconsin Cavalry, with abundant artillery, charged the enemy within three hours after the capture of the train. A force of 3000 had gone from Helena to intercept the retreat of the enemy towards Little Rock, but were so dispersed by the Texan force to escape destruction.

The train had been ordered by Col. Daniels to be taken by the Languille, and I ordered to the camp at Mariana. I reached the Languille at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Saturday, from some unaccountable motive, did not leave the column of the river was camped on their own regiment, and a portion of the Kansas Fifth. These troops were first alarmed by a negro, and were first in pursuit. Col. Dan-


A dispatch from Maj. Pomroy of the 1st Wisconsin cavalry, confirms the sad intelligence of the death of Rev. Geo. W. Dunmore, late Chaplain of that regiment.

The death of this man deserves more than a passing notice. He was killed in the late battle, fought on the morning of the 31st of August, 1862, between a detachment of Col. Daniels' Ist Wisconsin Cavalry and six hundred Texan rebels under one Colonel Parsons. The wounded, about forty-five or fifty, were immediately taken on board the boat, while all the cavalry that had arrived arrived in pursuit of the rebels.

Out of 100 men only eighteen or twenty escaped: the balance were killed and wounded in approximately. The whole train-numbering twenty-five or thirty wagons, was taken or destroyed, together with all the horses, arms and ammunition.

Some twelve or thirteen of our men were killed on the field, and about the same number of rebels.

The U.S. boat Hamilton Pike arrived at the wharf last evening from the scene of battle with forty-five or fifty wounded on board.

It is stated that the Wisconsin boys made a most determined and heroic resistance to the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. This is evident from the great loss sustained by the company engaged in the unequal contest.

For the Daily Gazette.


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A dispatch from Maj. Pomroy of the 1st Wisconsin cavalry, confirms the sad intelligence of the death of Rev. Geo. W. Dunmore, late Chaplain of that regiment.

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Out of 100 men only eighteen or twenty escaped: the balance were killed and wounded in approximately. The whole train-numbering twenty-five or thirty wagons, was taken or destroyed, together with all the horses, arms and ammunition.

Some twelve or thirteen of our men were killed on the field, and about the same number of rebels.

The U.S. boat Hamilton Pike arrived at the wharf last evening from the scene of battle with forty-five or fifty wounded on board.

It is stated that the Wisconsin boys made a most determined and heroic resistance to the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. This is evident from the great loss sustained by the company engaged in the unequal contest.

For the Daily Gazette.

much so, that my dear man was stung him. The sick found in him a sympathizing and watchful friend, the sinful a spiritual adviser, and the christian a prudent and fraternal companion. We never knew a man who had a more unselfish nature, a more benevolent heart, or who blended in himself so sweetly the beauties of a christian character. He was an accomplished scholar, and a christian gentleman. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence that Mr. Dunmore, having endured everything in a foreign land but death, should have been taken so suddenly from a service which gave promise of so glorious a future.

We have no doubt, that for many a long month to come, as the brave and gallant men of the First Wisconsin Cavalry think of the disinterested benevolence, the christian heart, the genial disposition and the pleasant smile of their late lamented chaplain, tears will silently trickle down their bronzed cheeks in memory of that noble and gifted man, and we doubt not, that in the hour of battle, when the iron ball came thick and fast, when the shot and shell came sneering and crashing, when the cannon's drifting smoke shall come blinding with thickness, their arms will be nerved to fiercer, and more desperate conflicts, and higher deeds of heroism, as they think of the exalted and sublime christian courage of that man, George W. Dunmore, who retreated yonder to the rebel foe, and who, when the total bullet came on that holy Sabbath morning, "fell dead where he stood, heroically fighting." Well may it be said of him — "He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give him at that day."

War Correspondence.

We are permitted to publish the following interesting private letter from Maj. Pomeroy of the 1st Wis. Cavalry, to his wife here. They have been doing a good work in suppressing bushwhacking and guerrilla raiding in Missouri and Arkansas generally.--[Ems.

Helen, Arkansas, Aug. 7, 1862.

* * *

I am well and hearty: my old battalion, the 2nd, is as good as destroyed by battle, sickness, prisoners, etc. Probably the papers have before this told you of the destruction of part of ours, at L'Anguille Ferry, on the morning of Sunday, 3d inst., and in which we both bit our deep teeth. Our detachments in this State and in Missouri have been cut to pieces and captured and killed since the regt left Bloo ford.

We think 1100 strong on the 1st of May—now the total number of men fit for duty is perhaps 400; and all our regimental stores and materiel for horses are taken or destroyed by the enemy. Most of our officers and a large number of privates are sick. I am the only field officer in good health. I owe this health to quinine, whiskey, apples and something I have not got from you. For my health and that of the regiment I am bound to ask you to send me a box of quinine in the next mail.

Pryce (blacksmith in Payne's squadron) from Appleton, was wounded in the elbow at the ferry. Emory Olden of Appleton, of the same company, was taken sick, and carried off by the Texans. They two were the only Appletonians in the fight. "Pryce is the only one of us sick in hospital here. White of Appleton is also sick.

Our expedition from Bloomfield, Mo., 200 miles east, through Arkansas, amongst a people of whom every man, woman and child was bitterly hostile—this expedition I say, was a desperate one. It was so far as we knew. You should have seen the men at Bloo ford, 50 miles distant, left (I am informed without orders) the district, and when last heard of was somewhere near Madison, Mo., four days march from our camp. The undertaking was one with which the common military prudence and decent common sense would not have consented. It was successful, in spite of the lack of all arms, with which we were surrounded, until we reached Marianne, 20 miles north of Helen.

One part of the system, or lack of system, had constantly been the breaking up the regt into fragments and scattering them along the route from St. Louis to Marianne—in squads of ten to 25. Maj. Eggleston with about 100 men (from almost every squadron in the regt), brought on the rear in a manner as if it were to be managed with the common military prudence and decent common sense. It was successful, in spite of the lack of all arms, with which we were surrounded, until we reached Marianne, 20 miles north of Helen.

The First Wisconsin Cavalry, with about 500 men, and the wagons and geographic instruments, ordered to go to L'Anguille Ferry, at Marianne. With us were nominally the 1st and 3d battalions numbering about 200 effective and 100 more or less able-bodied men. We had very little ammunition. I ordered an immediate and perfect circle to form, to close the force to cut up the pieces.

The Lt. Col. immediately ordered me to take about 50 men and the wagons and geographic instruments, and shape a force to go towards Helena in case our camp should be attacked. I had 2 field pieces with me to help. The Lt. Col. and Maj. Torrey at the same time ordered Maj. Eggleston to come into this camp, and with reinforcements, having received reliable information that a strong body of the enemy was seen that morning at daybreak only 2 miles distant.

During the night the Lt. Col. returned from the pursuit, finding the enemy much too numerous to warrant further chase. The net result of the matter may be thus summed up, SO far as we acquire:—

Killed 14; wounded 40; prisoners about 20. With our own men we have had no engagement whatever, except on the 1st of May when we charged a force of 1000, and captured 800. We have not yet come in contact with the enemy since. We have been surrounded by the enemy for the past week often, and yesterday our whole regiment was surrounded by the enemy. At our landing at Haerig we were surrounded by the enemy and had to fight our way from the ferry and the enemy was nearly upon us. The enemy then attacked us in force and we went back to our camp and fought our way in. The enemy shut up the ferry and watchful friend, the sinful a spiritually subdued and put us to flight.

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brave and have kept the enemy at bay, and possibly Col. Daniels escaped from his Arkansas expedition in time to prevent the loss of an important post which he had lately exposed.

Your obedient servant,

RICHARD D. CHERTENSON,

Late Capt. Squadron E, 1st Wis. Cavalry.

From the 1st Wis. Cavalry.

CAME GIBBSDAY Aug. 9th 1862.

Mr. Editor: Thinking perhaps a few lines from the 1st Wis. Cav. might be of interest to you many readers, I will give you, an out line of their present condition.

G. L. DANIELS' TRIP TO ARKANSAS.

On or about the tenth of July Col. Daniels ordered all his Regt. that was fit for duty to march into Arkansas, which amounted to about 200, men rank and file leaving about 200 here at Bloomfield that were sick and convalescent, and leaving Capt. Conant in charge of this post, and Capt. Hyde in charge at Bloomfield, also ordered 19 mail wagons loaded with provisions, 3 ambulances and one staff wagon in all 23 wagons.

The health of the Regt. was very good and all seemed to be in good spirits but no one knew where they were going to or when they would return, in crossing the St. Francis River the ferry boat sunk and one man drowned need Gardner Streeter of Co. C.

THE BATTLE OF SCATTERVILLE.

At Scatterville Arkansas a skirmish occurred with a body of 100 rebels we took 4 prisoners and killed 7, and took quite a number of horses the balance of the rebels escaped after leaving there, no formidable body of rebels appeared on the road off 200 miles to Madison but a great number of contrabands came in daily which were under command of Chaplain Dunsmore, our Regimental chaplain. Arrived at Madison, in Arkansas, with the loss of 5 men of whom were drowned and two killed by bushwhackers. Here the regt. was 15 miles in advance of the provost train the latter which was in command of Maj. Egleson was 200 men composed of parts of Co. B, C, I, M, and E. Why this valuable train was ordered 40 miles in the rear of the regiment, regiment not but, such were the orders. The regiment halted at Madison, which is 45 miles from Memphis and the train halted 12 miles in the rear.

Col. Daniels then started for Memphis leaving his regiment to recruit until further orders.

BATTLE OF THE ST. FRANCIS.

As many were getting sick and tired out here, we captured a small steamer put 2 officers aboard and sent them to the hospital at Memphis. While they were lying still great numbers of contrabands came flocking to the camp, which were all put under the command of Parson Dunsmore. On Saturday morning, Aug. 2nd, orders were received to take up the line of march for Helena, to report to Gen. Curtis, who was eighty miles distant, the Colonel being at Helena; also for Lieut. Porter, Co. I, to take 20 men and one ambulance and return to Bloomfield picking up all the sick that were left on the road going down.

Yesterday a member of Co. M arrived here by way of Memphis, and relates the following of the capture of our train, and the guards were probably mostly killed or taken prisoners.

He says:

CAPTURE OF THE TRAIN.

On Sunday morning, about the time they were feeding their horses and preparing breakfast, there was firing heard from the pickets. Maj. Egleson immediately gave the command to fall in and form line of bat, on foot, as their horses were not saddled. In three minutes the rebels were upon them all well mounted. Our men fought them inch by inch until they were driven through the camp; our men never broke a line till they were over our heads in corn of them and Capt. Hyde was so weak he could not go out and engage them. There is 200 men gone to reinforce him, and 100 go tonight.

On Wednesday, another forage party was fired into, eight miles from here, and two miles from Jackson, killing two of our men—Rebels escaped. On Thursday a detachment was sent out to Jackson, and arrested ten men to be held as hostages for the murderers, and in eight days, they are not delivered up, four of the ten are to be selected by lot, and hung.

Sorrowful Sight at Hospitals.

Our Hospitals are full of sick and suffering. Men that we supposed were the toughest men in the Regiment, and dying by inches.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT BLOOMFIELD.

Col. Daniels is over in Illinois somewhere very sick. He was taken at Helena and left, and started for the North—got up into Illinois, and was so sick he had to stop. One report says he is dead. There is a great deal for him to answer for at the Day of Judgment, and for his sake, I think he had better be spared a few days. All our misfortunes are traced direct to him, in bad management. A more splendidly armed and equipped Regiment never entered the service than ours was 4 months since now my God what a wreck, out of 1,100 men we might possibly muster 600, we had 1,200 horses 60 mules 20 wagons, and all that can be accounted for or now is about 500. Horses 18 miles, 3 wagons, I say again who is responsible for all this? My answer is this: The men left in the Regiment say they will hold the Col. responsible for the lives of his comrades, if his life is spared to them, and the Government no doubt will hold him responsible for his management of the Regiment, and for loss of property.

Since writing the above, Lieut. Porter has arrived. He came in on a boat, about 4 o'clock this afternoon, a sorry looking sight. He was taken prisoner, and paroled. He confirms my first reports—says five of his men were shot dead, being all shot through
stripping their homes, rushed into camp with a determination to fight, but as only few of them had any kind of guns, and none reliable for fighting with, we were but little aided, except in having fresh men to stand guard with our guns. This, however, we found a great relief, as our men had become almost worn out from continuous watchings, and the various duties of camp, they had been compelled to perform.

A week since we were again relieved by the arrival of Cape Girardeau of sixty-two raw militia, mounted and armed with carbines, and nine United States men, with a twenty-four pounder howitzer, and a plenty of ammunition. Upon the arrival of this force, terror seized the cowards, and they hastened back into various camps, out of reach of the "big gun."

Being thus relieved, and having had time to breathe freely for a couple of days, we started out an expedition of one hundred men, for the purpose of breaking up a camp, which rumor said contained one thousand armed rebels. Hazardous as the enterprise appeared, the men were anxious to drive or be driven—the latter however, not calculated upon. When within one and a half miles of the camp, they came upon the enemy's pickets about daylight, who after firing retreated with the utmost speed, to camp, followed closely by our men; but the firing of the pickets had alarmed the camp, which when the boys got into, was being evacuated as rapidly as a scared set of being could be guilty of. Every where was strewn, guns, coats, "buttercups" and all the paraphernalia of a South-east Missouri secession camp. The breakfast beef was uncooked, but ready for immediate use, but they needed not the demand of hunger. Not a shot did they fire, but putting to the thick woods, with which their camp was surrounded, were soon out of reach of our men. After breaking up old guns, camp kettles, etc., our boys returned with eleven prisoners and seventeen horses and mules as the fruit of their labors, more disgusted if possible, than ever as the cowards. When they can find a squad of ten or a dozen men in the woods, where they can hide a hundred or more securely, and fire without giving any warning, they are sure to fight—or more properly murder—but never unless that advantage offers itself.

This is the enemy we have to contend with and the kind of warfare, and when our Government allows us to fight them in the same way, we shall be able to put down the rebellion, and I fear not till then. These very men that are now seeking to murder us, we know, are only the men who have "taken the oath," and professed great loyalty, when the whole regiment was here. The "oath" system is only a force with such men.

As to the whereabouts or condition of the balance of the regiment, we know nothing, but hope to open communication to the Cape again soon, and hear from them.
of wounds imaginable. And the agonizing cries of the suffering, and the calls for water! water! were the music of the scene.

Many of the wagons which were burning around us contained loaded guns, shells, and other ammunition, and as the frequent explosions were not more salutary for the officers in charge to neglect the timely warning given of the nearness of the Texans. It has come to light that several negroes informed the enemy of our plans and designs. The evening previous to the attack a citizen, came into camp inquiring for lost mules, and was shown out, but finding none of his, was permitted to go away again. A negro told me that the mule hunter—who that he lived forty miles away, and was a most intensely violent man—had to lay out their position and numbers. His instructions and suggestions were unheeded. You know, the rest. They went to sleep in fancied safety, from which many never awoke, only to die in the other world. The mule hunter was foremost in the attack. Thank God, we have a general who will not neglect precautions for safety, so simply that they become from a poor negro.

Exploitations are on the foot, the result of which I will try to inform you. The health of the army is good, without few excepting the Colonel and the Company A. Considerable casualties occurred in the Ist Arkansas, and seven of their number has died in one day. This is a new regiment, made up of Arkansans alone.—

Helen, Arc., Col. Artis T. Tribune.

REGULAR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Cape Girardeau, Mo., Aug. 17th.

Dear Sir:—The situation of the 1st Reg. of regulars is rather singular. Here are the Head Quarters, and the Reg. scattered over a good country of 300 miles reports, every ten days are ordered from these Head-Quarters. No way of accounting for the balance of the Regiment that is down in Arkansas, only absent without leave! We have commissioned Officers present Capt. Deck, Surgeon, Kramer, Q. M., Lt. Kepner, R. H. Shipman, J. W., Hoek, V. P., and S. B. Hailes.

On Sunday last, Lt. Aitken brought in a prisoner by the name of McGraw (a Lieut. in the Confederate service,) who has for many months been a terror to the enemy, as he was formerly Sheriff of this county, and was always feared as being a man not to be trifled with. He was known to whip 15 or 20 men in one day, and so effective was the war broke out, all (especially the Germans) have given him a wide berth, but when the first Wisconcin get after him, he give right in to right smart quick time. He was taken into Provost Marshall's office, and ironed, and while he was in there, a crowd of 50 or 60 German's collected and endeavored to take him from the Wisconsin boys, and hang him, but he perfectly well and cleverly to do it with the worst motives, and reassert all attempts at interference.

Col. Daniels Still in Ill.

Col. is still in Ill. his health is improving very fast, so he will soon be back on duty. It will doubtless take him until some flies to get his Regiment, and his again.

THE POST IN COMMAND OF A GERMAN.

A German Captain, from St. Louis, has charge of the Post here. He took it by an overcoat, and when Capt. Decker arrived, the Wisconsin boys tried to get him to take command, but the enemy's possession of the German Captain, but the German Captain, but the declined interfering.

ENDORSE STATE MILITIA.

There have been about six or seven hundred Militia enrolled here. Every man in the county has taken up arms. No men in the country will be found now. None left at home but women and children. A great many men have gone from here to the Southern Confederacy, when they found they had got to fight on one side or the other. The Lord only knows who is going to support the women and children, as there has been nothing raised here this season. Thousands must starve before another Spring.

NEW RELATIONSHIP.

Lieut. Heskell has resigned as Lieut. Mosher. Lieut. Heskell is confined to his bed at the St. Charles Hotel, officer. Capt. Decker is complaining of the Louisiana band, and says that if he gets another one he must resign. This is a great encouragement for the Louisiana. There are men in the Hospital that can't turn on their cots, and many others just able to jump.

Our diseases are principally fevers and chills. Our lately went, with six men that were taken prisoners, started for Wisconsin, on Wednesday last, on their parole. They all of some awful fighting done with our own. No. was taken. The Texans said they would die Indian Bill. (the half-breed Indian that was in Co D) he fought like a demon; he and a sabre and an after discharging his fire arms went into them, killed eight rebels and two horses with his saber. The rebels thought he was a negro until he was taken, and they saw his long black hair. They then stripped him, shaved and tied him on a mule and took him away, saying, they would have Indian pains over him. They doubtless burned him at the stake.

Quartermaster Manly met with a critical accident, while riding in the street, his horse stumbled and fell on him, breaking his right leg in two places below the knee.

The weather has been very hot most of the time since my last letter, ranging from 90 to 105 in the shade.

Double the in my next letter I can give you one news from the heart of our city. Our tax day is Tuesday, and we have had our work up to date, and made up our mind that sanitation is played out with the first Wise. No more from.

Contrary.

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Contrary.
the hospital at Memphis, and about one hundred killed and taken prisoners of the State militia. The next day, while marching from Madison to Helena. This, with the number we have lost bushwhacking in Missouri, leaves our regiment slightly scattered. Fifteen of our men, on horseback, were fired on by over one hundred of the rebels, while in ambush, killing three of our men, wounding two, taking two prisoners and twelve mules. Since then between twenty and thirty of our men started to the regiment to bring a dispatch through here, Fifteen of them were in the Court House at Jonesborough, while the rest were standing guard. Early in the morning they were surrounded by about four hundred rebels. Our little squad fought them some fifteen minutes when they were obliged to surrender. Fire or six, we were killed and most of the others taken prisoners. The Confederates told them they thought one man could come up through without any trouble, but it was not so. We have the names of some 200 that took up arms against us as the other day, but they were not quick enough to get into town when our regiment was here, and pretended to be loyal citizens. But there should be the ignorance of the people, the thought as if they could take Bloomfield I would almost take the war, for I was told the other day by an Illinoisan, now living in Missouri, that not one in twenty could read or write his own name. Others have told me that here that they know nothing about matters outside of their neighborhoods, nor have schools for a year past. Men in this State are so ignorant that if papers were ever so plenty, they would know but little more of what is going on.

There are many who don't know where Wisconsin is. Some of the men in Co. D have been asked if Wisconsin was in Illinois; others have been asked if it was in Indiana. It does not seem possible that common-sense people could be so ignorant; but such is the case.

We were attacked here about a week ago, but the enemy was repulsed. They are encamped about twelve miles from here, and are waiting to get artillery to attack this place.

A Captain of one of the military companies went out yesterday as a scout. He was captured, but got away by leaving his horse.

Last night about fifty of our boys and eight of the State militia went out on a scout. About daylight they charged on a rebel camp, but the rebels got up and left double quick. One man got his horse, saddled, and left it for our boys. It was reported that there were about 400 rebels in the camp. Our boys caught some of their pickets, and took some other prisoners.

When they were returning they had three guns fired at them, but doing no hurt. The advanced guard charged them a good distance, when the rebels, with some "right-smart" bridle paths, left the main road. Capt. Walker of the State militia, knowing the woods, started in pursuit of them with six or eight men. He captured seven, with their horses and guns, one of whom had a severe sabre cut on the shoulder before he could see to stop, after he was haled; one runner in a shot.

There are about 200 State militia here, one 12-pound iron gun, and 24-pound howitzer.

The rebels here stand in fear of the First Wisconsin boys, unless they are at least eighteen to one; and they are ready in ambush. Capt. Co. D.

Secretary's Office, Camp Fremont, Wis.

Capt. J. Willer, V. A. Co. Fremont Guard:

I hereby accept your Company entire, if stuck by the 27th inst. If not full, such part off as you can fill at this time, you will therefore call your Company in and report them to me on Tuesday, Aug 27th, at 6 p.m.

EDWARD DANIELS, Col. of Batt

Clark House, Beaver Dam Aug 21

Members of Dodge Co. Fremont Guard, will report themselves to me at the Clark House on Tuesday, Aug 27th, at 10 o'clock a.m., preparatory to taking the 13 o'clock train for Camp Fremont, (near Ripon).

A few more good men wanted! The last chance for going into Cavalry! Come and volunteer before you are drafted into Infantry. Government furnishes every man with a good horse and equipment.

Col. Daniels' Battalion will be mustered in on the 27th and 28th inst. Each man to report, if member of my company will then (4 and 6) have a Furlough of a short time to arrange their business before leaving the State.

J. W. DECKER, Captain.

P.S.—Let every man that can, bring one blanket with him, for his own convenience.

Army Correspondence

Capt. Girardelle, La., Aug. 24th, '03.

DEAR TIMES: One week more has passed since writing you, and still no change in the 1st Regt., Wis. Cavalry. They are scattered far and wide, both at home and abroad. I am just hearing a dispatch from the Secretary of War, which the Col. took exception, as he had expected to get a force of 400 men, but the Secretary of War says he cannot get more than 300. However, Capt. Pocham came and made a very able speech, and after which Lieut. Cooper got up and made some remarks, which the Col. took exception to, and put under arrest and sent to St. Louis, where he is now remanded.

On Sunday last, Lieut. Hillard, with escort, came in from Bloomfield, with thirty prisoners whom Captain Hyde had taken in various acts of rebellion, and on Tuesday, Lieutenants Hillard and Atwater returned to Bloomfield with 160 men, 31 of the 1st and 20 of the 27th, and the balance State Militia. Very good reports come from Captain Hyde's camp, where they did, and all the teams except Bloomfield and Lieut. Hillard have actually run away and escaped to town. The Lieut. in command of the train ordered the teamsters to whip their mules into a gallop. The Lieut. then ordered the slaves to be very efficient and effective. However, they were fired on from both sides.

On Wednesday last, I went out with a small party, which took all the rebels killed, but the band took the hill above the town. There are 6000 slaves now in the city.
prisoners. Col. Starkweather, first having planted two of his guns to command the town went over the river to see what had taken place. (I should have said that his orders are to keep his forces this side.) While on the other side, he learned the particulars as given above, the rebel citizens in the meantime flocking around him to know why his guns were pointed at their homes. To blow you and them to h--l, if you permit any more guerrilla attacks on our sick and unarmed men.

When the train on which I came here, recollected, I heard the engineer make his report of the journey. The following item particularly interested me:

"When at such a point," said he, "I came suddenly on a pile of ties thrown across the track. It was too late to stop, but the locomotive threw off. It was hateful ignorance not to know this until safe in Huntsville," the pride of Alabama.

This is a delightful town of about 5,000 residents, I should judge, before the war. The country, for miles around, is beautiful in the extreme. Palatial suburban residences may be seen, but which way you please, while very tasteful churches, substantial stores, hotels, and other public buildings adorn the city.

There are four of our men in the city. It is hard to find them. It is now night, and there is music and revelry in "Alabama's pride," notwithstanding all I have related above. Two or three pianos are sending forth their sweet sounds, accompanied by excellent dancing, in the different parlors and rooms of the city, which in itself is very aristocratically arranged and conducted. On the verandah I have just left some beautiful ladies with several officers of high rank, while enjoying the bay and a negro breakdown.

While ever at the office of any of the military dignitaries, on business, I observed some empty champagne bottles and glasses which did not speak of war's alarms, yet we are at deadly feud here on the Memphis & St. Louis line, and have accomplished so much murder and mischief as this. It is being recruited rapidly to its maximum number by its recruiting officers in the State.

Lieut. Gov., of Col. Daniel's Cavalry Regiment, called upon us yesterday. He is looking hearty and robust; much more so than we should suppose, when taken into consideration the arduous duties to which he has been subjected in Missouri and Arkansas. A wild time have Daniels' Cavalry had among the 'secesh' of those States, and while their presence has been a terror to the guerrillas, they have inspired confidence and hope among the loyal men who have managed to survive the reign of anarchy and despotism which has swept over those States.

Sergeant Gove, left Madison, Arkansas, two weeks since, and reports that everything looks as favorable in that God-forsaken country as could be expected. There are thousands of men in Arkansas, who anxiously desire peace and a restoration of the Union, and when once the guerrillas are driven out of the State, the Lieutenant believes that the Union men can take care of themselves.

The Lieutenant is absent from his Regiment for the purpose of filling up the ranks which are somewhat rent by five months active service in the field. He has a rendezvous at this place and Ozanark, and young men wishing immediate active service, will do well to address Lieut. Gov. in person or by letter, at Waukesha or Ozanark. Five splendid young men left yesterday to join Col. Daniels' Cavalry, and from the well known popularity of the officers commanding it, we predict for Lieut. Gov. unbounded success in his mission.

Cape Girardeau, Bloomfield,

A member of Col. Daniels' Regiment writes to his friends in this place, under date of Bloomfield, Mo., Sept. 31. We are permitted to make a few extracts from his letter:

"Scouting parties of from 100 to 200 are out all the time after 'secesh.' They go 50 or 75 miles, and are gone according to the business they find to do. There was one went out the day after we got here, to near the Arkansas line; routed a secesh camp, killing 5, capturing 16 prisoners 40 horses and mules, and ambushed a lot of camp equipage, &c., and returned second next day, having rode 100 miles. Douglas, Culver, and Poole, (of Waukesha) were in that scare.

Cape Girardeau is 60 miles from here, on the Mississippi river; is quite a town—larger than Waukesha, but not so pleasant; its street where not paved 'gally' pretty bad. In fact, the soil all through here is clay, and, like its secesh inhabitants, is inclined to run.

Bloomfield is a small town, has been deserted by its secesh inhabitants, and is now occupied by portions of Daniels' Cavalry and the State Militia. The country around, and to the Cape, is a splendid wood country.

If the war breaks up in peace time I propose to take some home with me. Every horseman from three to ten acres of peach trees?"

Army Correspondence

Cape Girardeau, Mo.
Sept. 6th, 1862.

Dear Sirs: Two weeks have passed since writing you, and during that time many changes have taken place in the Great Union Army, but to us there has been no change—the same officers still promenade the streets here; the same anxious look of inquiry is in each face, which seems to say, "What is to be done with our Regiment?"

"Can't prove it by me." We are in a peculiar position. Maj. Pomeroy came here with orders from Gen. Curtis to move all the balance of the Regiment to Helena, Gen. Davidson, Commander of this Division, wouldn't recognize the order, and sends word for them to come back here. Gen. Curtis also refused to let them go. Maj. Pomeroy then sent a messenger, with dispatches, to Gen. Grant, supposing he commanded here in the absence of Gen. Hallock, but
found that his authority only extended to the Tennessee River. So you see, as we have no commander of the Department of the Mississippi, we are to be left until we are scattered all over this District of Arkansas. The Colonel is over in Illinois, yet. They have sent for him several times to come to St. Louis, but he doesn’t seem inclined to respond to the call. He sent a blank certificate over here for Surgeon Cramer to sign so he could get a leave of absence to go to Wisconsin, but Dr. Kramer refused to sign it, and sent it back, and, I understand, sent word that when he gets his Regiment together again, would be too much for him for him to go home.

Maj. Pomeroy reports the Regiment in a very poor condition when he left. Only two captains, four lieutenants and 200 men were fit for duty. Maj. Tryon is sick, and passed recovery; Capt. Long, and Capt. Paine, lieutenants, and Owen all dangerously sick; Maj. Pomeroy is here sick; Maj. Eggleston is in Wisconsin, sick; Capt. Seaton is in Minnesota, sick, and a large portion of the men that are sick are at Memphis. The Regiment don’t seem to be doing anything but shaking with the fever and chills. Bloomfield is all quiet, only now and then a big scare, but no fighting. Lieut. Hildard came in with the train yesterday, and brought in about 90 contraband horses, two prisoners, &c., reports every thing quiet on the road. Capt. Hyde still has command of the Post and manages things very quietly and prudently, and seems to suit the people very well.

Since writing my last, we have had 90 new recruits from Beaver Dam, Wis., which are stopping here with us. They are all splendid looking boys. Lieut. Ogden took to St. Louis 40 prisoners, out of our prison, which pretty much cleaned it out, but they are accumulating again fast. We have about 20 citizens of the town in now, for recruiting to enroll themselves. Five men have enrolled themselves as secession sympathizers. Yesterday the principal banker of the place, a very wealthy man, but who has always been looked upon as secession, was marched to the enrolling office; he refused to comply. Mr. Banker was marched to the prison, where he still is. Night before last, a contraband came in from the country, and said his master was “trying to drive all his niggers off to Arkansas.” So yesterday the commander of the Post sent a scout out and arrested the old man, finding a bag of specie containing several hundred dollars. They brought him along, specie, darkies and all, gave him a berth in the guard house and turned his “shades” loose.

The hospital at this place is now crowded full; 116 men are reported, and more coming from below all the time. There are some so waiting for their discharge papers. Surgeon Cramer informs me he is going to send them to St. Louis.

Capt. Connety is here sick and about tendering his resignation. Capt. Decker offered his resignation a week since, and the papers have all gone to Washington—Capt. Mars has also resigned, and is at Harbor having been sick since July 1st. Asst. Surgeon Russell has also resigned; cause, ill health.

But I must again close. I couldn’t write you last week, on account of my being called out on a scout; but without Preventing Providence interfering, you will hear again next week from the

CONTRABAND.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, Mo., Sept. 13th, 1862.

DEAR TIMES: One week more has passed and, with it some interesting items from the last Wis. Cavalry. A number of our men who were taken prisoners the 30th of August at the time train was captured, have arrived and among them is Sergeant Brant, who tells the following story of the hardships they suffered and the cruelty of the rebels.

They were attacked about sunrise by what they supposed to be conscript soldiers, and so, they could whip ten to one; but they found their spirits, now and then venting his wrath by even ascertainment to them to be well-mounted, swearing about the Colonel, but proposing to take the fortune of war as it comes, with good grace.

As to the balance of the men that were with the train, only thirty have ever been heard of, including the wounded, which makes 90 cut of the 150, which were with the train.

Where are the other 60? Doubtless in some Demonic hole of some Hellish Prison or killed while trying to escape.

They have had another fight at Bloomfield, some of the details of which I will endeavor to give you next week.

On the night of the 11th, the rebels made a dash on Bloomfield, for the purpose of getting possession of the 24th howitzer. Capt. Hyde got his men out in short order, and then came the struggle over the gun. The fight lasted about twenty minutes, hand to hand, when the rebels succeeded in captaining the gun, and left. Six men were killed and many wounded on our side. It is feared that the rebels, as soon as they get ammunition for the gun, will blow the town to atoms. More particulars next week.

The Government officers are following Col. Daniels, and he is getting more on his hands than he contracted for.

[Here follow the particulars of transactions that we omit, as the Colonel’s sickness may have prevented him from paying that attention to business that the technical rules require, and subsequent explanations may exonerate him from the charges of our correspondent.—Ed.]

The Agent ascertained that some of his Wis. contracts needed investigation. Ken-
DEAR TIMES:—Since I wrote you last, great changes have come over our Regiment. You have heard of Col. Daniel's mad march through Arkansas—the fight, and our defeat at Muddyville, and the subsequent sickness and debility of our men.

Bloomfield was attacked last Wednesday, by a large force of the enemy, under Col. Jeffers. The fight began about three o'clock in the morning, and lasted all day. Capt. Hyde, with his gallant little band of one hundred and twenty men, fought like devils; so often as the rebels made an advance, so often they were repulsed, and at night were obliged to retire, although outnumbering us by ten to one. In the early part of the day, the rebels succeeded in capturing our 24 pound howitzer, manned by twelve Germans. The guns was standing about ten rods from the main body of our men, near a cornfield. A party of the enemy were concealed in this cornfield, and as soon as the first volley had been fired, they rushed with knives and clubs and ran for their lives, and some of them were killed in the rush.

Our boys immediately drew their side-arms, and such a cutting and slashing ensued for about a minute, as was never before witnessed, but they were compelled to retire, having three of their dead, and their much loved gun, in the hands of the rebels.

Early next morning the fight was commenced with renewed vigor. The Wisconsin boys fought with unflinching determination, but at night, reinforcements not having arrived, Capt. Hyde deemed it expedient to evacuate the place, the men being exhausted and worn out. He accordingly moved his force to Bloomfield. Having received reinforcements, he returned, and on Saturday, retook possession of Bloomfield, which he had so recently lost.

Lt. Col. LaGrange arrived here on Sunday, from Helena, looking very feeble. He left yesterday for St. Louis, intending, if possible, to obtain permission to reorganize the Regiment at this point.

Major Pomeroy is still here sick, but improving.

Not long since, we noticed an article in the Times, over the signature of 'Contraband,' reflecting upon Adjutant Books. As an officer and gentleman, Adjutant Books has always borne a high character, and the estimation in which he is held by his friends, will not be changed by any such covert attacks.

Yours,
NOT CONTRABAND.
State a great deal to organize, arm and feed them, and if they have done any great amount of good yet, I have not heard of it. They have shown themselves cowards in every instance—even greater cowards than the rebel bushwhackers and Jeffs—and his gang, have more fear of 100 Wiscons in boys, than a full regiment of State Militia!

Col. Duplace is lying sick at South Pass, Ill., about 2 miles from this place. He has been very sick, but was recovering slowly at last accounts.

Lieut. Col. LaGrange has been sick, but has partially recovered and gone to Wiscon.

Lieut. J. C. Mann, Regimental and Post Quartermaster, is still suffering from the effects of an injury received some time ago, caused by his horse falling on him, breaking his leg three times below the knee. Although his sufferings have been great, his strength and courage has not failed. He has kept up his spirits and the mind thus influencing the body, assists nature greatly in her work of reconstruction, and he will doubtless be around again in a few weeks.

FROM THE FIRST WIS. CAVALRY.

GREENVILLE, 111., Sept. 28, 1862.

ERROR RECORD:—On our arrival at this place, I gave you a hastily but imperfect statement of our skirmish at Bloomfield, and our evacuation thereof, promising to give further details, &c. Since "correspondents" of various newspapers have made mention of the affair, giving it but a bare shadow of truth I feel bound to state the facts as they occurred.

The force stationed at Bloomfield, consisted of three companies enrolled State Militia, numbering one hundred and sixty-two men, and a detachment of the First Wisconsin Cavalry Regiment numbering sixty-five effective men. This detachment was composed of small fragments of each company in the regiment, with but two commissioned officers, Capt. John Hyle, of company F, in command of the post. Lieut. J. E. Atwater, of company K, had joined us, but a few days before the memorable evens, and deserted us upon hearing, without even stopping to swell gampower.

The enemy at least seven hundred strong attacked us about 3 o'clock in the morning, approaching by two routes, one from the S. W., the other from the S. E. The hosts coming from the S. W. came upon "double quick" with yells and screams which calculated to intimidate the cowardly, whilst they from the S. E. came silently and stealthily through a cornfield and behind our houses, to within a few rods of our camp. Upon the first alarm, all flew to their arms, and hearing the yelling hosts, directed their attention to them, unconscious of the enemy in our rear. The cannon was made ready, and the gunners had leveled the gun and was in the act of striking the match, when the hosts in their rear rushed upon them, shooting down the Sergeant and gunner, and knocking down others with the butts of their guns, after having failed in their shots. Those who were in that part of the engagement were terror stricken at the formidable force to contend with and many fled from the field in dispair; but the yelling column had attracted too much attention to get of easily, and the whole force of our men left, was directed to them, whilst the others moved off with the cannon.

The conflict lasted but about fifteen or twenty minutes, but was, most of the time, a "hand to hand" fight in which several of our men were knocked down, others robbed of their arms, but succeeded in getting out of their clutches. It was evidently the design of the enemy to rush upon us and overpower us, with such vast numbers as to disarm us at first onslaught, and were prevented only from the determined resistance of the Wisconsin men. The contest though short was bloody. Of our men three were killed, three mortally wounded, (since dealt) and eleven less severely wounded. Of the enemy, we have since learned reliably that thirty-seven were killed, and over fifty wounded. When the enemy had succeeded, the rolls of companies were called, and out of the one hundred and sixty-two State Militia only eighty-one remained, the balance, having either taken flight and left us, or gone over to the enemy. The enemy having been reinforced during the day by some companies from Arkansas, the State Militia officers prevailed upon Capt. Hyle, to evacuate the place, assuring him that not a single one of their men would remain after dark if he attempted to hold the place. These things I know, having been called in council and myself objecting to evacuate, as being more hazardous, than fighting. The order to evacuate was given about four o'clock P.M. and as sundown had taken up our drowsy march through a dense wilderness, well adapted to "bushwhacking," to a p.s. forty-five miles distant. By daylight next morning, we felt as though we were safe, and at eight I ordered a bell for breakfast which was made of "Bacon and hard bread," with a relish I can assure you, as we had eaten nothing since noon the day before.

We got to this place about four o'clock P. M. and having reported to Col. Boyd the commander, he immediately made arrangements for evacuating Bloomfield, and starting a force of about 500 men, (fifty of our men accompanying him) started back at nine o'clock in the morning and after a forced march reached Bloomfield about four p.m. finding the rebels in force in the place. So sudden was his appearance, that the officers had not time to gather up their private effects, and blankets, swords, &c., were left in their flight. They ran as only these men can run. Colonel Boyd pursued till darkness compelled him to halt for rest, designing next morning to pursue and capture or kill the whole force, but during the night, a dispatch was received by him to return immediately to Greenville, as that place was threatened. He obeyed, and thus the rebels escaped, though they left most of their plunder.

As noteworthy, I will mention that there were officers of sixteen companies amongst the rebel force and few of the Captains have taken the oath and some given bonds. I mention the facts to show what principled men we have to contend with. How long we shall remain here is uncertain.

Yours truly, H. CALKINS.

Illness of Col. Daniels.

We regret to hear of the serious illness of Col. Daniels of the First Wisconsin Cavalry. No man has gone from this State, who, according to all accounts, has done more effective and valuable service in putting down the rebellion that Col. Daniels. He has been indefatigable in the discharge of his duty, and has hesitated at no sacrifice of his own health and convenience. Only a few days since we met with an officer of his regiment, who, before the war, was a political opponent of Col. D. He spoke in the highest terms of his superior officer, and expressed his surprise at his powers of endurance. A splendid, delicately formed man, Col. Dan­kcs, he said, seemed never to rest or sleep. He was in almost constant motion, and hardly slept more than three or four hours out of the twenty-four. This exhausting labor seems at last to have proved too much for his constitution, and he is prostrated with a dangerous illness. We earnestly hope that he may speedily re­cover.
They are sick and dying of almost every disease that flesh is heir to. Their only remedy is the convalescent patients, who go pale and tottering through the rooms and do all they can, but soon get sick again.

In camp there are one hundred and seventy-five sick. The surgeon says not very sick, chronic dysentery and diarrhea.

Major Torrey has just returned from Camp with a part of the regiment. Twenty-four men were sent to St. Louis because they could not be got into the hospitals there. Nineteen were crowded in. Three died coming up the river; their names were Wm. Spencer, company G, Appleton; D. Hollo, company B, and Charles Kitts, company K, Waukesha County. One died yesterday. I have not been able to get his name. Just before, they started G. Adams, company K, and Schofield, company I, died. Others are dead and dying whose names I have no means to learn.

Yesterday I went up to camp with the surgeon, and there on the grass and about one tent lay more than one hundred men waiting for him. I have telegraphed to St. Louis for some and expect to get them. If our people send anything let them send it to St. Louis, care of James E. Yeatsman, President of Western Sanitary Commission, for Wisconsin Cavalry, and we shall set it sooner than if sent directly here.

Evening.—The name of the man who died yesterday, was R. W. Becker, Co. K. One man dying to-day, Geo. F. War, Co. I, Menomonee Falls, Waukesha County.

Sept 30. —I wrote you first to send doctors and men, but I hope now to take a good number of the sick away from here. I saw Dr. Young last evening, and he said he thought he should be able to prescribe for the sick to-day. You will therefore do what you think best, knowing the circumstances.

MRS. L. P. HARVEY.

From the Wisconsin Cavalry.

Cape Girardeau, Mo., Oct. 12 '02.

FRIEND WRIGHT:—I imagine the people of Wisconsin begin now to wrap themselves up in mufflers, shawls, overcoats, &c., and shivering their shoulders, express the wish that they might have the climate of Dixie. I do not wonder there is so much sickness among northern soldiers here, for there is no such thing as health, even among the natives. They all look thin, yellow and sickly as people who are not confined to their beds. If you should see one of the natives north, you would say he was badly afflicted with the jaundice. They are all either 'just over the ager,' or 'have got the ager,' or 'reckon on they will have the ager.'

This disease is common to all small children as well as grown persons. The constitution of a child is destroyed before arriving at maturity. I think the best disposition that can be made of this south-western country—both for the country and for the 'niggers'—is to settle the niggers here. The country was mainly designed for white people. But, lest I become too severe on the country, and omit what you are more interested in—the situation of your brother in the army of this section—the subject of this epistle shall be changed.

You have heard, probably, of the lamentable condition of the First Wisconsin Cavalry. Before I went north, some weeks since, the Regiment had suffered much in battles and skirmishes. But I returned from the north reports reached me from various sources of the proscription of nearly the entire remaining portion of the Regi-
Of those we now can muster about six hundred, many however, not yet fit for field service. From indications, we shall probably remain here but a few days, as an expedition is about to start from Pilot Knob, for a Southern tour, probably their destination is Little Rock. Steele's division of Curtis' army have already arrived from Helena, (including the 11th Wisconsin regiment,) and the force now at the “Knob,” and the surrounding country, is said to number about ten thousand, and to be increased to fifteen thousand. With this force it is understood we shall go, and you may look for clean work to be done this time as they go. I hear great complaint amongst the officers, as to the “milk and water” course pursued by General Curtis, when he went through last summer. He was so careful, lest the rebels should be hurt, that on his entire march he would post guards around their premises, lest the soldiers should get something to satisfy the demands of hunger, and the result is the same track has to be gone over again. The soldiers and all are tired of this kind of policy, and I very much fear whether this army can be marched through that country again without the rebels feel their presence, even if the officers attempt it.

We shall no doubt encounter large forces as we march, but from the best information I can get, it is not formidable as they are represented as made up of “conscripts,” very poorly armed, and in a very destitute condition for clothing. McBride’s force at Pochahontas, is said to number from ten to fifteen thousand. To route them will be probably our first effort. The weather is fine and the roads are in excellent condition, and I fully anticipate our occupation of Little Rock before the first of January. This will probably be the last I shall be able to write for some time, but you will probably be kept posted of our doings, through the newspapers. Before closing, I will say, that whatever politicians may say and think about the President’s proclamation, the soldiers generally hail it as the harbinger of peace. It is regarded as, “laying the axe at the root” of the rebellion. We deem white men as good as negroes, and since they are not to be henceforth, prohibited from aiding us against the rebels, we feel as though justice, is but being done.

Our boys are unable to get any mail since we came here, and great complaint is being made, but we hope, when our head-quarters shall be fully removed from Cape Girardeau to be able to hear from our friends again.

The Record is ever welcome, though of an old date. I will write you as often as circumstances will permit.

Yours, truly, H. CALKINS.

Hindman Threatens to Hang a Couple of Wisconsin Men.

T. C. HINMAN, the irrepressible rebel commander in Arkansas, has written a letter to Gen. Curtis, warning him not to shoot Leflore, Folseon, as a guerrilla, and notifying him as follows:

I have ordered First Lieutenant Hobbs, of the 3d Wisconsin cavalry, U. S. A., whom I have in custody, as a prisoner of war, to be placed in close confinement, and in the event of violence being done by you to Leflore, Folson, shall hang Leflore, Hobbs, by way of retaliation.

I desire also, generally, to call attention to the recent murder of Samuel Berry, a citizen of Crittenden county, Arkansas, by a man of the Federal army or navy, at Council Bend, Arkansas. The circumstances are reported to me as follows: Berry had been supplied with sugar, by the Federal authorities, and was to be furnished with a box of sugar, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Federal troops. For that offense he was taken aboard one of your boats, tried and acquitted. As he was leaving the boat he was told to run, which, in his right he did—as he ran, the boat fired upon him and killed him.

I demanded that the murderer be surrendered to me for punishment. To enforce this demand, I have ordered a 2d lieutenant from the V. S. A., T. T. Consaul, a prisoner of war in my hands, into close confinement.

If you fail or refuse to deliver up the murderer of Berry, 3d Lieut. Consaul will be hanged.

A Compliment from the Enemy.

Captain Homes of the First Wisconsin Cavalry, who was paroled by the rebels some time since, has been exchanged. The Captain is a brave and gallant officer. When under partial confinement to be shot by the rebels, he preserved his coolness, and made the most of his situation, to the admiration and respect of his enemies. All have physical courage but few have shown such indications of genuine moral courage. The annexed letter expresses itself:

CAMP LITTLE ROCK, Oct. 24, 1862.

Capt. F. T. Hombs, First Wis. Cavalry:

Sir—Although our country is at war with yours, and therefore individuals who belong to separate Governments must bear arms in defense of their own separate Governments, I trust when our passions which have been aroused during the late battle have had

FROM THE FIRST WIS. CAVALRY.

GREENVILLE, Mo., Oct. 19, 1862.

Dear Record:—Since my last, our Regiment, (what few there are of them,) have returned from Helena, and mostly joined us here, and it is a heart sickening scene to behold their emaciated forms. Of the eight hundred who started on the expedition through Arkansas not over fifty have returned fit for duty. One year since, since we could boast of one thousand as fine men as any State. Now, of that one thousand, not more than five hundred are with us, the balance having been killed, taken prisoners, or discharged for sickness. By recent enlistments we now musters about six hundred, many however, not yet fit for field service.

Five hundred men cannot now be mustered for duty; and many of those who do perform duty are really unfit. Of the largest portion of the Regiment, which was sent west a few days since to join Gen. Schofield’s army, many could scarcely mount their horses.

Many gallant boys from Waukesha County have honored this rebellious soil by making their graves here; and many have gone home to pass their few remaining days among their friends. We would that they might all recover; but the majority of these have systems completely broken down. Of twenty of the boys who were placed in one hospital here, sixteen have died. A sickness so general and fatal is seldom heard of.

The detachment of the Regiment now here, including all of the sick, has orders to march to Pocahontas, Ark., next week, to join the other portion of the Regiment, which is now there. The march will be long and perilous, and many poor fellows, I fear, will go out on the way. A majority of the officers of the Regiment are absent—sick.

It is reported here from St. Louis that what remains of the First Wisconsin Cavalry is to be placed in the advance of Gen. Schofield’s army, in its advance upon Little Rock. If this is done, the number who will return will hardly amount to a Corporal’s guard.

The original of the First Cavalry was twelve full companies. In addition, two hundred new recruits have joined the Regiment within the last three months. Of this whole number not over three full companies of men fit for duty, could be mustered now. Is not this a most tremendous loss for the time we have been in the service? I do not think any particular officer is to be blamed for this condition of things; but I think it has resulted from an unfortunate series of circumstances. Yours, &c.,

EAGLE.
time to subside, we can be generous to a fallen foe. Brave men do so; and here I must confess your bravery and daring upon the battle-field, as well as your conduct while a prisoner in our possession which so won my admiration. I cannot help expressing my sentiments to you by letter. I also trust what I now express will not go to spread the fear so threatening over our country will soon pass over, and the sunshine illuminate our sky again. Although I am satisfied that our countries can never be united again, we may still be friends.

I think when you return home again to your family, you will never return again to bear arms against a people once your friends, and would be again if we could be let alone.

We are fighting to protect our homes, and all that we hold dear to us; but I will not enlarge. You have been among us and seen for yourself. I only ask, if any of our regiment is to fall into your hands, do with them as you would a worthless heart would dictate, and I am satisfied.

With my kind regards and a safe arrival home to your family, I subscribe myself your friend in Peace,

A. M. MADDEN, Capt. Co. B,
Parson's Reg't, 13th Texas Dragoons.

FROM THE FIRST WISCONSIN CAVALRY.

CAMP STRONG, Cape Girardeau, Mo., Oct. 25th, 1862.

After a great deal of trouble and delay the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry has again been "gathered together unto one place."—The bulk of the regiment which was at Helena, Ark., arrived at this place by boat, about three weeks ago, and went into old Camp Strong again, from whence they started one night in May last, on a "three days expedition." Now after an absence of six months the regiment has returned a mere wreck of what it was before the "Arkansas Expedition," when many of its members will never return; their bones lie beneath the soil of the turbulent State, their blood, although seemingly useless till spilt, will help to wash out the stain of our National sins, and hasten the day of future peace and prosperity, when all men shall be free of whatever name or color.

It was a sad sight to see so many of our company who went out last spring stout, healthy, tough men, come back sickly, shadows of their former selves, some to die here, some to live out a miserable existence—invalids for life; and sadder still to miss from the ranks the familiar countenances of old friends, and to feel that they had been sacrificed, not in helping to put down this rebellion, but only through a mistake on the part of the officers! A fatal mistake! which has not only cost the Government the best regiment in the West, but has lost more territory and Government property than another regiment can rectify.

The 1st Wisconsin Cavalry has seen more and harder service, received worse treatment, and accom-

plished more in a short period of time than almost any regiment in the service; but because we have no officers, or rather, worse than no officers; our achievements have all come to naught, and we receive curses instead of praises for our trouble. What a pity that the man who is the Badger State has produced, should be obliged to serve under the poorest set of officers! No matter how much this regiment is recruited, it may be filled to overflowing with patriotic, able-bodied men, but it can never be rendered effective again until there is a thorough cleaning out among the shoulder-straps, and men are placed over it who are competent officers and in whom the men can place confidence. When the honest patriots that are trying to serve their country in the ranks are treated more like brutes than like men—kept on constant duty night and day, until completely worn out, and then tied to a tree all day in the sun if they dare utter a word of complaint, or cursed for being "lazy" if they ask to go on the sick list; when poor, weak, sick men are bucked and gagged eight hours a day for two or three days in succession, because they fail to do that which they are physically unable to perform; when the whole regiment is kept on a diet of corn mush for weeks, with a plenty of provision only a few miles distant and all the regimental teams lying idle; when negroes are stuffed and soldiers starved; when the highest officer in command curses his sick and dying men because they need medicine and nurses to take care of them, and openly utter a wish that they would all die off and get out of the way; then I think it is high time for an investigation—a vigorous searching for the main spring of this wretched machinery which has done so much injury to the cause, the regiment and the men who are serving in it.

This will seem to be a doleful state of affairs, but bad as it is, it is true. Although I have heretofore remained silent on the subject, it is now necessary. It has been borne in silence too long, al- ready; forbearance has ceased to be a virtue! the matter needs airing! and mine are not the only lips that have been sudden-ly sealed "to tell the truth and shame the devil," and which will never cease to tell the truth and the whole truth; until justice is done to the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry.

The wife of the late Gov. Harvey has been here looking after the sick of the regiment. Through her influence a large number of the disabled soldiers have been and are being discharged. While in camp one day, she asked one of our officers why those who were sick and unfit for duty could not be sent home on furlough and recruit themselves, instead of being left to lie around camp and die for want of care. His answer was, in substance, that "it is cheaper to bury them here, than to send them home!" Think of this, ye whose friends and relatives are in this reg't! And know ye that your brothers, husbands, and sons are being buried, "Unhonored, unwept and unsung," at a fearful rate: From two to six die every twenty-four hours in this hospital alone, although most of the sick of the reg't were sent to the St. Louis and Quincy hospitals; eight died in 36 hours last week.

Mrs. Harvey visited the hospitals and camps and obtained a pretty correct knowledge of the manner in which this "menagerie" is conducted. She left on the 7th, after assuring the men that she should use her utmost exertions to get the reg't ordered to Wis., to reorganize or disband.

I can write no more this time, but presume you will hear from me again soon. Some may not believe my assertions, and think I have overstated the facts, but if they were here to see for themselves, I believe they would say "the half had not been told them."
nothing to prevent the rebel sympathizers from organizing guerrillas parties, which they last no time in doing; and now Jeffries, at the head of twelve hundred men (some estimate his force at double that number) had entire possession of the country, to the south and west of this place.

It is no injustice to Col. Daniels, to charge almost the entire blame of the ruin of our Regiment upon him; he undertook the expedition without orders, and contrary to the advice of the other officers. Our Regiment was assigned to this part of the State, and as long as we kept the enemy out, the government was satisfied. But Col. Daniels was not; his Alexandria ambition sought new conquests, and a great name, so the fatal expedition was undertaken to accomplish these objects. Throughout its whole course the strongest mismanagement—use a mild term—characterized it. The three battalions were kept a day’s march apart, and as the one in the rear had charge of the large provision and ammunition train, the other two had to depend upon “forsaking” for subsistence; so of course their supply of food was often insufficient in quantity, as well as poor in quality. For fifteen days their principal rations consisted of “mush” made from half ground meal, without salt or sitting.

The Regiment followed down Crawby’s Ridge toward Helena. When the head of the column reached that place, the rear was at L’Anguilla Ferry, and being surrounded by an overwhelming force of Texan Rangers, was cut to pieces. Over three hundred men were lost in this affair; among them our noble and beloved Chaplain, who was shot through the heart, soon after rising from his bed; he died facing the enemy, with his gun in his hand. Three other officers were taken prisoners, and are still at Little Rock. The train was robbed of all that the rebels could carry off, and then burned. Lieut. Col. La Grange, with the other two battalions, was soon upon their track, but pursuit was of no avail, the defeat was irreparable.

While at Helena—which place has the name of being one of the most unhealthy on the river—the Regiment suffered terribly from sickness; scarcely one escaped unscathed; there were barely enough of those who were well, to take care of those sick. Very many died there, and still others lingered along till they reached this place, and then dropped away. Those of the survivors who will not bear the effects of their sufferings to the grave, are but

new. There was no reason why our Regiment should not have remained as healthy as any in the field; we had good tents, and should have taken them with us for daily use, as other troops have always done; but Col. Daniels could not encumber his baggage, so they were packed away early in May, and remained in the Warehouse till the Regiment returned.

Our Colonel apparently seemed to imagine that we could endure any hardship or exposure whatever, not thinking that the malaria of the swamps, the heavy dew, the rain and the scorching sun, were far more likely than the bullets of the guerrillas.

But so it has proved; of the twelve hundred who left home, scarcely Five Hundred remain, and of these not more than one hundred are fit for duty.

Soon after coming from Helena, all who were able to ride were ordered to report at Greenville, a small village about sixty miles west of this; and now the rest are under marching orders to go to the same place; all who can ride will start this week. Our commissioned officers are nearly all absent, and many have resigned; it is probable that little will be done a present; there needs to be no more organizing of what is left of the Regiment, to make it effective.

For several weeks back, we have been enjoying the most delightful weather; it has been like Indian Summer in June—mild, quiet and dreamy, day after day. The trees still kept their summer livery unaltered; the hues of the flowers were as bright; and the songs of the birds as cheerful as ever; a thick hazel-paved the air, and though half obscuring the scenery, yet added new beauties to it. But last Friday night, a sudden change to bleakness—where we awoke in the morning to find the sky overcast, and a chilly wind blowing from the north. Soon the air was filled with falling snow; down it came on green leaves, on roses and tulips, on butterflies, bees, and humming birds. In fact, “old winter” had made a sudden “call,” which was as irresistible as it was unexpected. We at once took the oalth, and changed our uniforms. But after two days “occupation” the old king retreated, and to day the sun is shining brightly, and a warm breeze comes stealing up the river.

But I must draw this letter to a close. The Watertown boys are all doing well. Except Monk and Lord, who are both quite sick in the Hospital, could they go to Wisconsin, no doubt they would recover much sooner, as it seems to be very difficult for a northerner to regain his health and strength in this country; the best of

care and attendance often fail, most mysteriously, to restore the patient, while others even more dangerously sick than he, rapidly recover when removed to the north.

Etc.

Letter from the First Wisconsin Cavalry,

DEAR WM.—Having a few spare moments, I thought I would devote them to writing to you. I have no interesting news to write. We are still here, though we have been under marching orders for over two weeks. I can’t imagine what keeps us here. Last Friday we got orders to march at half an hour’s notice. We packed up everything, and waited patiently for the order to march, but for some reason or other the order came not. It is very disagreeable to be kept in such suspense, and in such constant expectation of some more being made. It is one of the many hardships the soldier has to suffer.

From the time we first landed in this place last spring, till the present time, we have never seen the time when we could sit down with the assurance of staying an hour. We are liable to be called upon at any time to march.

Scouting is carried on extensively at present. The rebels are plundering places all around us, and we are sent out very often to catch them. We never get near them. They do not intend to fight, and will not unless we get them cornered.

Last Thursday, sixty of us were sent out to a place 16 miles from here, where some two hundred rebels were reported to be. On arriving at Hamburg, we found that they had retreated into the swamps. We went twelve miles after them, but finding pursuit useless, we encamped in the swamp for the night. It was rather a disagreeable place to sleep, I can assure you. Next day we started back, and got—here about dusk Friday.

Saturday a man came in from Jackson, with the news that four hundred rebels were near that place. Jackson is situated ten miles from here, and is the County seat of this county. Just at dusk an expedition was sent out composed of 304 infantry, 100 State militia, and 80 of this Regiment. We got to Jackson about 11 o’clock, and then struck out in the woods to find the rebel camp. Of course our Cavalry had to do most of the running, going over the most ground. Through corns, pinched fields, over ditches, (and into them sometimes,) through thick woods, where there was thick underbrush, and plenty of logs.

We hunted until near daylight, when they gave it up. We stopped to camp,
but were ordered to leave our saddles and bridles on our horses, and to keep our arms on. We wrapped our blankets round us, and lay down to rest. We had not lain more than an hour and a half when we were called up, and off we moved again. We scoured the woods till noon, without issue since I joined the regiment. We have plenty of eat, and good water and coffee to dry. I am getting quite shabby, weighing one hundred and forty-three pounds, a gain of 18 pounds since we left Greenville.

There are some 1,000 soldiers now here. Our Regiment with the 32nd Missouri went 200 miles up the Current river country, about the 22d of last month, and routed 500 guerrillas under Col. Bates, taking prisoners, &c. Through mistake the picket guard to which I was attached was left behind while still in pursuit of Bates. On the second day after, we learned that the regiment would not return that way, so another boy with myself resolved to follow and overtake them. After travelling 25 miles we discovered ahead of us about a dozen rebels, but fortunately had not been seen by them. There was no retreating, and our only hope was in a forward movement, two against twelve; so we fired our carbines, and charged directly upon them, with a tremendous shout. They supposed that a whole column was in our rear, and fled into the woods in double quick, and we pursued them for two miles, discovering their retreat, and made good time along the road passing through Thomasville, and that evening reached sixty-three miles that day. Near the close of the day we overtook our regiment about five miles from Pocohantas, Arkansas.

**War Correspondence.**

**From the First Wis. Cavalry.**

N. near the Castor, Wayne Co. Mo. Nov. 18th, 1862.

**Editors Crescent.**

One of the boys tells me about an hour ago that it was Sunday. We have marched to day eight miles and have been engaged just as usual, as a matter of course, and if I presume that of our two hundred and twenty-three men here, not forty know what day it is. We get mixed up on the question of time when marching and forget the day of the week, day of the month, and sometimes even what month.

We left Cape Girardeau at A. M., Nov. 10th, and to-morrow night expect to join our comrades at Patterson, which is about 30 miles from Pilot Knob.

The 1st day of October all of the men who were able to travel, belonging to the 1st Cavalry, went to Greenville under the command of Capt. Seaton,—all of the field officers and eight Captains being sick. The balance of us were left at the Cape to get well (some to die) or be discharged. One hundred were discharged and nearly forty died, seven of the latter belonging to Co. "G"—the Appleton Co. Their names are Wm. Lawrence, Spencer, J. R. White, W. Lohman, Geo. Lamolle, Carl Hayes and Corporal M. R. Combs.

In forty days 230 of us have recovered so as to do duty again and are now marching with the 29th Mo. Infantry, Col. Cavender, to join our friends and again form a regiment. Our number is less than when we landed at Cape Girardeau last Spring, 1200 strong, and all fresh and 'strong, and anxious for action; still we are not so few as some of our friends on the Potomac were after the battles of Richmond and Sharpsburg, and we certainly can still fight.

We have been marching through a mountain country, although the roads are bad. To-day we have passed through region timbered quite heavily with white oak and Norway pine. The soil is very loose and gravelly. Good running water is abundant through this whole section. The streams are as clear as crystal, reminding us of the pure, bubbling brooks of the mountainous regions of the east.

Day before yesterday we passed through the village of Dallas. It was recently nearly all burned up by our troops. It was a harbor for Secesh guerrillas and always has been.

The weather has been beautiful since we started; mild and dry till to night—we are getting a slow, drizzling, steady rain. The men all feel well, are well fed on fresh beef, pork, mutton, turkey, goose and occasionally a hundred chickens thrown in. Potatoes, apples, onions, cabbages and turnips serve for "stout."

Some of these items are drawn from the Commissary and some are drawn—the boys know where,—It is a desperately secess country, you know. Our horses are in good condition and our equipments and clothing all good.

We have recently been supplied with 150 new rifles with which to meet bushwhackers. Bushwhacking can not be practiced very successfully now, however, since the leaves have fallen, for we can see too far through the woods.

We see no indications of the enemy yet though here. Col. Jeffries has quite a respectable force southwest of us, many of whom are dispersed about the country in squads of half a dozen or so engaged in plundering citizens of horses, clothing, &c., but it is very difficult to catch them. Notice of our approach always precedes us whether we move by night or day.

In this detachment there are seven commissioned officers: Maj. Torrey, Captains Mars, Bruett, Smith & Harndon, Lieutes. Howland and Owen—all cavaliers.

The result of the late elections is quite generally greeted with pleasure by the soldiers, so far as I have been able to learn. It is regarded as an indication of dissatisfaction on the part of the people with the war policy of the administration and is considered a harbinger of peace. Upon what terms the peace shall be effected nobody ventures to say, and a good many do not expect it. I mention the fact without comment.

Time and space forbid a longer letter for reveille sounds at 3:30 in the morning and this is my last sheet of paper.

**Vosl. No. 0.**

**Daniels’ Cavalry.**

**Patterson, Missouri. Nov. 17th, 1862.**

**Editor Freeman:** I see in your paper of the 11th inst., a letter from "Eagle," dated at Cape Girardeau,
Proving some statements regarding the 1st Wis. Cavalry, which are
slightly erroneous. At the date of his
letter (Oct. 25th) the headquarters of
the Regiment was at this place. De-
tachments were yet at Cape Girar-
dieu, and one hundred and sixty were
with the 12th Mo. Cavalry, under
Lient. Col. Sagear, in Arkansas, on a
scout. They were absent fourteen
days and visited Pocahontas during
the day, but were not joined there by
the balance of the Regiment from
Cape G. They arrived here to-day.
The number of men now here belonging
to the Regiment is nearly seven hundred, the most of them fit for duty.
It is true that many have died from
sickness, at Helena and Cape Girar-
dieu. A few have died since we came
here, but the Regiment is daily im-
proved in health and efficiency.
We are now attached to a brigade
in the division commanded by Brig.
Gen. Benton. Rumor says that we
are to move across or down the
Mississippi. Lient. Col. LaGrange is
in the field, and most of the Line Offi-
cers have rejoined their Companies
with recovered health. Patterson is a
healthy location thirty-three miles
south of Pilot Knob. Since the snow-
storm, Oct. 25th, the weather has been
unseasonable.
Yours in haste, H. M. D.
From the 1st Cavalry.
Camp Patterson, Mo., Nov. 10th, 1862.
Messrs. Editors—The fall campaign being,
with us about ended, I thought perhaps a few
words from me might strengthen your belief in
the fact that the war still flourishes, and that the
First Wisconsin Cavalry has been in action in
the modern day story, as well as preserving its ac-
cent reputation. Fall campaign, did I say?
Yes, and I am sure (200) miles behind the
Cape for this point, some five weeks ago, and the balance (200) about one
month ago. The appearance of our Regi-
ment as we rode in the extreme, and at once suggested the idea of imitating, on
a small scale, Napoleon's pyramid of horses, in
no distant day—for the well developed riders
crowed with great regularity down the sides of
our horses, and the sunken cheek and bones of
what had been U. S. S. A. soldiers, at once
supply a probability of having material enough
as well as the necessity of some such a cause being purposed. For the present however, we
gave up the idea and started away as we pos-
sibly could not bring along, others merely
sufficient for our tentative purpose. Our
troops were enveloping terror over the countenance of
all the smallurchants that chance to
walk forward from the lines. Each Missouri's Esther's. After accomplishing about
ten miles journey we arrived at Jackson, a
place famous to the Southern statesmen,
where we encamped about 4 o'clock
p.m. At night, the usual scouts might be seen
emerging from camp in groups of two.
We had plenty of large quantities of 'corn
flakes,' without any loss except the escape of
one or two prisoners (turkeys), which was
very good fortune. It was currently
reported however, at the time, that one of
our men was seen getting in the guard house for
the evening, which was rather important. It
was true there was a dog or two, and then the march for
Whitewater, where we stopped over night, was
with the usual and skinning, and
I remember of capturing three "deser-
ters," from some chicken roast myself. While engag-
ing in this immense transaction and on which
so much of the result of the present war de-
depends, I heard a reconnoitering party on my
left, which had got into hot work. On going to
the scene of the argument I found the left
height—the enemy under strong cover, and
well protected with depression batteries on
both flanks. We were shapelessly arrived,
but rapidly losing strength by the rapid attacks
of strong parts sent out on their front flanks,
and soon we had to raise our flag, the result
of this time, reinforcements were arriving, and
another and another effort made, which, after
relying on the cheering of the regiment and
then a bugle, every man of which was one bee hive and some honey. The
dead were left on the field, and we all returned to
camp, with our wounded, loaded with the spoils
of victory. Another day's journey and
river Carter was reached, where we made sev-
eral successful charges upon sheep, goose
chickens and other "corned." Ten miles
further and I had to assist in taking a wagon
for the use of the sick, whereby Uncle Sam
profited another glorious result out of our
campaign. Thus you see, the great war
for Union goes bravely on, and I have no doubt
that as punishing as to steal—a steamer.
Confiscate—then we will have accomplished
much in putting down the war. You folks at
home may feel as if you could fault with
character and plan of our campaign, but let me
ask you, is it not the very essence of wisdom
to commence, and thereby reduce the rebels
by hunger instead of shot, which is a
safe way, though perhaps a more tedious mode,
but, if so, we will return and leave a lasting if not wholesome, remind-
ance among them of our "desolating progress."
It is of course all a dream.
On the 6th day we arrived here, where
we found some 6,000 troops encamped, some of whom
are employed in building a fort on the brow
of a hill and said to belong to the post command.
The building of which fort means clearing up
a large farm, probably to grow corn next season
astern for the convenience of the steamer; by which
we course will pay a fair marketable price, and
thereby help him in his wild freak of becoming
bankrupt. Thus, you see, everything works
well here at least, so that conciliation is imprac-
ticable and treasury notes a secondary consid-
eration. We do not expect to do much more yet be-
fore we get through, when I can get a small
specimen of a rebel's coat in these parts I shall
send it to you in that name, I know there may have a chance to study the animals
 genius. The removal of Selkissian is also
a very serious sign that the enemy is not the proper policy
and that we must aggravate and tamalize the
enemy as much as possible.
Our regiment has the number 500 all told,
of whom many are sick, but under the manage-
ment of Surgeon Kramer, quite an improve-
ment is manifest in this respect. Otherwise
we are a miserable set, and work entirely for
selfish and individual purposes. The paymaster
has not made his appearance, and it is not
known when he will.
Quite an excitement now prevails in regard
to the joining the regular army, and many will do
so especially if they get a sufficient reward.
The men are to a man weary of this manage-
erie; and who wouldn't be, when the thing don't
pay. Many of them have been long on the
marginal roll, who have been abused and neglected,
but for the present lets it pass, and hope for better times
thereafter. We have of course expectations told, but if you wish I shall send you in due
time the last act in the drama of this fall.
I don't know of any system or plan of
policy that can by any possibility, honorably adjust our diffi-
culties, will fulfill to the letter the wishes of the people without
repercussion in the treasury; the good will that dwells on the
land in the days of its former admin-
istration.

LETTER FROM DANIELS' CAVALRY.

Editors Independent—"I send
you a short account given by one of
our Wisconsin boys—a private in Col.
Daniel's Cavalry. His name is Wm.
Grossman, of Bloomfield, Walworth
County, Wis. He writes from Pat-
erson, Mo., Nov. 21st, 1862.
J. H. FORD.
"I have many times thought of writing you, but something has al-
ways come in the way, but reason of the ambitious activity of our re-
giment, as we have always been mov-
ing, and we think we have done some-
thing for our country, since we have
been in the service. We commenced our labor in the field at Cape Girar-
dieu, Mo., where we staid about 3 weeks, where we scouting the country for forty miles, took many prisoners,
and killed some rebels—no loss on our
side.

Then we went to Bloomfield, Mo., where we captured a rebel Col.
and other officers, and 300 men, be-
side killing 20, lost two of our men.
Here we remained for about two months, scouting the country for 60 miles in the southern part of Mo.
The state-line is on the St. Francis
river. On this river, about 80 miles
from the Mississippi, and directly south of our headquarters, Bloom-
field, is a village called Canit. At
this place we took a small steamer,
with four rebel C. L. I. O., thirty pri-
vates, and some $20,000 worth of goods.

Then we went to the state of Ar-
kanas, about 20 miles from the line,
where we rounded a many of rebels
taking eight and taking prisoners
—only of our men wounded. We
then returned to Bloomfield, where we staid about two weeks to recruit
and feed our horses, and show them.
This is what Col. Daniels has done
in Missouri and Wisconsin. He is a regiment that has brought terror to the rebels of SouthEastern
Missouri.

We have done a great many other
small things, such as taking three or
four prisoners "most any day." Here
Col. Daniels has cleared 100 miles of
territory of its rebels and bushwhackers.
The latter are what we up north would
call horse thieves and highway robbers.

Col. Daniels took his regiment and
went through Arkansas, a distance of
six hundred miles, from Bloomfield to Helena, where he was met by
three brigades removed from here.
But Col. Daniels never refuses. When we got into Arkan-

sas we took prisoners daily. It is im-
possible for us to give all particulars of this march. Sometimes it was inter-
resting, at others it was disagreeable.
Here we took some 500 pris-

oners, killed some sixty, and
confiscated 400 horses. When we arrived
within fifty miles of Helena, at a
place called Madison, we captured
another boat with but little fight, but we had quite a number of sick
boys, our Col. also, and some others
of the officers, so the Col. put men un
the boat and started down the river for Helena, leaving the 1st. Col. in command, who started immediately for Maryland, (about 20 miles from Madison,) with two battalions, and left the other battalion with the train. Four days after that the battalion with the train was attacked by some six hundred Texan rangers. They were one, and not the advantage of taking us by surprise. It was on the 3d of September, before sundown. We had no time to form a line of battle, but on our own hooks, each man his own General, we held them about an hour, when our men were gone, and the train took the train and all our stores, every horse and mule belonging to the train, forty prisoners, killed eleven and wounded forty. We killed thirty of them and wounded some sixty. Luck favored me every thing. As soon as the alarm reached the building, they came back, but the ague was great. So we buried our dead, took our wounded and started for Helena. We stayed at Helena some four weeks, scouting most of the time. We are now back in Missouri again, ready for another march through Arkansas, and I think we shall go in about one week. So far we have been alone, but now there are other troops with us, about 15,000.

Letter from the 1st Cavalry Regiment
CAPE GIRARDEAU, Mo. Dec. 1st, 1862.

FRIEND BALLOU—About two weeks since, all the 1st Wis. Cavalry remaining here, except a few who were left at the hospital or had been detailed on extra duty, started for the little town of Patterson, where Gen. Davidson has his head quarters. On their arrival there the Regiment was joined to a Brigade, and placed under the command of Col. Heartman, of the 13th Mo. Cavalry. Whether they will go directly south into Arkansas, or first return to this State and proceed down the river, is uncertain, but it is considered certain that they will participate in the grand movement southward which is to be made by the whole western army.

The boys felt no regret at leaving this city, for in all their military experience in this State, they had fared better here and felt more at home, than in any other place, and the prospect of going back into the "country" again, and repeating their former hardships and trials, was rather unpleasant. There is scarcely anything agreeable, or even tolerable, to a Northern man, in the region which lies to the west and south-west of this city. More than half of it is irreclaimable swamp, and the rest is generally barren and rocky. And what is worse, the inhabitants are no honor or ornament to the country. We came here with high notions respecting Southern refinement, elegance and "chivalry," but eight months' experience has revealed the sad truth, that nine-tenths of the people are an ignoble and intemperate people, and the best of them, whose redeeming qualities are yet to be discovered. The settlers of this region came from all the Southern States, but principally from Kentucky and Tennessee; they consider a log house a palace, wear "butternut" homespun, and raise for food, corn and a breed of animals, thin, lean and agile as a deer, called by way of courtesy, "hogs." They spend three-fourths of their time in sleep or hunting, and own more rifles than Bibles, build more cabins than mills, have a hundred doggeryes to one church or school house, raise more tobacco than wheat, and one and all enjoy a dog fight better than a newspaper or a good speech. Nearly all women and children, as well as men, are greatly addicted to whiskey, tobacco and profanity; the great opinion of southern society was greatly dashed when I first heard more oaths rolled from the glib tongue of a woman in five minutes, than I had ever heard before in twice the time, and it entirely vanished when I saw a "right smart" young lady coolly bite a cud from a plug of tobacco, and in a short time begin to "expectorate" as genuine tobacco juice, and, instead of its in a half hour, with all skill and ingenuity of a lawyer, it is doubtful if you could wring from him a reply more direct or unequivocal. Their whole character partakes of the suspicion and distrust which their conversation indicates. They are sly and treacherous as Indians, and this State has "paraded" these "young men" as a mode of raising men for war. They delight in shooting at Federal soldiers from secure hiding places, and if caught are ready at once to swear by all the oaths in the Bible, that they are good Union men and swear "pressed into the service." I have not seen a single who would own that they were in the service, but I have seen hundreds of "dishonest politicians," who would shout a Federal soldier if his back was turned, and they could escape unharmed. The fact is, there is no chance for any love or admiration for them, and were they not near such neighbors, I consider that any union or connection with them whatever, would be far from an advantage.

The last word of the Regiment is that Major Terry has resigned Col. Cheban, whom we captured in the summer, and sent to St. Louis. He was exchanged in the fall and raised a Regiment in Arkansas. The health of the men has improved greatly since the weather has grown colder, and under the excellent management of Col. Terry, they are becoming better satisfied, and are regaining much of their old enthusiasm. When I rejoin the Regiment you may expect to hear from me again.

EQUES.
Major Eggleston was born in Vermont, about 1820; immigrated to Wisconsin about 1850, and settled at Appleton, where he resided, holding several important positions in Outagamie county, up to 1854, when he came to Ripon; and he has been a prominent and beloved citizen of our city, since that time. In the summer of 1861 he enlisted in the army—receiving a commission as Captain, he raised a company and was assigned to the 1st Regiment of Cavalry.

About July last, his position was changed to that of Major, as which, he served until in the fall, when he was compelled to relinquish active duty, seeking to restore a shattered constitution. Long weeks of suffering, was just being followed by some promise of returning health, when the last sad event of life closes the scene.

The obsequies were held on Saturday, at Grace Church, administered by the Rector, and were largely attended. The position of Major Eggleston in the community, cannot be more forcibly expressed, than as by a German friend, to us: "Twas not necessary that he should die, to be praised."—Ripon Star.

English and Siamese, both versions having the same meaning and intention, shall take effect immediately, and the ratifications of the same shall be exchanged at Bankok within eighteen months from the date thereof.

In witness whereof, the above-named plenipotentiaries have signed and sealed the present treaty in triplicate at Bankok, on the twenty-ninth day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six of the Christian era, and of the independence of the United States the eightieth, corresponding to the tenth of the waning moon of the lunar month Wesakh, or sixth moon of the year of the Quadruped Serpent of the Siamese civil era, one thousand two hundred and eighteen, and the sixth of the reign of their Majesties the first and second Kings of Siam.

TOWNSEND HARRIS. [L. S.]

REGULATIONS UNDER WHICH AMERICAN TRADE IS TO BE CONDUCTED IN SIAM.

REGULATION I.

The master of every American ship coming to Bankok to trade must, either before or after entering the river, as may be found convenient, report the arrival of his vessel at the custom-house at Paknam, together with the number of his crew and guns, and the port from whence he comes. Upon anchoring his vessel at Paknam he will deliver into the custody of the customs officers all his guns and ammunition, and a customs officer will then be appointed to the vessel, and will proceed in her to Bankok.

REGULATION II.

A vessel passing Paknam without discharging her guns and ammunition, as directed in the foregoing regulation, will be sent back to Paknam to comply with its provisions, and will be fined eight hundred ticals for having so disobeyed. After delivery of her guns and ammunition she will be permitted to return to Bankok to trade.

* Signatures of Siamese plenipotentiaries.
Generals Hovey and Washburne's Expedition into Mississippi—Incidents, &c.

A special correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, writes from Helena (Ark.) on the 7th.

The expedition has returned, and the troops are now debarking. It is understood that a large part of the force was entirely taken by surprise, by our advance under Gen. Washburne, in the persons of his two howitzers nearly all killed. Major Dernall, of the 11th Indians, with several companies from his own and the 24th Indians, had considerable skirmishing with the enemy, and was driven off by a body of Texas Rangers and driven back, leaving their guns in the hands of the enemy. The rebels succeeded in carrying off one gun, but before they could get the other under way, Major Burgh, of the 9th Illinois cavalry, came up and opened upon them with two field pieces, and forced them to return and recovering one of the howitzers. Several of our men were wounded, and the horses attached to the two howitzers nearly all killed.

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The rebels were anticating our appearance, but not in the direction in which our army advanced. Supposing that we would move directly across from Memphis and be near the head of our railroad at several points, to hinder and retard our progress. But descending the river to Delta, and marching across the country in that direction, we avoided the blockade and ambushed roads, and took the enemy surprised. At a distance of a mile, they were completely taken by surprise, by our advance under Gen. Washburne. One old darkey, when he caught a glimpse of the "blue coats," cried out, "All massa's blockading for nuthin; massa's gone do Yankee done come on de lower road?" The country through which the army passed is rich in soil and productions. Cotton is the staple article, and it is not an uncommon thing to find one hundred bales in the possession of one man, though perhaps hidden from the public eye.

Cotton buyers at Delta, for some time past, have been conducting a considerable contraband trade with the natives, paying thirty cents for cotton, in goods at rebeldom prices. This is by the natives, and it is not an uncommon thing to find one hundred bales in the possession of one man, though perhaps hidden from the public eye.

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Generals Washburne's Alleged Cotton Transaction.

The Chicago Times, some little time ago, contained a letter from Gen. Washburne, for alleged cotton speculations. A late issue of that sheet contains the following, which is extracted from the intimate friends of Gen. Washburne knew would prove to be the truth in the premises:

A special correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writes from Helena, Mo., December 30th, 1862.

Inate to your paper of the 6th inst, a letter from St. Louis, from your special correspondent, to an official of the army, he says, "I have received, from Gen. Washburne, from Wisconsin, with the instructions in the late expedition, in delay, will be returned to the authorities to stop this trade."

I am told unyttiug to do with cotton for private

The expedition was approached Oklahoma—A correspondent of the New York Herald writing from the Southwest, in giving some account of the recent cavalry expedition of Gen. Washburne of this State to the vicinity of Grenada, relates the following incident:

As the column was approaching Oklahoma—a station on the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad—dropping slowly along by twos and threes, Gen. Washburne was in the extreme advance, leading the column, in fact, descinded a rebel picket on the brow of the hill. He inquired of the picket to give the gun forward, and the order was obeyed as promptly as given. The position not sitting him, he ordered it still further forward, and the picket disordered, yelling and firing, and the whole was in a great bustle and disorder to make good their escape with their horses, which does preat injustice to an officer—though we know nothing of our own command, personally, the change itself is significant. A general order and detests awful forebodings. The activity of preparation, for some important movements, is seen on every hand. The ammunition is being turned over to the vicinity of Grenada, relates the following incident:

From the Second Cavalry.

Correspondence of the Illinois.

The Expedition into Mississippi from Helena, Ark., Dec. 14th, 1862.

Yesterday, I am informed, by orders from General Hovey and Washburne, that the troops are now debarking. It is understood that a large part of the force was entirely taken by surprise, by our advance under Gen. Washburne, in the persons of his two howitzers nearly all killed. Major Dernall, of the 11th Indians, with several companies from his own and the 24th Indians, had considerable skirmishing with the enemy, and was driven off by a body of Texas Rangers and driven back, leaving their guns in the hands of the enemy. The rebels succeeded in carrying off one gun, but before they could get the other under way, Major Burgh, of the 9th Illinois cavalry, came up and opened upon them with two field pieces, and forced them to return and recovering one of the howitzers. Several of our men were wounded, and the horses attached to the two howitzers nearly all killed.

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makes his report upon the authority of a Memphis correspondent who "has information from the most reliable source."—from a "banker" and another gentleman, who, though not a "banker," is "well-known," which certainly ought to make it reliable.

Now, the whole thing—so far from being even a tolerably correct account of the affair, is one of the grossest botches and most stupid accumulations of mis-statement possible to be got into a report by any one who was with the expedition; it looks more as though some one at Memphis had heard of the starting of the expedition and had guessed at the result, and had made a bustling job of even that. It is but justice to those who are paying for these things to know—when it is proper to report them at all—the facts, and not to be cheated and deceived by this and kindred reports from the most reliable source.

I have a reliable gentleman, "from an eye witness," etc., etc.

What the expedition did do, and what it did not do, I will endeavor to inform you, not upon the authority of any "reliable" individual, either free or "contraband," but upon the evidence of my own eye and experience. We left Helena on Thursday by transports, passing down the river and landing ten miles below Aud the ferry, our destination was a matter of much speculation, but that unravelled the secret to my compound. The force landed at this place was not far from 20,000, composed of cavalry, infantry and artillery, which immediately took up its line of march into the interior, making the first camp some ten miles from the river, at about ten o'clock p.m. Started again next morning, 25th, at eight o'clock, arriving at the mouth of Coldwater the same evening, where the advance, with a few shells from their howitzers, got up a very lively skedaddle among some rebels who were building breastworks at the ferry to oppose our progress. The movement was actually done, and not uncertain, as there are various reports. One is that four or five were killed and several wounded, and that forty horses and sixty stand of arms were captured. We stayed here until half-past four p.m., Saturday, 29th, awaiting the construction of a bridge composed of ferry-boats found on the river, and some smaller ones and lumber brought along for that purpose. A little after noon the infantry and heavy artillery commenced arriving, so that before we left the entire force was at this point. Here the force was divided, Gen. Washburn taking not more than one-half, if so much, he had only two heavy guns and two regiments of infantry, the balance in cavalry with eight mountain howitzers. We now marched rapidly, making no halt, except to feed our horses, until about noon on Sunday, 30th, when we reached Hardy station, on the Memphis and Mississippi railroad, seven miles from Grenada. Here the advance surprised and took prisoners some fifteen or twenty rebels; two bridges, one passenger and one box car, and two or three flats were burned, and the telegraph cut down. A detachment was sent across the main road (the Mississippi Central), to destroy that. They destroyed a bridge over a collet some miles from and within sight of Grenada, and then returned, when all took the back track, marching until ten o'clock p.m., going into camp in a dense mass, some wounded and horses hungry and nearly jaded out. The storm prevented the men getting anything to eat, though they managed to get some food for their horses. We left camp rather late Monday morning—the road not in an improved condition from last night's rain—reaching Mitchell's cross-roads, some forty-five miles from Grenada, at three o'clock p.m., finding our two regiments of infantry, and the heavy artillery, which arrived here the day before.

After having been in camp about an hour almost our entire force was called out to put a stop to a slight skirmish going on between our pickets on the Coldwater road and a small squad of rebels, which being accomplished we returned to camp. Our regiment, the infantry and artillery lay here all day Tuesday, which was a rainy, disagreeable day, while the rest of the force was divided up into large scouting parties which were sent out in all directions. One went to Panama and found it had been deserted by the three regiments of rebel troops which had occupied it until Sunday, when they left for Coffeeville.

On Wednesday morning we started, as all supposed for Coffeeville, on the Mississippi Central, still further above Grenada, and where the boys expected to have an opportunity of giving the rebels a sample of their fighting qualities; but when within about two miles of Oakland, on the Memphis and Mississippi road, the advance, the 1st Indiana cavalry, was attacked by two hundred rebels who were ambushed beside the road, and by the inexcusable blindness, as they say, of the general's body-guard, in rushing in upon them, breaking them up and throwing them into confusion, lost one of their steel howitzers. Capt. Walker, who was in command of the regiment, it is said requested permission to follow and take the gun, but was refused. Several brilliant maneuvers were now performed, which were entirely lost to the rebels, except to give them time to escape, as they were in full retreat through Oakland with the captured gun. In this affair we had one man killed, three taken prisoners and several wounded; had eight horses killed and lost one gun. We took one captain, two lieutenants, two or three privates, moved into Oakland and camped for the night. Coffeeville is sixteen miles and Water Valley, at which point the main part of Price's army now is, is twenty-five miles from this place. Thursday morning we left for Mitchell's Cross roads, where we arrived at 4 p.m. We did not disturb the railroad at Oakland, which has lost some insignificant, malicious person to infer that even intimate that we had bitten off our own noses in doing what we did at Hardy Station. Left Cross Roads on Friday morning, reaching Coldwater at 3 p.m., which place Gen. Hovey and the force that remained with him left in the morning we proceeded homeward, reaching Helena Sunday evening.

These are some of the things we did. I am afraid if all were told it would not require much credit upon our army. What was not done is this: Gen. Hovey and one half, or more, of the forces which left Helena never got nearer than sixty miles to Grenada; that portion which went through to the railroad never were nearer than three miles, and only a small portion as near as that; therefore the bridges at Grenada, the destruction of which was to stop Price's retreat, was not destroyed. There was no damage done to the Mississippi Central railroad which two hours labor did not repair that train passed over; and to sum up the whole thing in a few words, we did not do what we purposed, and what was expected of us.

Clark E. Beull, formerly a resident of Janesville, was left at a house sick on our way down, and was taken prisoner by the rebels, who carried him to Jackson by way of Coffeeville and Grenada. He was paroled and taken to Vicksburg, which place he left on Tuesday, arriving here on the 14th. He reports that there was not at any time previous to the retreat through it of Price's army on the day after we left Oakland, any force at Grenada to prevent us entering the place and destroying the bridges as was designed, thus stopping Price until Grant could have overaken and completely smashed him, instead of his being allowed to escape to Jackson. Beull thinks from what he has heard among rebel officers and soldiers that the great fight is to come off at Jackson, at which place a large force is concentrating, instead of at Vicksburg. He represents Price's army as a half-fed clothed rabble.

The following is a list of casualties in Co. C, 2d Wis. cavalry:

George B. Blakesley, died at Jefferson City, May 31st, 1862.
James W. Jones, died at Mount, City, Oct. 7th, 1862.
Win. J. Cooper, died at Helena, Ark., Aug. 18th, 1862.
Edward D. Gulick, died at Helena, Ark., Oct. 8th, 1862.
Peter E. Glasson, died at Helena, Ark., Sept. 27th, 1862.
Lindsey Keen, died at Helena, Ark., Sept. 28th, 1862.

Wm. M. Murray, drowned May 17th, '62.
Francis L. Pembor, died at Helena, Ark., Nov. 11th, 1862.
Edward Stomhouse, died at St. Louis, May 13th, 1862.
James N. Louden, died at Kedok, Iowa, Oct. 10th, 1862.

John Farris, died after arriving home at Fennimore. I have not been apprised of data.

M. W. Wood.
From Capt. Dale's Company.

CAMP CURTIS, Green Co., Mo., December 20, 1862.

Messrs. Editors: Having received the Advocate a few regular punctually during the last eight weeks in our Country, and noticing that it contained communications occasionally from some of those who have volunteered from the city and county of Racine, and are now stationed with their companies in various parts of Dixie, I thought a letter from Co. G, 2d Wis. Cavalry, might not be entirely uninteresting to you, and you are at liberty to publish it, if you consider it of sufficient general interest to your readers. As you are probably aware, our Battalion received its horses, equipments, &c., and were ordered from St. Louis to Jefferson City, nearly a week before the other two Battalions of the Regiment. On our arrival at Jefferson City, Co. A was assigned to duty as Brig. Gen. E. B. Brown's body guard, and the whole Battalion accompanied him to Springfield, where we remained until the 1st day of August. We were allowed to rest until the 10th, when Companies G and K were ordered to Casaville, Barry Co., to report to Col. Julius White, who was in command of the post, and who has since acquired such notoriety by his connection with the Harper's Ferry surrender. We remained until the 1st day of August, having traveled in our various scouts while we were stationed here, through the counties of Barry and McDonald in Southwestern Missouri, and the counties of Madison, Benton and Washington, in Arkansas, a distance of probably not less than 800 miles.

This arduous service, so soon after going into the field, would soon have "used up" many of us, as it did our horses, if the country had not been very healthy, and being stationed as far from "civilization," as the boys termed it, that we were necessarily restricted to the plainest food, and none too plenty, occasionally, of that.

After the evacuation of Casaville we remained at Springfield until August 15th, when we were ordered to Mt. Vernon, Lawrence Co., and about the 1st of Sept. the whole Battalion was assigned to duty as Gen. Brown's body guard, in which capacity we served our country and Gen. Brown through the late campaign on the frontier, and until November 10th, when we were detached from his command and assigned to the 1st Brigade, (Col. Pincney, of the 20th Wis. commanding,) of the 3d Division, (Gen. Herron's) where we yet remain. Co. G has been quite healthy, so far having lost only one man by death since we came into the field. W. H. B. Miller, wagoner of the Co., and son of James Mather, of Yorkville, Racine Co., who died in hospital at Springfield, October 10th. Ten have been discharged for disability, viz:


Privates Phillip H. Morris, Caledonia, Racine Co.; Sherman Asplund, Kauaupel, Racine Co.; John C. Davis, Racine; Joseph Grandnau, Christian Felsch, and John Jones, of Green Bay, Brown Co.

Two have deserted, viz: John Steker, of Raymond, and Robert J. Evy, of Yorkville, Racine Co., and the names of three have been stricken from the Company Roll on account of having been absent, sick, more than two months, viz: Robert Kime and Jacob Doré, of Yorkville, and James R. Bones of Caledonia, Racine Co. The latter, I understand, has rejoined his regiment, as a Cavalryman as he first intended. The Company now consists of three commissioned officers, and seventy-two enlisted men, three of whom are detached, and one sick at Springfield. The Battalion has killed and rendered unserviceable a great many horses. Our Company has been furnished 160 and now has only 47. We must have more horses, and they are very scarce.

Capt. Dale has been with us constantly doing his duty, until about the 1st of Nov., when he was taken with the typhoid fever. He remained with us till the 10th, when he was removed to Springfield where he secured a private house and the attendance of a skillful physician, and has now recovered so as to be able to ride a little, and has rejoined the Company, but is still very weak, and has lost much of his former self.

Here let me say a word in relation to the Hospitals at Springfield. There are about 1500 sick soldiers in them, in small, dirty, miserably ventilated rooms, attended by poor nurses and poorer surgeons, with a few exceptions. Springfield and vicinity has been so long occupied by troops that the springs from which the supply of water for the use of the city is obtained have become receptacles of the offal of camps, slaughteryards, dead horses, mules, &c., until they have become stinking and unhealthy to a vast degree. The consequence is that from 15 to 20 daily are carried to their long homes from the Hospitals, martyrs, many of them, to neglect, ill treatment, &c.

Government is buying a large and commodious Hospital there now, however, which is obviously necessary. The soldiers of this army are getting tired of the inactivity of the last few weeks, and are anxious to move South. We are promised an advance soon, and nothing would suit us better. We are anxious to do what has got to be done and return to our homes. The weather is good and the roads in fine order. Now is the time to advance.

Squadron "G."

From the Second Wisconsin Cavalry.

HELENA, Ark., Nov. 24, 1862.

[Extrait from a private letter received in this city.]

When the 2d Wisconsin cavalry left Camp Washburn a year ago, our great fear was that our regiment would not be wanted, and that we should not be called into the service. Few, if any, supposed a year would elapse before we should conquer a peace, and we be allowed to return to our homes. But a full year has passed away, and there is apparently a far better chance for another, and a more active one than the first. But we are not affected by present prospects, as at the beginning. There are reasons for hoping well for the country, perhaps stronger now than ever. There is one strong ground of hope; the army itself will not submit to the stand-still policy any longer. There is a determination becoming more and more manifest, to either accomplish the work at once, or abandon it altogether. If there is not a result obtained within the next six months, there will be more resignations and desertions than the government ever dreamed of. Officers and men will quit from principle, and there will be no power to stay them. With the greatest army ever in the field—with abundant supplies and unlimited resources—with an enemy destitute of the most common necessities, the soldiery being neither paid, clothed nor fed—if with such advantages the government cannot accomplish its purpose in the time proposed, it must be because courage has fled the army, and patriotism abandoned the rulers, and God forsaken both. It is in the hope of better things to come that we content ourselves, and it is upon one or the other of the above mentioned conditions that we promise ourselves a speedy return home.

November 25.

A very large force is gathering here, and some movement is intended soon. We have a fleet of about thirty transports lying in the river beside the gunboats. The transports are sufficient to carry 20,000 men. Such news as we get from the east encourages us to be yet hopeful and patient.

November 27.

In my last I gave you some of my thoughts as to the prospects of the country, as derived from what I know of the feeling in the army. I am fully confident that the next six months will settle the question as to whether we have a government or not. All is bustle and confusion again; the expedition which failed because of low water, has started again with sufficient land tackle to enable them to march across the country, from a point some seventy miles below here, so that in about ten days you may expect to hear something important from the army of Eastern Arkansas. I do not anticipate any severe fighting. The people of Arkansas are a very discreet people, and will get out of the way of danger if possible. If successful, our forces will take the most important rebel stronghold in the state. I have no doubt of the success of the expedition. There is not a satisfactory reason why this state should not be "cleaned out" in thirty days. Commanding officers should be held responsible for longer delays. There can be no need of it.

November 29.

A boat has returned from which I learn that the expedition has altered its plans, and will be heard from the east side of the river. Good, I say, if it proves a success, as I hope it may. The most insidious of all...
service is to lie still. Let the army move and it will thrive; the men will then take courage. You would be surprised to see what alacrity the men start at the prospect of an engagement with the enemy. The most of the last series of battles, on the Mississippi side may be, and probably will be fought within two days. If Price is not completely destroyed, it will be because he is the best man at running there is in the rebel service.

Humanly speaking, everything is ready, and success is sure, if Price's army is not bagged we shall all be very much disappointed.

November 30.

Removes of all kinds come down the river of movements of the army in this valley, from which I gather as reliable that McClellan is about ready to start down the river with an immense force. This suppression is favored by the fact that the river is rapidly rising—a fact of the utmost importance. Unless some strange thing happens, the taking of Vicksburg will involve one of the greatest naval battles of the age. Remains from rebel sources seem to indicate that there will be a large land force, and it is sure that if the river rises they will be well provided with a navy. At Yazoo City, only some 80 miles from here, there are five large and most perfect gunboats, all of them constructed with rams of great power. Up the Red river are two more, all of which are nearly or quite ready for service. It is reported that there are two or three more lying under the guns of Vicksburg, but these are supposed to be the ones which were lying in Red river. What surprises me is, that with an array of 20,000 men lying at this short distance they should have been allowed to build them.

Anxiety as to the success of our arms rests heavily upon every heart. It is plain that officers and men school themselves to continued patience, hoping for a speedy and certain victory. We gather hope and courage from every possible source. The end, some end, cannot be far distant. The uncertainty which now attends every movement will soon become a part of history as a certain fact. The great pressure upon the army from the country at large we regard as ominous of good, and if a willing soldiery can insure success, we shall soon overcome all our enemies.

Yours,

C. G. P.

From the Second Cavalry.

HELENA, Nov. 12, 1862.

EDITORS GAZETTE:—Sitting in my tent this evening, the thought of you suggested the idea of writing to you something of our situation for the information of friends at home. We are now encamped in front of Gen. Hurlbut's residence, a very fine dwelling, occupied by Gen. Hovey, and making a more commodious soldier's quarters than usually falls to the lot of an army on the march. The health of the regiment is much better than it has been during the summer, when sickness made and increased upon our number. I lost ten men of my company by death and have discharged twice, which makes my company short twenty-two men. Several more are in hospital here, and others have gone up the river to Mound City. Helena is a sickly place, perhaps as much so as any on the river. Our regiment has done considerable scouting duty during the summer. Having been well myself, I have been with the scouts on almost every expedition. In fact I have been the only captain fit for duty most of the summer. The officers have generally gone on the sick list. In one expedition I crossed the river into Mississippi with 400 men, looking after cotton. I got about 500 bales and brought them away; but the capture was attended by a fight in which we lost two men killed, eight wounded, of whom two have since died, and left five as prisoners in the hands of the enemy. These prisoners were sent to Vicksburg, but have since returned.

The most of the last series of battles, on the Mississippi side may be, and probably will be fought within two days. If Price is not completely destroyed, it will be because he is the best man at running there is in the rebel service.

Lest our many friends in Old Grant suppose from our quietness that we have been used up, I write to you that you may let them know what we are about. We are still in old Hurlbut's, but low we shall remain is uncertain. The health of the troops here is very bad. The effective force of our regiment is reduced to a mere skeleton by sickness and other diseases common to all of District and is in the army of the South West, with the exception of some skirmishing with small parties of the enemy, and incidental picket shooting: an exception of our men bagged 14 of Anderson's guerrillas in a skirmish yesterday. This business of this army since the occupation of the place having no enemy to contend with, has been cotton stealing and speculation which at first commenced among the officers but is now practised by all; it is no longer confined to cotton but to other secession valuables. Stealing in the order of the day. The boys coming in after forage expeditions sometimes try to bring along shovels plows and ox yokes in their haversacks. It is most remarkable that it has come under my observation was playing off on Sergeant Miles of our company last week; it was nothing less than stealing a grave from him. He had superintended the digging of a grave for one of our deceased who died in hospital, and while he was conducting the burial he left with the remains of deceased to the place of burial the Kansa fifth jay hawks the grave placed a corpse in it and then went off begging on the fine joke which they had played off on the W. S. Second!

The army is impatient for something more active, and will hail with joy an order to move against the enemy. McClellan stock has risen here at last to a premium; high conditions and assurance are felt by all, excepting only those who are doing more against the union cause than rebel bayonets. The ghosts of Caesar, let the attacks of grumbling be made against the army, not against our military commanders and the administration. Let us all do what we can to right the errors and corruptions but not pitch in prosaically against all our officers, civil and military. Among the angels of heaven there were once rebels; among the apostles there was a Judas, and among the fathers of our country there seems small. We have a large number of not voters on account of their age. A. C. Bates received 7 votes; John R. Bennett 17, and Holodridge 17; the rest of the ticket 16. Wm. A. Lawrence, for senator, 22 votes; Jonathan Cory, for assembly, 5; Jacob Fowley 3, and Joseph Spaulding 2.
Letter From Capt. Crandall

Camp Washburn, Sept. 19, '62.

DEAR FATHER,—We never shall forget the day that we left your quiet town. The hundreds of attendance, the shaking of hands, the tears shed, and silent but importunate prayers offered, will be an impressive period in the history of all these in attendance.

Allow me to say, on our trip to camp no accident took place, no ill feelings being late, the day soon dawned, and engendered, but on the contrary, we a brighter one seldom sheds its glory had a pleasant and quite joyous journey this world.

As the cars sped along the iron track, the time was spiced by patriotic and secular harmonies by the boys, among which was "John Brown," "Red, White and Blue," with others of the same sort. At 8 p.m., we arrived in Milwaukee, and where met by our popular and efficient quartermaster, Geo. W. Wy, with light in hand (and pipe in mouth) enjoying the odors of that too much admired weed. In short order a baggage wagon was secured, and baggage loaded, when, guided by George, we commenced our tramp, tramp, tramp, until four miles had been measured off in good time.

Most of the way we had a fair sidewalk, some of which was fully hemmed in with large, luxuriant thistles that nodded their heads around the boys' pedestals, giving them a decided impetus. The last end of the march, however, was quite fellish, at least, every man was a land holder for a short time, and about the time we entered the camp, (or just before) our olfactory nerves detected a perfume not altogether pleasant, the cause of which was all explained when some one cried out "distillery!" those wine-dealing and weo-getting institutions that so often appear in our travels over this fair and beautiful land. But I am really glad to know that a large majority of the members of the regiment touch not nor taste the unclean thing. At about 11 p.m., we halted in front of our barracks, and after a slight preparation, marched in, taking undisputed possession of the same for the time at least. The barracks are very fine, with good rooms, and store for officers and men, who, even in a chilly day, would be very comfortable and home-like. In the rear is the mess-house, supplied with tables and some benches, and a huge brick fire-place looking real old-fashioned with the crane and pot-hooks, making one think of the days of our grandfathers, the good old days of Adam and Eve.

Before retiring, the boys had a lunch of good bread and fair sugar, after which all tumbled in. I must confess my sleep was rather spasmodic, but the hour of retirement no accident took place, no ill feelings being late, the day soon dawned, and engendered, but on the contrary, we a brighter one seldom sheds its glory had a pleasant and quite joyous journey this world.

The regimental officers are decided by popular and efficient Maj. Gray, this forenoon gave the officers a fine drill for one hour, in his usual off-hand and popular style.

This camp being on the Cold Spring Race Ground, the sporting boys are out in full sail with their fast nags, and every one on every trial expects to win. It is a poor practice, well followed.

H. B. CRANDALL

Army Letter from the North West.

We are asked to copy parts of the following letter from Edward Wiseman to Win. Humphrey of Patch Grove, dated Helena, Ark., Aug. 30th. He says:

We have been camped here, since the 13th July and have done but little good government, considering the loss sustained daily. We have had a few skirmishes in which a few of our men have fallen. Horse flesh suffers desperately in scouting through the bogs and swamps of Arkansas. In few weeks, "They take the oath, then are led to join the guerrillas again."

There is more planning to capture cotton, which brings a good price than there was a Benedict Arnold. But a few months since the council chambers of our country was infested with traitors plotting the overthrow of our government, of which fact the executive chief had the full knowledge, yet were dumb as an ox, if not one of their number. So it would be strange indeed if an army of such huge magnitude as ours contained not a traitor or rebel sympathiser! But heaven was not overthrown; Judas that betrayed the Redeemer of mankind failed to effect his designs; Arnold failed to strangle his government. Just Davis & Co., with their satellites revolving around them and with devish cunning, succeeded in betraying their country at first; but, like Judas, their very apparent success must prove their own ruin and the triumph of our cause. As the traitor Arnold whiled away a miserable existence, without friends at home or abroad, so will it be with the traitors—which is my prayer to Almighty God.

I will set a peg here and call my letter closed.

John Snowater.

From the Second Wisconsin Cavalry.

Extrait of a letter from a member of Capt. [illegible] Co. of Wisconsin Cavalry.

HELENA, Aug. 15, 1862.

DEAR FATHER:—I have just received your kind letter, and was truly glad to hear from home. You say I will want to enlist. You cannot do so. You are too old. You cannot stand the fatigue attendant on the duty of a soldier, either in the cavalry or infantry.

They talk of fortifying this place as soon as possible, and then we will move down the river. New troops are arriving daily. They have engaged 2000 contrabands to
From the Second Cavalry.—We are permitted to make the following extract from a letter from one of the Green Bay boys, enlisted in the 22d Wis. Cavalry, with Lieut. J. P. O'Wells:

CASVILLE, MO.,
July 24th, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER:—We have just returned from a nine days' scout into Arkansas and the Indian Territory. We were following the enemy—force of 2,110 men—but we did not catch them. We had a little fight with a Guerilla band, calling themselves "thieves, whackers," and we killed fifteen, wounded eleven, and took two hundred prisoners, and ten wagons loaded with provisions, their mule teams, &c., and one hundred horses. I tell you, it was fun to chase them through the woods and pop them over. They are getting so they know us (the Wisconsin boys) pretty well. We have been down there four times, and they had rather meet a regiment of a thousand than fifty of us. I hope you are all enjoying yourselves at Green Bay as we are in the defense of our country. At is well, and sends love to all.

Your affectionate son,

FRANK LUCAS.

From 22d Wisconsin Cavalry.

HEADQUARTERS CUSTER DIVISION, CAMP AT HOUK, MO., July 22d, '62.

Editors Patriot:—Time, with rapid wing and noiseless flight, has sped his onward way through many a sun day since "Washburn's Cavalry" bade adieu to friends and loved ones, to engage in the fierce contests for liberty and human rights. To-night when Erebus with his black wings broods over our camp I set myself to send you a few words from my humble pen—feeling that although perhaps my heart is overburdened, and if so, that a few words from one that mused in the son-blinding sunshines of dear old Wisconsin, but is now hanging the wilderness wilds of the "Arkansas Nation," may prove unacceptable, and also stamp the remembrance of a "Bewitched" heart, if possible, indelibly upon the minds of the readers of your valuable journal. Since giving the parting image of fans and roses as home, Spring has labored faithfully at the seal of nature, and with a pallet as variegated as the diversified tints of the rainbow, taken brush in hand to make its presence seen as well as felt. Its perfumed breath we sensibly feel—its pattering showers hear in their music upon our thin and snowy covering, and its flowery pictures see. The forests show its presence in every leaf that it has breathed its soft sap into; and when they are dressed in green and healthful robes. The beautiful, feathered warblers of a more favored and sunny clime, under the soft blandishments of gentle and genial persuasions—the lovely and perfumed breathings—the low and gentle winning voice of the earth, with the soft whisperings and gentle embraces—thoughtless of care, anxiety and sorrow, are with us to cheer and gladden our hearts. The broad and rolling prairie, too, presents visible proofs—peculiar demonstrations of the light and shade. The sun's gentle, soft caress, brightening the barren desert waste blossoms like the rose. Even "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like these." The sun's rays, off the trees and flowers, and the air, which ever way we turn. But the wings of time are, as they ever have been stamped with the many and diversified images. While it is springtime, each breeze from the East heartstrings of a harvest time—not so near as nature in her wise economy.

From Date's Cavalry.

Springfield, MO., Aug. 6, 1862.

Dear Advocate:—Perhaps your readers would be glad to hear a few words from South-west Missouri, at least those who have friends here engaged in the service of our country. Well, I will give you a brief history of the operations of our Company (Capt. Dale's.)

Our Battalion left Jefferson City, on the 23d of May, for Springfield, a distance of 170 miles, which we reached in ten days. After stopping at Springfield about ten or twelve days, we were ordered to Cassville, a small village 50 miles south of Springfield, and but 15 miles from the Arkansas line. At this post there were about a thousand troops, making a station numbered about two hundred; Company A was left at Springfield; they being detailed as the body-guard of General Brown. A few days after arriving at Cassville, we were sent, in company with a part of the 1st Missouri Cavalry, to Berry ville, a small town about 40 miles south-east of Cassville, and about 12 miles south of the Arkansas line. We were about four days in this part of an expedition through the country as any one need wish for. In going down some of the hills we were obliged to dismount, for if we remained on our horses we would tip over endways, the hills being on an angle of about 90 degrees from the horizontal. We got back without finding the enemy, and, after a few days, started in another direction in search of a band of rebels. This time we marched much farther but with the same success; they ran before we could get to them. The first 24 hours we made 70 miles, but the intelligence of our approach was not our fortune; and when we got to the spot they had "skedaddled."

During this time we were stationed at Cassville, which was about seven weeks, we scouted about 700 miles, with a force of from 400 to 600 men, and although we marched fast, night and day, yet we failed to find a foe that would encounter us. We did come near the rebel Col. Coffee, with 700 men, at one time (we having about 400 men) and perhaps we had half a mile, but our leader, Major Miller, was suddenly seized with an attack of sympathy for us and our horses, (it was something new) and ordered us into a field to feed and rest. We, or our officers, did not know at the time that we were near the enemy, and when we found that the advanced guard had went into the Major that they were at the enemy's heels, and that he had fooled us out of a fight, I can assure you we were hopping mad.

I am sorry to say that we are sadly disappointed in our Major. We thought him to be a man and a soldier—temperate, honest and brave—but we find that we were mistaken in every particular. He knew that Coffee was there before he gave the order to feed; had the other officers and the men known it; I am not sure that they would have obeyed the order. But as it was, we knew nothing about it until the advanced guard returned and told us what had transpired. We have brave men and a good many good officers, with large divisions of the army during this war, the head was made dizzy by being elevated above the shoulders, and the body became insensible. We have not always faced luxuriously on these scouts, for we cannot carry on for four or five days' rations in our haversacks, and much of that will get spoiled in marching fast. At one time we were absent nine days, our forces consisting of 600 men, and we had to get our living, the last half of the time, out of the inhabitants. The country is sparsely settled, and the houses are so desolate of everything that looks comfortable, that it seems hard to think all they have (as we have often heard) left to feed and leave women and children with nothing to eat. Some would rather go hungry. I have seen our Captain, after fasting for nearly 24 hours, eat an ear of raw dry corn for his breakfast. But we are in good spirits and are anxious to fight the enemy if we can find him.

We hope soon to be ordered to join the balance of our Regiment, who are with Gen. Washburn, on the Mississippi. We shall all be glad when that order comes.

D. A. L. W.
we found the town occupied by General Carr’s division. Gen. Curtis having moved his division over towards Springfield, we made our march from Jacksonport. Here we came up with the main division of Curtis’ army. Here, after a struggle, our foot soldiers had to hold a little rest and regroup, which was much needed by both men and horses; but we were allowed but one day’s rest, and then we started out on the 11th Wisconsin regiment. We were glad to see some of the Wisconsin boys once more. They looked happy and we were happy to see them, and the recent war. The project of the Wisconsin regiment was to go to White river.

When on the march between Augusta and Clarendon, the 11th Wisconsin was on the extreme left, with Co. G, I, and H acting as skirmishers. On the 7th of July, when near a village called Cotton Plant, they were attacked by a large force of infantry, supposed in all to number between 4,000 and 5,000. Co. D being in the advance, was at one time nearly surrounded, when they were ordered to fall back and wait for reinforcements. They then advanced upon the rebels, and succeeded in completely routing them. The rebels retreated afterwards, but were later on captured by our boys. Our loss was seven killed and 40 wounded. Among the killed were orderly Sergt. Bostow and Sergt. D. G., of the 11th Wisconsin. Two others belonging to Co. H, of the 11th Wis., were killed, but I have not learned their names. Col. Harris, of the 11th Wisconsin, and Col. Hovey, of the 33d Ill., were both slightly wounded. Major Sloan, of the 1st Indiana cavalry, was mortally wounded and lost his life.

Much credit is due to the Wisconsin boys, for when attacked by a force almost ten times their number, they stood the galling fire of the enemy for half an hour, returning the fire with telling effect, making many of the rebels fall back, and keeping them as long as was possible. It was a fight almost unequal in the annals of the present war, and it seems almost impossible how such a small force of ours could have prevented such a large number. Our officers and men all found fault with the enemy. In all battles and actions they have been greatly to our assistance. A short distance east of Augusta we marched into the town of Clarendon, where it was pronounced a general thing, in good health. From August 25 we marched to Jacksonport, where it was reported that the regiment was in the immediate possession of the gunboats that were on White river.

On the 25th of May we marched towards Springfield, where we arrived after a journey of twelve days. The country between Jefferson City and Springfield is mostly rough and hilly, broken by the current of streams and rivers. We have heard and read of the ignorance of the South ern people, but I have never been so fully convinced of its truth. We found the people ignorant, and had great difficulty in communicating with them. Even on the great topic of the day, the war, they are very ignorant. They are very primitive, and they are very poor.

The news they get from the great armies, and the progress of events, they get from the newspapers. The newspapers they get from the great armies, and the progress of events, they get from the newspapers. The newspapers are very good, and they are very well read. The newspapers are very good, and they are very well read. The newspapers are very good, and they are very well read.

When I last wrote to you our regiment was stationed at Jefferson City, Missouri. We left that place on the 28th of May and marched towards Springfield, where we arrived after a journey of twelve days. The country between Jefferson City and Springfield is mostly rough and hilly, broken by the current of streams and rivers. We have heard and read of the ignorance of the South ern people, but I have never been so fully convinced of its truth. We found the people ignorant, and had great difficulty in communicating with them. Even on the great topic of the day, the war, they are very ignorant. They are very primitive, and they are very poor.

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The village or city of Springfield, is pleasantly situated upon a valley prairie. The rebellion has left its mark upon this place. It is a very beautiful and healthy place. The people are mostly resident, and they are getting along very well.

The village is located in the middle of several villages in the West. It then contained a population of 5,000. Now it is almost entirely deserted, and all of the inhabitants have left.

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to make a stand. They were all mounted, and had quite a number of the famous "Texas Rangers." Our forces in advance of the main army, some six miles, consisted of four companies of the 11th Wisconsin, commanded by Col. Harris, one of the 3d Illinois with three small howitzers, and some 300 of the 1st Indiana cavalry, under Maj. Cienceden. The rebels were first observed in a cornfield on the road, drawn up in line of battle. Col. Harris immediately ordered his men to advance upon them. The rebels outnumbered our forces at least five to one, charged furiously upon our men, but were met with such a storm of lead and grape as threw them into confusion, tumbling horses and riders indiscriminately over each other. They retreated from the field into an open woods adjoining. Our men bravely following up the advantage they had obtained, while the little howitzers threw grape at a furious rate. Here the rebels rallied their forces, and I learn from several who were in the engagement, fought with desperate courage, some even riding upon the very bayonets of our soldiers, but they could not stand the fire of our muskets; they again fell back and were now completely routed in full retreat. They scattered in the woods, each man for himself, leaving their dead and many of their wounded to be buried and cared for by our army. But the most remarkable thing about this battle is the great loss of the rebels, compared with ours. I was on the ground the next day and found of both sides lying at the house of Major Hill, of the rebel army, whose body was found with other dead rebels, in his own corn field during the morning, and saw the graves of our men who fell the evening before, each buried in a separate grave. Our entire loss was six killed and fourteen wounded; of the wounded, it was thought all would recover except one, a captain of the 3d Illinois, who was shot through the head; while the loss of the rebels was one hundred and thirty-six dead on the field, and seventeen wounded, two of whom I saw had been shot through the head and could not possibly recover. They carried off quite a number of their wounded, five of whom were found in a house the day after the battle, some five miles off, and it is supposed that many more were lying in the woods around.

Saw one ditch, or rather hole, in which lay the bodies of one hundred and thirty-two poor, miserable, deluded men. I was taken to the place by a sergeant, who had assisted in burying them a few hours before. He gave me many interesting items concerning the whole affair. Col. Harris was wounded in the breast—the ball striking the body obliquely, struck a rib on his left side, and glanced off, doing but little injury.

This affair shows how short sighted those rebels are. If they did not know the extent of our forces, they might easily have known. They were foolish enough to think they could check the march of the army, or at least inflict upon us a severe blow with some three or four thousand cavalry, a correct drawing of at least one-half of whom would have made fit caricatures for the "Budget of Fun." They promised the citizens along the road that they would cut us to pieces and drive us back. They could not have done it with two hundred thousand such troops. They had no artillery. The Texas troops were armed with pistols and sabres, the others with shot guns and old rifles.

Gen. Hindman is somewhere in the interior with a force estimated at from fifteen to twenty thousand, but he keeps a respectable and safe distance from our army. He was last heard from in the vicinity of Little Rock, but I imagine he will have to find another location soon.

There is considerable Union sentiment in the northern part of this state, which, if even lot alone by the secesh, would soon grow up into a respectable Union party. Union delegates were elected from several counties, but in the convention they were bought over, threatened and scared, and consequently voted secession. The 1st Arkansas regiment is with us here. They now number 550, and I think they will soon succeed in filing it up to a full regiment.

The northern part of the state through which we passed is very hilly, and even mountainous, with very poor soil. After we got down to Jacksonport, at the junction of the Black and White rivers, we came into a rich and flat country, interspersed with cypress swamps, and covered with an immense growth of timber. Here we began to come into a cotton-growing region, with large plantations and many negroes. But I notice negro property is very fluctuating here this season. We came by plantations on which were eighteen or one hundred negroes, all turned loose—"massa don't know where," and when we began to inquire for the darkeys, about three fourths of them had also gone. Cotton has been the great staple of the White river valley previous to this year; but it appears that by legislative enactment and common consent among the planters last spring, they planted cotton generally instead of cotton, thinking to feed themselves and starve us. But if our army remains here until November, they will have neither corn nor cotton in many parts. They have burned several large fields of cotton already raised within the last few days, when they heard the army was advancing. They now threaten to burn their corn as soon as it gets dry.

They appear determined to accomplish their own destruction: but this is the work principally of those maddened secesh who cannot control everything down here when out of reach of our army. Greater madness never lived. They and their stick-tight thousands of their own helpless people to accomplish that which is perfectly hopeless. We find but few people living on the road. In some neighborhoods, scarcely a man, woman or child could be found. There was not a single inhabitant in the town of Forsyth, containing thirty dwelling houses. We also found Jacksonport, formerly a place of over one thousand inhabitants, and from appearances quite a busy town, containing large and well finished buildings, deep and commodious store-rooms, all quiet, and not half a dozen families in the place.

I have come to the conclusion that to put down the rebellion in the south-west, we must fight the rebels on their own terms—take no prisoners, but shoot down every man we find in arms against us. Thousands who have sworn to support the constitution and the laws, within three months, are now lying in the woods waiting their opportunity to shoot Union men. Many of the citizens are forced into this rebellion by conscript laws, aided by a clique of robbers and highwaymen who have been a terror to the country for years. Nothing short of a musket ball or a hemp rope will stop their career. Get their leaders out of the way, and the laws will soon be obeyed. The innocent suffer with the guilty, and it cannot be avoided. It is so here in Arkansas. Women and children are houseless and homeless, with little to eat or wear.

The people of Rock county, living in their quiet homes, know but little of the desolating effects of this war in the southern states. None can realize the sufferings and privations until they pass through the country, and the end is not yet. May we not all earnestly hope for a speedy adjustment of difficulties and the return of peace? Here we are, one hundred miles below Memphis, with quite an army, and what the next movement will be, will depend upon the movement of troops elsewhere. Little Rock must soon be reduced, and the river must be kept open, and important points now in our possession held. But the weather is so warm now, and will continue so for some weeks, that I do not anticipate much activity in the army on the lower Mississippi. Our men are generally healthy, but the sickness season has hardly arrived yet.

I am anxious to get news from the north. A boat came down to day with late papers, one of which I must hasten to obtain.

This place has been made a military post, and Gen. Washburn appointed military commander. But few of the citizens have left, and those who remain appear to know how to behave themselves, so far.

Both side boats are bringing down large supplies of army stores and men from St. Louis and other points above. There is some old corn around us, which our teams are gathering up daily. We have managed to obtain a fair supply of forage generally, but in some localities we were sometimes puzzled to get regular feed for all our mules and horses.

We had a rain here last night, which has cooled the air very much. The citizens tell us the hot weather has not come yet. If it has not, I hope it will fail to connect this season.

There are many pleasant residences in and around Helena. Gen. Curtis occupies as army headquarters the former residence...
of the rebel Gen. Hindman—a very ele­
gant mansion, pleasantly situated. The
beauty and luxuriance of shrubbery here
exceeds anything I have ever seen. Yes­
terday I passed a garden in which grew
quite a number of fig trees, full of fruit.
Upon inquiry I was told they flourished,
which their growth and appearance indicat­
ed. The nectarines are very handsome,
with some of them twenty feet or more in
height, and the entire top forming one vast
variegated cone of flowers, with all shades
from a very delicate to a deep pink. This
variety is called the "Grape Myrtle," and
I am told continues in bloom the entire
summer. Grapes grow here in great lux­
uriance and variety. In fact, it is a
culture and growth of choice and rare fruits.
Remove from eastern Arkansas the blight of
slavery, and bring in the enterprise, in­
dustry and skill of the Yankee states, and
we have one of the most attractive loca­
ties in our entire country.

First Arkansas Cavalry.—By a letter from
Dr. Pease, of this city, Surgeon of 2d
Wisconsin Cavalry, we learn that several
members of that regiment have been ap­
pointed to command a regiment of cavalry
raised in Arkansas. He says:—Mr. F.
Strong formerly of Janesville, is a lieu­
tenant, and by appointment, Adjutant of the
2d Battalion of the 1st Arkansas Cavalry.
He has been a faithful and industrious
Hospital Steward, and will make a good
officer, and a capital Adjutant. Col. Har­
rison and Lt. Col. Bishop is from La Crosse
and was formerly Captain in the 2d Wis­
consin Cavalry under Gen. C. C. Washburn.
Both of these officers are good, temperate
men. This regiment will be one of the
finest in the service. They remain for a
few weeks at Springfield and then go to
Fayetteville, Ark., as their field of opera­
tions is in that state.

Wisconsin Cavalry at Helena.

A letter has been received in town from
a member of the 2d Wisconsin cavalry,
stating that a battle of that regiment
with other troops, under Gen. Washburn,
had arrived at Helena in advance of Gen.
Curtis, and without forming a junction with
him, previous to their arrival. The Capt.
Sloan who was killed, belonged to the Wis­
consin cavalry, and not to the Wisconsin
11th regiment of infantry as reported. He
was the only person injured among the
cavalry.

Second Wisconsin Cavalry.

A letter from one of our Racine County
boys, in Washburn's Cavalry, gives us a lit­
tle insight into the way they do things down
in secession. They, at any rate, are not
prohibited from taking the property of rebels
by the way they pitch into things.

The letter is dated at Cassville, Mo., July
3d, and says:—We are camped on a beauti­
ful spot recently occupied by the 31st Ill.,
Our camp ground is on one of the many little sugar
loaf hills in this county, 100 feet high, and
so steep as only to be accessible on one side.
This has a wide ditch cut across it and a
ravine planted so as to hold it.

"The only rebel force in these parts is a
body of guerrillas half white and half
Indian secession. They are plunder, and
are under Gen. Coffee and Sauvagey, and
number not over a thousand men.

"As to living, we feed well. After look­
ing to the horses in the morning the boys
go out and milk some of our cows, and when
we want a little fresh meat we kill some of
our sheep, chickens, or turkeys, and as we
can get plenty of apples and melons, pan­
cakes are seen sometimes in the mess. Better
than anything we could have for a bit a pound,
new potatoes are plenty and don't cost Uncle Sam a cent.
Apples, peaches and cherries, with berries
of all kinds, are abundant, and will soon be
tire. You know the rebels have mostly run
away, so we just take care of the truck to
make it from spoiling.

"The boys left at Springfield on the sick
night with about twenty men, the rest of us
headed for our own business. Horses for
the night previous to the battle of Van­
natoo, and we received reinforcements
of 200 of the 1st Missouri Cavalry, under Ma­
jor Hubbard, also one twelve pounder. We
heard at Bentonville that they were pressing
men into the service under the conscription act,
at Fayetteville. When within about four miles
of the latter place we arrived at a small cap­
tain with two Lieutenants, who were put in
charge of a guard when we commenced our
charge. Major Miller leading. The day was
unusually warm, and never did a tornado raise
more dust than we did. For four miles we
rode on a full gallop. We were truly a fright­
ful looking set, nothing of our faces could be
seen by the white of our eyes and our teeth.
At Fayetteville we killed three, wounded three,
and took 153 prisoners, among whom was a se­
cess Colonel, one Lieutenant Col., one Capt.,
four Lieutenants, some non-commissioned offi­
cers and privates. We also captured some fire­
arms, lead, shot, powder, sugar and tobacco.
Among the rest, we captured Judge
Wacker, the most prominent man of Arkansas,
and the President of the State Convention
when it seceded. He did not come back with
us but gave bonds in the sum of $10,000 to ap­
pear at this place in one week. We stayed at
Fayetteville until 5 p. m., the next day, when
the report came that Col. Coffee with
500 men was within twelve miles of the place.
We left and marched about four miles
and stopped for the night. We laid on our arms
with our horses all saddled, to be ready at a
moment's warning. At five in the morning
we were again on our march, and when about fif­
ten miles, the advance guard came back with
word that a regiment of cavalry was advancing
on a cross road toward us, apparently with
the intention of cutting us off. We immedi­
ately formed for battle. Our twelve pounder
commenced belching away, throwing grape
and canister through the brush; when word came
that they were the 3d Missouri Infantry, encoun­
tered under Col. King. We were told in line of
march and arrived at Pea Ridge, where we
stopped for the night about one mile from where
the battle was fought. Next morning we were
again on our journey for Cassville, and passed
over the battle ground of Pea Ridge, the ef­
efforts of which could be seen on every side of us.
Bones of animals, four horses, and occasional­
gave us a picture of the battle. The grav­
es of the dead were rooted up by the hogs, and
at the
few scattering bones and clothes that were
shattered in various directions.
We arrived at this place Thursday afternoon after an absence of five days and six nights. Our parley was friendly, but the prisoners were
they were delivered up to the authorities of
this place. They speak in the highest terms of
the treatment they received from the Wis-
sconsin boys.

The boys are all in good health. We ten
some of the hospitals, including St. Ham-
nay and Charles Mead of St. Croix Falls; Wm.
Holman and Lewis Johns of St. Croix County.
This weather is very warm, and the country
is greatly in need of rain. But why do I keep
this in mind? I have not seen a
whisper of the weather for, since I arrived,

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the 2d Wisconsin Cavalry.

HEADQUARTERS 1st Bat. 2d Wis. CAVALRY:

June 27,

Editors State Journal:

Dear Sirs:—Major Miller has requested
me to write the State Journall an ac-
count of our last excu-

... as his
wishes are law with us. I shall endeavor to
give as good a description as I can.

On Saturday of last week, Col. White's
orderly rode up to Major Miller's tent, and
handed him a package, and the orderly left
at once and rode to put six days' ration in
our haversacks, and be ready to march at
a moment's notice. Immediately all was
bustle, and in a short time every one was
ready.

At seven o'clock, "boots and saddles"
was sounded, and at eight P.M., we were
in line, ready to go wherever Major M.
would lead.

As a part of the Battalion was on de-
tached service, our force was small, but a
small detachment from the 3d Missouri
made us two hundred good men, and we
felt that we were equal to double our
number of "Butternuts."

We, of course, knew nothing of our des-
tination, as our commander, like a true
military man, has his lips sealed on such
occasions, but we knew it was to be a
forced march, and that there would
probably be some fat.

Well, on we went, our guides in the
darkness missing the road several times,
coming some delay, until about two
o'clock in the morning, as we were, some
of us half asleep, our saddles, bang, went
a muscle in the advance, immediately
followed by the crack of two or three rev-
olutions from a rifle at the same moment,
and we were prepared for a fight, but it
proved to be a false alarm, and all went
on quietly again.

At daybreak, we increased our speed to
a smart trot, forced the White river at
about nine, and at seven o'clock dashed
into the town of Finzel, having made a
massacre in the populated quarter of the
place.

The inhabitants were taken so completely
by surprise, that we met with no resis-
tance. A man named Landrum had a
guard house full of prisoners, two of
whom proved to be Lieutenants in the
rebek army. A court of inquiry was or-

we had three colonels, two captains, five
lieutenants, and two orderly sergeants.

We also took a large number of horses
and a quantity of quartermaster's stores.

After marching about fifty miles, we encamped for the night in a large
field, near a small stream of excel-

The artillery was placed in the corner of
the picture, facing the woods on the left,
as it was said the enemy was apparently
making for that point, supported by two
companies of the 1st Missouri, the other
two companies being still on their left.

The Arkansas was placed as a guard
over the prisoners. Company K of our
battalion, was placed to the right, next to
the wheat field. Eighteen of our men
were sent up on the road next to the

to the west, and there was no fighting
there, as there was nothing further of in-
terest occurred until about noon. When
we had arrived within about five miles of
Fayetteville, we suddenly met with two
men, whom we took possession of. One
proved to be a captain and the other an
ordnary sergeant. We marched on, and
arrived at Fayetteville, where the artillery
and prisoners were placed in the rear in charge of squad-
rons of our battalion, and the order
was given for them to take forward at a gallop. On
we went until we arrived within about a mile of
town, when the order was given to charge, and
divide the prisoners. As we charged
from town to town, the noise and disorder
were unison of any kind except "butternut,
and that everybody hears."

The town was full of people, and we

took 140 prisoners. The surprise was so
complete that we met with no loss at all,
although we were fired on several times,
which was returned with interest. Of the
rebels two were killed and one wounded.

Our court was soon at work again, and
the oath administered to about fifty
among Wisconsion Judge Walker, President of the State Convention
which passed the secession ordinance. As
Walker was a man of some importance in
the State, it was thought best to bind him
a little peculiarly, so he had to give bonds
for the amount of the amount of the large sum
of ten thousand dollars.

We found Fayetteville was a very large
place, with a population of the most in-
eligent people we have met with in the
part of the State we have been in. It is
a good many people, and they lost nothing. Also the evacuation
of Oorinth was merely a change of posi-
tion, they lost nothing. As for affairs at
home, they have been rather quiet for
the past forty miles, and the Confederate
will probably have Washington within a
week, and the war will probably end in as
good a condition for fighting as now."
Next week, what do you think of that?
The 2d and 3d parts of our regiment are with Gen. Curtis, at Little Rock. The 5th Wisconsin Cavalry are at Neosho, thirty-five miles from here. Between here and Gen. Curtis' command are said to be a rebel force of three or four thousand men, under Cobb and South- wick, and if the next news you get from us should be that we have bagged them, don't be surprised. And now as I have spun your Novum yarn, will close by sub-

mising myself,

C. B.

From the Second Cavalry,

Headquarters 1st Bat. 2d Wis. Cavalry Camp at Cassville, Mo., June 29, 1862.

Entrep Gazette—Remembering how eagerly I used to read any communication from our Janesville boys in the army, as it appeared in your columns, I think there may yet be others, at home, equally anxious to hear, from any source, news from Wisconsin troops.

Since our leaving Jefferson City, our regiment has been divided into battalions, each under command of its major, colonel, or lieu. colonel. The 1st, under Major Miller, I have been and am still connected, by having houses, but even this is filled by a little of their whereabouts or doings. The 1st left Jefferson City May 24d, for Springfield, and reached that place, a distance of 175 miles, in seven days' marching time. Springfield, otherwise almost unknown, will, on account of the engagements in and about it, be renowned in history. It is little else now than a military depot, to and from which troops are almost constantly coming and going. All along the route from Jefferson City, everything shows the effects of the war; not one in ten of the wretched little farm houses is occupied; the doors are down, and windows broken in, and in many places nothing but the chimneys are left standing. In this country, these are all built on the outside of the houses, so that if the building is burned, they remain. We passed many large, fine orchards of apple, peach and other fruit trees, but nearly all deserted. When we did pass an inhabited house, we rarely saw any men—nothing but women and any quantity of children. After remaining in camp at Springfield one week, we were ordered to march to this place, about seventy miles, which we made in two and a half days.

I can give you no better idea of the "big city" in which we are now encamped, than by saying that Milton, Wis., with half the houses in ruins, and everything looking old and dirty, would still be a pleasant place compared with it. Besides our battalion, there are a portion of the 1st Missouri cavalry, the 37th Illinois infantry and several pieces of artillery in camp here. The 37th Illinois, you will remember, did good service at Peer Ridge, and is a fine regiment; I have seen its drill, which is prompt and as well executed as most any regiment I have seen.

Since we have been here we have been off on a scout of three days, arresting 20 prisoners and going into Arkansas as far as Berryville. Here two pickets of the 1st Missouri were shot the day we reached there; one died and the other we were obliged to leave to the kind hearted re-
ce(1) hoping that they would have enough of humanity to let a wounded man live if he could. From my observation and experience thus far, I have come to the conclusion that one Wisconsin man's life is worth more than this whole country of Arkansas and Missouri in itself considered. I have seen nothing of gentlemen or women since leaving St. Louis. The people generally are poor, ignorant and simple. The country is mostly mountainous and rocky, covered with woods; where there is a decent spot of earth there seems to be but few to cultivate it. Of course I refer to the portion of Missouri and Arkansas we are now in and have just passed over, for much of Missouri seems fitted by nature for most delightful houses, but even this is filled by an ignorant " butterbean chaff." Set. I say let them take care of their own state, and set us Wisconsin boys & something better than hunting up jayhawkers at the bidding of state militia officers.

How long we shall remain here or where we shall go next I cannot tell. If this letter prove not unwelcome I may keep you posted. We are all hoping to be placed under Washburn's command and sent to some active service. Truly yours,

F.

Resolutions of the Death of Geo. B. Blakeley, by the Members of Wisconsin Lodge No. 193 I. O. of G.

Patch Grove, Wis.

Patch Grove, June 20th 1862.

Ed. Herald:—Dear Sir:—At a meeting of the Good Templars in this place, June 14th, the undersigned committee was appointed to draft a set of resolutions expressive of the feeling of the Lodge at the death of our esteemed Brother, Geo. B. Blakeley, Orderly Sergeant of Co. C, 2d Reg. Wis. Cavalry, who departed this life May 31st, in the Hospital at Jefferson city, Mo.; after an illness of three days, due to inflammation of the bowels. In accordance with which the following resolutions were prepared and adopted. Please find room for them in the Herald:

Whereas,—A merciful and All Wise God has seen fit in His inscrutable wisdom to remove from us, while engaged in the service of his country, our dear friend and brother Geo. B. Blakeley; and

Whereas,—In his decess we feel that we have been bereaved of one, who by the uprightness of his life, the integrity of his conduct, and the kindness of his heart, endeared himself to all with whom he was associated; therefore

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with his bereaved family; and hereby tender our heartfelt sympathy and condolences to them for further consolidation, to him whose ways are above our ways, and who doth all things well; who has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and the widow's God; and whose promises are not in vain to those who believe.

Resolved, That as an organization of Good Templars we will by our prayers, and pecuniary assistance, strive to alleviate their bereavement; and partially fill the void which his sudden death has caused in his family.

Resolved, That a copy of the above preamble and resolutions, be furnished his family; and sent for publication to the Grant County Herald.

J. B. Coy,

J. L. Coy,

J. B. Coy,

T. J. A. Brown.

A JOURNAL

Of the March of Gen. Washburn's Com-
mand from the Ozark Mountains, Mo.,
to join Curtis' Army at Augusta, Ar-
kanas; hence with the Main Body to
Helena.

The following Journal, written by Capt.
M. W. Wood, to his wife, will be of in-
terest to many of our readers. The
Captain is a brother of Dr. J. D. Wood,
of this village:

Ozark, Sunday, June 15th, 1862.

Arrived here from Springfield last night, on the train through; took supper with Adjutant Brisbane.

Monday, June 16th.—To-day traveled thirty-two miles over bad roads to Forsyth, county seat of Taney Co., Mo., found the city deserted, except two girls, daughters of a Mr. Berry, county clerk, who had run south into the army. Found the court house shot through with a cannon in three places, hotels deserted, stores closed and broken open, buildings dilapi-
dated; ruin and desolation abounded. Citizens all ran at the approach of our army.

Tuesday, June 17th.—Left early on two days' rations to try and capture Old Crab-tree, a rebel captain, in the body of the army, and found when we arrived that " the bird had flown" that morning with his company. Traveled twenty-five miles off the road to take him. Slept on the ground in the rain all night. Was waked out of a sound sleep last night by a prisoner escap-
ing, and my servant Sam taking after him, the guard being asleep, and Sam bowing at the top of his voice as he chased him. The boys were so fatigued they could not keep awake while on guard.

Wednesday, June 18th.—Left Old Crab-
tree's after a thorough drenching, and re-
tracted our steps to within 6 miles of For-
syth, where we are now camped, in an or-
chard, by a mill called Adams' Mill. Pitched our tents, tents, &c.; after a sumptuous repast of hard crackers and coffee and stewed green apples with skins on, we had a good night's sleep.

Thursday, June 19th.—Arose at five o'clock. Took up our line of march, Co. C in the advance, being accompanied by four companies of 10th Illinois cavalry. Marched 12 miles, and camped in a meadow at 5 p.m., waiting for our trains to come up with the rations. The Colonel sent me ahead to arrest one Joe Barker, a
noted secessh, with twelve men. Sergeant Blanche, from Co. C, who was left at Forsyth as a year guard, with twelve men, brought in two escort prisoners, and all their arms, they having surrendered to our boys. Our Colonel ordered twenty-five men to take them back to Springfield, for trial.

June 20th.—Left camp at 5 a.m., after a hearty breakfast of hard crackers and a tin cupful of coffee, black at that, with onion and bacon. Travelled 15 miles farther towards Dixie, and encamped at 8 o'clock.

June 25th.—Chauncey has just returned from Springfield with Jim Richardson and mail. The mail was reported wrong. Chauncey could not return. He was arrested by order of General Brown for allowing the boys to rob the mail. About 12 a.m. at our pickets fired, and we were aroused and all mounted, ready to receive the enemy, in fifteen minutes. It proved to be a false alarm; they were firing at spies. We are ordered to march at 5 a.m. We are encamped in an old Tieveshaw’s meadow, the whole of the secessh Union forces were robbed last week. We are 75 miles from Batesville. The women in this country seem to think that “beauty is admired in the more,” for they are half naked—hoops are unknown in this country.

June 26th.—Marched at 5 a.m.; Co. C formed the rear guard. Had quite an animated conversation with Mrs. Sapp, a secessh woman. The boys “jugheaded” some horses and were some suffered. The bees made a attack, but were easily repulsed. Secessh honey made several of the boys sick. Mrs. Sapp said their “honey bee” was a grand job to eat honey in a day or two. Has raised very little to-day. Our train moves tediously slow. The boys are getting large, fine, new potatoes and beef, though there are all bushel tied up in his stable flock. Melvin Grigsby has just invited me to supper to eat secessh. They passed one day in two months. Sergeant Scott captured two secessh prisoners—one Coleman and Hipperson.

June 26th.—Laid over all day at Martin’s to rest and mend up wagons and shoe horses. Arkansas flint rock cuts out horses shoes fast.

June 29th.—Marched from Baker’s to Martin’s. Was looking anxiously for Capt. Wood, being afraid the secessh would get him. Martin’s is the county seat of Sauble county. Sergeant cutting and two men fell in with a party of secessh, and had to run to save their bacon.

June 30th.—Marched to Camp Von Hyde, 17 miles. Was looking anxiously for Capt. Wood, being afraid the secessh would get him. Von Hyde is the county seat of Sauble county.

June 26th.—Marched from Martin’s to Camp Vonylde, 17 miles. Sighted a small village just beyond Martin’s, and we halted there for the first time. Sighted a small village and we halted there for the first time. Sergeant Scott captured two secessh prisoners—one Coleman and Hipperson.

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July 2nd.—Camp Parker.—We were all aroused from a sound sleep last night, by six rebel firing our Signal-pieces, and one of them run into camp, and fired at the advance guard of a large force. The secessh fired at the front of the different companies forming out around our camp created quite a scene of excitement, yet we had been hovering around us all day. We were 15 hours going 12 miles. When all the horses gave out—horses had wanted just to eat all day. Capt. Loxton’s team gave out and his company had to lay by it to guard it. His pickets were ordered up. There was left Batesville and is at Jacksonport, 25 miles below on White river, where the Black river comes into the White.

July 3.—Camping Defore.—This morning Bill Hicks called John Wiener a damned scoundrel; John jumped on him and kicked him blind. The Colonel reprimanded him, and imposed a penalty on him. Walking to Jacksonport. The rebels are all around us but have not attacked us. The horses all used. General don’t seem to understand what horses can endure. If the men were allowed to follow quartermasters, A Union man came into camp this morning.

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were 80 negroes; the masters had fled into the southern army. Such fine fields of corn I never saw before—12 feet high and all tossed out.

July 6.—Lost over all day at Augusta to rest. The boys burned a fine store in the morning before leaving.

July 7.—We advance our army and had a fight to-day. Gen. Schoonmaker, Col. Tappan, and one major killed; 300 or 400 rebels bit the dust. Co. C was behind; escorting train, as usual.

July 8.—They have had nothing to eat for 24 hours. The General told me to stay behind and have them detain the company wagon and cook some breakfast, which they did, now, and while I write thousands are going past to engage in the deadly conflict of to-day. The time seems long to remain here in a cane break where the boys cook and let the result. But hundreds of our boys are out of Augusta, in Jackson county.

July 9.—No fight to-day of any moment.

July 10.—Arrived at this town of Clarendon after riding all night and until noon to-day. There are 30,000 fowls here encamped; artillery in abundance.—The rebel surgeons have come up to Daval’s Bluff, 15 miles up the river, where we expect to attack them in a day or two if they don’t run again. They are said to have 60,000 men.

July 11.—The programme is changed, Curtis’s army, 30,000 strong, has only four days’ rations. The gunboats and transports were ordered to leave here one day before we arrived. The reason is not known. Hunger is a more formidable ad versary than rebel traitors. Hence we are ordered to leave at 4 a.m. to connect ourselves with supplies at Helena, on the Mississippi, 70 miles distant.

July 12.—After traveling all day and all last night we arrived at this traitor town, Ark., at 6 a.m. this morning. One company of rebels got across in the ferry boat. We sent a few shells after them. It looks good to be on our own ground. The boys captured several miles and burned a secession stable because he shot at one of our boys. Gen. Washburn is here; expects to press the enemy. The boys found some roasting ears of corn to-day; took 80 guns and several prisoners yesterday. Car shot at one who escaped.

July 13.—Riley, with half our company, has not come in. The boys expected we were going out to attack the rebels; 50 men were called for, and they and horses, many of them, were astonished at their bravery. I selected 45 that I could depend upon.

Gen. Pillow, Gen. Hindman and Col. Tappan reside here, or used to. They have fine houses. Col. T. fled across the field at our approach. One of Pillow’s negroes told us of where he was in Gen. P’s front yard. We sent out a squad of men, and by hard digging found eight barrels of nice pickled pork. Our company got one full barrel at their share.

The boys have been very successful in foraging. This place formerly had 2000 inhabitants, but two-thirds of them are in the confederate army.

July 14.—The balance of our company have just come in. Riley and ten men have gone out foraging.

July 15.—No orders for discharges for Henry Miles, and W. P. Ward, to-day.—Three or four stores were burned to-day. The way the boys disposed of the goods was, to say the least, not very commendable. The transports came down the river loaded with supplies for 60 days.—I think the horses will be glad to see some of the oats brought. Lt. Ring starts for New York. Negroes are wandering about the camp as thick as blackberries. Sho- walter, with 14 men, has gone out to see some rebels. Riley is out foraging with ten men.

July 16.—Some negroes told me where eight barrels of molasses were burned and killed one of the negroes. The boys brought it in; green corn and pork plenty, no doubt be here today. Thus we have marched 300 miles from Jefferson City to this place, all moving on different routes.

No misfortune of a serious character has occurred in either of the battles on the way.

I was much disappointed in finding so much poor, barren and rough land as we have passed through, and so wild a country.

In going south from Jefferson City, on the road to Lebanon, the first 40 miles is almost a wilderness, very rough and rocky. The land is also very poor, which, with the poor, ignorant, ragged, starved negroes that prowl around, makes it one of the most God-forsaken regions my eyes ever beheld. Here, in these barrows we took a miserable old secch. We had encamped near his house the first night. After starting the next morning, a negro boy, some 14 years of age, met the advance guard and informed them his master had powder secreted. A detachment of men was immediately sent back, and invited the old scamp to accompany the battalion, which he could not very well refuse under such a pressing invitation.

He had been judge of the county court of Miller county, and was known as “Judge Fowler,” yet a genuine old “buttering gentryman,” “one of the old time.” When first arrested, he of course knew nothing of any powder; he had “taken the oath” and “was sound enough on the Union. But after camp the following night, and realizing, sure enough, the Yankees had him “for keeps,” he thought he had better dis close the matter to the Colonel, which he did, so far as his own hiding was concerned.

The next morning he was taken back by a guard, to whom he showed the cause of all his troubles. Some of the powder had been secreted in a hollow log and spoiled; another

From the Second Regiment of Cavalry

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., June 19, 1862

I think I promised to give you some idea of the country, and matters connected with all the old meeting house, and this lot was in good

condition. The boys loaded up what he
said was the “whole pile,” and brought him along and overtook the train the same night.
We brought him to Lebanon, from which place he will be taken to St. Louis. This
powder was part of a lot that Gov. Jackson
had sent out to Tusculum, about 40
miles from Jefferson, for safe keeping; but
the rebels in whose charge it was left began
to fear it was not safe and “divided up,”
and this lot we got was only a portion of the
amount first secreted. It is a matter of
conjecture what became of the balance.
The negro boy is with the regiment, and
will perhaps be of but little account to his
master hereafter.
We arrested two other men the day be-
fore we came here, charged with cutting the
telegraph wire, which charge, if sustained,
was all that remained in the neighborhood.
Prisoners are being brought in here ev-
every day, and such poor, miserable looking
creatures you have seldom seen. There
are quite a number in the woods, armed
with shot guns and such other trash as
they have been able to pick up. Five rebels
were seen in the road not more than five
miles in advance of our battalion, whereas
we were in the neighborhood of Lebanon.
They were mounted and had two old shot
guns, an old rifle, and two rusty sabres.
We were not able to find them as they could
very easily secret themselves in the bushes.
There are some 1,500 rebels and Indians
reported on the western boundary of the
state, but when we reach Cassville to which
place we have been ordered they will prob-
ably fall back. Two companies of the first
battalion, under Major Miller, left here this
morning for Cassville. He left our squad-
rons at Bolivar, as he came through, who
are picking up rebels every day, and our
squadrions has been ordered to remain here
as Gen. Brown’s body guard. There are
not many troops here now, there being nothing for them to do. The only rebel
bands of any strength in the state are down
on the Arkansas line, or on the western
border. The rebellion is thoroughly crush-
ed in this state, and if the secession meet
with no more success out of the state than has
recently crowned their efforts, there will
never be any serious difficulty here with
them.
A great number have returned from the
secession army, as there are 1,600 rebels and the farms deserted have be-
longed to both union and secession. The un-
ion men first suffered, then after the federal
army came in they cleaned out the secession.
I have often while riding along over hills,
poor ridges, and barren soil, been puzzled
to know what could induce any man, living
in this region to quit his home, destitute as
it may have been, to go into the rebel army.
They have no negroes, and I presume
would not know what to do with them if
they had—so that was not the cause. I
generally find what few men that have ne-
groes through here have stayed at home to
take care of them, or of themselves if pos-
sible. I cannot solve the problem in any
other way than to charge it to their ignor-
ance and their constitutional adaptability to
robbery and theft. Common schools here
are about as rare a thing as in Central Af-
rica. The first settlers or squatters came
from Tennessee or Kentucky. They never
knew much and are determined their chil-
dren shall not surpass them in knowledge,
and if ever ignorance was bliss it is here
among those who do not appear to care
how the world goes.
I am giving you a very dark picture of
society through here, but after all I must
confess I am unable to do the subject just.
I hope to be able to make a better report of some portion of the state before I
return. I know there are parts of Missouri
that are much better than the country be-
tween here and Jefferson City.
Springfield, from appearances, was a
very pretty little city, before the war broke
out, and contained about 3,000 inhabitants.
The location is beautiful and the surround-
ing country for a few miles not uninviting.
The principal buildings are now crowded
with army stores and surrounded with mule
teams, and the streets are full of soldiers,
churches are used for commissary stores,
and the best residences for hospitals and
head quarters for officers. Uncle Sam ap-
propriates to hims. There just as he pleases.
Our tents are pitched a few rods from the
spot where Fremont’s body guard made
their heroic charge on the rebels; 250 men
led by the brave Zaygoni completely routed
2,400 rebels and drove them from the town;
50 of the guard remained in the town over
night undisturbed. They lost 15 men in
the charge. The rebels left 35 dead in the
streets, and managed to carry off quite a
number severely wounded. These reports
I gather from men living here who saw the
whole affair.
We are busy getting ready for a march
of 80 miles further. Our wagons need
some repairs and the horses need shoeing.
Forage for horses is quite scarce, but the
Post Quartermaster manages to have plenty
of feed yet. Corn is worth 40 cents per
bushel. There is neither hay nor oats.
Our horses do very well on corn and grass,
yet the grazing is not first rate around here.
If there are any secret in Missouri we
intend to find them or drive them out of
the state. It is probable, after we get to
Cassville, we shall be ordered to Little
Rock, Arkansas; yet we all hope for a ce-
sation of hostilities that we may return
to our respective homes in quietness and
peace.

J. C. METCALF.

Death of Orderly Sergeant, Geo. Makey.

We are permitted by Mrs. Wood to copy
the following letter from her husband, Lieut. M. W. Wood, of Wis. Cav-
ally, dated June 10, relating the death of
a respected officer of company C, a citizen of
Patch Grove:

“Orderly Geo. Bladsgill is dead. We
left him at Jefferson city hospital, where he
was taken sick three or four days before our
leaving Jefferson with the doctors
called billions cholics. We suppose he
would recover in a few days and be able
re-join us. But, alas, for human hopes and
spirations, he has gone to that bourn
whence no soldier returns!” Two ser-
gents were left sick at the same time and
though we learn of his death. The
day we left I called on a doctor and
advised him to stay. I lost him a few
months later, advising him to get a private
boarding place, but he thought it would
cost him too much. I am afraid he did
not receive proper care; as it is out of the
question to be well cared for in most of our
hospitals. The surgeons have a regular
routine of doing business and become har-
dened, seeming to care but very little for
their patients. While I have a cent of
money never another man from our com-
pany can go into the hospital. Do write
his wife at Patch Grove. The boys
want me to write; but I cannot do it.—
Write to her a consoling letter. Indeed I
fear her; and, and four dear little ones, now
left quite dependent. It was unfortunate
for him that we were ordered away at that
time, for then we would have received good-
care, and in event of his death his remains
would be sent home.”

Perhaps we have copied more of the let-
ter than was necessary or than Lieut.
Wood would have contended to, but let the
fault be ours.

From the 2d Wisconsin Cavallery.

May 30th, 1862.

Dear Journal:—This battalion, under
command of Col. Washburn and Major
Stirling, left Jefferson City yesterday at
10 o’clock A. M. Our road has been very
rough, rocky and uninteresting; and what
with broken miles and some of our
umpire not very skillful, we have done
well in getting twenty-eight miles in two
days. We encamped, or rather bivouac-
ed, last night on the farm of Judge
Fowlie, (I do not know his name or spell it
exactly,) who certainly with his family
did not seem to welcome us very warmly.
What we individually got from him we
paid for, and what provender he furnished
the Battalion he received the suitable
vouchers for, upon which he might have
obtained his pay from the Government.
But also the instability of human affairs!
The vouchers are restored, and the said Judge is with us to-night a prisoner. "And this is the way it happened." After proceeding on our march this morning about two miles, a little ragged dark-haired boy, with a bandage wound about his head, came from the brush, and pleading that his master was a success, begged to be taken into one of our wagons. He had kept alongside the head of our column, and then stopped back for the wagon train. He was told he might ride a short distance; and as soon as he got into the wagon he began to communicate very intelligently the character of the aforesaid Judge Fowler with whom he lived while his own master, a Mr. Martin, was in Price's rebel army. He told us the said Judge had had a quantity of gunpowder (2 wagon loads) concealed somewhere in the woods—that he could himself show where he had concealed it, but that he had since moved it from there. As he seemed to be telling the truth it was deemed advisable to report the matter to the Colonel, who immediately detailed Adjutant Morgan with one or two other officers and several rank and file of the 1st to follow the boy by the little contraband; the Colonel having given orders to bring him back to the battalion if his story proved to be true. The Adjutant by adroit management, succeeded in having the boy's story confirmed by Mrs. Fowler herself. But it was ascertained that the powder had been taken some days ago by the boy's brother-in-law, which brother-in-law called upon, and who too was made a prisoner. And now they may expect to go on with us, reach a point from whence they can be sent to St. Louis.

Friday, May 29th.—Came about 12 o'clock the battalion was assembled in the grove, and the chaplain preached to them in the afternoon we had a little rain. Several wagons were sent off this forenoon and brought in for our horses; it was obtained by the secessionists, and vouchers were given them on which they were to get their pay on first proving their loyalty.

Monday, June 2.—The Col. left this morning, as he appears only to have been the mere possessor of some 12 lbs. of powder, without any intention on his part to use it unlawfully. But he de- livers Fowler to send him to St. Louis for trial.

We struck our tents about 8 o'clock this A.M. Monday, and came on to a place of a few rough houses, designated Glaze City. We had a little rain, followed by a spring of clear and cool water, and in abundance for men and horses. We are, however, much straitened for forage.

We find that a great number of the population have been "searched," but the most of them have got very sick of it, and are saying they were driven into it from the fear of taking their property or of being taken prisoners, and some confess they were deceived by false representations. The country we have passed over is rough and rocky. The wagon of Company M, turned completely over this afternoon, and it is a wonder it was not broken up or some of the men killed. But it got up again and went on. We had two or three were sick men along to-day; Owens, of Co. F, was so ill that it was thought he ought not to go, but he could not help it, and would come along. He is, however, worse to-night. Young Brewer, also of Co. F, was kicked by a mule, after we got here, and his jaw bone was broken. Dr. Hasen fixed it up skillfully, and probably he will do well.

Tuesday, June 3d.—Had to send off for corn. Company L's wagon broke down about 5 miles from here and cannot be got back to-day. Judge Fowler and his brother-in-law were sent back this morning, under escort of Captain Parker and a squad, to point out, where the gunpowder was hid. They got back to-night with about 60 or 70 lbs. of it; the residue having been disposed of in some way. We put a letter into the office at Tuscalimba, for the Wisconsin Journal.

Thursday, June 5, 1862.—We made an early start, and got to Lebanon about 1 o'clock, P. M.—a distance of about 50 miles. Journeys with wagons are about 80 miles back, with an escort of over a hundred of their men, under Lieut. Whittuck. It rained very slightly, but we have a bright evening.

Major Perry, of the 3d Iowa, is in command of this post. He had us supplied with wood and corn, but no hay.

We learn that our 1st Battalion arrived at Springfield, last Sunday.

Friday, June 6th, 1862.—We await here in Lebanon, to-day, for the wagon train of the 2d Battalion.

Saturday, June 7, 1862.—The train of the 2d not having arrived, the Colonel determined to move on with the 2d Battalion. We encamp this evening near a beautiful stream, 23 miles from Lebanon. Owens was so ill that he had to be left at the hospital. An orderly, of the 1st Battalion, probably on another false alarm, was also left, to be disposed of by orders from Headquarters.

Sunday, June 8, 1862.—Sunday, but no Sabbath. We had to march fifteen miles, and we encamp to-night in the north-east corner of Green County.

Monday, June 9, 1862.—Fires two miles south of Springfield, this forenoon. On the way we took two men prisoners, who had cut the telegraph wires. They have been notorious assassins.

We found in Springfield only Company A (the General's body guard), of the 1st Battalion. Company D had been left at Bolivar. Captain Burnell, of this company, we learn, accidentally shot himself in the hand, but the wound is not supposed to be very serious. Companies G and K were sent off yesterday evening, to engage a corps of rebels there; but they are back this afternoon, so covered with dust that their appearance can scarcely be distinguished. They learned on the way that they had been called on a false alarm.

Tuesday, June 10, 1862.—Companies G and K were again off—this time to Capuilla, probably on another false alarm. The 2d Battalion arrived in Springfield this forenoon, Company L having been left a few miles back, with the expectation of bagging some rebels.

Wednesday, June 11, 1862.—Company L have arrived, having surrounded the supposed rebels. They turned out to be a scouting party of the 10th Illinois.

Thursday, June 12, 1862.—Hot and dusty, and nothing to do. I hear that Serjeant G. Blakesly, of the 1st at Jefferson City, has since died. He was a very worthy man, and Company G will miss him greatly.

We have not many sick in camp, and none are very seriously ill.

From the 2d Wisconsin Cavalry.

CAMP NEAR JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., May 25th, 1862.

Our first battalion, under Major Miller, left St. Louis for this place, by steamer.

CAMP NEAR JEFFERSON CITY, Mo.

Our first battalion, under Major Miller, left St. Louis for this place, by steamer.
company E, Captain Hatchins. They arrived here on Saturday about noon, without any material accident, although they had an excessively crowded boat.

On Sunday, B o'clock P. M., of the 16th last, company B, Captain Bishop, and company I, Captain Bishop, of the 2d battalion, under charge of Captain Bishop, left St. Louis in the steamer Becon, and arrived here on Sunday morning, about 8 o'clock. A private of company B fell overboard at night, and was probably drowned.

On Saturday, companies E, Captain Richmond, and H, Captain Von Hyde, of the 3d battalion, under charge of Lieut.-Col. Stephens, departed Major, Eastern, being laid up with broken arm) left in the steamer Isabella, and arrived here on Monday.

The steamer McGill having returned, the whole of the 3d battalion embarked on Monday last, and arrived here after a tedious passage, in cold and rainy weather, on which I was a passenger, too late for pitching their tents, and the men had to sleep out on the damp ground. I have heard safety of company C, fell overboard and was drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. The battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drowned. This battalion is composed of from 600 and a country, and was probably drown...
and several other small favors that he was not able to attend to, which was outside of the duties of the hospital steward, which he would like to have some person to do for him. After leaving him I found quite a number of the 14th and 18th Wisconsin boys; some of them were wounded, but the greater number of them were prostrated by sickness. Their wants were about as the first patient I visited. Their wants were universally, pay, forioughs, clothes and letters written to their friends. I did not meet a man I knew, amongst the fifty patients I visited, yet they all greeted me as an old friend having from Wisconsin. I regret only that I could not relieve their wants. The Governor of our State could not do a more humane act, than to appoint some competent person that would take an interest in, and look after the poor unfortunate soldiers that are sent out of which there is quite a number, some 300 or 400 now, and accumulating every day. It should be a man of industry and perseverance, one that would travel constantly from one hospital to another. He should have a register of each patient's cot and visit him as often as his time would allow, when he found a patient well enough to travel, he should acquaint himself with the different departments in the city "Red tape" so an application could be made at the proper place for a furlough, and send him home, where he could do well. In this way, more good could be done and misery relieved by one man, than forty men sent on a flying visit as nurses to spend a day or two in looking at the miseries of humanity with time and power to relieve them. There is already many deaths from amongst our noble Wisconsin boys, and unless there is something done to look after the over-crowded hospitals here, by our State, we shall have numbers more that might be saved at a comparative very small expense. Our own State furnishes but a minority of the affliction here. 500 would not cover the number of the sick and wounded that are now here, and every day adds to the number. The most that are arriving now are the sick from the Tennessee River. In Potter's field not far from our camp, since December last 200 poor fellows has been "laid low" in his last resting place with a "single board at his head, marked with the number of his cot, his name, the letter of his company and his regiment. Hundreds are taken up and removed home by their friends, and the same grave filled by another subject. Our own regiment has been very fortunate thus far, we have lost but one by death since we came here, and we have but two on the sick list, and those convalescent enough to move with us to-morrow. Last evening we had one man shot accidentally through both thighs by one of his comrades, he is not seriously hurt, and can be moved with us.

CAPT. A. W. BISHOP, Dq. of La Crosse, in 2d Wis. Cavalry, writing home to the Republican, from Missouri river, under date of May 16th, thus alludes to the death of Mr. Wilber, of Roaring Creek:

P. S.—At 11 o'clock this evening Cornelius Wilber, a member of Squadron B, and residing at the time of his enlistment at Robinson Creek, Jackson County, Wis., was lost overboard.

From all I can learn he rose hastily from his sleep, and without thought walked off the guard into the Missouri river.

Immediately on the alarm being given, I strove to render assistance, but to no purpose. The man sank almost instantly. The boat was then woolling up at St. Charles.

Edward Stonehouse, a private in my company breathed his last. His disease was bilious fever, ultimating in congestion of the lungs. On Sunday, he was taken while on dress parade, violently sick, and to-day (Tuesday) he died. He was a resident of Benton where his parents now reside. He was born in Canada in 1837. Edward joined my company December 7th, 1861, and has always been a steady, obedient member thereof; quiet in his demeanor, ready and brave to do every duty.—He won the esteem of his officers and associates. Many of his manly and brave commands made when in the city and their friends; by the soused eye, when they learned of his death, and a prompt contribution to furnish a metallic coffin, that he may be sent back to Old Grand, and his friends for sepulture. This is our first dead, and preparing as we are to leave this place for Jefferson City and the northern part of this State, we feel sensitiveness our loss. To-morrow, we shall probably see his corpse for the last time, until the resurrection morning; but may that God who is always unerring satisfy this affection to the good of Co. C, his parents and bereaved friends.

Oh the curse of war! Many homes have been made desolate by leaden hail on the battle-field; while others are made so by disease in our hospitals. May an end speedily come to these devastrations by the return of peace.

Yours truly

R. B. Wood.


RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD STONEHOUSE.

Whereas, in the invincible wisdom of the All wise Father, our companion and fellow soldier Edward Stonehouse has been removed from us suddenly by death; and Whereas, by this dispensation of Divine Providence we have been bereaved of one who by his unassuming manners, kind spirit, brave heart, and promptness to obey all lawful orders, has won the respect and esteem of all with whom he associated; therefore,

Resolved, by Co. C, 2d Regiment Wisconsin Cavalry: 1st. That in the death of Edward Stonehouse we have lost a dear brother soldier, and an esteemed friend and though we mourn his loss, we do not do it, as those without hope.

2d. That we sympathize with his bereaved parents and friends, and hereby tender to them our sincere and heartfelt consolation in this the hour of their great bereavement.

3d. That a copy of the above preamble and resolutions be furnished his parents, and published in the Grant County Herald.

Capt. R. B. Wood.

Lieut. W. M. Wood.

Lieut. D. L. Riley.

Edward Wiseeman.

Geo. H. Powers.

Jesse Miles.

Geo. P. Blakesley.

St. Louis, May 14th, 1862.

Letter from Major Levi Sterling.

From a private letter from Major Sterling, of Washburn's Cavalry, received yesterday by Capt. C. M. Palmer, now in this city on account of ill health, we make the following extract:

BENTON BARRACKS, St. Louis, Mo., May 12th, 1862.

CAPT. C. M. PALMER—DEAR SIR: Yesterday, at dress parade, the Colonel gave notice to the Regiment that he had received orders to march to Jefferson City, the Capital of Missouri, and that the First Battalion would move Wednesday, (day after to-morrow,) and the balance of the Regiment as soon as transportation can be procured; I conclude that the Second Battalion will follow about Saturday next, and your humble servant's command in about ten days from this time. The boys are all in good health and anxious to go. I think myself they are leaving home. After we leave here we shall undoubtedly be cut up into small commands, of one or two squadrons, and distributed among the country villages of Missouri, with nothing to do, as secess is pretty well played out in this State; yet a portion of the people here will need watching for some time to come.

From the Second Cavalry Regiment:

SECOND REG. WIS. CAVALRY,

BENTON BARRACKS,

St. Louis, Mo., April 28th, 1862.

Dear Journal:—For two or three days past we have been cheered with a beautiful sky, and nature has been putting on her green and blossomed dress, and
From the Second Wisconsin Cavalry
Camp Benton, St. Louis, April 22.

Dear Pilot:

I received a copy of your newspaper last week, containing my letter to you, and in accordance with my promise, take the liberty of again troubling you.

Besten Barracks occupy, I should say at a rough guess, 100 acres of land, of which the St. Louis fairgrounds form a part; there is accommodation for 50,000 men. The quarters for the men, and the stabling form a fence, leaving an extensive parade ground. In the centre are the quarters of the Post Colonel. On the north side, which we denominate the city, there are stores of different kinds, a Bootmaker, Tailor, Bookseller, Organ store, Tin shop, Restaurant, Barbers, &c., all doing a good business. To these may be added the Sutler's Booths attached to each regiment, and any quantity of peddlers. Such an array of temptations (as you may suppose) plays and havoc with the spirits of the volunteers.

Ours (2d Wis.) is quartered in tents in the fair ground, about 14 men, in each tent. We sleep on straw mattresses, and are comfortable enough; our rations which we draw daily, are cooked by each of us alternately, one man to each tent, the manner of cooking dictated by the taste of the artist for the day. To describe the dishes we sometimes have to partake of, is more than I dare to attempt. Sorin himself could not name them.

Our men have been more healthy than they were at Camp Washburne; the weather is good and warm, and the evenings clear and bright, and the continued wet weather, however, is looked on with some mirth very well be conducted in the open air. We are all in good spirits and anxious for marching or standing much in need of religious influence.

The announcement of Gov. Harvey's death was received among us with much profound sorrow, not only because we have lost a friend, but because we may prove serious to the interests of our State. Whether his successor will so equal the emergency, and will administer the affairs of State creditably and happily, is yet to be proved. We hope however that he will show himself to be the right man in the right place.

By a regimental order, issued by Col. Daniel, the Chaplain of the 5th (the 2d) regiment, also made some very fitting and appropriate remarks respecting the Governor, in his discourse the afternoon.

There is nothing farther from my mind, and nothing I should love more, than to see the Union military life in a camp very monotonous, and hence the expression "spoiling for a fight," is not inappropriate to a regiment suffering from want of some amusement to keep them out of mischief or dissipating habits.

Yours truly,

B. [Signature]

From the Second Wisconsin Cavalry
Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Mo., April 14, '63.

Dear Journal:—You are an old friend, and I have missed you very much since I have been in these parts. Before I left Camp Washburne, I was too poor to send you a remittance, but I had there the opportunity of seeing your city again, and it is a very pleasant thought. I have been sick nearly all the time since I have been here, and could not comfortably write to you, and even now am very unwell for it. But I cannot do without you any longer, and enclose you now to pay your expenses, the necessary amount, and so I hope you will be here within a week.

We had a cold and hard winter in Milwaukee, but we look back upon it with many pleasant thoughts. Our Colonel—God bless him—had made such a preparation for winter quarters, and was so attentive to the interests of the Regiment, and we had so cordial a feeling of loyalty among the set of officers of the staff and line, and the men generally wore so well behaved, that it was a quiet satisfaction to all, which will live in our memory as one of the happiest winters we have ever spent.

We have suffered more from sickness than in the two or three weeks we have been here, but during our stay. We have often suffered more from sickness than in the two or three weeks we have been here, but during our stay.
Among us. During the whole winter, we have had but six deaths in our regiment. The past year has been one of emaciation, weakness, and obstinate cough, chiefly bronchial, which has a very weakening and encumbering effect.

Yesterday we had services in accordance with the proclamation of the President and the order of the Secretary of War. Col. Daniels' regiment and Col. Washburn's cavalry joined us, and at 11 o'clock at night we took up the march. The services were opened with the "Star Spangled Banner," sung by the united choirs of both regiments in the camp. The magisterial voice of the wife of Col. Daniels rang through the air with thrilling effect over the many assembled. Our Adjutant, Morgan, then read in a clear voice the proclamation of the President. The choir followed with that beautiful hymn, My country, 'tis of thee. The Rev. Chaplain Dunmore, of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, then read the 88th Psalm, and after the close of that part, the benediction by Chaplain Dunmore. Our Adjutant, Kraus, of the town of Willow, who is well known throughout Richland Co., read in a clear voice the 40th Psalm, and after the close of that part, the benediction by Chaplain Dunmore.
We arrived at Chicago about 5 o'clock at the evening. We immediately marched to the Great Central Railroad depot, where we were served with hot coffee by the railroad company girls, only as the Irishman used to say for it was taken out of our wages. We left Chicago about 9 o'clock in the evening, and arrived at Illiminois, opposite St. Louis, the next night about 5 o'clock. While on the route we met with but on serious and fatal accident. On Monday, night, between Chicago and Ponton, a soldier belonging to Co. B. Capt. Volt. Rayner fell off the cars and was immediately killed, the train passing over him, and cutting off his head and one arm. I have not learned his name.

Benton Barracks, or Camp Benton, are encamped, is situated on the St. Louis Fair Grounds, and is about nine miles from the city. The encampment is two miles long and one mile wide. The barracks are well built and are very comfortable. They are large enough for the accommodation of 40,000 to 50,000 troops. This is the headquarters for Gen. Hallick's department, and there are troops arriving and departing every day. There are now four Wisconsin regiments here, two Wisconsin batteries, viz., the 1st, 2d and 3d Wisconsin Cavalry regiments, the 17th regiment, or Irish Brigade, and the 9th and 11th Wisconsin batteries. The 14th and 16th Wisconsin regiments were here, but have left for Illinois No. 10. The 18th and 19th Wisconsin regiments are expected here some time this week. The whole number of troops here is between 20,000 and 25,000.

When we left Camp Washburn it was quite cold, with snow still on the ground. After leaving Chicago we saw scarcely any snow, and when we arrived here we found it quiet and spring-like. The fields begin to look quite green, and everything has the appearance of spring.

Our regiment yesterday received their swords. The boys are in a high state of gratification. It is reported that our regiment is to go to New Mexico, as soon as they can be properly equipped and drilled.

Gov. Hamilton is in command of Col. Daniels' regiment. The bugle has just blown for "dress parade," and I must close this hasty written letter and "fall into line." Yours respectfully,

W. M. P.

"Cavalry," writes from Benton Barracks, St. Louis, "that 1 foot cavalry is about played out, that their horses are in stable, and only await assignment. It has been difficult to obtain an assignment, owing to the tremendous straw made for the army near Corinth; more than 4,000 horses mules and equipments have been sent there.

Lieut. Hamilton is in command of Co. F., Capt. Palmer being at home sick. Wm. J. Owens of Ash Creek, while engaged in breaking company teams (mules), had his collar bone broken by a kick from one of the refractory animals. Our company is the only regiment left in camp."
From the Second Cavalry,

CAMP BENSON, I. L., MARCH 27, 1863.

The 2d Wisconsin Cavalry is now fairly quartered in Camp Benson, St. Louis. We left Camp Washburne at 9 A. M., Monday, 24th; got aboard the cars at Milwaukee, and has a safe and pleasant ride to Chicago.

There is always something exciting to most minds connected with the first moving of a regiment to the seat of war. The result of much conjecturing and many systematized plans based upon the thousand and one reports that pass from camp to camp, and are caught up and amended or changed to suit the particular philosophy of each high private, who, of course, feels himself responsible for every act and movement of the entire regiment, is now about to be decided. There is another class of "free thinkers," or think not at all, just as they please; they sing "John Brown" and "Dixie," and do not appear to care whether "school keeps or not." They want to go to war because everybody else is going. No doubt their patriotism is perfectly sound, but they fight more for "the fun of the thing" than anything else. And again, there are others who, after much thought and anxious solicitude, waiting and hoping for the end of this most whited rebellion, have resolved to sacrifice for a season the comforts of home, the social ties of family and friends, and, if necessary, their lives, rather than to see "a stripe of our banner different scene from that we left a few days and friends, and, if necessary, their lives, rather than to see "a stripe of our banner different scene from that we left a few days ago.

But I must not stop here to discuss this matter further, as I have scarcely time to-day to give an account of matters pertaining to our trip here. We arrived in Chicago about 4 P. M., escorted by the Milwaukee Light Guard and a band of music, got off the cars and marched over to the Central depot. After the men were safely on board, the commission, staff and line officers were invited to dine at the Tremont House, which, by the way, was most acceptable, I assure you. We had not slept any the previous night, and most of us had been without dinner, only as we could snatch it up by the way. We therefore endeavored to do justice to the occasion.

We left Chicago at 7 P. M. Some difficulty occurred in the movement of our long train, and the result was we were somewhat behind time. Then commenced a series of delays which lasted all night and the next day until noon. Here we struck the Terre Haute, Alton & St. Louis railroad at Mattoon, stopped about an hour, and dealt out one day's rations to the men, and got dinner. The men were also served with hot coffee. From what I gathered from a citizen I thought this quite an inspiring town. It contains a population of 1,709, and has sent seventeen commissioned officers to the war. It may be this is a light spot in Egypt, which has not been particularly distinguished for either its intelligence or patrician, or it may be their patriotism was found only on condition that they claimed to office were answered, if they had made a little extra exertion or doubt one full company of officers could have been enlisted there.

Some time during the night after we left Chicago, a man in company II, a German, fell from the cars and was killed. It appears no one saw him fall, and he was not missed until the next day. He was picked up in the merriment on the track, with his head and one arm cut off, and body badly mangled.

Nothing of importance occurred on the way from Mattoon to St. Louis. We arrived here on the opposite side of the river about 1 A. M., yesterday, and remained in the cars until daylight. We crossed the river about 8 A. M., and, marched out to camp, which is about four miles, I think, from the ferry. The situation of the camp is beautiful, but the barracks have been badly used; we saw nothing particularly inviting in them, so we preferred to pitch our tents, which we did, and live in them while we stay here. There are about men in camp here. Regiments are coming in and going out every day. Danielle's cavalry arrived here to-day before ours, and we expect Col. Barston's to-night or to-morrow.

The weather is mild and beautiful here, the streets dry and dusty, and the fields covered with green grass, presenting a very different scene from that we left a few days ago.

Our boys are all well. We left one in Chicago, but he followed after with about as many delays as we had, but is now safely in camp. J. O. METCALF,

CORRESPONDENT FROM THE 2D WI. CAV. VANGUARD.

CAMP BENSON, Mo., March 27.

Memorandum—The journey of the Second Wisconsin Cavalry was unattended with anything of interest. At Chicago the staff and line officers of the regiment, and the Milwaukee Light and Bash, took supper at the Tremont House. The regiment was the same that arrived with hot coffee. At eight o'clock "all aboard," and the train rolled out with 40,000 or 50,000 men. There is nothing of importance occurred on the trip C. R. R. This part of the trip, one hundred and fifty miles from Chicago to Mattoon, was run (4) in fourteen hours, and was noted only for poor accommodations, slow riding, and rough roads. At Mattoon the regiment was again served with hot coffee, at about 2 P. M. after leaving Chicago. Here, the regiment was transferred to the Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis Railroad. A number of this change was noticed. The cars were well warmed, ventilated and lighted, and the employes of the road took pains to have everything done that could be to afford comfort to the men. At ten o'clock on Tuesday night the regiment arrived at Springfield in the night. Early the following morning the regiment moved back to Camp Benson and took up its line of march for camp.

BENTON BARACKS,

Or Camp Benson, is situated about five miles from the river and to the North-West of the City of St. Louis. The camp is about one mile in length by half a mile wide, surrounded with barracks sufficient for 40,000 or 50,000 men. There are also stables for the same number of horses. The facilities for cooking, washing, &c., are made the same as those contain Camps of Instruction. Within the lines of the camp the soldier can find all he wishes, as necessity or fancy may dictate, so there is need of his staff to have ever or any except a few.

From early morning till after sundown the parade ground presents a lively and varied scene. In one line of infantry a drill of infantry is drilling, if another companies of cavalry on foot are practicing artillery and cavalry drill, and is daily used for that purpose. To a person who has not traveled, there is much here to instruct him. Yesterday and to-day, the most interesting feature has been MULE TRAINING.

Some two of three hundred unbroken mules were driven to a high board fence enclosure. Here they are caught with a lash, then follows the fashionable back, first forcing himself a captive, kicks, bites, lays down, gets up, and, finally, becomes stubborn and "whips out." Or they are irritated, and it is then that he is first harrowed. When six of these are thus overcome, they are attached to a long string of army wagons, the wheels of which are locked, and then the victorious mule-drivers all the wagon and move off. One of these teams constitutes the company, any van's baggage. They are driven by one line, the driver riding the "near wheel mule."

THE WISCONSIN TROOPS.

CONTRABAND.

The Second Cavalry was paid off yesterday. The Seventeenth Infantry will be paid in a few days. The insubordinates of this regiment have arrived here, and are still in the regiment. The privates have not yet had their aris returned, and the non-commissioned officers have been paroled. A number are still at large. The Eight Battery have not received their aris. I find that the Wisconsin troops are very popular. All along the route to this place, the Second Cavalry was spoken of as "more cleanly, better sized, equipped, and disciplined, and more generally any that had passed." They have the same reputation in camp.

AN ACCIDENT.

Of last evening may be worthy a place here. Some days ago, while the Fourteenth Wisconsin Regiment was encamped here, the Sixteenth Iowa, Col. AXZ. CHAMBERS, came into camp after dark, cold, and hungry, and without the means of cooking anything. The Fourteenth, learning the fact, cooked and served to them a warm supper. This act of kindness was not forgotten, and last night, the Second and Fifteenth Cavalry were without means of cooking themselves, and being served with hot coffee, prepared by the Sixteenth Iowa. The incident was related and cheered, loud and long, and the Wisconsin boys can run through the camp for the members of the Iowa Sixteenth.

AN ACCIDENT.

Ocurred as we came down, resulting in the loss of one of the members of the regiment. About eight miles from the camp, a man was found, after the train passed down, supposed to have fallen off the platform. The body was much mangled, and has not been recognized. A number of the men from different companies have not yet come in, and it is difficult to tell who the person was.

The regiment is quartered in Sibley tents, in a grove East of the main barracks, on the old State Fair ground.
Editors Gazette:—When last I saw you, you requested me to send you some notes from Camp. I have neglected doing so until now for the reason that the dull routine of camp life, so far from the seat of active operations, furnishes but few incidents of interest, especially to those outside. About 8 o'clock last evening, however, the camp was startled by an order for “every man who could walk to fall in and march to headquarters in double-quick time,” which order was promptly obeyed, for in five minutes the regiment was formed in line in front of the colonel’s quarters, every man eager to know the cause of such an unusual proceeding, and the conjectures as to its meaning, as new and then a wag along the line expressed his opinion, were highly amusing. We were not long kept in suspense as to its import, for in a few minutes Lieut. Col. Stevens appeared upon the balcony accompanied by the adjutant, Lieut. Col. Stephens, in command, stated the result of the reading of the order was “Mr. W. H. Morgan, who proceeded to read the following:

[As this order comes within the prohibition of the Secretary of War, we omit it, though we cannot conceive what possible injury its publication would inflict.—Eno. Gazette.]

The reading of the order was listened to with intense interest, and at the close, three cheers were given with such a will as to convince one that there is a fight in the second cavalry, and you may rest assured that if this regiment ever has the opportunity it will prove it in a more substantial manner. The reading of the order was followed by remarks from the lieutenant colonel, in which he pleaded himself to lead wherever the rest would follow, and that he would never give them the trouble to hunt for him in the hour of trial and danger; he seemed to doubt, somewhat, his ability as an orator, but he knew he could not do it. Capt. Bishop, of the 2d Cavalry, then followed with one of his neat, well-timed, patriotic speeches, concluding with a proposition that the regiment give three cheers for the Union, the constitution, and the laws, which was responded to by three times three and a large tiger. The enthusiasm was unabated, for both officers and men having a high regard for the colonel and lieutenant colonel, and repose all confidence in their bravery and integrity, have no greater desire than to follow them to the field.

A correspondent writes from Camp Washburn, at Milwaukee:—There are now in camp ten companies, numbering about six hundred soldiers. In addition to our barracks, which are nearly as comfortable and dry as most dwelling houses in this western country, we have a splendid bath room, where each man is required to bathe once a week. The water is heated in a large boiler, and conducted from one bath room to another by means of lead pipes. Added to this there is a large wash room, in which the soldiers wash and dry their clothes. Taking our camp altogether, it is second to none in the State, as far as comfort and cleanliness are concerned. I cannot close this letter without saying that our captain, (Palmer,) mid-lieutenants, (Hamilton and DeForest,) treated the boys to an oyster supper, since our arrival here; after which three cheers for our gallant captain, and three each for our brave lieutenants, were given.”

MILWAUKEE, March 1st, 1862.

Editors Republican.—Orders have been issued by Gen. Halleck for our regiment to march on the tenth inst. destination, St. Louis. The news ran through camp like wild-fire, and in an incredibly short space of time every member of the regiment was on foot. The front of Head-quarters to give at many voting places as might be called for, for our handsome Colonel, Lieut. Col. Stephens, in command, stated the result of the reading of the order was “Mr. A. W. B. Strover, in Thomas Stevens’ Cavalry Book.

Havenning been for many years a Professor of small arms, I respectfully invite the attention of the Army and Navy to the third edition of my Sword Manual recently published. The sword has been the study of my youth. I have given it profound thought as a science; and I think I may say with some assurance that I have mastered it practically as an art. I graduated in May, 1837, at Windsor Castle, as one of the body guards of the Queen of England, at which time, at a trial of skill with my instructor at the Castle, Prof. Drax, I proved myself superior with the weapon by eight rounds in twelve, and was pronounced the first in my class. In 1842 and ’43, I gave instruction in the city of Philadelphia. Prof. Saville, an distinguished teacher, thought to break me down at once; but he submitted, and became my scholar. Prof. Newton came from the Norwich University to try my skill, and he soon discovered he stood no chance with me. Prof. H. V. Morris, of the Pennsylvania College of Science, I defeated in the United States, and many other Professors of the sword have come to be instructed by me. I cannot say that the numerous trials of my skill; but this I can say, and defy the man living to prove to the contrary, that since May 1837, no man has, upon trial with me, shown himself my equal. I hold myself this day prepared to prove that my book, for Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry and Navy, is the very best compilation of scientific instruction ever published in the United States. It was recommended to the Government by General Scott, to purchase it for the Cadets at West Point.

I have but recently returned from Washington, where I received from those who witnessed an exhibition of my skill, (as the late Gen. W. B. Barry, Chief of Artillery, Major Alexander L. Webb, Col. J. D. Townsley and others,) the earnest assurance of their recommendation, that my book be adopted and purchased by the government for the army, and that I be appointed Chief Superintendent and Director of Small Arms at Headquarters. Gen. Barry, Col. Henty and Col. Townsley were formerly my pupils at Fort Hamilton, and they knew, therefore, from their practical experience, the value of my system of instruction.

They assured me that they had not lost their copies of my book, but had known my address, my system would have long since been adopted. They were not so informed that I have for six years past been the Inspector General of Wisconsin.

A. W. B. Strover, in Thomas Stevens’ Cavalry Book.
columns of the Second Wisconsin Cavalry. While we remain here I shall take pleasure in giving instructions, free of charge, to those who may have a thorough knowledge of this useful science. They can come and take lessons every day (Sundays excepted) from eleven to twelve o'clock, in the sword exercise, and from three to five in the regimental and battalion drill. Had we a riding school I should delight to instruct in those principles of military equitation by which the horse is guided and controlled in his various paces, and the rider balances his body and preserves a firm seat. But with what facilities we have here I shall endeavor to impart such instruction as will fit the trooper to serve his country to the best advantage.

In conclusion, I offer my book to those who desire instruction, at as low a price ($1.00) as its sixty engravings and necessary expenditures in getting it up will allow, with a fair profit.

Respectfully,

THOMAS STEVENS.


Mr. Editor:—It being a very cold day, the thermometer running down to thirty degrees below zero, consequently relieving the soldiers from their customary drill, I find time to fulfill my promise made to you before leaving Lancaster, to write occasionally of the prosperity and reverses of our regiment.

We were sworn into the United States service as a regiment on the 5th of February, so you see that explains the idea that we are to be disbanded or turned into infantry. We are in it for as long as the war lasts.

Our boys are quite proud of the letter and position of our company in the regiment; the more so of the letter as several other companies from our county received the same. You readily discover they have some local pride.

Levi Sterling of Mineral Point, is our worthy Major, and Brisbane, from Monroe, our Battalion Adjutant. The other battalions are also well officered. Our Staff Officers are a very gentlemanly set of men, and our worthy Colonel is almost adored by all under his command. He takes a great interest in the welfare of his men. His example is worthy of imitation, and I hope the company officers will profit by it. Lieut. Col. Thomas Stephens is here, but is sick. He is a fine swordsman and a gentleman, and Major Miller is the best drill master we have.

Our fare is excellent, and our quarters cannot be heat for comfort.

Our regiment is uniformed, but as yet we have no arms nor complement of horses. We expect both soon.

Ma. 30.

MAJOR EASTMAN:—In behalf of Major Ster­

ning of the city of Milwaukee, in the fair grounds, on the old plank road, at a place called "Cold Spring." Our camp ground, like Camp Barlow of your city, is surrounded by a tight board fence some nine or ten feet high. This saves considerable of guard duty, which would otherwise have to be performed. We have comfortable barracks for quarters, plenty of wood and large stoves to keep us warm. Each company is quartered together, and furnish­ed with a sleeping apartment sufficiently large to accommodate them, a large mess room, with an open fire place, each lieutenant a separate room and the captain two. In some cases the commissioned officers have found it more convenient to knock down a few partitions, make one room large enough for the accommodation of the three, and thus live in more intimate relations. Every two men are furnished with a mat­tress and two blankets. Our rations for the camp are of the usual class, and according to the army regulations.

The health of the regiment is good. We have had quite a number of cases of mumps for the last few weeks, a few cases of pneumonia and pleurisy, but not a death has occurred in camp since the regiment has been quartered here.

We have now a full regiment and ready to be mustered into the United States service, which will probably be done to­day.

I think this regiment is fully up to any that has been raised in the state in point of morals, intelligence and physical ability. Our regimental officers are men of distinguished business capacity, and so far as we can learn their antecedents, we may safely trust both their habits and their patriotism. Their gentlemanly deportment has rendered them exceedingly popular with the whole regiment.

We shall no doubt be mustered into the United States service in a few days, and supplied with arms and equipments. We know nothing of our stay here, yet we will probably not leave the state before the first of April. But such is all conjecture, we know nothing about it.

The boys have just returned from drill, and are having a gaytime in their quarters, they are feeling well and cannot avoid showing it. The thickness of one board partition does not preclude me from their jokes, neither does it entirely confine their noise to their own apartment.

J. C. M.

From the Milwaukee Gazette.

Sword Presentation.

By the Second Battalion of the Wisconsin Cavalry regiment celebrated the birthday of Washington by presenting a beautiful sword and sash to Major Harvey Eugene Eastman. The ceremonies were brief, but were handsomely conducted. The Battalion, under command of Capt. Richmond, was drawn up in the form of three sides of a hollow square, facing the head quarters. Major Eastman was conducted from his quarters to the Battalion by Captains Sherman and Vonnberg, followed by Col. Washburn, Lieut. Col. Stevens, Majors Miller and Sterling of the First and Second Battalions, and also accompanied by the other staff and line officers of the regiment.

The sword was made in New York expressly for the purpose, of richly mounted with gold, and bearing an appropriate inscription—It was presented by Captain Bishop, who addressed the Major as follows:

MAJOR EASTMAN:—In behalf of the Second battalion of the Wisconsin Cavalry, I present to you this sword and sash. They are the gift of officers and men; a gift shared by us all, mute it is true, but we trust significant witnesses of our regard for you as our immediate commanding officer.

But a few weeks since our relations to you were established on their existing basis, yet confidence, ordinarily a plant of slow growth, has ripened on our part into affection. We will follow where the flashing of this blade marks a way, and points toward the foe, ours will be no laggard footsteps in catching the inspiration of its example.

But what we give in war we trust will be sheathed in peace; in honor and a lasting peace; a peace to which the Father of his country has set the seal of his approbation, and which we may never disturb.

Tranquility, however, is but by hardship; safety by privation.
YIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

Colonel—Cardiwallader C. Washburn.

Lieutenant-Colonel—Edward D. Moodie.

First Major—William H. Miller.

Second Major—Henry B. Hunter.

Third Major—Leyi Sterling.

Sergeant-Major—Clark G. Fearke.

First Assistant Surgeon—Alex. H. Blain.

Second Assistant Surgeon—Benjamin W. H. Hamon.

Chaplain—William H. Brianseal.

Regimental Adjutant—William H. Morgan.

First Battalion Adjutant—H. H. Virgin.

Second Battalion Adjutant—Oliver G. Sheer.

Third Battalion Adjutant—T. B. L. Brueck.

Regimental Quartermaster—Geo. C. Russell.

NON-COMMISSIONED FIELD AND STAFF.

First Battalion Sergeant-Major—Waldo G. Guns.


Third Battalion Sergeant-Major—Horatio H. Virgin.

Sergeant-Majors—Waldo G. Guns.

Commissioned Surgeons—N. C. King.

CAPTAIN COMMISSIONED SQUADRONS.


Second Battalion.

Major—H. E. Eastman.

Adjutant—J. S. Blake.

Commissioned Surgeon—G. P. Morris.

Squadrons.


Third Battalion.

Major—Levi Sterling.

Sergeant-Major—Marquis F. Cutting.

Commissioned Surgeon—James Bradford.

Squadrons.


The Second Regiment of Cavalry, now at Camp Washburn, has mustered into its ranks over 1,020 men. This is above the minimum of a full regiment, and a number of men are still being added, the maximum will, beyond question, be reached when the organization is complete.

Camp Washburn, where the regiment is now located, is naturally an admirable ground for the service. The fixtures which have been erected for the accommodation of the men are of the very best character, comprehending everything necessary for their comfort, and many things not unfrequently esteemed luxuries. They are also of a permanent character, so that the State has future use for barracks of the same kind, and grounds for this purpose, none can be better accommodated.

The appointment of C. C. Washburn as Colonel to get up a regiment of cavalry, was esteemed throughout the State as an appointment so very fit and proper to be made, that the regiment was got together in a very short space of time, after arrangements for receiving the men were completed. From the start, the regiment has been based on sound principles. No selection of the line of service, no preconcerted plans, no premeditated ambitions entered into it. Its Colonel left a lucrative business, solely to be of service to the country in its emergency. The consideration which started the regiment have been preserved throughout, and as a consequence, we have a body of men, from the highest to the lowest, in a bond of mutual harmony, common confidence and common purpose. Their swords are a thousand—their bosoms are one.

If any cavalry regiments are to be disbanded, this should not be among them. If any are to be called into the service, this among the first, for the simple reason that no regiment, in the character of its men and officers, and in its morale, can surpass it, while few can equal it. Its drill, for the opportunities it has had, is admirable. Among its many good officers, to whom its character is attributable, Major W. H. Miller has had almost a life-long experience in military affairs, and, to excellent qualifications, adds a sleepless industry and enthusiastic devotion to his profession.

It is to be feared that Colo. Washburn was not called earlier into the service, for there are few men who have brought to the cause more courage, devotion and skill than he has. His regiment can very speedily be got ready for the field, and not for his sake, nor that of his men, but for the sake of the service, it ought to have a speedy call.

Letter from Miss J. T. Mills—Visit of Miss Mary Washburn.

FRIEND COVER:—I have redeemed a pledge I made to the Grant County Boys at Camp Washburn; I have made a voyage on a road rail road. Such a pass emerges through the air as smoothly as the old Arab glided through the air on a flying horse. Winter never entered her wardrobes at such a fair a dress for the musitled State. The show out way is not inflated with crinoline or swallowed in flounces. It is as smooth as your shirt bosom on a warm spring day. I will not say more. I remember the fantastic hillocks, miniature mountains and snow banks of last winter. The lilies to Becebel passed between jutting snow bluffs on each side, and gave us an idea of a California winter. Old Boreas has been very quiet out this way, he usually takes more liberties in old Grant. Bye the bye, it is quite a sight for Hyperboreans to visit Milwaukee in the winter time. A semi-circle of ice surrounds the lake. Some of the bricks are quite dull contrasted with snow covered and long horrid. The lake is there, but no ice ploughs its bosom. It is a highway in summer, but a brick road in winter. I wonder if this utilitarian age can't make this immense waste of time serve mankind in winter? It ought not to be allowed to lower itself like a bear half the year. The eastern minds dash the waves against the shore—they freeze into all imaginable forms; a double coat or shelter of ice binds the crumbling shore and protects it as the iron scales of the Mississippi gunboats. And far out at sea, say two miles, when the wind blows from the west, the ice is driven and wrecked, tumbled and crushed, until it breaks up into a line of interminable lengths, each shapeless mass struggling like some strong swimmer in agony to reach the shore, but the merciless storm drives it back. Should winter temperature continue uninterrupted, we might see how this broad basin would become ice. Every particle of water dashed against the shore is frozen in a moment. Seaborgs would soon overtop the land, and a frozen deluge would force its way southward, uprooting hills and mountains, rending the earth into fragments and rushing along ploughing new railways. This would be a geological era, which, considering the rarity of geologists in general, I should consider a great calamity. These terrestrial squalls have passed away, and I don't see the use of geological committees at the present day. Investigating them. But you will wish to hear about Camp Washburn and the Grant County Boys. The first man I met after I left the Phillips House was Capt. R. B. Wood. The soldiers travel this way on their way to Camp Washburn. Camp Washburn has the best barracks I have seen. The quarters are built of double courses of boards set upright and latticed. I made a sudden inroad in Lieut. Wood's quarters; he was writing a letter to his daughter. We talked over the whole range of subjects, public and private. There was a crowd collected entirely. Jesse Miles, as sanguine as ever; if all the rebels had one neck, he was willing to cut the jointure. There was Bryan, of Patch Grove, a very solid man and about my age; he had left everything—farm, wife and children, to share in this the greatest drama in the Book of Time, There was Holloway from Bestown, and others from that "belligerent place." Should the government proclaim its intention of uprooting the cause of this war, there would be a rush to its standard such as Peter the Great never dreamed of, and the Holy City of Freedom would soon be rescued from Turks and Infidels. But the government will rule like barbarians; man has to step alike, move alike, dress alike, and eat at the word of command. They eat, carve and shovel in unison. The captain or the orderly sergeant offers up thanks; I never witnessed
such order at a camp-meeting. The fare
was substantial—beef, potatoes and butter;
there were deficiencies from Dixie, too—rice
sweetened with sugar. This is furnished
at twelve o'clock for each man, and
in the evening with a hearty good will. As soon
as supper was over I was terrified with the
cry of "A speech from Mr. Mills—a speech; a speech!" This interrupted dis-
gestion sadly. Of course my patriotism
turned to just forth: the men will vote every
man off the rolls if you men are with them
at home $5 a month; what's sauce for the
gander is sauce for the gander. You shall
not get above the generosity of the State
because you are mounted on horses. You
are Colonel. The men love you from Iowa
county, and Adjutant Virgin, a
young man of promise, and very popular
everywhere. Yours old friend of Dodge-
ville is Lieutenant G. A. Storl. The men
have he would carry off a bolt of lighting
with his sword. The woods are a
militant family in church or state; the doc-
tor ought to have a surgeon's commission.
Myron learned how to manage men long
ago; he knows how to temper authority
with personal regard for those under his
command, and is ambitious to learn every-
ing connected with his new profession.

No young man from our county has a
more promising future. There are more
middle-aged men in this regiment than any
other. I have no intention of making it mark it will be because no opportunity

Letter from Capt. West company.

Camp Washburn, Milwaukee.

Dear Sir:—As you appear to have
no correspondent from this company which is
entirely from old Grant, we ask the privi-
lege of writing a few lines to our friends
through your paper.

We understand that there has been some
rumor abroad, that we give all the halting
signal and dismiss with our orders. Any
contradiction this is our principle reason for
writing this latter. There is always some
men in a company as large as this, that are
meant to go into the service and without the
least provocation. It is the general
opinion throughout the camp that we have
the best officers, and best drilled com-
pny in the regiment.

We are comfortably quartered two and
a half miles west of Milwaukee, on the
cold spring race-cours which is the fair
ground of the city. The quarter for our
company consists of six rooms, four
for the officers, which are about fourteen
feet long by twelve wide, and two for the privates
to sleep in, and the other to eat in,—
These rooms are twenty-five feet long by
twenty-five wide. The room we sleep in is
cooling-like the cabin of a
steamboat, having bunks on each side
in place of beds. The mess-room has
a large fire-place in it to cook by with tables
and dishes, enough for the whole company
to eat at once. Our cooking is done by
a man out of the company who receives ex-
tra wages, paid by the company. We
have plenty of wholesome food and having
had the good fortune to secure for a cook, a
man who followed cooking for several years
on steamboats, we do not live so by any
means, in fact the most of us have more
to eat than we did at home. There has been quite a number of our company
sick, with the mumps and measles but they
are getting nearly over it now

The regiment is all uniformed but we
have no guns and few horses, yet our
regiment like all others of cavalry, has been
set back in their drill by the charge of too-
many horses. There was considerable
excitement in camp about our being disbanded, until
Col. Stephens returned from Washington,
where he had been visiting, and said that
there was no danger of it, though they
have not yet decided where we will go. As
our head officers are men of influence and
energy, we think that we will be called
for before any of the other regiments of
cavalry in the State. Yours, with our
best respects.

NELSON GREELEY.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

WM. PATTERSON.

ALFRED M. BISHAM.

ARMS CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp Washburn, Milwaukee, Jan. 19th, 1862. 3

Major General,

We have in our company a young man
from Crawford County, who has served
in the rebel army under Gen. Price. He
was pressed into service, and remained
three months, when, having gained
the confidence of his officers, as a strong
adherent to their cause, asked a lengthy
furlough, to visit sick relatives, when he
made a strike for his home in Wisconsin,
and now claims a right to the protection
in the State. Yours, willing to do so,

We have in our company a young man
from Crawford County, who has served
in the rebel army under Gen. Price. He
was pressed into service, and remained
three months, when, having gained
the confidence of his officers, as a strong
adherent to their cause, asked a lengthy
furlough, to visit sick relatives, when he
made a strike for his home in Wisconsin,
and now claims a right to the protection
and to protect the Stars and Stripes. We
welcome him to our ranks, so long as he
proves true to our banner. He reports
Price's division well clothed, but offers as
his opinion, that Southern resources
are not going to hold out.

The regiment has its entire uniform, and
as in one day the whole was
changed, it reminds me much of an enter-
tainment of dissolving views, when all be-
fore us presented a dreary and wretched
aspect, the whole was instantly changed
to beauty and pleasure. So much for the
change in the appearance of this regiment.
The little fatigue cap, the yellow-striped
jacket, the blue pants, and high-topped
boots, certainly present more of a military
appearance than any other that I have
seen in the State.

The companies here are pretty nearly
full, amounting to 970 men, and it is be-
lieved at headquarters that by Thursday
next the regiment will be mustered into
service of the United States, with a minimum number of men, and
ready for orders. Recruits are now com-
ing in fast.

The greatest complaint among the men
is, that none have been or can be passed
on the railroads from this place, to visit
their homes and friends, without paying
the cash from their own pockets. They
say if it is the fault of the Government,
we cannot complain, for it has enough
to bear, but if it is the fault of the railroad
companies, they consider them as showing
a mean spirit, and if they were allowed to
give vent to their feelings in action, they
would burn depots and tear up track, till
they felt themselves strengthed for this
wrong. If the railroad companies cannot
bear, then the Government for their fare, which is
deducted from the pay of the soldier
who uses the pass, how can we spend our
time in a service which will result in no
compensation. Our distrust is not so con-
sciously awakened,

But few are sick here, there being but
fifteen in the hospital, nearly from meas-
ures, though not dangerously ill. The
mumps are also common.

The principal entertainments b. allevi-
ate the monotony of camp life, the pub-
lic and private reading, singing, telling
"yarns," boxing, wrestling, carrying false
news, but exciting news of being disbanded, of
going to Kentucky, Kansas, &c. &c. So
you see we are alive and kicking.

H. B.
Second Wisconsin Cavalry

(Correspondence of the Daily Wisconsin)

CAMP WASHINGTON, near MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 27, 1862.

EDITORS WISCONSIN.—As all news of a military character is eagerly sought by the reading community, at the present time, perhaps it will not be uninteresting to the readers of your paper to hear from the Second Wisconsin Cavalry Regiment, which is quartered at Camp Washington, and, as I have a few leisure moments to devote to my favorite topic, I will employ them in furnishing you with a few traits of camp life.

Camp Washington, as your readers are probably aware, is situated on the Old Agricultural Fair Grounds, at Cold Spring, about five miles from the city of Milwaukee.

There are now eleven companies, Madison, a gray-bearded father of the Baptist persuasion. Our first service will take place to-morrow.

Camp has been kindly furnished by some Milwaukee friends of Adjutant Morgan, and we have assurances that, in addition to the musical talent already discovered in camp, a number of ladies from town will join our choir. Chaplain

Camp Washburn, where the Second Wisconsin Cavalry is quartered, and in which regiment is Capt. Wood's Grant company, was much pleased to meet among them a number of my old Grant creditors, and to partake with hospitality characteristics of "Old Grant," I was invited to stop and "take rations" with them, with which request I complied. And although hardly proper to criticise what we get for dinner when "ago visiting," I will venture this much: plenty of well cooked wholesome food, well served, good the table, at which officers and privates alike partook.

I first called at the Captain's quarter, where I found Lieut. M. J. Wood, snugly quartered. After an hour's conversation of all kind, he said, "If we were pressed to look at the Morgan, it would be found all right." So well pleased are the officers with them, that an order will doubtless be issued to purchase none others. It has just been discovered that the Morgan stock has an inordinate hatred of traitors, owing possibly to the fact that being New England bred. But do not let this raise the prices of Morgan's too much in "old Grant;" the order may never be issued. By nice mathematical calculation, (according to Dayball) one Morgan three years old, is worth five common four years old. So much for the Morgan.

The barracks are snug enough, consisting of dining room and kitchen, sitting room, bath-room, wash-room and officer's quarters, for each company. The dining room and kitchen occupying the same room, as does the sitting room and bedroom.

As evidence of the general intelligence of Capt. Wool's company, the large number I saw engaged in writing, bears ample testimony. Some were in the dining room, some in the sitting room, some sitting, some lying down, with every variety of writing material, and color of paper. Some ideas of the number of letters they write, may be formed from the fact that last week they used twenty dozen stamps worth of stamps.

Between the officers and men I found the best of feeling existing, such as is seldom found in a similar military organization, and with which, when the shock of battle comes, united to a man they will drive their enemies before them.

Lieut. Wool (I did not see the Captain is proud, and justly too, of his men, and said while we were at dinner, "Look at them; such men do not come from the city—they are tough and hearty, and that not, for the courage of a single man, in the company." D.

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Since I left old "Shakerag," I have received three or four numbers of your paper, for which I thank you. I presume it is with you as with me, nothing particularly new or striking to relate, but it may interest you to know how we are progressing in the 21st Regiment. We have now, about 800 men in camp all numbered into the U. States service, and as far as I can see, most perfectly satisfied. They have received flannel underclothing, stockings, boots, blankets and fatigue caps, and the balance of the uniforms are expected here in a day or two, the boys will then be made.

We have but few in hospital, they mainly with the measles,—none very sick. Our camp is situated about two-thirds of a mile north-west of the city, on what is known as the cold spring fair ground. The main stand has been enclosed for a church, and will comfortably seat the whole Regiment. We serve there last Sunday for the first time, our excellent chaplain, Rev. Dr. Burnham preaching. I presume that when the uniforms are all on, some of the boys will want to go home to show off, but we will not permit any such tall talking then. All officers and men, have entire confidence in Col. Washburn, and there is little or no ill feeling amongst the officers,—all seem to be satisfied and good humored. I, of course, need not touch upon war news, as you all know all about it, but we want to get down into "Dixie," after seeing the Paymaster.

From the 21st Cavalry Regiment.

Milwaukee, Wis., January 23, 1862.

Editors Tribune:

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CAMP WASHINGTON, Camp Washington, the head quarters of the 2d Regiment of Wisconsin Cavalry, is already assuming a military appearance. The ground gives full particulars. Fifteen or twenty buildings are now erected. The buildings for the officers and men are completed. Each company will have its own mess house 34 by 24 feet in which it will cook its own rations at an old fashioned fire place, the ladies running through the center of the mess house. The barracks are 38 by 24 feet each building and fitted up with wide bunks to accommodate 100 persons. Twelve of these buildings are so arranged as to form three sides of a square. Bath and washing rooms are also provided. The stables are each 250 feet by 33 feet. The hospital is about 500 feet east of the stables, and situated on the highest ground.

Col. Washburn has been uniting in his efforts to erect commodious and comfortable quarters for men. Good and comfortable barracks have been erected which are quite an improvement on the tents system, at least in this winter season. The barracks are well heated up with stoves, and are comfortable as can be expected or desired. We have good and commodious bunks to sleep in, and everything is clean and healthy. There is a large and splendid bathing room, heated up by a furnace, attached to the barracks, in which every man is required to bathe, at least once in every week. There is a warm and comfortable kitchen, in which the soldier wash and dry their clothes.

There are now in camp ten companies numbering about two and a half to the company. Some of the companies in camp are very full, but are now in process of being reduced rapidly, and I think by the last of this month the regiment will be complete.

Our uniforms are now here and will be distributed on Saturday next. It is cheering news to the men, for some of them are very much under similar disadvantages as the men of some of the companies in other camps, for some of them are very much under similar disadvantages. Some of the companies have been stationed at some of the foreign ports, before the offense is brought to the notice of the commanding officer, and the men are not only prevented from going back to their homes, but are not even allowed to communicate with their friends.

The Consular Office has occasion to send sailors or seamen in foreign ports not only prevents wholesome and necessary laws from being enforced, but it prevents wholesome and necessary laws from being enforced, the payment of the full amount of three months' extra wages for men in the service of the country, and the consular office is determined to take the necessary steps to enforce the law in this respect. The consular office has occasion to send sailors or seamen in foreign ports not only prevents wholesome and necessary laws from being enforced, but it prevents wholesome and necessary laws from being enforced, the payment of the full amount of three months' extra wages for men in the service of the country, and the consular office is determined to take the necessary steps to enforce the law in this respect.

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To the Editor of the Daily Wisc.- Jan., 1862.

CAMP BARSTOW, Janesville, Wis.

Dear Sir: I have been handed a copy of your paper, containing a letter addressed "Outsider," embodying in a tangible form the charges that have been made against me in regard to the manner in which I obtained from General Fremont authority to raise my regiment of Cavalry.

All these charges are based upon the testimony of one David Pratt, a disreputable character whom it was my misfortune to meet in the city of St. Louis. At the time my proposition to raise Cavalry was made, I was approached by this man Pratt with a proposition to furnish arms for the regiment. He purported to represent a house in New York engaged in the business of importing arms. I had previously closed a contract with him for arms, and, leaving the Planter's House, billed it to me! accepted. I had no further relations with Pratt, and, while organizing my regiment, I procured from Colonel H. A. Barstow, embodying in a tangible form the charges that have been made against me, in regard to the manner in which I obtained from General Fremont authority to raise my regiment of Cavalry.

To the War Department, which rejected it, and all these facts were fully explained to the War Department, which restored the authority it had revoked, and confirmed it anew. I have also placed the facts in proper form, and laid them before the Congressional Investigating Committee.

I cannot describe how disagreeable the task is to refute again and again these silly fabrications, and expose the character of my libelor. But the comments of the press, and the activity of scandal-mongers, seem to make it necessary. Were I only interested, I should pass the slander by in silence. But it is due to the men who have railed around me, in the cause of the country, to place my public denial and solemn oath against the venomous perjury of this Pratt, much as I dislike the task of doing so.

When the charge has been made by responsible parties, or in some other form besides the group of reporters and paragraphists, I have considered it my duty to go so far to meet it, and I have done so. I had hoped that my attention would not be withdrawn from my duties in camp, or in the field, to fight over again old political battles, or to answer the stale slanders of old enemies. This is the last time I shall do so, and I wish the public press to give my refutation as wide a publicity as has been given to the charges themselves. Respectfully yours,

WM. A. BARSTOW

Cavalry Correspondence.

Camp Barstow, Janesville, Jan. 2d '62

Ed. Spectator:

Day after New Years The Green Lake Cavalry have been in camp just one month. It is astonishing to see how much has been accomplished by our energetic Colonel, Win A. Barstow, during that short period. When we came to camp, there had not been a move made towards preparing the grounds for furnishing quarters for the soldiers. Col. B. had but just returned from Washington with authority restored to raise his regiment. At the present writing the tents are all erected, nine hundred men comfortably in quarters, and uniformed with the regulation Cavalry Jackets, good overcoats, pants, fatigue coats shirts, socks, drawers, boots and everything that entitles the comfort of the outer man. Stables have been erected for the accommodation of twelve hundred horses. Saddles and other accouterments have arrived necessary for the mounting of twelve hundred men. About six hundred horses have been purchased for the Regiment, and are to be ready to march by the 5th of Jan., at which time we are under orders to leave the post for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. All that is now lacking to equip the Regiment complete as the arms, which we will, probably, receive at the place of destination.

Col. Barstow is one of the most go-ahead, energetic men that has engaged in the service of his country. His whole soul is engaged in the war, and in my opinion, he is going to make the most efficient officer Wisconsin has produced.

The Green Lake Cavalry company now numbers 98 men already mustered into the U. S. service. It has the name of being the best drilled company on the ground Capt Stevens as an officer. Green Lake Co have a right to be proud of him. He is every inch the soldier, and a warmer hand never beat within a human breast The boys all like him and he likes them in return. The following is a list of the officers and members of our company, which will probably be read with much interest by the numerous readers of your valuable paper:

Capt.-Edwin R. Stevens
1st Lieut.-Joshua Daniels
2nd Lieuten.-J. H. Rodd
1st Sergeant.—W. H. Hewett
2d... W. L. Mc Kinstry
3d... D. N. Phelps
4th... F. Harkness
5th... H. W. Poll
1st Co. Private.—J. Q. Parker
2d... B. B. C.
3d... O. H. Carpenter.
4th... J. W. Sasscer
5th... C. O. Howard
Adjutants.—W. T. Brayton. (promoted to chief bugler of the Regiment.)
1st Co. Bugler.—John M. Plotz.
2d... Wm. Whiteside.
3d... Geo. Robb.
4th... Blacksmith.—Augustus Smith
5th... Wagoner.—H. H. Armstrong
6th... Seamen.—R. A. Rhodes.

JEFFERSON, Feb. 13th, A. D. 1862. Two telegraphic dispatches that my attendance was desired at this place as witness in the Circuit Court now being held here, his Hon. Judge Orton, presiding. I left to leave for Jefferson, determined to go to Janesville and visit the Barstow Cavalry Regiment.

My friend, Charley Wendt, 1½ horse and cutter, the soon landed me at the head-quarters of the regiment. Took a stroll around the grounds, looked at the tents and fixtures generally, and was very agreeably disappointed in the whole appearance of the camp.

Col. Barstow being absent, the men were being drilled by Maj. Collins, late of the Argus. The men were looking the equal of the soldiers we have sent in the infantry regiments; they show a good proficiency in their drill; and are under much better discipline than from rummies. I had expected to find Capt. Thomas, looks more at home on horseback than in the Assembly Chamber, and I have rarely seen a man sit a horse better.

Captains, Conkey, formerly of the State Senate, Shaw, of Mukwango, Orf, of Watertown, Justus, of Janesville, and others.
gave me hearty greetings, and I am now ready to bet on this regiment when they get into a fight, that they will not show the white feather.

The weather was pleasant, and from the city to the camp, the road was traversed with sleighs, most of them with lady occupants, and it looked very much like a gala day. The streets of Janesville were thronged with teams, and so far as my observation goes, the conduct of the soldiers there will compare favorably with those at Madison or elsewhere.

Arrived at this place at 7 o'clock; hotels full, lots of people from Milwaukee, Waukesha, and Racine counties, in attendance as parties, lovers, and witnesses, and sitting room crowded with ladies, who had a nite society meeting at the "Sawyer House," where I put up. This "mite society" is a great institution, taking the one here exhibited as a specimen.

Three musicians, lots of pretty girls, dancing to your heart's content, and put into your "mite" to help the church, is the racket. If you give a quarter "all right," but I saw a number of gray-haired men contribute four times that amount, beguiled by the music of a pretty girl who careered around the bat; and lawyers from Janesville, Whitewater, and Milwaukee, made better time with their heels in the dance than their heads in the court room.

Great place, Jefferson! County seat of Jefferson county, which contains, according to the last census, 28,771 inhabitants.

The village of Jefferson is put down at 1,369, and yet, with a line of telegraph running through the place, there is no telegraph office. Talk about "old fogyism." If you want to look at it unadorned, visit this town. It was truly amusing to witness the eagerness of the outsiders to get a glance of the Chicago Tribune, a copy of which had been got by Dist. Atty. Murphy, of Whitewater. An admiral of inquiries for the news! the news! he commenced to read the telegraphic despatches, and was constantly interrupted by exclamations, "Oh skip that, give us the news of the fight," etc., interspersed with readings by Jos. Sleeper of Janesville, who also had got a paper and divided the honors. To-day listened to C. W. Williams and Jos. Sleeper, in a suit brought to compel payments on notes given in consideration of building the Hyatt House, Janesville. Demanded that the building was not completed according to specifications. Williams most argumentative, Jos. perspicuous. Case gone to jury, and the subscriber going to leave town.

"I oppose the philosophical principles here, and submit me very forcibly of a description given by a writer in the New York Herald many years ago, of a picnic, which he did up thusly—the last line of the couplet just filling the bill:

"The sun is gone to set.
But they are happy, and dance the old song.
October."

Camp stool Epistles.

By our Editorial Correspondent.

Camp Barstow, Janesville, Feb'y 23d, 1862.

Well, virtuous Crescent, I have exchanged the old, well worn cushioned Editing Chair for the camp stool, and the pen over the saber—when it arrives. "And they shall beat their plowshares into swords and their pruning hooks into spears;" the men shall conspire with disease, and the indomitable Editorial fraternity shall take to their father's swords. "So move the nations;" but when the clarion of war shall cease, the trooper will return to the bosom of peace, or rest his elbows on his saddle and regret that he cannot make one more charge, give one more thrust, and fire one more shot.

Camp Barstow is located on the Blair Ground about a mile and a half from the Janesville Post Office, and is naturally the second best, if not the best Camp in the State. Indeed I am convinced that the troopers are more comfortably located here than elsewhere in Wisconsin. Every needed attention has been bestowed to the preservation of health, and the tents are roomy and warm. The quantity of wood used in heating the tents is of course very great, and the provision rations are abundant and of good quality.

The Fair Building has been partitioned into rooms and made very comfortable Regimental Head Quarters. The Camp is sheltered on three sides by rising ground, and on the other side a long row of stables break off the piercing wintry winds.

The Colonel, who by the way has been absent upon business connected with the shipment of the arms, &c., for the 3d Wisconsin Cavalry, is, as most of your readers are aware, one of the best looking and most energetic men in the State. Lieut. Col. Whiteside is evidently a military man in the true sense of the term, and is rapidly enlisting the troops with his zeal, pride and energy, through the indomitable spirit of a good soldier in any branch of the service. The Major of the First Battalion, Elias A. Calcott of Madison, is well known to the People and Press of Wisconsin as the best pamphlist in the State, the most difficult department in Editorial Life. He has succeeded in making as able an Officer as he has Editor, he will need no enemias. Maj. B. S. Henson, commanding the Second Battalion, has long been known as one of the most prominent, high on den and honorable citizens of the Fox and Wisconsin, thus preserving mid even enhancing that elasticity of spirit so essential to existence.

But so it is. The past nine months should convince the world that the Americans can speedily become the most warlike people on the face of the earth. The problem is yet to be solved, whether they can as readily abandon warlike pursuits for the more monotonous evolutions of peace.

For the present, I anticipate a solution favorable to the efficacy and perpetuity of a Democratic form of government.

In strolling through the Camp Ground, one is especially struck by the athletic appearance of the men. A very large proportion of the Regiment is composed of married men, in the full vigor of manhood; probably a greater proportion than can be found in any other Regiment. This is a strong argument in favor of liberal State legislation in their behalf.

To say my attention was called to Company A—the Spartans. It is the best looking squadron on the ground, and is very efficient in drill. In addition to Cavalry Drill, it observes it indefinitely, have exercises which are well executed. It is also one of the best behaved Companies in Camp. Perhaps this is in part owing to their associations; Company I, Capt. Thos. Conkey, one of the founders of Appleton, occupying the same, military, aye, Capt. Conkey has been so much identified with the public interests and improvements of our section of the State, (one of the most active minds in pushing through the improvement of the Fox and Wisconsin, this furnishing River Steamboat navigation between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi,) that it is superfluous to speak of him as a civilian. Enured to fatigue, probably no
A dreadful disaster to the train which was bringing the 34 Wisconsin cavalry regiment to this city occurred Wednesday, 20th, about three miles from the depot of the Northwestern railway in this city. Four passenger coaches were demolished, killing instantly four soldiers, and wounding about fifteen others, some of them very seriously. The cause of the disaster was the breaking of a car axle.

The train had left Janesville about 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon in two trains comprising some 24 carriages. The forward carriages were freight cars and contained the equipment, etc., of the regiment. Behind them were the passenger coaches containing the men. The first train consisted of our tender, six baggage cars and eleven passenger cars—seventeen in all. It was in charge of conductor John Hull, and engineer N. H. Bardan.

No trouble of any kind occurred until the forward train arrived in Madison, and in the course of the journey the car struck the ground and the first passenger coach broke across the rail on the left side, the train was dragged for perhaps two hundred yards, and until the broken car crossed a culvert, where there was a cattle guard. At that point the detached wheel fell through the running gear of the car struck the ground and the fright with great violence so that the train was brought to a stop, and the 'bumber' of the first passenger coach was broken. The engine, of course, fell off the road. All of the first car—second class one—was thrown from others, it is thought, will recover.

The following persons were also injured more or less, some of those in the train being Frenchmen and still others, All of the second car did not escape so well. This coach was thrown upon its side, to the left, into a ditch some thirty feet deep, and full of water. Seven persons in the car were drowned in the ditch, from which they were unable to escape until the water in the car was all let out, but received no wounds that would necessarily have proved fatal. The third car was partly tumbled off the track; the rear end of it was struck left side, thrown into a thirty-foot sand fragment, and three soldiers were instantly killed, while others were severely injured. The fourth car was not so badly broken up as the others.

The four cars thus thrown off contained companies A, E and G, in about all 570 men. From the manner in which they were broken up, it is surprising that the fatalities were so few—only two.)

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE WESTERN TOLL LINE, General Ticket Agent Robinson were upon the train. Immediately upon the occurrence of the accident, these gentlemen came up to the city for assistance. Surgical aid was procured, and a special train at once dispatched to the scene.

Meanwhile the soldiers were at work rescuing the wounded and taking out their dead comrades from the wreck. In some instances axles were broken, but roofs were used, and roofs were torn through before those within the cars could be released. To add to the horror of the scene, it was pitch dark, the cars materially interfered with their labors, rendering them more difficult and arduous. But all personal inconveniences of the night, were unheeded in their labors of humanity.

As the dead bodies were brought out they were laid upon the snow, but left its shroud-like whiteness to the ghastly scene—here was a soldier, tall, robust, in the full vigor of life, the marks of death, a smile upon his features, and not a bruise or mark to be seen upon his person. By his side lay a frightfully broken head. His head and face were smeared into a pulpiform utterly beyond recognition; one of his feet was crushed to the size of an orange, his mangled flesh and torn sinews protruding from his bloody garments. The other foot was so nearly severed at the ankle that a strip of shoe found its way through the wound of his calf.

One of his legs was half cut through just below the knee. And this poor fellow, Walter H. Johnson, whose disability was due to the breaking of his head, little dreaming that a frightful and violent death was so near.

It was near morning before all the dead had been found, and the wound removed from the wreck. Ten were killed outright, four were seriously wounded, and about a dozen received wounds of a less serious character. The following is the list of casualties:

**KILLED**

Eliha Sharp, hospital steward, Delavan.  
William Davis, company A, Roaring Creek, Jackson county.

Lutieent M. Rawson, company A, Bangor.

Charles Briggs, company A, Tomah, Monroe county.

**SERIOUSLY WOUNDED**

Quartermaster Sergeant J. L. Edwards, company G, East Troy, ribs broken.

As the train approached the city, two more Frenchmen, three negroes, and a soldier, were killed. Over 400 soldiers, including two officers, were killed or wounded. The train was an express one and contained 1500 soldiers. The accident occurred about half a mile north of the crossing; the first that I knew of it, I felt the jerk of it; I was standing on the window; I thought the train was off the track, stopped the engine, and ran back about twenty rods with the four cars yet hitched to the locomotive; the red light had already been sent back to signal other incoming trains. When I arrived on the spot, there was a dreadful smash up. I immediately started with the foreman of the train for a part of the scene, and Mr. Johnson, the driver. We were not more than a mile from the accident when we arrived on the spot. The car was at a complete stop, the engine was still running, and we ran back about twenty rods with the four cars yet hitched to the locomotive; the red light had already been sent back to signal other incoming trains when I arrived on the spot. It was a dreadful smash up.

We were not more than a mile from the accident when we arrived on the spot. The car was at a complete stop, the engine was still running, and we ran back about twenty rods with the four cars yet hitched to the locomotive; the red light had already been sent back to signal other incoming trains when I arrived on the spot. It was a dreadful smash up.

The cars destroyed belong to the Millwaukee and Chicago railroad company, and had been loaned to the Northwestern company for the purpose of transporting the regiment to this city.

The disaster delayed the departure of the regiment until late yesterday afternoon. The train, with the dead, was delivered to the city, and will be delivered to their surviving friends for burial. But all but one or two of them were taken back to Janesville last night.
The Victims of the Late Railroad Disaster.

Quartermaster A. W. Earle, of the Second Wisconsin Cavalry, makes the following report of the condition of those wounded by the late disaster on the Northwestern Road:

**Company A (Captain Dannaman)—Frederick Billings, contusion; not serious.** John J. Hatch, not serious.

Byron Wilcox, compound fracture of the right leg; amputation probably necessary.

**Company G (Capt. Moore)—L. J. Edwards, two ribs broken.**

The three first named wounded are in the hands of Dr. Douglas, and well cared for. Mr. Edwards is at the Eagle Hotel, under the medical treatment of Dr. Hahn, and will soon be able to go home. Some twenty or more were slightly wounded, but went on with the regiment.

The dead of Company A were taken Friday evening under the charge of Capt. Dannaman and an escort of men of his company, to be carried to their friends. Those of Company G were taken in charge by Lieut. Goodsell, except Snell, whose brother residing in Chicago performed the sad duty of removing him. Hospital steward Sharp was taken Saturday morning by his brother, who came from Delavan on being summoned by telegraph.

The foregoing comprises all I have been able to ascertain from personal attention, and may be relied upon as correct. The accident occurred from the breaking of an axle. The forward car was occupied entirely by Company A, and upon the seven killed in that car no wounds could be found sufficient to produce death. They were evidently drowned, the car being upset into a ditch filled with water.—nd.

Those of Company G were badly mangled, being caught between the first and second cars, and could be removed only by detaching the cars.

I remained after the regiment left, to attend to the dead and wounded, and make this statement that the friends of the unfortunate may know the facts of the catastrophe.

The Accident of the Chicago and N. W. R. R.

On Wednesday evening last, about 10 o'clock, four cars of the train with Barstow's cavalry on board, when a few miles from Chicago, were thrown from the track by the breaking of an axle. The first car was thrown from the track on the right side, but none of the inmates were seriously injured. The second car was thrown into a ditch, about three feet below the track, full of water; seven from this car were taken out dead. The third car was tumbled partly over the track, where it was struck by the fourth car and the rear end crushed to splinters. Three in this car were killed and many injured. The following is a list of the killed and wounded:

**KILLED.**

Elisha Sharp, Hospital Stewart, Delevan.

Wm. Davis, Co. A, Roaring Creek, Jackson Co.

Lucien M. Ranger, Co. A, Sparta.


Casper Store, Co. A, Bangor.

Charles Briggs, Co. A, Tomah, Monroe Co.


Dr. E. M. Beins, Co. G, New Albany.

Chas. D. Hatch, Co. A, Sparta.

**WOUNDED.**


Twelve, Co. G; internal injuries and contusion on the left side.

Madison Alger, Co. A, left arm broken.

Byron Wilcox, Co. L, both legs broken.

The above are not considered to be dangerously injured. The following are but slightly wounded:

Davis Ousit, Co. A, contusion on head.

C. J. Farwell, Co. G, right shoulder sprained.

C. Gibson, Co. A, left shoulder and arm, and left foot injured.

Robert Lawrence, Co. A, shoulder sprained.

Frederick H. Johnson, Co. A, right knee and left side injured.

M. J. Whiting, Co. A, hips sprained, and head cut.

Wm. Anderson, Co. A, right ankle sprained.

Charles Putnam, Co. A, knee sprained.

John Gries, Co. D, hand badly cut.

The Accident on the Northwestern Road.

Our readers have doubtless heard of the terrible accident on the Northwestern Road. The facts are as follows:

At a distance of three miles this side of Chicago an exo of one of the cars broke, and the car was hurled from the track while the passenger train was 20 feet from the accident, carrying the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, and the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, and the Lieutenant and Captain of both sides of the track was nearly waist deep. As the dead bodies were brought out they were covered with snow, which lent itself smoothly to the ghastly and sickening scene. Here was a solid, tall, robust, landscape-looking specimen of manhood, and in the embrace of death, a quiet smile upon his features, and not a house or mark to be seen upon his person. By his side lay one frightfully disfigured. His head and face were smashed; his forms utterly beyond recognition; one of his feet was crushed to a jelly, splintered bones, mangled flesh and torn sinews protruding from the gash. The other foot was so nearly severed at the ankle that but a mere strip of skin held it. One of his legs was half cut through just below the knee. It was appalling not even the battle field ever could realize it. And yet, her sorrow will be but the type of the keen anguish that this calamity will carry to other homes, which will miss the love-light of husbands, fathers, brothers and sons. God help the widowed and fatherless. The following is the list of dead and seriously wounded:

**Killed.**

Elisha Sharp, Hospital Stewart, Delavan.

Wm. Dally, Co. A, Roaring Creek, Jackson county.

Lucien M. Ranger, Co. A, Sparta.


Casper Store, Co. A, Bangor.

Charles Briggs, Co. A, Tomah, Monroe Co.


Dr. E. M. Beins, Co. G, New Albany.

Chas. D. Hatch, Co. A, Sparta.

**Seriously wounded.**


Twelve, Co. G; internal injuries and contusion on the left side.

Madison Alger, Co. A, left arm broken.

Byron Wilcox, Co. L, both legs broken.

The above are not considered to be dangerously injured.

The car was one borrowed from the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, and the accident appears to have been unavoidable. A coroner's jury after an examination of the matter acquitted the Company of all blame.

The bodies of the dead have been returned to their homes for burial, and the wounded are receiving the best care in Chicago.

Chicago, March 27, 1862.

Editors Gazette:—We are just here from Jaseville. You have heard by telegraph of the terrible accident on the train conveying the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, Col. Barstow. The particulars as far as I can learn them, are that the third passenger car broke an axle, and of course threw the whole train into confusion. As soon as the engine felt the shock all steam was put on to draw the cars backward, of the broken car from it, and thus save all he could. One car was literally a piece; another thrown entirely off the track, and turned over on the side; the next car passed, and the next to that stove into the ends of these two, crushing between them three men: Dr. Beins, of Albany, Green county, and Walter Snell, were two of them, the third I have not learned the name of. These men were not taken out for hours after, though every means at hand were used to effect it. They were dead, of course, instantly. There were
were seven men laying on the ground when I got to the scene, making in all ten killed. None from Janesville, I believe.

There were some remarkable escapes. One man escaped who was sitting beside Dr. Bemis, though he was wedged in the wreck and had one arm disabled. He says he could not bellow, and could only pick himself out a piece of the wreck at a time, but finally got out unhurt.

It is truly wonderful that so many escaped; that so few were killed and slightly injured. The track was torn up for rods—rails strewn in every direction. One rail was thrown on top of the wrecked cars. It was such a scene as I never witnessed, and hope never to witness again. Young Graham was on the train, but forward of the broken car, as was also a son of S. G. Williams. They escaped unhurt, though at first it was entertained that they and Capt. Moore were under the wreck, as they were not found. It turned out, however, that they came on here with the engine for aid, medical and otherwise.

There are only five or six badly injured; 30 but slightly. The cars that were not thrown from the track were more or less broken up. In some every seat was stripped from its place. I was on the engine and train, and of course cannot describe the shock.

Yours,,J. A. SLEEPER.

Departure of the Cavalry Regiment.

This regiment, which expected to leave this forenoon, has been delayed, and has not started when we go to press. It is supposed it will leave during the evening.

The following is the roster of the regiment:

2 FIELD STAFF.

Colonel—Wm. A. Barstow.
Lieutenant Colonel—Robert Carpenter, Leonard Morley, lieutenants.
Adjutant—Henry Sanders.
Quartermaster—A. W. Farr.
Surgeon—B. O. Reynolds; W. H. Warner, Joseph S. Lane, assistants.
Chaplain—Hiram W. Beers.

Caution.

First—John D. Welch, adjutant; Isaac Woodle, quartermaster; W. J. Plows, sergeant major; H. W. Keys, quartermaster sergeant; Wm. Hayes, commissary sergeant.
Squadron A—J. B. Damman, captain; Robert Carpenter, Leonard Morley, lieutenants.
Squadron G—John P. Moore, captain; Hugh Calhoun, Henry Goodsell, lieutenants.
Squadron F—D. C. Moore, Jr., captain; A. M. Pratt, Leonard House, lieutenants.
Squadron K—Thomas Derry, captain; C. A. Perry, James Campbell, lieutenants.
Second—C. L. Norgle, adjutant; Francis Quast, quartermaster; W. H. Graham, sergeant major; Samuel Ryan, quartermaster sergeant; C. E. Clark, commissary sergeant.

Squadron C—R. Stevens, captain; Jason Daniels, James B. Pond, lieutenants.
Squadron I—Theodore Conkey, captain; Richard Bacon, Jr., M. M. Ehle, lieutenants.
Squadron M—Henry F. House, captain; Wm. Schmidt, Olof Myers, lieutenants.
Third—W. H. Thomas, adjutant; O. A. Hall, quartermaster; C. G. Gillett, sergeant major; C. M. Woodworth, quartermaster sergeant; G. G. Hobotett, commissary sergeant.
Squadron D—L. J. Shaw, captain; E. G. Kizer, B. H. Killbourn, lieutenants.
Squadron K—Ernest Off, captain; J. P. McDonald, Chaas. T. Clothier, lieutenants.
Squadron B—A. F. David, captain; Wm. Wagner, L. B. Reed, lieutenants.

As a body of effective men, this regiment is a credit to the state which has sent into the service some of the best troops in the army. Much may be expected from it without any fear of disappointment.

Letter From Barstow's Cavalry.

Full Account of the Terrible Accident on the Chicago and Northwestern R. R.

BENTON BARRACKS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

March 30th, 1862.

Several acquaintances in and about Elkborn and vicinity having, before my arrival at these Barracks, and there being but a short time allowed here for such laborious undertakings as writing poor letters to amuse lazy recipients at home, I deem it prudent to communicate all I have to relate, in one manuscript, and let that be published in plain type to be read by the few, or many, as the case may be, who desire to hear from us of our adventures.

Many a dear friend was left behind on the day we left Janesville, and many were the tearful partings witnessed at the depot as the loaded trains were about to start, and still more fervent prayers, no doubt, were silently offered up for our good, to take effect when we should encounter the nations foe in the land of Dixie—yet, perhaps no one at that moment of parting thought to hear so soon of the terrible calamity which befel us six hours later—and no one counted those treacherous six hours which trundled eleven vigorous ones of our number into the gulf of eternity.

At almost eleven o'clock on the night of Wednesday the 26th inst., a grating noise, like the result of a strong application of the braces, was heard in the coach in which I sat. We almost instantly thereafter experienced a violent shock which jarred the glass from the windows, and awoke the few of our men who were asleep at the time. On first hearing the grating sound before alluded to, and feeling a sensible slackening of the speed at which we had been moving, I sprang to my feet and stood near the hind end of the car where I had just been sitting on the arm of one of the seats. The final shock I did not feel nearly so perceptibly as those who remained in their seats. On going outside I saw that one of the coaches in front was slightly off the track, and instantly realizing the precariousness of this situation, I went to the rear of the train for the purpose of having some one started back with a lantern to signal the other train which I knew must be close behind us. Fortunately this precaution had just been taken by some one already at the rear, and upon my returning to the spot where our Company's (L.) coaches (the 6th and 7th) stood, I heard some one say that Byron L. Wilcox was fast between two cars, and only just alive. Not hearing any groans, it was several seconds before I found where he was. I found him between the 6th and 7th cars, where he had been standing as sentry, on the rear platform of the 7th. (It is proper here to observe that the Col. had, shortly after we left Janesville, given orders forbidding the men standing outside when the train was in motion. These orders had been given particularly to each sentry as he was posted.) His legs were pinched fast between the platforms—that of the 7th having slid quite over the other. I supported his weight by seizing him and lifting under the arms, and announced his predicament to those gathering around, who immediately distributed themselves at all available points about the car, and made prodigious efforts to push it back; but to no purpose. They then began at the rear, and pushed back one car at a time. There were four or five cars in the rear of the seventh, and it took several minutes to move them all in this manner. He was finally extricated, however, with his right leg below the knee, smashed to a jelly—his left foot injured badly, and his left leg broken square, above the knee.
After placing it, in a recumbent position, on some seat-cushions, which I arranged inside the car, I went out to take a further survey. The light of several lanterns had by this time been brought to bear on the scene, which I will still further try to describe.

The first coach lay on its right side, several feet from the track, and the bruised occupants were making their egress from the doors as best they could. Nearly every one in the car was more or less injured; but none were killed. The second car lay in fragments, all in a heap in the ditch on the left of the track. It had completely upset. The ditch had in it a depth of about 18 inches of slush, snow and water mixed, and out of this slush, from underneath the pile of rubbish, huts jammed into all shapes, sabres twisted and bent into every conceivable form, and all mixed in with bundles of clothing, blankets, haversacks, canteens, seats, cushions, loaded down with pay fragments. I saw dragged out of the lifeboat remains of seven noble fellows who, but a few moments previous, perhaps, had been dreaming of friends and the scenes they were leaving behind. Among them lay Elise Sharp, our hospital steward—young, so handsome, and so late promising—now dead! It is supposed that he, as well as most of the others here found, was asleep at the time the cars went over. Most of them were drowned. All except Sharp belonged to Co. "A." 

A corporal, who was in the car, told me that he lay on top of one of the unfortunates, whom he knew to be dying solely because his head was kept under water by the pressure upon him, and yet he (the corporal) could not remove himself or render any assistance to the drowning man, whatever. The forward end of the 3rd car was raised about 6 or 7 feet, remaining in this position a little to the left of the track. Along here the track was all turn up, some of the rails having been twisted or bent, and pitched several feet to one side. The rear part of this car was run into by the front end of the 4th one, and the junction thus made carried off of the track to the right. The crush here proved fatal to four men of Co. "G," whose dead bodies were, during the night, recovered by chopping away a great deal of the wood works surrounding them. One of the bodies taken from this place was squeezed quite flat. The hind end of the 4th car remained on the track, but drove in the end of the 3rd about 18 inches. Those who were in the 5th car, say the splinters flew thick and fast, and no one therein was hurt.

During the night all was done that could be done for the wounded ones; and, with a great amount of various kinds of labor, the track was repaired. The old wrecks removed, and a train brought out from Chicago, (only about three miles distant) so that we got off about daylight, with the dead and wounded aboard.

Young Wilson showed the most heroic fortitude from the time he was first discovered, jammed between the cars, until the last we heard of him. He never once complained, but spoke confidently of getting well, and rejoicing at the hope of recuperation. Even when we were trying to extricate him from between the cars, he only said, sufficiently, "I think both of my legs are broken—they are fast in there somewhere;" and then he would quietly add, as he found the car did not move when the boys first tried to push it back, "Boys, get me out if you can." Poor fellow, even after seeing how seriously his legs were injured, he still thought of getting well, and I would not tell him my own misgivings. We sent him to the Field Hospital at Camp Douglas, and left him with H. J. Gleason, with whom he is now nurse. It has since been announced by the papers that he died the next day; yet no official intelligence of such fact has yet reached us. If however, that news be true, it increases to 12 the number of those who, on Wednesday last, marched proudly through the streets of Janesville to take their ride to death.

Our journey hence from Chicago was not attended with any further mishapenee. We arrived just after dark, and the boys of the Wisconsin Second Cavalry prepared scenes of coffee for us to drink, and then assisted us to put up tents so that we all retired to rest under shelter before midnight. Your humble servant; that night rested comfortably upon a cot under the same cloth roof with our efficient surgeon Dr. R., whose visitation was as kindly proffered an I was gladly accepted.

I have already spun a long story since the tattoo sounded; and inspite of much as the officer of the day, (Lieut. Col. White) was just at my tent telling me about "lights out," and my light was almost "out," I will put it out and retire to my blanket—Yours truly,

3d Regiment Wisconsin Cavalry.

Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Aug. 7, 1862.

Editors Patriot:—A few days since I addressed you briefly, giving you an account of our journey from Camp Barstow to this place, closing at Chicago, from which place to our present quarters our trip was short and safe and, but very agreeable. As we passed through St. Louis, the most marked demonstrations of friendly sympathy and appreciation were made all along the streets, especially by the ladies, who seem to understand that the army of the Union is a power of safety and protection to the sweet treasures of home. If there are ascetics in the city they manage to keep "shady.

The barracks in which we are located are well filled with regiments of different kinds, some of whom are well drilled and ready for war, while others are still in training. It is generally quite healthy, and every indication of the continuance of that great army of healthy men is the army because all the judicial regulations for that end, so far as sanitary rules are concerned, are in any degree observed.

There is scarcely a more enchanting spot to be found anywhere than that in which the 2d and 3d Wisconsin cavalry are quartered. It is a large grove of fine hickory, the apophasis amphitheatre and buildings of the fair grounds of world-wide renown, dry and sufficiently undulating to be free from mudiness in even yet weather. The trees are not yet in full foliage, although the green carpeting of the earth and the swelling bud of an early appearance of the garments of nature upon our dry canopy also.

With the various incidents of camp society, in which every effort is made to while away the tedious, many expedients are of course resorted to, to make every moment of time between duties as light as possible, and the pursuits of the masses are as varied as their tastes or associations.

Several of the tents are graced by the wives and ladies of officers, which adds much to the social caste of our regiment, and is an agreeable change from the long hours in which the fair daughters of our Ticonderoga are pleased to bestow upon our cause and upon its defenders.

Colonel Barlow's valiant little band are in fine spirits, and making every possible exertion to place the regiment in a position to give the already brave Badger Infantry, a new lustre. The orders for exercise in military training are for anything but idle; there is no inaction, and so far as my knowledge extends, there is a general ambition amongst the men of all companies to become proficient in all the branches of drilling and tactics suited to success.

Of course, we do not know our destination from this point nor the time for our departure, but the "knowing ones" are-authoritative, we shall go on, and probably to the Northwest. The 18th Wisconsin infantry passed through St. Louis yesterday morning, en route for Tennessee. They remained in the city for one night, only.

Since we came into quarters, (ten days ago,) some three or four regiments have left for the front, armed with artillery.

There are many warm teams in the hands of wagoners, in process of training for war purposes, and the activity of the barracks is unceasing.

A large number of hucksters and "apple women" from the poorer classes in the city come into our camp, and, either by accident or design, two or three of our guard were poisoned, a few days ago, of what I am not sure it was; for it is a very uncommon event to hear of a picket being unhorsed on the outer guard line. However, there is no great amount of damage done from that source.
Our regulations are strict, as they should be, and by the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors, much irregularity and disorderly conduct is prevented, and soldiers are inclined to the better improvement of time, than in &c.

In a day or two, I shall have time to furnish you a glance at the general aspects of the bar- racks of the various regiments embraced in them. Yours truly.

For the Republican Journal.

J. C. Osier—Dear Friend: I propose to give you, at this time, some of my impressions of a soldier's life, and if I hit some things pretty hard, you must not allow your sensibilities to be too greatly shocked, as you are aware, I am in the habit of speaking of men and things as I find them, and "setting down noth in malice."

And first let me say, officers are very different men, in the army what they are when recruiting. While recruiting they are all milites, and generally agree to all the "green up" asks them to, but after, he is far, sworn into Uncle Sam's service, the vetet is generally pulled back from the nails, and they appear in all their natural deformity. This is (as far as I have seen the case), that there are of course, honorable exceptions; and perhaps the officers are not altogether to blame for this, for I have noted another fact connected with camp life, viz: young men, (and sometimes old) seem to forget all the moral restrictions of manhood, forget that they were considered MEN at home, and rush into vice headlong, and if their officers did some exercise some restraint over them, they would become so completely demoralized, that they never would be fit for citizenship again. This then perhaps is one of the reasons why officers are different in camp, than in the recruiting service, but I am apt to lay it to the natural instinct in man, to get and exercise all the power over his fellow that he can. I regret to say I do not believe our highest officers would remove the cause of this war if they could. The field officers are all as far as I know, of the Third Wis. Cavalry, and all pro-slavery Democrats, and they know you, are very tender footed on the subject of slave- ry, and while they profess to be in favor of the Union, they will curse the Abolitionists, and say let the niggers alone for they are the property of the South, and the Divine Institution of slavery must not be meddled with.

Out upon such nonsense. Our Colonels are the most common man in the regt, while the ordinaries and corporals, (I am in the habit of calling them Stupes) are the most puffed up, and some of them would be regular bullies if they were not too great cowards.

We also have a "Man of God" with us, an officer of the Episcopalian order, and while money is in hand, I propose to sketch his profile. I am told his salary is $1500 per year and rations. He is a large, fair faced, aristocratic looking and acting man, and I think the cantile is entirely beneath his means of grace, for I never, so him only among the officers, and I have never know of his visiting the sick Hospital, tho' perhaps he does, but I fear he is like the Pastors Pollock speaks of in his course of Time, viz: "They put on the livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in." Yesterday a number of the Capsa sat at table playing cards and drinking lemonade (I hope) and the man of God was also among them with his glass and looking on with all the Divine Unison imaginable, but certainly not reproving them, or warning them of a "judgment to come." This man lives on the soil of the land and $1500, does nothing to merit it, while the common soldier, who does all the HARD fighting often goes hungry for the reason that he cannot always eat the hard-bread rations which the government furnishes with him. Why are these things so? Now friend Carr I am fully of the opinion, that when the history of the Third Wis. Cavalry is all FAIRLY written out and the people are called upon to foot the bills, that it will form a beautiful addendum to the Chapl., already written in such living characters by the immortal Forty. I am much mistaken if you friend C. dont have to stand your share. If our Regt, does not move before long you may expect to hear from me again under the caption of—The Subject Continued.

3rd Regiment Wisconsin Cavalry.

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE VIEWS—REPORT OF THE RECENT VICTORIES—SUNDAY IN CAMP.

Benton Barracks, St. Louis, April 15, 1862.

As it old Boreas cherished feeling of coldness toward us, he has, for more than half of the time that we have been in our quarters, been "blowing" at a rate that has tended far more to our discomfort than otherwise, either for health or equality of temper: but to-day, the auspices are more hopeful.

The ground poltroons, are embraced in the property which belong to Mrs. Froment, as a portion of her inheritance. It is said the government pays $600 per month for the use of it. It is a small old log house, and considering the capital invested in the property.

I took a stroll through the different hospital wards this morning, and found the number of sick from the different regiments far less than the very bad weather we have had late to do with, and there were, and the condition of the invalids in every way creditable to the Sanitary regulations of the Department. Upon inquiring of several of the patients: "How do you fare, boys?" the answer in every case was: First rate; we have the best of attention paid to us, and every thing that can be done.

Besides the daily routine of duties, we have gallerys of practice in shooting the pistols—private squads for sabre exercises—arenas for training horses in leaping fences, ditches, &c., and every variety of athletic recreation for the development of muscle. The officers are not strictly in character with our military dignity or profit—many while away the stolen moment of duty in card playing or other amusements.

In a brief visit to the city yesterday, I have seen opportunity for earning the approbation of opinions of citizens respecting the war, and the prospects of the Union. Whether from each or from since he has not been gifted with divine prescience to say, but, certain it is, there was a uniform expression of sympathy for the course of the contest. The is evident that the business men of St. Louis, as a profound respect for the authority of condition, and have become convinced that the velle of the classes, is involved in the enforcement of the national laws, at whatever cost. There is therefore, a stronger Union feeling in the city and amongst the people, generally, at this hour, than has existed at any time previous, since the breaking out of the rebellion.

The effect of the recent victories under the command of General Halleck, has been electrifying. In every public place, and in every circle, the expression of opinions was in the highest degree enthusiastic in terms of laudation, and predictive of a speedy triumph of the loyal forces. Now and then, one can be found who indulges in terminations threats at the disbanded regiments who have been chosen by electors of republican sentiments involved the chief magistrate in the necessity of being a secessionist, instead of being a National officer of the Government. The number of that mistaken class is diminishing rapidly.

The enthusiasm of the officers and men, at the news from the nation's latest victories, was very great. And the order from the Government to observe the day in profound thanksgiving, was received with respectful homage.

With others, our entire regiment, (the 3rd cavalry) was marched in from our place of worship, where, after the reading of appropriate scriptures, singing and prayer, the Chaplain addressed us in a feeling and pertinent manner, from the text—"The Loved God, omnipotent reigns."

With his usual freedom from canting dogmatism, the eloquent speech was upon officers and men, the imperative duty of recognizing the Divine Power and authority in all things, and cited history and revelation to show that forgetfulness of God and disregard for his authority is unwise and dangerous to nations and individuals. The Colonels with his entire staff and all the officers were present, and listened with profound interest to the sermon. The words that away from the rude sanctuary is the temple of nature, with marked feelings of devout respect for the truth. Although we were to day convened "by authority" yet, the Chaplain announced that, hereafter, the services would be conducted upon the "voluntary principle," allowing those who chose to spend their time otherwise, to absent themselves. We were all invited to form in the public worship of God. This will doubtless secure a fuller attendance than once in a century.

The first death that has occurred since we came into quarters here, was the case of F. J. Palsack, from Black Wolf, Winnebago Co. He was sick when we last saw him, and died in the 9th inst., from Congestion.

The weather, as I write this p. m. is clearing up finly, and everything in the country concludes that the nudite of every one. Yours, W.

Letter from Barstow's Cavalry.

We are permitted to make the fol lowing extracts from a letter from Surgeon Reynolds, of the 3d Wisconsin Cavalry, to his wife in this place. They will be read with interest. "..."
HESTON, DARRACKS,
St. Louis, Mo. Apr. 20.

I have been so very busy for the past few days, that I have scarcely had time to eat my meals. Though we have not exactly been to war, I have seen abundance of sad, devastating effects. There are now in St. Louis, about 1,600 poor mutilated and maimed sufferers from the recent battle of Pittsburg, while there are many here yet on beds of pain and anguish from wounds and bruises received at the battle of Ft. Donelson.

For the last few days I have, after attending to our own sick, for an hour or two in the morning, repaired to the city, and spent the entire day in amputating limbs, picking out bullets, fragments of shells, dressing fractures and mutilated stumps, &c., &c. I have charge of one ward in the 5th Street Hospital, containing 160 patients, with almost every species of injury imaginable—some with a bullet hole traversing the chest, from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet—some dying, some dead, while many are only slightly wounded in flabby portions of the body. We amputated three legs in my ward yesterday, below the knee, shattering the effects of minnie balls traversing the ankle and bones of the foot, knocking those important structures structures to fragments. About 50 in this ward are wounded secession prisoners.

Friday, the steamer J. Roc left her cargo of living death, 300 in number here, and the Empress a few, but most of the wounded upon the latter have gone back. I went on board of her while at the landing. One poor fellow was in the agonies of death, another with an amputated leg, was in the insipid stages of trismis, while others, less unfortunate, were icily lying idly upon their own sheets, with eyes closed, reading the morning papers, or engaged in common conversation, as if nothing unusual were transpiring in their very midst, an apt illustration of how soon men's nerves and minds become infected to whatever is before them. Before the war, such scenes would horrify all beholders, but now, they have become so familiar (especially here upon the river) that crowds behold them with comparative composure. There are about 200 secession wounded in the hospital where I am engaged.

The ladies of the St. Louis Aid Society, of this city are doing a glorious work, and doubtless all your lesser aids are equally praiseworthy, in your efforts to do all in your power in this good work, but some from where be's my, be be secessh
slon's to admit of navigation of small craft for some considerable distance. Here again were soldiers guarding a fine new rail road bridge. All along the telegraph poles were cut down by the rebel Price, but now ones are erected and the line is in working order. Jefferson City is 160 miles by river from St. Louis and 100 by rail. It is not so large or fine a city as I had conceived it to be; it contains less than twenty-five hundred inhabitants. Its most conspicuous edifices are the State Prison and the Capitol. The latter is a fine edifice, and presents a commanding appearance from the river, but there are many court houses in the Northern States much larger and more expensive.

About 50 miles above is what remains of Boonesville, once a smart and thriving village, but like all the cities and villages along the river, withered by the curse of secession.

Several hours ride bring us in sight of Glasgow. Here are large number of used up Government horses and mules corralled upon the river bank. Here are stationed a portion of Merrill's cavalry, whose business is to break up disunion gangs, apprehend traitors, and manufacture galvanized iron men, by administering the oath.

The place presents a very meager appearance from the river, but I am informed contains about seven thousand inhabitants.

Three hundred and seventy-five miles above St. Louis, is Lexington, made memorable by the bloody battle, and the surrender of the brave Mulligan, to the rebel Price, in August last. The battle was permitted to march to the battle field, where we spent an hour. The carcasses of dead horses and mules filled the air with their foetid emanations, yet, ladies, officers and men felt amply rewarded for their toilsome journey up the rugged hill, and many a memento, as cannon balls, grape shot Minned, &c., were found, and carefully preserved. I will not attempt its description, but when I look upon the ruins, and consider the vast number of the foe, the wonder is that the brave man did not surrender sooner. The buildings he occupied are terribly riddled; the trees and stumps filled and riddled with the deadly projectiles, and everything denotes a terrible struggle. I visited the large brick building used by him as a hospital. This is the only building on or near the grounds that has been repaired or is now occupied.

This was, I think, taken and re-taken several times during the contest. The Masonic College, the citadel of the fortifications, will require thousands of dollars to repair.

The next point which I will mention is Kansas City. It is situated wholly in Missouri, about one mile from the Kansas line. It is 460 miles from St. Louis; it is said that it formerly contained 8,000 inhabitants, but secession has reduced it to three or four thousand.

Wyandotte, a mile or a mile and a half above, presents a commanding view from the river, but it is entirely girdled, and dying rapidly. It once contained 3,000 inhabitants,—it now has less than 1,000. There the Cow, or Kansas river empties into the Missouri. It is a small stream, not navigable, except in high water, and to boats of light draught. The Missouri thus far, is quite destitute of tributaries, the only ones of importance being the Osage, Gasconade, and the Kansas.

Leavenworth City is 30 miles above Wyandotte. It is a stirring business place, and its inhabitants are variously estimated from 7,000 to 10,000. I notice it is cheaply built, like all much on town, containing few fine or expensive residences.

Fort Leavenworth is two miles above. There are but few buildings, mostly Government warehouses, at the landing. The fort proper is some half mile from the river, and is finely and extensively arranged. All the troops are encamped in tents, there being no barracks for either horses or men. The camping grounds are several miles in extent, and a beautiful situation could not have been found for this purpose. The 3rd regiment are encamped in a beautiful and romantic grove, with the green prairie and parade ground immediately in front. We arrived here on Sunday evening, without accident, and comfortable weather or more interesting five days journey, 400 weary travelers never enjoyed.
The 3d battalion were less fortunate, losing one man and one mule overboard. The young man's name was H. D. Domins. He enlisted at Belton, Co. A of our regiment, has been ordered out on picket duty. They are encamped within the cantonment, but about one mile from us. We have our full complement of arms and horses, and are becoming somewhat proficient in drill. C. D. Barstow has been appointed Provost Marshal of Kansas, and this brings a new deal from what we expected when we came here, in regard to our future destination. We will double in Kansas or on its borders, but, I trust, we will not become "border ruffians."

Gen. Blunt succeeds Gen. Sturgis in command here, and great activity in military matters prevails since his arrival. The Leavenworth Daily Constitution says, "since he assumed command, butternuts have been very rare in these parts."

The health of the regiment is generally good, having a general average of about 20 on the sick list. There is a large general hospital located here, also a post hospital for the department. There are comparatively few troops here at the present time, they having been ordered off on the New Mexico Expedition. Direct the Independent to Fort Leavenworth, instead of Leavenworth City.

The Third Cavalry Regiment.

We have lately received a letter from Maj. Hasing dated Fort Leavenworth, May 26th, in which he says:

"I am happy to report that the Troops have behaved well during our stay here, and that the discipline has been maintained. The various squadrons of the 3d regiment Wisconsin cavalry volunteers are hereby ordered to march to the earliest practicable moment to their respective destinations."

The various squadrons of the 3d regiment Wisconsin cavalry volunteers are hereby ordered to march to the earliest practicable moment to their respective destinations as follows:

1st battalion, Major E. A. Calkins.

Company "A," Captain Dammon, to Elwood, and Troy, Donaiphan county. Captain Dammon will be acting Deputy Provost Marshal in the county of Donapnah.

Company "G," Captain Moore, to Shawnee-town, county of Johnson. Captain Moore will be acting Deputy Provost Marshal in the county of Johnson.

Jeremiah Hoy was shot at Fort Leavenworth on the 22d of June. The shot was fired by a boy, having been found guilty by the military commission of treason and murder.

The military commission consisted of the following officers of the 3d Wisconsin cavalry: Capt. D. S. Vittum, Lieutenants C. A. Perry, L. B. Reed, and Asa W. Farr. The trial of Jeremiah Hoy, alias Solomon P. Hoy, of Johnson county, Kansas, took place on the 22d of June. Capt. Vittum, and Lieutenants Reed, Kier and Farr were present.

It was proved that Hoy was a member of Quantrell's guerrilla band; that he was accessory to and guilty of the murder of a United States soldier of Major Bancroft's command, on the 20th of March, 1864.

There was no delay, he was shot at the bridge crossing, Jackson county, no hanging in the military part of the programme. A detachment of soldiers stood about twenty yards distant, and the moment the guard left the prisoner the command was given to fire—twelve volleys of fire leap from the rifles, and Hoy is dead.

"He fell over upon his face and died without a struggle. One ball went through his head and two through his body. After an examination of his body by Drs. Quinon and Stiger, it was placed in a coffin and borne to the military burial ground. The soldiers marched off, playing a lively air."

Those who knew Hoy say he sustained a fair reputation until the breaking out of the war, when he joined the murderous bushwhackers. He has a father and brother living in Johnson county—both Union men and good citizens. He was captured with five other prisoners, by Col. Mitchell, in the fight near Little Santa Fe, at the time Maj. Preston was wounded. They were taken to Shawneetown and afterwards to the fort. The other prisoners were released by Sturgis.

B. S. HENNING.

The following general order will show the positions assigned several 3d Kansas regiments, now connected with the 3d cavalry.

PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Leavenworth, June 6, 1863.

The various squadrons of the 3d regiment Wisconsin cavalry volunteers are hereby ordered to march to the earliest practicable moment to their respective destinations as follows:

1st battalion, Major E. A. Calkins.

Company "A," Captain Dammon, to Elwood and Troy, Donapnah county. Captain Dammon will be acting Deputy Provost Marshal in the county of Donapnah.

Company "G," Captain Moore, to Shawneetown, county of Johnson. Captain Moore will be acting Deputy Provost Marshal in the county of Johnson.
from Barstow's Cavalry

By the kindness of Mr. J. A. Perry we are permitted to publish the following letter from his son.

Aubrey, Johnson Co., Kansas, June 11th 1862.

Dear Father—Our squadron left
Leavenworth last Saturday evening, having been ordered to this place on provost duty. Capt. Perry is deputy provost marshal of this district. I meant to have sent you a copy of the Leavenworth paper, containing printed orders for our movement, but we left in such a hurry that I had not time to attend to it. I did not leave the city until two hours after the squadron marched. I was not relieved from duty at Fort, on the military commission, until 4 o'clock p.m. on Saturday, and therefore had to make my personal arrangements for the city, with such haste that I could not even drop you a line about it.

I received your letter of the 6th last at our first halt 7 miles south of Leavenworth. We reached this point at about 7 p.m. yesterday. Aubrey consists of one store and about 20 dwellings, many of which are untenanted. The occupants having fled through fear of Quantrill and associates. There are only about 20 adult male inhabitants in the place at present time with their families. They were intensely gratified to know we were here. Several of the men, knowing themselves to be obnoxious to Quantrill & Co., on account of fresh soil proclivities, have not slept in their houses for two months past, or since the Federal troops were withdrawn from here. They have had to be extremely cautious and vigilant to escape capture by the Missouri Jayhawkers. This place has been the scene of exciting events since the war began. The folks point to a tree out on the prairie east of here, where a company of infantry which was stationed here in March last, fought Quantrill's mounted banditti, who had pursued them from Missouri. (Missouri is only 24 miles from here.)—The Big Blue Woods in plain sight, are said to be infested by about 500 out-throst rascals, who make it their care, from which they sally out, and commit their depredations on unprotected settlers of Kansas. The folks here, also point to the different houses where there have occurred desperate encounters between the inhabitants and Quantrill's outliers. Over in Johnson's, is where they overtook and killed young Trickey, who was trying to make his escape by flight. His wife and father will occupy the house where the fight began. Back of that house is where two others of the defenders were shot down—one of them being killed outright, and the other only escaped death by feigning himself dead. This latter, having received a shot at the corner of his right eye, lay upon his back in the field, when one of the outlaws rode up and fired a shot downwards at him grazing his side, and yet the wounded man never stirred! He heard the outlaw say as he rode away, "He is dead." He afterward crawled away and got well. Right there by the fence, near the house where the company officers are boarding, is a tree, with the caption, "In 1862 this body of men from a distant State, known nothing and caring less for the welfare and happiness of the inhabitants than for the success of Quantrill and his outlaws." The Big Blue Woods is a sight to be seen. Its beautiful and lovely, it is a sight to see.

To speak of military matters, General Brint is the commander of this department, extending indefinitely from the western boundary of Missouri, North, West and South. The General is a stocky, built man, about as broad across the back, and with the strength of limb and muscle of Col. Farquhar, though not perhaps as heavy, and with Roman nose, black whiskers and moustache, and short, crisp hair. He was Lieutenant Colonel of one of the Kansas regiments, fought a splendid campaign in Missouri against the guerrillas last summer and fall, was promoted to be Brigadier, and assigned to this department after Hunter, Denver and Sturgis had been ordered away. He knows every nook and corner of the State, and possesses great activity and irresistible determination, is quiet in conversation but decide in action, and gives every indication of being the right man in the right place. Upon the arrival here, by Gen. Halleck's orders, of Col. Barstow with the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, and after a full, good look at the quality of men that composed that regiment, their discipline, equipment and "style," the General concluded that, as a body of men from a distant State, knowing nothing and caring less for the...
and border quarrels, therefore without interest or partiality on either side, they were exactly the men to be used in restoring peace, order and quiet, if such a possibility existed, where so much disorder had reigned. He therefore, at once relieved from duty both the Kansas and Missouri regiments along the line, appointed Col. Barstow Provost Marshal General of the State, and set the Wisconsin boys at work to stop Jayhawking, bushwhacking, kidnapping, horsestealing and kindred outrages along the border. Col. Barstow took hold of the work in earnest, distributed his forces up and down the border, and placed them under rigorous instructions to carry out the line of duty marked by Gen. Blunt. They are doing it to the best of their ability, and the result is, Ft. Leavenworth is occupied with but little else than desperadoes of all classes under arrest, and the force necessary to guard the prisoners held.

The whereabouts of the officers of the Regiment may be stated as follows: Maj. E. A. Calkins is Provost Marshal of the Leavenworth District, the most important post in the State. Maj. Henning, of Oakkosh, with his battalion, is at Fort Scott, and is Provost Marshal of that District. Capt. Vittum, of Baraboo, is President of the military commission in session here. Capt. Derry, with the Madison company, is at Aubrey, 60 miles south of here. Capt. Dauman of Sparta, with his company, is at Elwood, opposite St. Jo. Capt. Stone, your old editor, friend, with the magnificent sandy whiskers and his company, is here. Lieut. A. W. Farr is Judge Advocate of the military commission. Ex-Sheriff Welsh is here doing Adjutant's duty, and diving into the detective business occasionally. A veritable "Bucket" (see Bleak House) few signs of rascality escape those crossed eyes of his. Theodore Conkey, of Appleton, is captain of a company in Major Henning's command, and left last evening with his wife, both horseback, for Fort Scott. Capt. Rose of Madison is in the same command. Capt. Ira Justin of Janesville, is here with his company, also Capt. Ouff with the Watertown Company.

Colonel Barstow, Major Calkins, Lieutenant Pratt, of Janesville, and Mrs. Farr, grace the camp and solace their respective husbands with their presence. It is decidedly the rosy side of the comptenance of "grim visaged war," except when some poor denizen of the neighborhood comes in with a complaint of miles stolen, houses robbed, or horses "hawked," when the scene is disturbed by the excitement of "turning out the guard," mounting in hot haste, and the pursuit of the fleeing band. The labor is often fruitless—quite as often turns up after a few hours' ride, a squad of gallow's birds, caught with the stolen stock, and who are quietly immured to await trial by the military commission.

Governor Robinson of this State, is being tried at Topeka by the State Senate, sitting as a court of impeachment. It is hardly the longest job noted in Wisconsin history. The State consumed but three days with the testimony, the defense will probably be less. The "stars" of the occasion are ex-Governor Shannon and Fred Stanton for the defence, and Attorney General Simmons, formerly of Janesville, for the managers. But little feeling is manifested, and the case seems to be either poorly conducted, or else the evidence is non-comparable. I doubt whether the Governor will be convicted.

The editor of the Conservative, the leading Republican paper of the State, is a Mr. Wilder, formerly a lawyer, in Columbia, Wisconsin. He is a clever man and a sharp writer. Our old friend, Charlesto Vaughn, was here a short time ago. He has gone to Washington. He has amassed this world's goods to a moderate extent, wears regimentals, and is the same inveterate billiard player as ever.

Leavenworth has about 15,000 inhabitants. Its business is immense. The wholesale houses sell as much as three to six thousand dollars a day each, in the busy season. It has fairly outstripped all its rivals on the river, and is the headquarters of the eastern trade across the plains and to New Mexico. Business is done at $5,000 to $10,000 for 20 to 80 feet front, and stores rent at from $500 to $1,000 a year. Buildings of all kinds are going up constantly, and the streets wear an appearance of liveliness, rather superior to either Main or Pinekney streets in Madison.

Letter from the 3d Wis. Cavalry Reg't.

AUBRY, KANSAS, June 25th, 1862

We are but five minutes at this place. Capt. Berry and Lt. Perry are stationed here. One hour after I wrote you from Leavenworth, we started on this expedition, and at night slept under the broad, open sky of heaven. The next morning we arrived at Shawneetown, where we remained till next day, 3 o'clock,

From the 3d Cavalry.
voters in the district. I am sure now there are not fifty. The towns of Oxford and Santa Fee are together, one in Mo., the other in Kansas, and contain five or six families.

Independence, Mo., June 20th.

We arrived near this secession hold last night, after a two days march from Auburn. It is now one week since we left our tented home. We have made several arrests, and had a grand skirmish in the brush to-day, and now there are not fifty. The town since we left our tented home. We have made several arrests, and bid list night, after a two days much and .

night, after a two days much and .

It seems tolerably well settled that we remain here during the summer. We have had some of the hottest weather I ever experienced; and very day, the thermometer in the middle of the day rising to 110 deg.; but for three or four days it has been cooler, and we have had delightful rains.

Cpt. Shaw's company arrested some Jayhawkers the other day, and among the rest a negro, who, in his attempts to get away was shot. Our new guard house is literally filled with these desperadoes that we can track loose again on trial, for want of positive evidence.

A. W. Pratt, of Waukoba, who has had something to do with the Hucker sheet, the Inquirer, since the imprisonment of its former editor, has temporary orders from Gen. B. J. ye-terday, to leave Leavenworth for Fort平坦, Capt. Moonlight, (Bunt's adjutant,) I understand, knocked a man down at the fort for saying Jim Lane is an outlaw; so I think that di-b-water union under officers in this division, will have but a poor show.

Everything in the vegetable line is very high here. Potatoes, for instance, are fifteen cents per quart. There are but few sick in Hospital, and the health of the Hospital corps is good.

Leavenworth, Kan., July 21st.

A few days more will find the Col. and some others of the Regiment on their way to Ft. Scott, which is about a hundred and fifty miles south of here. We expect to be gone two or three weeks, and perhaps longer military matters being very uncertain. We have but few sick. A soldier from the 9th Wis. died suddenly yesterday, and as is too often the case, whiskey was predominant in the verdict.

R.
some things that heretofore the Courts have been unable to accomplish. Martial law with an adequate military force to sustain it is a powerful institution.

The Colonel has his headquarters at Leavenworth. We live in tents pitched on a beautiful bluff overlooking the river, and near the center of the city. Imagine a row of tents on the bank where Mr. W. K. Matz lives except that the descent to the water is more gradual and dry, and you can tell our location. My whole family are with me.

Kansas is a fine state. Leavenworth is a fine place, full as large as Racine but with inferior improvements. The people in Kansas have been most cruelly treated, there is no doubt of it. I used to join in the laugh over "bloody Kansas," but my means of information now are such that what I say I know.

Persons sending letters to our regiment had better direct to Fort Leavenworth, and the regimental Post Master will forward to the companies."

The Third Cavalry.—It is pleasant to hear that our Wisconsin troops are doing good service, wherever they are stationed. The Leavenworth Daily Conservative, of a late date, says:

"The boys of the Third Wisconsin did a good work on Saturday night. They broke up a kidnapping den in Delaware, and arrested five kidnappers. Another den in the direction of Lawrence was "busted." These miscreants have been running negroes and horses over into Missouri. Their occupation's gone."

From the following extract from a letter to the Conservative, from Fort Scott, it seems that "the Major" has a delicate business on his hands occasionally. The writer says:

"Major Henning has just arrested a notorious family of secessionists living in this State close to the line. There are four interesting, young and pretty ladies in the family, and, of course, our officers at the Fort have felt a very great desire to convert them, but without success. They are to be sent to Leavenworth and released with an order not to come within twenty miles of this place during the war."

A. F. Pratt has been arrested and expelled from Kansas by order of Gen. Blunt. We have been permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter received by a gentleman in this city. Mr. Doerschlag, whose death is mentioned, was well known in this city, and leaves a wife and children and one brother, who reside here. His death will be regretted by his friends and acquaintances.

A. F. Pratt, who has been excluded from the military lines of the Kansas Department on account of his seditions and disorderly course, is well-known in political circles throughout the State. Prior to his leaving Wisconsin he was connected with the Milwaukee News, through the columns of which he instilled treasonable teachings with country. He will prove an accession to the Bratley, Huffnagel section of Missouri.

From the 3d Cavalry.

LEAVEWORTH, Kansas, July 27, 1862.

Messrs. Editors:—Letters from the army are so frequent these days, that I suppose few stop to read them; still there may be some matters of general interest communicated in such correspondence. This is the first time that I have written a line for publication during nearly eight months service.

This section of Kansas has been comparatively quiet for several months, until within the last ten days. Horse stealing, occasional instances of kidnapping negroes, and assassinations by guerrilla bands have comprised the principal demonstrations of open hostility during that period. Early in the spring large numbers of citizens of Missouri, who are members of Price's army, were permitted to return home to raise a crop for the support of their families, with the understanding they were to organize again after harvest. Through the summer they have remained quiet, but now that their crop is harvested they are again in the field, and the prospect is that the negroes of the land and ground of our State may have to be fought over again. If anything prevents it, it will be the promptness with which Gov. Gambia has called out the loyal militia of the State.

The Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad has been again attacked and fired into, but now guarded by the Militia at every bridge and road crossing. This road is the great thoroughfare from the Mississippi to Kansas and Nebraska. There is a very strong element of disloyalty in Missouri, especially along its western border. Kansas has picked up as permanent settlers a great many who, if surrounding circumstances would permit, would be as rank rebels as the inhabitants of South Carolina. The great majority of the people of this State are honestly loyal, and faithfully strive to the great question of the day, but that feeling is not unanimous. Aside from the calamitous effects of this war, the permanent organization of a settled state of society in Kansas has been post-posted many years in the brutal outrages of 1865-7. Many men of otherwise apparently well balanced minds, and honest intentions, smarting under the recollection of former wrongs, really now seem to look upon the stealing of a "border ruffian's" horse as a virtue. This feeling is also kept alive by the infamous barbarous warfare of the guerrilla bands along the border. Not a week passes but some peaceable citizen, quietly upon his travels or at his labor, is murdered by these wretches. There is a God-forsaken monster hereby the name of Quantrell, who is the principal leader. He has a band of from 150 to 200 desperadoes under his command; sometimes living together as detachments; they murder, rob, and burn, and then flee to almost inaccessible swamps and nearly impenetrable forests, where they know every foot of ground, but where a pursuing force would be sure to get lost the first hour. These depredations extend over a strip of the border 100 miles north and south. One of his bands was caught recently who had participated in the murder of two men near Kansas City, and in the burning of a bridge upon which the men were shot, the remains of the unfortunate men sharing the fate of the bridge. He was tried before our Military Commission last week, and to-morrow morning, at 9 o'clock, (Monday, July 28th,) he pleads the penalty of his conduct by being publicly shot in front of the guardhouse at the Fort. I have a natural repugnance to witnessing human suffering, especially where it is inflicted as a penalty for crime, but having participated as a member of the Military Commission in the trial of this man, and listened to sworn testimony of his inhuman acts, I think I am prepared to witness his punishment, and propose to attend.

The 3d Wisconsin Cavalry is doing Provost duty in Kansas, but expect soon to be relieved and move south to Arkansas, with an expedition fitting out for that section. Detachments of our Regiment have had some skirmishes with guerrillas, but have not yet seen any regular fighting. One-third of our Regiment is now at Fort Scott, on the extreme southern border of Kansas.

The weather is intensely hot here, but good health generally prevails among the men. The crops of this State this season are abundant, and are all harvested. Mayor Case, of your city, paid his regular visit yesterday; it was pleasant in a land of strangers to see an old familiar face. My hastily scribbled letter is already too long, and I will close.
Execution at Fort Leavenworth—Third Wis. Cavalry Officers among the Commission.

From Leavenworth Conservative, July 29th.

Jeremiah Hoy was shot at the fort yester-

day morning, having been found guilty

by the military commission of treason and

murder.

The military commission was appointed

on the 30th of May, and consisted of the

following officers of the 3rd Wisconsin cav-

alry: Col. J. S. Vittum, Lieuts. C. A. Perry, L. B. Reed and A. W. Farr. The

trial of Jeremiah Hoy, alias Solomon P. Hoy, of Johnson county, Kansas, took

trial: Capt. J. S. Vittum, Lieuts. C. A. Perry, L. B. Reed and A. W. Farr. The

trial of Jeremiah Hoy, alias Solomon P. Hoy, of Johnson county, Kansas, took

place on the 23d of July. Capt. Vittum, Lieuts. Reed, Kiser and Farr were

present.

The proceedings were approved by Maj.

E. A. Calkins and by Gen. Blunt on the 25th inst. and the 26th was fixed by Gen.

Blunt as the day of execution.

The execution took place upon the field

just south of the barracks. Col. Burr

was present with the troops at the garri-

son and Capt. Conover acted as officer of the day.

The prisoner was marched on to the

ground in a court martial uniform, with

suit and a felt hat; his arms were pinioned.

Hoy was brought to the place where he

was to be shot, made to kneel and his

hands tied behind him. A firing-squad

was formed that number. Capt. Vittum

asked the divine blessing. The prayer

probably lasted ten minutes; it

seemed a century. We did not hear

what was said, but the sight of that poor crea-
ture kneeling there, with loaded muskets

before him, and the delay prolonged and

prolonged, as it he was to be killed by

indirect torture was not witnessed.

Hoy was then marched back to the

line of soldiers and his sentence read to him. After this he was placed on

his knees again, and his eyes bandaged.

He had maintained the utmost coolness

throughout, but now his composure was

forsaking him, and his frail body swayed

a little. There was no delay, no torture,

no bludgeoning in the military part of the

programme. A detachment of soldiers

stood about twenty yards distant, and the

moment the signal to shoot was given

command was given to fire—twelve vol-

umes of fire leaped from the rifles, and

Hoy is dead.

He fell over upon his face and died with

out a wince. One ball went through

his head, and two through his body.

Surgeon Reynolds a Prisoner.

We regret to learn that Dr. B. O.

Reynolds of this place, Surgeon of

Barstow’s Cavalry, was taken pris-

oner on the 6th inst. Col. Barstow

left Ft. Scott on the 5th, with four

hundred men, on an expedition

against the guerrillas. On the 6th

they encountered a party of fifty, who

soon ran for their lives. In pursuing

them, the Cavalry shortly after en-

countered a regiment of rebels, and

after a brief skirmish Col. Barstow

ordered a retreat. Dr. Reynolds,

with the ambulances, attended to

those who might be wounded,—was,

with several others, captured.

From the Third Cavalry.

Camp Kansas City, Aug. 8, 1862.

Editors Patriot:

I hear that a note that was encamped here,

just out side of the city, was arrived last

evening. We have had a lively time for

the last two days, though not much fighting. Last

night we had a 12 mile fight with the

rebels about 5 miles from Platte City,—we surprised

about 200 rebels in their camp and completely routed

them, killing 20 of the prisoners.

They are in the thick timber on the west side

of the river. Our forces amounted to about

1200—one Battery, one 12 inch howitzer, and the

balance Cavalry. Our gun fired like tigers.

We returned to Leavenworth on Fri-

day and on Saturday were received at the

Fort that the rebels had taken independence

and are marching on this city, with

from 1200 to 1500 men—siders were immedi-

ately given to march. All were on board boats, ex-

cept Co. “A” cavalry, which went across the

country. In our march we met Capt Derry

and Major Ransom as the day of execution.

The prisoner was marched on to the

ground in a court martial uniform, with

suit and a felt hat; his arms were pinioned.

Hoy was brought to the place where he

was to be shot, made to kneel and his

hands tied behind him. A firing-squad

was formed that number. Capt. Vittum

asked the divine blessing. The prayer

probably lasted ten minutes; it

seemed a century. We did not hear

what was said, but the sight of that poor crea-
ture kneeling there, with loaded muskets

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those who might be wounded,—was,

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formed that a bridge 12 miles distant was

the nearest point above the city at which

the river could be crossed. I accordingly

marched with my force up the south side of the river and to the north of the

bridge and thereby cut off the enemy’s

treat, and at 2 o’clock on Thursday, the

7th inst, I marched with my main force

and the enemy seem to have abandoned

the river and the city.

The only casualties on our side were

two men wounded, one severely. The

enemy’s loss could not be definitely de-

termined; three of their number are

known to have been killed, several woun-
ded, and six taken prisoners; it is believed

that others were killed in the brush and

in the river, as they attempted to swim it.

Capt. Abney’s company, “A,” was the

first to reach the enemy’s fortification, and

their report is that the fort was taken

completely by surprise from only that

and Lieut. Todd’s company “D.” Owing to the nature of the ground

and the dense forest in which their camp

was, our orders were not carried out, but

brought to bear upon them, but Lieut.

Bowman, assisted by Capt. Offers, and

Lieutenant Lang promptly pushed forward

on the 22d inst., and the 28th was fixed by Gen.

Blunt as the day of execution.

The execution took place upon the field

just south of the barracks. Col. Burr

was present with the troops at the garri-

son and Capt. Conover acted as officer of the day.

The prisoner was marched on to the

ground in a court martial uniform, with

suit and a felt hat; his arms were pinioned.

Hoy was brought to the place where he

was to be shot, made to kneel and his

hands tied behind him. A firing-squad

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those who might be wounded,—was,

with several others, captured.
letter from Barstow's Cavalry

The following letter has been previously omitted for want of room.

Leavenworth, Kan., Aug. 25.

Messrs. Eds. — Without notifying the object of an expedition into south-west Missouri, Col. Barstow and about one hundred of his command, suffice it to say, that on the 5th of Aug., we found ourselves near Montevilla, a small village in Vernon Co., about forty miles from Ft. Scott. Here we were attacked by about five hundred rebels, under Cols. Coffee and Tracey, veterans late from Price's army. They came out of the brush on the edge of a large prairie upon which we had just entered, and drew up in battle line about half a mile distant from our rear. Our boys formed immediately to receive them; but when we saw four or five hundred flanking our force, we became disgusted with the whole affair and moved toward Ft. Scott. The baggage was in the advance, and the ambulances next. About this time the Col.'s son, Frank, came up, and complaining of being tire, I got out of our ambulance — which was heavily loaded — to give place to him, and took seat in a four horse ambulance. After this change was made all the baggage and the Col.'s ambulance passed on, though the main column was as yet between us and the enemy. Major Stevens, then in command, seeing the enemy charge upon them in such overwhelming numbers, ordered a retreat, and, as they came, passing all the baggage, followed by a swarm of rebels in hot haste. Col. B. after a hard race, escaped with the rest. I now assumed command of the forces in the four horse vehicles and ordered the driver to extend the right hand of fellowship to the animals, which, to his great credit, was promptly obeyed, we bringing up the rear with our four horse power! We maintained our ground tolerably well for two or three miles, when, on descending a hill the chains and whifflstrees of the leader's became unhooked and entangled; a dilemma was apparent; a dead halt was ordered, an unconditional surrender of my whole command, when, I being no longer ranking officer, a retrograde movement was ordered by Col. Coffee and we all proceeded back to Montevilla, eight miles, then south six miles, and entered the secess camp amid shots for Coffee and the southern confederacy. During the night following, the pickets reported the approach of an enemy, and at 3 o'clock a.m., the camp was struck, and a forced and tortuous march of thirty-five miles was made, through Cedar and Vernon counties, when at 11 o'clock at night we camped on the open prairie. On the 7th, we camped in St. Claire county, and rested till the 9th. Many recruits joined the rebels here, and the time was spent by them in repairing guns, organizing companies, making cartridges, running bullets, &c. Our bill of fare here was first rate, beaves being butchered in camp every day; and the camp was thronged with women who made presents to the officers of butter, preserves, &c.

At this place are a great many sulphur, mineral, and saline springs. It is one of nature's lovely spots; and if situated within the pale of civilization, would ere this, have been improved and made a resort for invalids and seekers of pleasure.

On the morning of the 9th, we crossed the Osage and entered Osceola the county seat of St. Claire Co. The principal buildings in this place were burned, by Lane, last fall. It is at the head of navigation in high water, of the Osage, and was once a business point, and contained seven or eight hundred inhabitants; it now has but seven or eight families. Here the rebels who held me "in durance vile," captured about $2,000 worth of commissary stores, left by a small detachment of Iowans, who fled on our approach. Here we encamped, and some of the officers took a stiff in regimentals; the Surgeon, donning Col. Barstow's uniform, which was captured, and the Col, donning mine, shoulder-straps and all, although these "chivalry" had promised they should not be molested!

Aug. 10th, moved through the brush, camping at Coon creek, recruiting at every camp. 11th, moved east; and here upon the prairie, as I had frequently done before, I counted and estimated the strength of the command. About 2 o'clock a.m., we arrived at Humanville when we encamped. I learned that this place was "black republican," and only suffered to exist through the extreme courtesy of the southern minds. It is nearly deserted, though several good
union families still remain, though in high fear of being plundered and burned. From one of these union families I learned that an expedition sent from Springfield was on our track, and would be upon the rebels soon. I went back to camp, took supper with my captors, and just at dusk, while all were busy, leisurely walked through the per-immon thicket into an adjacent corn-field. I had not been gone more than a half-hour when the order to mount was given, and in fifteen minutes they had formed to receive the enemy. Here they remained at least an hour, expelling the approach of the federals. At the mean time I had made my way to this friends house, and in about two hours after the departure of the rear-guard of the rebels, the advance of the union forces appeared in view. They proved to be an expedition under Maj. Montgomery. They furnished me conveyance, and in one hour we started in pursuit of the rebels. About day-break the report of field-arms was heard near me, and in three minutes our lines were formed, skirmishers thrown out, and the music of drums, and the sound of musketry and carbines flushed with excitement the hard features of the soldiers.

The rebels flew before us; bags, of sugar, bacon, ham, &c., &c., were strewn upon the ground to lighten their load. We followed a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, when finding they gained upon us we halted.

Maj. Dale, supposing that Montgomery's command was forward had put out advance guard and ran upon the rebel pickets, who took him prisoner, and on his delivering his arms, one of them seized a double barrel gun and pointed it at his breast. He then hid it from the rebel and threw it away; and springing into the brush made his escape, receiving in doing so a shot through the wrist.

When we made the attack upon the rebel camp our strength could not have been more than three hundred and fifty; and knowing the rebels to be a thousand strong, those in command of our forces felt confident of success if the enemy did not skedaddle; relying upon the superiority of our arms and our artillery. The rebels are not well armed and own they will not meet us even-handed. Politically, many of the more intelligent among them are more reasonable than northern dough faces.

I arrived at my quarters here on the 13th, after an absence of twenty-nine days. The number of rebels killed in the skirmish above referred to was seven, and many wounded. Maj. Dale was the only one injured.

From the 3d Cavalry Regiment Letter from Capt. Shaw.

MOUND CITY, MO., Sept. 25, 1862.

FRIEND WASHINGTON: We left Leavenworth last Thursday for Fort Scott. The Colonel with a detachment of men, Capt. Cox, has gone to the Fort, 20 miles, to-night. The rest of the command will arrive there to-morrow noon.

We expect some of fighting in a few days with rebels in Missouri. The rebellion, I have considered as a large force consisting principally of men that fought at Springfield and Wilson's Creek. They repeated our forces last week Saturday, being superior in numbers.

It is reported that we will be sent out with others to assist the two regiments in capturing them. We feel strong and ready for the conflict, having great confidence in Col. Barstow, and great love for the Union. Our Colonel has been tried, and we are satisfied of his bravery and judgment. We love him, and also the Lieut. Colonel, White, and the Majors; and for them and our country we will forward to the soldiers' grave or glory.

You may think strange of our loving our officers so well, but when you recollect all the misery consequent to war, that the soldier looks upon his officers as fathers, friends, and brothers, (and that humanity is found in them), you can then understand why we love our officers.

Many parents in your vicinity are writing to me in reference to their sons in my company. Four received a squad started for Fort Larnard, as an escort to a train of cannon, I heard from them at Council Grove, 140 miles out, when they were all well but Lieut. Keise. I have not heard from them since. The Colonel has sent a messenger ordering them to Fort Scott.

I was detailed on a Regimental court martial, and could not accompany them. I love my boys, they are worthy, and assure their friends that no pains will be spared in making them comfortable and happy.

Yours, &c.,

L. J. Shaw.

Letter from Major Calkins—A Slander Repelled.

The following letter from Major Calkins of Barstow's Cavalry of the Charles M. Linn Co., a disaffected loyalists statement which originated with a Tory paper at Leavenworth, Kansas, and was then copied in substance by the Milwaukee News:

CAMP IN JASPER CO., S. W. MO., Oct. 7th, 1862.

FRIEND EUREKA: I have received a letter from Milwaukee, with an extract from the News, stating that I had been put under arrest for some alleged misadministration in the office of Provost Marshal at Leavenworth, Kansas. It is long enough for the paragraph was published that it is probably not remembered, but I am just as anxious it should be contradicted as though immediately on its appearance I could have telegraphed to you a denial. I have not been arrested, and have never been even censured by my commanding officer. When ordered from Kansas to this part of Dixie, the rebel newspaper at Leavenworth, twice suppressed by Gen. Blunt's order, published this libel, probably as an offset to the action I was ordered officially to take in their affairs. I think I may say that I was ordered, with my special command and the Regiment, to the field for active service, with every mark of confidence in my capacity and approval of my conduct that any subordinate officer might desire. I ask you to say this on my behalf, in such form as you see fit, to such friends as I may have left in Wisconsin.

Truly yours,
E. A. Calkins.

From the Third Wisconsin Cavalry.

slight skirmish, however, resulted, the enemy retreating in every direction; and now, probably, of all their vast army, there are not 500 together, in any one place, within reaching distance. That is their policy: to concentrate a vast horde, secure the woods, and scatter to the woods. The very morrow of a concentration of the enemy's forces on our left, and battle of Newtons, which yesterday was fought courage, skill and generalship worthy of greater success, but that was impossible to achieve against an enemy fifteen to his one.

This is the battle of Pea Ridge. Over the surface of twelve square miles are the scars of that fearful fight. Here where Curtis was beaten back and speedily recovered his own—here where Sigel's line of battle, with his butternut devil, who yesterday was skulking through the woods, is formed for the march. Our orders have not yet come, but are expected constantly.

Testimony from the Army

Sam Ryan, jr., who has a commission in Col. Barstow's cavalry, writes a letter to the Appleton Crescent in condemnation of Capt. Ryan's address, which has been made the text-book of the democracy of this state. After saying that it is anything but complimentary to the soldiers in the enemy's army, he says: "The Third Wisconsin Cavalry, Col. Barstow's regiment, has been doing post guard duty all summer, making almost daily excursions and expeditions into the enemy's country. Do you, officers of the same regiment, feel the release of those with whom you sympathized? Allow the ruffians of hussars to obtain on our border, and every guard house and jail will vomit forth a horde of open and secret traitors who are not prevented, by the war and the President, from committing or conniving at treason. The same sweeping denunciation will apply to our military courts, which are dispensed with in courts where it is evident that criminal courts cannot, owing to the surrounding circumstances, administer exact and impartial justice. If we have done guerrillas robber and murderer for an offence committed in Missouri where we have undoubtedly proof that a conviction will never be had, no matter how strong the testimony, whether, where all, from fear or compulsion, have taken the oath of allegiance, and that a greater portion of them have afterwards taken up arms, or sheltered, fed, or succored the enemy in the field—I say if we have tried, condemned and shot such a character, the very spirit of the democratic address, so called, does not consent to using unconstitutional powers: ergo, we are murderers."

Mr. Ryan then says, in explanation of his own position:

"I stand where every loyal democrat should stand, prepared to hail with acclamations any and every effort consonant with the law of nations and the natures of war to crush out this accursed rebellion; and know that but one sentiment actuates the great army of the state, and that is to conspire and appropriate to the public use of the property of nature and description, slaves included, belonging to rebels in arms and rebels as well as to the men who furnish all or comfort to ascensionists."
The following letter and accompanying documents have been handed to us for publication. We have only room to say the object is eminently deserving the attention of all true patriots. It will be noticed the request is only for cast or clothing of either ladies or gentlemen or both. We are authorized to say that for the present, such contributions may be left at the Seminary, where a box is provided for their reception.

Jamesville, Wisconsin, November 11, 1862.

Rev. Mr. Nicholson,

My Dear Sir:—

Will you not, either by effort in your own parish, or by effort in the community generally, get together some boxes of old clothes, &c., in response to the within appeal, the object is worthy, and the necessity very great.

The committee in St. Louis having charge of the matter is an efficient one, and will promptly forward whatever is sent them. I am here by permission of Maj. Gen. Curtis, to awaken some interest for the Indian refugees.

Hoping you and yours are well, I am your friend and servant,

H. W. Beers.

The following statement and appeal are giving to the public for the purpose of disposing of the extremely destitute condition of three thousand loyal Cherokee refugees, now at Fort Scott, Kansas, exposed to the inclemency of autumn, without adequate clothing and with no shelter from inclement weather. The accompanying statement is extracted from a private letter to the writer of this, from Major B. S. Henning, Commandant of Fort Scott:

From the Third Cavalry.

CAMP BEEBE, ARKANSAS,

November 28th, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—A word from a soldier of the 3d Wisconsin cavalry, known more familiarly as Barstow's cavalry, would perhaps be interesting to some of your readers. At the date of this note we are in Beatrice county, not the territorial line. The 3d regiment is attached to Gen. Solomon's brigade, in Gen. Blunt's division of the army of the frontier. Gen. Solomon's brigade had been marching through Missouri sometimes in September, always stating that they were forming a junction with the Springfield troops, or known as Schofield's army, who have been seen from this column since.

After the battle of Newcotia, we took up our line of march for Arkansas, where we cleaned out the rebels, 6,000 strong, under General Cooper, and captured all their cannon. There is nothing to do on this side of the Arkansas river, and I do believe that an army 7,000 strong, with 15 pieces of artillery, could march through Arkansas, and drive every band of rebels across or into the Mississippi. There seems to be a tardiness among our generals; we have been lying here two weeks, in which time we could have taken Little Rock and marched back to this place. One grand march of the army now in South and Western Missouri, without fail could have moved successfully through Arkansas, and into Texas.

I regard the war as ended on this side of the Mississippi river. The rebel troops are merely a remnant, and those who come to us, and there are many, all agree that they will not fight, and as our army advances they run away, and are now existing rapidly in the Arkansas Union regiments. There are already three. It is impossible for the rebels to sustain an army of any considerable number in this department. There never was a better time for a vigorous prosecution of the war than now. It is astonishing to see the condition of things in this country. Napoleon's march through Russia could not have placed that country in a greater state of demoralization. There is nothing of any kind of wearing apparel, and provisions consist chiefly of meal; no salt, coffee, nor sugar. In fact this war could not have gone on as long as it did this winter. Their army cannot contend against troops advancing well clothed, well-fed, and provided as ours are, and be successful. Instead of going into winter quarters, this rebellion ought to be closed; and it can be closed now. Having seen something of this war, I am fully satisfied that this winter is the time to march against the enemy. This ground is as sharply as in summer. It is positively true that they are ragged, and some of them shoeless. Give us generals who will go ahead and guarantee the war ended next spring.

JUNIUS.

Letter from the Third Wis. Cavalry.

Barstow's Third Wisconsin Cavalry in Southwestern Missouri—March across the Plains—Situation of Fort Scott—After the Brush—"The Brush," the Women and Country.

NEAR MONTE VALLE, MO., Sept. 29th, 1862.

A cold, drizzling, continual, non-interrupted, Nor'easter is anything but dull and lively, and comfortable homes are under the most favorable circumstances. But in a camp on the prairie, forty miles from anywhere, in south-western Missouri, it is as dreary as can well be imagined. The tents are wet, the ground wet, the clothes dripping, the horses shivering; and getting meals out doors, by a fire on the ground, is attended with several imaginary discomforts. Under such circumstances, I do not know that I can write a letter as entertaining as some others have been seen in print.

The Third Wisconsin Cavalry, Col. Barstow, took up the line of march on the 11th inst., from Fort Leavenworth, for Fort Scott. The road leads through the towns along the border, familiar in the history of "bleeding Kansas"—Quindarr, Wyandotte, Ossawatomie, Paoli, &c. Aside from these pretty villages, the track is across the boundless plains, beside which Rock Prairie would be but a garden patch, and on which the armies of both belligerents might travel for days without finding each other, or fight without a piece of woods to hide a "masked battery," or disguise a "flank movement."

Fort Scott is a little village in the edge of a strip of timber that lines the Marmaton. It has earth-works on one side, but no defenses on any other. Why a fort was ever located there, is a mystery. The site is entirely commanded by a long ridge to the east, within easy rifle shot, and overlooking every part of it. Major Henning, of this Regiment, is commander of the post, and it is at present the headquarters of Gen. Blunt.

We were fairly encamped when the scouts brought intelligence of a camp of rebels, four miles away, in a wooded bottom, organized for a raid into the Union neighborhoods. Col. Barstow with Major Oaktins and some four squadrons immediately started, and about sundown reached the locality, as pointed out by a neighboring resident, whose recollection of the geography of these parts one of the scouts had refreshed by putting one end of a rope around his neck and throwing the other end over a limb hard by. A few shells thrown in from a couple of field pieces that accompany us, a rapid charge of the "brush", one valley, and the "engagement" was over. A few captures was the result, and the rendezvous was effectually broken up, though the fugitives will doubtless assemble in some other place as soon as they get over their fright.

You who have never seen Missouri woods have no idea of the isolated estate here known as "brush," or as the natives pronounce it "brush." A few large trees, wound and bound together by un-
endless grape vines, creeping and climbing plants of every degree of tenacity, briars and thorns of all varieties, form an impenetrable jungle, into which no horse can be driven, and of which he cannot penetrate beyond a few yards. They are accessible only by a few hidden and winding paths, or by extending the whining bed of dry creek beds so extensively that to hunt for the camp of 500 men in them is, literally, like looking for a needle in a haystack. Into these sunless and forbidden retreats, for the rebel armies, the gaullias and bushwhackers "skidaddle" whenever "the Feds" appear in sight, and it is only occasionally, by the best of luck, that they can be found. Here they pounce the plunder stolen from Union men, and from thence safety for such raids as they can make in safety.

And the desolation that civil war has made of this lovely land! Here the savannas, interlaced with sparkling streams, and dotted with the finest springs, which might supply with cattle the stock managements of the continent. Here and there are villages, before the war the homes of prosperous people, and the market places of vast extents of wealthy country, now without an inhabitant, or, with only one or two families, the houses going to ruin, the streets overgrown with grass, stores closed, mills idle, and a few tumble down chimneys—the blackened monument of heartbreaks to which the torch has been applied by successive invading armies. The farm houses are the same—one in five, and often less, is alone occupied; the balance are deserted, and no dog even howls at the gate. But it has, too, its ludicrous side. When you find a house occupied, it is by half a dozen women, as many or less dirty children, and always with one deriving nourishment from the maternal found, the operation not being suspended from the vantage point, as they cluster about the door, or run to the roadside to see the glittering procession pass. "There go the Feds," is the usual exclamation, as onlookers beat their breast and spread across the field, doubtless to warn the squad hidden in "the brush," of our approach. Their ignorance is absolutely laughable. The Journal does not look for their Messiah with half the food and idolatrous expectancy of his immediate coming, that these ragged "butterflies" cherish for Price and his army, and we are daily startled with their bogus news that, with from 10,000 to 50,000 men, he is only 50, or 20, or 10 miles away, or sometimes on our very heels. The express to Fort Scott is closing, so will I. Camp Followers.

The appeal is from the pen of Major General Curtis, Commanding this Department, of which Fort Scott and the Cherokee country form a part:

STATEMENT.

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS, Sept. 30, 1862.

REV. H. W. BEERS—DEAR FRIEND:

* * * I also want to appeal to you to start something, in some way, to secure old clothing, and old quilts or blankets, for nearly three thousand Cherokee refugees, that are so entirely destitute of any kind to cover them. I tell you, it makes my heart bleed to see them; and now the cold, rainy weather is coming on, government sends them, but does not provide clothing or tents, and there are no houses, or stables, or anything for them to get into, and it is a literal fact that they are sleeping on the ground, with nothing to cover them.

Old clothes of all kinds will be just the things, and, if sent to Leavenworth, I will get them from there myself. I do hope you can start something for them. They are the loyal Cherokees, or rather, their families, as the men are fighting for us, to the number of two thousand.

Yours, truly, B. S. HENNING.

APPENDIX FROM MAJOR GEN. CURTIS.

Headquarters Department of the Missouri.

St. Louis Mo., October 14, 1862.

There are some three thousand Cherokee refugees at Fort Scott, very destitute of tents and clothing. They are the wives and little ones of the loyal portion of these Indians, their husbands having joined our forces in fighting the loyal portion, who have long been in arms against us. To relieve these objects of charity, the Government can give rations, but cannot administer to other necessities, and I recommend them to the kind consideration of gentlemen of St. Louis.

S. R. CURTIS, Major General.

It is not necessary to add to General Curtis's prompt and hearty appeal, except to say that anything like clothing for men, women or children—blankets, quilts, or old carpets, however worn or damaged, will be invaluable to these worthy objects of patriotic charity. Clothes, &c., that would scarcely be deemed fit for ordinary cases of destitution, will be most acceptable to these Cherokee women and children, so pressing are their necessities.

While it is true that the people of St. Louis have been often appealed during the war, it is equally true that they have never been appealed to in vain.

The husbandman who cultivates fields which have already yielded generous harvests, has better prospects of ample results than one who essays untired ground.

Ample rooms for the reception and arrangements of donations have been secured at the suggestion of General Curtis, by the liberality of Colonel J. M. Martin. The benevolent ladies and gentlemen of St. Louis are respectfully and earnestly requested to meet for consultation and organization, with reference to the above objects, at the Mercantile Library, large hall, at 10 o'clock, A.M., on Tuesday next.

H. W. BEERS.

Chaplain of Volunteers.

Extract from the report of the board of examination:
Started for the War.—Orders were received from the “powers that be” last week for Quartermaster-General Wilson to proceed to Portage, Wisconsin, to obtain the services of four companies of artillery which had been in camp for some time. Two companies left yesterday for Baltimore, taking the cars on the Lake Shore R. R. about 4 a.m. The other two have not yet arrived. They number about 200 men in the two companies and are commanded as follows:

WASHINGTON BATTERY—No. 2.

Captain E. F. HERZBERG.
1st Lieutenant J. C. SCHERER.
2d Lieutenant H. W. DRURY.

YANKEE BATTERY—No. 3.

Captain J. L. BENOIT.
1st Lieutenant J. D. ANDERSON.
2d Lieutenant W. S. MASON.

Guard.—An arrangement, which by the way we think works admirably for the city as well as the Regiment, has been made between the Mayor and the officers of the Artillery by which a guard of seven men from each Company, (making about 20 men) is detailed every day to patrol the streets. They are divided into companies and remain on duty twenty-four hours. Any disturbance made by those out of pass or those found without the limits of the Camp without a pass are at once arrested by the patrol guard hence a most salutary effect is produced.

The city has raised the room formerly used as a Hardware store in the Racine County Bank block for a guard house. Disorderly and drunken scamps that come within the clutches of said guard, are conveyed to the Lock Up under the charge of Mr. J. L. Benson who has the care of the County Boarders.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, MASON, February 21, 1863.

Ed. Racine Advocate:

Sir,—I see the following paragraph in your last issue:

“The artillery forces in camp are drilling thoroughly, &c. * * * It is to be regretted that the gunners of the War Department are so frequently detained and ignored by our State authorities, who are in fact responsible for rendering as fine a body of men as have volunteered in the State, to become almost powerless for want of proper organization.”

I frequently notice in the newspapers gross misrepresentations of facts relative to the work of military organization; but the task of correcting them is one that I have no time for. The above, however, contains such deplorable ignorance of the facts of the case, that I avail myself of a few moments leisure to try and place you in a position to correct a very great wrong, done, doubtless unintentionally, to the State authorities. Concerning no portion of the volunteer forces, having there been half the variation, annoyances, hard work, correspondence, despatches and personal conference with the authorities at Washington, compared with the Artillery. About August 20th, Government called for five companies of artillery; seven were formed and sent to camp in September, and just about the last of that month the two additional companies were accepted by Government. Deeming a capable head necessary for discipline and drill, the Governor (who had already written several times to Washington relative to the question of what field officers should be appointed, but without any reply) commissioned Col. Anneke, sent him to Washington to obtain information.—The prompt and decided reply of the Sec'y of War was that there should be no regimental organization. This was Oct. 9th. Col. Anneke still remained at Washington, and when, Oct. 20th, Adjutant Gen. Thomas made his famous report as to the need of troops for Kentucky, the artillery of War, changing his mind, or forgetful of his previous order, sent a dispatch to the Governor directing Col. Anneke's Artillery Regiment should be sent to Kentucky. Like orders were given to Col. A., who came home, and the regimental organization was completed. The forces did not move, for Camp orders were changed, and long afterwards began to come from Washington orders for separate batteries to be sent forward; and before an explanation could be obtained, another despatch would recognize the regiment again. Finally, the following despatch came from Adjutant General Thomas, U. S. A.: "Where are the four batteries of artillery of Col. Anneke's command? If available, please order them forward to Louisville.""

Lt. Gov. Noble, then acting as Governor, replied thus: "Embarrassed by conflicting orders. Assistant Sec'y of War, Oct. 21st, ordered our artillery as a regiment, to Louisville; thus recognized, regimental officers were appointed; later advice placed organization in doubt; our agent telegraphed last night that Government had ordered no such or last organization; Col. Anneke has resigned; must we now get back to simple company organization? * * * Please concert your action with Asst. Secretary Scott.""

The reply came, dated Nov. 27th, as follows: "All previous orders given about batteries of artillery from Wisconsin are countermanded. Please send to Baltimore immediately, two organized batteries, without guns; the order will soon be sent for those with guns. The batteries must be independent, without regimental organization."

On the receipt of this despatch, the regimental organization was abandoned, the simple company arrangement renewed.

We submit the above facts which I have placed together in as succinct a form as possible, to save time and space, "to a candid world." You will only do simple justice by publishing this communication, which I would have made shorter if possible. Yours truly,

H. WATSON.

Our Artillery Companies

A recent number of the Racine Advocate complains that our State authorities did not follow the orders of the War Department, and constituted the artillery force raised in this State into a regiment. The State authorities, it says, are responsible for rendering as fine a body of men as have volunteered in the State, almost powerless for want of organization.

The Governor's Private Secretary, Mr. W. F. WATSON, in the last number of the Advocate corrects the singular mistake.

The history of the matter is as follows: About August 20th, Government called on this State to raise five companies of artillery. Seven companies were formed, and the two additional companies accepted by the Governor. Gov. Randall wrote several times to Washington inquiring what field officers should be appointed, but received no reply. Finally, he commissioned Col. Anneke, an accomplished artillery officer, as Colonel, and sent him to Washington to obtain information. The Secretary of War promptly decided that there should be no military organization. This was October 9th. On the 20th of October, Adj. Gen. Thomas, the Secretary of War having changed his mind, or forgotten the previous decision, ordered "Col. Anneke's Artillery Regiment" to Kentucky. The regimental organization was then completed, but before the order to Kentucky could be obeyed, other orders came, directing separate batteries to be sent forward. Mr. WATSON says:

Finally, the following dispatch came from an agent at Washington who had been directed to go to the Department for information: "There are four batteries of artillery of Col. Anneke's command; if available, please order them forward to Baltimore.""

Lt. Gov. Noble, then acting as Governor, replied thus: "Embarrassed by conflicting orders. Assistant Sec'y of War, Oct. 21st, ordered our artillery as a regiment, to Louisville; thus recognized, regimental officers were appointed; later advice placed organization in doubt; our agent telegraphed last night that Government had ordered no such or last organization; Col. Anneke has resigned; must we now get back to simple company organization? * * * Please concert your action with Asst. Secretary Scott.""

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On the receipt of this dispatch, the regimental organization was abandoned, the simple company arrangement renewed.

The action of the War Department in this matter indicates a most lamentable inefficiency, or something worse. No wonder that the progress of the war was slow when the irregularity and confusion indicated by the above facts, prevailed in the War Department.
Wisconsin Artillery.

We published in our last issue a semi-official letter from W. H. Watson Esq., private Secretary of the Governor of Wisconsin, in reply to a criticism of ours upon the course pursued by the State Authorities in the matter of the regimental organization of the batteries raised in this State. This letter, while correcting a misapprehension of ours in a certain particular, embraces certain facts which have never before been officially published, and on which we desire to make a few comments.

We suppose that the business of a soldier is to find, attack and conquer the enemies of his country. We also suppose it that the duty of this State to prepare her quota of troops and send them forward promptly at the call of the Government.

Has Wisconsin done this? We speak now simply of Batteries. What are the facts? On the 21st of October the order came to send Wisconsin Batteries to Louisville. Did any of them go? Not one. On the 26th of November, after a lapse of five weeks, came the dispatch, "Where are the four Batteries of artillery? If available, please send them to Baltimore forthwith."

This need for their presence in Kentucky has been met by the prompt response of other States. In November, they were wanted for the Barren-side Expedition. Did they go? On the 15th of October, eight Batteries stood idle in Camp Utley; and so the Barren-side Expedition passed to its field of glory without them. At last four Batteries were permitted to emerge from their winter quarters. On the 15th of February, Gov. Harvey received orders to send all unarmed troops to St. Louis. On the 21st another urgent dispatch was received, calling especially the road. The esteem in which he is held by his fellow soldiers was manifested a few days since in the presentation of a splendid sword. That it will never be dishonored in his hands is evidenced by this appreciation of his character.

The Badger Battery — This splendid artillery company was recruited in Green Lake, Waukesha, Portage and Dane counties.

Of Capt. L. H. Davy, of the Badger Battery, we shall say but a word, as he is well known all over the State. He was born at Highgate, Vt., in 1835. While yet a lad of 14 years old, he was engaged in the Canada rebellion, and partook in several skirmishes of that eventful period. He entered the army, left Camp Douglas on Sunday, Capt. Bolton's, though numbering only 100 men, will leave the same Camp in a few days. As a member of the battery, he has been granted 10 days' leave in '29 or '30, and since that time has followed this profession. He has been commissioned with several papers in this State, and is in his defense of his country.

Camp News. — Most of the men have returned from furlough granted during the holidays and the Camp has once more assumed its former lively appearance.

Paymaster Warrington, acting for Maj. Samuels, began to pay off the men on Monday, and frantic efforts are being made to do their wages in full up to January 1st 1862. Treasury notes are the funds used, those are as good as gold.

Capt. Foster, as senior officer has the general supervision of matters at the Camp, and is making some excellent rules, of which the following is one:

"General Order, No. 22: — No citizens will be allowed to pass the line of the camp, unless they have a General Pass or are accompanied by a commissioned officer belonging to the Post. — Dated Jan. 8th, 1862.

By order of J. T. Forrester Commanding."

This order has been necessary in consequence of persons violating the rules of the camp by taking liquor to the soldiers, a practice full of evil serious trouble. Another regulation allows but five company passes to be issued at a time and those only granting four hours absence. Guard duty is again fully resumed and a better state of discipline regards. All the officers and men will have the change with satisfaction.

Departure of Four Batteries.


The organization of the artillery of this State was perfected on the 20th day of August last, at which time the First and Fourth Batteries, under command of Capts. Foster and Herberz, were accepted by special Government authority and ordered to rendezvous at Camp Utley, in this city.

Eight additional companies were afterwards accepted, all but two of which have been in camp in this city since September.

The First and Third Batteries, under command of Capts. Foster and Davy, leave tomorrow for Louisville, Ky., under orders to report to Gen. Beck.

They take with them two full batteries with ordnance stores, consisting of 4½ inch cannon, 4 smooth horses, 4 howitzers, 12 dismisse and ammunition sufficient for practice in an encounter of short duration.

Capt. L. T. F. Scott, born at Meigs, Clay County, Ill., the year 1827, and educated as a civil engineer and followed the "Badgers" head the list in economy and best profession while in that State, but re
moved to Wisconsin in 1847, since which time he has followed the same profession most of the time until his engagement in the army. His father was a soldier of 1812, and did service as an artillery officer, having command of a battery, and did service at the battle of Plattsburg.

WISCONSIN ARTILLERY.—Two more batteries of the Wisconsin artillery passed through this city last evening from Racine to Louisville, Kentucky, where they will go immediately into service.

They were numbered upon the rolls of the state as batteries 2 and 3 respectively, and commanded by Capt. J. P. Foster and Capt. Lu. H. Britton. The companies left Racine yesterday afternoon, and arrived in Louisville about seven o'clock p.m. Each battery is supplied with an armament, consisting of four rifled cannon, four smooth-bore, four howitzers, twelve caissons, ammunition sufficient for practice in an encounter of short duration.

The companies have been in camp some two months, and in daily practice with pieces of ordnance, so that they are fully competent to enter into the most active duties. Their target practice has been executed under the immediate supervision of experienced officers, who have found them efficient in everything pertaining to artillery practice.

Battery No. 1 was recruited at La Crosse, Wisconsin, and is composed principally of men from the lumbering districts of that state, who are used to hardships and exposure and well prepared for the duties of camp life. Their Captain, Jacob T. Foster, was born at Mentor, Cuyahoga county, in the year 1827, and was educated as a civil engineer, and followed profession in that line until coming to Wisconsin in 1847, since which time he has followed the same profession most of the time until his engagement in the army. His father was a soldier of 1812, and did service through the war as an artillery officer, having command of a battery and did service at the battle of Plattsburg.

Battery No. 3 or the Badger Battery as it is called was recruited in the interior of the state and is a remarkable short space of time. As each battery is composed of 105 men it is a fact worthy of note that the average height of the men composing this company is five feet nine inches, while their average weight is 160 lbs. They are the finest looking body of men that has yet passed through this city from Wisconsin.

Capt. Drury, who commands them is now 57 years of age, and has for several years has been an editor in Wisconsin. In his company he has gathered around him twenty-six of the typographers in the city. All of which were qualified for the position he holds and commands the obedience and esteem of his men. With the company at the head of which he stands, Captain Drury occupies an enviable position.

Lieut. Courtland Livingston is a native of New York; most of his life has been spent in mercantile pursuits. He was, at the time of his enlistment, a clergyman, we are informed.

Lieut. James T. Purdy, was for a long time connected with the Wisconsin railroad, which business he relinquished for the service. In compliment to his former occupation he was requested last fall under which he witnessed the departure of the batteries from Racine.

Lieut. Albert LeBrun is a native of Ohio, and was for many years a resident of this city, where he acquired an extensive reputation as a billiard player. He is a young man of fine abilities and is an excellent officer.

Lieut. H. Fay Hubbard is also a Buckeye, and was at one time a book-keeper, previous to his election to a Lieutenancy in the "Badger Battery."—Chicago Post, 24th.

Camp Wood, Fond du Lac, Feb. 4, 1862.

W. J. ELLIOTT.—I send you an extract from a private letter which I have just received from Lieut. Cameron, of Battery A, Wisconsin Volunteers, now in Louisville, Ky. The extract is as follows:

"Our men have no surgeon, and their situation in that respect is really deplorable. Many of them are sick, and they have either given up a doctor for themselves, or pay an exorbitant price, or else go the Hospital, some four or five miles off. This they dread, as the unfortunate poor men have to go on a house-crow. We think something should be done for us. As our State has been so liberal in providing a 3d Assistant for Infantry Regiments, ought it not to be something for Wisconsin Batteries. The idea of our being attached to a regiment is perfect nonsense. We are seldom assigned to a brigade, or even a division, so that when a surgeon does wait upon us it is merely an act of charity. Old artillery officers tell me that it is with the greatest difficulty that they can get a surgeon to wait upon their sick men."

I send this, as I learned there was some prospect of the Legislature appointing a surgeon for the two Wisconsin Batteries now in Louisville, and the two in Baltimore. The extra expenditure will be but a trifle, and it seems to me an expenditure that ought at once to be made, for the comfort and relief of the brave fellows who have taken their lives in their hands, and gone out to fight, and, if need be, die for the preservation of the American Union. If nothing else can be done, why would it not be well to transfer State assistants to the batteries sent out from the State.

The State Assistant now belonging to the First Wisconsin Regiment might be ordered to attend the two Wisconsin batteries in Louisville. It is true that three of our Batteries are not so numerous as a regiment; but it is far better and more just that a regiment should only have two, than that the batteries should have none.

Truly yours,

D. D. CAMERON,
Asst Surgeon 14th Reg't Wis. Vol.

from the Battery.

Camp Reserve, near Louisville, Feb. 4, 1862.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Thinking that you might wish to know what has been done of the "La Crosse Artillery Company," and how it came there, and how it comes along when it does come, I have concluded to tax your patience with a line of uncertain length, which will give you something of an idea of how we are situated in Old Kentucky.

Well, here we are in the mud all over, it has been so deep for several days that it is useless trying to keep our caps, orination matches or postage stamps dry in our wet pockets. They now have to be carried in the top of a tall hat, and the hat worn by a very tall man who is mounted upon an awful tall horse. Yesterday and to-day has been very fair days, to say in particular, but it is bound to rain again tomorrow or the barometer is no judge. If Miller was here with his frog he—the frog would never rise, even to eat, as he could find no time to look beneath the bottom of the jar, if he understood it to tell us of the state of the weather. I suppose the people in Wisconsin wonder why the army does not move faster—but if they knew as much about the state of the roads as we do, their only wonder would be that they could move at all. The "oldest inhabitants" do not remember of ever having as much rain during the month of January as they had last month. We now occupy the same ground occupied by Gen. Buckner, with his forces when Kentucky was trying to be neutral. It is the State Fair Grounds, about four miles from the P. O. in Louisville. There is a good new road running by us from Louisville to the town somewhere out back here, but I cannot tell where.

When we left Camp Utley, the snow was about two feet deep, and the weather was decidedly frigid, but two days travel introduced us into a country where overcoats are seldom worn, where women wear shawls and children go barefooted the year round, and whose chief productions are mud and "Secessh."

Our transition state was a perfect success—that is, we succeeded in getting through safe, and as usual were complimented everywhere by and everybody as being the best looking, most intelligent, largest sized, best drilled, best behaved, best best-natured company that had ever passed through "them parts." The weather in the State of Indiana was one perpetual wave of enthusiasm. The Hoosiers are all Union men—even the women are, and the first thing they teach their children is how to be handkerchiefs and hurrah for the State and Stripes. Every door, window, gate and pair of bars were crowded with men women and children all washing something, a handkerchief, hat, cap, apron, doll, dish cloth or table cloth, and in some instances it appeared as if they had taken the sheets off from the beds for that purpose. Even the clothes hanging upon the lines would wave at our approach. At Chicago the Railroad Company furnished the soldiers with hot coffee in the depot, and the officers with the best in the House afforded. By the way Messrs. Editors, Mr. and Mrs. Briggs must be pretty well acquainted with the business in order to manage so much help so well. At Lafayette, Ind., we were served in the same manner at noon, and at Bloomington, Ind., ditto, only a little more so. We arrived at the latter place about 9 P. M., where we found a delegation of ladies to each car with baskets of provisions—cakes, pies, turkeys, chickens &c., and accompanied by boys with vessels of coffee. They at once took possession of and passed through the cars—the soldiers presenting arms—dispensing provisions and smiles promiscuously among the boys; and when we left many a soldier received a parting kiss from the blooming ladies of Bloomington. Nearly all of the single men have determined to settle there when the wars are over and some of the married men are in hopes their wives will run away with some other man before they return so they can go there too.

We have received only part of our horses as yet, and they are very poor ones, but we were the pick of several hundred. We cannot now tell when we will be supplied...
in full. We have 30 miles for our baggage wagons, and they furnish ammunition for the present, as more than half of them are wid and unbroked, and all are riddled. There are now two batteries of our first Ohio, two of the First Indiana, one of the First Michigan, and two of the First Wisconsin Artillery in camp here. They all have horses but the Wisconsin Batteries, and brought them with them as we should have done, and then we should have had good ones. We are not afraid of having to drill or shoot at target when the weather permits. They seem to think that is a scattering error; they have from “coming three” to “nine years” old and are prepared to drill and shoot at targets.

We have a Zollicoffer slave in our tent and could have some Zollicoffer horses, but we will not take them. They range from “coming three” to “nine years” old and look as though fodder was scarce and hard fare plentiful in “escemity.”

Yesterday I rode out to the Taylor farm to see “Old Zach’s” grave—he is buried in the family burial ground on his father’s farm. Two of his nephews now own the place. One of them kindly showed us about the place, invited us to call again. He said there is nothing of which he is more proud than to hear people say if the Gen. was alive he would side with the South.

The house in which Jeff. Davis was first married is only about a mile from our camp. There must be something ominous about the old house, for it is nearly deserted and surrounded by a field of corn.

Quite suggestive, isn’t it?

The men we left in hospital at Racine have all arrived here safe and sound, except J. W. Sawyer who is at home in Illinois with a broken leg. The health of our camp is very good; we have none in the hospital, and but one in the station house. If the weather should remain fair several days longer our troops might possibly advance by land, and unless it should be next to impossible for them to do so. You can have no idea of the distance, where the roads are here. The clay is so heavy that a horse can hardly pull his feet out of it, when once in a while.

As for news, you get a good deal more of it than we do, and we get more than we believe. One Ohio Battery is ordered to move to-morrow—but I do not know to what point. I have no idea how long we are to remain here, but when we move I will let you know.

D. W.

Young’s Point, La., Feb. 15, 1863.

Mr. Editor:

Since writing to you before, your correspondent has been “down sick,” but for one week under the physician’s special care; but is now so far recovered as to eat three pretty hearty meals each day. I had a narrow escape of a run away, but as a miss is as good as a mile, I care nothing for that.

The health of the Battery is about the same as at my last writing; many were then complaining being in an dug while their places are filled by a new

lieu. There is but one difficult case on hand now, and that is Win. Murphy from La Crosse Co. I believe he is pretty sick but he will soon recover.

Yesterday we received intelligence of the death of one of our men, Wm. P. Richards, of Minnesota, who died in the hospital at St. Louis. He was sent there by boat from Ark. Post, being at the time sick with Typhoid fever. This is by far the sickenst locality we have yet been in, and more of our men have been sick at one time than ever before since being in the service; yet the health of our Battery compares very favorably with any battery or regiment in the field. In fact, we have a smaller per cent. of sick men. Judging from the accounts we get from home, we are not suffering as much from sickness and death as the 30th regiment at Camp Randall. Perhaps it is owing to the fact that we have become pretty well accustomed to it. There is one thing, however, as a company, we do excel in, and that is, in cooking. Every mess has a good cook, which undoubtedly has a good influence for the health of the company. But if those soldiers living in barracks, and messes there, who are finding fault, and are continually aiming at their fault-finding through the press, could see the smile which rests upon the countenance of the soldier of over a year’s experience in the field while he reads it, they would be a little more guarded hereafter and put a “better face” on their condition. But then, men will learn in no other school than experience.

We once all found fault with hotel fare, and afterwards grumbled at better board than we now get and call excellent.

There is little or no excitement going on here. In short, it is the dullest place we have ever been in; not even camp reunions are going the rounds. In almost every Northern paper we get, we learn of something new having transpired in our very midst some ten or twelve days previous. You at home get the news as quickly as we do here, and, more so.

Yesterday I saw an account of a court-martial called by Col. Sherman to try the correspondent of the N.Y. Herald as a spy, in a Memphis paper. It was the first information of the circumstances that had reached our camp. Night before last, one of our iron-clad gunboats, the Indiana, ran the blockade with two barges, loaded with coal. So we now have one ferry-boat, one ram and one gunboat below Vicksburg. It is now considered as quite a post to run the blockade. The ram Queen of the West, which ran it first, is a wood-
on rain, and sustained no injury whatever, and she tried to sink a steamboat lying at the levee in her way, too. The Indiana is one of our new boats, heavily plated with iron, and is considered one of the most formidable boats in our fleet. She was not fired upon until she opened fire herself, which she did by firing into the steamboat Vicksburg lying at the levee. It is conjectured that the Queen of the West and Indiana will proceed up the Red River to see what they can find there.

I do not hear anything about the "ditch" lately. Rumors are afoot that they have ceased working upon it, and others say they have a large lot of contrabands digging away there. But all eyes are now turned to a new project of getting around Vicksburg by cutting a canal from the Mississippi River on the Mississippi side into Lake Providence, and from thence into a bayou running into the Big Black River at some point above there. Several brigades of soldiers are there at work, and if the move proves successful, Vicksburg is pretty surely ours without much of a siege. We certainly ought to accomplish something in this undertaking, for there are deprivations enough in it to try the patience of the oldest soldiers.

A few days since, our Medical Director pronounced our fresh beef which is furnished to us, as being unfit to eat, and the supply was at once cut off. Another medical man has commenced a crusade against our beans as being an unwholesome diet. As yet, he has not succeeded in "cutting them off," and I hope he will not; for, when properly cooked, they are as wholesome as any food we get in the army. Every thing in the shape of edibles or extras which the Government does not furnish, and which the sutlers keep to collate, demand exorbitant prices. Potatoes, 3 cts. each or $4.00 per bushel; butter, 50 cts per lb.; eggs, and run your own chances in taking them as they come, 5 cts each; small cucumber pickles, 5 cts each; pickled pig's feet, 20 cts each, or 60 cts per yd.; cheese, 50 cts per lb.; saleratus, 50 cts per lb.; apples, 5 cts each; ginger-nut cookies, two for 5 cts, and everything else in proportion—even to salt, which is 15 cts per drink, and very small drinks at that. Money is not very plenty with the soldiers now, so the prices do not worry him much. The only trouble seems to be to keep up a supply of tobacco. But all of this the soldier will stand, and even more, including the inclement weather without a murmur, if the people at home will behave a little more like men and patriots. There is certainly patriotism enough in the breasts of the aires, sons and brothers left at home to protect their country's honor and the honor of those friends who are in the ranks doing battle for their country from the attacks of those cowardly, disappointed, political demagogues, followed by the few who would sell the honor of their families and their country, and even the soul itself to prevent paying a few cents extra taxes,—the latter class have been deceived by the former, and made to think that our country is to be raised by taxation &c., and their aversion makes them an easy prey. Fie! for shame! Can you not do so much as that, while hundreds of thousands of good men, and true, are offering their very lives in support of their country? If not, you have no right to the protection of the Government, or to the benefits arising under it. There are men who oppose this war from sheer cowardice, and ever since a draft was talked of have been loud peace men.—Such men I pity and despise—especially where they are "talking men," and they generally are. As much as I desire to see a termination of this war, and as much as I dislike camp life, I would willingly remain on the "tented field" ten years sooner than see anything now than an honorable peace—such an one as can only be obtained by conquering it; and I am firmly convinced that such will be the result when reached. Fellow Countrymen at Home! You have a duty to perform. If you cannot join the army in the field, you can encourage those already there by submitting cheerfully to the laws of the land, and by supporting the War Department in words if not deeds, by giving it your confidence if nothing more. I think we can see indications of a deep patriotic spirit rising among the Copperheads of Illinois and Indiana which will scatte them to the four winds. I trust Wisconsin will not be behind. If friends at home will do their duty, and choke treason there, the soldiers will feel much better courage, and will fight with a much better purpose. This war must go on until we are victorious or we are forever dishonored as a nation. And I for one had rather sleep beneath her soil than live upon it to behold my country's disgrace.

IT IS RAINING AGAIN TO-DAY, AND IS CONSEQUENTLY QUITE MUDY. WE HAVE BEEN HAVING VERY PLEASANT WEATHER FOR SEVERAL DAYS. THE TREMPEALEAU CO. BOYS ARE ALL AROUND. NONE OF THEM ARE IN THE HOSPITAL, AND ALL ARE ABLE TO EAT THEIR RATIONS.

D. W.

CAMP IRVINE, near Louisville, Ky.
Feb. 16, 1862.

Mr. Editor:
Well, "things are moving." The Grand Army is on the move; the whole line from the Atlantic coast to Kansas appears to be stirring. The War Department have got things in such a shape now that it will do to move. We have lately gained several very important victories and taken a large number of prisoners with comparatively small loss of life. If the same thing had been attempted three months ago, it would have been attended by greater slaughter of human lives, upon both sides, where now but few are lost. It may have cost more money, but there are fewer widows and orphans in the land.

If this rebellion can be put down and the union preserved, without the loss of thousands of lives, I wish to see it done, if it should take several days or weeks longer to do it, and should cost a few millions more money. All that would have been necessary would have been to have kept the rebels at home until the mass of them were assured that our object was not solely to emancipate their slaves, and they would have put down the rebellion themselves in a great deal less time than 'twas gotten up. There are men in this vicinity who think that this is the object of this war, and there are men in the north—some in Wisconsin, too—who would wish to make it so, and do all in their power, except fight, to make it appear so. The opinions of northern men are apt to change in reference to emancipation, after seeing the "divine Institution" awhile. Not that I once to cinam.-peration, after seeing the

[The rest of the text is not legible due to the condition of the page.]
ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Wisconsin Artillery—Batteries One and Three, Louisville.

CAMP INTHRA, Feb. 17, 1802.

Editors Journal—Batteries No. One and Three, Wisconsin Artillery, are still in this camp of instruction, and waiting very anxiously "for something to turn up." The nearer the scene of action we get, the more eager they are to take a part in the movements which are being made upon success. Many are even afraid that, since the late victories, we shall have no chance to exercise our skill upon the battle field.

That we may not be behindhand, however, we are preparing as rapidly as possible, that we may be ready to go forward when a chance offers. While we improve the fair weather in drilling, we also have plenty of time to look about us, and notice the peculiarities of the country and its inhabitants. There is a very noticeable difference between the people here, and the people that part of Maryland through which the First Regiment passed last summer. Here you can see the Western spirit of enterprise apparent in everything; in the public works and private improvements. The farms look thriving; the farm houses are good and built in excellent taste. There is scarcely one which has not its lawn in front, set out with evergreens and beautified with shade trees and gravel walks. In the two first named States we seldom saw a good farm house. They were generally on the tumble down order, looked old, storm beaten and dilapidated, with an unthrifty appearance. Wherever there had been a pane of glass broken, the hole was stopped with an old hat or with rag. To be sure there were exceptions to this, but they were few and far between. There is also the same difference apparent between the Union men and the Rebel men of Virginia and Kentucky. That portion of Virginia and Maryland was said to be Union by a strong majority, and still the Union men dare not come out and fight for their homes, and declare their sentiments. They were too much like the man who told us, when only a mile from Falling Waters, that he did not see the rebel scouts who went by his house that morning, and that he knew nothing of the rebel camp only three miles from him, and finally wound up by saying that he was "perfectly stillling to go with the side that won." Here the Union men work with a will, as is plainly shown by the number of regiments which Kentucky has in the field.

During the short time we have been here I have visited many places of interest, the one foremost among them being the tomb of Gen. Zachary Taylor. I was much surprised to find that there was nothing about the plain vault of roughly hewn limestone which would tell a stranger that within lay the remains of one of our best Presidents and greatest military heroes. The vault is in the burial place of the Taylor family, on the estate formerly belonging to them, and is about two miles removed from camp and six miles east of the city. The inscription upon the marble slab over the iron door is as follows: "Z. Taylor, born Nov. 24th, 1784; died July 9th, 1850." This is truly a very plain inscription, and it may be very republican; but is not such as should mark the resting place of a great good man who was once President over a people that shall yet make European despots tremble on their unstable thrones; a people who, before this war, would not knock at the door of duplicity and self-conceit entirely out of Johnny Bull.

Among the public works of Louisville, which have attracted attention, the Louisville Water Works rank first. They are situated on the south bank of the Ohio, three miles from the city, and are said to be the best of any in the United States where steam power is required to force the water into a reservoir. There are two engines, of 1500 horse power each, used for raising the water from the reservoir to the city. One of the most amusing spectacles I have seen is when the 'steam is let down to go with the power that won.'

The weather is as fickle as a maid in her teens—say about fourteen or fifteen. Last Thursday was like Summer. The sky was clear and the air was warm; the mud was drying as fast as possible, and patent leather dared to show itself. But in the evening it rained a little, then it grew cold a little, and the poor inscription, and it may be various States to settle. Louisville, Feb. 17, 1802.) shall yet make European despots tremble for raising the water from the river. At least that is a matter for the people of the two States to settle. Louisville, Feb. 17, 1802.) shall yet make European despots tremble for raising the water from the river. At least that is a matter for the people of the two States to settle.
and these of every variety and style, from the light felt hat with one side turned up, to the cap lacking a visor or with a rent in the top for ventilation, the "stove-pipe," with the crown smashed in, and such a light hat as the color and costs of coats and pants, as to make the wearers look more like ye "Ancient and Orrible Artillerists," in Madison, "fixed up," to create a sight, than like soldiers; I must say that I was only prevented from laughing outright by the thought that there might perhaps be some of these men, and Captain Irvine, forced into their present wretched condition. Some of them even say that they were only induced to join the rebel cause by the gross misrepresentation of the Confederate leaders, who told them that their only intention was to burn, destroy and plunder their cities, and murder the people. Many of these still firmly believe, and are despondent over their recent disasters, and said that the capture of Fort Donelson and 2300 men, showed the folly of their position in Kentucky and Tennessee. If their prevarication be true, the rebel cause is ruined as long as it is undisguised. It is not only impossible to hold Kentucky but that place, but a proof of the evacuation of their stronghold at Bowling Green. The late intelligence has already had its effects here in Louisville, where there are still thousands of secessionists, in taking down their blazing braggadocio airs.

This morning three batteries left for Cumberland River, under the command of Major Race. The batteries are respectively commanded by Captain Cockett, of Ohio, and Captain Dixon, of Wisconsin. These leaves the 1st and 3d Wisconsin batteries sole occupants of Camp Irvine.

Last week we received horses enough for one section, and had them hitched up for the first time yesterday. We shall receive more tomorrow, and hope to be ready for the field in less than three weeks. The 1st battery have horses enough for one section for some time, and are making good progress in drill.

The health of our companies has been quite good since coming into Kentucky, with the exception of a few bad colds, caused by the change of climate. A private named W. Morrison, in the 1st Battery, was injured on Thursday last, by the premature discharge of a cannon, loaded with blank cartridges. The flesh on his left hand was badly mutilated, and his right hand was also slightly injured.

Two batteries from Indiana and one from Illinois, now occupy Camp Irvin. The whole number of batteries now in town is five. The Indiana Battery, under Capt. Colson, is to be equipped with rifle muskets. There are three additional batteries stationed across the river, in Camp Jo Holt, and we can hear them practicing every day.

The weather has been very cold for the past two days, the thermometer having scarcely been above the freezing point during the day. There was a heavy fall of snow on Thursday night, which, of course, did not improve our opinion of this climate.

For the Transcript.

CAMP IRVINE, Ky., Feb. 27.

MR. EDITOR:

The world keeps moving—so does the Federal Army; but I suppose neither of them move quite so fast as many people would like to have them, and I suppose the likes and dislikes of such people affect the movements of the one as much as they do that of the other. Yesterday and to-day the Louisville papers were not allowed to publish any telegraphic reports, concerning the movements of our troops, from which I infer something is going to be done immediately. They have been for several days, are yet, and will undoubtedly before several days to come, shipping troops down the river from Louisville. Gen. Thomas' Brigade left yesterday. The people in this city know that they ship on board the boats and start down the Ohio, but where their destination is, they can only surmise. That is the way I like to see these matters carried on. I do not believe is publishing a movement or an attack for weeks in advance, from one end of the land to the other. The weather just begins to be such that we can get around comfortably. It has not rained much for several days. Farmers have commenced plowing, and the grass and winter wheat is looking quite green and nice, and a few days more such weather will bring forth the early flowers.

Last Wednesday I caught a musketry in my tent. It looked as though it had been a long time without food, consequently was very gaunt and weak, therefore easily captured, and I served it as the old woman did her sick turkey—killed it to save its life.

We are now progressing rapidly in our drill, and soon be fitted for almost any battery maneuver. We do not get all of our horses yet. We get a few at a time, just enough to keep us good natured—but I think there is no doubt but what we will get the balance of them this week. Then we expect to travel down the Ohio River for we have been notified to put ourselves in readiness to march at two hours notice. Batteries are leaving here daily. Two left yesterday and two to-day, which leaves only three in camp at this place—the first and third Batteries of Wisconsin Artillery and a Michigan Battery. The Wisconsin Batteries are equipped, with the exception of horses, and the "Mississippiers" are daily expecting their equipment.

One Battery from Indiana was sent home yesterday to be disbanded, because of the inefficiency of its officers.

The people here generally look upon the war as of short duration; and I must confess that I cannot see how it is going to last much longer. I suppose, however, our troops will make a clean sweep to the Gulf of Mexico, and wind the matter up permanently. The back bone of "secession" is pretty effectually broken.

The Asst. Quartermaster General is about to move his quartermasters from Louisville to Nashville, Tenn., and from the latter place will be sent the subsistence of the Federal Arms in and through the States of Tennessee and Alabama.

Just as soon as the roads get so they are passable for ox teams, there will be a rush that will finish up what little there may be left of secession.

who can say, Mr. Editor, that the policy adopted by the Administration has not proved to be a better one than that which newspaper editors and "Home Guards" wished to have pursued?

No one, in my opinion. I say now, as I have said before, that if we cannot trust the President and his Cabinet in these matters, we might as well lay down our arms and return to our homes. But we can trust them, have done so, and the people will continue to do so until they shall have proved to the world that they have accomplished more in a much shorter space of time than was ever accomplished by any Cabinet or Parliament in the world ever saw. This is a sweeping assertion, but can be backed up by facts and statistics.

D. W.

For the Transcript.

CAMP IRVINE, Ky., March 4th 1862.

Just one year ago to-day Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States of America, and there were many good well meaning citizens, throughout all of the Northern States, who predicted that he would never be President of the whole thirty-four States; "that there would be war first, and then the Union would be dissolved, for there was no power delegated by the Constitution to force a State to remain in the Union." The past and the present, and the apparent prospect for the future show how nearly their judgment was correct.

My opinion is the men are few who doubt this Union will be preserved, and that Abraham Lincoln will yet be President of all the present rebellious States.

Since writing to you before, we have had all kinds of weather. After nearly a week of very pleasant, warm weather, it commenced raining a little, then it snowed a little, and then it rained and snowed a great deal; and then it froze a little—then a great deal—then it thawed, and then——well 'tis no use trying to tell you anything about it; for my knowledge of the English language is not
sufficient to do it justice. It is no pleasure anter, nor warmer here now than it was at La Crosse one year ago.

We expect to leave here "soon" but when? It is very uncertain. The Paymaster is being looked for again and of course will be along "in a few days."—Yesterday our Bronze guns, which we brought here with us, were taken away from us and a Battery of six 20 pdr Parrot Steele Rifles given to us in their stead. We are well pleased with the change. I believe there is but one other Battery in the world like it. The guns weighed about 1800 lbs apiece, with about 3 3-4 inch bore and carry a projectile about ten and one half inches in length weighing 20 lbs. They are considered good for any distance under three miles. To-day we did good shooting at the distance of one and one half miles.—We consider it quite a feather in our caps to have these guns given to us; as none but the best are thus fitted out.—That is those that are most deserving are furnished with the best arms. If the La Crosse Artillery does not do some good work it will be for want of an opportunity. It is almost impossible for us to get all of our horses, and many of those we have received will have to be returned. They are fitted up—"doped" as we call it—to sell, and after using them a few days they give out. The Government inspector was particularly frequent he will not accept of, or receive, more than three or four presented for inspection.

We are informed that our destination, when we leave here is Nashville Tenn.—But it may be changed before we get ready to start. I should not be surprised if we were there before this communication is published, neither should I be if we should remain here two weeks yet, in short I am not surprised at anything now-a-days. came very nearly being so, though last week—yes, I may as well acknowledge that I was really surprised, and at something I saw in the Transcript, too. But I'll ask, who was not surprised? What! Cooper, the confirmed, married! and no one surprised? Impossible. Well he's been a long time getting ready, and I suppose that when he "took" that he took mighty fast.—May peace, prosperity and happiness be his throughout a long and useful life, and—

Where's Bruce, Dr. Young and Cheney? Tell them to go and do so too. Odell, the girls cannot spare, so he had best to remain single "until the wars are over and the soldiers return."

But as my house is mostly of glass, I'll throw no more stones and only ask to be "let alone."—

D. W.

For The Transcript.

CAMP IRVINE, KY., March 24.

No marching orders yet; but we are in a State of "great expectations," relative to such orders. I will venture to give no opinion as to the length of time which we will probably spend here, as I have already given so many that I can give no more without repeating. The weather continues very much the same, with perhaps a little more of the rain.—The week now past has been particularly disagreeable. We are now the only battery encamped at this place. There is a rumor afloat that Gen. Buel has all the artillery he wants; and is holding on to us as a reserve—but I should soon hear that he has forgotten that there is such a Battery as the 1st Wis. Artillery in the service. Somebody must think we are somewhere else, or else we are forgotten; for the large daily mail which we used to receive has, within the past two weeks dwindled down to one or two letters and as many papers, daily. What should be the reason of this is more than any person in this Co. has, as yet, been able to solve, unless it be that the P. M. at Louisville sends all of our mail to the First Regiment, at Nashville—he says he does not—or else, to use a camp phrase, "our friends have soured upon us," "gone back upon us"—or in other words, "neglected or forgotten us." If it were confined to an individual case I should think that might be the case—but where it is so universal, something more than common must be the matter. The Transcript comes through all right, but the No. of our P. O. Box is upon the wrapper. It is quite vexing in many cases quite aggravating I assure you—but we have to put up with it a one of the evils and inconveniences of war. The health of the company is not generally as good as it was in Camp Urbana—but none are dangerously sick.

We now have a surgeon with us who attends to the ailing and sick, without sending them to the over crowded hospitals in the city. He comes to us highly recommended; is a graduate from Medical College in Cincinnati, where he was for a while Demonstrator of Anatomy.

B. F. Hall is Hospital Steward, an attendant to feeding and nursing of the sick; a position which he will fill with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Items of news are scarce—exceptin those which you will get sooner than b my writing them to you. And as for commenting upon the many successes our arms, and their future prospects; we have almost no use in it, for the speak for themselves, and make their own comments. Neither need I ext our commanders, for they need it no nor will I accuse them of inactivity or neglect of duty, because those who know what they are doing would not think it just in me, and those who did not know would accuse me of fault-finding. I am satisfied with the Administration; with the movements of the War Department, and think that any person who is not, is either a "seesen" or one who cannot be satisfied with anything, unless it is something to grumble at.

CAMP IRVINE, KY., March 30.

Well, we are soon again to change our locality. We are to have a forward movement as well as other troops, and take our position in the field instead of outside of it. Day before yesterday we were notified that we were assigned to the command of Brigadier General Morgan, who has charge of the seventh division of the department of the Ohio under Gen. Buell, and yesterday we received marching orders, and next Tuesday, April 1st, we start by rail for Lexington Ky., where we are to be joined to the Division, and then we will, with them, take a "bit of a tramp" across the country to Tennessee.

Upon many accounts it is a much preferable locality, and upon others not so desirable as upon the Mississippi River. It will be much healthier in the mountains of Eastern Tenn. and Kentucky, than it will along the marshes of the Mississippi River.

The boys are very much elated at the idea of getting down among the "seesechs" and to hear some of them talk you would think they could, single handed, vanquish half a regiment of the Confederate army. But, as "barking dogs seldom bite," "Great braggarts dare not fight," It is not those who talked the loudest that did the most, and that is who are in the army, and talk so freely, do not hurt for a safe place when in action, I
Last Wednesday, the 26th inst., we were paid off again. Most of the men are sending their money home, while the balance have commenced squandering theirs. It will soon be gone, when they will be perfectly well satisfied and contented—but while a cent remains in any company they will never see it excelled by any company.

For the week now past the weather has been very pleasant, particularly yesterday and to-day. Grass and winter grains are looking finely now, and the buds on the trees are expanding rapidly, while the mud has subsided very considerably.

LEXINGTON, Ky., April 8th.

Mr. Editor:

Your humble servant, the undersigned, is still in the land of the living and enjoying passably good health, notwithstanding the vigorous onslaught of D. O. V., and the "smoking out" of "Observer." Yes, I am a "southern unionist;" yes more than that—I am both a Southern and a Northern Unionist; go in for the union at any cost of life, and treasures if necessary. I am also a constitutional unionist to the back bone—As for reading any more "sonilies, with my sentiments," I would just as soon do so now as at any other time, provided I see a sufficient provocation for so doing. "Observer" also classes me with the Democrats, and tells of some of them changing their opinions in reference to Slavery, the war, &c. I am a Republican—voted for Fremont in 1857, and Lincoln in 1860, and always supported the Republican tickets since I commenced voting. I may change my mind—if I do I will be willing to acknowledge it, and give my reasons for so doing. But enough of this at present.

On the third day of April we strung our tents at six o'clock A. M., marched to Louisville, shipped our Battery on board of the cars, and started for Lexington about 1.30 P. M. We arrived here about 9 o'clock P. M. and remained the balance of the night in the depot building. The next morning we moved to our present camping ground—which is the Fair Ground, about one mile from the business part of the city. The Union people here are overjoyed to see us; for since the Federal troops had left this vicinity, and the southerners had met with so many defeats, the "secessh" were getting very impudent. We are the first Battery of Artillery that has been in this place, and a majority of the people never saw an Artillery Co. before, consequently we are the lions of the day. But what appears to surprise them most is the size of our men—they are so much larger than those in any company they have seen. We begin to draw big crowds to see us drill. We receive great credit for our proficiency in Battery maneuvers. Last Saturday there were a great many military officers present, and one old Artilleryman, and they all said they never saw it excelled by any company.

Our stay here will probably be a short one. The 22d Kentucky reg't came in here day before yesterday. The 23d Indiana is also here. The 14th Kentucky reg't and 42d Ohio are at Louisville and are daily expected. When they do come we expect to march with them. We will probably go from here to Cumberland Ford, or to Cumberland Gap. There are ten or twelve of our men in the hospital—or unfit for duty—but none dangerously sick. None of the Trempealeau or Jackson Co. boys are sick.

Last night one of the soldiers of the 22d Kentucky was poisoned at a "secessh" groggy in the city, and he lived but a short time. A private of our Battery was poisoned yesterday in the same manner, but he threw the poison up. Three fourths of the drinking saloons in town are kept by Secessionists.

The address of the Battery for the present is Lexington, Ky. D. W.

CAMP "ROADSIDE" KY. April 11, 1862.

FRIEND LUC:

The La Crosse Artillery is at last on a march, and four days out from Lexington. We move from sight to fifteen miles a day. We could go faster with ease, but the 23d Indians and 14th Kentucky regiments are marching with us, and that is as far as they are in the habit of going in one day.

The country through which we have passed thus far is one of the most beautiful I ever saw. The surface is uneven rolling, and the vicinity of the Kentucky river quite broken. The farms are very well cultivated, yet the best of them lacked that appearance of general thriftiness, economy and neatness which we notice among the more wealthy and extensive farms in the northern and eastern states. At nearly every house as we passed we were to be seen three to ten during yesterday and the day before yesterday, and whenever we passed a field in which they were at work they would leave their team or hoe and perch themselves upon the top of the fence until we had passed.

Occasionally we pass a small house in which lives a poor white man with his family; and thus far, I have seen more devotion, and the appearance of much more suffering, than among the slaves.

Their children are not generally as well and warmly dressed nor as more fashionably made than are those of the negroes. A person must be blind who does not readily see that the tendency of Slavery is to degrade the poor white man.

So apparent are many, of the above facts, that I almost hourly hear the expression: "I'd rather be a negro slave in Kentucky than a poor white man," from some Northern man.

The Union feeling is more prevalent as we move south from the vicinity of Lexington. During the first day's march hardly a waving handkerchief or Union Flag appeared to welcome us to its protection; but today nearly every house we passed displayed the Stars and Stripes and exhibited numbers of waving handkerchiefs. This forenoon in passing through Lancaster one young lady showed her contempt for our flag by putting her thumb to her nasal organ and executing various gyrations with her little finger. She made a very ridiculous appearance to say the least, and I must say I'm extremely glad a lady so lost to decency and self respect is not a Unionist.

The health of the camp is very good and the boys all feel infused with new life and energy.

D. W.

SOMEBODY IN THE WOODS OF KENTUCKY. April 18, 1862.

Mr. Editor:

If I knew just where we were, I would tell you, but as it is almost an impossibility I shall not make the attempt; suffice it to say that after three days hard marching averaging about 10 miles each day, over the roughest country in America, and still rougher woods, we are at present within about four miles from where the battle of wild cat was fought.

I thought we had rough, hilly roads and a rough country in Wisconsin, but they don't begin. We have as high hills there, but, for mud and stone Kentucky beats the world. If people throughout the North, or south either, for that matter, could travel over the woods we have, as we passed were to be seen three to ten during yesterday and the day before they
would not wonder nor ask: "Why the army did not move during the winter?" but rather wonder how they managed to transport their supplies for what did move. Yesterday morning there were twenty-five six-mule Govt. wagons in sight at one time, besides numbers of others that could not be seen, and all hauling supplies &c., for the 14th Ky., 384 Ind. and the La Crosse Artillery.

One day after climbing a rough muddy hill and descending into the valley on the other side, in which descent we upset one baggage wagon, we were very much surprised at seeing a pole placed across the road and naturally wondered if we had not arrived at the termination of our route in that direction. But when informed that it was a toll gate, and that they charged toll for traveling over the road, we were still more surprised, and felt disposed to treat it as a joke—and the best one of the season at that. Upon investigation, however, it was proven to be a bona fide gate and people did pay toll as per a table of toll rates, nailed upon a post by the roadside. For one family or pleasure carriage $1: one six horse team $1.25 and a single horse and carriage 50 cts. and other vehicles in the same proportion. Near this gate we camped at night on the farm of a man who had lived there nearly fifty years. He owned 1,800 acres of land and reckoned he could sell every inch of it for ten dollars an acre. He also had a prist mill run by horse power where the settlers around came to get their corn ground. The settlers do all of their go-to mill on horse back—but do not balance the grain by putting a stone in one end of the bag. This ancient gentleman was not very well versed in the Geography of our country; for he asked "If Massachusetts did not join Michigan?" But it is a very common thing to find, apparently intelligent, men who are even more ignorant than he.—

One man asked me one day if Wisconsin was a free State? another what States joined Wisconsin &c., Yesterday some of the men asked a young man what country he lived in? and he could not tell. The plows they use among these hills are about the size of the teeth of a three-toothed cultivator and precisely the same shape, and occasionally they use a turning plow as they call them here. But the stone prevent from working a large plow. We passed one field in which a man was plowing with a mule, and the collar which he used with his harness was made out of barded corn husks, and resembled in appearance either a swan collar or a door mat. The balance of his harness was made up of leather chains, strings, bars and withs. One man was thrashing a few bundles of very small oats and using a dry, hard place in the road for a thrashing floor. For flax he used straw sticks dressed them a few inches from the end which he hold in his hands to make it supple. But after driving over the oats with 112 horses twenty heavy wagons and 30 mules he did not have much more pounding to do on that douring. We have not seen a schoolhouse for three days.—nor many houses—but what homes there are, are full of children ranging from,—in the arms to sixteen. The principal productions are corn, oats, and stone with right smart of mud.

P. M. Since the above has been written, we have been upon a march of six miles, and it has been the hardest days work yet; the hills have been higher, longer, rougher and muddier than before and they tell us that the worst hill is yet to be passed. We passed the wild cat battle ground about 11 o'clock a.m.—The Union troops had much the better position there but the rebels outnumbered them considerably. I doubt if they could have found a more uneven place for a battle ground if they had searched the country over. The rebels were very negligent, and, I might say inhuman, in the burial of their dead; many of them, their limbs feet hands, &c. are to be seen above ground to this day. We are at present encamped on the ground formerly occupied by Zillieoffer as a camp for his brigade. Hay and grain are pretty scarce in this vicinity, as the rebels cleared the country when they were here. Our horses have not had a mouthful of hay for nearly two days and will not have any before to-morrow night if then, and have no grain to-day, since morning. We travelled faster than the forage train, and I guess they are stalled in the mud somewhere, as it has been raining to-day. But a squad of mounted men have gone back with sacks to meet them and get our rations of grain. The grass is hardly large enough to afford much feed, although cattle and horses—natives—live and do pretty well upon it. We expect to find some better country after to-morrow, a march, which, if we do I will inform you in my next.

D. W.
a distance of three-fourths of a mile, doing us no injury, except to make us lie down, or get behind a tree, so as not to stop their bullets. The wounded prisoner told me that the sharpshooters had missed the Mississippi rifle. Several bullets passed so close to me that I could feel the wind on my cheek.

The enemy's works are on both sides of the Gap are of the strongest kind. Their guns are of heavy calibre, but mostly smooth bore. The number of guns they have is hard to be determined, as we cannot see them; but if judge of the embrasures they have fixed for guns, they must have about sixty, large and small. I do not think their number included (the day of the fight, more than 4,000; but their position is naturally one of the strongest that can be found. You can judge something of it when I tell you, that where the road passes through the Gap, it is six hundred feet above the valley below; then, the mountain rises in places, perpendicular, six hundred feet more, on each side of the road, spreading to about two hundred feet at the top and only fifty at the bottom. Heavy batteries are planted on each side of the top and almost at the bottom, and on a position on one side half way up. The front side covered with breastworks, stockades, rifle pits and batteries, and yet if it had been the order from Gen. Morgan, on the outset, to take the Gap, instead of merely to drive in their pickets, this order would have been headed Cumberland Gap, instead of Cumberland Ford; fourteen miles from the former—as the forces that we had there were entirely unknown to them, until after it was all over. This fact we learned from some prisoners taken by Col. De Courcy.

A. H. Stevens is in command of the rebel forces in the Gap. Capt. J. F. Foster has been appointed Chief of Artillery of this Division. Our Battery is in good condition. The horses look finely, although they have had no hay for a week. The men are well and anxious to show to seashore the science of gunnery. Capt. Whitman has a battery here, and another one, Capt. Lamphier's, will be here shortly.

I think my next letter to you will be mailed somewhere in the northern part of Tennessee. Lieut. Webster lost his bigger to-day trying to learn him how to swim under water, in the Cumberland river. He has not been found yet. We are expecting orders to forward to the Gap every hour, and it may be weeks before we get through. Our Battery is the nearest part of this Division to the Gap, and as there is no guard around it, we do not sleep very warm.

Yours as ever, C. B. KIMBALL,
Lieut. 1st Wis. Artillery.

CUMBERLAND FORD KY.
May 3d 1862.

Mr. Editor:
I see by the Transcript of the 18th
of April that D. O. V. goes into a ecstatic
over the thought of 'having shi't him',
but really thinks he 'did not kill him.'
Yes, gentle readers, D. W. yet lives,
and if his life is spared until destroyed
by such missiles, he will live to see the
end of this rebellion, and live long to
enjoy the peace which follows. D. O.
V. appears to waste no more powder
on such a worthless object, yet, by the
tact he exerts, a person would think he
had wounded very large game. Probably
he does not like the fortification be-
ning which to stand: viz. the Constitu-
tion and the Laws.

As for the 'quotations,' I am willing
to let people who read the articles judge
for themselves: but if he thinks his
translating of that 'that' was right and
proper, then I will beg leave to differ: for
I know what it meant, and that was, the
immediate emancipation of Slavery—let-
ting them loose to take care of them-
self as best they can. There are many in
the South who really believe such to be
the object of the Northern army. Dur-
ing a skirmish at the 'Gap,' a few days
since, a rebel was wounded and taken
prisoner. It was necessary to amputate
one of his legs to save his life. He said
he expected nothing else but that he
would be butchered by our soldiers, as
he had been told by his officers that
was the way all the Northern soldiers did
with the Southern soldiers. There is a
woeful state of ignorance in the South,
and more of it in the North than is for
the credit of our nation. The leaders of
this rebellion know that the Federal sol-
diers will not interfere with the domes-
tic institutions, but they tell their sol-
diers, and citizens also, and make a large
majority believe it too. As for his de-
finition of Republicanism, Democracy,
&c. as applied to parties at present, it
can pass for all it is worth, and may be
all correct, but you know that people will
differ in little matters, but, in my opin-
ion there is a vast difference between a
Garrison, Phillips, Abolitionist and
Lincoln Republican; as much as there is
between an emissary from the infernal regions and an an-
gel of light. Says D. O. V., 'The ab-
olitionists hold on their way teaching
no other doctrine than the Constitution;
the best civil laws and the word of

God. They have always sought to ac-
complish their object by practicable
means.' Garrison pronounces the Con-
stitution a 'Covenant with Hell.'—

Phillips said he had preached against it
for years, and John Brown led an armed
force into Va. for the purpose of freeing
the slaves—but I have already used
more time and space, than I intended
to—but Mr. Editor you know it is
hard to give up without having the last
word. If any of my toes get under any
person's feet this time let them be trod
upon, and perhaps next time I will be
more careful.

I have now forgotten when I wrote
last, or where I was at that time; but
let it be when it may we are at peace within
sight of Cumberland Gap; and within
hearing of the enemy's guns. The roads
ever or rather through, for we did not
got over them, which we passed were
the worst I ever saw, and I have seen
roads in Wisconsin that were not consid-
ered safe to travel upon horseback, but
we got over our teams in very good con-
dition. When we arrived at the Ford
it was about sundown, and we thought
we must cross the river before sampling
for the night. We were obliged to ferry
over in a boat, similar to the one Thos.
Douglas at North Bend used to keep.—
There being an eddy on each side of the
river the current could not be used as a
propelling power, so we were obliged to
pull it across by hand. the water be-
ing too deep to use setting poles to any
advantage. The boat was in charge of a
squad of Tennessee soldiers who seemed
to think it an awful job to ferry about
thirty loads that evening—I professed
my services with an awkward squad to
help manage the boat, but Tennessee
thought awkward men worse than noth-
less; however at it we went. We let
them ferry the first load, as they pleas-
ed, and I can safely say that I never
saw a ferry boat so awkwardly handled.
The next trip, we said something—gave
a few orders—and kept increasing in giv-
ing them until we run Tennessee out,
and took charge entirely. They thought
we had come away off somewhere up
North where they have no rivers, but a
crew of 'Black River Rats' soon showed
them a specimen of ferrying that nev-
er was beaten in these parts 'with such
men as Miron Hill N. D. Leisyard, Billy
McKieith and a dozen others equally
good, if a ferry cannot be run they might
as well tie up—and I count myself as
good as a boy at that business. Well
we were safely over by 10 o'clock P. M. with the exception of the breaking of one of their cannon, and from a high hill near by the musketry could be heard. So said P. Down who was upon the hill.

Three Union men were wounded and four rebels were killed, including one captain and one prisoner. They are very strongly fortified and it is going to be a hard matter to force them out—but we must do it—and I have no doubt as to the result.

The health of the camp remains good but the living is not what an epicure might fancy, yet it does very well. We do not hear as much grumbling and fault finding now as when we had plenty of the very best the land afforded. We have hard bread, Bacon, or Beef, Beans and coffee with half rations of sugar and no potatoes. We get corn for our horses but no hay—there is none of the latter in the country, and we have to go from twenty to thirty miles for the former.

Hoping to write from Tennessee before long I'll now close.

C. McRIE: Fort, Ky May 12, 1862.

Mr. Editor:

I feel considerably like writing a sermon to-day but have not the time to do it, which I presume will suit your readers just as well I will however mention the subject upon which I wish to sermonize and that is letter writing—If you, gentle readers, knew how eagerly are read the letters from friends at home, I have faith to believe you would write at least once in each week to some one of your many friends and acquaintances in the army. Do not stand too much on etiquette; that is virtually dispensed with in the army. Do not take offence if the soldier does not answer your letter punctually; for his time is not his own and he cannot write when he would as you can at home. He is allowed no light to write by in the evening, and his necessary and incidental duties keep him busy during the day. He has no comfortable desk or writing table at which to sit while writing—but must hold his paper upon his knee, while sitting upon his knapsack, and place his ink bottle upon the ground by his side—say he is allowed no light to write by at night; he is until 8 1-2 P. M. at which time lights must be out. Therefore overlook much that seems like negligence upon his part.

Well, we are in "Stato Quido," which place is not to be found on the map. We remain much the same as we were at my last writing. It has not rained now for over a week—but I guess it will soon, for I now hear the report of distant thunder—or as some might call it "heavy cannonading."

To all appearance everything is quiet in the military line. The Pickets go out and come in daily and report "nothing new," as usual. The late news from the army of the Potomac, and from the army of the Miss. is very encouraging to our soldiers in this Department.

Just here I was forced to leave, eure my tent before the wind away which I'm no more than had time to accomplish before it began to rain.

It has pretty much stopped again now.

Day before yesterday we took one of our guns upon the top of a high hill just back of camp for experimental purposes such as shooting at objects below us &c.

The hills is twice the height of Decora's Peak, and as difficult of ascent all of the way as is Decora's Mound; but by the aid of black and rope we accomplished the undertaking in about eight hours time.

The weather is quite warm—in fact we are having summer now. The health of the company is very good—but there are rather more complaining than there has been for some time past. William McKie is hardly fit for duty—yet is gaining. The other Troupes of Co. boys are all well. There are several cases of chills and fever in camp but none very serious. We received intelligence from Lexington that one of our company when we left there in the hospital, by the name of E. P. Hewitt of Neillsville died upon the 27th of April. This is the second member of the Battery that has died since leaving LaCross—King being the first. We keep four six mile teams out foraging for corn, we take all with the exception of enough to do the owners family and give him a receipt for the same which he presents to the proper authority and will in time get his pay. People complain very much—but they acknowledge that the secesh treated them worse than that, inasmuch they took all and gave no receipt. It is not a very pleasant business. I was detailed one day upon that duty, and was out all day, with pack saddles and mules, among the hills looking for corn. I found several lots of it but had not the heart to take it against the wishes of the owners; it seemed too
Death of Ed. P. Hewitt.

At a meeting of the members of Foster's Battery, First District Artillery, held at Cumberland Ford, Kentucky, May 10th, 1861, upon hearing of the death of Edmund P. Hewitt, a private of said Battery, at Lebanon, Ky., from disease contracted while in the service of the United States government.

Lient. Jno. Anderson was called to the chair, and a record was chosen Secretary. Upon motion, Lieut. D. Webster, Corporal P. Down and private E. N. Trowbridge were selected to draft resolutions expressive of the feeling of the company, relative to his death. The following preamble and resolutions were presented and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, having received the sad intelligence of the death of our brother soldier, Edmund P. Hewitt, who died in Lebanon, Ky., on the 21st day of April, 1862; therefore be it

Resolved, That his decease was, by close attention to duty, a soldier, by his frankness and generosity, his many kindnesses to his comrades, his care and attention to his fellow soldiers, who were sick and unable to care for themselves, with the confidence and esteem of the members—both officers and privates—of the Battery, each and all of us, would have deemed it a privilege to have been with him during his splendor, and to have ministered to his wants—his wants to his wants—his wants to his wants, and rendered him as much assistance in his power while his life was ebbing out; and when at last the work was performed; when we had shed tears over the newly made grave, of a true friend and patriot.

Resolved, That his absence from the Battery when we had hoped would have been of short duration, and which we regretted very much, is now to be added beauty and vastly felt, that we know he will never more join his company under the flag of eternity.

Resolved, That although he was not in the best state of health, and had been ordered to remain at his post, at the end of the battle-field, at least in order to be able to do duty to the best of his abilities, he had not been placed in a situation to perform his duties, and that he was not in a position to be able to perform them.

Resolved, That the tender to his parents and relatives this side of eternity, and of the Regiment, and to the Company upon whom he was sent.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be engraved on a medal, to be given to all the members of the First District Artillery of the Regiment, and that the same be published in the newspapers of the County.

Lient. J. D. Anderson, Chairman.
Lient. D. Webster, Secretary.

The First Wisconsin Battery.

Mr. Editor:—As but little has been said or known of the First Battery, perhaps somewhat of its whereabouts, so, I may be interesting to some readers of your paper. Captain S. T. Foster of La Cruse, some two or three years since, got up an artillery company, which by repeated excursions in drilling had become quite efficient in landing its piece, as well as expeditious and accurate in target practice.

Capt. Foster, an old and experienced engineer, [which, by the way, is a requisite qualification for a good and efficient man,] taken great pains in informing himself in artillery tactics and drilling, was commissioned the commander of the battery, and after going into camp at Racine, where the regiment spent some time in drilling, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the regiment stationed there. He, with Capt. Drewry of the Third Battery, was always ordered in the rear, or at some distance from the battle.

Since that time we have heard little or nothing of the First Battery. The Third, under Capt. Drewry, is reported as being at Pittsburg Landing with Gen. Hallock. A letter from Capt. Foster to his brother G. W. Foster of this place, and dated May 5th, at Cumberland Ford, sixteen miles from Cumberland Gap on the Tennessee River, locates him at that place, in the Seventh Division of the Army of the Ohio, under the command of Brigadier Gen. Geo. W. Morgan, and attached is the order No. 22, as follows:

Jacob F. Foster of the First Wisconsin Battery is hereby appointed Chief of Artillery of this Department of the army, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

Dated, April 30.

Signed.


Thus a good and worthy officer has by his own efficiency and merit, irrespective of foreign aid or outside influence, been appointed to a very important position, which he thinks himself capable of filling, and which the army needs so desperately, and there is little doubt that he will do so worthily.

He writes that he has a park of artillery of twenty-six guns, many of which are fine Parrots and rifled pieces, to be posted and worked according to his direction, and he hopes, ere long, to assist in planting the stars and stripes upon the enemy's stronghold at Cumberland Gap.

He says he has had, as yet, but one chance to try his guns on the rebels, and that was of short duration, as they "skedaddled" in a hurry. At another time the picket-line was in front of us; was advancing in force, and two miles distant. His guns were got in position and manned at once; but concluding that "discretion is the better part of valor," the rebel concluded to defer their attack till a more convenient season.

Respectfully, O. C.

J. F. Foster, First Battery.

Dated, May 25, 1862.

Friend Luck:—I wish you could just happen along and see how I am situated while writing.

I am in a very small tent about 7 feet square, which pithces all of the way from the floor to the ridge and will only admit of a person's standing up in the middle under the ridge pole. In the center of said tent upon a camp stool, sits your humble subscriber, with paper and pencil trying to write you a few lines, using for a desk, in the mean time, an inverted tin plate. Upon either side of me lie blankets, saddles, bridles, sabres and other paraphernalia of war, in grand confusion. Outside upon either side are tents as far as you can see for the hills, while in front is posted
All is bustle and preparation: Baggage wagons are stuck round in the corners promiscuously. Soldiers are lying around loose generally—tis Sunday—some are jumping, some wrestling, some playing marbles, some pitching quoits, some writing, some sleeping, and some swearing—a big "sum" of them too.

Day before yesterday we crossed the river and made a forward movement in force, and marched one day when we were ordered back to this point which is just where the road branches toward the "Gap." We shall probably go up there in a day or two, and try them at a "clatter." We have a pretty good force of artillery here, and among the balance a heavy siege battery of parrots guns, which for the present is commanded by officers taken from Foster's La Crosse Battery.

Your humble servant being honored with the command, assisted by acting Lieut. S. A. Patchett of Saltn, Sergt. C. E. Aistead of Cape, Corporal W. F. Richards of the Crescent Minn. and corporal E. N. Towbridge, of Trempealeau. The other sergeants and corporals are not known to any of your readers.

The weather is fair and today has been quite warm. The health of the members of the La Crosse Artillery is generally pretty good, but quite a number of them are not able for duty. F. M. Bunn is left behind as is also Byron Hall because of illness, but they will be able to join us in four days to the Gap yet, if we go not move within a day or two.

If the enemy make a strong resistance it will require some desperate fighting to drive them out, but if we can succeed in planting our big guns within range we feel confident of success. We are anxious to get over into Tennessee where we can get plenty to eat, and plenty for our horses.

We have plenty now, but have to haul it a great way. Secesh prisoners are being brought in almost daily by our pickets.

Yesterday I saw several negroes who just came from Ten. on their way to the "happy land of Canaan." One of them a yellow boy said they "were talking right smart of drafting all free niggers and poor-white people, and that they thought they'd leave." There were a couple of slaves along and would you believe it! I neither caused them to be arrested nor sent them back to their loving masters! They also stated that the people were afraid their army would be defeated at the Gap and I am afraid they will too.

The roads are becoming better very fast but are far from being good yet.—They are so very rough and stony and the hills abound in short turns and steep pitches, that it is difficult passing with heavy loads.

Army sutlers are reaping a harvest now, by taking advantage of, as they call it, "high freights." They sell writing paper for 40 to 50 cents per quire envelopes 25 cents per package, 5 cent papers of tobacco for 25 cents, small boxes of matches for 25 cents, and everything else in proportion. But soldiers spend their money any way no matter what the price of the thing purchased may be.

The drums are beating tattoo throughout camp and I will close, hoping to give you an account of the taking of the Gap in my next.

D. W.

"STATUS QVI"
FORD KY. JUNE 2nd 1862.

Well, here we are yet, and we are likely to remain for several days to come. It appears to be pretty much a draw game, thus far with the two opposing armies in this district; that is, they each appear to be trying to draw the other out. And they have succeeded several times causing our army to be drawn up in line of battle and prisoners taken by our pickets, report that we've stirred them up occasionally.

Last Friday night the enemy were reported as marching upon us in force, whereupon the artillery force of this division, was ordered to take such positions that they could rake them in every direction, which was immediately done. I was ordered with one piece of the Siege Battery and one company of infantry to proceed to the Ford and guard a large quantity of ammunition which we had not moved from there. The gun was put in fighting trim, loaded with canister and an advanced guard placed, then I laid down on the ground under the gun and slept until morning, when I woke up and found all quiet, and learned that the secesh were as badly frightened as we were, and that they slept upon their arms in their fortifications all night excepting an attack from us.

This morning at day break we were routed out and ordered to hitch up teams and be prepared to move at a moment's notice, as there was skirmishing going on among the pickets. The enemy pickets had passed inside of our outer pickets and were having trouble in getting out again. Col. DeCourcy sent out several detachments to help them, but they do not as yet succeed in catching them. Such alarms have a tendency to keep us in readiness at any moment, and to be guarded against any surprise from the enemy.

Capt. Foster of the La Crosse Artillery is an efficient and hard working officer, and if an enemy catches him asleep or unprepared for them, let him come from which direction they may, they will have to get up early and work late. He has been appointed, by Gen. Morgan, as chief of artillery of the 7th Division of the department of the Ohio, and it is generally conceded that it was an appointment fit to be made. He now has four batteries of artillery under his command. The La Crosse Artillery Co., or as it is now known in this division, Posters Battery is commanded by Junior 1st Lieut. J. D. Anderson, Lieut. Cameron being unable to be in the field. Geo. W. Gale has been promoted to a corporal. Some thirty of the Battery are sick or unable for duty. None of the Trempealeau Co. boys are now upon the sick list, but it is E. M. Bunn, and he is around camp with a cold all the time. He may be weak but is gaining strength. Sergt. S. D. Blake of North Bend is also unwell but not down sick. Towbridge, Gale, McCoy, Hall, Downs and McKeith are all swell and on duty every day. A few days since owing to sickness, extra duty &c., the platoon of L. D. Blake, which is now commanded by Billy was reduced to one private. When the company was ordered out for Prelude on foot, the order was to "fall in by platoons." Billy brought his platoon, reduced from sixteen men to one man, up, put it to a right dress, and front face with as good a grace and as spiritually as if the full compliment had been there. And all through the morning drill he commanded his one man—marched by platoon, by flank and by detachment just as the balance did, or nearly as he could, for the want of men. Billy is a favorite in the company, and well deserves to be, for he is never recreant to duty and performs cheerfully whatever he is asked or ordered to do. In short all the Trempealeau Co. boys stand high in the estimation of their officers and messmates.

The Paymaster is in camp again and the army sharks—Sutlers—are reaping a rich harvest peculiarly. I do not know as it is any worse though than it would be in a village or city where all the ar-
I doubt that my advice was followed at all. I wrote to you from Roger's Gap, so I will go back no farther than that in this letter. 

On the evening of the 17th, Gen. Morgan issued an order for every thing to be packed ready to start at five minutes notice. Our army consisted of a county's brigade of three regiments and 1st Wis. Battery, to take up the line of march at half past twelve o'clock on the night of the 17th, followed by Gen. Baird's brigade of four regiments, and 9th Ohio Battery. Gen. Carter's brigade followed next, of four regiments and Capt. Lamphere's Battery, and the rear was brought up by Gen. Speer's brigade, Col. Monday's cavalry acting as front and rear guard. The four heavy siege guns were attached to our battery, making our whole force tell the round sum of 12,000 men and 20 pieces of artillery. Every man was ordered to have two days' rations in his haversack. I stood by our Quartermaster when it was dealt out, and two hard breads and a small piece of fresh beef was all we received. It was the last of the three day's rations we were ordered to take with us on the 5th of June, when we left the Ford. A great portion of the infantry had not a mouthful of bread, and but a small piece of fresh meat, to last them two days. Every man knew that to wait longer was starvation, and I do not believe that ever an army of men entered what all supposed to be a battle field, with a more firm determination to conquer than we did. Well, by one o'clock all was in motion, and as I had command of the right section of our battery, I led the artillery. After advancing about two miles the report came that the enemy were preparing to meet us half way, so our advance from that time was slow and cautious. At ten o'clock the column halted on the camping ground of about 3,000 of the rebels who had left about twenty minutes previous by another road for Knoxville. As we learned that they were evacuating the Gap, we did not pursue these, but pushed on as fast as possible with the belief that our march was slow as it was raining, and the road was very slippery, so that when we arrived, their rear was out two miles on the Knoxville road. In their retreat they were in such haste that they moved hardly anything, leaving five of their heaviest guns, spiked however, and 3,000 tents standing, but cut into strings. Everything that was left was destroyed. Commissary stores were rolled down the mountain, and thrown into a well fifty feet deep; this was filled to the top with Flour, Meal, Corn, Bacon, Lard, Candles, Soap, Dried Fruit, Powder, Balls, Pickaxes, Shovels, and everything moveable. It is impossible to make an accurate estimate of the amount of property destroyed, but I should think a million of dollars would not be too high. We went in and planted our battery on to 8t:art at or about 5 o'clock, after which the La Crosse Battery fired 38 guns. 

We arrived there about 5 o'clock, and the enemy had skedaddled, leaving behind them their sick, numbering about seventy-five, also all their tents and camp equipment, also eight pieces of artillery, two 94 pound guns, two mortars, and four smaller pieces which they had spiked and rolled down the mountain. There was about one thousand tents left standing which they had stripped all to pieces with their knives. There was large quantities of flour, pork, bacon and barrels of lard burst open and lying upon the ground, and when we arrived in camp there was piles of provisions on fire which they had applied the match to before leaving. The citizens around here tell us that we were a half day too late, that we could have taken the whole of them, as they were completely panic-stricken. — La Crosse Republican.

It strikes every one with surprise to see the strength and amount of their fortifications. It is truly a second Gibraltar.

All blowed down at their guns last night, not a tent was pitched until to-day. The men have been busy to day picking up flour, pork, beans, and such things as they could live on until our commissary stores arrive from Lexington. We will have to leave force to hold the place and the rest will push on to Knoxville.

The artillery left here was of heavy caliber and are called sea coast guns.

It was laughable and still pitiable to see those poor soldiers in that well digging for something to eat, covered with flour and grease, and to see how eagerly they would run to the camp fire to cook and eat! pork and beans they dug out.

The corner stone dividing the three States, Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee, was immediately in the Gap, so that it is actual in three States.

Capt. Foster is quite well.

The La Crosse Battery.

R. Harrington, Esq., of this city, has kindly permitted us to publish the following extracts from a letter received this day from his son Charles, who is in the La Crosse Battery, which recently took possession of Cumberland Gap:

Cumberland Gap.

Dear Father.—While I write you, I sit on the corner-stone of three States, Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee.

Cumberland Gap is at last ours. Col. DeCorney's with the 10th Ohio, and the La Crosse Battery colors were hoisted upon the breastworks of Cumberland Gap last evening at five o'clock, after which the La Crosse Battery fired 38 guns.

We arrived there about 5 o'clock, found the enemy had skedaddled, leaving behind them their sick, numbering about seventy-five, also all their tents and camp equipment, also eight pieces of artillery, two 94 pound guns, two mortars, and four smaller pieces which they had spiked and rolled down the mountain. There was about one thousand tents left standing which they had stripped all to pieces with their knives. There was large quantities of flour, pork, bacon and barrels of lard burst open and lying upon the ground, and when we arrived in camp there was piles of provisions on fire which they had applied the match to before leaving. The citizens around here tell us that we were a half day too late, that we could have taken the whole of them, as they were completely panic-stricken. —La Crosse Republican.

From Cumberland Gap.

Cumberland Gap, June 19th, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—I enclose you a report of the movement of the artillery of this division in making the attack on Cumberland Gap, which you will publish or not, as you see fit.

We had the enemy temporarily not been ordered to move back over the mountain, would have taken, beyond question, 2,000 prisoners. We had nearly blanketed the country, unless smuggled in. The citizens would do it any where else, and are called sea coast guns.

A Short time since I heard a commissioned officer remark that he never saw so many men together without seeing more quarrelling and disturbance than was seen here, and asked how it was? The ready answer he received was "they get no whiskey" and that is the true reason too. Men who wish to save their money almost invariably sell it home while those who have no desire to keep it, might as well let the sutler have it, as the barrel, for it would ultimately find its way there any way.

Yesterday a telegram was received by Gen. Morgan announcing that McClellan had met the enemy near Richmond and driven him back. The news was received by the soldiers, and immensely cheered by them. If Davis is driven from Richmond his next push will be for the Gap where he will try to make his way into Kentucky, capture the State and annex it to his confederacy—for safety no doubt.

I do not expect to be in Tennessee before you hear from me again—or rather before I write again for I have concluded there is no use in calculating upon events in the army.

I wonder why the Transcript does not find us sooner. Letters from Galena come through all straight—but the paper either does not come at all or is far too long. Cincinnati papers of the 31st of May, were received here this evening—then why should it take all summer for papers to come from Wisconsin. We get the news nearly if not quite as soon as you do—but the local items are what we want, and the more of them the better it suits us if they are of but little consequence to the denizens of Galena. 'Tis late and I'm tired so I will retire.

From the 1st Wis. Battery.

D. W.
The Ninth Ohio battery, Capt. Wm. Morse, commanding, followed immediately by the battery, and with much difficulty in descending the steep declivity of this mountain, for it can be considered nearly perpendicular. At 4 p. m., the first piece of the siege battery arrived on the top of the mountain, and there and for the closing of the pieces. After balling until late in the evening, all were closed up, and Witmore's Ninth Ohio battery was allowed to pass and move the descent in ad

The 30-pounder guns being so heavy, it was impossible to get them to the top of the mountains, as the descent was too difficult to think for a moment of moving them down by the ropes. At six o'clock, more heavy artillery, were moved down the mountains into Powell's Valley, during the night, without serious injury, only overturning a battery wagon and breaking its trail, at 3:30 on the 12th June.

This was the most difficult part of the mountain to overcome, that we had encountered. The foot on the mountains, as the descent was too steep for the men to walk, they therefore had to use the ropes and pulleys, and it was the infantry that was detailed to assist in overcoming the steep ascents and descents, which had been made by ropes and pulleys. The ropes and pulleys were always in readiness, and the men were obliged to use them constantly on the alert, for the ropes were not only steep but steep. In many places, where the gun carriages once overtook, many horses had fallen over precipices, rocks, varying in height from a hundred to two hundred feet in the night. In many instances were seen the remains of men and horses, used on the same rope. In ascending the mountain, the men had to use the ropes and pulleys until they reached the summit, where a new bridged-road was built, and the mountain road was taken up for the attack and to cross the Blue Ridge Valley, with the Twenty-sixth Brigade, under command of Gen. Baird, and Lanphere's Battery with the Twenty-fourth Brigade, under command of Gen. Cartr. For the purpose of marching on the enemy, who were beleaguered, eight miles up Wells' Valley from Rogers' Gap, where they were said to be considerable force, but upon our arrival, they had fled with great rapidity. We then marched upon Cumberland Gap (which had been evacuated but a few days previous), and then Foster's battery saluted the Stars and Stripes with thirty-four guns.

We, as officers of the artillery of this division, believe that the situation is the only result of the siege battery, twelve miles on its road, leading to Williamsburg, had been torn by the enemy. This battery reached the mountain safe in Powell's Valley at 3 a. m., and remained all day and night for the purpose of shooting horses. At 10 a. m., the siege battery, being in the mountain safe in Powell's Valley, upon hearing the soldiers fairly with the sound of the cannon, and seemed to return that they could hardly wait till morning.

Foster's Battery being upon the top of the mountain, had only to descend the southern slope, and Witmore's Ninth Ohio Battery being in the mountain safe in Powell's Valley, upon hearing the soldiers fairly with the sound of the cannon, and seemed to return that they could hardly wait till morning.
Correspondence of the Camp.

CUMBERLAND GAP. June 19, 1862.

Mr. Editor:

You will, I've no doubt, have heard of the evacuation of this noted Gibraltar of the West, and of our occupation of the same, before this reaches you, but I propose to give you a few items concerning the March.

We left Cumberland Ford on the 6th of June and taking a road leading in a South Western direction, toward Rogers Gap over almost impassable hills, arrived at the foot of the mountains a distance of forty-five miles, at 9 o'clock a.m. of the 11th inst., and laid over two or three days without marching during the time. The appearance of the country is very similar to that in the vicinity of the Ford, being very hilly and stony with a very poor soil. The inhabitants are mostly quite poor people. They own and work their small homes with such a quality that the more a man has the poorer he is. If they had the energy of a live Yankee, they'd all become rich in a few years, even here in the wilderness. They are all strong Union people and appeared almost overjoyed at seeing us. One old gentleman who had come four miles through the woods to see the Artillery told me he saw the 29 and 30 Pdr. Parrot Guns go by that he 'should now go home feeling quite independent.' It was the first cannon he ever saw. It is surprising how the news will fly through these mountains. The inhabitants are very inquisitive as well as communicative, which I presume accounts for it.

And if they are as talkative as one lady was, at whose house I one day took dinner there is much to be surprised at either. I have often heard it said of persons that: 'they'd out Herod Herod'—but I never before saw any one who would out Beddott Widow Beddott. If I could only quote her conversation, verbatim at punctuation for a few minutes it would be decidedly rich—but I cannot do it justice therefore will not attempt it.

ROGERS GAP is about eighteen miles west from this place, and was considered formidable enough of itself, for falling timbers across the road, to deter the Yankees from ever attempting to pass it, without its being guarded by armed men. But here is where they were greatly mistaken, for the Ohio and Indiana men with their axes soon cut away the timber, and with pickaxes and spades repaired the roads so we could pass. It beat all previous hills I ever saw, but was accomplished in about four hours. The Siege Battery commanded by Lieut. Dan Webster was the first Battery in fact the first team or wagon, that crossed the mountain. The distance from the foot of the hill upon one side, to the foot upon the other, is five miles, and two miles of the distance is nearly level, the balance is up one side, and down the other.

Boys scattered through the neighborhood, the woods etc., and found a little something to eat. We remained here until the next morning, when we received orders to countermarch which were received with a hearty cheers as I ever heard, and when the column entered the road, heading toward the mountain they fairly yelled with delight. It appears that Gen. Spears had not received the dispatches ordering him to entrench and had pushed through Shop Gap driving the enemy before him, and was marching up the valley. Gen. Morgan immediately telegraphed to Gen. Buell and ordered the countermarch. When we reached our former position in the valley the men and teams were nearly worn down; we had been upon a forced march of ten days over the roughest of roads in hot weather, upon six days rations. But the men evinced a degree of fortitude which was truly commendable.

We commenced a retreat.

On the second day of our arrival into Covvella Valley Gen. Morgan received positive and imperative orders from Gen. Buell to fall back to Williamsburg Ky., as he was afraid we'd get over the mountains and be cut to pieces between two armies of the rebel. The train especially the provisions had not all arrived yet, and they were all turned back toward the latter place which was some forty miles. The Siege Battery was started first and crossed the mountain that night. The large guns were taken up part of the way with ropes and blocks, but we made our camp ground by midnight. The officers and soldiers all felt very badly because they were obliged to fall back. Capt. Foster told me that when Gen. Morgan announced the fact to his staff that he was so deeply affected that he could hardly speak, as for myself, I do not remember of seeing so dark a day, and so many long faces since the news of the battle of Bull Run was received. But we started back with less than our days rations for ourselves and teams, expecting to reach a portion of the subsistence train the next day, but they had started upon their backward march as soon as we did. At the end of the first seven miles, from the foot of the

The Marching to meet the Enemy.

On the 17th inst. orders were issued from Head Quarters, commanding that the several Regiments and Batteries provide themselves with two days rations and prepare to march upon the enemy at one o'clock A. M. on the 18th inst. At the hour designated the column started, the 16th and 42d Ohio Regiments leading, followed by Foster's Battery and the Siege Battery, and the balance of the Infantry and Artillery in the rear. We expected to meet the enemy about eight miles from Rogers Gap, where they had an encampment, and had planted a Battery of four guns. But as we approached they vanished like the mist before the morning sun. The smoke was still arising from their camps fires as we reached them, and they had left part of their tents standing. After a march of ten miles we halted for dinner and rest, on a seashore farm, and captured a rebel Lieut who remained behind as a spy. At every cross road and lane, and at every farm house the people were gathered to see us pass, and most of them were truly glad to see us, many of them had relatives in the Federal Army. Just before we reached the rebel camp, we passed an aged couple who stood gazing at us with their tents still standing, but could not men even with a pistol. We steadily and continually advanced, and entered the lines of the rebel camp about an hour before sunrises, without firing a gun, and took possession peaceably.

The Appearance of the Camp.

They had left their tents standing and all the cooking utensils in, store houses, extra clothing bedding etc. and five pieces of cannon, but the tents were completely riddled and torn to pieces so that there was hardly cloth enough in a piece to make a napkin of, their cooking utensils were broken to pieces, bedding torn and strewn around, the commissary building containing the stores, was burned down, or rather still burning, flour was torn and strewn around, barrels of Lord poured out in the dirt and the guns all spiked. The soldiers as they commenced plundering the tents. Officers had left their mess sheets and in some instances their baggage. Many of the women had left their babies and left without a word to one of them with one of them at his side. A large number of letters were also found, and from the mouth of some it seems that they had been left behind because they were not needed during the winter but they had plenty now. A large cistern was found yesterday filled with four hawk and bacon and lard. The barrels containing the coffee beans and the contents poured to pickeness. The cistern was ten feet in diameter and fifteen feet deep and was filled to the top.

The Gap is decidedly a strong fortified place, and if we had their ground we could never have taken it from them for the first a succession of almost inestimable fastnesses from the foot of the mountain to the place where we arrived that one would not interefere with the other. I wish I could describe it, but have neither the time or ability. The rebels have done an immense amount of damage here, and at last abandoned it. It is said that they left here just one year, to a day, from the time they took possession of it. It appears from some of their

Private Letters. which were written by friends at home during last winter are rather encouraging in tone—but at the same time acknowledge that they are almost suffering for the common necessaries of life. Others are of the 'blood and thunder' style—"I have in my possession a letter written by a woman in North Carolina, to her husband on the 15th Dec. last. She says, 'I thank you God I have something to eat yet, I bought me 61 pounds of pork to-day.' She closes as follows: Dear husband I want you to whip out all them damned Yankees quick as you can and come home I know you can."

A Serious Accident.

Last night during a salute in honor of the evacuation of the Gap one of the cannoneers of the 9th Ohio Battery had his right arm taken off and his
of our camp, on what is here called the Flat. This is a fine spring and affords water enough to drive a large mill if it were properly managed and constructed. The water is excellent being equal to the springs of Wisconsin. There are several other springs in this locality which afford plenty of water for all purposes. The Flat contains about a hundred acres, and there is but one road which leads through a narrow pass following the creek, formed by the springs above mentioned, which leads out of it without climbing a hill. There is also a furnace here for making iron, the ore being found in abundance close by, which of a good quality too — but since "sufficient" rule has predominated here it has been idle.

The rebels had camps upon the mountain, both sides of the pass — some of them superior to those above the highest point of the road as the highest point of Decora’s Mound is above low water mark in Black River and no easier of access. They were also camped upon the Flat. Judging from the number of tents and log buildings which were compiled by them, they must have had at some time a very large force. However, the position is situated upon the highest point of the mountain, is on the east side of the Gap, and 9,500 feet above the camp. On the south side of the mountain is a perpendicular ledge of rocks, but upon the north is a gradual but steep ascent. Over this precipice the rebels had thrown two of their heaviest guns, after spiking them, but they could not get the balls out of them. They fell on the left of the path and were then baled. They only fell about 20 feet over a perpendicular ledge, and after they struck a very steep hill and kept going until sundry rocks and trees stopped them. They were thrown over on their carriages which were very effectively used. Yesterday we succeeded in raising one, the gun weighing 32 pounds, back to its original position. There undoubtedly be a military force left here to garrison the place, as it will be a military provision depot for all Eastern and Western Va. as it is the only place for a long distance, either East or West, where loaded teams can cross the mountain easily.

Then it is a point very easily defended.

The health of the camp is very good, but not so much as one might be disposed. It has been used as a camp ground, and during the winter that it cannot be as healthy as it otherwise might be. There were but two men in the hospital, and LaCrosse Artillery were ready for duty.

Tenn. Geo. and N. 0. —

But John Brown’s soul is with the spirits, as the principal traveled road from Kosterii Ky of Western Virginia extended Westward through a good tilled wagon road easy of travel.

As we drove along we heard theನන of the snores. No, may I hear them when I go to sleep — but sinco “So-and-so’s” rule has predominated here it has been idle.

The nights are very cold.

CUMBERLAND GAP, Tenn., June 4, 1863. Em.:

This place has been so noted of late that perhaps you will pardon me if I note it in this paper. The appearance, importance, as a military post & c. By turning to the map of the United States you will see that a point of Western Virginia extends Westward between Ky. and Tenn. forming an acute angle. Well at or very near the western point is situated the famous Cumberland Gap. The Gap itself is a narrow depression of the Cumberland Range, running along the left side by a good solid wagon road easy of ascent. Through this Gap leads the principal traveled road from Eastern Ky. towards Eastern Tenn. Great alteration in the building and number of people.

There is a small gristmill with a sawmill on one side, and a flour mill on the other, with many small shanties.

There are small gristmills with a sawmill through which a well can be run through the shadewood.
[The text content is not legible or readable due to the quality of the image. It appears to be a historical document, possibly a newspaper article, but the details are not clear enough to extract meaningful content.]
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battery and gave them the alarm. They were then reinforced, and prepared for a charge upon the house. All being ready away they went and surrounded the premises. They had made a raise of a few muskets at a house, and in the 9th Ohio battery—and a guard was at once placed around the house. One of the officers came to the door and the sentinel thinking he intended to run away leveled his gun at him, and would have fired, but for a woman accidentally passing in front of him. It took the Gen. some time to convince the boys that he was "sound on the goose." One of the drivers started for a house near by where he knew there were two home guard muskets, and before he was aware of it found himself within, as he supposed, the rebel camp. He at once tore the feather, eagle and bugle from his hat, and threw off his blouse, and pushed for a crowd of soldiers thinking to attract less attention by so doing. He met a soldier from whom he learned that he was in Colonel Johnson’s 4th Ten. regiment and among friends. He stated his errand, and a second company, accompanied by a Major and surgeon, were started on a double quick for the scene of action, where they arrived just in time to find their Gen. prisoner of war to his own troops, the affair was considered a good joke, and convinced the Gen. that the boys were "up to snuff," and that it were better for him to get farther away from Union soldiers before he tries to play "secesh." It is supposed that he is following Gen. Spears is, I believe, a Tennessean and "is not half the time that he wears any uniform, or any badge of any kind to denote his rank. A slouched hat and a loose setting coat suits him better than any other. In the matter of dress and appearance there is as much difference in Generals as in any other men." Gen. Beard, commanding the 27th Brigade is a "pointer" (West Pointer) and likes to dress well, and put on style but is a good general and a kind hearted gentlemanly officer. Gen. Carter of the 25th Brigade is a "Regular"—a fine looking and good officer, and a man of few words. Gen De Coursey of the 26th brigade is an Englishman—a citizen of England—served in the English army in the Crimean war, and was one of the foreign officers who tendered their services to the U. S. Government at the breaking out of this rebellion, and was appointed Col. of the 16th Ohio regiment. In appearance he is very much like Hon. Geo. Gale of your place, being tall, rather slim and has just such a forehead as the Judge. His is considered the most efficient brigade in the Division, and he the most efficient officer commanding any of the brigades, he is a strict disciplinarian, but is kind and well liked by his men. Among the lesser officers are all kinds; good, bad and indifferent, and too many of them to even name. Gen. Morga is a very plain appearing man, puts on what the boys call "less style" than any Lieut. in his command, and will converse with a private or a citizen as willingly as many 1st ser- geants, if his time will admit of his doing so. As a man, an officer and a soldier he is highly respected by all under his command. He is a West Point graduate, served as Col. in the Mexican war, since which he has devoted most of his time to his profession which is the law.

Col. Johnson of the 4th Ten. regiment is a son of Gen. Johnson of Ten., but does his sire but little credit. He is no military man and given too much to dissipation to amount to much in any capacity. He is considered a "good fellow" by all of his acquaintances, but as a disciplinarian he is below the average. Unless he "pricks up right smart" he never will be the man his father is.

The health of the camp is improving. The Trempealeau Co. boys are pretty smart—none of them being sick enough to require watchers, Capt. Foster has gone to Lexington to stay several weeks. He has been unable to attend to duty for some time on account of illness. The Physician reclines restlessly and quietness which he could not have here, hence his trip to Lexington. It is to be hoped that his stay will be short; that he will soon recover and resume his place at the head of the artillery department, a place which he fills to the satisfaction of all, from Gen. Morgan down to the humblest private in the rear ranks.

CUMBERLAND GAP, TENN., JULY 29, 1862.

Mr. Editor:

All is quiet at this place—not even a rumor has disturbed the quietness for several days. For since the notorious John Morgan was marching upon Frank fort or some other town—with a force of twelve hundred men and several pieces of artillery, cutting telegraph wires, and burning Government property, robbing Union citizens and "cutting off foraging parties as he went, we have had no mail for a week—and the prospect for getting one is no better for the next six days.

The last heard of him—Col. Morgan was within a few miles of Frankfort, but Gen. Boyle was thought to have force enough to defend the city and capture the rebels. Our battery sent out four teams sometime ago after forage, and took eight days rations with them.

They were gone fourteen days before they returned, and of course the boys were "cut off." But never a rebel did they see in arms unless it may have been a very small one. The telegraph don’t give us any news, and as we get no mail we remain in blissful ignorance of what is going on in the world outside.

In my last I mentioned that Gen. Spears with his command had gone out somewhere after somebody. Well he returned yesterday with 25 prisoners 32 horses and lots of mules, wagons arms &c. He went within 18 miles of Knoxville and surprised a rebel cavalry force of about 400 that had been quite troublesome to us for some time. It was a complete surprise, and but for one regiment of his brigade who refused to ford and swim Church river, the whole force would have been captured, as it was, they left all of the camp equipage teams &c., including their dinners which was ready cooked, and in some instances upon the table and served out. Five rebels were killed and twelve wounded the federals were not harmed. One negro, a servant to a Capt. in the Union army, saw an armed trooper passing by on a double quick; and he thought he demanded a surrender but couldn’t think of the proper word so shouted "salute you d—d Rebel"—wherupon Mr. rebel came down, delivered up his sabre and carbine, and found himself prisoner to one of their own household gods—a genuine "nigger" and an unarmed one at that. The boys say the rebels made beautiful time when they once cleared themselves. One of the prisoners said they would have given themselves up but were informed that the Yankees had quit taking prisoners and they thought they might as well do in trying to escape as to be shot afterwards. The 3rd Ky. regiment went out into Va., last week and returned with 17 prisoners a few horses &c. They captured the man who raised the first rebel company in this vicinity. So while John Morgan is at work in our rear, we are giving them some trouble in front.

I do not care so much about John Morgan’s raid—for if he should destroy the
capital of Kentucky—and devastate the

The people who profess so much

The first was a Cincinnati
darkie and was educated in the free

The second was a regular dandy

P. S. Hall says I'd better scratch

THE FIGHT AT TAZEWELL.

When the enemy appeared. They then shelled a piece of woods where the rebels had fled for protection. They failed, however, in bringing on an engagement. J. C. McCoy had his gun sighted upon a big white horse, and was just ready to "pull the string" when the order came to "cease firing." John don't feel just right about it, and says 'tis just a lucky thing to be a little behind.

As for news, we get none. We have camp rumors, which are far more prevalent than neighborhood gossip in a country village. Some wag—and there are plenty of them in the army—will start a bit of news of his own, and, and it spreads like wild fire, and in a few hours it has grown to be quite an item.

To-day, Lincoln has issued a proclamation giving the rebels 40 days to lay down their arms and return to their homes, or else the abolitionists and slave men are to fight it out. Well, I don't know, but that is about what it's coming to—for the American people are fast getting to be either one or the other—either for Slavery or against it, and who shall doubt the issue when slavery shall stand in the way of restoring the Union or preserving it?

This has been the hottest day of the Season—but as we had no thermometer we could not tell what the temperature has been. But I've seen many warmer days in Wisconsin. I remember of working in the New W. C. W. Clark's wheat field in a hotter day than this has been.

The health of the Battery is improving, but few of them being unable for duty at present. The Trumbule and Jackson Ca. Boys are well and hearty. In the Transcript of the 11th inst., I'm made to say that nearly one hundred men of the battery were unable for duty. There must be a mistake somewhere.

It should have been seventy I think—but no matter if all were ailing at that time, as they are all well now.

Capt. Foster has not returned from Lexington yet, but is expected soon, as he has recovered from his sickness.

D. W.

FROM CUMBERLAND GAP.

THE FIGHT AT TAZEWELL.

Correspondece of the Cincinnati Gazette.

CUMBERLAND GAP, Aug. 7th.

On Tuesday, the pixxons of the Twenty-second Kentucky, guarding the Knoxville road (coming into Tazewell from the west) were surprised by a dash of rebel cavalry. Two Kentuckians were wounded and one rebel killed. The cavalry soon retreated. The same kind of warriors were discovered feeling their way to Tazewell by the Virginia road, coming in from the east. On Wednesday, therefore, the Twenty-second Kentucky occupied the Knoxville road, and Co. A of the Forty-second Ohio on the east road. The Twenty-second formed the right of the regiment, and the Fourteenth Kentucky the left. During Tuesday, the Fourteenth Kentucky were on picket duty in front and furnished a guard for the advanced artillery. On Wednesday morning they were relieved and aided by the Sixteenth Ohio.

Thus things stood at 10 o'clock. It was known that the enemy were in force in front, and the cavalry on their left, and at least a small force of the same active arm of war on their right. But our men felt as secure as though encamped. Suddenly a rebel line, determined and overwhelming force, of the enemy burst from the cover of the dense forests on the pickets near the artillery, and rang them almost instantly. So far as I could learn, they offered but a feeble resistance. The rebels' exultant shout indicated the possession of the artillery, but the left and right were ready, and so were the horses, and the pieces were both brought off in good trim and without any loss. The rebel divisions that attacked the colored battery and cannon, fell back for a few minutes, but soon appeared on the crest of the hill, in full view of Tazewell and all the forces of our center. They came on to the crest of the hill.

First, their right appeared, and in three minutes their entire column stood proudly on the apex of the green hill at least five hundred feet above the front streets of Tazewell. With their flag flapping in their centre, they made a fine, imposing display. Pausing for a moment or two, they moved slowly for a long time, and then with a scream and with the notes of a victorious army, they dashed down the hill side, increasing the number of their columns as they moved in the direction of the field where our cannon were slowly firing. The rebels fired rapidly as they advanced. They soon gained the road and began to ascend the hill toward the cornfield where our men were trying to make a stand. Here I saw and heard an exultant and sharp firing for a few minutes during the retreat of pieces of artillery, and the rapid movement of the enemy made it necessary for all the infantry to retire. I presume they had the General in a fortress do so.

The majority returned to the hill, occupied by four pieces of artillery, in good order; many, however, cam back in straggling parties with various tales of losses, accidents and prowess. All Tazewell was in motion. Women, black, white, and yellow, hastily closed their houses to give a description of every scene. Our boys did good shooting, as we could see the rebels fall by the dozens every shot. The loss must be great on their side. Of our regiments fired a gun, and these were scattered in squads and companies. On our part there was individual skill and bravery, but no generalship.

The La Crosse Battery came.

[From the La Crosse Republican.]

Mr. Harrington received to-day, from his son Charles, a letter, from which we are permitted to make the following extract:

DEAR PARENTS: The only news is (and I presume you have or will read the account of our regiment) that there is a fight, and although they ran several narrow escapes, they came out all sound and not a man in the Battery killed or hurt.—They have been five days drawing it on, and have finally seen the elephant. We all had a hand in, and our Battery cut up scathingly. It would take me all day to give you a clear description of the scene.

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on the right flank expecting to find it quite a contrast with their soldiers dressed in gay colored ribbons—which afforded little attention to the infantry. They were wholly bent upon capturing those "a," and when thev camo back into camp—one were wholly bent upon capturing those two pieces of artillery. Sergeant Blake had loaded his piece with a double charge of powder and made a charge upon the two pieces of artillery, which were supported by two companies of the 16th Ohio.

There were four regiments of rebels. Our boys fought them well, and run the guns past the whole length of the rebel line, and they pouring volley after volley into them as they flew past. The rebels appeared to pay but little attention to the infantry. They were wholly upon capturing those two pieces of artillery. Sergeant Blake had loaded his piece with a double charge of powder and when they were within ten pieces of him gave the order to fire, and before the rebels had recovered from the shock of the smoke had cleared away they had limbered up and were "off" on a run. The other piece—Sergt. Webster was in equally as perilous a position—and had farther to go—but both escaped safely not a man or horse being hurt. It is a wonder they were not all killed, for the rebels were from ten to fifty yards from them for a distance of one half a mile. The rebels then formed in line of battle and prepared to charge upon the balance of the Battery, but just as their line was well formed and they were coming on "quick time" we opened upon them by Battery, and at the second fire they broke and ran in the greatest confusion. We also found they had a large force on our right which had not yet shown itself, but a few well directed shells drove them from that.

Prevously we saw a large puff of smoke upon the ridge opposite us, then heard a whizzing sound in the air, a heavy report from the "big puff," and then a crashing through the tree tops over our heads and the explosion of a shell in our rear. The rebels had got their artillery in a good position and were shelling us, but we soon silenced them, by dismounting one of their guns, and making it too hot for the other. We shelled the woods until sundown, when we retired, leaving our dead and wounded in the enemy's possession. At the commencement of the fight the reserve artillery could have been of great service if they could have determined "which were which," as one or two of the rebel regiments were uniformed like the Union troops, and they dared not fire for fear of injuring Union soldiers. Two of the 16th Ohio boys had become separated from the balance of their company and were trying to contrive some plan to "get out of that" without being seen, when a Lieut. Colonel rode up and asked them "where their regiment was?" Right down there," they answered pointing toward the foot of the hill. They at once saw that he was a rebel officer and that he thought he was talking to his own men—but when one of the "Buckeyes" cocked his gun on him and demanded him to surrender, he found his mistake. "What regiment do you belong to?" he asked. "To the 16th Ohio," they answered one of them. "Well I see I'm in the wrong crowd so I guess I might as well give up," and he did so. The boys then took him and his horse through the rebel lines into our own camp. The Col. is now a prisoner at this place. He was in command of the 11th Ten., regiment—or as 'tis known by here, acting, Brig. Gen. Raine's regiment.

Our loss was one man—Capt. Edgar Co. B, 16th Ohio—and eight or nine wounded and 50 prisoners. The enemy of 110 killed outright, They, of course claim it as a victory and so it was—yet their loss was the greatest. I am no general and will not criticise but I have seen the time when I should like to try my hand at it.

It is now the impression that they are gathering forces, with the intention of retaking the Gap—but they will have a happy time in doing it.

They think that they must act quickly and do what they can before the new levy comes from the North. We, of the army are much interested in the success our recruiting officers are meeting with at home. We feel that the quicker the 600,000 are in the field, the quicker we
will have peace. Matters have at last reached that point where chivalry as a virtue and something must be done, we can take care of the traitors here, when our ranks are filled up— if people at home will take care of such—valuable as Valhalla.

I will not though, disgrace the Democracy by attaching his name to the party, as I say traitor Valhallagh, yes and Parker Plattsburg and 3, 8. Potter of New England, who boldly say they would never fight for their country unless the main object is emancipation of the slaves; at the same time denouncing the war department and President as ‘Slave Hounds’. Our cause has already suffered more from a fire in the rear than ever did from the rebels. But let the people respond to the call for more troops and another summer shall see this government a free government and the slave oligarchy be among these things that were.

Fly swift around ye wheels of time. And bring that welcome day.

D. W.

**Romantic Adventure.**

Among the incidents of the war we have seen the relation of few more really romantic than the one contained in the following extract from a letter written by Wm. R. Potter, of Waukau, in this county. The occurrence took place at the time of the retirement of our troops from Cumberland Gap.

We are under obligations to Wilbur Potter, Esq., of Waukau, the father of the writer, for the use of the letter. The morning of the day we reached Hazel Green, while riding off some distance from the column for the purpose of foraging, or in other words, with the intention of appropriating to my own use whatever in the shape of estate I might find in a farm house just ahead of me, I was suddenly surprised by seeing two Butter-cut-colored individuals spin their horses through the fence and come charging down upon me. My horse instantly halted, and I had barely drawn my revolver, when they were down upon me.

One was a little in advance of the other, and him I met with a shot through the body which was followed by a convulsive spring in the saddle and he went down like a log. The other who was close behind made a swinging blow at me, which I involuntarily met by throwing up my right arm, for he was so close upon me that I hadn’t time to cock my pistol again. His saber struck the knuckle joint of the fourth finger of my right hand, completely severing the bone and cutting the leaders and splintering the bone of the third finger. At the same time the center of his horse striking mine in the flank, both myself and horse went down the bank at the side of the road. My horse falling on his side and my foot being entangled in the stirrup and I gave up all hopes of living. Guns were destroyed and abandoned. One desperate struggle to free myself, a muttered prayer and I gave up all hopes of living. But Gen. Morgan having caused me to drop the revolver—determined not to surrender, but rather to

In an instant he had checked his horse, dismounted and was over me with his drawn saber at my throat. One desperate struggle to free myself, a muttered prayer and I gave up all hopes of living. Guns were destroyed and abandoned. But the balance of the cannon were and he fell across me his warm blood, gushing over my face. It was from a comrade that had started with me and had been hidden from the rebels and in the Parrots. The camp equipment and all articles of baggage and clothing not accidentally destroyed, the officers and men left arms and small arms ammunition destroyed.

On the 17th day of September we left Cumberland Gap for a long toil and work, roads almost night and day during the whole of the time. Our flour had given out before we started—and

**Me Transcript:**

It is a long time since you or your none could be had on the route—and readers have heard from me but it has since we’ve been here is the first time been no fault of mine. I’ve been “cut” have been those of the article. Corn off and couldn’t help it. But now, was beginning to be rather hard for rest that we are once more in the land of corn and had to be grated, for making plenty and open communications, I will bread. The soldiers made graters of try and resume my old place in your tin plates, by puncturing the bottom.

On the 16th of August last, we halted you could see hundreds of them, were confronted, at Cumberland Gap, in every direction, “gritting corn.” Our by a force of 45,000 rebels under the route lay through Havlan, Knox, Clay, command of skillful Generals. That was Owaley, Wolf, Morgan, Carter and too large a force for us to attack, and as Greenup counties. When we arrived we expected an attack from them, at Manchester, in Clay County, Gen. we could not send a force to prevent their Morgan issued the following General. Our of sending forces around in our rear. We for which I send verbatim, that you had but a small supply of provisions on may know first what we did while we hand, but felt confident that reinforce were prisoners of war at Cumberland. Scents would reach us soon. We had Gap. Thus far we had anticipated military missions would reach us soon. We had Gap. Thus far we had anticipated military missions would reach us soon. We had Gap. Thus far we had anticipated military missions would reach us soon. We had Gap.
and increased its strength as hundred fold. During the one month that you were besieged, you sent out five expeditions; four times attacked the enemy; captured five hundred prisoners, and killed and wounded about one hundred and seventy rebels. When your services were demanded in the field, you brought with you all your field and nearly all the siege pieces; and the stores and Magazines were blown into the air in the very teeth of the foe.

But, now, comrades, new and greater difficulties are to be met and conquered. A long march is before you, through a region regarded as impassable for an army; it is for you to prove that nothing is impossible to brave men, when fighting for their country. You must economize your rations, and make one canteen of water serve for two days march. When you drink, swallow but a mouthful and return to the tender mercies of the enemy's cavalry. But I am sure comrades, that your judgement and endurance will prove equal to your courage, and that you will secure for yourselves, by your bearing, the confidence and admiration of your country.

GEO. W. MORGAN,

F. D. SAUNDERS, A. D. C. and act’g A. A. G.

With such a prospect before us we commenced our march, determined to reach the Ohio river, or die in the attempt, and never to surrender until forced to do so by being beaten in battle. We were not molested in our march until arriving at Proctor, where the notorious John H. Morgan burned a mill containing a quantity of wheat and flour which we had expected to get. From the latter place to Grayson, during a march of eight days, Morgan with a force of 1200 cavalry and any number of "bushwhackers" annoyed us very much, fell ing trees across the road in our front and shooting at our men from the woods &c. But we came steadily forward and removed all barricades faster than he could put them in. One morning they were obliged to leave their breakfast still cooking, to get out of our way. At Grayson they left their route, saying, "Twice no use in trying to stop them d---d Yankees, for they did not fear anything, could take artillery where the D---I couldn't go, and could clear out the roads faster than they could fill them up."—be a "big thing"—it undoubtedly is, and nearly all the water we had on the march will, I presume, make somebody a Maj. General, but I prefer starting, henceforth, upon a march with plenty of rations and through a country abounding in good roads and plenty of water. We are now camped where there is a scarcity of water; it being stagnant. But there are several springs which afford water enough for culinary purposes.

Saturday the 4th inst., we forded the Ohio river at Greenupsburg, expecting to march from there to Sciotoville, a distance of 12 miles, and there to ship on to Marietta, for Cincinnati, but the water being so low it was thought the better way to go by land. Then the next hour an order came to go to Portland, a little place on the R. R about 40 miles from the river, and there to go into camp and receive our new outfit. At Wheelersburg the citizens had prepared a repast for us, and fed bountifully, a whole brigade.

Then again at "Webster" a little place some ten miles from the river, the ladies had cooked and prepared a dinner for us, and fed bountifully, a whole brigade. The Trempealeau Co. Boys are all well, I believe. Some of them, Miller and McKeith, have been unable to march part of the way—but I see them around to-day, and "Billy" says he is "all right." None of us have heard from anywhere or anybody since the first of August, and all are anxious to hear.

Let the soldiers' friends write to them and tell them who are still living, who are dead, who are married or going to be married, who have gone to the war, who were drafted, who volunteered and who ran away to escape a draft—if any. We are now bound for Camp Dennison, near Cincinnati Ohio, where we are to receive a new outfit, which we need very much. The friends writing to any member of Foster's 1st Wis. Battery, will direct to Camp Dennison Ohio.

D. W. W.

IN CAMP NEAR OAK HILL,  
Oct. 9, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:

Matters and things are just as uncertain now as they were when we were in America before. We succeeded in making our escape from starvations in the Cumberland Mountains, and made a successful advance upon the state of Ohio. The march was a hard one and we suffered considerably—but we might have fared worse and then lived through it. We were sensible of having suffered from hunger, thirst and fatigue; but we were very much like the client upon hearing his lawyer state his sufferings to the Jury—we did no idea we'd suffered half so much until we saw it in the papers, and heard others tell it. "Tip true, we marched, and worked roads, almost day and night, and were obliged to grit our corn to make meal for bread, and were forced to use water from stagnant pools, to quench our thirst; and frequently allowed but three or four hours rest out of twenty four, and sometimes even less than that—but none thought of repining. Perhaps it was because we were journeying toward a land of plenty, or because we were daily expecting "fun" with the rebels. Let that be as it may, I've no disposition to try it over again. It may
La Crosse Artillery Company deserted yesterday. He was placed under arrest upon the march, and upon his arrival here gave the authorities the slip. His folks live in Salem La Crosse county Wisconsin.

The season has been very dry here, and as a consequence the farmers, generally, have short crops of corn and potatoes. It has been so dry that no fall wheat has been sown and no fall plowing done.

Well, the President has at last come around to the point, and in my opinion in good time too. One year—yes six months—ago would have been rather soon to have issued the proclamation.

I heard an officer from the state of Tenn. say, but a few days since—that if that proclamation had been issued one year ago that he and nearly one half of his regiment would have gone with the South—but now he was for enforcing it to the letter, and thinks it one of the best acts of his administration. It, I think, will meet with a general support from all officers and soldiers in the army, and from a majority of Union citizens in the South. The rebels will squirm and threaten to raise the black flag, but 'twill avail them nothing. They must have something black to worship and if 'tis not the 'nigger' it must be a flag. It is the general opinion of the soldiers that within 90 days from the time they raise a black flag they will be pretty effectually whipped, consequently all are rather anxious to have them try the experiment. Let the 'wolf hotel,' their existence as a confederacy is short at most. It is now time to take the gloves off and let every man show his hand.—Kid gloves and Rose water are 'played out.' The 'dogs of war' must be let loose and be allowed to bite wherever they can among the enemy. If the Indians of the N. W. are their allies, let us know it—let the world at large know it, and we will have the matter properly attended to.

The address of the Battery is Oak Hill Jackson Co. Ohio.

From the La Crosse Battery.

Near Oak Hill, O., Oct. 10, 1862.

Dear Bn.:—We've gone and did it, i.e., took the Gap—but it proved very much like the Irishman's emetic—"devils hard to take, and harder yet to keep down when taken;" consequently we were obliged to "throw it up." The rebels had come in that vicinity in such numbers that it was impossible to furnish subsistence for both armies, and as they had none fall back upon and we had plenty, we determined to go over in a hurry, so much so that we could not wait for daylight, and left the coast clear for them, while we ascended the State of Ohio, which we invaded on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1862, with banners floating and rags fluttering in the wind, while the bands played "get out of the wilderness," "the girl I left behind me," and "go to the devil and shake yourself."

You have no doubt ere this heard of our safe and arduous arrival upon the banks of the Ohio, so there is no use in my taking the time nor space to tell it over again. We came to the conclusion that Cumberland Gap did not amount to much, in fact that it was a humbug; that the whole coast of Africa could be defended by fortifying the island of St. Helena as well as the State of Kentucky could be protected by having an army in the Gap. But, strange to say, we couldn't see it until our provisions were nearly gone and we had lived on half rations several weeks.

We did not back out of the Gap, we simply marched through it. To be sure we remained there sometime, but it was merely for scientific purposes—to dig for minerals, geological specimens, &c., and to practice a little in the art of fortifying and target shooting with big guns, all of which we did to our heart's content, and then marched on.

We entered the Gap from the southern side on the 18th day of June, and left it from the northern side on the 17th day of September, A. D. 1862. It was night—dark—and we needed light to travel by, so the commissary building containing some bacon and boxes of small arms was fired to furnish the light. But fearing that would not answer, the magazine was fired. It was a grand display of fire works, I assure you. 'Twas what "Brick" would call a "splendid splay."

We were sensible of suffering some on our march, but have no idea our sufferings compared with those of our pilgrim fathers when they commenced farming upon Plymouth Rock in midwinter, nor did we suffer what the poet felt for his "Mary Ann." I say we sensibly felt that we'd suffered some, but we'd no idea how much until we saw it in the papers.

I might tell you how we swam rivers with artillery, how we slept while the waters rolled over us, how we climbed perpendicular ascents and descended more than perpendicular descents, how we waited in mud knee deep, and how we froze to death for want of blankets, how we traveled ten days without food, water or sleep, and how we cut our way through five times our number of the enemy, but it would not be true.

We did climb and descend some pretty awful hills, and fended some rivers, but they were nearly all dry, and one night we camped right in the bed of Licking river, but there was no water there. We had no flour nor meal only such as we had by grating soft corn, and only half rations of bacon, but we jayhawked some poultry, potatoes and apples.

major general on the peninsula uniform said the same thing, that, four times, at least McClellan might have walked almost unopposed into Richmond. This is what Mr. Raymond says in the Times:

"Everybody knows that if McClellan had pushed upon Yorktown as soon as he reached the Peninsula, he would have taken it—that if he had followed the rebels with his whole force after the battle of Williamsburg he could have routed them; that he could have taken Richmond after Fair Oaks, and that he could have routed the enemy at Gainer Mill, if he had thrown his fresh troops upon them, instead of withdrawing to James River."

Why did he not take Richmond? Because the "secret power" did not want the rebel armies defeated, Richmond evacuated might do; but Richmond conquered would prevent the return to "the happy family;" Gen. Butler was sent to Fortress Monroe. For what? To whip the enemy? No, good care was taken that he should not have troops enough to do any mischief. He was sent solely to garrison the fort and to stand guard over two or three guns at Newport News, which commanded the mouth of James River. Gen. Wool succeeded him in the same inglorious service. For seven months the old veteran chafed like a caged lion, cooped up on the beach, rebel scouts taking their daily rampage within two miles of his guns, and rebel bayonets on Sewall's Point, flashing daily defiance under his very nose. For

GALLIPOLIS, Ohio, Oct. 10, 1862.

Mr. Editor:

Morgan's army of "Gappers" yet remain as they were at my last writing, with the exception of one brigade, which has gone into Kentucky. The balance is in Portland; Jackson County O., and we were yesterday morning, when I left, as dirty, ragged and poorly provided for as ever. There were several instances in the La Crosse Battery where men were destitute of pants entirely, and forced to wear only drawers, while in one or two cases, a long over coat had to serve as a complete wardrobe, and constituted a full dress. But the clothing had arrived and I suppose ere this the members of the Battery are sporting their new "clothes," and wondering how soldiers can possibly wear dirty or ragged pants. No tents have yet been received, but they are daily expected.

The soldiers, though, generally make some sort of a house, out of rails, boughs of trees, poles and straw, and in some instances cover them with earth. Some of them suffer for want of blankets which is a lack of tents make doubly necessary. A great many are bare-footed and cannot drill or perform guard duty. It does seem as though things move awfully slow.
The division reached its present camp on the 7th of October, and it was housed throughout the land that food, clothing &c. were needed immediately, for our army had been suffering for the necessities of life. The Quartermaster and Commissary of Subsistence started immediately for Cincinnati to procure supplies, but it was ten days before any rations came, and we were living off from the subsistence of the Kanawha troops in the mean time, and nineteen days before the clothing and cooking utensils arrived. The tents are yet in the prospectives.

It is to be hoped that we may soon receive a complete outfit, pay and all. The sick of the Battery are getting along well. Wm. McKeith is in the Convalescent Hospital at this place, and is improving; I saw him on the street, but a few moments since. "Billy" has not been very rugged since he had the measles, but he feels that he will get along. The balance of the Trempealeau Co. Boys are "fit for duty."

It is currently reported and believed that the rebels have left the Kanawha Valley. If such be the case our destination may be changed. The "Battery" will move to this place in a few days, where it is to receive new horses entire, and where it will be put in running order once more, provided nevertheless, the order is not changed before it, the battery, gets here.

The Transcript of the 3rd and 10th of October have been received, and the contents anxiously sought after. From those columns we learn that Trempealeau Co. has a company in the 30th Wis., and that our old friend, Alex. Arnold is Captain of the same. When the "boys" heard of this, they said, "Bully for Alex," "He'll make a good captain." I wish he were in our division &c. A truer patriot and more devoted lover of country does not exist than is the self same "Alex." A Democrat of the 'Douglas persuasion' and a warm admirer of the dead statesman, yet a hearty supporter of the present administration, and believes in "fighting to whip," and in conquering a peace, he is more worthy of the confidence and respect of the friends of his country than those who talked so much about fight before the war broke out, and have run away to escape the draft since. Long may he live, and may he soon be allowed to return to his home and many friends, crowned with distinguished honors. The Captain of so efficient a corps as the "Sons of Jupiter," will certainly make a good and efficient officer in the U. S. Army.

We are all glad to again read an article from your old correspondent, II., and hope to hear from him often. In short, "good news from home," and from friends whom we once knew, there is very acceptable.

D. W.

Mr. Transcript:

I hardly know what to furnish your readers this week, I have been too busy to take any notes since writing my last. The weather is generally pretty good but yesterday the ground was white with snow, which made the Tennessean's open their eyes as 'tis something strange to them to see snow at this season of the year. But to-day it is pleasant and comfortable!

Most of the troops that were concentrated at this place and Point Pleasant Va., which is four miles from here, have gone up the Kanawha Valley.

The LaCross Artillery Company have been gone several days. Quite a number of the boys were left here in the hospitals, but none of the Trempealeau county boys except W. McKeith and F. Miller. The former is convalescing and is nearly fit for duty; the latter is around but quite feebie.

There appears to be a race between the two armies to see which one will first reach the salt works of the Kanawha, and 'tis the opinion of many that there will be a fight there, while others think they will leave upon the approach of our forces. Others imagine that the destination of the army is Newbern, some two hundred miles from here, where they strike the railroad. Gen. Spear's Ten. Brigade is yet here and are being paid off for the first time, since being in the service. The privates are receiving 79 dollars each, which will make them quite well satisfied again. I had expected to move with the LaCross Battery, and had saddled my horse for that purpose, when an order was received from Gen. Morgan for me to remain at this place and superintend the refitting of two batteries which were to follow when prepared. It will take several days to complete their outfit, when I shall expect to once more invade the sacred soil of Virginia. It is to be hoped that this expedition up the Kanawha Valley will be the last one that will be needed in that direction. In short it is to be hoped that the important movement will soon be made that will strike the death blow to this rebellion. One thing is certainly auspicious viz: the removal of Buell and placing in his stead Rosewerrance — A few more such changes and the work is nearly done. Let Butler, Banks, Hunter, Rosewerrance and Sigel manage this war, and on the advent of another anniversary of the fall of Sumpter, the Stars and Stripes will again float in triumph over the Key to Charleston Harbor. The time has come when some dictating must be done by the "Commander in Chief of the United States army." Southern men and rebel sympathizers, and a few Democrats and political demagogues many prate and talk about tyrants, tyranny, usurpation &c. but the mass of the people will say "men and pray heartily for the end of rebel sway. If we have not men enough in the field call out more, and if one call will not do make another one. — This rebellion must be crushed this fall and winter or their independencies will be acknowledged by foreign powers, in which event a peace would be made and we have our own expenses to pay, and a portion of theirs. If you remember, I was one of the conservatives, but eight months ago, now I'm a radical as far as the war is concerned, I have seen the chilled and frozen adder, when warmed, strike its deadly fangs into the bosom that restored it to life and animation —

The people are becoming sick of this long and tedious strife. Too many homes are already made desolate; too many hearts are now writhing in anguish. Too many widows and orphans are found in our land; there are too many childless mothers and too much suffering to be tolerated much longer by our people, unless something more is accomplished by our armies. The soldier too is becoming discouraged. He is obliged to abandon grounds gained by hard marches, and in many instances by bloody and sharply contested battles, obliged to destroy large quantities of Government stores, and ordnance, which cost him many hours labor to transport, and obliged to march for miles without tents, blankets, and upon short rations, with poor and scanty clothing and less pay. Is it then to be wondered at that he should wish for the day to arrive when he can once more say "I am a free man and my country is at peace with all the world!"
Mr. Editor:
The army of the Kanawha, as yet, meets with no resistance from the rebels. | 251 | 166

Gen. Cox and Gen. Morgan have left this place and gone up the valley, and to say that more of our own soldiers have been shot by pistols in the hands of their | 252 | 166

and are dealing out the "devil's cor-comrades" to the soldiers by the quantity. — my, by our own men, with the same ease. The consequence of which is any amount upon their feet where they had been bruised and lacerated by incessant traveling over rough roads. He also heard many of them say that they never would go North again; that they had been up there and had seen the outfit of the Yankees and knew something of their resources, and that there was no use in fighting them. The Home Guard in Ky. harrassed Bragg very much. My informant says that he saw two rebel soldiers who had been "bushwhacked," lying by the roadside, half eaten up by the hogs, and that such sights were not uncommon as the citizens would not bury them.— He also tells of one branch of Bragg's army firing upon another portion of it, which had captured a quantity of Yankee uniforms and had put them on, unknown to the balance of the army. The result was quite a number of them was killed.

We are now having quite a "young winter" for this latitude, the ground being covered with snow—but it is again pleasant overhead, and the snow is of short duration. The weather is strongly suggestive of stoves and feather beds—but those are luxuries which Uncle Sam will hardly furnish to his soldiers this winter, if they are to be "kept moving." That is the way to keep up a circulation—by exercising—traveling. This will, in my opinion, be a pretty rough winter campaign—but a successful one. It cannot well be otherwise unless the next congress may be such an one as will embarrass the administration in its attempt to "push the war into Africa." I must confess, Mr. Editor, that I am afraid of the next congress, but I hope a majority will be found who will endorse the President's Proclamation, and give support in causitv being to be enforced, to the letter. If the "Union Democrats" all are really such—there is nothing to fear—but if they are not, it is my opinion that Mr. Lincoln's darkest hour is yet to come. He has met with opposition enough already from the partisans opposed to his administration, who have had no voice in legislating, without having it introduced in congress. But I still hope that any fears are unfounded. It is not, however, apparent to every thinking mind that this war must be prosecuted with vigor, this coming winter, or we will be
He is not able for duty. Yesterday I met Billy on the street and after the first salutation was over, he said, "By jolly, Web. I am worth nothing any more. I can't stand anything. Yesterday I went up to the general hospital to help put up some tents and could not work at all without tying out." It feels quite badly about it for he dislikes being away from his company.

BROADWAY HOTEL, CINCINNATI, OHIO, Nov. 16, 1862.

EDITOR TRANSCRIPT:
Gen. Geo. W. Morgan's Division is one more on the march Southward. The whole force under his command that was up the Kanawha valley have been ordered to report at this place, and all but the 3rd Mich. and 1st Wisconsin Batteries have done so. They are yet at Gallipolis, but will be down in a day or two. The Tennessee troops are to be sent to Nashville and from there into East Tennessee while the Ohio regiments, the Mich. and Wis. Batteries are to go to Memphis via the river. The 16th and 42d Ohio regiments and the 22d Ky. regiment have gone now—went this afternoon. I came down in advance of the Battery with some guns and ordnance stores which were to be "turned over" to the ordnance department at this place, and am now waiting for my friends to come along and in the mean time looking around through the city. I do not see much to distinguish it from other large cities. It is very busy just now, considering the stage of the water in the river, which is very low.

The weather is very pleasant for this season of the year, and if we do not have rain soon, I'm afraid our magnificent fleet of gun Boats will be obliged to remain idle this winter.

This evening a Policeman was trying to quell a disturbance between some drunken soldiers and was shot in the back of the neck by one of them with a revolver. I was but a few rods from the spot at the time. This is another case of loss of life by allowing soldiers to carry pistols.

There is no news. I don't know how the Battery is as I have not seen it or been with it for more than four weeks.

D. W.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1862.

MR. TRANSCRIPT:
The La Crosse Battery is yet here, notwithstanding the daily papers had us on our way to Memphis several days ago. In my last letter I said 'we are to be paid off upon our arrival at Louisville,' also that we should receive our pay here &c. Well, yesterday we were paid for four months ending the 31st day of August, so the boys now have plenty of money and are feeling much better; in fact many are feeling quite jubilant and are as happy as clams at high tide. All they have to trouble them is the Provost Guard, which patrols the streets to pick up soldiers who may be lying around loose. Several of the boys have paid the penalty of venturing a few steps too far, and as is usually the case, they are those who are the quietest and best behaved men in the company, while those who really deserve imprisonment run at large without detection. To day quite a foot race came off between a couple of the boys and the sergeant of the provost guard, which terminated by the battery boys reaching the levee several yards in advance of the pursuing, when "arrillery" picks up a boulder about the size of a six pound shot and orders a halt! which the guard instantly obeys, and he dare go no farther but was obliged to return without his prisoners, amidst the jeers of the crowd. We have been obliged to use the levee as a camp ever since being in the city, and the guard sometimes gets over a few steps and takes a man away. A case occurred to day, where the boys flew to the rescue and forced them to release the prisoner. There is a growing determination among the Battery boys to arrest the provost guard and place them under guard with our horses, if they do not keep away from the levee, and I would not blame them if they did it. To day we found a Lieut. of the Police in this city, who formerly lived in the town of Jackson, La Crosse County and was there known by the name of "Buckeye Harmon." He was formerly quite well acquainted with a great many of the Battery boys.

This morning, while at my breakfast, I was speaking to a friend about Wisconsin, when an aged gentleman who sat opposite me, asked me about the country &c., and then added that he 'presumed he'd not recognize the country now.'—Upon inquiry, I learned that he was mate of the first Steam Boat that ever ran up to Fort Stilling, the Lawrence, which carried Sutler's goods to the Forts then at Rock Island, Prairie du Chien and the Forts above. It was forty years ago, and he has never been up that way since. Galena was hardly thought of then, nor was it thought that the country above there would ever be settled by civilized people. This morning we were favored with quite a snow storm, but the snow thaved
Correspondence of the Camp.

CINCINNATI O. Nov. 23, 1862.

Mr. Editor:

Something tells me that if I dont write to your paper regularly, that its readers are apt to think is wrong with the battery or some of its members. I have endeavored to keep people at home fairly posted in matters pertaining to the 1st Wisconsin Battery, but as I have been disconnected from it, upon detached service, most of the time since being in the field, I may perhaps have failed in my attempt. But the circumstances under which we have been placed, the privations we have endured and our many arduous duties may perhaps have prevented all from communicating with their friends as they could wish to have done. But I am once more in the Battery, and in daily contact with each member of it, which will enable me to do them fuller justice than I could do when days and weeks would pass without seeing any of them.

The Battery arrived here on the 21st inst. from the Kanawha Valley, where they had been several weeks. We are now waiting to exchange our small guns for larger ones.

Gen. Morgan has ordered us to take his favorite guns, the 20 pdr. Parrots and there is just so much red tape to unwind before it can be accomplished. Then we are to transfer some condemned horses and receive others in place of them, to provide ourselves with teams for transportation, and some clothing, blankets &c. We shall probably remain in here two days longer, when we start for Memphis and from there to — can't tell.

At Gallipolis, Henry Polkair of Caldwellia Minn., F. J. Miller of Galesville, Wm. Ferrell of Salem and Augustus Peterson of Bail Ax Co. were discharged from the Battery by the examining committee of surgeons. Also, W. B. Potter of Clarke Co. Let me here remark that if the name of any person in the La Crescent Battery is not mentioned in any of my communications to the Transcript, it is pretty good evidence that he is alive and well. I speak of this, because I received a letter from a mother of one of our company, who resides in Sumner, Wis., inquiring after her son—saying "she was much interested in my communications to the weekly Transcript, and wished if it was not too much trouble, that in my next I'd mention his name if he is alive." Yes, your son is alive and is with the Battery and I hear no complaint from him only that he is at present lane from the effects of a bruise, but nothing serious. He is able to be around and attend to his duties at least.

Francis Down was left at Gauley Bridge, as he was too sick to march. He is left in good hands and will receive the best care that can be rendered under the circumstances. He has an excellent Surgeon and Physician to attend upon him. We look for him to join us again before many days. May his recovery be speedy and his absence from mess a short one, is the earnest wish of the whole company. The Trempealeau Co. boys are pretty well generally. Billy Mi. Kieth is with us once again and feeling pretty strong. McCoy, Hall, Trowbridge, Gage, Sawyer, Reed, Hodge, Blake, Dolsiney and Black are all well and hearty, and seem to like the prospect of going South first rate.

The Battery does not receive any pay yet. It has not been paid since July, and at that time was paid only for March and April, so there is now due us six month's pay. It is said that we will have to wait until we get to Louisville and there be paid. There must be something wrong somewhere. The men should have their pay here. All the Division excepting the 1st Wis. and 3rd Mich. Batteries have been paid, either at Point Pleasant Va., or here. The boys need the money to purchase many articles necessary to comfort—such as the Government does not supply. The officers need money to pay servants' hire and to buy provisions and clothing—yet we are to be put off until we get away where everything we wish to purchase will cost double the amount it will here. But what cares the Paymaster? He has money. He has good clothes. He sleeps every night in a warm room, upon a soft bed, with plenty of warm covering. Then what does he care if the soldier is exposed to the rude winds of winter? He cares not. I tell you, Mr. Editor, the time has almost arrived, when "for bareness ceases to be a virtue," but the best to forbear still. If there was no money and others were getting none, I'd not say one word, and perhaps I'd better not now, so I'll change the subject.

The weather here is now very fair and pleasant for this season of the year. The rains of one week ago have caused a rise in the river which helps steam boat men very much; yet the rise is not so great as was expected.

Maj. Gen. John C. Fremont is at the Burnett House to day, but I have not called upon him, and presume I shall not.

I presume he is entirely ignorant of the fact of my being in the city, as we stop at different Hotels. He may feel badly, when he leaves, at not being informed of my presence here while he was in the city. But people must not feel too sensitive in war times.

The "peachant" for public amusements never ran higher—nor did managers ev. or reap a richer harvest than they are doing now. The attractions for the week past were Mr. and Mrs. Conway at Pike's, J. W. Booth at the National, Janies Proctor at Wood's and Arlington and Dormick's Minstrels at Smith and Ditson's. They have all had from respectable to crowded houses every night, rain or shine. Business is quite brisk in the city, and to all appearances the war does not affect them materially.

People, high and low, wear better clothing and live more extravagantly in every particular than ever before. This is said to be the case in our principal eastern cities. The North does not sufficiently realize the immensity of the struggle now going on in our land—they do not feel it enough yet, and I am afraid this war will not end until they are taught it by a real experience. But my intention is not to moralize. Direct to Memphis Tenn. to follow the Battery.

D. W.


Mr. TRANSCRIPT:

Well, after running over a great deal of country, doing a great deal of traveling, by land and by water, we have at last pitched into our tents in this hot bed of Secession. How long we shall remain here or where we will go when we leave, is more than the oldest inhabitant of this vicinity can tell, therefore it would be useless for me, a new comor, to give any opinion upon the matter.

But I must ask your indulgence while I go back to Cincinnati, and begin with that place and follow down until our arrival here. I believe I never have spoken of the Soldiers' History of Cincinnati, therefore I will speak of it now, but will not attempt to give a detailed ac-
The House is under charge of the U. S. Military Commission and where its found in Dau. His many was established for the purpose for friends will be pleased to learn that he is a shing substituting soldiers, who might well, and looks just as he did when seen from any cause, become separated from the logs. We left Cairo about 9 o'clock and entered the Mississippi River, lodging, and, if need be, clothing, until and turned our faces towards Dixie once they could be furnished the same. More. When we arrived at Columbus, we with transportation to their Regts. by the U. S. authorities; and since the 13th, we were brought to by a shot across our lines, which being all right we were allowed to proceed on our way, and met with no hindrances except a snow storm which caused us to lie up several hours.

The fortifications at Island No. 10 and Forts Wright, Randolph and Pillow are not nearly as formidable as we had expected to see. Yet look as though they might give some trouble. When we arrived here the ground was well covered with snow, a sight which is quite rare, in this latitude at this season of the year. The city without clothes or money he applies to this “Hosp.” he is immediately furnished with food and lodging, and the superintendent inspects his clothing and if he finds he needs a hat, a pair of shoes, a pair of socks or a pair of pants, he gives them to him without being asked for. The building used for this purpose is a large four story building built by Madame Trepol for a Bazaar, on the English plan, in which undertaking she ultimately failed. Here they have all the conveniences of a first class hotel such as baths hot and cold, gas lights, and good clean beds. The dining room is on the second floor and the kitchen on the basement story, and the victualling is carried up by dumb waiters, every thing works like clockwork and is under the management of Col. Andrews formerly of Janesville, Wisconsin. There is also a large hall attached which is used as a reading room, and well supplied with a good assortment of reading matter. Its short it is just what it purports to be, The Soldiers Home. At this place the men of our Battery were furnished their meals while we remained in Cincinnati on the S. W. Westmoreland, which was chartered expressly to carry us. The Ohio river had raised several feet which made it hard for us to pass the bars, but we run ahead of the rise a couple of days and then were obliged to run pretty carefully. A few miles above Cairo we struck a bar and lay there about 18 hours which was all the detention we experienced except from fogs, wood piles, and darkness. At Cairo we saw an old acquaintance, quite extensively known on the Mississippi, and who belongs to the 11th regt. His name is D. P. Farrand. He is with the Chaplin of the 14th in charge of a lot of contrabands at Cairo. This business suits him much better than soldiering in the ranks upon the field. Said he: It is piblic opinion that made me enlist, I’m not ashamed to own it, I make a mighty poor soldier and don’t like to count of it. The house is under charge of the U. S. Military Commission and where its found in Dau. His many was established for the purpose of friends will be pleased to learn that he is a shing substituting soldiers, who might well, and looks just as he did when seen from any cause, become separated from the logs. We left Cairo about 9 o'clock and entered the Mississippi River, lodging, and, if need be, clothing, until and turned our faces towards Dixie once they could be furnished the same. More. When we arrived at Columbus, we with transportation to their Regts. by the U. S. authorities; and since the 13th, we were brought to by a shot across our lines, which being all right we were allowed to proceed on our way, and met with no hindrances except a snow storm which caused us to lie up several hours.

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recruit for the Battery, now is a chance to get a place in the best Battery in the Mississippi valley.

D. W.

CAMP HOSPITAL, 93d Ill. Vols., Memphis Dec. 11th, 1862.

Mr. S. S. Luce:

My command in this hospital are improving finely, with few exceptions. The convalescence will soon be sent to their Brig. and the balance discharged from service. My own health to all appearance is improving. Each day for the past week I have either taken a long walk or rode 7 or 8 miles on horseback. The weather has been very fine for the last seven days and feels like an early May.

On Saturday last Capt. Foster's lst Wis. Battery, (LaCrosse Battery) arrived in the morning and in the afternoon moved to their camp at the Fair Grounds two miles N. E. of the city. They look remarkably well and hearty. Lieut. Webster lent me his horse which I kept until Monday.

On Monday I visited Capt. Foster's camp, and partook with him of a "Soldiers fare, and a soldiers share." When I arrived the Battery were on drill and performed their evolutions admirably. The 6 twenty pound parrot rifle guns were in fine condition and show good evidence of efficiency. The general good health of the soldiers, the confidence in the officers and their general contentment with the service, are very flattering to Capt. Foster and his officers. Gen. Morgan calls the Battery the best he has in his division and I often hear it complimented by others.

Regiments are coming in daily and the whole suburbs of Memphis are being filled with camps. I am one and a-half miles south of the city and 30 rods south of Gen. Smith's headquarters, and in this vicinity the whole day is enlivened with bands of music and the eternal sife and drum, while regiments are drilling and ringing volleys of musketry with occasional guns from Ft. Pickering or rounds from maneuvering Batteries. The roads are filled with negro market teams and military baggage and supply wagons.

Gen. Smith came here to-day with his staff surgeon and directed our sergeant to make certain sanitary arrangements. He is a nervous, long favored, quick motioned, wiry, medium height, spectacled general, formerly of the regular army, looking like a particular and reminding me of the poet's Mack enzio's Magpie:

"With head away peeping knowingly into a marrow bone."

Last night two companies of the third U. S. dragoons arrived and encamped 40 rods west of us. They are direct from New Mexico. Col. Howe is expected from St. Louis to day with the balance of the regiment.

This regiment has a history as I learn from Capt. Tracy now in command here. The regiment was first organized for the Mexican war as mounted riflemen, under Col. W. W. Lorniny and Lieut. Col. John H. Crittenden. After the Mexican war the regiment went to Oregon in 1850 and returned next year. In 1851 they went to New Orleans and the January following went to Texas. In 1856 they were ordered to New Mexico and were engaged in scouting for Indians. At the breaking out of the rebellion the Col. Lieut. Col. the paymaster Maj. and many of the under officers including Gen Long-street formed a plan to carry the Reg. with the rebels, but having stated their plan to an orderly sergeant, it became known to the soldiers who were all loyal and the officers were notified privately to leave for they would be arrested, and they fled to Texas in the night. Col. Howe was then appointed Col. and the Reg. took part in the battle of Valverde with the Texas. There were 2,600 Texan rebels and on our side 800 regular troops and 2,000 Mexicans. The Mexicans fled at the first fire leaving the 800 regulars to fight the whole battle. After a sharp contest the regulars fell back with the loss of five guns, 100 killed and 200 wounded.

The dragoons took part in all the battles and skirmishes until the Texans were finally driven out of New Mexico. They were relieved by a California Reg. and started for St. Louis Sept 30th, 1862 and a part of them arrived here last night. This Reg. will make their mark on the rebels. They are armed with sabres, sharps rifles, and two heavy navy revolvers.

We have not heard much from Gen. Grant's division yet, except rumors through the secesh citizens. They say they have lost a whole regiment except 20 who ran for home and are now 15 miles east of here. They also claim that Gen. Sherman has been killed.

The news below is that our gun boats are bombarding Vicksburg.

All the troops arriving are Western troops and the administration have given the western men the privilege of opening the Mississippi.
From the Wisconsin Batteries at Fort Monroe, Va.

Fort Monroe, Feb. 2, 1863.

This bright Sunday evening finds me in "Old Virginia," and in a spot where the Stars and Stripes wave yet, and in such a stronghold that (although we can with our glasses look out on about every side and see rebel forquisitions,) there is no danger of its trailing in the dust. Monroe, as you well know, is the only Fortress in the country, and although commenced at an early period in the present century, is by no means an insignificant fortification. It covers an area, I should judge, of over one hundred acres, and mounts some 500 guns of the heaviest calibre.

One nice pocket pistol on the outside of the fortress, weighing only 65,000 pounds, or 274 tons, can be worked with the same ease and precision as those in the fortress. This gun, I think, throws a solid shot weighing over 400 pounds.

I give you a journal of our trip from Racine to Baltimore; there is so much sameness in the numberless descriptions of newspaper correspondent that I refer you to almost any of them to find our latest Intelligence in said city. We left Racine Tuesday afternoon, with an especial conductor, Paul of the Michigan Southern Railway. Our inspection, gentleman, every inch of him, who never tired in attending to our wants. We arrived in Baltimore late the same afternoon, and were immediately ordered to the fort. We left Baltimore at 8:40 a.m., Saturday, and arrived in Washington at about 11 o'clock. After remaining in the last mentioned city some hours, we received marching orders to Fort Monroe, via Baltimore.

At 9 p.m., after visiting the Capitol and some other public buildings, seeing lots of soldiers, and much bustle of old order, we started for Baltimore, arriving about midnight. Sunday we spent in Baltimore until 5 p.m., when we took a steamer for Fort Monroe, arriving here 180 miles, the next morning about 5 a.m.

During the day we were ordered to our present position, across the Water Battery, as it is called. It is a fortification outside of the most, outside of the fort proper, but still comprising a part of the fortress. If you will take the trouble to look at Harper's Weekly for January 25th, 53d page, you will find a drawing of Fort Monroe, Sewell Point, &c.

As you look out over your hand, you will notice a narrow neck of land running from the fortress toward the bottom of the page. At the point where the neck leaves the fortress, you will observe a small space of land enclosed by a battery, with a small building in the center. The building has been removed, and this is our present commanding ground. It is a delightful spot, looking down on the broad Chesapeake. We can see any amount of shipping, all bearing the Federal flag, with the exception of a couple of war vessels bearing the tricolors of French Empire. Stepping out on the beach, and looking southerly, across Hampton Roads (about 6 miles,) we can see the Sewell Point (remote) battery; also Craven's Island, and almost every day the little rebel tugboat that cut off the schooner the other day, when in tow of the passenger steamer Express. She is an immense little pup, and will get caught soon.

Cotton bales come over almost every night. The government sets them here, and they are sold at 50 cents per week. I think there are about here, and in camp Hamilton, about one mile west of the Fortress.

The site of the town of Hampton, which was destroyed by the rebels, was destroyed by the weather, and was very beautifully located on a little creek that makes in from the bay. The country to the North, and, in fact, all around the lake, is inhabited by seces- sionists, although they are more averse to their friends.

For three nights in succession the past week a picket was shot dead at his post.

I have been here a week and have not seen our commander, the glorious old hero, General Wool. Most of our boys have seen him, and they are enthusiastic in his praise. He is very popular among the soldiers. He was over on foot to see us on Thursday, as he was ordered to-day, but did not come. In my next letter to you, I will give you a personal description of the man, as I shall have seen him before I write again. Wool is undoubtedly one of the best, if not the best of our Generals. Would that we had more of them! He should have had command of the Grand Army, and then, indeed, I think, history would never have recorded the disgrace of Bull Run.

Our batteries (two batteries, number- ing 318 men), have now immediate command of Captain Ernest F. Herzberg, of the Battery No. 1, and command of Captain Edward F. Hertzberg, as senior officer, a perfect gentleman and soldier. All four of his Lieutenants have been active soldiers, and belong to the men. They are nearly all Germans, and as hardly a set of men as is generally known. The 4th Battery, Capt. Valle, commanding, you well know, as they were enlisted in our city. A more orderly set of men, or a better lot of soldiers, cannot be found.

The officers are all busy engaged in making arrangements for the convenience and comfort of the men, and for receiving the equipments, horses, guns, harness, &c. They were fully equipped this week, and go into active service.

The new tents have also been received and erected. They are the Sibley pattern, and will accommodate about 15 men each.

Perhaps I will write you again, by and by, if anything of interest transpires.

Arrival of Wisconsin Batteries in Chicago

[From the Chicago Post of Feb. 17th.]

Two more batteries of Wisconsin artillery passed through this city last evening on their way to Louisville, Ky., where they will go immediately into active service.

They were numberered upon the rolls of the State as batteries I and 2 respectively, and are commanded by Captain J. F. Foster and Captain Lt. Drury, respectively.

Companies left Racine yesterday afternoon, and arrived in this city at seven o'clock p.m. Each battery is supplied with armament complete, consisting of four rifled cannon, four howitzers, twelve caissons, and ammunition sufficient for practice in an encounter of short duration.

The companies have been in camp some two months, and in daily practice with pieces of ordnance, so that they are fully competent to enter at once upon the most effective duties. The batteries have been executed under the immediate supervision of experienced officers, who promise them efficiency in everything pertaining to artillery practice in general.

Battery No. 1 was recruited at La Crosse, Wis., and is composed principally of men from the lumbering districts of that State, who are used to hardship and exposure and well prepared for the duties of camp life. Their Captain, Jacob T. Foster, was born at Ments, Cayuga Co., N. Y., in the year 1827, and was educated as a civil engineer while in that State, but removed to Wisconsin in 1847, since which time he has followed the same profession most of the time. He was a soldier of 1812, and did service through the war as an artillery officer, having command of a battery, and did service at the battle of Plattsburg.

Battery No. 2, or the Badger Battery as it is called, was recruited in the interior of the State of Wisconsin, in the small city of Delafield, and their term of service had expired last week.

The battery is composed of men of fine physique, and is well drilled.

Capt. Drury, who commands them, now thirty-seven years of age, and several years has been an editor in Wisconsin.

In his company he has gathered around him twenty-six of the most energetic and enterprising young men in the State, and it is with much pleasure that we learn that their battery has arrived in the city.

LIEUT. COURTLAND LIVINGSTON, A native of New York; most of his life he has been spent in mercantile pursuits. He was, at the time of his enlistment, a clergyman, but is now engaged in the publication of the "Badger Battery."
On a side street, another procession was gathered. Battery No. Eight, the last to come to camp, has been the first to suffer loss by death. One train-to-day had been at work in its living freight southward to—to know what fate. The next train northward receives from the tender hand of brother soldiers all that remains of earth of a stout heart and a willing soul. The battle of life was ended before the clash of arms was heard.

There is much sober thinking in camp to-night, even under the guise of laughter. On Thursday, we shall bid goodbye to Batteries One and Three. These go to Louisville. The other Batteries have not, at this date received marching orders. But they cannot be far off. We are eager to be assigned to our place and duty in the grand army of freedom.

N. Wisconsin Artillery—3d Battery—Camp Utley, Racine, Wis., Jan. 21st, 1863.

Dear Patriot—When I wrote you last I promised my next from the "U. S. A." and I spoke truly, for this is still "Old Kentucky." We bade the good people of Racine adieu at noon of Thursday last, bringing with us our batteries of six guns each with all our equipments complete, calsions, harnesses, battery wagons, negroes, &c., and about 100 men for our protection, making a train of seven passenger cars and sixteen freight, giving us nearly a formidable appearance and attracting the utmost attention on the route.

We left Chicago at 6 o'clock P. M., via the city of St. Louis, New Albany, and Chicago B. R. railway, about 270 miles below Michigan City. We made no considerable stop until we arrived at La Fayette, Indiana, at 4 a.m., where we were met by 10,000 inhabitants and beyond where the railway crosses the Wabash, where we "salted" for an hour for refreshments and our horses. We were a most pleasant train from the hot smoky atmosphere of the car to the clear bright spring sun of one of the most pleasant days. Don't let any of my readers question my meaning of the expression "spring sun." &c. I mean just what I say.

We left Camp Utley under 15 inches of snow, but a few miles below Michigan City it was rarely seen and here at La Fayette all had vanished. We were "shakers," "flak on sunny bonnets," the surest indication, for you knew they have never mistake the season or the fashion. We were very kind to these people, but there were kites strengthened by the words of cheer each had for us.

At 9 a.m. we arrived at Bloomington, a town of six to seven thousand inhabitants, in the county of Monroe, Indiana. Here we found the streets crowded, the train full, we had passed the "one." We were expected at o'clock, and preparations had been made to give us a reception that would forever endear us to the good people of Bloomington. I was standing at the car door of the first car, making all calculation to have a nice cup of coffee, soon as we saw up to the platform spring of to treat resolution, but I didn't go. Scarcely had I opened the car door when my way was completely blocked with a crowd of ladies carrying baskets of everything good, regular hoosier bread and buns, so we turned it, pears, apples, baking baskets and pies, &c., &c. We cheered them with all our might. At 2 p.m. the weather was delightfully warm, the sun as bright—the roads fairly dustless, the streets clean and we were not troubled with anything that done us good. We re­­ceived of course, that wouldn't have done so, from the debris, the unsightly refuse, the vacant streets, cluttered with straw and from the hot smoky atmosphere of the car and a rather disagreeable smell of tobacco and alcohol.

We met the — and they were ours. Not content with filling our arms with the kind of ammunition they took down our haversacks and filled them too, so that even now we have a real remaining stock. We cheered them and they cheered us for it, real Badger cheers, making the very hills about echo again with the shouts, and the air with the roars of joy. We cheered them for it, real Badger cheers, making the very hills about echo again with the shouts, and the air with the roars of joy. We were welcome, but 12 o'clock found the boys still discussing Bloomington, her heavens and her inferiors and her entertainment only second to them. Long life and prosperity to them. May it be their fortune just as they live in our remembrance 'twill be till they are paid in all this world affords.

Just as the sun arose we caught the first glimpse of the Ohio and the high hills of the Kentucky shore. Then we felt that we were coming near that wish of so many days that we would see the Ohio again, and so often longed for. Not till night, how ever did we leave the depot and cross the river. We attracted the immovable interest of every one, the people of Louisville, but the people had seen so many of Uncle Sam's blue uniforms within the past four months that more was nothing but what might be expected.

The Louisville Journal speaks in flattering terms of our attitude as being the best of any of the hardest soldiers that have been here, we were quartered in a large tobacco warehouse. Saturday and Sunday morning marched to our present camp about four miles from town, and hailed the day in pitching our tents. From ourselves as comforters as to the situation of things would permit of. The weather was delightful, the air as balmy as spring, the sun as bright—the roads fairly dry, the traffic, as usual, made one shudder, nor were the quarters, under a straw or an inch or two of snow on the ground, about 10 o'clock in the morning it began raining, and to-night we are in mud on all depths real Kentucky mud.

We met our Harry Bisbigh and Dr. Dixon of the 1st. Their regiment is encamped on Green River, about 10 miles away. The 10th is to arrive to-day, and business was all over it, 1 like the town much. It is of a great deal more importance than I supposed. We have a number of extensive manufacturers here, a very great many wholesale dealers, and some of the finest educational institutions. We think it the best of the north if the best is kept by the states people "Keene" of the "Newhall," and it looks as good as it did under that denomination.

We have here in camp Co. F. Ohio artillery, Capt. Corcoran, 135 men, 4 rifled 6 pounders and 2 12 pounders howitzers. Co. M, Ohio artillery, Capt. Shoales, 140 men, 4 rifled 6 pounders and 2 12 pounders howitzers. 8th Indiana, Capt. Coxe, 140 men, 4 rifled 6 pounders and 2 smooth 6 pounders. 10th Indiana, Capt. Cox, 4 parrots 12 pounders and 2 12 pounders howitzers. 1st Wisconsin Capt. Foster, 150 men, 2 parrots 6 pounders and 2 12 pounders howitzers, and the Wisconsin 3rd Capt. Drury, 158 men, 2 rifled 6 pounders and 2 12 pounders howitzers.

In an adjoining camp is a Co. of regular artillery, under the command of Lieut Parsons of Madison, his own Madison boys. 110 men and 4 steel rifled guns carrying a 12 pound projectile, also some infantry encamped in the near vicinity.

Most of the army are down on Green River. I had hoped to have spoken again of our good friends, but we were there—"Hamlin," to have told you of the town, the manufacturers, the public schools, &c., &c., and had visited them for business, but so continually busy that I could not do, not at a late day, want to fail mentioning an invention of Gilbert, "Tubular Auger," or a "machine for boring water pipes." It consists of an auger something after the principle of the hollow saws having a case solid—instead of taking it out in chips as the Wycuff machine does. Take a log 8 feet long and 12 inches in diameter bore it with a 10 inch auger and it leaves solid core, or a 10 inch diameter, this bored with a 4 inch auger leaves a case 3 inches in diameter, then bored with a 2 inch auger leaves three pieces of pipe from one log. When we consider that the cost of clear logs is the great cost of pipe, the advantage of this saving is at once apparent.

Then again this pipe ripped in two and costed us several dollars, but now I make the best of the waste, for you know not things, not one but what done us good. We re­­ceived of course, that wouldn't have done so, from the debris, the unsightly refuse, the vacant streets, cluttered with straw and from the hot smoky atmosphere of the car and a rather disagreeable smell of tobacco and alcohol.

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In an adjoining camp is a Co. of regular artillery, under the command of Lieut Parsons of Madison, his own Madison boys. 110 men and 4 steel rifled guns carrying a 12 pound projectile, also some infantry encamped in the near vicinity.

Most of the army are down on Green River. I had hoped to have spoken again of our good friends, but we were there—"Hamlin," to have told you of the town, the manufacturers, the public schools, &c., &c., and had visited them for business, but so continually busy that I could not do, not at a late day, want to fail mentioning an invention of Gilbert, "Tubular Auger," or a "machine for boring water pipes." It consists of an auger something after the principle of the hollow saws having a case solid—instead of taking it out in chips as the Wycuff machine does. Take a log 8 feet long and 12 inches in diameter bore it with a 10 inch auger and it leaves solid core, or a 10 inch diameter, this bored with a 4 inch auger leaves a case 3 inches in diameter, then bored with a 2 inch auger leaves three pieces of pipe from one log. When we consider that the cost of clear logs is the great cost of pipe, the advantage of this saving is at once apparent.
stead of boring the centre all into chips—thus utilizing lumber for valuable purposes. This improvement will produce 3,600 feet of Pipe from every 1,000 feet of logs, lineal measure, or 6,000 feet of the cheapest and best kind drain tile. In boring a 12 inch log, 6 feet long, with a 10 inch patent Auger, it leaves a core of one inch in diameter. The core then bore with a four inch Auger, and this leaves a core of three inches. Then last core bore with a 1 1/4 inch Auger, which trebles the quantity of pipe to the amount of lumber. When we consider that the cost of material is the relative cost of pipe, the advantage of this improvement is apparent. The land drain tile is made by rapping this round wooden pipe in two equal parts with a circular saw, then painting it with hot coal tar and sanding. it will not rot, and will bear transportation at no risk of breaking—the clay tile will not.

See advertisement.

Army Correspondence.

**CAMP IRVINE, Louisville, Ky., Feb 14th, '62.**

Mr. Editor—Doubtless the readers of the Spectator would like to hear from the "Badgers," especially from those who left the city of Berlin, we are in camp, about four miles from the city of Louisville, on the old fair grounds. It is a nice place, for the L. & L. and F. R. R. run past the camp. I will tell you something about our trip from Racine here. We left Racine on the 23rd of Jan. In one respect we were glad to leave, and in another we were not. In the first place we were glad to get out of the deep snow, and where we could drill, and get our horses. In the next place, we were sorry to leave those pretty girls and kind people, who treated us so well; but for all we had to go. All along the Lake Shore railroad the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and bade us good bye. At Chicago we had coffee served up to us by the citizens. Here we had to change cars, and left for a long and weary ride. We could not see the country through Michigan, for it was night; but when it was morning, we were in Indiana, better known as the Hoosier State. For my part I would not live in some parts of it for an interest in the Spectator. The only place I saw was Bloomington, Monroe Co., where I would. I will tell you the reason why; it was because the young ladies were very kind to us, giving us all we could think of in the eating line, also telling us, that they had friends and lovers in the army. They said they knew none of us, but we were brothers to them. We were sorry to leave them so soon, but the engine would go, so we bid them good bye. Some of them told us to write and gave their names. We found no such place after that, for we were too near our place of destination. At New Albany we had to stay all day in the depot; could not go out, for it was guarded too strong. About ten o'clock the two Captains went over to the head-quarters of Gen. Buell, to ascertain where we were to be camped. The Capt's had not been gone long, before they returned and ordered us to sling knapsacks and be ready to march within five minutes. We were all ready in less time, but the roll had to be called, to see if any were left behind, but nary a one of the Badgers was found out of his place. We were marched around the city awhile, for what I know not, until it was to be exhibited, but I think it was no sight for any one to see us. After awhile we were marched down to the river, where there was a ferryboat waiting to take us across the Ohio river. It was a somewhat larger boat than over the regin Fox. We were all aboard in a hurry and soon landed on the Kentucky side, in a place called Frankfort. Here we had to travel about for awhile. We walked for about three miles, when we were halted, and the officers got together and decided that we would not go any farther that night. We were stationed in a tobacco warehouse, and had to sleep on the hard boards. We did not like that much, for we were all tired, and well we might be, for we were loaded down like males trudging over the plains: but for all that we rested very well till day-light, when the bugs sounded for roll call. After roll call the rations were served out, consisting of three hard crackers and a small piece of boiled ham. This was Sunday morning. About 10 o'clock we were marched up to Gen. Buell's quarters and gave him three hearty cheers, and a hoister howl. The citizens were greatly surprised to think that three hundred Wisconsin boys could make as much noise as a whole regiment of Kentucky boys. After cheering the Gen., we were marched to camp. Along the streets the ladies waved the starry banners of the red, white and blue.

One circumstance I must not forget to mention. When we had got most to the foot of the street, where we turned to go to camp, there stood an old female negro in the door of an old hut. She danced from one side to the other, and cried "we are freed and the Union is
ed, thank God." The Captain asked the Badger battery boys if they couldn't give the old lady three cheers, and you can bet that we did, and large ones at that. This tickled the old lady, so she cried.

On the road to our camp, is the blind asylum. This is a nice large brick building, situated on a hill with a nice green grass yard in front. Just beyond is the fair ground, where we were to place our small cloth houses. We pitched our tents in a hurry. We had no straw to sleep on, but we soon made our selves acquainted with a framed barn, where we found some hay; this made us sleep better than if we had to sleep upon the ground.

Feb. 16.

We have our baggage wagons and 30 miles. We have great times with them for they are young and never were broke, and the boys don't like them pretty much, for they did not come from a mule country. We also have part of our horses, and in a few days we will have the rest of them; then we shall have to drill all the time. On the 15th day of Feb., the Ohio boys challenged us to go out at tar get shooting; they furnished us with horses. They felt happy going out, but did not feel so nice when they came back; for we had waxed them severely. They said that the Badgers would do some tall shooting if they ever could get a chance.

A severe accident happened that day. There were three batteries out shooting, and they were trying to see which one could load and fire the fastest. On o f the boys from the Ist Wis. Battery had both of his hands blown off. It was done by carelessness. They thought they would shoot first, and the gunner gave the gun to him, before this man had pulled the muner out.

There are batteries coming and going all the time. Just beyond our camp are two batteries of regulars. They belong to Rosencrantz' division, and are sent up for a reserve of Gen. Buell's division.

We cannot go to the city unless we have a pass from the Major, and if we go without a pass, we are picked up by the provost-guard, which are stationed all over the city. There are about 20,000 soldiers here in the city,—citizens of Louisville, regularly armed in the United States service, are stationed in the city, unless actually needed further south.

The badgers are all hearty and growing fat. When the friends write to the badgers, they should direct to Louisville, Ky., care Capt. Drury, 3d Battery Wis. Vol.

A BADGER

From the Badger Battery.
Louisville, Feb. 24th, 1862.

EDITORS GREEN LAKE SPECTATOR:

This morning, with the mercury about 60 above zero, find me awaiting the arrival of a welcome visitor. The SPECTATOR is regularly welcomed here by me, and is thrice welcome by all the Berlin Boys. Any news from home is gladly welcomed by us who are away from friends and loved ones. We are here in camp at Donelson watching for Uncle Sam to call upon our command to do our duty to my country. We are not fully equipped yet. We have received about 70 of our horses and expect to receive the remainder to-morrow or some day thereafter.—

Our new commissioned officers have received their side arms, which consist of sabre and revolver, and I believe it is decided that we privates have to have side arms. Well, we shall be glad if we ever get equipped and get into business, for we are spoiling for a fight as soon as may be. Our boys have some work and have a great deal of fun in breaking in our horses. Some of them are quite refractory and kick over the trees, but if they only have the grip and bottom in them, our boys will bring them around all right.

Last evening we met an old friend here in camp, Lieut. Charles Barns, of the Second Minnesota regiment. Charlie was warmly greeted by the Berlin Boys. Lieut. Barns is with his regiment and brigade, now on the route for Dixie—They found it impossible to get South from Mill Spring, and have to come round by the way of Louisville. There is a continual stream of troops passing down the river here now and then. About all the boats on the river are employed by Government in carrying troops and stores. Dixie will catch what they eat, 46th, 48th, and 49th regiments.

For Donelson alone do we rejoice, but for the fact that succession here has received a blow that it never can rally from with most of the boats on the river are employed by Government in carrying troops and stores. Dixie will catch what they eat, 46th, 48th, and 49th regiments. We have an addition of two or three hundred miles in a south direction from Bowling Green, and hardly that distance, almost as direct southeast from the rebel stronghold. Columbus. It must have been a fight as desperate as the records of modern warfare often show. It was one of the strongest fortified points they held, their works extending some five miles on the outside. Deep trenches were dug all along in front of high embankments, thousands of them, all entwined as they stood in the wood, were dragged to a short distance in the front of the ditch, making a barrier entirely impassable to cavalry and almost as much to infantry. In the embankments were the rife pits, concealing thousands of riflemen. Adding to this forty-eight pieces of artillery, seventeen heavy siege guns, some of them 128 pounders, all defended by 25,000 men fighting under the "black flag," the murderous signal of "we give no quarter," and we can approximate to an idea of the labor and the glory of the battle. No wonder that we are rejoicing! Not alone though our camp is enveloped even now with a black, dense cloud of powder smoke, but we have almost deafened with the thunder of our salutes as we would fire first by battery, then by sections, then by divisions, but all the time we hear the rapid booming of distant salutes, as our friends take up the cry and proclaim their rejoicing.

Chivalry do not all run so far South that they would not suspect our senses had taken us in—We have an addition of two or three hundred miles in a south direction from Bowling Green, and hardly that distance, almost as direct southeast from the rebel stronghold, Columbus. It must have been a fight as desperate as the records of modern warfare often show. It was one of the strongest fortified points they held, their works extending some five miles on the outside. Deep trenches were dug all along in front of high embankments, thousands of them, all entwined as they stood in the wood, were dragged to a short distance in the front of the ditch, making a barrier entirely impassable to cavalry and almost as much to infantry. In the embankments were the rife pits, concealing thousands of riflemen. Adding to this forty-eight pieces of artillery, seventeen heavy siege guns, some of them 128 pounders, all defended by 25,000 men fighting under the "black flag," the murderous signal of "we give no quarter," and we can approximate to an idea of the labor and the glory of the battle. No wonder that we are rejoicing! Not alone though our camp is enveloped even now with a black, dense cloud of powder smoke, but we have almost deafened with the thunder of our salutes as we would fire first by battery, then by sections, then by divisions, but all the time we hear the rapid booming of distant salutes, as our friends take up the cry and proclaim their rejoicing.

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We are encamped on the Kentucky State Fair grounds, about four miles from Louisville, directly on the Louisville, Frankfort & Lexington Railroad, and not the Louisville, Shelbyville & Frankfort Pike.

The location, and the grounds generally, are not very much like a fair ground. The buildings are, however, very prettily arranged. The buildings are of two kinds. One, designed, I should judge, for the exhibition of fruits, vegetables, &c., are in one line. It is 100 feet in diameter, two stories high, sides the observatory, built with twenty sides, and lighting the basement might be for the exhibition of vegetables, grains, fruit, &c., while the gallery, extending around the entire building, and roomy enough, is put almost anything portable that we have at our state fairs, intended as a fine art hall, or for domestic manufactures—possibly for both.

Immediately adjoining is a large amphitheatre, capable of accommodating six or seven thousand people, under cover, with an arena inside, for—I almost fancied, anything—perhaps for the ladies' equestrian display—perhaps for a parade—or whatever might interest us, right here. The other buildings are, by the way, very prettily arranged, but so many regiments of soldiers have been quartered here, and here and there are buildings or anything else be built in their accommodation, that they all show a sorry appearance.

In our immediate vicinity is the grave of Gen. Taylor, in a neat plain vault, telling the visitors that we entered it but not with cause it is so true, and for those so far from home and friends, I urge the suggestion. Much as we were opposed to this change there was no help for us, and we submitted with a good grace, determined to labor as earnestly with the "big guns" as we would have done with the light ones.—With our new battery, which consists of four 32-pounders, each drawn by ten horses, we received ten additional baggage wagons, each drawn by six mules, for the transportation of ammunition. We had hardly got the teams arranged when further orders came, on Friday night to proceed on the steamer J. W. Haight to Nashville and report to Gen. Nelson. We accordingly broke our camp on Saturday morning, and proceeded to the Louisville levee commenced the embarkation, which proceeded without accident until Sunday afternoon, when one of the derick fell over the side of the steamer, and made a general stampede was made to get on board. The combination—possibly for both.

The Badger Battery leave to-morrow for Nashville, Tenn., via the Ohio river. We leave Kentucky with all the patriotic enthusiasm we can muster, but not with the same guns. The War Department has concluded that the Badgers were not fit for the small guns they brought with them, or else they were inclined to think the guns were not fit for us; so after a good deal of figuring on the part of some officers we were compelled to take four 32-pounders, commonly known as siege guns. The boys kicked against it considerably, but after a few parleying words they were compelled to submit and be changed in a measure from light artillery to heavy. We are all equipped and ready for action, and I hope it will not be long before the Badger Battery doing honor to itself in the State it came from. We have not got so many horses as we would have had, if we had kept our small guns, but oh! the mules! If your readers were to see us coming to Berlin, they would think that Kit Carson had arrived with one of his trains that he crossed the Rocky Mountains with; and, Messrs. Editors, I would like to have you here just one night to hear them call "Bill Earl," our worthy baggage master. Our train consists of four 32-pounders pulled by ten horses each, ten ammunition wagons drawn by six mules each, five baggage wagons drawn in the same manner, one battery wagon and one fresh hose car, ten horses each. It makes quite a caravan.

The health of the Badgers is quite good, only a few are in the hospital, and but one is considered dangerous. He was sent home to-day. His name is Amos Brown, and his home is in Green Lake. The surgeon says he has got the consumption.

There is nothing new going on here that would interest your readers, except the 32-pounders, light eight-pounder, light seventy-six, light eighty-five, light ninety, and light one hundred. The water is forced into a tank on the site of the old battery, into which the water flows three hundred and fifty thousand gallons of water, one thousand pounds of air being used to force the water, and it goes on as before. The friends of the boys must direct their letters to Nashville, until they hear from them.

The Badger Battery.

Camp C. F. Smith, Louisville, Ky., April 16, 1863.

To the Editors of the State Journal:

We arrived at Nashville, Tenn., March 14, 1863.

From the Third Wisconsin Battery.

This battery leave to-morrow for Nashville, Tenn., via the Ohio river. We leave Kentucky with all the patriotic enthusiasm we can muster, but not with the same guns. The War Department has concluded that the Badgers were not fit for the small guns they brought with them, or else they were inclined to think the guns were not fit for us; so after a good deal of figuring on the part of some officers we were compelled to take four 32-pounders, commonly known as siege guns. The boys kicked against it considerably, but after a few parleying words they were compelled to submit and be changed in a measure from light artillery to heavy. We are all equipped and ready for action, and I hope it will not be long before the Badger Battery doing honor to itself in the State it came from. We have not got so many horses as we would have had, if we had kept our small guns, but oh! the mules! If your readers were to see us coming to Berlin, they would think that Kit Carson had arrived with one of his trains that he crossed the Rocky Mountains with; and, Messrs. Editors, I would like to have you here just one night to hear them call "Bill Earl," our worthy baggage master. Our train consists of four 32-pounders pulled by ten horses each, ten ammunition wagons drawn by six mules each, five baggage wagons drawn in the same manner, one battery wagon and one fresh hose car, ten horses each. It makes quite a caravan.

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The Badger Battery.

Camp C. F. Smith, Louisville, Ky., April 16, 1863.

Correspondence of the Berlin Courier.

From the Third Wisconsin Battery.
were to remain two hours, there would be no harm in crossing, provided we could find a boat. Walking down the river side we came to a negro cabin, and upon making a little noise they let it out a shriek and volunteered to take us over. We first visited the water battery in which there are eight guns. Everything looks as if it was not wanted. Even the shot and shell lay where the rebels left them. Further up the hill and on its very crest, we could see where the 32-pounder battery had been, and our gunboats had much damage. Just behind this, in a hollow, and completely sheltered by the high ground, are the log huts which were occupied by the secessionists. Several of them which had been occupied by small pox subjects, had been set on fire and illuminated the main entrenchments of the fort, making the scene much more impressive as we called to mind the terrible struggle which, more than anything else, has tended to break down the rebellion. And yet theéy are all secessionists, and make no secret of principles. Indeed, from the manner in which they talk one would almost think they were confident there never had been any surrender of rebel troops.

One can have no conception of the strength of this rebel stronghold without visiting it, and the only conclusion must be that the rebels could not defend that place, garrisoned as it was, they cannot resist us in any place.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning before we started, it being impossible to call the men in after they had found means to escape. At Clarksville we saw the fortifications which were deserted in such haste. The retreat of Fort Donelson.

We informed that since the water in the river has gone down, our troops have found thirteen heavy guns which were run into by the rebels to prevent their falling into our hands. The occasion is very strong here, and it is said there is only one Union man in Clarksville, and that he was sent to Clarksville to Nashville there are no fortifications of any account. In one or two places fortifications were commenced but not completed. It is far better the rebels supposed Fort Donelson and the fortifications about Clarksville, made all approaches to Nashville and the Cumberland, perfectly secure, and they did not therefore fortify this city as they might have done. And yet, with all their reverses, they do not seem so despondent as desperate. The majority of the secessionists here are so profoundly ignorant that they cannot look at our successes as an intelligent being would, and they still persist in their obstinacy to us in spite of the conciliatory measures of Gen. Buell. It is the business of the secessionists of Nashville to excite the troops in Nashville.

We have not yet had an opportunity to look about the city, but from the river it has the appearance of all the beauty which has been destroyed. It is business to it, of course perfectly prostrate, there being nothing doing except for the Government. Though we took an immense quantity of forage which the rebels left behind, it has been exhausted, and there is now a great scarcity, especially of hay, some of the batteries and cavalry regiments having been without forage for forty days. The whole campaign has been quiet, there being nothing of interest to tell. One thing we have noticed is the great number of negroes who are crowding the levee, to the exclusion of everything else.

Of the troops here I will not attempt to say anything. Their number is variously estimated by the soldiers and citizens, from 100,000 to 150,000. The 10th Wis. and 4th Ind. in Gen. Mitchell's division, are of the best. And yet, the first general battle, which is anticipated at no distant day. I shall try to keep you informed of anything of importance which may transpire in the third battery.

From the Badger Battery.

CAMP BROWNLOW, March 25, 1862.

Nashville, Tenn.

MEN'S EDITORS:

As I have not written since we were in Kentucky, I thought I would drop you a few lines. We are now right in the list of cotton. We left Louisville on the 10th day of March. Our destination was not known by us, until we had landed at Fort Donelson. We had a very pleasant time coming down the Ohio river, which is a very pleasant stream; but the country around is not so nice. There are some soldiers on the river all the time. The river was very high, and the towns and cities that are built on the levees were all about, and all along the river they were in the same fix. When we reached the Cumberland it was night, and the pilot would not pilot the boat up the stream in the dark. I don't blame him, for it is not so wide as the Fox, and there are more bends in it. So we had to lay over night, and it rained and the old boat leaked; and well it might, for it was the one that was taken at Cairo last summer, loaded with lead, and looked old enough to have a discharge.

We reached Fort Donelson in the evening. Here the Capt. thought he would enclose the boys, but they were too smart for him. He had ordered the captain of the boat to land on the opposite side of the river from the Fort. He did so—here came the tug of war amongst the boys how they should get over the river. Some said they would swim over, and some said if the whole company would elope together they would run the boat. Well, as soon as the boat landed, we were all off in a hurry. I, myself ran down the river about a mile, and by chance I saw a small boat chained to a tree. The chain business did not stop me. I broke the chain and pushed out, and over to the Fort I went. It is a very strongly fortified place. On the left wing of the Fort is a water battery consisting of ten guns. It is useless for me to describe them as they have been noticed so often. I did not go all over the Fort—it is a sorry sight to look upon, and for my part I cannot see how the Federals took possession. The rebels had barricades to live in, and the Union troops were burning them down, when I was walking around, and I suppose the rebels had put revolvers and shells under the floor, for I know that one burst very near me, and I began to think that there was more danger around, so I started for the boat.

We landed in Nashville the 17th day of March. We had to stay on the boat for two days to unload our traps. We marched to camp on Saturday. It was a very nice place, but Monday morning we had to pack up and move. We moved about a mile from the old place. Here we stayed three days when orders came for us to move again, and so we pulled up stakes and traveled. We have some 32 pounders instead of 6, they are too heavy for field service. The old 1st Wis. Regiment is about one half a mile from our camp. The subscriber has been over to see them. While looking around, I spied one Ben Carleton, once a citizen of Berlin.

BAGDER

CAPTAIN LE. DREYER'S THIRD WISCONSIN BATTERY.

While at Savannah, Tennessee, I visited the camp of this battery, at the request of the captain. They had been in camp there but a few days, having marched from Nashville since the battle at Pittsburgh Landing.

From the best information I could get, they have not been treated as well as they deserve; from what cause, the unwritten history of the rebellion will truthfully portray in the future.

It was principally raised in the northern portion of the state, I believe, but I met several who had lived in Janesville. It numbers 150 men and are of the very best material of the state. In fact, a more hardy, resolute and determined body of men, I never saw together anywhere. They had no surgeon assigned them, and as yet had not lost a man since leaving the state. I found a few of them unwell in camp, in consequence of their long and rapid march from Nashville, and the change of water in this region. Also four in hospital with typhoid fever, three of whom are slowly recovering. They have had no pay for four months, and seemed in a sorry condition for want of money to supply a few of the delicacies required by their sick. They were supplied from our stores, and a Mr. Pratt, of Illinois, who interested himself in the main several days to care of one of his boys. The captain, as well as his entire command, were extremely anxious to get into active service.
On Friday night they were ordered to Pittsburgh, and undoubtedly ere this have been attached to some brigade, and will, if the opportunity offers, give a good account of themselves. Their guns were Parrott's rifled cannon, and if the men are as active and efficient in battle as on parade, our state will be justly proud of so noble a set of men. Success to them.

In the late action but little light artillery could be used, on account of the heavy timber and swamps, and I have no idea that half of the artillery here can be brought into action at Corinth. The Badgers are anxious for the fray, that they may have revenge for their fallen friends in the last fight. I would mention the names of many of the dead and wounded from Wisconsin, but you will find the whole list in the Louisville Journal.

Our company, with the exception of five, are enjoying excellent health, and look as though soldiering agreed with them. The Judge and Inconstant Dick are getting along fine, but look rather down in the mouth, on account of the high prices of domestics.

With "Pass on the moon's gems," I will close—the meaning of which you will learn on our return.

JOAB.

From the Badger Battery,

In Camp, near Savannah, Tenn.

April 15, 1862.

After a march over one of the worst roads ever traveled, we arrived here on Wednesday last, our horses and mules being much jaded, but the men all feeling as gay as larks, with the exception of four or five who were sick. On Sunday last we could plainly hear the cannonading at Pittsburg, on the battle field of which many a manly form from Wisconsin, now lies cold in death. From members of the 16th and 18th Wisconsin, I learn, that the rebels came out in full force on Sunday last to within seventy yards of General Grant's division, when they opened a deadly fire. The Union troops soon formed and faced the musk, the first round from the 18th Wisconsin cutting down the whole of one of the regiments from Mississippi, except twelve. This is the eighth day since the battle commenced, and yet many of the dead are still on the field unburied. On Wednesday a man could have walked three miles over the battle field without stepping on the ground, the dead covering the ground so thickly. The Southerners fought with desperation; but it was not like the cool courage of the Western braves; the rebels were inspired to the deadly conflict by potions of hot gilt whisky and gunpowder, while the latter fought to save a once happy and prosperous country, but now laid waste to rebellion and civil war. Among the prisoners of war, I have noticed several who recognized old friends, among the Union army; they would shake hands and talk of olden times, perhaps of childhood, and then leave, not as warm friends, for the simple adieu plainly told that the former feeling had vanished. I saw two brothers meet—the rebel prisoner said, "Brother Edwin, come over and see me." The reply was, "No, sir; you are my brother, but I wish to have nothing to do with a traitor to his country and his flag." They then passed on with a manly tread. Such is civil war.

Apples, peaches and all kinds of fruits are in full bloom, while vegetation looks as green as many of the commissioned officers of the army.

John Williams, of Berlin, was shot dead by the first volley on Sunday last, the ball taking effect in the neck. Poor John; he was a brave and a warm friend. Yesterday a painful duty to pay the last tribute of respect to one of our comrades. S. R. Edgerton, of Wautoma, is no more. He stood his post of duty, without complaining until two days before his death. It is supposed that he died of brain fever—The Captain (in whom a kinder heart never beat) did all in his power to alleviate his sufferings, but it was of no avail. Young E. was a modest and unassuming youth, and beloved by all his associates.

Savannah is a place of about 150 houses, the whole of which are crowded with the wounded. In passing up the street you are sure to go by two or three dead men lying on their cooling boards in the yards, with blankets thrown over them, ready for the boxes and wagons to come and take them off.

Everything is very high about here, coffee 75 cents per lb. sugar, bacon and flour in the same proportion. Salt $10 per barrel; boots that are worth $4 in Berlin, will bring $12 here: domestics, in a fluid state, is worth 75 cents a pint, and scarce.

There is no doubt, before you receive this, you will hear of one of the bloodiest conflicts taking place at or near Corinth, Miss., known in the history of modern warfare.

We will take up the line of march—the scenes of action to-day.

From the Badger Battery.

In Camp, near Savannah, Tenn.

April 15, 1862.

We still remain at this place, but hourly expect an order to march towards Corinth. The most of the grand army of the West are now concentrated around and about Corinth, Miss., making preparations to give the final blow to secession. The camp is rife with rumors—one of which is—that the enemy are surrounded, and will either have to fight desperately, or surrender unconditionally. The roads are all crowded with soldiers and wagons moving on to join the main army. Through all the cities and towns which we have passed in Dixie, nothing but desolation can be seen. There is no business of any kind going on: all the stores are closed, citizens gone, and the few that remain follow the business of peddling cakes, &c. to the army. Very few ladies can be seen on the streets or in the houses. We can always tell when we come to a Union settlement, for there can be seen a crowd of ladies with smiling countenances and a lot of yellow breeches, who dare look a soldier in the face.

Last Sunday a week ago, on our march, we met such a crowd, with surprise we saw aloft, floating from a high pole, the "Stars and Stripes." The Badgers were baled, three hearty cheers given for the "old flag," three for the "Union ladies of Tennessee," and three for the "State of Wisconsin.

We have seen something of negro slavery in Kentucky and Tennessee, and must say, as a general thing, they are better clothed and better cared-for than half the poorer class, either North or South. In the cities and towns on Sunday, we find Miss Dinah dressed in gaudy silks and sporting enough jewelry to start a Jew in business, while Cutty may be seen dressed in broad cloth, his head stuck between shirt collars high enough to cut his ears, and in his hand he carries a small cane, a la white dandy. Such is the condition of the greater portion of the slaves whom I have met in this region. Who will not drop a tear of pity for the 'poor slave' in a horn. The five or six sick in our company are getting along finely, and no doubt will be ready for duty in a few days.

The company is much indebted to the unremitted attention of Dr. Grandle, (a member of the company) for medical services. &c. Many a poor fellow would
have suffered had it not been for him, but he had not the medicines to do with. Will not the patriotic ladies of Green, Lake and Waushara counties send a small chest of medicines, (by express) for the benefit of the Badgers—they have suffered for the want of it. Ladies, we know you will supply the chest, and we will do our duty here.

JOAB.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE 3RD WISCONSIN BATTERY.

PITTSBURG LANDING, April 21.

FRIEND CHASE:—As I am seated in my tent this morning, by a small fire, and as the story goes, burning one side and freezing the other, (for the ground and tents are soaking wet with a 3 day's rain storm,) my mind is filled with thoughts of home, and friends in the good Old State of Wisconsin, and I thought it would not be uninteresting to you to hear from me in connection with the Badger Battery. Although I have no deeds of valor on our part to record, but have been fully initiated into camp life and long marches.

We left Nashville on the 29th day of March; the weather was very warm and dry. We had a Pike road to Columbia, and got along finely, save the dust which was very disagreeable. After leaving the Pike road it began to grow worse. We passed through some very beautiful country. General Pillow's plantation is a very nice one, and Polk's also; each located about fifty miles from Nashville. But one day's travel beyond here brought us to nothing but a howling wilderness, which was uninhabited for miles, except occasionally a few small log huts. This was the condition of the country all the way through to the Tennessee River. The land being heavy timbered and in most places good, but very hilly, and some of the worst roads that I ever saw. Wisconsin Pinery roads are not a comparison.

On Sunday we were thirty miles from Savannah. We could hear the cannonading, and was ordered on a forced march, but it had rained for several days, and we could not make more than eight miles a day. We arrived on Thursday, at Savannah, after being fourteen days on the march. We stayed there until the 19th, when we received orders at six o'clock, P.M., to report ourselves immediately to Pittsburg Landing. We had just had a very hard thunder shower, but soon proceeded to harness our horses, strike tents, and were on the move in a short time. But it began to grow dark and rain again and when we got to the Ferry Boat Landing it was so dark we could not see to load. We were then ordered to picket our horses to the cannon, and take care of ourselves as best we could.—The mud and water in the streets of Savannah was nearly a foot deep, and every building in town filled with the sick and wounded, consequently our chance was poor to get under cover, and but few were fortunate enough to do so, the rest stood around the area that was built till morning. We got on board early in the morning, and went up the River eight miles to the late battle-ground. It has rained every day and night since we struck our tents to move, and it is still raining. We are encamped on the ground where the hardest fighting was done—two miles from the River.

The graves of our comrades can be seen in every direction. They were neatly buried, and in a very beautiful place, being rolling and covered with a large growth of oak timber. Nearly every tree shows signs of the fierceness of the conflict; I have seen several a foot through cut completely off. Guns and cannon are piled up pinnaciously over the ground. The 16th and Eighteenth Wisconsin Regiments were badly cut up.

I suppose we shall have another battle with the rebels, soon, in their entrenchments at Corinth, Mississippi, if the roads are in a condition to get at them. The present rain storm has made the roads nearly impassable.

Please send me a paper and direct to

Third Battery Wisconsin Artillery, Savannah, Tennessee, care Capt. Drury.

Yours, respectfully, BADGER.

Personals.

George E. Conant M.D., of this Village, has been appointed First Assistant Surgeon, attached to the 3d Wisconsin Battery now at Pittsburg Landing. The appointment is a good one and will give satisfaction to our citizens generally.

Badger Battery.—But little has been heard from this company of late, and many having friends in its ranks, began to wonder where they had gone since the evacuation of Corinth. There is light on the subject. We have received a little sheet called the Badger Bulletin, and issued by the printers of the Badger Battery. The issue is dated "Iuka, Miss., June 14th." Iuka is on the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, 21 miles east of Corinth, 34 miles from Florence, and 70 from Decatur. The Battery was attached to Gen. Crittenden's Brigade, and marching orders had just been received.

From the roster of the Battery we take the following which may be of service to their friends:—

"Thomas Boyle, sick in Field Hospital near Corinth; David Bruce, sick in Hospital at St. Louis; Harvey N. Bullock, sick in Field Hospital near Corinth; B. E. Bentley, sick at Nashville; Daniel C. Crowell, sick near Corinth; Titus Chapin, do; M. N. Drinkle, sick in Louisville; Hamlin T. Hunt, do; Dana Strong, do; Wm. Edgerton, sick in Field Hospital near Corinth; Wm. W. Canisteo, do; James Turner, do; Henry C. Lashley, sick at St. Louis; Milan Lang, do; Wm. A. McDonald, do; E. R. Quinnell, do; C. R. Stone, do; Wellington White, do; Henry Washburne, do; Joseph W. Waite, do; B. R. Billings, do; Edward Downey, sick at Louisville, Daniel Bacon, Nathan Bay, S. E. Edgerton, H. Haag, D. S. Randall, Edgar Smith and Wm. McIntyre, have died by the way.—

The Battery has been further reduced by the absence of nine members, who have either been discharged or are absent on sick furlough, a total reduction of thirty-nine of its effective strength. It is not doing its utmost. There have been several promotions awarded and one or two donated.

WISCONSIN ARTILLERY—3d Battery.

TOLEDO, OHIO, June 18th, 1863.

Meas. Editors:—You will see by the head of this that the Badgers have been moving some. Would have. We are now trying the climate of Alabamas, and for myself I am very thankful for the change, as I was getting rather tired of that thick woods and swamps of Mississippi. I don't want to get where I could see beyond the length of my nose again, and would rather miss the water in one of such water. Do you wonder that so many brave men have found their graves in this out of the way corner of the world.

On the morning of the 11th we received orders to march to Crittenden's division, without baggage and three day's rations. We started in less numbers, leaving the sick, invalids and the hospital. We marched in a southern direction, I don't know which for ourselves, to Booth's, near an abandoned town, Danville and Rienzi, all small, dilapidated looking villages. We lay one day at Rienzi and then marched back to Rienzi, which is on the Mobile & Ohio R. R., where we took an easterly course to Jackson, the county seat of Tishomingo county—another "run down town, with an old brick, two story Court House in the center. The next place was Iuka, where we stayed over a day; the boys had diagnosed themselves with colds, and a small printing office, and getting a bulletin.

Iuka is the first place since leaving Columbia, Tenn., that has any pretensions to neatness and thrift, that I have seen. It is on the Memphis & Charleston R. R., and some fine sulphur springs makes it a great resort for invalids and pleasure seekers from all parts of the south. There is two large hotels in the town, the buildings are nearly new, and show a neatness both in the getting up of the buildings, the gardens and onblishments not often seen in the inland county towns of the southern states.

We were called up from our pleasant slumbers, where we were sleeping on the bosom of mother earth. In the morning Mayor Bird says we used to sleep in days of "yore" in the hotel Park, with nothing but God Almighty and theoose feet to keep us warm. At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 14th of June, by orders to be ready to march at 4, which we did of course, not alone, but with nearly the whole of Boyle's army. We marched directly east through Mount Snowdonia, on both sides of which...
the hills, thickly covered with timber and under brush, rose to a great height with their tops greased with the stately Norway Pines. —After slipping two or three miles, we reached the top and commenced the descent on the other side. About noon we emerged out of the woods on the valley of the Tennessee River. Oh, what a glorious sight it was to us. There lay the beautiful valley stretching before us like a garden, with waving fields of ripe grain and green orchards loaded with growing fruit, and fine large Renaissance and small villas and open cabins in the rear, and every thing reminding us of the opening, open country of Dearborn.

Shortly after entering the valley, we came to one of the finest springs I ever saw, where the clear, cool and delicious water flowed out in quantity sufficient to supply a city or a large grit mill.

The weather was extremely hot and the road very dusty. You could see the course of the road by the vast clouds of dust arising the full length of the column. When we reached camp at night, it was hard to tell one man from another, so covered were we with dust.

On the third day at sunrise we reached this pretty little town, and having marched through the village we came out a mile beyond. This is another handsome little town on the Memphis & Charleston R.R., and some four miles from the river. It is probably 500 or 600 inhabitants, is regularly laid out, with the sidewalks well shaded with different kinds of trees, the principle one of which are locust, and good, substantial-looking houses, with fine, well laid out gardens at shaded, fruit and fruit of all kinds. This is the greatest country I ever was in for reaches and appies. Won't we soldiers live through where the lift ripet? It makes my mouth water to think of it.

We are waiting our turn to cross the river, which will probably be to-morrow. I understand that we are delayed at Florence, with our baggage at Florence, only taking four tents for the whole company, and one change of clothes. I wonder if we are to have a pretty good marching in the next two weeks, though I can't say which way it will be, as thick by the actions of the big officers that the face of the march has been changed since leaving Luka, or will be.

Yours, &c.

From the Badger Battery.

Eds. Spectator:

Please give these few lines an insertion in your paper, and oblige a soldier.

A just appreciation of the merits of these noble-hearted and chivalrous sons of Wisconsin, who have rendered, not only Wisconsin, but the Union a great service, is in the estimation of the writer, a gratitude that should be compensated by their fellow citizens. Among the many who backed up their own in defense of our nationality, and who have proved themselves true and trusty in the wild conflict of war, none occupied a prouder position, than your fellow countryman, Lieut. Purdy. He was among the first to offer his services in behalf of our glorious Union, and to draw his sword in defense of our revered Constitution; he entered the field at a most trying and eventful period, and literally forsook every earthly prospect, and dedicated the power of his noble nature to his beloved land, how he has acquitted himself, with truth with his patient, but clear voice oracles. Lieut. Purdy was unrivalled in his efforts, in organizing the "Badger Battery"; he was tendered a Lieutenancy, which he accepted, and forthwith identified himself with the fortunes of that brave corps of hardy veterans. He was never absent from his command, except in cases of sickness.

His courtesy and suavity of manners have endeared him to his soldiers; and no officer, I care not what may be his grade, stands higher with his men, than does Lieut. Purdy. He has proved himself a soldier. It was not the wish of the company that he should return home, as they appreciated his services more highly than some that still remain with us; there are always some ready to sacrifice friend or foe, to gratify their own purposes. We sincerely regret the loss of so kind an officer, and his friends are glad to learn that he is highly recommended by some of our generals.

In conclusion permit me to add, that we have been prompted to pen the above lines from no spirit of sympathetic indulgence, but from a burning, and truly legitimate desire to serve an honored officer, and brave soldier.

Yours Truly,

BLACKBERRIES.

Drury's Battery Again.

A correspondent of the New York Times writing of the pursuit of the rebels by Gen. Van Cleve and others, speaks of Drury's 3d Wisconsin Battery:

"We were now, on the morning of the 15th, near Crab Orchard. We had now left the fertile, blue grass regions of Kentucky, and had come to the top of the rock, sterile portions of the northeastern part of the State. Our march was commenced at an early hour. Heavy cannoneering was heard, and it was supposed that the enemy were disputing the passage of McCook and Rousseau across Upper Dix River. The Eleventh Brigade to-day lost its last ace of the entire corps. We had produced but one mile when the enemy again opened fire on us. In addition to their artillery, their musket fire was rapid, and their ball whizzed and whirled about our boys quite thickly. We were soon in line of battle. Drury's Battery and Maller's were soon in position, and the entire Eleventh Brigade, deployed by General Sherman. Lively work was now had. The enemy was delaying our approach to Crab Orchard. The musket firing and the artillery dueling were continued for some time. We killed three of the enemy and wounded several others. The rebels now retired and we entered Crab Orchard. The 10th Gen. A. M. had already literally plundered everything. The citizens gave us a most generous welcome, furnished our troops with real water, and something to eat."

As we entered the town, the enemy, who had taken a position upon a hill opposite, opened their battery with terrific energy, which we returned with admirable precision. One shell went just over our heads and penetrated a house exploding in the house, scattering splinters and fragments in every direction. Our batteries were again advanced to position, and our infantry were thrown into the woods. The accuracy of the Artillery was more brisk than it had hitherto been, and our men were fearfully exposed to the enemy's fire. We finally drove them back.

We lost six killed and two wounded. At Stanford, we took 23 prisoners, some in hospital and some while engaged in action. Gen. Buell was at Crab Orchard and complimented me for the manner in which I had acted. The movements of the "Badger Battery" are interesting to many of your readers. I will give you a concise sketch of our doings the last month.

You have already heard of the great race of our army with Bragg's forces on parallel roads, only a few miles distant from each other from Danbury, Conn., to Mumfordsville, which place we could easily have reached in ample time to have prevented its surrender, but were brought up suddenly within a few hours march, by order of Gen. Buell, who insisted that if we went on to Mumfordsville, we should lose Bowling Green—which was of more importance. He said, "Fifteen thousand men, generally did not think so; and why we went on to Louisville, and remained there two or three days, when Baug had turned off to the eastward, gave me to understand that city, is a problem to be solved by those skilled in military movements. It was certainly very annoying, after ten days hard marching, to be chained, when a little more energy in the right direction would not have enabled us to have greatly crippled, if not totally destroyed, the forces we had been running after for the last five months. But we assured it was no fault of the "Badgers," who had marched "light," with nothing but two creakers a day, a nation shirt, and a little "Domestic" to kill the "pollywog" in the mud-puddle water we had to drink on the road."

W. J. L. from Louisville. The 5th instant, and on the following day came up with the rear guard cavalry pickets of the enemy at Mount Washington, about twenty miles from Louisville. The cavalry had moved themselves about a mile on the other side of the village, and greeted us with several harmless volleys, which were gallantly answered by our brave Battery. "Badger Battery" with about twenty shells from our long range Parrott guns, causing the enemy to skedaddle at double quick, and considerable excitement in the village. The artillery shelled their undertaker's establishment, destroying several oilines, all the windows, &c.; and another having passed through two bedrooms in a trifles house, brought up in a
We left Louisville on the 1st of Oct., I could not write you from there, our terrible march of 375 miles from Battle Creek, as my duties as Quartermaster for the Battery demanded every moment of my time. Indeed Capt. Drury and the three Lieutenants now with us, Hubbard, Currier and Colburn, were busy all the time in refitting the Battery in horses and equipments to make it efficient in pursuit after Bragg and his pondering hordes, 70,000 strong, while I was attending to the clothing and provision department. The first sight we got of the rebels was at Ford's Ford, and there for the first time in the history of the "Badgers" they made their "Bull Dogs" growl at the "Butternuts." Two miles from Ford's Ford is the town of Brownstown, where the rebels undertook to make another stand; but bless your soul! you ought to have seen the 11th Brigade, under the command of Col. Sam. Beatty, and the Badgers whack 'em out of that town. The Rebel force consisted of about 2,000 cavalry, and 2 pieces of artillery and about 1,000 infantry.

The 2d Corps d' Armes, under command of Maj. Gen. Crittenden consists of Wood's Division and 3 Batteries; Smith's Division and 3 Batteries, and Crittenden's old Division (now commanded by Gen. Van Cleve) and 3 Batteries. Van Cleve's Division (5th) is the one we belong to, and I will tell you what it is comprised of—11th Brigade, Col. Beatty, consists of 19th and 9th Ohio, 8th and 18th Kentucky, and the 79th Indiana—the 14th Brigade, Col. Hawkins, the 11th and 26th Kentucky, 13th Ohio and 2 other regiments—the 23d Brigade, Col. Stanley Mathews, the 51st and 99th Ohio, the 35th Indiana, 21st Kentucky and one other regiment. Capt. Drury is chief of Artillery, and has under his command the 3d Wisconsin, the 26th Pennsylvania and the 7th Indiana Batteries. Each Division of this Corps takes its turn in the advance, and each Brigade of this Division takes its turn in the advance, and a Battery accompanies each Brigade. The 2d Battery accompanies the 11th Brigade, and it belongs to me when our Division is ahead, the 11th Brigade and our Battery is in advance.

So much for our "pooh." Now to tell you how we profited by it. We were in line of Battle on the right of Generals Rousseau and Terrill's Brigade which suffered so severely at Perryville, but by some unaccountable mismanagement were not sent in to the help of our suffering Wisconsin Brothers of the 1st, 10th and 21st regiments and the 5th Battery. How anxious we all were—only two miles from the battle-field, and commanded to hold our position against a force which was afterward ascertained to be only a few hundred second cavalry, which the "Badgers" alone could have swept off the face of the earth in ten minutes. Every body speaks.

FROM THE BADGER BATTERY.

Camp near Mount Vernon Ky.

October 1st.

Strange that although more than half of our forces had been inactive, and were eager and panting to go on, no pursuit was ordered leisurely towards Perryville, and camped there about 3 p.m., where we soon after saw a yellow flag hoisted from a private house about half a mile away. Our Captain rode on to see the reason, and found about twenty poor fellows in every stage of agony on the lofty floors of an empty house. One of them was our Surgeon, Dr. Osandall proceeded there immediately with the requisite instruments, bandages, &c., and operated upon and dressed all those in the greatest need of assistance. About one half were our own men, the balance rebel, three of whom were almost dead, and another rebel, a fine young man, whom in the heat motioned for water, and on the doctor giving him some, he smiled gratefully, and the next minute was a corpse.

Next day we marched towards Danville, and camped about eight miles from that place, having been two days, having a small skirmish, in which the enemy were driven off, but as usual not followed, as I think they ought to have been. On the 12th inst. we were ordered to Danville and camped about fourteen miles from it, and the next day the commanding about only twelve miles, occasionally skirmishing with the rear guard of the enemy, until the 15th, when our division, being in the advance, came upon about four hundred rebel cavalry and several pieces of artillery, at Crab Orchard, about fourteen miles from Stanford, and the enemy having taken the hill opposite our battery, the enemy's cavalry to roll out of range, taking with them their two pieces of artillery after giving us two shells, one of which exploded in a tavern in the village without injuring any one. In this affair our battery did good shooting, firing with accuracy and steadiness about sixty shot and shell, and entering the town about an hour after the rebel general commanding the rear guard of the enemy, had retired, leaving some of his personal baggage where he had stopped to water. All the rest of the battery with their rear, the Badger battery being in front, shelling our way as the enemy showed themselves, dismantling one of their guns and killing four or five men and horses, when at 3 p.m. we reached Mount Vernon, from whence I add this by officer starting to Louisville.

We are ordered to march forward into the mountains, but as the enemy have felled trees along the narrow rocky road, and there is neither forage nor water, I hardly think we shall advance much farther in that direction. Gen. Wood has stopped already, intending to turn off towards Somerset, a believer with the intention to link the rebels should they attempt to cross at Cumberland and make a dash on Nashville, which is not improbable.
in the highest terms of the behavior of the Wisconsin troops—especially of the 1st and 10th regiments and the 5th battery.

On the night of the 14th of Oct. we overtook the rebels again near Stanford, Kentucky, and on the morning of the 15th we had the advance again. The 15th day of October was an eventful day for our Battery. The secessionists made a stand against us on twelve different hill tops. They had four pieces of artillery, but the road was so narrow they could only use two at a time. They had the advantage in position because they could choose their place; knowing exactly where the head of our column would have to appear, and sending their other two pieces on to choose another position. We were speedily supported by the 19th Ohio, Col. Zollingerworth, and the 30th, Col. Fyffe. On that day the boys first faced the music of shell and canister—and right nobly did they sustain the honor of old Wisconsin. Not a man shrunk from his place or failed to do his duty manfully. The Captain was just as unconcerned and as jovial as he ever was when getting up copy for the Green Lake Democrat, or making up forms of state work in the Argus office at Madison. He was most ably and bravely seconded by Lieutenant Hubbard of Madison, who had command of the left section; Lieutenant Currier, of Green Lake, who had command of the right section; and Lieutenant Colburn of Jefferson, who commanded the centre section. The Sergeants and gunners also did their duty—the Green Lake Howitzer, Sergeant Hollenbeck and gunner Marshall pitched one case shot and shell just where they were wanted. The Parrots, (Sergeants Decker, Ralph Noble and Chapin, with their several gunners, Corporals Davis, Woodbury, and Fields,) were as well, as coolly, and as accurately served as though they were being fired at a target. Charley Clough, Sergeant of the 1st Wisconsin, Howitzer, remembered, as he hurled one of his iron messengers of destruction among some skedaddling cavalry, that he would like to take home some of their horses, as he thought they could scoop out By Whitcomb with any thing he could bring against them. The performances of the day were wound up by dismounting one of their guns at a mile and a half by Arza Noble’s Parrott, aimed by gunner Woodbury. The result of the day’s work may be summed up thus—five of our men wounded, three of them from the 79th Indiana and two from the 59th Ohio—one of them mortally. The secessionists lost by their own acknowledgement 21 killed, among them a Major and a Lieutenant and we have every reason to believe their number of wounded was very great. They passed through Crab Orchard with 4 pieces of artillery and crossed Rock Castle River, 25 miles from there with only 2 pieces, one of them was dismounted by one of our guns we know, but whether the other was accidentally hen-
From the Wisconsin Batteries at
Fortress Monroe.

We make the following extracts from a communication received from a member of the 4th Wisconsin Battery. It will be seen that our artillerymen at Fortress Monroe are doing their duty and living well. We would publish the whole communication, but it was too long to be embedded in the en. In our last week's issue:

"The weather here is as warm and pleasant as one could desire, with the exception of occasional showers. The trees are decked with green leaves, and in some instances I have seen flowers in full bloom. I have suddenly acquired quite an attachment and admiration for the "sacred soil of the Old Dominion."

The principal diet of the boys consists of oysters, clams, muscles and crab. An abundance of these are to be had, costing only the trouble of gathering them, which we consider no trouble at all. You can easily imagine how completely satisfied we are with our change from Camp Dixley. The health of the company is excellent, having only three or four cases in hospital."

From the Wisconsin Batteries at
Fortress Monroe.

FORTRESS MONROE, Feb. 2, 1862.

This beautiful Sunday evening finds me in "Ole Virginia," and in a spot where the Stars and Stripes were yet, and in such a stronghold that (although we can with our glasses look out on every side and see the enemy) there is no danger of its trailing in the dust.

Monroe, as you well know, is the only fortress in the country, and although commenced at an early period in the present century, is by no means an insignificant fortification. It covers an area, I should judge, of over one hundred acres, and mounts some 600 guns of the heaviest calibre.

One nice pocket pistol on the outside of the fortress, weighing only 55,000 pounds, or 27½ tons, can be worked with the same ease and precision as in the fortresses. This cost, I think, throws a solid shot weighing over 400 pounds.

I would give a journal of our trip from Racine to Baltimore; but there is so much sameness in all the numerous descriptions of newspaper correspondents, that I will refer you to almost any of them to find our history until our arrival in said city. We left Racine Tuesday afternoon, with an especial conductor, Paul Mardon, Esq., of Milwaukee, Agent of the Michigan Southern R. R.—a gentleman, except one, who never tired in attending to our wants. We arrived in Baltimore Friday afternoon, and were immediately ordered to Washington. We left Baltimore 5½ p.m., Saturday, and arrived in Washington at about 11 o'clock. After remaining in the last mentioned city some hours, we received marching orders to Fortress Monroe, via Baltimore, arriving about midnight. Sunday we spent in Baltimore until 5 p.m., when we took a steamer for the Fortress, arriving here, 180 miles, the next morning at about 5 a.m.

During the day we were ordered to our present camping ground, on the Water Battery, as it is called. It is a fortress outside of the main, outside of the fort proper, but still composing a part of the fortress. If you will take the trouble to look at Harper's Weekly for January 25th, S3d page, you will find a diagram of Monroe which will explain everything.

As you hold it in your hand, you will notice a narrow neck of land running from the fortress toward the bottom of the page. At this point where the ditch leaves the fortress, you will observe a small space of land enclosed by a battery, with a small building in the center. The ditch is covered by a battery with a small building here, and this is our present camping ground. It is a very light spot, looking out on the broad Chesapeake. We can see anything of shipping, all bearing the Federal flag, with the exception of a couple of war vessels bearing the tricolor flag of the French Empire. Stepping out on the beach, and looking southerly, across Hampton Roads, (about 6 miles,) we can see the Newell Point (rebels) battery; also Craney's Island, and almost every day the little rebel tug boat that cut off the schooners and other vessels of war, causing them to steam on for the sinner steamer Express. She is an impudent little pup, and will got caught soon.

Contra bands come over almost every night. The government sets them to work, I am informed, at fifty cents per week. I think there are many of them here and in camp Hamilton, about one mile west of the Fortress.

The site of the town of Hampton, which was destroyed by the rebels, is about two miles west, and was very beautifully located on a little creek that makes in from the bay. The country to the North, and, in fact, all inhabited by soldiers, although they profess to be friendly, for three nights in succession the past week a picket was shot dead at his post.

I have seen and have not yet seen our commander, the glorious old hero, General Wool. Most of our boys have seen him, and they are enthusiastic in his praise. He is very popular amongst the soldiers. He was over on foot to see us on Thursday, and was expected to-day, but did not come. In my next letter to you, I will give a personal description of the man, as I shall have seen him before I write again. General Wool is undoubtedly one of the best, if not the best of our officers, and we had more of them. He should have had command of the Grand Army, and then I think history would never have recorded the disgrace of Bull Run.

Our battalion (two batteries) numbering 318 men, are under the immediate command of Captain Ernest F. Herzberg as senior perfect gentleman and as a soldier. All four of his Lieutenants have seen active service, and also many of the men. They are nearly all Germans, and are as a set of men I have rarely seen. The 4th Battery, Capt. Valleau commanding, you well know, as they were enlisted in our city. A more orderly set of men, or a better set of soldiers, cannot be found.

The officers are all busy engaged in making arrangements for the convenience and comfort of the men, and for receiving the equipment. They are giving the heroic example. We will undoubtedly be fully equipped this week, and go into active drill. The new tents have also been received and bedded down, and I think the pattern, and will accommodate 15 men each.

Perhaps I will write you again, by and by, if anything of interest transpires.

FORTRESS MONROE, Feb. 25, 1862.

Last Thursday, we were agreeably surprised by the arrival from Baltimore of the 4th Wisconsin, Col. Geo. W. McComas commanding. They embarked one night just outside of the fortress, on the neck, and only about eight or one hundred yards from us.

The next morning they left with the 21st Indians for Newport News. We found quite a number of old acquaintances in the 4th—Capt. Wells, Lieutenants Charlie Stone, and others. They are in fine spirits, and anxious to meet the enemy. A large number of troops are being concentrated at Newport News, for the purpose of course is not made public. Some say that an attack is feared at this point; others say we are bound to have Norfolk, which I think is the more reasonable supposition.

The news of the capture of Fort Donelson was received by the troops with the greatest delight. The Expedition was a craze for an expedition to Norfolk. We think he backbone of the rebellion is broken, and with a few more lively kicks the monster will die. All we want is a change before it is ended. The boys of our battalion are beginning to feel that they will go home without smudging gunpowder with the idea of it, about being equipped, and will soon be in the field.

There was quite an alarm the other evening. We did not know for a moment but the rebels were upon us. We were encamped within about three or four rods of the moat, which is about twenty feet deep, with from three to ten feet of water in it. One night was so clear and still an evening occasion to visit the said moat, did not calculate the distance correctly; but not only went to the moat, but went into it. The water is about six feet deep, and the parapets bordering the splash yielded bloodily murder, the fallen soldier yelled too, and between them and the sentries on our side of the ditch, they did make a noise. A general alarm was given. The camp canon brought Halstead rescued from a watery grave.

Prominent among his rescuers was Ordnery Carl Shults of the 24 battery, who was in cap in 2nd. He got to the drowning man. Total loss, one cap. Since then and near the same place where Halstead walked, a four horse team were driven off, and for a couple of the 4th boys, Charlie Rodilfer and Hart Colly, they would have been drowned. They plunged in, cut the harness and let the horses free, and they were taken out alive, but pretty effectually used up. The birth-day of Washington was a tremendously stormy day, and many shells shot in the French cannon from the Fortress and shipping in the harbor. The ships, including five French men of war, were covered with flags; the American vessels hoisting the French and the French the Stars and Stripes on their fore-tacks. Last Monday was a fair day, but such a gale I never saw blow. It came on very suddenly, but was not so bad. We left the west, and many vessels broke from their anchors, and they, with quite a number of small open boats, were driven out to sea. The numberless ships coming and going, I have not heard of any being lost. Most of our boats were blown down, and about five o'clock a fire broke out in a building near our camp. It was a large dilapidated building, inhabited by some hundred blacks. The fire spread like lightning, and in less than an hour consumed all within reach of it, six or eight
buildings. The government continue to build buildings for accommodation of the contrabands, who continue to arrive daily. They have just finished one which I should think would accommodate four hundred.

I have seen only two copies of the Belait Journal since I have been here, and I do wish that you would send me it regularly.

From the Fourth Wisconsin Battery.

(Fortress Monroe, May 6, 1862.)

The batteries are as yet stationed here. The 10th New York, which has so long done guard duty for the Fortress, has been ordered out, and are now in camp at Hampton. The 2d and 4th Wisconsin batteries now compose part of the garrison, and detail each day about seventy-five men for that duty.

Little Henry Johnson, of the 4th, was so fortunate last night, as to take a Secesh spy. Henry was stationed on the beach outside the Fort, and although it was quite a dark night, he made out a small row boat passing close to him; in the direction of the Union and Lincoln guns. Having halted him, at the same time taking aim over his sabre, (he had no gun,) threatened to fire; this brought the rebel craft to, and calling the guard, the individual was arrested and placed in confinement.

It is said that the excesses made by him since his arrest have been very contradictory, and what will be done with him I don't know. He is quite a respectable looking fellow. As a matter of course, Johnson is quite a lion with the boys, as he is the first among us to meet the enemy face to face.

President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton are here to-day, and it is expected that something of great importance is about to transpire. The fleet, and a number of regiments belonging to our division, were under moving orders last night. Whatever they do, you will hear of before this reaches you.

The health of the troops was never better—not a sick one in either battery.
From Racine to New Madrid. Correspondence of the State Journal.

Saturday, March 16, 1862.

Batteries Five, Six and Seven took the cars under orders delivered first directly from Gen. Halleck, and subsequently repeated by the State authorities.

[We omit the details of their movements until they reached Bird's Point.—Eorro.]

At 9 o'clock, Thursday morning, we were standing on the west bank of the Mississippi—baggage on shore. The first train was occupied exclusively by soldiers, except one car, which took nine horses belonging to officers. The remaining horses, together with the baggage of all the batteries, were put in charge of Lieut. Noyes, of Battery No. 6, with orders to bring them on by the next train. The first train went safely through to Sites- town. The second, which started three hours later, proved to be too heavy for the road. The track gave way before the cars, and they were thrown from the track. Fortunately, no one was hurt. This accident made it necessary to build platforms on which to lead the horses from one car to another, and also for transferring the entire lot from the disabled cars to others, procured from the last end of the track. The accident cost us twenty-four hours' delay. Meanwhile, the four batteries, leaving the cars at Siteston, unloading their knapsacks, left them in charge of a detachment of Hussels, can- teens and blankets, started for New Madrid.

The Michigan boys had boasted that they had been the first to get into Benton Barracks, the first on the boat, the first on the cars, and they meant to be first in getting into camp. Accordingly, they started at a quick step, followed by the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Wisconsin.

After a race of four miles, the Michigan boys began to lay up on either side of the road. At the end of eight miles, nearly the whole of them had taken the lead and any further. The Seventh, in their hurry, passed the Sixth; but before sundown, the Sixth had the advan- tage, and kept it. At 9 o'clock all had camped wherever they could find a shelter or a tree. One of the Buena Vista boys pressed forward to Gen. Pope's headquar- ters, and reported his Battery as having arrived. He was rewarded with a supper and bed. At daylight, some of the Buena Vistans started, and pushed on to the lower Fort, whither we had been ordered to go.

Six of a race of four miles, the Michigan boys marched in the deserted camp of the rebels, and soon after Captain Dillon led his boys triumphantly in, having overpowered, by steady marching and pluck, all his competi- tors. One after another the batteries came in and prepared to settle down in quarters. We found ourselves surrounded by the rubbles of a rebel camp. Though the batteries had not closed the loopholes of the light which had ended in the evacuation of the camp and forts, and though all the valuable stores had been removed by a bombshell, we found very few prizes of all sorts, which served to give us a vivid idea of the conveniences and comforts and luxuries enjoyed by our predecessors. Every soldier could pick up something.

Since our arrival we have cleaned up the grounds of the upper fort, leveled the ground west and north of our barracks at the lower fort, and are feeding our horse. We have seen a copy of the New Testament, left in one of the tents, which was printed by the Nash- ville Bible Society in 1861.

I could mention other reliefs, but stirring events crowding in hurry me along.

We have heard the heavy booming of mortars and guns directed against the upper end of Island No. 10, which is ten miles distant from us. We see a rebel gunboat, cautiously dropping down towards us from the land, and turning back just before she gets within range of the guns of the upper fort. But the chief of mortars is lowest low us. One mile below is a two gun battery commanding a narrow channel through which, at this stage of water, a steamboat can not turn out of the range of the guns of either fort. One of these guns was hauled down and placed in position by Capt. Griffith's Company, Wis- consin Battery, No. 7. Seven miles below, at Point Pleasant, is another battery, manned by somewhat unskilful gunners. The Wisconsin 8th Regiment is in camp in the rear of these guns. Five miles below Pt. Pleasant is a church on the river. Last night the rebel gunboats engaged this, and succeeded in passing it. Today day has been a busy day. At noon Major Lathrup, Chief of Artillery, sent a steamer to Capt. Dillon of the Buena Vista Battery, to send twenty-five picked men and his most experi- enced lieutenant to take charge of a siege gun at his batteries. In one hour the men were on the march, with two days' rations, and tents and knapsacks in the company wagon. The balance of the company not on the sick list were called out to fill some police duty which they had begun in the forenoon.

In twenty minutes they were called back to quarters, and fifty men were ordered to take two tents and blankets, and march hithertoover the commanding officer might direct. Similar orders were issued to the Michigan Fourth and the Michigan Sixth. These were put in marching order in one hour. No one of them knew where they were going. These movements, coupled with the passage of other troops down the river, cace that there is work for every abled bodied soldier. Our Wisconsin boys are suffering just now from dysentery and diarrheas. None are seriously ill, but many are very severely by the diseases peculiar to a change of water and climate. For the last two days our boys have spent their leisure in writing letters home. Their turn has now come to do the things out of which history is made. The elec- tricity with which they came forward in the Buena Vista Battery at the first call, for

Letter from New Madrid.

Camp near New Madrid, Mo.

Mr. Editor—As it may be interesting to the readers of your little paper to hear from the land of rebeldom, and as the oppor­ tunity presents itself I avail myself of a few leisure moments to write a few lines which you may publish if you think proper.

Our Battery which is the fifth Wisconsin, accompanied by the sixth and seventh, left Camp Utley, Racine on Saturday March 15th for St. Louis, where we landed safely after a pleasant trip, on Sunday about 4 o'clock P. M. We were welcomed at this place by a large concourse of people, who had assembled on the docks to greet us on our arrival. Union flags were waving from nearly every house as we marched through the place. Our Battery had been encamped at Racine for nearly six months and we had well nigh despised of ever being fooled, but the order came at last, and a jollifer set of men you never saw than they were on its reception. At Alton III. we had the pleasure of seeing some secession prisoners, who had been captured at the battle of Blackwater, they said they had been fooled into it by their leaders, and they were loud in their denunciations against them. We were in St. Louis but one day and the order came for us to proceed at 9 o'clock on the 23rd of March to New Madrid which was about four miles, and then marching through four miles of our destina- tion, and then marching through five more miles, and we had to stop for the night. We built our camp fires and laid down on the ground for the night in a drizzling rain storm, some of the boys thought it was pretty tough, but most of them took it in good spirit. We arrived here about nine o'clock Friday morn- ing, and we are now snugly encased in the barracks the rebels left so hastily. From all appearance the rebels fared first rate, and one would think from the bottles lying around the camp, they had plenty to drink.

The Founders of this journal, who have spent their leisure in writing letters home, feel that the fortifications here are quite formidable, and that the rebels had hold cut they would have given our forces a pretty tough pull.

Yours, Sam. C. Mountford.
P. S. For the benefit of all wishing to correspond with me, I would say, my P. O. address for the present is New Madrid, Mo. Battery No. five, Wis. Artillery.

Letter from Pinney's Battery

NEW MADRID, March 23, '62.

At 4 o'clock p.m. the boat rounded to at St. Louis, and we were soon drawn in line on the levee, our arrival drew together a large crowd of spectators who gazed at us with apparent admiration, but cheers were given. At 6 o'clock we took up our line of march for Camp Benton, situated five miles from the city, preceeded by our band. Our march through the city was quite an ovation. The people flocked to the doors and windows, Union flags were displayed freely, the children hurried for Uncle Sam's Boys, and the Union, but the adults kept quiet. On our way we passed the fortifications erected by Fremont, to guard the approaches to the city; some ugly guns were mounted upon them. Fremont is very popular here; Frank Blair at a discount. A little after dark we arrived at Camp Benton a tired set of boys. We were soon shown to our quarters, and after eating some boiled beef and dry crackers, we were asleep on the rough boards with only a single blanket over us. We got up in the morning Monday, the 17th, somewhat refreshed, but tired, and regaled ourselves with a good breakfast and a view of Camp Benton. We saw the 14th Wisconsin Regiment there, and also quite a display of Cavalry, Artillery, &c. In the afternoon we received marching orders for New Madrid, 275 miles down the river. Again we had to pack up, and the next morning, at 6 o'clock, the three Wisconsin Batteries were ready for marching. We were soon in line, a fine regimental band escorted us out of Camp. Just as we passed the gate three rousing cheers were given for the Wisconsin boys, and three more for the Union. Our return from camp afforded us a good opportunity of viewing the City of Bricks, as our march lay directly through it, the boasted metropolis of the West, we could not help but notice the sickly appearance of the people thronging the doors and windows; contrasting strongly with the healthy, robust appearance of the people of our own State. We arrived at the levee in good order, and were soon on board the boat John H. Dickey, expecting to leave immediately, but was detained on account of some repairs being done to the boat, until the next day, giving us a fine chance to view the shipping, also that portion of the city fronting the river. The boat City of Memphis lay just above us, having on board some of the heroes from Fort Donelson, our sick and wounded, and a few who gloriously fell fighting for their country, on that bloody battle field. It was indeed a sad sight to us, to see them borne away in ambulances; some to the hospitals, others to an honored grave.

On the boat we fell in with a Michigan battery of Artillery, who preceded us from camp; they were well uniformed, but not armed, destined, also, for New Madrid. — They are a fine looking set of men, and are pretty well drilled in foot drill. We slept on board the boat Tuesday night.

On the morning of the 19th the boat got up steam, and at 11 o'clock moved away from the levee with the four batteries of Artillery on board, and aided by a rapid current and a good head of steam, the erect city of St. Louis was soon lost from view. The scenery below the city became very interesting to us on account of the high bluffs extending along the Missouri shore covered here and there with evergreen a distance of 80 miles, while on the I'll shore an immense portion stretches along the river thickly covered with timber; some of it very fine. Near the shore appears a thick undergrowth, called chaparral, with which many of the islands are also covered. We passed sulphur springs at two o'clock. Soldiers were still there guarding a Railroad bridge and they waved their hats to us as we passed. At 4 o'clock we passed St. Genevieve. At 6 o'clock we passed the town of Chester, situated on the Bluffs of the Illinois shore at the foot of what is called the American Bottoms, just below the old town of Kaskaskia. At this point there is a great change in the scenery of the river, the bluffs leaving off on the Missouri side, and immediately appearing on the Illinois shore. The Kaskaskia River puts in just above the town of Chester, just below which Chester, Ship and Liberty Islands, which seem to be unsurred for beauty of Natural scenery. But night concealed these picturesque views from our sight, and, on the steamers' deck we sought rest and sleep. We passed Cape Girardeau at 11 o'clock. Some forces were still there and some alarm existed but it was thought to be ungrounded. We landed also at Commerce, where we met the steam boat Gladitor loaded with guns, caissons and prisoners, taken at Donelson, bound for St. Louis. Arrived at Cairo at 5 o'clock, March 20th. All I can say of Cairo, is, it has a fair face but a very dispeptic body. We remained there about two hours, learning that it was unsafe to proceed any farther down the river. We crossed over to Bird's Point, where we disembarked, and took the cars for Sikeston 22 miles distant. Sergeant O'Brien and others were left to attend to our baggage, and away we went. Our route for some distance lay through a fine tract of country, nearly level, excellent soil and under good cultivation, but seemed to be mostly deserted.

We frequently met with slaves, one of whom remarked "Better time after dis wa' massa." Thousands of acres of good land must remain uncultivated here, perhaps for years, but to return. I have no means of knowing how many men are encamped at General Pope's Headquarters,—we only halted there about one hour, just long enough to go to the fort at New Madrid, about five miles distant, on the Mississippi River. On our way we passed over the recent battle ground, many evidences of which still remained; some of the trees were badly scarred, and several shells and cannon balls still lay scattered around. — Almost in our path lay a dead horse, shot through the neck; we soon came upon the rebel breastworks and rifle pits, which had been thrown up for their protection; they were not very high but extended for a considerable distance, around the town. It is a great wonder to our troops that they gave up so easily, as our loss was only 5 killed and about the same number wounded, and they were supported on the river,
by five of their gun boats. We are now occupying their barracks. We seem to have fled in great haste leaving everything behind. Tent, baggage, provisions, arms, ammunition, &c. &c. The next day after our arrival, Saturday, 22d, we marched up to the upper fort in front of the town, to clear their camp ground, we found the two towns deserted. New Madrid appears to have been a point of great importance to them. Their breastworks along the river were built with sacks of corn and many thousands of bushels of flour piled up here now, covered with sand, but in a good state of preservation. While we were there at work, a rebel gun boat made an appearance on the river above us, reconnoitering. The guns of the fort (32 pounders) were immediately brought to bear upon her, but she did not appear to like their looks, and rounded to and returned. We expected to see some fun, but were disappointed. In the evening we returned to our quarters and it was amusing to see the boys loaded down with rebel trophies, such as rocking chairs, tea-kettles, cups, plates, tin-pans &c. Below us several rebel gun boats shape themselves occasionally but keep a respectful distance from our 32 pounders. This evening, Sunday the 23d, a skirmish took place with one of them, in which they lost over one hundred men. We have within a distance of eight miles along the river, 20 heavy guns in position, which completely command the river. Nearly all of them have been captured by the rebels. When the rebels evaucuated this place, they left a great amount of provisions. In our department for six men, in the barracks, we found two bushels of good corn meal, one and a half bushels of rice, twenty pounds of good sugar, and one peck of salt. And most of the stores had been gathered up before we came. Empty whisky bottles, is almost the only thing playing around here. The quarters we occupied were built by the rebels and are quite comfortable. The probability is that we shall be turned into heavy artillery, as to man the heavy guns in the forts along the river. It is reported that Commodore Foote is digging a canal across a bend in the river so as to get around the rebels at Island No. 10. It is said to be nearly finished. If it is so we shall have hot work here soon. Sergeant O'Brien came in this evening with the rest of our boys, bringing our baggage. They were delayed a day or two on account of the rebels tearing up the railroad track. We are in a very hostile country here, every thing looks threatening at present. We shall, undoubtedly, have a chance to smell powder pretty soon. The boys are all well, excepting one who has the measles.

Yours, etc.,
D. J. B.
ed to our present camp, and are patiently awaiting orders. We were within forty-five miles of Richmond; some have expressed the opinion that we are still occupying this region by the spirit of May, and have been made that we (the army) would be there by the fifteenth of April. I hope it will be as soon as the latter date.

The country is very level and heavily wooded, with plenty of snakes to fill up the interval; stable and hay have been seen but few yet the inhabitants all say they abound in great numbers.

Great numbers visit the shore and pick up mementoes of the great naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimack. Among the most fortunate was your correspondent, who was with the survivors of the yard. The batteries of the Merrimack and Congress, lay only a few rods from the bank. Data the guns of the battery. There is the coffin of one hundred and eighty brave souls. 'Twas a sad spectacle, but nobly they fought and bravely they died. Peace be to their remains.

A number of our Regiment was down on the beach picking up oysters, when a rebel gun boat came out and commenced shelling them. The battery on Newport News prepared to reply, when she made off. So one was injured.

A report was in camp today, that a captain and two privates deserted the rebel army, and came across yesterday. They report the Army ready to come out. If the Fifth Wisconsin lays anywhere near the spot you may bet they all will go to see her. I must close for want of more paper. In conclusion let me assure the readers of the Sentinel that we will have active operations in this new field, and we will fulfill all that is expected of us. The Regiment is in most excellent health, and all are eager for a fight.

Direct all letters to Fortress Monroe, I will write you once more before we are in Richmond, and then for a while, I am confined at Fort Monroe.

FROM PINNEY'S BATTERY.

CAMP NEW MADRID, Mo. April 9th, 1862.

EDS. SENTINEL: Our line of defences, or forts, now extend 18 miles below us. Their construction has been our principal employment since our arrival here; nearly every morning detachments from the 5th, 6th, and 7th Wisconsin batteries could be seen armed and equipped with shovels and picks, slowly wending their way to the seat of war, looking very formidable, but still, complaining of the ingratitude of the Republic. Our intercourse with the rebels across the river has been amusing; they hurrahing for Jeff Davis and Bull Run, and we for Uncle Sam's Foote and our long list of Federal victories. What they were doing over there was a matter of some speculation with us, as they did not answer our guns. Their gun boats often come in sight, giving us a few shells, but carefully keeping out of range. They made one attempt to land, but got so severely peppered by our sharpshooters, losing their commander, and some men, that they soon put back. — The weather continues pleasant, the trees are putting on a robe of green, the music of the birds contrasting strangely with the music of the shells exploding all around us, and at Island No. 10, within hearing distance. The peach orchards now in full bloom, give promise of an abundant crop. The river is falling, leaving water in the bayous, inhabited with buffalo fish, affording fine sport for the boys. Numbers of these fish have been caught weighing from 15 to 30 pounds each.

The health of the boys is as good as could be expected, considering the change of climate, water, &c. One occasion, however, has occurred to sadden the hearts of our men: Albert Hauhurst, of the 6th battery, died April first, a young man of the Michigan battery. The day following detachments from each battery escorted them to the burying ground, in New Madrid, and there deposited their remains. The place was thickly dotted with new made rebel graves; we counted nearly two hundred of the 12th Arkansas. Thus sleep side by side our countrymen, a sad monument of the war. The scene was an impressive one to us; the first of the kind we had been called upon to witness since our arrival in Dixie. A short ceremony, and an affecting prayer by the chaplain of one of the regiments here, a last look at our comrades, and the scene closes. We returned to our quarters, deeply imbued with serious thoughts.

Previous to the breaking out of the rebellion New Madrid was a town of 890 to 1000 inhabitants, and the key to a very rich and beautiful country; but, now, the most of it is in ruins; a few fine residences yet remain, giving evidence of the taste and wealth of their owners. In company with a friend I visited one of them, which seemed worthy of note. It is situated in the suburbs of the village, some distance from the river, and was the property of one Mrs Waters. There is not much of interest in the structure of the building; it is simply a cottage, with a wing on each side — with adjacent out houses for the slaves, but the garden was one of rare beauty, laid out on the European plan, nearly on the square, surrounded by a hedge, rising about one foot above the top of the fence; a gravelled walk extends around it and through it. An arched gateway guards the entrance. Three elegant bowers occupy the corners, covered by flower bearing vines. So nicely interwoven are they as to completely shut out the heat of the sun, making an exquisite retreat from the heat of this southern clime. Cineraria flower beds filled with rare flowers fill the open spaces, while rare evergreens and shrubbery shade the walks. Adjacent to this garden is a peach and apple orchard, the trees all cut down, and now in bloom for the last time. These premises are now used as a Hospital for our sick and wounded soldiers. Close by is a fine three story wood building owned by one Dr Waters, but deserted. From the top of it we had a fine view of Gen. Pope's headquarters or encampment, the town, river, and surrounding country. From this point the rebels could see the approach of our army.

In fact holes were cut in the roof for that purpose; but alas! for Southern chivalry. These deserted homes, costing so much time, labor and money, are a sad comment upon their boasted bravery. A few of the citizens are returning, professing Union sentiments, but I have yet to see one that I believe to be sincere. A day or two after we visited the residence of one Mrs. Malby and her amiable daughter. These ladies own twenty slaves; ten, however, have fled, leaving only a couple of old men, some women and children, with which to man their large plantation.

We found them very sociable and professing Union sentiments, but we soon discovered that they were rank secessionists. An elegant piano stood in their parlor; also a centre table, covered with choice books. — They were very solicitous about their slaves, and thought it about time to look them up, as the army was on the move, but we did not give them much satisfaction. They invited us to dinner, and we accepted the invitation and partook of a delicious meal, and ample justice to fruits and sweet meats. We had no fear of poison, as they lived so near our quarters; after exchanging some coffee with them for potatoes and milk, we returned.

They were somewhat disappointed at not finding us as barbarous as we had been represented to be. Capt. Williams of the 1st U.S. Infantry, has command of this post. There are six companies of regulars here, stationed along the river, also a part of a regiment of sappers and miners; their laborers have been efficient in planting heavy ordnance, while we have assisted in throwing up the embankments.

Speculation has been rife here in regard to the movements going on around us — especially in regard to Uncle Sam's Foote and the enemy and the way in which he was going to get through some formidable places between here and Island No. 10. We have been incredulous, regarding it a hoax, but it turns out to be true. During the night of April 4th the gun boat Carondelet ran the blockade and line of rebel batteries, under cover of the darkness and violent thunder storm, bravely the fire of a hundred heavy guns, and arrived unharmed at New Madrid. Her appearance at the Upper Fort in the morning, April 5th, created much excitement among the troops stationed here. That we were on the eve of great events was certain. The boat remained at her moorings until the next day. She was visited by Gen. Pope and many subordinate officers and privates. She carries 14 guns, the largest an 84-pounder, and 150 men, and is rather a rakish looking craft. On Sunday morning April 6th, at 10 A.M., she steamed down the river, reconnoitering, about one mile below our quarters. She was saluted by a shot from a masked rebel battery, which raked up the water close to her bow, "but she kept right on smoking." Another and still another followed. The ball was now
opened in excellent order. She soon rounded to, and opened fire, assisted by Griffith's Battery on shore. The cannonading became general; the air was filled with shot and shell, which fell with unerring certainty in and about the enemy's works; at each discharge of the guns of the boat we could see a flash, resembling a vivid glare of lightning, and presently the sound as of a dreadful crash of thunder broke upon our ears. The cannonading continued, and the vivid glare of lightning, and presently the sound of some ominous silence, now commenced to open fire. None of their shots, however, took effect. 

The boat moved along the river, battery after battery, which had all along maintained such ominous silence, now commenced to open fire. None of their shots, however, took effect; the boat came up along side the fort, on which there were some of the guns spiked. It was a moonlight night more than an hour. The boats were passing all the time. The Carondelet is reported to have passed Island No. 10, and the prisoners were sent away on steamboats; the vessels are charge of Bird'sSharpshooters. The paymasters are here and have commenced paying off the Batteries. Navigation here seems to have opened, as there is quite a fleet here and boats are passing all the time. The Carondelet is reported to have passed Fort Pillow.

Batt. No. 5, Wis. Artillery,
Harrodsburg, Tenn., April 25.

Capt. E. B. E. B. E.

Upon Thursday last while yet one more out, New Madrid, we received orders to march on board the packet Denmark, as it moved up to the landing. We pressed and waited its coming, impatiently, for two hours. At last, on Friday at 4 p.m., the boat arrived. From time until dark, we were busy, shipping off provisions. They found she had recently been deserted by the prisoners. The Carondelet declared his intention of taking breakfast in Memphis, the next morning, unless he heard orders to the contrary. Shortly after they left, some sharp firing was heard down the river, supposed to be at Tiptonville. Towards evening a suspicious-looking craft made its appearance in the river just above us, slowly drifting down. A signal gun was fired from the upper fort, but no answer came. It was soon discovered to be a floating battery, mounting 11 guns. The transports thought they smelled a mouse, and scud down the river, not liking the look of the object. They were surprised, looking at the creature, and a company of light artillery, here, fired on it and attempted to turn it up stream, but it was no go, and they ran it on to a sand bar, 5 miles below, where it remains, some of the guns above the water. The next morning the steamer Ohio Belle was found floating down the river, scuttled. She was towed to New Madrid, repaired and is now carrying our troops and prisoners. There were 6,000 prisoners captured between Island No. 10 and Tippecanoe, and 200 pieces of Artillery.

The transports are bringing up the prisoners. The number of transports and gunboats reported sunk between this island and Island No. 10 is 15. The prisoners are shabbily dressed, very few having any uniforms. There are three live Generals among them, Gant, Baker and Henderson. Some of them look dejected, others seem merry and appear to care nothing of what becomes of them. It is reported that some of them are to be sent to Madison, Wis., with the 6th Wisconsin Regiment for guard. There is some talk that the batteries here will be employed for that purpose, as our prospects of getting our equipments grow less every day. Last night we had to evacuate the barracks and go into our tents to accommodate the prisoners. The boys discovered, among them, a few who had lived in Green County; Ed Vanderer and Ab Long and brother. Their friends there will likely remember them. There has been no casualty happened to the company since our arrival in Dixie, and what discipline will be made of us still remains a mystery.
es. As our boat steamed out into the
rent of the mighty river, some of the
ys collected upon the upper deck and
g"John Brown" and "Annie Laurie" paring songs.

On we went up-stream, past the old-
nen steamboat, marked upon all of o.s-
er maps, by our upper battery upon the
ssouri shore, from which we used to
id our compliments to the rebel gun-
at Grampus, when she came down to re-
mer, around the big bend, past Island
. 10, whose dim outlines we could just
er through the darkness, and on, and
know not how far, for soon I spread
blanket upon the upper deck, and look-
up at the quiet stars. The blue and
ver of the heavens was broken by two
se columns of smoke which rolled out
the huge smoke-stacks, and struck by
wind, drifted away to the southward.

"In dreamland I have very vast estates
worth an ear of corn."


We passed Cairo at twelve o'clock in the
ight. At that time a hard rain set in,
ich drove us down to the middle and
ver decks. I was fortunate enough to
obtain a warm dry place on the cabin floor.
Now morning we were informed that
we had been an entire change in the
ogram. Instead of going down the
ver to Memphis, we are to reinforce al-
h Pittsburg Landing. We had
confide in his ability to com-
, and believed with our force added
what he already has, he would be in-
incible.

The boat stopped at Paducah for a few
utes. It is a handsome place, about
x size of Monroe, and is situated at the
ction of the Ohio and Tennessee rivers,
small soldiers, apparently a provost guard,
ere to be seen in the streets.

The Ohio and Mississippi are too large
to render a ride on them very interes-
t. But the Ten-
nessee is just the right breadth. The aver-
ge breadth is one-fourth of a mile; the
urrent is gentle, the curves are graceful,
he banks low and thickly wooded. The
ree are in full leaf and blossom. The
ild cherry spreads its white tent in the
rest, hidden and at the same time dis-
covered by the dark green of the maple
nd oak which surround it.

We had a fine treat shortly after enter-
ing the river. The boys invaded the
ooms of the cook, and proceeded to peel,
lice, fry and eat onions. They found this
well known plant on a Government boat
lying at Cairo. The onions belonged to
ucle Sam, and we are his boys, so it was
no harm to take them. They were devour-
ed greedily. Don't laugh at us for liking
them. Two months of hard-buscuit and
ew vegetables, gives one a relish for on-
no harm to take them. They were devour-
d by the boys, from uncom-
lessing my picture.

In company with us were a body of reg-
ulars and a battalion of Ohio troops. The
niter had seen some severe service.

Among them was one who wore out the
hardships through which he had passed.

With many others he had slept in the open
air and rain for the two nights before. He
became sick. By some strange careless-
ness, there was no surgeon on board. He
was seized with cramping. The tears, ex-
torted by the excruciating pain, ran down
his pale sunken cheeks, and he moaned
piously. A tract distributor on board,
who had given tracts to the boys, upon the
previous day, cried like a child at the
ight. The sufferer was carried below.
His friends did what they could for him
and he soon became easier.

At eleven o'clock, Monday night, I awoke
encamped seven miles out from Hamburg,
from a restless sleep and went on deck.
During the day we moved on three miles
in my confused state of mind I could hard-
ly convince myself that the scene before me,
and five regiments of infantry went 3
me was real, and that I was not yet dream miles beyond the crossing two

The 3d Wisconsin Battery, which were
ordered to Louisville about a month befor-
left Racine, are encamped some three
miles from us, in Buell's division. They
came from Nashville and were thirteen
days on the road; marched two days with
no food but hard biscuit, and slept in the
rain for several nights; their baggage
wagons having been delayed by the muddy
roads. Ours, and Totten's celebrated bat-
tery are to be held as artillery reserve of
this Division. Hence, there is little dan-
ger of our being under fire soon, as they
have "piles" of artillery, and this timber
county is not favorable to its use.

The troops here extend in a semicircle
the base of which measures about 8 miles,
and the arc embraces the villages of Pitts-
burgh and Farmington.

From Finney's Battery.

May 15, 1862. In Camp
Near Hamburg, 5th
Daily Wm. Vols.

Messe Ede.

On Wednesday morning last we were
encamped seven miles out from Hamburg,
from a restless sleep and went on deck.
During the day we moved on three miles
in my confused state of mind I could hard-
ly convince myself that the scene before me,
and five regiments of infantry went 3
me was real, and that I was not yet dream miles beyond the crossing two

Up and down stream, and on both
"s'eamboat, marked upon all of o..
during the next day. He therefore caused all but six regiments to fall back, to take a better position, while the latter were to act as a decoy to lend the enemy into the ambuscade thus prepared for them.

About noon on Friday the surrounding country was advanced to be in readiness to take part. After waiting impatiently for two hours the command to advance came. As we pressed on, the firing ceased. The enemy had advanced in large force, from fifteen to twenty thousand strong, and had out-flanked our advance, which, after a show of resistance, fell back behind the troops forming the ambuscade. Here it was that Pope had expected the real conflict to take place. But they were too cautious. Had they attempted to take that position, they would have been annihilated. We had more than twenty field pieces bearing on the only road by which they could have advanced.

Four of our guns under the command of Lieutenants Hill and Gardner, were ordered to the extreme front, to defend a bridge, across which the rebels must move in order to attack us. We posted two of the guns on each side of the road, within five rods of the bridge, in such a position as to sweep it, and a small clearing opposite. Although so close, our guns were hidden, so that the first intimation of our presence would have been the opening of a tremendous cross fire. We were supported by a regiment of infantry which lay concealed in the underbrush and trees surrounding the guns.

We waited for them all that evening. Laid by our guns during the night, Saturday found us still ready for action. Sunday passed out and we were still at our post. How we wished for a brush with the rebels. We would have given our best dinner for a chance to sweep that bridge, while the enemy was still within the woods.

We passed out on Friday we met the retreating regiments. First came the cavalry which charged upon, and took the rebel battery, but were obliged to abandon it because the were not supported and were out-flanked. They were covered with dust and sweat. Many had lost their hats and several, their horses. Two were supporting a wounded comrade. As we passed I heard him say to the men near him: "G. back boys! Rally boys, rally!" Poor fellow, his wound made him deranged. Soon an ambulance passed containing another soldier badly hurt in the head. Next came the 5th Wisconsin. They have been in the thick of the fight and were the last off the field. They retreated in good order, but were obliged to leave their knapsacks in the hands of the rebels.

How mad they were! They cried out, as we passed them. "Bully for the Wisconsin boys!" Don't run like Dodge's battery! Don't run like the Iowa boys! Bring back our knapsacks. Harrah for the bull dogs—meaning our cannon. If we had had you fellows along, how we would have cleaned "em out."

We passed several other regiments, hot, tired, dusty and very. Next came the ambuscades, cavalry, artillery, infantry, falling back behind the "strong position." Pope's orders were, not to fire except to protect his men; hence the right wing and center only were engaged.

The boys of one regiment declare that they set the rebel commander. They lay concealed in the edge of a wood. The two were advancing directly towards them. This officer, superbly mounted and splendidly dressed, was in the advance. As he came quite near, the federals sprung up and drew their guns upon him. He executed the ambuscade. Here it was that Pope expected the real conflict to take place. But they were too cautious,—had they attempted to take that position, they would have been annihilated. We had more than twenty field pieces bearing on the only road by which they could have advanced.

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How mad they were! They cried out, as we passed them. "Bully for the Wisconsin
ments out of range of their guns, and one gave a good account of themselves—

pel them to surrender or attack us at a di They tell us about the battle and say that advantage. The plan was an admirable. Curtis wanted to surrender, but Sigel said one; but, like the childish sport of catch "Never. Give me command of the whole

ing larks with salt, too much depended up force and I'll whip them in two hours. I

on the will of the bird.

Officers make Beauregard's forces, He covered the rear with six hundred men

battle of Shiloh, not over sixty thou. Three times he was attacked and sur

and strong, and it was well known they out of range of their guns, and could con

them in the Pea Ridge fight, probably gone north for the sake of his

the commander-in-chief prevented from being captured. Weeks ago contrabands

came into our lines and told us that "Day was movin' all dar big guns away. Day

was none dar now." But the word of a black man obeying the promptings of his

higher nature, in endeavoring to regain his freedom, was not to be taken. Uh oh! "You

cant believe a nigger?" Neither was the same tale coming from the lips of deserters

to be credited. So, Don Quixote like, he-mounts his Rosinante, poises his lance,

and calling upon the name of his lady—charges down upon the empty town.

When the news first came that Corinth was evacuated, cheer after cheer from our

lines flooded the air. I could see nothing in these tidings which would fill up the

heart and cause it to overflow with shouts of joy; but I did read the fact that the

cause of the Confederacy, could be sustained

for months longer, and that before our

army were long, weary marches, through a rough country, and the sickly heat of a

Southern summer.

Hallock has a bigger flea in his ear than ever mortal man had before. A larger

and more active animal than ever little

Mac had when he found that the rebels had

"asked" from Manassas in such haste as to leave him their Quaker guns.

The evenings have become quite warm and pleasant. We can now sleep very

comfortably on the ground in the open air. In fact there are but two tents in the

battery, and they are occupied by the officers. When it rains we spread over

sticks a large tarpaulin, which was intended to protect the guns, and "crawl in out of

the wet." In addition to our usual rations a "jig-

ger" of whiskey is given daily to each man.

The Surgeon says it is good Bourbon.—

Jack Sutherland has been with us for

days; his presence does us as much good, nearly, as a forlorn to Mon-

roe, and has a less depleting effect on the treasury. He can tell you all about us;

so, good people of Green, quiz him.

We are now encamped about twenty-

one miles from Corinth. We cannot ac-

count for this slow movement of the ar-

my. But high privileges in the rear rank

have no right to think, so we talk to the

Government as the Frenchman did to his

tousy toe—"ache away! We can stand it

long as you can."

W. H. B.

5th Battery Wis. Art'y Vol's.

Camp Clear Springs, Miss.

June 17th, 1862.

Mr. Editors—The 11th and 12th of this

month witnessed a fierce conflict between

the Union forces under the command of

Brigadier General Davis,—part of which

we are,—and secession dust posted along

a road for a distance of twenty miles. It

was commenced at early dawn by the ad-

vance of our cooks, armed with kitchen

furniture. At sunrise 76 action became

more general. Soon our infantry, cavalry

and artillery were out-flanked and sur-

rounded by a dense cloud of the enemy.

All day the strife continued. Late in the

afternoon there was a mutual cessation of

hostilities, and each side slept on its arms,

at dawn the struggle recommenced. Not-

withstanding the enemy brought up all

their reserves and fought with the energy

of despair, at the close of day we had taken

the position and drove them in confusion

before us. "They were unable to with-

stand our splendid bayonet charges; and

fled like sheep before our steady advance."

Deserters report that Beauregard was

there in person, and said he would water his horse in the Tennessee River or in

water. Our commander told us in a con-

fidential tone that he intended "to drive

them to the wall." The enemy were very

badly cut up. We took many prisoners.

Notwithstanding our troops bore them

by thousands, they are still scattered over

several layers deep along the entire route.

To drop a simile, those were weary days

Our division on the morning of the 11th

made a retrograde movement, passed thro' the villages of Rienzi and Danville, crossed

the headwaters of Wolf's River, and encamped near by. On the following day we resumed our march, and in the

afternoon reached our present encampment.—

Both days were exceedingly warm. The

sun rose red and shone with a heat that

was oppressive. There had been but little

rain for some time so that the much trav-

eled road was deep with dust. Suddenly a

breath of air was stirring. The dust,

disturbed by the constant movement of our

troops, rose in clouds, and hanging over

the road enveloped us completely during

the entire march; penetrating everything

—eyes, mouth and lungs. How thirsty it

made us! At every well the boys dis-
Our present camp is not far from Walte River and about one mile distant from the main road. We are close by a spring, the best water we have found since we left Wisconsin. At this season of the year and in this climate, a soldiers' paradise is as primitive as the Pennsylvanian idea of Heaven. The latter consisting of sitting in the clouds and singing psalms; ours, of rest, shade, and good water.

All of these we have here and consequently we are up to our eyes in clover.

Our fathers who fought the war of the revolution had struggled over a year with the actualities of the conflict before their boldest minds had struck out the grand idea of a practical independence and made that the main object of the strife. So with us, the struggle at first was merely to maintain the supremacy of the laws, and the inviolability of the Constitution—now we are nearly all ready to crush out the cause of this foul revolt. Already Congress has done much in that direction, but Congress is only the dial finger whose shadow indicates from what quarter of the heavens the sun of public opinion shines.

Whether or not this war ends before the emancipation of the slave in the South, one thing is certain, that it has already liberated thousands. The blacks at Fort Monrose Monroe and Beaufort are not the only ones whose chains have melted off in the heat of civil conflict. In the Grand Army of the West are hundreds, nay thousands, of negroes. Take the three Wisconsin batteries here as examples. There are 4 blacks in our own, 13 to 15 in the 6th, and from 30 to 40 in the 7th. The men act as servants for the officers; the women wash and cook for the soldiers. Frequently they come by families, husband, wife and children. They are intelligent, quiet, seldom speaking unless spoken to, and faithful in the discharge of their duties. They are paid according to the whim of their employers; some receiving good wages, others, a mere pittance only. They fare as do the common soldiers, and bear the privations of camp life cheerfully; living on the hope of being permitted at the close of the war to find a home where the crack of the driver's whip and the deep bay of the bloodhound is not heard. Who shall say them na?

The evacuation of Corinth is fraught with good results to our cause. Fort Pillow of necessity fell into good hands. It compelled the rebels to give battle on the Mississippi, which resulted in their total defeat. It enabled our forces to take possession of Memphis, and open the Mississippi with all its tributaries to our gunboats. It threw into our hands the railroads of western Kentucky and Tennessee. These afford rapid communica-
pable of furnishing war for Jeff C. Davis' brigade, to which I suppose, ere this, you have learned that we have been assigned; and we find ourselves in daily communication with some of the heroes of Pea Ridge. One of them informed me that on their march here they traveled 286 miles in nine days. It is amusing and often instructive to hear them give in their experience. They have great faith in Sigel, and freely express their regrets that they should be deprived of their former commander.

A few days ago I had an opportunity to visit Corinth and found the Corinthians very scarce, but some of their handy-work still remains. Corinth is pleasantly situated and contains quite a number of elegant buildings, one of which is occupied by General Hoallack as headquarters. The village will compare favorably with some of our thinly North-western towns and must have contained, in times of peace, a population of about 1,000, most of whom have followed the rebel army or retired into the country. A few of the latter are returning, hoping to get a chance to reoccupy their desolate homes, which are now occupied or needed for the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers; besides it must have been a business place, judging from the stores and ware houses—now vacant—that remain. I noticed among them the ruins of a large hardware establishment which was said to have been burned by a shell from one of our guns. This building and a church, I believe, are all that was materially damaged, with the exception of the rebel magazine, which was burned leaving a fine lot of balls, shells &c.

The prosperity of Corinth is no doubt owing to the Railroads—The Ohio & Mobile and the Memphis & Charleston railways—which pass through this place. These roads, however, have suffered severely of late, in rolling stock and bridges. There was a regiment of mechanics stationed at Corinth; one of their officers informed me that they were at work on the Memphis & Charleston road, repairing engines and trucks. They succeeded in getting five engines in running order, together with several trucks. These were burned by the rebels some miles west of Corinth, near a bridge. It appears that the rebels in their haste set out a detachment with strict orders to burn the above bridge at just such an hour, expecting to get their trains over it before the time; but they did not; and the soldiers not deiring to disobey orders, set fire to it. Presently a long train of cars, having several engines, extending for one mile in length and, it is supposed, loaded with munitions of war and prisoners steamed up to the spot, and lo! the game was up! they were in a fix! and they could not retreat. The result was the torch was applied, and the entire train, at least the combustible part of it was burned. By this accident we are indebted for the engines that we have now in operation here; what the loss to the rebels was is better known to themselves. The officer who gave me this information was a Lieut. of artillery, whose company was then stationed at the repair of the bridge, which has since been completed, so that I have no reason to doubt his statements. I saw three of the engines and some of the trucks which were repaired and they bare evidence of having passed through a fiery ordeal. Of the business men of Corinth only one, it appears, had the temerity to remain, and he proved to be a druggist. He still continues to vend his medicines despite the explosions of magazines and the occasional bursting shells about him. I presume he will be as well pleased with his new patrons as the old, considering the fact that the former have some silver and gold.

The rebels appear to have entrenched themselves principally to the south-south-east of Corinth. Their works are very extensive; reaching a distance of about 7 miles to a point on the Ohio & Mobile R. R., and must have been constructed at a vast outcry of labor, whether it is overpaid for or not. Much of it, however, I presume, was performed by negroes, as the rebel soldiers are not famous for hard work, except when they wish to get away from us, and then they seem to make it very easy. In the immediate vicinity of Corinth they seem to have neglected fortifying the nearest breast work being about one mile distant. I have heard various estimates in regard to the labor of constructing these works. Some of the engineers agree with their opinion that the labor so expended would construct from 25 to 50 miles of railroad through most any part of the Western country. But this estimate I should regard as extravagant. Still it is plain that a vast amount of labor has been thrown away upon them, that might have been employed much to better advantage, but this is not the only loss sustained by the rebels. Shortly after the evacuation of Corinth I visited the deserted camp of the noted Price and Van Dorn who were so unfortunate as not to be able to get away their wagons, harnesses and provisions; and consequently they were committed to the flames. But only a part of them burned; there still remained parts of about 100 good wagons, many of them iron axles, some 200 barrels of beef, and several hogsheads of sugar and molasses, the most of which was wasted. It is estimated that more than half a million of dollars worth of property was thus destroyed. A few of the wagon wheels were saved and also some sugar and molasses. The loss they sustained near Boonville by the burning of a railroad train of some thirty cars, mostly loaded with commissary goods, must have been very heavy. One of Col. Elliott's men, who had a hand in the job, informed me that there was a great amount of artillery and harness on board, as the track for some distance contained only the parts of them that were not combustible.

Still they have undoubtedly got away with a great deal of valuable property. Altho' we have not gained any great victory over them, yet we have compelled them to make sacrifices that will tell on them in their future operations in the South-west.

In regard to the vast numbers of rebels said to have been assembled near Corinth, I have all along entertained my doubts—fact have been incredulous—but a close examination of their camping grounds assures me that there was more truth than poetry about it; that a great army was assembled here can there be no doubt. Their camps were very extensive—more than keeping pace with their intrenchments. In some places hundreds of acres of ground was cleared off and tents set as thick as they could well be. A great many of their camps were located in the timber, thus making it a difficult task for our troops to surprise them—a decided advantage. Their camps were stationed mostly to the east of Corinth.

Since we left the Tennessee River I have noticed no great variety in the soil. It is of a reddish cast and looks quite unproductive, resembling, somewhat, desert brick yards. I have noticed, in several places, where intrenchments have been dug to the depth of several feet, that it has the same reddish cast, and compares very poorly with the rich loam of Illinois and Wisconsin, and cannot contain that fertility and strength. Some wheat is raised in this section. A citizen informed me that they usually get from 8 to 15 bushels per acre; but, their land must soon wear out, as I have seen several deserted fields. Farming implements are scarce here, and of the rural sort. A reaper would be a curiosity never to be forgotten. I noticed here, in a cornfield of a well-to-do farmer a curious shaped block of wood with handles and mould-board attached, designed probably to answer the purpose of a plow. In the vicinity of Hamburgh, however, I did see two or three corn plows of Yankee pattern, but everything here indicates what we have often heard; that the people are vastly behind the improvements of the age. School-houses, here, are scarce and far between. In fact, I have seen but one since our arrival here, and that a very poor one. The land here is worked by slaves, and the principal productions are corn and cotton, and some little tobacco.

We have here an opportunity to see those grand old oaks we have heard of, and for a time to sit and enjoy ourselves as best we can in their magnificent shade.
many of them are three feet through at the butt. There is quite a variety of timber here, such as oak, maple, beech, poplar, elm, birch, &c. I noticed some fine large boughs here as I have ever seen anywhere, but they grow mostly along the streams. I saw, also, some fine poodles, but oak is the principal timber of the country.

If this section was settled by enterprising Yankees much profit might be derived from this valuable timber, but as it is most of it is girdled and permitted to go to waste. Between this camp and Corinth is a fine sugar orchard, but whether they make any sugar from it or not I have not ascertained. In many respects this country is inviting, and especially on account of fruit. Peaches, apples &c., are abundant—punch trees bear the second year.

We now number 169 men, including those who were furloughed,—1 in number—a large majority of commissioned officers. We have six pieces of ordnance,—two twelve pound Parrott (riddled) and four six pound brass, smooth-bore. We have our full complement of horses, and two ambulance cars, and we have with us, also, an excellent surgeon.—Dr. Smith, regularly commissioned, whose services were of much value to us in Camp Ulysses, &c. We are pretty well equipped for active service.

We have been far more fortunate, so far as sickness is concerned, than many other companies that have left Wisconsin, having been in the service 10 months without losing a single man. We have now in the hospital but five, although we have some 13 men who are unfit for duty; but they are mostly able to do for themselves, guard baggage, attend to Rupernumerary duties, &c., and I think I can safely say that there are none of our sick but what are improving.

There are a great number of infantry companies here numbering not over 80 men, whose sick list is greater than our own. Jeff. C. Davis' Brigade, including our own company, started out yesterday on a reconnaissance, taking a south-east direction.

We took with us only two days ration leaving tents, baggage, &c., whether they will return to this camp or not, we do not know, but we are expecting orders to-day to follow them. But what particular service will be required of us, we have yet to learn.

The weather still continues agreeable, comparing well with September weather in Wisconsin. About the worst pest we find in this country is the flies; they are present everywhere and seem to delight in annoying us. They even fly-blow our blankets if we do not watch them close. We have found, also, the wood tick, a troublesome son of a pestilence. They get on us, burrow under the skin, and it is almost impossible to pull them off without severing the head from the body. But we have one consolation,—mosquitoes do not bother us.

I decline to speculate on our future movements. Suffice it to say that our prospects of spending the 4th of July in the village of Monroe have become "shadows," if the war is with the pale cast of thought, but we trust that those who are there will strive to do justice.

Correspondence to The Monroe Sentinel.

FROM PINNICK BATTERY.

5TH DAY WIS. ART.'S VOS. (CLAY) 2D REG'T. IOWA INFANTRY.

July 9th, 1862.

We remained at Camp Clear Creek two days. Upon the 22d and 23d of last month we marched to Jacinto and encamped two miles that way from that place.

Our road lay along the summits of high ridges, winding through woods so steep-sided were covered with a heavy growth of pine, chestnut, and oak. Many of the trees rise fifty feet without a limb and then spread in such masses of branches and foliage as to cause twilight in the afternoon, and by that light to reflect the broad glare of the noonday sun. The soil was sandy. But little rain had fallen, hence the crops were poor.

As we descended the hill before entering Jacinto our eyes were greeted with the sight of the Union flag, "Old Glory," which had spread to the breeze where, but a short time before, the "Rattlesnake Banner" had been flying.

The population of the town does not exceed three hundred souls, and half of these are black.

On the 27th we retraced our steps westward until within sight of Rienzi. Here we found General Meade's reserve of Pope's division. For two weeks they have been on the extreme advance. The General is a bachelor of forty years of age; he has served in Germany with Sigel, under Fremont in Mississippi, and Curtis in Arkansas. He is said to be one of the most vigilant, indefatigable commanders in the whole service.

We passed through Rienzi on the 29th, continued our western course, and encamped, after a march of 15 miles, on the Monroe.

On the 30th we left the Rienzi road, and the following day found our tents pitched at Ripley.—This place is 27 miles west of Rienzi and 35 miles east of Holly Springs. Three days before our cavalry suddenly dashed into the town. A seceded Colonel and Captain, who were on a foraging tour, took "French leave." Our boys not knowing there allowed them to escape. The people had been told that their horses would be burned and themselves branded as "Lincoln Horses," but their fears were soon quieted by the good behavior of our troops.

We read in the papers that Pope has been assigned command of all the troops under McDowell, Fremont and Banks. This seems to us like a hasty step; yet things can hardly be worse than they have been since the new departments were formed. Now that they are consolidated you may expect to hear of something being done, for Pope makes a very good fight. Yet how about his men well, he does not compel them to carry their knapsacks in addition to overcoat and heavy blanket as does McDowell. We have been in the baggage wagons, while the blankets and overcoats are put off frequently accompany them.

The country between Ripley and Jackson is thickly settled. The land is better than any we have seen since we left Humburg. The settlers have attempted to raise nothing but corn and potatoes this season.

On our road hither we passed a beautiful field owned by a rich old planter.

There was a stately house surrounded by large oak trees. The ground in front was filled with flowers and ornamental shrubbery. In the distance building in which the negroes stable— they can hardly be said to have lived. The slaves number one hundred. The men were nearly all concealed or taken soldiers, we saw but two or three of them. About twenty woody headed youngsters, black as ebony, were running about the grounds. There was an abundance of corn and cotton, brought from their great black eyes, and shown in their apt answers as though they belonged to the Anglo Saxon race.

We found the planters at home; and cross and surly enough he was too. His daughters, three in number, were fine looking, well educated, and accomplished girls.

His six sons were in the rebel army. Only a short time before his evacuation of Corinth he sent them a large supply of bacon and corn meal. These are almost the only articles of food they possess, and here, and they are very thin. They say the rebels required everything which the country afforded for their army. The growing crops will soon again bring plenty to their houses.

On the 31st our whole division was mustered for inspection westwards towards Holly Springs. Long after dark we encamped in a clearing. Hastily preparing and drinking a cup of coffee we lay down tired and sleepy and were aroused at daylight and started back towards Ripley from whence we had just come. Hailing long distances we traveled on east towards Rienzi. Again our march continued until long after dark. We went supperless to bed—particularly because breakfast was hastily prepared.

Next day we traveled 21 miles, went through Rienzi, and encamped in the very place from which we had moved a few days previous. The 2d day of July was also spent in traveling back and again took up our quarters near the road.

"The night came down her dusky steed, and up the silent sand."
There were very few troops there and they do not intend to make a stand there, but were ready to retreat as their half-starved, ragged troops could not resist our well-equipped and fortified lines, according to his report that troops were never better cared for than those of the Federal army. He is better posted than three-fourths of the officers, the majority of whom are total incompetents on both sides. He also says that the people in the vicinity of Grant's headquarters have been talking of making peace over ever since the evacuation of Corinth.

Camp on the Tuscumbia River, July 7th, 1862.

Our present place of encampment and quarters—marches—as useless and purposeless, apparently, as the erratic wanderings of a crazy man—is some twenty miles south of Corinth, on the Tuscumbia river, which is only a mere creek at this place. Summing up our travels in the last two weeks, we have accomplished a distance of 150 miles. We first went south-east from Corinth, the west-west-north ten miles beyond Ripley, the county-seat of Tippah county, where there is a large town, then back to this place again.

The country through which we passed is broken, and fully one-half is entirely worthless. The products of the forest are pine and oak, some maple, and in the swamp and bottoms birch, cottonwood and sweet gum. There are ocean-like blackberries in enormous size, which serve to take the course of the bread, somewhat.

No cotton is raised. Wheat and corn is raised to the exclusion of everything else. It is surprising what a breadth of corn was left and most of it is very well. Wheat was harvested the last of May. It was hardly worth gathering.

In passing through the country I have seen taken pains to acquaint myself with the opinion entertained by the inhabitants that remain, concerning the final result of the war. Many of them have suffered much, and are suffering still for the want of some thing to eat. This corn meal is all the larder contains for the subsistence of the family. Nevertheless none seem disheartened; but all sanguine that the final triumph of the North is certain. The more thoroughly I acquaint myself with the southern people, the greater the task of subjugating them appears to me. Lincoln was not mistaken when he called it a "big job". And when this war shall have ended, and the confederacy has been pronounced a success or failure, as the case may be, we shall acquire in his saying, "Two roads lead to the grave."

For upwards of a week past all sorts of rumors have been in circulation concerning the battle on the peninsula. At first report had it been a victory, and Richmond, with the entire rebel army, ours. The last news is, that McClellan has been badly whipped. We all looked for a decisive battle at or near Richmond—expected the contest to be virtually decided by its issue; consequently, we wait with great anxiety, news of the result.

There is much speculation in the army, arising from a variety of causes, some of which I will mention. Perhaps I ought to remain silent on this subject, but the country must soon learn that the rank and file of the northern army are a mere machine to be operated at pleasure by a few whose disregard of their rights and interests has become notorious. This country is not well supplied with water, although almost every house has a well or spring near it. It is the practice of our commanders to place a guard over every spring and well that affords water for families living in the vicinity, and so closely have these springs and wells been guarded that we have often marched whole days in the dust without a drop of water, have had to draw our water from stagnant pools in the beds of streams in which the water had ceased to flow.

A few nights ago, after a long and tedious march, we camped near a splendid well of water; it was near midnight when we arrived, and there was no good water during the entire day. As soon as the battery got parked we started for the well, but when we got there we found it guarded. Water must have, as we had had but cold drinking during the day, water for supper, and water to wash the dust from our faces and hands. A stream of filthy water flowed a mile away, and the nearest general told us there was where we must go for water; and there were we compelled to go or have none at all. We have frequently been very short of rations, and at first, as we were reduced to hard bread alone, we bestowed ourselves to foraging as a means to supply the deficiency; but we were soon compelled to relinquish such practices, as too often resulted in severe punishment inflicted for the slightest offense. Our horses fared even worse than we. It has not been uncommon to march two full days without a kernel of grain for them to eat, and this in a country where we could scarcely march two hours without passing a crib of corn owned by a traitor who is in the rebel army. Careful protection thrown around the property of rebels, even though the price be deprivation and suffering to the federal army. To think of conquering the south, or rather of the government, and to wish it back to the Union, by such practices, is idle, indeed.

I have said before, and I repeat it now, that so long as the south has men to fight, and territory on which and for which to fight, she will continue this war. Such is my true belief. To guard her granary, then, is to strengthen her resources and enable her the longer and more effectually to oppose us.

A few years ago one of our number died. His name was John Ross—lived near Monticello, Green county. He leaves a wife and child. It is a mournful duty to bury one so far from home and friends—whomever I know to be a devoted husband, a most affectionate son, and a worthy fellow citizen, a true soldier, and an honest friend, in a war which has been described as a new war, and for which the country has been prepared accordingly.

Another Soldier Gone.

On Saturday evening the sad intelligence was received here that Amos Smith, 2d lieutenant in Pinney's Battery, was dead—a soldier to Freedom. His father and mother are residents of this town, and he leaves in this village a young wife and infant child. The following letters, received by his wife, give the particulars of his death:

Mrs. LIEUT. AMOS SMITH:—Dear Mother,—It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the decease of your husband, the 2d inst., at the General Hospital is this place. As second in command at this post, I cannot express my grief in any other terms than those of respect and esteem, the latter of which I had the honor of receiving from you. My best wishes to you and your family, and to all who may read this, be comforted in a few more days.

HEAD QUARTERS 1ST BATTALION, 2D DIV. ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

On Sunday morning, August 2, 1863, I received a letter from Mrs. Smith, informing me of her husband's death, and asking me to forward it to his family. I immediately wrote the following letter:

Mr. LIEUT. SMITH:—Dear Sir,—I am sorry to inform you of the decease of your husband, who was killed in battle, August 2, 1863. He was a brave soldier, and a faithful friend. I have the honor to be,

C. A. SMITH,

Surveyor of the United States, in behalf of himself and the officers of the battery, who were present at the time of his death. He was buried in the cemetery at this place, and is remembered with respect and esteem by all who knew him.
Very Respectfully and truly Yours,  
H. W. S.  
Col. Comdg 1st Brigade  

JUKA, MISS., Aug. 23rd, 1862.

MRS. A. SMITH:  

Medically, I deeply regret that it becomes my painful duty to break to you the intelligence of the sudden death of your husband. He died this morning at 5 A.M., filled with torrents of fever and inflammation of the brain. He was sick about two weeks, but not considered dangerous until within the past two or three days. Some four or five days ago he was removed from camp, close by, to a boarding house kept by one Mrs. Johnson, an excellent lady, and furnished with a pleasant room, and the beds of care and accommodations. Charles Warner lived there, but when the Battery moved to Eastport, 8 miles from this place, he was recalled, and myself detailed in his stead. Thus it became my painful duty to watch over him during the last hours of his illness. When I arrived at his boarding place, I found him insensible. I immediately procured the best medical attendance possible, but it seemed to be of no avail; all efforts failed to rouse him from the paralytic sleep into which he had fallen; medicine was given, but it produced no effect, with the exception of adding to his sufferings, which were painful in the extreme. It was a sad sight but it produced no effect, with the exception which he had fallen; medicine was given. We had no beat medical attendance possible, but it made no less than 1000 visitors from various parts of the South have been presented here at one time, and from all appearances it must have been one of the favorite watering places of the South. The Springs are on a low plat of ground a little south of the business part of the town, and are elegantly shaded. Two of them are covered by a frame of octagonal lattice-work, while beneath them the pure water gushes into basins cut in solid rock. These basins are nearly two feet in diameter and not more than one foot in depth, and outside are smaller basins, cut on a similar plan, designed for washing. Commodious seats are also tastily arranged, allowing many contributions to visitors. Near by is a large bowling alley, with bar attached, which I presume once contained the best of liquors. Our camp was but a short distance from these springs, giving our boys a fine opportunity to visit them, and they were not slow to improve it. It was our expectation to remain some time at this point, but in this we were disappointed; on the 21st the Battery received orders to march again. At this juncture Lieut. Smith, who had been ill for some time, was removed to the private boarding house kept by Mr. Johnson, near the Springs, and myself detailed to take care of him, which I found no easy task, being suffering from a severe attack of fever and inflammation of the brain. About noon of the 21st he fell into a state of insomnial, and never spoke a word afterwards. His sufferings seemed to be terribly severe. I secured the best medical attendance the place afforded, but to no purpose. My position at this moment can be better imagined than described—myself among entire strangers, with no friends to assist me in caring for the dying one, but merely approaching the end of his mortal existence. On the evening of the 22d one of the physicians informed me that he could not live. This was sad intelligence to me, and so truly that the promise should be so suddenly matched by the busy scenes of life—I could hardly realize it to be a fact. But so it proved to his breathing became more and more difficult. He died at nine o'clock A.M. Aug. 23d, having been insensible nearly 48 hours previous to his death. He was buried in the same day with military honors; about one mile south of the village. On the following day I put up a board at the base of his grave with the following inscription:

LIEUTENANT A. SMITH,  
Battery N & S, Wis. Volunteers,  
Died Aug. 23d, 1862.

A. also put up another board at the foot of the grave. We had an abundance of visitors, and cut thereon, so that any friend or relative desiring to find his grave could do so with little trouble. There was another task for me to perform, where I wrote out a list of the effects of the deceased and report to the surgeon of the post. This was done. I was referred to Col. Sprague, the receiving officer, was given possession of them and likely forwarded them to his relatives immediately.

Thus closes this small chapter in the history of one whose future seemed gloomy with brilliant hopes of promise to him, and whole soul entered into the noble work before him—peace. Let the ashes of Lieut. Smith the true friend of the obliging officer, the devoted patriot. We cannot but mourn his loss.

IN AND ABOUT JUKA.

B. J. BULLARD.

FROM PINKEY'S BATTERY.

JUKA, MISS., Aug. 29, 1862.

LIEUTENANT COMMISSION.—

The Battery having been encamped near Jactico, apparently in summer-quarters, for some time past, received marching orders on the 19th inst. to proceed to Juka Springs, about 20 miles to the east, in the direction of the river. Accordingly, the 1st and 2d Brigade (ourselves forming a part and parcel of the latter), Davis Division, started at 4 o'clock P.M. The weather was very hot, obliging us to halt often in order to take breath; the air, too, was filled with clouds of dust, there having been no rain for some days previous. We encamped late in the evening near a small creek, in a cornfield, and after feeding our horses somewhat, and getting a cold bite we laid down upon the damp ground, with mopt, but the canopy of Heaven for our covering, and rested as best we could.

We woke at 3 o'clock in the morning and were ready to move about daylight. There appeared to our great joy symptoms of rain shortly after, and a few showers followed; but the cloud was not sufficient to cool the air and lay the dust, adding vastly to our comfort during the balance of our march.

The country now began to assume a somewhat cheerful aspect; peach orchards heavily laden with the ripening fruit began to bloom up; to the great joy of the boys; peaches hung heavily and it was amusing to see them change so daringly on the orchards.

The Battery moved from this point on the 21st, passing Eastport and crossing the Tennessee river, and thence to Florence, Ala., a few miles from Tuscaloosa, where we were quartered. The general health of the Battery is good, yet there are a few cases of sickness; but even our sick list is small compared with other companies and battalions, we are standing the heat of this southern climate far better than we expected. A few days ago, when the order respecting the confiscation of negroes, giving us one
to every eighth man to assist us in the camp. While at the camp, it produced a great enthusiasm among our troops, and was responded to by vociferous cheering, but when a subsequent order from Gen. Grant was made to the number to four to each company, it seemed to throw a wet blanket over us all. We have not yet obtained our quoit of contrabands, although we know from the Battery that the volunteers we left New Madrid, but expect to soon as we are now getting into a region of country where they can be had. Before leaving this city, I submit, it is my duty to add a few words in regard to the false impression that has been created at home in reference to us, resulting mostly from military communications, sent through a spirit of boisterous mischief, rather than malice. As a Battery, we cannot feel that we are inferior either in discipline or efficiency to any company or battery that has yet left the State of Wisconsin; nor do we feel that we are wanting in talent or patriotism, or a fair degree of morality, compared to other companies, and the we have not often been called to parts of danger, yet we have not shrank from any duty, but obeyed every order with alacrity, always holding ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning, and if the country is not saved, I cannot see, thus far, how any blame can attach to us.—Sgt. Cole.

The picture is a dark one. Will the
Republic go down beneath the storm? Not God never raised this nation, three of whose sides echo to the dash of ocean's surge, and whose nerves of steel are sensitive to the slightest touch; three thousand miles away, God never raised this nation to such a height only to dash it down the precipice of disunion and destruction. It has a higher mission to perform than simply to be a beacon light and warning to succeeding governments.

Yesterday at 3 P.M. while encamped a mile west of Murfreesboro, we received orders to get ready to march in two hours. We had but two days rest after a tramp of 160 miles. Notwithstanding the jaded condition of the troops, they marched out of camp cheering and singing songs. None knew whether they were going, none cared. A march of a mile through thick dust so thick that you could cut it with a knife, and we entered the town where, when the rebels retreated from Nashville last spring, it was reported they would make a stand; where, a short time since, owing to the carelessness and cowardice of field officers, a large number of our soldiers were taken prisoners; where it is said that Bragg, at the head of a large secesh force, now is.

Murfreesboro is a place of about 2,500 inhabitants. The plan of the town is one quite similar to that of Monroe, except that the small square in the center of the former place contains a splendid County House. Nothing but army business seems to be transacted here.

We left the place at sunset, en route for Nashville, distant thirty miles. We traveled along in the moonlight, over the straight, level turnpike, wondering where Bragg was and what he was doing; when we should hear from home and friends; whether our letters sent from this isolated region reached them regularly; whether "the girls we left behind us" would think we had all been killed or taken prisoners, and how they would feel if such were the case.

Soon, we switched off to the right, on a by-road, now bathed in the flood of light poured down from the full moon, then plunged into the darkness of the leaves shade, like a speckled snake our line winds around among the trees for nearly a mile, crosses the brook whose burnt turnpike bridge had been the cause of the detour, and returns to the south road. Half a dozen milestones are passed and again we leave the traveled track, turning this time to the left, make a circuit of three miles, lose much ground, and again return to the main road. The boys become sleepy, but they cannot rest on the caissons or horses for fear of accident. To keep awake and get something good for the morrow the troops begin to carry the Confiscation Act into effect. They gather huts full of peaches and apples from the orchards by the roadside, and run by us with sheep and hallow to regain their places in the moving columns. They climb the trees by the houses and catch chickens for the morning meal. They knock over bee-hives, and in spite of bees and stings, gorge themselves with the delicious fruit. In this way, almost the whole division had all the honey they wished. Even those who disapproved of this summary method of enforcing the Confiscation Act were content to eat the stolen sweet fruit which was brought in. At two o'clock, after a march of about 18 miles, we stopped. The horses are unhitched to the caissons and guns, and fed. We all pile down by the road side and sleep two or three hours. At dawn we resume the march and arrive at our present encampment about noon.

A few miles back, we passed the State Lunatic Asylum. It seems to us hardly large enough to contain all the insane of this State. It is a magnificent structure, and formed—to correspond with the present warlike times, I presume—like an army in line of battle. It has a heavy center, a right and left wing, and a large reserve in the rear. On its right, the trees of a fine young orchard have been detached as skirmishers; in front a thick grove formed the forlorn hope; while on the left a meadow in which the haycocks were still standing, composed the camp they had just left.

Between Pleasant Grove and Columbia there is the prettiest country I ever saw.—The turnpike for twelve miles runs through

PHON PINNERY'S BATTERY.

Camp Near Nashville. September 14th, 1862.

Messrs. Editors—One year ago to day we were sworn into the State service—Then we little imagined that the war would last so long, or that we should travel so far or see so much as we have. Then Price was threatening St. Louis with 10,000 men, and it was thought he would capture the city and invade Illinois. Now the scene appears more threatening than it did twelve months ago. It is authoritatively stated that Nelson, who commanded the raw troops sent into Kentucky by the Western States, has been defeated and killed; that Cincinnati is in danger, and many men are likely to take Washington, if they have not already done so; that we have been outnumbered and out-generaled at all points; that we shall soon be obliged to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy.

The picture is a dark one. Will the
Republic go down beneath the storm? Not God never raised this nation, three of whose sides echo to the dash of ocean's surge, and whose nerves of steel are sensitive to the slightest touch; three thousand miles away, God never raised this nation to such a height only to dash it down the precipice of disunion and destruction. It has a higher mission to perform than simply to be a beacon light and warning to succeeding governments.

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FROM FINNEY'S BATTERY.  

CAMP NEAR CHR. ORCHARD.  
Oct. 18th, 1862.  

EDITORS SENTINEL. 

Since my last I have been in a battle. I will describe it as I understand it—tell 2 what I saw and heard.  

On the first day of Oct., Buell's army, after resting five days from the herculean labors of their late march, and after having been greatly reinforced by new troops, started from Louisville southeast on the pike leading to Bardstown. As near as I can learn, the army was composed of eleven divisions, thirty-three brigades, or 132 regiments, and over 50 batteries of field artillery, or 168 cannons from six-pounders up to twelve-pounders. Supposing the regiments averaged 600 men each, there would be an army of nearly eighty thousand men, not counting the artillerymen. From this, you can have some idea of our numbers.  

We were five days in reaching Bardstown, distant from Louisville 40 miles. We had to feel our way there, as we did not know but that the enemy might make a stand between the two places. We were so long in accomplishing the distance from the fact that the new troops who had never marched before, had to be favored, and because of the supposed nearness of a powerful enemy. Every night we encamped in line of battle; every morning at three o'clock we roused up and lay about a half mile down, to prevent the foe from taking us by surprise. On different evenings we distinctly heard cannonading between our advance and the rebel rearguard. Each booming of the guns was greeted by the troops along the line with loud cheers. As a village called Mt. Washington, twenty miles from Louisville, the Third Wisconsin Battery, Capt. Drury, shelled the enemy's cavalry and artillery, and made them double quick it until out of range.  

Our troops marched in three columns. The center followed the pike, which was the most direct route. The right wing took the common roads, and the fields a few miles to the right of the pike. The left wing followed the roads to the left.  

When the vicinity of Bardstown was reached it was found that the enemy had evacuated the place and taken the road to Lexington. The Union citizens said that Bragg began to retreat from Bardstown the very day that Buell marched from Louisville. Bragg must have known Buell's plans.  

On the 6th our division, Gen. Mitchell commanding, started from camp near Bardstown, marched twenty two miles and encamped six miles east of the village of Springfield. Considering the heat of the day and the great scarcity of water, this was a remarkable day's march. At times the water was so scarce that the troops could hardly get enough to sustain life. I was told that some paid as high as a dollar for a canteen full.  

On the morning of the 7th (our division being in the advance) the first section of the Battery, Lie. W. Hill commanding, was sent to the front to skirmish with the enemy's rearguard of cavalry and artillery. Our progress that day was very slow. We went about 8 miles only. The enemy resisted our advance all day, but every time they made a stand a well directed shell came among them to their dismay.  

In the afternoon of the 7th we reached a place where the country for miles away to the east, southeast and northeast broke away into a succession of hills and valleys, of fields and woods that was grand to look upon, and admirably fitted for a battlefield when artillery and infantry are mainly used. About the center of this section of country are several large springs, called Crawford, or Cove Springs, which afford abundant supplies of water. Near by is the village of Perryville, a cluster of white cottages in a grove of trees. From this place the battle takes its name.  

It was about three miles this side of the village, where the road ran down a hollow, that our division formed in line of battle—two brigades on the ridge to the right of the road—our brigade on a ridge to the left. Meanwhile a mile in advance, our two guns, commanded respectively by Sergeants Booth and Graham, engaged three of the enemy's guns; had a hot artillery duel for several hours, made them change position three times, and finally silenced them, driving them from the field. That night the right wing of the army was seen to the right of the road, and on the right a body of troops came up the road we were on, and another, a mile to the south, passed a mile or more to the front, spread away to the right and left, and formed in line of battle—a line which is said to have been twelve miles in length. As near as I can learn, Sherman's division was near the center, Jackson's next on the left, Rosecrans to the left of that, and on the right Smith and Crittenden's division.  

At dawn on the 8th the battle commenced with the wind blowing east, and with the wind blowing east we could hear but little till nine or ten o'clock in the morning. Then for the first time I believe that there was a general engagement. The roar of the cannon began to be distinct; the pieces were blazing with shots and shells. From this time till two P. M. the noise and tumult on the left increased and the battle seemed to be spreading along the line toward us. We waited and watched with impatience. The air was hot and the wind blowing strongly from the west, so that we could not see the smoke rising from the lines, nor the contending forces. About two P. M. the order came for our division to move up with close supporting distance. We were ready, and but a few minutes elapsed before we started. We marched down the hollow past the mile, and took position in a corn field on the left of the road.  

To the left and a little to the front was a large grove. To the front and right was a high ridge which looked like a bow. Its top

A belt of timber one quarter of a mile in width, left by those who cleared the farms. The trees are very large, the foliage luxuriant, and the ground free from undergrowth—these forming a deep, continuous shade. In this strip of woodland, resembling the old parks of England, the rich plowmen built their palatial homes and surrounded them with all the adornments of art. Here they live like princes or kings, having nothing to do, traveling when and where they please, and raising cotton and negroes. This year, however, their fields are principally planted in corn. We have marched miles in these fertile States through continuous lanes of growing corn. Talk about striving out there before this loiter road.  

About three miles, then sit down and talk. I was told that some of the men, who raise the corn, and then the me. who raise the cotton, and then the man who raise the negroes, and then the one who raise the cotton. There is no end to the starving theory will become practical. Upon this beautiful road is situated the division of the rebel Brigadier General Pillow. The residence of the rebel Brigadier General Pillow that runs, Uncle Samuel's that is. He took his horses, mules and cattle—his corn, melons and chickens—all kinds of poultry, pigs and negroes. The estate is under the charge of an employee of the Government. Verdict:—"Served him right." You who live in the North, secure in your quiet homes, know little of the horrors of the ruined and abandoned war. The violed thunder which overflows down in waves of sound, shaking the solid earth, when its successive peals come mellowed by the distance, might be the lullaby to soothe an infant's slumber. When the faint echoes of the cannon come booming across the ocean from another continent, you can admire the skill of this general, and with an enthusiasm saddened by no grief, praise the heroism of that division which stood in its tracks and melted away until out of range. Visible. When the rebels reached this section of the map, they cleared the farms, and with the wind blowing east, we could hear but little till nine or ten o'clock in the morning. Then for the first time I believe that there was a general engagement. The roar of the cannon began to be distinct, the pieces were blazing with shots and shells. From this time till two P. M. the noise and tumult on the left increased and the battle seemed to be spreading along the line toward us. We waited and watched with impatience. The air was hot and the wind blowing strongly from the west, so that we could not see the smoke rising from the lines, nor the contending forces. About two P. M. the order came for our division to move up with close supporting distance. We were ready, and but a few minutes elapsed before we started. We marched down the hollow past the mile, and took position in a corn field on the left of the road.  

To the left and a little to the front was a large grove. To the front and right was a high ridge which looked like a bow. Its top
timber. To the right on its top, in a small opening, one of our batteries was planted.

Directly in front, half a mile distant, another. Suddenly the latter opens fire and a heavy black column of smoke rises over the woods, spreads out into fanlike clouds and hangs over the scene. A few minutes later and the battery on the right rings out. The infantry on either side of it support with their fire. The regiments in rear of that remain motionless. The volleys of musketry become more frequent and the cannon pour forth a deadly fire. Suddenly the battery is silent. As if by magic a regiment in our rear springs to its feet, rushes through the battery with fixed bayonets and charges down the eastern slope, cheering as they go. The battle of musketry is resumed for a few minutes. Then a second regiment sweeps through the battery, (all this time silent) and hurl themselves upon the enemy's lines. Soon a third follows in like manner, and a few minutes later a fourth. The firing continues a short time, gradually diminishes, and finally ceases. The enemy made a desperate attempt to take those guns, but was successfully repulsed with heavy loss.

Such time has passed. It is five o'clock. The firing on the left has become "surer, clearer, deadlier than before." McCook, who easily drove the rebels in the morning, is himself driven in turn, in spite of his most determined efforts. Major General Gilbert and Staff ride by with the word that McCook must be reinforced by our brigade or will lose the day on that part of it. There seems to be a lull in the tempest. Our men are not firing. They file off through the grove on the left, been sent to the right, leaving us three. A half mile ahead is an opening, one of our brigades, be is wounded—I think killed. While the Adjutant is withdrawing our left, as the enemy was there. Only a small part of Mitchell's forces drove the rebels before them, the village of Petersburg and held it the evening before. We expected a general engagement and that we would have the pleasure of shortening Bragg soundly. But when morning came no enemy was there. Only a small force of cavalry remained to watch our movements. A few shells sent them off in a hurry. As soon as it was found that the rebel army had died a rapid retreat was commenced. Since then we have been following them up, harassing them as much as possible. They retreated by way of Harrisburg, Camp Dick Robinson, Lancaster, and they say to Cumberland Gap.

The officers and men all behaved well and deserve much praise. While going into battery on the field a caisson tongue was broken. During the storm of shell and shell that rained upon us, the Captain had the artificers put in another. It was hot work, but must be done to save the caisson. The prompt action of the Captain when the rebel skirmishers fired upon us as doubt-
the battle, and while the duties of camp life occupied much of my time. This must excuse all blunders.

WM. H. BAIL.

From Pinney's Battery.

NASHVILLE, TENN.,
Nov. 16th, 1862.

Editor Sentinel:—We are back again in our old camp north of the city, after an absence of nearly two months, after a march of over five hundred (500) miles, after having taken part in a great battle.

The main body of our army abandoned the pursuit of Bragg's forces at Crab Orchard, on the fifteenth of last month. The morning of the twentieth found us on route for this place. We came by way of Lancaster, (see map) Danville, Lebanon, Bowling Green and Franklin, arriving here on the seventh inst.

At Crab Orchard we were not a little vexed and disgusted. Not because of the continual long marches we had made—not because of the dreadful thirst we were compelled to endure in consequence of the great scarcity of water along our line of march—not because of the oppressive heat of the fall days or the bitter cold of the nights (more bitter by the sudden changes) while we all looked toasts and many of us blankets. None of these. We are willing to endure hardships and privations without a murmur of complaint, when they aid in accomplishing a great and—when they hasten the close of this terrible, fratricidal war. But we were mortified because Bragg's army escaped in the face of our larger forces because we did not rout and disperse the rebel forces—because they escaped in safety into East Tennessee. For this we have General Buell to thank. We do not so much doubt his ability as his loyalty. We have had Occur's proof that he got together, organized, drilled and disciplined an army that is second to none in the United States. Well armed, well equipped, perfectly drilled, they look like regular, veteran soldiers; and in two desperate, iterately contested battles proved themselves to be true soldiers and patriots. So much for his ability. Now for his loyalty. He could easily have reinforced the troops at Manassasville with a division of his army. He did not do it, and the little garrison fell into Bragg's clutches. At the battle of Perryville two divisions of McCook's corps—Rossano's and Jackson's—were the brunt of the rebel cavalry. To my own knowledge not less than fifty thousand troops on their arms in time of battle within several miles of the battle-field. Yet two brigades were all that were sent to their relief. For three days after the battle we lay encamped within two miles of Perryville, and then consumed four days' rations in going to Crab Orchard, a distance of thirty-five miles. If the soldiers of this brave army could have their wish he could render them a term of service and a home a hong high as Zungamos.

We believe that Bragg carried out his plans almost to the very letter. We believe his wish only because in our own good blood. Kentucky was rich in all the supplies an army needed. He had but to go in force and help himself. He did so with an audacity that is at once astonishing and humiliating. In the face of an army, superior to his own in every respect, he captured 4200 prisoners—swept the eastern part of State of its best horses—drove off 8000 head of cattle of the finest breeds—robbed the whole of the stores in all the towns and villages through which he passed, and conducted in safety over the mountains an immense train of wagons loaded with flour, bacon, &c., &c. That he ever intended to take and hold either Louisville or Cincinnati, or both, I never believed. With garrisons on the Ohio and a powerful army in his rear, he could have done nothing more than to each, burn and abandon them.

All that region of country round about Lebanon, Perryville, Harrodsburg, Danville, Lancaster and the towns further east, is called the Blue grass country, and is the finest I ever saw. The land is rolling, has been mostly cleared, and brought to a high state of cultivation. The well-to-do planters raise immense crops of corn, wheat, oats, hemp, &c. They also raise great numbers of horses, cattle and hogs, which are all of the best breeds known.

We have had a good rest for the first time since August 16th, the day we marched from Jucino, Miss. We are receiving a general outfit for a winter's campaign. You may look for sharp stirring work as soon as the railroad connection with Louisville is opened. The Battery has been supplied with Sibley tents which are very acceptable those cold nights. Our Quartermaster Sergeant, Mr. J. O'Brien, has received a commission as Second-Lieut. in the 42d Iowa Regiment. We rejoice at his good fortune, but are very sorry to lose him, for no one in the battery can fill his place as well as he did. He is large, hearty and universally liked by officers and men. We all wish him the best success.

N succeeding recruits have been taken into the battery from the regiments. This is the easiest branch of the service. We have our knapsacks carried for us, and since Buell has been removed, have been permitted to ride.

An election was held in the Battery on the 4th last, while encamped at Bowling Green. Many of the boys did not vote.—The whole number of votes cast was seventy, of which sixty were for the Republican candidates, and three for the Democratic. This shows the political complexion of the battery.

The health of the Battery was never better. But few names are on the sick list, and none are seriously ill. There is a rumor that our division will garrison the city while the main army moves south; but we are not knowing that our General is a good fighting man we do not believe it. Direct your letters to the 30th Brigade, 2nd Division, Army of the Cumberland, via Louisville.

WM. H. BAIL.
Our march here was hastened by the 75,000 strong—say that they are in good fear that the city would fall into rebel hands. The forward movement which had been anticipated was delayed by circumstances we had not before considered.

When General Rosecrans assumed command of this department, two corps of the army en route for Nashville were stretched between Danville and Bowling Green—the Third had continued the chase after the flying enemy. It behooved the Commanding General to look about him to ascertain the condition of affairs, the position and efficiency of the troops under his control. He found Nashville to be the only foothold we possessed in the Department of the Cumberland, and all middle Tennessee that we once held, had, by the retreat of Buell, fallen again under rebel rule. His large army was in an enemy's country, depending for its supplies of provisions, clothing, equipments and ammunitions on a single line of railroad nearly two hundred miles in length, every foot of which had to be guarded from the assaults of guerrillas. Even this communication was cut off by the filling up of the tunnel near Gallatin, and by the destruction of bridges along the line, so that for weeks after the army reached this place supplies had to be wagoned from Mitchellsville, a distance of thirty-five miles. The wagon trains had to be strongly guarded to prevent their falling into the hands of Morgan and his band. The troops must have tents to shelter them from the cold, and the driving rains of winter. Many were in need of blankets, clothing and equipments, and must be supplied. Many old regiments had not been paid for five, six, and even seven months. These must be paid, so that the soldiers might buy many needful things, and send money to the loved ones at home to make them comfortable during the impending winter. These regiments, too, had been marching almost incessantly for over three months. They must have rest and time to recruit their exhausted energies.

A single line of railroad, that was liable to be destroyed at any moment, could not solely be depended on to provision an army that was all the time moving further away from the base of its supplies. Under these circumstances it would be rash—it would be criminal to advance. So, perforce, the army must wait till a depot could be established at this place, and filled; or till the safer and more certain avenue of communication opened—till the Cumberland river became navigable to this place.

It is rumored that the major part of General Pemberton's Mississippi army has joined Bragg at Murfreesboro, and that they will soon attack us. It looks quite probable that this is so. If they do, we will make it a second Corinth affair.

"They come as fleet as mountain deer, We'll send them back as tame."

From Flinney's Battery.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Dec. 16th, 1862.

Paroled prisoners represent them to be 75,000 strong—say that they are in good spirits and anxious for a fight—have received new uniforms, and are commanded by General Bragg. Nashville is wholly in the hands of the enemy. There is no doubt that this is so. If they do, we must wait till a depot could be established at this place, and filled; or till the safer and more certain avenue of communication opened—till the Cumberland river became navigable to this place.

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W. H. BALL.
From Racine to New Madrid.

Correspondence of the State Journal.

January 1, 1862.

March 16, 1862.

Batteries Five, Six and Seven took the cars under orders delivered first directly from Gen. Halleck, and subsequently repeated by the State authorities.

[We omit the details of their movements until they reached Bir's Point.]

At 9 o'clock, Thursday morning, we were standing on the west bank of the Mississippi—baggage on shore. The first train was occupied exclusively by soldiers, except one car, which took nine horses belonging to officers. The remaining horses, together with the baggage of all the batteries, were put in charge of Lieut. Nobles of Battery No. 6, with orders to bring them on by the next train. The first train went safely through to Sikestwon. The second, which started three hours later, proved to be too heavy for the road. The track gave way before the train had proceeded three miles. Three cars were thrown from the track. Fortunately, no one was hurt. This accident made it necessary to build platforms on which to lead the horses from side to side, and also for transferring the entire lot from the disabled cars to others, procured from the west end of the route. The accident cost us twenty-four hours' delay. Meanwhile, the four batteries, leaving the cars at Sikestwon, unslinging their knapsacks, left them in charge of a guard, and taking nothing but haversacks, cannoneers and heavy shoes. The boats were dropped down towards the left of us from the island, and turning back just before she gets within range of the guns of the upper fort. But our interest is now now below us. One mile below is a two gun battery commanding a narrow channel through which, at this stage of water, steamers cannot align up and down out of the range of the guns of either fort. One of these guns was hauled down and placed in position by Capt. Griffith's Company, a Wisconsin battery, No. 17. Seven miles below Point Pleasant, is another battery, manned by somewhat unskilled gunners. The Wisconsin 8th Regiment is in camp in the rear of these guns. Five miles below Pt. Pleasant is another battery. Last night the rebel gunboats engaged this, and succeeded in passing it. Today has been a success, the boys keeping step to the time of Artillery, called upon Captain Dillon, of the Baena Vista Battery, to send twenty-five picked men, and his most experienced lieutenant to take charge of a siege train, and to transport his lower battery. In one hour the men were on the march, with two days' rations, and tents and knapsacks in the company wagon. The balance of the company not on the sick list were then called out to finish some police duty which they had begun in the forenoon. In twenty minutes they were called back to quarters. It seems such men were ordered to take two days' rations and blankets, and march with skirmishers over the commanding officer might direct. Similar orders were issued to two other batteries in the Michigan Seventh. These also were put in marching order in one hour. No one of them knew where they were going. These movements, coupled with the passage of other troops down the river, indicate that there is work for every able-bodied soldier. Our Wisconsin boys are suffering just as every other battery arrises. None are seriously ill, but many are very much weakened by the diseases peculiar to a change of water and climate. For the last three days our boys have spent their leisure in writing letters home. Their turn has now come to do the things out of which history is made. The army, with which they came forward in the Baena Vista Battery at the first call, for twenty-five men, and the joy exhibited when at the second call all were permitted to go who were present is an indication of the large number which will sustain them manfully to the end. We who are compelled to remain in camp to prevent stores and forage supplies of itself, and feel that we are furnishing our country as efficiently as if we sighted a gun, or held a friction primer. We lie down to-night expecting to be washed by the fierce cannonading of the rebel's gunboats, on the batteries below. But we commit our brave comrades to the God of battles.

Letters from Dixie.

NEW MADRID, Mo., March 24, 1862.

EDITORS ADVOCATE:—When last I wrote you we were preparing to leave Camp Benton. At 8 o'clock A.M., March 18th, we were in readiness; a fine Regimental Band escorted us out of camp; just as we passed the gate three rousing cheers were given for the Wisconsin boys and three more for the Union. We met the 14th Wisconsin Regt. there, many of whom we were acquainted with, they were glad to see us. Camp Benton has accommodations for 22,000 men but only 6,000 were present. There was a fine display of cavalry; our regiment forming in the open square, while the batteries are on the tents printed by the Nashville Bible Society in 1861.

I could mention other relics, but stirring events crowding upon us hurry me along. As we proceed, the heavy booming of mortars and guns directed against the upper end of Island No. 10, which is ten miles distant from us. We see a rebel steamer cautiously dropping down towards us from the Island, and turning back just before she gets within range of the guns of the upper fort. But our interest is now below us. One mile below is a two gun battery commanding a narrow channel through which, at this stage of water, steamers cannot align up and down out of the range of the guns of either fort. One of these guns was hauled down and placed in position by Capt. Griffith's Company, a Wisconsin battery, No. 17. Seven miles below Point Pleasant, is another battery. Last night the rebel gunboats engaged this, and succeeded in passing it. Today has been a success, the boys keeping step to the time of Artillery, called upon Captain Dillon, of the Baena Vista Battery, to send twenty-five picked men, and his most experienced lieutenant to take charge of a siege train, and to transport his lower battery. In one hour the men were on the march, with two days' rations, and tents and knapsacks in the company wagon. The balance of the company not on the sick list were then called out to finish some police duty which they had begun in the forenoon. In twenty minutes they were called back to quarters. It seems such men were ordered to take two days' rations and blankets, and march with skirmishers over the commanding officer might direct. Similar orders were issued to two other batteries in the Michigan Seventh. These also were put in marching order in one hour. No one of them knew where they were going. These movements, coupled with the passage of other troops down the river, indicate that there is work for every able-bodied soldier. Our Wisconsin boys are suffering just as every other battery arrises. None are seriously ill, but many are very much weakened by the diseases peculiar to a change of water and climate. For the last three days our boys have spent their leisure in writing letters home. Their turn has now come to do the things out of which history is made. The army, with which they came forward in the Baena Vista Battery at the first call, for twenty-five men, and the joy exhibited when at the second call all were permitted to go who were present is an indication of the large number which will sustain them manfully to the end. We who are compelled to remain in camp to prevent stores and forage supplies of itself, and feel that we are furnishing our country as efficiently as if we sighted a gun, or held a friction primer. We lie down to-night expecting to be washed by the fierce cannonading of the rebel's gunboats, on the batteries below. But we commit our brave comrades to the God of battles.

N.

Newman.
Our route lay through one of the finest farming regions I have seen in the West, almost perfectly level soil, a rich loam, with abundance of good timber. The farms were well cultivated, the work being done mostly by slaves, we saw them at nearly every house that was inhabited. One old man whom we met remarked "Good times after dis war, Massa." We saw abundance of stalks in the corn fields, but no corn in the cribs. Most of the houses were deserted, the whole country showing the desolating effects of this war. Our march, however, was tedious; quite different from having arrived in Cairo, Ulyse.

We had not gone many miles before the boys began to show signs of fatigue, and commenced straggling along the road. The shades of evening closed around us, and we were two miles from Gen. Pope's Head quarters. It having commenced raining, and the road being almost impassable, we concluded to halt, and did not providing for ourselves as best we could. Being tired, hungry and sleepy, we soon had some fires built, set a hasty supper of dry bread and meat, spread our blankets, and were soon in the land of dreams.

We got up in the morning, Friday, 21st inst., most of us slept too sound and foot sore, waited some time for the balance to come up as they were strong along the road for at least five miles, had a roll call and started on.

I cannot but commend our officers who gave up their horses to those who were too much fatigued to walk, and trodged along on foot with us. We soon came upon Gen. Pope's encampment, on an open plain adjoining the timber. A city of tents lay stretched out before us, his actual force I have no means of knowing. We halted there about an hour and received orders to go to Fort Thompson, at New Madrid, two or three miles distant.

We soon came upon the recent battle ground, many evidences of which still remained; several trees were shattered with cannon balls, and shells and balls lay scattered around.

Soon after we came upon the earthworks thrown up around the town for their protection. At 11 o'clock we arrived at the Fort, and was soon shown to our quarters, formerly occupied by the rebels, made of boards with mud chimneys. After resting a little, we began looking about for something to eat, to our agreeable surprise we found the barracks well supplied with provisions which the feeding rebels had not time to remove. Just in our apartment, for six men, we found two bushels of corn meal, two bushels of rice, twenty pounds of sugar, twenty pounds of salt and cooking utensils of all kinds; it will not be necessary for us to draw rations for some days to come.

The rebels had a very large encampment here, the tents and barracks left standing would accommodate at least 10,000 men. A vast amount of property fell into the hands of the Government. The next day after our arrival our Company went to the upper Fort, in front of the town, to clear away some rubbish. The fortifications there are composed mostly of sacks of corn, thousands of bushels lags there covered with sand. This Fort mounts four heavy guns. The town is nearly deserted, and many of the buildings are pulled down; we piled up cots of furniture, lumber, &c., inside the Fort. While we were there at work a rebel gunboat made its appearance in the river above us, the guns were immediately brought to bear on it, when it turned and went back, stuck to our disapproving. In the evening we returned to our quarters laden with rebel trophies, such as tea kettles, rocking chairs, &c.

Our position gives us an excellent view of the river either way. Just above us lays a rebel steamer sunk in the river, laden with army stores, stolen away from Fort Donelson. Within a distance of eighteen miles, over twenty heavy guns are planted commanding the river. Several gunboats appear occasionally in the river below us, keeping a respectful distance from our guns. Across the river, just below us, is a large rebel encampment; we can see their tents and flags; we fired a couple of shots across the river to day, but received no answer. We expect hot work here in a few days. The three Wise Batteries with most likely be changed into heavy Artillery, so as to man the guns along the river. The boys are mostly well and in good spirits, no accident has occurred to any of them so far. More anon.

New Madrid, Mo., March 24, 1863.

Eds. Advocate:—Not belonging to the reporitary corps, I am not supposed to be everywhere, or to be able to give minute details of events that have never transpired; but, possessing an eye, and occasionally using the same in making observations by your leave, I will a "plain unvarnished tale deliver" of our whole course to the land of Dixie.

Leaving Camp Ulyse, on the morning of the 15th, with as little ado as though we were merely going out on parade, but little demonstration was made until we were fairly under way, when they gave full vent to their feelings in song, loud and repeated cheers, accompanied by the Badger yell or howl. Nothing occurred of interest until we crossed the State Line, save the rush of chickens for the cars.

By the time we reached Chicago, the boys were feeling pretty well. The lively enthusiasm with which we were greeted at every farmhouse and village on the route from Waukegan to Alton, was conclusive evidence that the hearts of the people of Illinois are with her eighty thousand sons now in the field.

At Alton we went on board the steamer St. Louis, and found there before us some twenty rebel prisoners, who had "taken the oath," and Uncle Sam, benevolent old gentleman, was transporting them back to Dixie, to fight their battles over again; they were a rough looking set of fellows, and a little too saucy for men just enjoying their liberty at the mercy of the Government they had fought to betray.

We arrived at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Sunday night, and on Monday evening received orders to move to this place the next morning, but, owing to unavoidable delays, the boat (John H. Doeby) did not get off until Wednesday, at 11 A.M.
Death of Governor Harvey.
[From some cause the following resolutions have just reached us by mail.]

FORT THOMPSON.
NEW MADRID, MO, May 1, 1862.

At a meeting of the officers and members of the 6th and 7th batteries of Wisconsin volunteers, held May 1st, 1862, for the purpose of taking action upon the intelligence of the death of the late Governor Harvey, the following proceedings were had:

Capt. Henry Dillon was called to the Chair, and Ordered Sergeant  William E. Hearsey was elected Secretary. The proclamation of the Governor of Wisconsin was read. On motion a committee, consisting of Lieut. H. S. Lee, Lieut. D. T. Noyes, Sergeant A. W. Cole, Ordered-Sergeants S. Haywood and Joseph Laster, were appointed to draft resolutions, who reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we have received with deep and heartfelt sorrow the intelligence of the sudden death of our beloved Governor, Louis W. Harvey, by drowning in the Tennessee river.

The death of Governor Harvey is the State of Wisconsin has been suddenly deprived of a man who held himself in an esteemed and experienced statesman, and a noble heard and patriotic citizen, whose loss cannot be replaced, and that the State of Wisconsin who are in the field of action, bearing for the preservation of the Union and the sanctity of our National Flag, have lost in him an earnest and a generous friend who has ever been watchful of their interests, and indefatigable in his exertions for their comfort and welfare.

Resolved, That the holy mission in which he was engaged at the time of his death, and in the performance of which his life was sacrificed, renders doubly dear to us the memory of him who has thus been removed from us by the hand of an all-wise Providence.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of the lamented deceased, in this the hour of their bereavement, the heartfelt sympathy and confidence of the officers and soldiers of the 6th and 7th batteries of Wisconsin Volunteers.

W. M. HEARST, Sec'y.

Presentation to Surgeon Miller.
Just before the departure of Surgeon Miller, of Geneva, for his post as Surgeon of the 6th Wisconsin Battery, his friends in Geneva and vicinity presented him with a beautiful sword and sash, as a token of respect and esteem. The presentation was a just tribute to a good physician and a true man. Below are the letter of presentation and also the reply.

Geneva, Walworth Co., Wis., June 16, 1862.

Dr. Clarkson Miller:—Respectfully yours,—Your friends, residing in this village and vicinity, having learned that you have accepted the appointment of Surgeon in the 6th Wis. Battery of Artillery, Capt. Henry Dillon, now in Pope's Division in Tennessee, and that you will immediately leave for your command, have conferred together, to select a suitable present to you, as a token of their regard and esteem. They have decided on the accompanying Sword and Sash for the present, and deplore the necessity of presenting to you.

In thus carrying out their wishes, they also direct us to express to you their wishes for your welfare, success, and safe return when your mission shall be fulfilled; and also the full appreciation of the wisdom of His Excellency, Governor Salmon, in selecting you, and tendering for you acceptance of the honorable position.

From a close and intimate acquaintance with you for the last 17 years, they feel warranted in introducing you to your command, as a Gentleman, a Patriot, a kind, sympathizing friend in sickness and affliction, and a skillful Physician and Surgeon, and one who will use his whole power in the faithful discharge of his duties.

Your friends also believe that this small testimonial of their regard and esteem will assure you that although at the call of your country you go forward “to succor and save,” you leave behind you sympathizing and attached friends to welcome your return, and rejoice in your success.

Yours Respectfully,

J. W. BOYD.
A. S. PALMER.
T. C. SMITH.
LEWIS CURTIS.
J. J. DEWEY.

Committee

DR. MILLER'S REPLY.

Geneva, Walworth Co., Wis., June 16, 1862.

To John W. BoyD, A. S. PALMER.

Gentlemen,—I acknowledge the reception of your kind letter with a surgeon's sword and sash presented to me (through you) by your friends residing in this village and vicinity, as a token of regard and esteem.

In accepting this necessary present, and the kind wishes expressed in your letter, allow me first to tender to you and my friends my heartfelt thanks for the favor, with the assurance that their confidence in me is not and shall not be misplaced, and that ingratitude is not one of my aims.

When on my late voluntary mission to Corinth, (if I had any doubts before) I became conscious that our sick and wounded soldiers needed more aid and assistance than they were receiving, and I then felt it my solemn duty to sacrifice all personal feeling in the matter, and if I had a talent that was beneficial to my country and fellow man, to freely offer it in their service.

My acceptance of the commission kindly tendered to me by His Excellency, Governor Salmon, separates me from many warm personal friends, but it is most highly gratifying to me to know that I leave friends behind me to welcome me in my success.

Our town of Geneva has, since the "first tear of a'loro" sounded from Fort Sumter, patriotically and cheerfully contributed her young men to fill up the army; and our citizens have not been laggard in contributing to their welfare, in money and contributions.

Our State stands proudly in the front ranks as one of the many that have done their whole duty to our country.

I shall leave for St. Louis this day, and although separated from my home friends—still conscious of being in the path of duty, my parting the ties of friendship which have been strengthening for the last 17 years, this present, gentlemen, as a token of regard and esteem will constantly remind me of my friends and my duty to my country.

Yours truly,

T. C. SMITH, LEWIS CURTIS, J. J. DEWEY.

Clarkson Miller, M. D.
Sixth Wisconsin Battery.

Correspondence of the Battalion.

CAMP IN THE FIELD, NEAR KIRKSEY, MISS.,
June 21st, 1862.

EM. SAVLES:—The General Order No. 73, issued June 19th, from the Headquar- ters of the Army of the Mississippi, is as fol- lows:

Regimental commanders will cause every absence to be notified, that unless he sends the certificate of an Army Medical Officer of his inability, he will join his regiment within thirty days, he will be reported as a deserter.

Lists of those so notified will be made in duplicate, one copy for the Division and one for the Headquarters; and regimental lists will be published in some newspaper of good circulation in the locality from whence the case came.

In accordance with the above, the following list of absentees from the Battery under my command, is forwarded for publication in the Sentinel:

H. W. Teloff, Lone Rock.
Ben. J. Johnson, Lone Rock.
Jas. O. Phetepcease, Lone Rock.
Kearny, N. Y.
Wm. H. H. Booth, Avoca.
Fred C. Schmidt, Orion.
John Campbell, Prairie du Lac.
Edwin Bicker.

The above name persons having failed to report themselves at the expiration of their terms, or to forward proper medical certificate of their inability, are liable to be reported as deserters.

HARRY DILLON,
Capt. Battery No. 6, Wis. Light Artillery.

From the 6th Wisconsin Battery.

The Army of the Mississippi—A Disappointment.

Army Affairs.—The Persevering Surgeon.

In search of the 6th Battery—Improvised Sanitary Condition of the men.

RISEZI, MISS., July 15th, 1862.

MINES EARTON.—The occasional copies of the Journal which reach me, and which are addressed to me as still at New Madrid, remind me of a great neglect in not giving you formal notice of the departure of the 6th Wisconsin Battery from Missouri and its reunion with the Army of the Mississippi, near Corinth.

Passing over particulars which have been already published in the Journal, I beg to present you in a sketch of the division of the Army stationed here. The Army of the Mississippi is now organized in five divisions, as follows:

1st Division commanded by Brig. Gen. Palmer.
Camden, 24th.

4th Division commanded by Capt. Henry Dillion.

6th Division commanded by Col. George Davis.

Battalions of Wisconsin:

1st Division—Commanded by Gen. Daniel.
3d Division—Col. Col. Davis.

All entry regiments are commanded by Gen. Grant as a distinction.

The 1st Division consists of the 6th Missouri, the 6th Illinois, the 2d Reserve Battery, the 6th Wisconsin Battery, Co. I, 1st Illinois Artillery, and one section of the 2d Iowa Artillery.

All are encamped around the village of Rieza. Other batteries and regiments are within one hour's march of us. This is now, and has been for weeks, the advance division of the army. We took possession of this place five weeks ago, on our return from Boonville, twelve miles.
From the Buena Vista Battery.
Rienzi, Miss., Sept. 38, 1862.

Ladies'-Sundry newspaper correspondents still persist in representing the country south of Corinth as given up to the rebels. It is even intimated that Corinth is to be abandoned. The real fact is that Rienzi, sixteen miles south of Corinth, on the line of the Mobile and Ohio railroad, has not for an hour been left defenceless, since our troops marched through it last May. In the early part of June, the Division of the Reserve, under command of Gen. Asboth, commenced a line of entrenchments, and continued it until its villages of Old and New Rienzi were nearly encircled with military works.

The three batteries of artillery were assigned their respective posts. To the 6th Wisconsin Battery there were given three bastions to defend. These they have occupied, or held themselves in readiness to occupy up to the present day. Our horses have stood in harness day after day for a week—our men have laid down at night by the side of their horses and guns.

For the last ten days, we have been kept without fighting order night and day. Our baggage has been sent away, except what was absolutely necessary for daily use.

Last night we received orders to leave this point in season to reach Jacinto—six miles east of us—by morning. Before the time to march came, another order was received instructing us to hold Rienzi—that Price had given our forces the slip, and nobody could tell where he would next make his appearance.

The Illinois and Iowa batteries, which held the other bastions here, were ordered away two weeks ago. The 2d and 15th Missouri, the 30th, 44th and 47th Illinois, have also been withdrawn, but the 9th Illinois and the 48th Indiana, and other regiments have come in. Some of these have the most of the supplies assigned. Still, the 6th Battery stands fast—patiently awaiting orders—on the watch, the meanwhile, for some brisk dash from the enemy, or, as has been the neighborhood daily. Some of them have even penetrated 88 miles south of this point, and have returned in safety, while others of those who have penetrated to the East of us, have been snapped up.

The rebel troops, after approaching within ten or fifteen miles of us, have deflected to the East and passed by us. These are the troops that have attacked our rear and left our battery. Our battery, or rather sections of it, have accompanied reorganizing parties. But it has never been our fortune to be permitted to fire a gun. When we were not under fire we were under fire as sappers and miners. We stood in the reserve division before Corinth, waiting all day, and vainly hoping to receive the order to advance and open on the enemy. But the first hostile shot was yet to be fired. All this time we have begged our ammunition by the ton, from one point to another.

We have drilled and drilled, and executed all the manoeuvres required, and have invented bugle signals and practised manoeuvres of our own devising. Fortunately we have a Captain who not only takes pride in having a well drilled Battery, but who likes to fight far better than to drill. When the order does come to open fire our friends may rest assured that we shall do just what we are ordered to do, and that we shall keep at it as long as there is anybody to waste.

We have received eleven recruits from Wisconsin during the present month. We have room for a few more.

Our energetic and indefatigable surgeon, Dr. Miller, of Geneva, Wis., puts the boys on their feet in a few days after they are entered on the sick list. But the climate, the season, and the necessities of some, in eating and drinking forbidden things, form obstacles which cannot be removed in a day. I believe that no Battery from Wisconsin is more diligently served in sickness, or more fully supplied with hospital stores, than the Sixth Wisconsin.

To the sanitary commission belongs a part of the credit for this gratifying state of things.

We have now fourteen men at Corinth, who were sent away more than a week ago because not just then fit for active service in the field. These have not only received good medical attendance, but have also been comforted by the benevolent lady who is placed in charge of sanitary matters there—attentions that will ever be held in grateful remembrance by themselves and by their associates here, and by their friends at home. I regret, for the sake of our friends in Wisconsin, that I cannot give the name of the lady.

Sept. 19th, 1862.—A quiet night, but a sight of rejoicing. News of the capture of Longstreet's Division, the capture and接收 of Harper's Ferry, were announced late in the evening.

Since the departure of General Granger, the successor of General Asboth, and the session of Congress, we have had a thorough search of all houses has been made. The examination has resulted in the discovery of more than forty rides, fouling pieces, pistols, &c., among them were loaded and newly capped, and hidden in beds. Salt in larger quantities than any family needs, was also found. All these of course were confiscated. The houses may think themselves lucky that they were not treated to a trip to a Northern prison. These were the men who had taken the slaves in the middle of last week, and are now ready to fire a parting shot when we should evacuate the town. Comment is unnecessary. Yours truly, N.

EDT A letter from H. S. Koene of Hurricane Grove in this county, serving with the Sixth Wisconsin Battery in Mississippi, writes us a lengthy account of matters in that region. He complains that letters and papers are not sent regularly, at least not received. They should be directed to the Sixth Wisconsin Battery, Rienzi, Mississippi.

Mr. Koene says we late method of conducting the war is approved and is working vastly better, and would be still more effectual if the President's policy was better carried out. The rebels are now getting hurt and losing their property which they cannot stand. They want their persons and property protected as before, while they are off in the rebel army; they bitterly complain of the unconstitutional manner of conducting the war on the part of union men. Mr. Koene says the arrival of contrabands for protection increases; twenty-five came in a squad one day last week, saying the slaves are being forced south in great numbers, and when they resist they are shot.

On Sunday the 10th he went to see Lt. Col. McKeen, 15th Wis., Gen. Davis' Division, ten miles distant from Rienzi. Col. McKeen is in perfect health and high spirits; inasmuch as the Government has given him what he is satisfied. Koene says he has not seen an officer in the army upon whom shoulder straps set easier than upon McKeen; he does not, like many, cast aside manhood upon becoming an officer, but is the same Dave McKeen he was in private life. No officer stands higher or is more beloved by those under his command than McKeen.

The army opinion is that had the men now in the service been allowed to carry on this war as they wished, there would have been no need of these last calls for reinforcements, but the men used to make political capital and the officers wanted to line their pockets, so the war has been purposely protracted, and the country taxed for men and money to suppress it. Mr. Koene speaks in the highest terms of the officers of his battery and those in higher command.

Letter from the Sixth Battery.
Corinth, Miss., Oct. 14, 1862.

Mr. T. Noyes, the Sixth Wisconsin Battery, was killed at the battle of Corinth. He came to this state some ten or twelve years ago, as a congregation-preacher, and after failing to get a place as chaplain in any of the regiments, took the fighting position in which he lost his life.

He was the son of Mr. Noyes of Massachusetts, of the well known firm of Maynard & Noyes, ink manufacturers.

Letter from the Sixth Battery.
Correspondence of the Sentinel.

Corinth, Miss., Oct. 14, 1862.

EDT—Long before this reaches you, the battle of Corinth will have become an old story, and incidents connected therewith almost devoid of in-
of a hill, and we were supported on the right.

For a while the battle raged west of the town; the rebels making several unsuccessful attempts to drive our men from the fort in that quarter.

Between 8 and 9 o'clock the firing ceased, and we knew that the point of attack was to be changed; though we know not where to expect the next assault, their movements were hidden from us by the thick woods. Suddenly the skirmishers in the woods directly in front of us became animated, and were soon driven from the woods, followed by the rebels marching in three separate columns. They had evidently massed their whole force for the purpose of breaking our line and now rushed forward confidently of success. When they came in sight at the edge of the woods, we opened on them with shell and canister; and now the roar of musketry and artillery. The bullets fell about us thick and fast, and when their advance was steady, and although they fell before our guns like the leaves before a gale and as only cold and damp came on. No troops on earth could have done better, or advanced more coolly under such a galling fire. Seven or eight times line after line was broken down, but as often it rallied and bore steadily forward. It is useless to say such troops will not fight; though often they gained any hold by their daring, it was stilled by their barbarous treatment of our wounded.

They poured a destructive fire into our ranks as they advanced, and our men began to fall off. But their places were supplied as soon as possible, so that there was no faltering in our fire. They had got close upon our guns before our left support opened fire upon them. They had reserved their fire too long. The enemy had already charged the First Missouri battery from their guns in the bastion at their left, and had thus gained their left flank. Seeing this they made a sudden change of base of operation, to the rear, "double quick;" thus leaving our left unsupported. But our own loss was heavy; having lost 125 officers and men before our guns like the leaves before a gale.

Our right support did much better, though it was not sufficient to hold the enemy in check; as they had deployed a column to the left of our firing from the woods, which had so far gained the right flank of our support as to pour in an enfilade fire both upon them and us. Our few remaining standing fire lines, and now the enemy a flank, we were compelled to leave them in the hands of the enemy. But they proved of no use to us, for we had removed all the horses and ammunition from the field, and the pieces soon fell into our hands in as good condition as when they were abandoned. The rebels pushed forward and entered the town, but were soon left behind their lines. The firing was continued, and the woods again became animated. The guns had not been fired in vain, one had only to pass over the ground in front of them. But our own loss was heavy, having had five killed, including one lieutenant, and twenty-one wounded; as follows:

KILLED.

Lieut. Daniel Z. Noe, Spring Green, Wis.  
Corp. L. Brune Houk, Lone Rock.  
Corp. S. H. Hoyt, Holton.  
Private. Sixth Wisconsin Battery.

WOUNDED.

Sergeant H. C. Emory, Prairie du Sac, Ill. 
Corp. Stephen A. Burt, Oregon, breast, slight.  
Seventh Wisconsin battery.  
Christian Emery, Oregon, thigh, serious.  
Daniel Goodwin, Richland Centre, neck, serious.  
John A. Slayton, Mosel, breast, slight.  
Private John J. Slayton, Mosel, breast, slight.  
Henry J. Strayer, Lone Rock, thigh, slight.  
Private J. W. Pipher, Lone Rock, arm, slight.  
Private T. McClure, Lone Rock, thigh, slight.  
Private J. B. Waller, Sextonville, arm, and side, slight.

Aug. Trenkellite, Atesa, leg, serious.  
Private H. Crummel, Dutch Town, serious.  
Private Daniel Goodwin, Richland Centre, neck, serious.  
Private John A. Slayton, Mosel, breast, slight.  
Private T. McClure, Lone Rock, thigh, slight.  
Private J. W. Pipher, Lone Rock, arm, slight.  
Private T. McClure, Lone Rock, thigh, slight.

It is our option to give them a place in your columns or reject them.

Wednesday, the 1st inst., we broke up our camp about eleven o'clock, and moved forward a mile or two and then camped. The object of the movement was, of course, unknown to us, but the order was carried out in all its details, and we were very difficult to find at any time with out endangering the lives of our men deployed as skirmishers.

About dark we moved back to town, and during the night made several "strategic movements."

The night was calm and pleasant; the moon, shining brightly, threw such a golden light over earth, that had it not been for the painful evidence before us, one could hardly have realized that on such a night a man had been engaged in deadly strife with his fellow-men.

The firing continued at intervals by the artillery until about 11 P.M., when it ceased, and no sound broke upon the stillness of the night, and no voice of the wounded and dying. Thus far it was evident that the fire had favored the enemy, though a sound that the battle had commenced.

About 4 o'clock in the morning, (Saturday,) the artillery again opened. The rebels had approached so close during the night that they could reach the whole town.

Until after sunrise the firing continued without much loss, although it was a very formidable position to take, a low, swampy
morose and a river, with heavy timber, defending it from our approach; and yet the prisoners we took say it was that night a flank movement which made them run, for we were cutting them off from supplies.

From the time Price left the Tallas-hatchie till now, nothing of importance has happened to us, and we have been marched from one point to another, apparently without aim or purpose except to subdue our horses, which is being done without stint, and they show the good effects of it, for while we were on the march with provisions of horse feed, they were nearly starving, as it was so far to haul it that our means of transportation could not furnish a sufficient supply.

Have our friends at home any idea what it is to go out foraging in an enemy’s country! A very faint description must suffice: When, by reason of the army being in advance of the required supplies, the army supplies are temporarily unserviceable by the rebels in their retreat, the army supplies cannot reach us, and “Uncle Sam”’s commissary department finds itself without a shadow of a chance of filling soldiers’ pockets with except just now, so the restrictions against us taking what food we can find, provided we do not enter houses to do it, is taken off, but it only applies for the time being, and a description of one day will answer for others, only that the incidents vary.

When our reports last week, I went with a train of six mule wagons, with four companies of infantry for a guard, to be loaded with corn, with an ample understanding that we were to get what provisions we could in the shape hogs, chickens, potatoes, and the like.

We passed through a grand old forest of oaks and pines, over a road rendered hard by a slight frost, the brown leaves of the oaks and brush being relieved by the green of the pines and heavy, whilst the pure, bright air of the country was as pure as the spirit of the party, as we galloped over the few miles we had to go. The land on either side of the road was broken up into very small, fertile fields, varying from a tillage at considerable distances apart, and that of a poor quality. The prevailing tendency of all the land in this country is to wash into deep gulles, and no fields are found without being badly cut up by them.

The first incident which occurred, was the exhibition of a white flag at the yard gate of a citizen’s house, claiming protection against foraging on his premises, when a guard was posted there for the rest of the day. We rode through commerce was indulged in, he being charged with being a “scooch,” who had taken this method of saving his property. Unlike most of the country which we had passed through before, we found plenty of water, an article we have suffered for at times. Another mile or two, and we met a negro on horseback going to Oxford, where his master lived; he had been to Grenada, who said they were going to fight us. On proceeding further, we found all the dwellings deserted except by a few blacks, who upon being questioned said their masters were scooch and were hiding in the swamps and making their able bodied niggers go with them to take care of their property. They were, hard, bad masters, and that two negro men had already died by being exposed to cold nights and swamp fevers, and that they had kept them of closets and put up with the boards, and told us what to do as was in them, as they would not be robbed thereby, for they never got anything they contained. With such opportunities, it can be wondered at that men who had been restricted to camp diet should not refuse taking dried fruits, molasses and sugar found there, as well as taking, using, and being benefited thereby.

While this was going on, the train of wagons had proceeded to a swamp, nearly, directed and led by the chaplain of a regiment, to a large and well filled pen of corn, which had been put there supposedly to be hid; for there was neither road to or from, and could only have been found through information furnished as by “niggers.”

The chaplain dipped first into the pile. The wagons were all loaded up, and the slaughtered hogs and sheep took place, tossed up upon the loads, and we proceeded to camp, tired enough. In this way we get provisions, uniquely among the citizens of the country, confederate money, which is preferred by them to “green-backs.”

A large amount of counterfeit confederate money is kept by the sutlers, and a brisk business is carried on among the boys, for no matter what amount the bill indicates, it costs just ten cents a day. One of our platoons paid twenty-five dollar bill of that kind for a cow, and we are eating it. So good health and good feeling exist in camp, and the absence of spirits breaks out into vociferous shouting from ten thousand throats upon the least occasion.

What citizens remain in the country are taking the oath of allegiance, and there appears to be a great charge taking place in the minds of the people, for they freely say now that they desire the war ended.

All persons writing to or expecting letters from our Battery, should send us postage stamps. We have not paid for six months, besides we cannot get them here, nor pay of what we could send which would be of so much service to us, as a gift of some postage stamps.

How is it that an allotment commission never has been in our camp? This question has often been asked, for as soon as we are paid off, no opportunities are offered us of sending money home, as there are no Express agencies except at army posts, and an army in the field is seldom at each other’s door. Then there is the danger of foraying, which is almost universal, and so many of the boys resort to the gambling table (which is generally the ground), or to the sotter’s store, where they are charged; worse. We have six members of our regiment who now have paid us over two hundred, which of course they could send which would be of so much service to us, as a gift of some postage stamps.

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Our support reserved their fire until the enemy were too close upon us to prevent them from making a bayonet charge upon the battery. A large number of our cannoneers were by this time either killed or wounded, and the rest driven from their pieces at the point of the bayonet, I commanded the limbers and caissons to fall back. It being too late to limber up the pieces, I was compelled to abandon your personal goods, and so many of the boys resort to the gambling table (which is generally the ground), or to the sutlers’ store, where they are charged; worse. We have six members of our regiment who now have paid us over two hundred, which of course they could send which would be of so much service to us, as a gift of some postage stamps.

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Throughout the action their courage was uniformly good. Exposed to a murderous fire on an open ground, at the least protection, there was no faltering or giving way, but each did his whole duty, did his best. The battery went into action with a hundred and five men, including officers, cannoneers and drivers.

I have the honor, sir, to be, Your most obedient servant, Capt. HENRY DILLON, Wisconsin Artillery.

Full particulars of the battle have long since been given, and it is therefore unnecessary for me to enter into details at this late date. Our officers proved themselves worthy of the confidence of their men, in the battle. As the cannoneers were killed or disabled at their guns, the officers took their places, and were among the last to leave the ground.

Capt. Dillon had his horse killed under him. Lt. Hooy also had a narrow escape, a ball imbedding itself in the iron sheath of his saber, but, for this impediment, must have proved fatal. But I shall not attempt to enumerate the many "hairbreadth escapes." The courage displayed by the officers of the battery, to the number of twenty-five men from the infantry, replenished our ammunition, and the next morning by daylight were on the march in pursuit of the retreating rebels. Their route was easily followed, as the roadside was dotted with arms, clothing, camp equipage, &c., which they had thrown away in their retreat. We followed them from place to place, and although they were several times met and defeated within our hearing, we were not again permitted to take a hand in.

The pursuit of the retreating rebels from Corinth was not marked by the same leniency to peaceful citizens (7) which characterized the pursuit last spring. There was now no Union guard stationed at every house to protect the property, but the property was left to shift for itself.

But since the evacuation of Corinth last May, a different policy has been inaugurated, and the officers under whom we are now serving don’t believe in fighting without hurting somebody.

We returned to this place on the 13th, and are now encamped near the battle-field.

Under the care of our efficient surgeon, Dr. Miller, our wounded are doing well, and all but one were this morning sent to Northern hospitals.

LEWIS J. PIRCHER.

Private 6th Wis. Battery.

Corinth, Miss., Oct. 18th, 1862.

Editors State Journal: Supposing that, as journalists, you desire to record the doings of any of Wisconsin’s sons who are in the field, I herewith send you a statement of the part which the 6th Battery of Wisconsin Volunteer Battery took in the recent battles at Corinth, in the month of September, 1861. It was organized and enlisted at Lonesome, Rock Island county, assisted by Samuel F. Clark at Prairie du Sac, Sauk county, in the month of September, 1861. It remained in camp at Boone during the fall and winter, and early in the spring was ordered to New Madrid, Mo., arriving there a few days after its falling into our hands. The company then performed a great amount of labor, such as building forts, hazing and planting siege guns, manning and working one battery on the river, had one fight there, and performed the part assigned it in the reduction of Island No. 10. After which we were sent to Pittsburg Landing, after the battle there; was present on the field three days before the evacuation of Corinth; then we chased the rebels, without coming into detail, with the line as Boonsville, when we fell back to Ripley, where we occupied during the summer months; and we almost came to the conclusion, that we should not be needed, and it so we had better be sent home.

But on the morning of October 1st we were aroused from sleep early, and ordered to prepare for marching by daylight, as Price’s army was about to attack us—We waited till noon, and reports were made that he could not be found, and we marched in the direction of Corinth; but had we known it at the time it was not near at hand. On the morning of the 5th of October we learned that the enemy were about to attack the town; and we did not like the idea for a foolish cannoneering, accompanied with musketry, was opened on both sides, and our battery was held in reserve outside of town; but the fatality of a small affair. The rebels meeting with a check fell back about three miles, and we followed them. Here considerable fighting was done, and two of our men were wounded, when we chased and overtook them, when we were ordered back to town. The general impression was that we were whipped; anyway, the rebels were nearer than we thought when the morning, which they had improved by setting the town and camp by opening fire upon us before daylight, which was replied to by our siege guns for about two hours, both sides being in front. The carnage and loss upon the green field was great, for their first shell fell right among the train of ammunition, killing many of our men; and wounded the day before, and a general stampede to a place of safety took place, and "save yourselves," was the order of the morning. After the battle there was an outcome, and we all felt that a severe struggle was about to take place, and, which proved to be correct.

Our battery took up its position near the river, on the hill to the left, on the day before, except that it was a little in advance, and being on the extreme right of our line. For a considerable time we remained in reserve, and were in the battle going on on our left. The rebels met with the success they desired, massed a large body of infantry against our battery, and the chances were eight to one in their favor. One by one, however, the men fell back, and the question of retreat was asked. Our men replied by saying, "We have entered into the battle, and we will fight it out, if it costs the lives of the battery and us all."

The battery was in the thick of the fire, and was the cause of so many killed and wounded. We knocked down six of their officers, and the rest of the men were shot down before they knew what happened. The battery was left by the rebels, firing incessant volleys of musketry upon us and the two regiments supporting our line. It is not possible to conceive how a battery could have been captured, or how more rapid firing could have been done. Every man was at his post, cool, quiet, and working. Once, when the rebels seemed wavering, one of our men took off his hat and waved it at the firing upon us. Yet still the Captain was passing to and fro, superintending the firing of the guns, giving words of encouragement to the men, and the attention to one of the columns of the rebels, leaving the other two to attack the guns, were making an oblique movement, intending to outflank us, which we were attended to by the 59th Ohio regiment, but they lay too far back of the crest of the hill to see us. Two guns were trained for their benefit, and those on the right and center were the men and officers that an order to retire was not heard, and they fought on until the order was repeated with animation, and then we found to be right at the guns. Our men then retired, taking with them the limbers and caissons, but leaving the guns behind as no time was allowed to "limber up." It is not possible to convey in words a full description of the conflict, which for the time it lasted was not only very severe but sanguinary, as the number of dead and wounded exceeded what we had expected. The rebels seemed to have met with no other resistance than the above, and the usual looking at taking exposed batteries like ours as a small matter.

Immediately upon their coming up to our guns, a bayonet charge was made upon him by the 10th Missouri Vols., led by their gallant Adjutant, who drove them back with great loss, and the battle was won at our end of the line, and our guns recovered almost before we were off of the ground. One section was disabled, but all were recovered and were soon again ready for action, for such was the energy of our officers, that what ammunition had been exhausted from the cannoneers was placed from the depot. A detail of men were obtained from infantry regiments to supply the places of the killed and wounded (who were all taken good care of, who is from Geneva, Wis., whose skill and zeal is beyond all praise.) The disabled section was repaired, and everything was repaired. The next morning we set about the work, and we could see that the rebels, and which we did for seven days, following him to the Hatchie river, on the Rienzi and Ripley road, but finding that they had been dispelled as above stated, we went back to the Rienzi, next day to Corinth, where we are now encamped.

Our command was commanded by the
From the Sixth Battery.
Moscow, Tenn., Nov. 22, 1862.

Life in camp is monotonous and tedious—the daily routine yielding no stimuli to the many active minds composing this Army. If any person has scruples about letting soldiers vote, fearing that they might pervert the ballot box from its legitimate uses and ends, their fears proved utterly groundless on election day, as the regimental and battery orders belonging to those States which had made provisions for the vote to be taken, availed themselves of the privilege, and no evil was transpired in camp which was considered more quietly, or gave more general satisfaction, as all felt that though they were absent from home, their interest in that home was still recognized.

General Hamilton, who was Rosecrans' successor to the command of the army at Corinth, received orders to report with his force at Gen. Grant's headquarters, in Jackson, Tenn., and our battery with three others attached to this division, left Corinth Nov. 1st, accompanied by a number of regiments of infantry and cavalry. Upon reaching Grand Junction, Sullivan's brigade was pushed forward to Davis' Mills, situated between that place and Holly Springs, in a very fine country—unlike that part of the State of Mississippi we had been in, as the immense cornfields testified.

Cattle, hogs and farm produce prove conclusively that starving the rebels into submission is a myth, as we found all these things in great abundance. They are now being used for our army. Davis' Mills were set to work grinding corn into meal by our men. The owner being in the rebel army had considerable of his property "confiscated," as well as many others. Gen. Grant is setting many contrabands to picking cotton, there being many very large fields seen on our route in which they were at work.

The advance of our army was nearer Holly Springs, which the rebels occupied. Our battery was inspected by Gen. Grant and sent to occupy Moscow, a small town upon the Memphis and Charleston Railroad.

Moscow, a very insignificant town, has none of the fine buildings to be seen in its namesake in Russia, for you can scarcely find more dilapidated ones anywhere, notwithstanding the country seemed rich and productive. No one can fail to be struck at the almost total absence of men in this country. All towns are entirely deserted, which we have yet been in, nor is there any business of any kind carried on in them, except what is done by us and for our use. I have yet not to see the first frank, genial countenance, showing pleasure at our advent, and I must question whether any person having property in the South can be found, but what desires the success of the Confederate arms, and would cheerfully aid them. As soon, however, as our army approaches, what few remain behind profess to be Union men, in order to lay a claim against the Government for damages sustained; but, without exception, keep aloof from us, give us neither aid or comfort, show us no roads, render us no assistance of any kind, and give us no greeting. Nothing is more evident than that the poison of secession has entirely taken possession of the public mind, and that conscription was not needed to fill their ranks.

Nothing short of subjugation will bring them back to their allegiance, for they undeniably hate us. Where are the "Six Hundred Thousand More," we read about? They are needed. None of them, however, find their way into our Battery, although much needed. Our Second Lieutenant, John W. Fancher, was sent to Wisconsin on the last day of June, to obtain recruits. He has been absent about five months, and has sent on a few men, two of whom is a been discharged for disability. Our company, to make it efficient, has been compelled to take men from incomplete regiments.

Will some one whisper to our Lieutenant that it is time be shared with us the duties and dangers of this campaign, and inform him that much comment, as to the cause of his prolonged absence, is indulged in daily?

Where we now are, Confederate money would be preferred by the citizens as pay for any articles they sell us.
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