Letter from the Seventh Battery W. V.

Correspondence of the Battalion, Ept. Thompson, New Madrid, Mo., March 28, 1862.

Dear Sir:—Once more upon the "war path," your correspondent, "Gallant First," resumes with pleasure his former position, and will endeavor to keep you informed of all events, and as to all matters of interest that may occur or come to his knowledge, in whatever portion of the national arena in which the present great struggles being fought his lot may be cast.

A brief account of how we came here, what we saw by the way, and what has occurred since we have been here, may not prove uninteresting to your numerous readers.

The Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Batteries, Capt. Finney, Dillon, and Griffith, left Camp Ully, Racine, for the seat of war on Saturday, the 15th day of March, 1862; took the cars to Chicago, where we arrived at about four o'clock P. M.; from there came by the O Glover, to St. Louis, and started for Alton, arriving at the latter place on Sunday morning. At Alton we took a steamer for St. Louis. Here we received as passengers fifteen or twenty liberated secession prisoners, who had been discharged from the Old Penitentiary at Alton, on going through the mockery of subscribing to the oath of allegiance. We say mockery, for upon conversing with several of them I found they were as huddled together in their anxiety toward the Union or any traitor as possibly could be—though they all avowed their intention to remain neutral, henceforth, in the present struggle. But how much faith is to be reposed in the word or oath of men who have once forgotten their duty as citizens, and waged an unholy war against their own country? I conversed with one who was more intelligent and talkative than the others, and who had been in all the principal battles in Missouri, except Donelson. He expressed regret that he had ever taken up arms against the Union. He was at Wilson's Creek, and saw Gen. Lyon fall. He said that at that moment they had given up the day as lost, and were about retreating in disorder; but that event inspired them anew, they rallied, and by their overwhelming numbers drove Stover's little army back, when he made the masterly retreat that has rendered his name immortal. These secesh were the most forlorn, God-forsaken looking lot of creatures I ever saw—a motley crew, that threw, Tancrel's Bombastes army entirely into the shade. I thought if we were going to fight such "human cattle" I wanted to go home.

We reached St. Louis on Sunday, about five o'clock P. M., and immediately, after reporting to Gen. Halleck, marched to Benton Barracks, on the old St. Louis Fair Grounds, a distance of about five miles. The streets of St. Louis we found one vast sea of mud; it was mud to the right of us, mud to the left of us, mud "musher, more." We reached the Barracks after dark, found the Fourteenth Wisconsin out in large numbers to greet us, and found our quarters after much difficulty, but no accommodations. The "subscriber" slept upon a dry goods box, his head hanging over one side, his feet over another, and as he is somewhat on the elongated order his position was more eligible.

On Monday we fixed up our quarters in good style, and made ourselves comfortable for the night. Several of the secesh prisoners drove some pack mules, which we procured, to lay at the dock until twelve o'clock next day. Taking advantage of this, we took a steamer down the great commercialemporium of the Mississippi Valley. I was much disappointed in its appearance. It wears the most forlorn and "played-out" look imaginable. Her steamers, with the exception of a few engaged in transporting troops and government stores for their expenses, lie idle at her levees, and her merchants ornament the doors of their business palaces, with their hands in their pockets, looking like so many "beasts of departed glory."

In our perambulations we ran against W. T. Bliss, formerly of Madison, Dick Row, once of Racine, whom we would have expected to meet minus a leg, which he lost at the battle of Springfiled, and against Capt. Tancrel, who knew Tancrel, and consequently we knew him, and "irrigated."

On Wednesday we met Captains Marcus' Missouri, from Keokuk, arrived, and went into quarters at Benton Barracks. At noon we steamed down a distance of ten miles, and before leaving St. Louis let me say a word as to the feeling of the people on the great question of the day. Secession, that was once so rampant here that armed mobs invaded the town, and armed mobs of traitors went about the streets offering a price for the sight of a Union man (or Abolitionist, as they called them), has become as subdued and quiet as a lamb. On our march through the streets we were greeted at every step with cheers by men and children, and the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies. A love for the Union seems to have resumed its supremacy. Among the loyal people of St. Louis, the predominant sentiments seemed to be a veneration for the memory of Gen. Lyon, a pride in Gen. Donelson, detestation of Gen. Fremont, and unlimited confidence in Gen. Halleck.

Learning much of the character of General Lyon, I could not help recalling my sentiments toward him, and with regard to him were not founded on any ground of personal knowing or from any Democrat, as they called them, had a greater respect for him than the passing encomiums from the press. His talents and integrity were well known, and his patriotism was unbounded. His name is synonymous with the memory of such a man. It will be remembered that on the bloody field of Wilson's Creek, the First Iowa Regiment, by the cowardice or inefficiency of its Colonel, was without a leader and clamored for some officer to lead them in the fight. Gen. Lyon answered their cry, "I will lead you," and, leading their charge, sacrificed his life. One fact alone indicates what was the character of the man: when his body was recovered, in his pocket was found a black silk handkerchief, which he devised all he possessed to his country; he left a number of poor relatives who were near and dear to him, with the assurance of his patriotism to give his all to the cause of the Union.

Before visiting the scene of General Fremont's operations I considered him the "best armed" man in America, and deemed the aspiration of a people of the North to unjust and unlawful. But after conversing with a number of the loyal men of St. Louis, some of whom I know to be reliable, I cannot resist the conclusion that even the Chicago Tribune, with all its bitterness, never exaggerated matters in the least; that the operations conducted under his administration were conducted with the sparest means, that he conducted them with the greatest dignity, and that out of the whole number he did not know one man who was loyal to his own State. He has conducted the detail of facts relating to his administration, either one of which, without an explanation, is sufficient to condemn a man of the great merits that have been claimed for Fremont.

One scene that I witnessed was shoting in the extreme, and sufficient to cause the blood of any patriot to curdle in his veins. A steamer came up from Fort Dussion, with sick and wounded Union soldiers, and landed near our steamer. They were passed out and handled as such men of them put into a species of ambuscade, and noticed that they were destitute of comfortable clothing, and that their protruded out of the wagon, perfectly bare. One of them died while being transported to the hospital. It is not a crying shame that we are now doing all the fighting, "wounded in battle" for their country should receive such treatment, while the "Grand Army of the Potomac," which is doing nothing, receives everything, &c.

The sun set in the sunshine of national favor. Where are our Saviours? There is not a number or poor relatives who were near and dear to him, with the assurance of his patriotism to give his all to the cause of the Union.

Passing down the river, when about five miles from St. Louis, we passed the Missouri State Arsenal, toward which secession at one time looked with longing eyes, and the site of which Gen. Lyon marched his little army to the capture of S. A. G, JACKSON'S force of traitors at Benton Barracks. A few miles farther down I saw the gunboat being repaired. Had pointed out to me a number of secession estates upon which the hands of confiscation have operated, by the Government. On our way down the river we met with signs and manifestations of loyalty from the people on either bank.

We landed in Cairo on Thursday morning. Had three or four hours to look around, and spent them in trying to see Alton, Wyatt, Sandy Mack, and Speed Smith, who were all there, but couldn't find any trace of them. Suppose they had gone down somewhere in the "great principle" of the "blessed 175,000" bushels of corn that underlies the town. Heard the bells ring at 10 o'clock A.M. for the inhabitants to take their quotidian siesta. Saw John Hart, of the Michigan Southern Railroad, and leived on him for a trip to Bird's Point. Here we had to leave the cars about twenty-five miles to Sykes-town, and starting about three o'clock P. M., had a march of over twenty miles to New Madrid. A heavy rain set in shortly after we had started, and the mud was knee deep; we floundered along about twenty miles, when it began to clear up, and we could not see the side of a house ten feet off, and we were forced to bivouac for the night. We spent a night of the most miserable sort; guns all night, and we had no shelter. Your "beloved pastor" laid his royal length upon a pile of corn, and we spent the same time enjoying a refreshing shower bath. We passed over the ground which has been the scene of General Lyon's principal exploits. Saw a number of castoffs. On the plantations in this vicinity they raise nothing but corn, and on one was using for fuel the husk of Sun! had "raised" 17,000 bushels of corn without the trouble of cultiving it; it be-
They had been completely despoiled of their furniture by those Vandals, who had cut tables, &c., to suit the capacity of their tents or barracks. The grass was no longer kept at a proper height for mowing, and the fields were not properly cultivated. The barns were empty, and the neighboring hills were destitute of crops. The storehouses were filled with goods of various kinds, and the farmers were in a state of utter destitution. The people were plundered, and the soldiers were brutalized. The soldiers were, in fact, a blot on the face of civilization.

The assistance of 800-pdr. guns against any attack by our gunboats, and the presence of our batteries on the opposite side of the river, enabled us to maintain a constant pressure on the enemy. Our batteries were well placed, and the gunboats were in a position to support us. We had a large number of men and horses under arms, and the enemy was in a state of confusion. The battle was fought with great enthusiasm, and the victory was complete.

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There was something grand and terrific in the attack last night upon our battery. The night was one of impenetrable darkness—and when the silences was broken by the booming of theshot, it was not easy to distinguish the report of individual guns. The report would be followed by a reverberation that was scarcely surpassed in the compass and power of the explosion. At first, the river was lit up with an occasional flash; and then, when the firing became more impetuous, it was the glare of light, the blaze of fire, the hoarse roar, the rents of tearing air, and the clanging of destruction. The scene was truly impressive, and the constant whistling and whirling of shells was heard for a little to the terrible beauty.

The transports of the enemy ply from shore to shore in the Mississippi, bringing provisions and munitions of war to their friends at Number Ten. It is rather to be feared than a fact that they land about ten thousand yards out of the range of our guns, and carry on their avocations with perfect impunity, as we cannot cross the river; and in consequence of an immense marsh which commences just below here and extends for several miles down the river, we cannot plant battalions to do any figuring. The transports are, surrounded by batteries from Illinois and Missouri; and desertions were aking place.

We have pressed our own clauses as urgently as we could, and are doing the best we can to fortify all our representations under which we labor. We are making ourselves as useful as we can by fixing up the batteries and general accommodations of any kind, and rendering our blockade more effectual, against the expected invasion. One of the first orders of the day went to General Price, who has his command of the Sixth Battery, and is placed in a command of Co. F, First Missouri Light Artillery, consisting of four guns, and also having charge of one of the earthworks at this point.

The general health of the boys is first-rate. There is only one thing that the boys are not doing, and that is to hold a concert. A shell was picked up in the woods just back of here yesterday, and a soldier and three of the officers killed, and another killed when it exploded, and killed every one of them. It had been thrown by the rebel gunboats. The woods are full of them, and several of the officers have been hit by them. They are getting fat and saucy, and the accursed Indians are coming out of the woods, and are looking through the cracks between the logs, "to see the thing go off," when their Captain, ascertaining what they were doing, sent me an order in the manner, "You darned fools, go and dash in the building, heeled the shell out of the face, and it blew your heads to their quarters. Fortunately, "the thing didn't "go off."

The Seventeenth Battery is "steadily sound." The boys are getting fat and saucy, on the accursed Indians, and in barrack stories. They are eager for the fray, and only want the chance to face our two, were constructed by the men of the Wisconsin Battery, now here, and are mostly manned by them.

We were visited with a terrific storm last night, which lasted all morning, and reached its highest state of violence at about half past two this morning. For about an hour we were scared out of our minds, rain and wind. Every tent in the vicinity among them the hospital tent, containing the sick and wounded—was blown down. The night was one of incessant flashes of fierce lightning, which would momentarily light up with lurid brilliance. The night was one of incessant flashes of fierce lightning, which would momentarily light up with lurid brilliance.
I and very few, if any, would re-enlist in a hospital is only three miles from us, near Madrid, since my last visit there. One week ago, repulsed, with terrible slaughter.—On the day of their deliverance arrived. All the shore batteries, the batteries op-

The weather is perfectly delightful. The fruit trees are in full bloom, the earth is carpeted with grass, and the birds are warbling their sweetest song about us. It is an agreeable change from our icebound quarters. Such destruction, such a fit of over, and recently received. These families were compelled to leave Indiana, constituting Lauman's bri-

DEAR SENTINEL:—At last the long agonized. The Seventh Battery should be directed; Seventh No. and Thirty-sixth. These troops were the Seventeenth and Twenty-

FROM GEN. POPE'S COLUMN.

Letter from the Seventh Battery.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

The telegraph wires are now in operation from Gen. Pope's Headquarters to St. Louis. The whole line was completed last week by Major General Lew Wallace, the name of Bull, was brought from New Madrid. One successful,城市's officers as servants, for some time; were at Tiptonville. These contrabands appeared in the eastern nation among the men and officers as ined mark. Some of their projectiles Landing, Major General Lew Wallace, a man by the name of BULL, was brought from New Madrid, and as a reason, for their flying so precipitately from a strong position, that thy were at...
been wrong to make light of a grave subject, but I could not resist the temptation to turn on a tombstone the other day in a cemetery near here. It was as follows:

``rere lies a father and two sons, the three Kilt by the falling of a shell
To pursue the hint of a little farther; it appears that a large portion of those who have "shuffled off this mortal coil" in this section, must either be "jaded ladies" or "old bachelors" of a very uncertain period of existence, for on nearly every one of the tombstones the inscription reads: "He died aged so and so." It may be a peculiarity of the country. Another peculiarity is the proportion among the people. I saw several dies together the other day, all "widows." One lady residing near here has five daughters, all "widows." Let me suggest "old bach" friends in Milwaukee who are among the few fortunate fathers. One important point that I have found, a love letter from "Susan" to "Alfred," was the most amusing, (I could not help smiling at an inscription that was wrong to make light of a subject, grave and important.

It may be a peculiarity of the country. Inscriptions read: "died aged so," and so on. Another peculiarity is the proportion of widows among the people. I saw several dies together the other day, all "widows." One lady residing near here has five daughters, all "widows." Let me suggest "old bach" friends in Milwaukee who are among the few fortunate fathers. One important point that I have found, a love letter from "Susan" to "Alfred," was the most amusing, (I could not help smiling at an inscription that was wrong to make light of a subject, grave and important.

..." (Footnote: the letter without dates being known to the enemy.)

After seeing that it was impossible to shell the gunboats out by our gunboats, the range being too great, he concocted a plan in which he was successful, and in which he won great laurels as a General. Between this point and the Island on the Kentucky shore, was fortified very strongly by the enemy, and in order to take the Island, it was necessary to take these batteries, so that he could land a large force opposite here, and attack them in the rear. And how was he to do it?—

The gunboats could not get here without receiving much damage, but without our transports we had no facilities by which we could cross our troops. If we had the one, it was something that we had to have the other. It would be impossible for the transports to run the batteries if it would result in their entire destruction. The General sent a despatch to Commodore Foote, stating that it was impossible to take the Island from the Island, but to continue his bombardment, and keep if possible the enemy from fortifying any stronger. The river being high, it overflowed a portion of land between here and where the boat lay, deep enough to float the largest vessel of the fleet. The woods were now the only obstacle in the way; they had to be cut under the water low enough to let the boats pass over. It was almost impossible to think that it could be done, but the word "can't" not being in the Dictionary of Gen. P. Pe it was attempted, and the sequel will show was successfully executed.

Some time about the 22d of March they commenced their Yankee invasion, at the upper side of the point or flat. The work seemed to be sure to last long. By the 7th of April the work was completed, and in the morning of the same day five of the transports and one gun boat came through.

Previous to the arrival of the transports, Commodore Foote ordered Capt. Walke of the gunboat Caronolot, if possible to run by the rebel batteries and reconnoitre below New Madrid as far as Point Pleasant to ascertain the number of the enemies' guns, their fortifications, &c. On the night of the 4th it being a good sight to accomplish the purpose, the weather being stormy and dark, with a terrible wind, the Captain pipped up all hands, made known to his mission—commenced getting everything ready for a start, taking two barges, one loaded with hay and the other with coal, and lashed them to her iron sides to shield her from the balls. They closed the furnaces, extinguished the lights, screened her smoke-stack to prevent the sparks from making their escape, and then shoved off. They succeeded in getting by four of their batteries, when all at once the smoke in her smoke stack caught fire and sent forth a volume of flames which was seen along the rebel lines. At that instant shot after shot came pouring over and threatening her immediate destruction. The chances were better to proceed than to return, and she went until...
she reached her in safety, without receiving a scratch. The Captain said that he counted four hundred and twenty-five shots that were fired at her, some taking effect. She lay moored at the Upper Fort from the 4th of April to the morning of the 6th, Sunday, when she received orders to proceed on down accompanied by some of Gen. Pope's staff. As she passed by our barracks, cheer after cheer went up from our boys for the bravery of the captain. He acknowledged the cheers by raising his hat and slightly bowing. The boys of the boat threw up their caps and danced with joy to think they were another fight ahead, and they were to have a hand in it. One of them sung out with a voice like a lion, saying "watch boys and see if you can't see those d—d rebels run when we get after them." She had not gone more than half a mile when the 1st rebel battery opened fire. Almost at the same instant the fire was returned from our boat, doing considerable damage in demounting one of their guns and killing two men. They fired three shots from their remaining guns without effect and then vanished from our view. Further down 3 or 4 of a mile, they encountered the other battery of three guns. After five hours of sharp firing the gunboat was assisted by the land batteries, succeeded in silencing them. It now becoming towards evening they returned to our fort after successfully silencing the guns they had taken. Monday the 7th, in company with the gunboat Pittsburgh started out again ready and willing to renew the action. This morning they passed by their spiked batteries in safety. Upon reaching a point of land below and opposite our river guns they found three more batteries of three guns each; the rebel opened the cannon leading off with a ten-inch column. The battery, and our men were manned by the 7th battery, soon followed suit, and in ten minutes the firing became general. It was a still day and the smoke hung like clouds around the boats, it would neither ascend nor evaporate. Twice during the engagement flags of truce were displayed, but on account of the smoke the were not visible to the gunboats or our batteries. After firing the gunboats would apply the steam, get clear of the smoke in order to get another range, the enemy would wait and then open fire at the volume of smoke, thinking of the buildings have floated off. Last week the 1st of May, the 6th and 7th Batteries assembled, forming into a hollow square to hear the solemn tidings, regarding the general order of our late honorable Governor Louis P. Harvey. Lieut. Neyes of the 6th Battery read the dispatch announcing his death. A committee of five was chosen to draw up resolutions expressing the feelings of the soldiers at this great and sudden calamity; after which 42 minute guns were fired in memory of his death. I would send you a copy of the resolutions, but as it was late, I was obliged to return to my quarters four miles down the water, and therefore had no time to procure a copy. The health of the company is good considering the change of climate and water, the latter is very disagreeable owing to its dirt and filth. Yours Truly.

Dear Sentinel:—Owing to circumstances there has been an interruption in my communications to you for some time. I will endeavor to supply you with what has been doing in the interior. We left New Madrid for Island Downtown the 15th of May last. For two weeks prior to our departure the Bar- riery had been divided up, and placed in charge of the forts and river fortifications at New Madrid. Lieut. Hays commanding Fort Bankhead; Lieut. Green had charge of Fort Harvey, (which was erected by the boys and manned in honour of our late honored Governor,) and Lieut. Lee commanded Fort Thompson. This was in consequence of a dispatch received from Gen. Pope, saying that in consequence of the superior strength of the rebel fleet he would probably be defeated and perhaps annihilated. But the old Commodore's fears were proved unfounded, and our gallant fleet have pressed on to victory. At Island Ten we found the 5th Wisconsin, commanding in command of the post. There our equipment was completed, and we spent the time in constant drilling and perfecting ourselves for the service field. On the 14th inst. we received marching orders, and took passage on steamer Dixie, Owana, Ky., where we disembarked and made a march of twenty miles to Union City, Ten., and joined the 12th Wisconsin infantry troops under Brig. Gen. Mitchell of Kansas. Here we found the Twelfth and Thirteenth Wiscon- sin Battery. There are two brigades in this division, commanded respectfully by Gen. Mitchell and Delater, and composed almost entirely of Wisconsin and Kansas troops. There is one Missouri Regiment (the Twenty-second,) the Fifty-second Illinois, and two Illinois Battalions, in the column. The business of this force is to open the Mobile & Ohio R. R. from Columbus to Corinth as soon as possible. Gen. Hallock is urging the work with great energy, as this will be the avenue through which his grand army will receive all their supplies. We move from here to-morrow, and go to Corinth, where we shall be a day or two, and then—saw to Humboldt. The feeling of this portion of Tennessee (Benton county) is strongly for the Union; but I have not time to speak particularly of it now. At Island Ten we were treated to two meetings—a eclipse of the moon on the evening we left there, and a few days previous to that we were favored with an earthquake. Mother earth shook and trembled for a few moments as though she was laboring under a severe attack of the gales. The eclipse was perfectly brilliant. But I am brought to a sudden "halt" in my letter. "Duty calls and I must away." We are pleasantly located on the beautiful grounds belonging to a sister of the late Col. Thomas Smith, whose kindly ten- dered the use of them to us. His home is near here. In great haste, GRAPE.

Letter from the Seventh Battery.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

CAMP ETHERIDGE, Tenn., June 24.

Dear Sentinel:—It is with a sense of deep regret that I have to inform you that the Seventh Battery was chosen to draw up resolutions expressing the feelings of the soldiers at this great and sudden calamity; after which 42 minute guns were fired in memory of his death. I would send you a copy of the resolutions, but as it was late, I was obliged to return to my quarters four miles down the river, and therefore had no time to procure a copy. The health of the company is good considering the change of climate and water, the latter is very disagreeable owing to its dirt and filth. Yours Truly.

LIEUT. NAYS.
FROM WESTERN TENNESSEE.

Letter from the Seventh Battery.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

TRENTON, GIBSON Co., TENN., June 14, 1861.

Editor SENTINEL:—I am not exactly "banqueting in the halls of the Montesquieu mass," but I am seated in one of the halls of Trenton University, which is a "hall des-\ cautioned," and writing on one of the study desks, where the mischievous jack-knife has not left its imprint for a long time.

We marched from Ehrigdes's Bridge to Trenton on the 22d, and have been un\ cami\ un\ un\ carded here since. Our tents are placed upon the University grounds, a beautifully shaded slope, and we feel that here one is" east in pleasant places." We had a terrible march from Union City to this place—had to cross the Tennessee Bottoms, and the marshy swamp skirting the Obion river. Description stands aghast! No one can have any conception of what it is to get a train of artillery and transportation wagons through such a country, and the impatient "Outward to Richmond" or any other place souls, who are continually whining about the slow movements of our armies, and receive with a snar\ excess of bad roads ought to be given the blame of a little experience in that line. This cutting and forcing your way through cypress swamps, where the sunlight never penetrates, astounding only in snakes, toads, lizards, mud and darkness, with only an occasional oasis of firm earth to relieve the clamor, cost me much, may seemed a trivial matter in the "march of armies; but "I know that d—d oath," and those lips—for one long year they waited and now the light of liberty had broken in.

From a close inspection of the article, we are able to decide that "Southern Chivalry," "the cornerstone of society," the "Uranian Right," and so loud-mouthed in their denunciations would be the "monuments of loyal Old men and women that should be directed "Seventh Battery, Wis."

The only productive or manufacture articles observable in the villages are loofers, and they turn out the simon pure article too. Every shop, store, office, saloon, or hotel, as the coteries of idle, dissolute, "specimen of "Southern Chivalry," who seem to gain a precarious subsistence by their more fortunate friends who "own niggers." These are the shops that have heretofore been so blatant; but the " instantiation of the genius of the free, intelligent labor would blossom like the rose, and become the garden of America.

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TRENTON, GIBSON Co., TENN., June 29, 1862.

Dear Sentinel:—We will now resume the "thread of our narrative," which was suddenly broken off a few days ago by the surrender of our prisoners. On our arrival here we were greeted with another
"Union demonstration," but the participants are not specified. They are farmers from the surrounding country who came into town to attend the demonstration. They feel that they have been resented by their neighbors as being in favor of emancipation. The demonstration took place in the town square, and the crowd was large enough to fill the streets.

Trenton has been a very important point in the Confederacy, as it has been a depot for supplies and a base for operations. The Union forces have been camped at Trenton for several days, and the people have been very kind and hospitable. They have been very much interested in the progress of the war, and have expressed their joy at the arrival of our troops.

The Seventh Battery of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and consequently the whole Army of the Mississippi, was now attacked by the Confederates under the command of Gen. Price, of the Kansas First, and Gen. Hardee, of the Kansas Second, which attacked the Seventh Battery. The Seventh Battery was commanded by Capt. Price, of the Kansas First, and was made up as follows: First, kindly gave us their assistance, and the ceremony was very impressive. There is no rite so sad, no pageant so solemn, as a military funeral. But death is so common and so numerous in the army that little attention is paid to it or observed. He who has yielded up his life before the destroying breath of the camp disease deserves like honors, and meets like fate with him who falls in battle. "Thrust firmly in the earth to be forgot" by all save the near and dear ones who mourn at home for him "who cometh not forth."" It is the custom to trust the dead to the care of the grave, but not to forget them. There is a deep respect for the dead, and they are remembered with affection.

Letter from the Seventh Battery

Correspondence of the Sentinal.

"Mr. Sentinel"—We have had our deaths occur in our battery since its arrival at the camp of war. A. E. Gridley and Henry C. Palmer have been buried in the hospital, and are now at sea. John Riggert died while we were in camp at Island No. Ten, and we buried one of our men here yesterday. He died as a soldier, and his death is mourned by all who knew him. The ceremonies for his burial were very impressive. There is no rite so sad, no pageant so solemn, as a military funeral. But death is so common and so numerous in the army that little attention is paid to it or observed. He who has yielded up his life before the destroying breath of the camp disease deserves like honors, and meets like fate with him who falls in battle. "Thrust firmly in the earth to be forgot" by all save the near and dear ones who mourn at home for him "who cometh not forth." It is the custom to trust the dead to the care of the grave, but not to forget them. There is a deep respect for the dead, and they are remembered with affection.

While calling on one of the aristocratic young ladies of Tennessec (as they pronounce it here), and attempting to enter into conversation on a variety of topics. Among those subjects we discussed the poet. She expressed to us the highest regard for the poet and not the least regard for her favorite. She replied that "the Fifth Reader" pleased her taste. We changed the subject.

When armed resistance to our Government shall have been put down, but half the work will be done. It is a great mistake to think that we can "re-loyalize" the people by force, and they must be "re-trained." The campaign in the West is evidently finished for this season. Gen. Hardee's "grand army" has dissolved and detachments, scattered here and there, over a vast expanse of country, wherever water and larger movements are possible. The camping places are scarce. We have, without doubt, in our "summer quarters," and "in the open air," and "in the sunshine," and "in the time of rest," and "in the time of sleep," until cool weather; and we are now at the extreme north of the country; and the green leaves of the trees have begun to show the signs of death. The camps are to be thoroughly cleared out; the last are to be cleared, to avoid storing in the ground; tents are to be strung up; and the camp grounds all need a thorough system of law and order.
Interesting Letter from Jackson.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

JACKSON, Ten., December 31, 1862.

SIR:—In compliance with the directions of the Editor of your valuable and interesting paper, I have the honor to transmit you a copy of a letter just received from a very reliable and respected citizen of this place, which details the operations of the regiment of cavalry under command of Col. Ingerson, of Missouri, during the last week. The facts contained in the letter are corroborated by my own knowledge of the facts and circumstances of the case, and I beg to transmit the letter as a part of your official correspondence.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signature]

Jackson, Tennessee, December 31, 1862.

Missouri. 

Missouri, December 31, 1862.

SIR:—The letter you have just received from a very reliable and respected citizen of this place, which details the operations of the regiment of cavalry under command of Col. Ingerson, of Missouri, during the last week, is correct in all its statements. The facts contained in the letter are corroborated by my own knowledge of the facts and circumstances of the case, and I beg to transmit the letter as a part of your official correspondence.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signature]

Jackson, Tennessee, December 31, 1862.

The letter from the Sentinel contains a detailed account of the operations of the cavalry regiment under the command of Col. Ingerson, which has been confirmed by the correspondent of the Sentinel. The letter describes the regiment's movements, engagements, and accomplishments during the past week, and provides valuable information about the military situation in the region. The Sentinel is thanked for its cooperation in publishing this important news.

The weather is tolerably warm. As I write the thermometer near me indicates 102° in the shade, which for Wisconsin is a very high temperature. It is strange that the wily politicians of the South did not lead the people of the North to believe that the weather was unhealthy. They undoubtedly would have done so but that a few brave and loyal men threw themselves into the breach, and prevented the falling of the State that was sweeping over the State. One of the noblest and best patriots, who have risen superior to the general people generally, the men are leaders, they are physical, awkward, uncouth, jaundiced, sallow robust sons of Wisconsin. Like the South, against good government, and against liberal men.

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Spring Creek, and the other side at Lexington. At the point of attack Lee was sent towards
Spring Creek with a battery and a brigade. The battery
was commanded by Col. H.W. Stickney, a veteran of the
Federal service, and the brigade by Col. W.H. Emory, also a veteran. The
attack was successful, and the battery and brigade were soon driven back. The
enemy lost about 250 men, while the Federals suffered only 12 men killed and
20 wounded.

Trenton was only about 25 miles from Jackson, and the two
places were connected by a line of communication which was
essential to the safety of the Confederacy. On the evening of
Saturday, the 24th, a train left Trenton for Jackson, with a
company of Federal troops. The train was escorted by a battery of
artillery, and the soldiers were armed to the teeth. The journey was
accomplished without incident, and the troops arrived safely.

Butler calls the immortal Jeff. Davis (as and under
the Constitution) a bold tigress, who has held her
own against the invaders of her country. She is said to have
ordered the capture of a battery of Federal artillery, and to
have placed it in position on the heights around Jackson. The
battery was commanded by Col. Tolith, a veteran of the
Campaign of Tennessee, and the guns were under the
command of Capt. John A. Logan, a well-known
officer of the Union army.

The rebels were enjoying themselves hugely at
Trenton. They entered and took the place without a
fight on Saturday afternoon. They registered their
names at the hotel and were hospitably entertained.

The rebels were enjoying themselves hugely at
Humboldt. They entered and took the place without a
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names at the hotel and were hospitably entertained.
Anon-Batteries were formed in town Saturday with a fine company of 93 men, comprising the 8th Battery, who went into camp.

As news of the battle was received, a dispatch was sent to the War Department to notify them of the formation of the battery. On Monday Capt. Foster did some excellent artillery practice. The target was an iceberg some ten feet long and three on four feet high, that had formed on the end of a protection pier off the point near Michigan street, the distance from the camp being about a mile. It was a show of its dimensions, several balls hitting it fairly.

The boys have mostly returned from furlough and will now be paid what the U.S. owes them in arrears, as the rolls are made out. Paymaster Wright has the means on hand to do so.

Messes still prevail in camp, but not of an alarming type.

The arrangements recently made by which the men do their own cooking, seems to please them. They succeed in getting up some astonishing dishes, according to their own account. It will at any rate prepare them to encounter a campaign in the field better than the old plan.

Letter from Lyon's Battery.

Camp Utley, Jan. 16, 1862.

Editor Record:—Your welcome sheet was received this morning, and found as all in camp, comfortably situated and quite well, with the exception of Perry, who is severely, though not dangerously ill. The boys have made calculations of quarter here this winter, and in many cases they have had to cook vegetables in their tents of their common table.

Some of the batteries here have received marching orders: the First and Second, destined for Baltimore; and the Third and Fourth for Louisville. It is more than probable, notwithstanding the boys' calculations, that we shall receive orders to march in a few days. Our battery is full of fight, and very anxious to go South.

We were paid off on the 12th inst., and consequently have a little spare cash to buy stationery with.

I will be at your place in the course of a couple of weeks, after more recruits; so let those who are desirous of joining be in readiness.

We let eleven of the boys out for a couple of hours this morning. Yours,

J. E. ARMSTRONG.

The Batteries.—The 8th and 10th Batteries, the last of those in camp in this city, started yesterday for the wars. We do not wonder that the boys were glad to leave, for the last two months of monotonous, camp life would be enough to tire any one.

We should be doing injustice to our own feelings and to our citizens did we neglect in nothing their departure, to bear witness to the good conduct of the Artillery Boys during the war, five or six whom died in the heat of battle, and all belonged to the infantry.

A more gentlemanly and intelligent body of men would be difficult to meet anywhere. And the news from the hills and marches during the night. The next morning we left camp about eight o'clock, and by eight o'clock we were within three miles of their camp. There the roads forked, one going direct to the rebel camp, and the other toward the camp of the infantry and the right section of our battery, and going direct toward their camp. The remainder of the infantry and the left section of battery, moved toward town.

Our advance got within five or six rods of the rebel pickets before they saw each other. The rebels fired one volley and then ran into the bushes. We fired and wounded one of their number, and took two or three prisoners. We stopped in town a few minutes and then started for their camp. About this time the other part of the brigade had arrived at their camp, having a slight skirmish, although most of them had "skedaddled," leaving their tents and everything.

Most of them who had horses made their escape.

While this was going on, we were marching towards the camp of the other road, and when about half a mile from camp, General Mitchell sent word for us to proceed no farther, and to return to town. As soon as we entered town all the boys broke ranks and proceeded to help themselves to everything they wished for in the shape of cured bacon. Nearly all the people had left town and run for the bushes, consequently we used our own discretion as to what we should confiscate for our comfort. There was a large cotton factory and several stores belonging to the rebels, which had quite an amount of bacon, molasses, etc., stored in them, which the Quartermaster dealt out to the men. We killed several cattle belonging to the rebels, and since then we have lived first rate.

In the cotton factory, spoken of, there was about one hundred and fifty bales of cotton, most of which we had to leave, but we brought away about eight hundred dollars worth, and shall remove the rest after a while. At sundown we star-
Ivott back for Jacinto, taking with us our seventeen prisoners; about a dozen horses, a lot of guns, swords, and other trophies taken from the rebels. We marched nearly all that night. During the night, Gen. Mitchell received a despatch from General Davis, commanding the division, to proceed to Iuka, where we arrived about noon yesterday, being on the march nearly five days. On arriving there we were pretty well used up, both man and beast.

I have not learned how many rebels there was at this place, but probably not more than three hundred. They got news of our coming the night before, and consequently left. There is about ten thousand rebel troops eleven miles south of Bay Springs, the name of the town that we were at, previous to our arrival here. They are at Trepello which is about forty miles south of here.

Iuka is the prettiest place that I seen in the South. There is five or six splendid springs, making it a great southern watering place. I learn that hundreds of the Southern aristocracy came here to stay every summer during the hot weather; but there is none here this season. We are about twenty miles east of Corinth, and within four miles of the Alabama line.

Our baggage and the other two guns arrived a few hours ago. We shall stop here a few days but probably not long. We expect to be sent eastward toward Buel; he is at Tuscumbia, Alabama, about thirty miles from here.

We are having considerable sickness amongst the boys, several of whom are at Jacinto. R. Welch is in the hospital there, which is the only one from Wausau.

It has been very hot for a week past, but the nights are cool with heavy dews.

Yours truly,

W. L.

The law requires that the officers and two thirds of every ship's crew shall be composed of American citizens. It is well known that to comply with this law, and clear the vessel at the custom-house, a fictitious list of persons with protections is made out; of vessels arriving at this port from New Orleans, not one brings the crew with which she appears to have cleared. The list of crew and duplicate shipping articles rarely contain the name of a single person of the actual crew. The persons there named are described as having deserted after clearing, although in fact they were never shipped, but were represented by a certain number of protections. As the master of the vessel declares to the truth of the list of crew on clearing, and does so while he knows well there is not a word of truth in it, the demoralizing effect of such a system is evident.

Uttering a false document and passing by a false name must also produce a very bad effect on seamen, and so lower the moral tone that the opposing lines of right and wrong disappear.

If the protection, or any like system, is to be retained, I would suggest that photographs be
JOHNSON; so I shall give you a synopsis old Sol has oomo out good and strong. *»»« «P

know all about our loaving Oaiup Utley, rything that comes on board and watch and the great facilitios it presents, it is of things in general. Wc are now in Seoasia, and go have to proves, and shows more thrift and enter

in looking over a limifed account of how should suppose, from the nurabot oi

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begrudge the spending a few uioineuti full of Union sentimentfl, mostly German,

something to do, the thought of having us with a Bhout, bound for tho same

Ham Gatv,


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when Gov. D. transfor- a part to fill up the 8th goots as they go along, though wc lavo ^^^^ roalitia. and yet when wc left their

up his comission as Capt., and accept about it, that any one might swear by

e of a First Lieut. All this time he had, I verily believe that New Lisbo

it in his power to send every man home. Consequcntly here I am, and propose to
give you a few scraps from my journal.

Apl. 3d. We got orders to pack up

and be ready at a momeni warning, and done so, but did not leave till 4 o'cock,

and by the time we got fairly on board the boat it was night, and we soon steamed up the river on our journey.

Apl. 4. In the morning all turned oit like so many dogs, or rather bogs, some grunting, some swearing, &o.— Breakfasted on some old bread and raw bacon, with the broad Missouri to run to drink. Here we find the grass has begun to refresh the heart with the assurance that spring is about to groat us. About 10 o'cock, we reached St. Charles, which presents a pleasant view as we pass, with scarcely a show of welcome in any way. Farther up, we come to where somebody seems to live, for they have a good house, barn, and general appearance, the first seen to-day. Now we stop to get a few things for the cabin passengers, but I rather wonder, as they say the folks are quite Scous hereabouts; the country is quite hilly, though it seems alternate tiny on one side, and

low on the other. Towards night had a little shower with thunder and high wind. Our Consort, Sam Guy, with some of the 9th Ohio Cavalry, passed us with a shout, brand for the same point with us. Just before night we

stopped at Augusta, a small place, but full of Union sentiments, mostly German. I should suppose, from the number of vineyards that grace the banks of the river. We gave them three times three the best we could.

Apl. 5th. Had a very cold night, but old Sol has come out good and strong.

we are now in Secoacie, and so have to

In the first place, I shall suppose you keep a good look-out, and suspect we

know all about our leaving Camp Utley, rything that comes on board and watch so I will begin about the 25th of March, the shore too, for we hear of a number when Gov. Harvey and A. J. Gen. Gat. of them prowling along the shore, and soon came and told us that we were to occasionally slipping a few balls into the be transferred, a part to fill up the 8th goots as they go along, though we have Battery and a part to fill up the 9th; not heard of their doing any injury—

so 45 men, with Lieut. Hicks, were passed a few scattered places, not transferred to the latter, and Tamna, worth the title of villages, during the with 25 men, to the former. We alright. At 10 o'cock we stopped at St.

hung together, to a man, and resisted aubha, where a few soldiers guard the R.

the last, and would not even then have bridg. At 4 o'cock we made Jef

given up, had we not found out that warming City, the very Capitel of Me.

were not completely and purposely sold, and what a surprise, indeed, as we

which could not be done until he gave expected to see something having that

up his comission to Capt.; and accept about it, that any one might swear by

ed of a First Lieut. All this time he had, I verily believe that New Lisbon

has more houses and much better stores

than Jefferson City, and all there list to prove itself is the State Building which

can be beat by many Cities in Win. It is built of yellow stone about 30 x

and has a round Portico in front, supported with six columns of marble, with a

recess in the rear, and all surrounded with a cypali. Aside from the R. R.

depot there is no show of anything like business at all. I am sure that a better

thing than a good out-and-out rebellion could not heal this country.

Apl. 6. We stopped in the night at

Providence, a kind of government depot, and left some mules and wagens. At 0½ o'cock we reached the pretty place called Rockport, on the north side of the river; it is regularly laid out, and seems to be a lovely little place for its size, and compares with anything that we have seen on the river. From the looks of the people who, as it is Sunday, are all out in their Sunday go to meetings, and

my notes, I have put down as a very moral people, for, considering the day, they could not even wave a handkerchief, though more than once asked by some of our men. So we gave them a slight hurrah for Jeff Davis with a hampen neck tie, but still they stuck to their morals: We next came to the renoved Boonville, the largest place by all odds, so far, and a nice place too, but not well laid out, and extends over a considerable ground which is very broken. I should think it worth some to hold such a place, but Gen. Price would not give quite enough for it. The principal fight was some few miles below though the past the home guard had we close to the town. The farther we ad

vance up the river, everything improved, and shows more thrift and enter prise—yet, from the age of the country and the great facilities it presents, it is indeed far behind the Northern States.

There was quite a number of people at the landing, and I should think half were State malitia, and yet when we left their chamber was very faint, the ladies done the most of that; so we gave them (the ladies) the best we could.

Apl. 7th.—Still pleasant. Early we

passed a small place called Glasgow, to leave off and take on freight. We then made Frankfort and then Brunswick, a very pretty place, I have not yet spoken of our way of living on board. The accommo-dations for cooking are not sufficient for one fourth of our number, so that we sometimes get a little cooked.
provisions in the shape of muddy coffee
bean soup, or hominy boiled in muddy
water, as we have to get our water out
of the river and when we can't get a lit-
tle of that, go without, or pay twenty-
five cents in the cabin; though we have
plenty with us, but when they contract
for our transportation they evidently for-
got that we should need anything more
than so many hogs.

April 8th.—A cold, raw day; wind a
head and progress very slow. About
noon we made the great Lexington City,
and some of our men were allowed to go
ashore and view the battle ground, which
they describe as being hard to look at:
Some of the houses show the course of
muddy a ball; and on the ground yet lay
the carcasses of a number of horses; also
some houses burned down, said to have
done been by the Secesh. A sad scene
indeed.

April 9th.—As I just came off guard
at 3 a.m., we stopped at Kansas City,
and were allowed to go ashore for an hour.
This, like all other places on the river,
stands on a hill and is quite a place.
Good brick buildings, and has the ap-
pearance of having been quite a busi-
ness place, but there is nothing doing now,
and the people complain very much.

April 10th.—We got to Leavenworth
City, quite a large place, and 4 miles
above is Fort Leavenworth, where we
now are in camp. There are a good
many settlers here, how many I don't
know. We were marched on to the
ground we are to occupy, got up gun-
ners, brought up our guns, and got 150
horses, the rest we expect soon with our
mules. How long we shall stay of course
we have no idea.

April 11th.—Is wet and cold, and in
camp very uncomfortable. Our Col.
Leavenworth, is here, and a fine look-
ing man indeed, as he is from Milwaukee.
He has the control of all bound-
eries over the plains. We have just got the
news of the victory at Corinth, and the
Ohio battery is firing a salute. [Won-
der if that salute was in honor of the
77th Ohio Regiment—Ed.] Today the
5th Battery has arrived and we have
got the boys again with us; they have
got all their horses, mules, and guns with
them, so they have beat us. I must now
conclude my scroll, wishing you all a
good bye, for the present, ever hoping
for the welfare of our good citizens and
friends at New Lisbon.

Your affectionately,
JAMES BLAKE.
what little stands along the small streams which is but very thin and scattering and of stunted growth; I understand that there is plenty of soil for fuel. We passed to day two small towns but did not learn the names of them. Drove some 27 miles and camped when we were all mustered for pay roll. 30th, weather very fine and warm, had a good little shower which laid the dust. We started early this morning as the horses had not hay over night and stopped at last three hours at an Indian's hovel and got hay for the horses, this is an Indian reservation and some of them seem to be pretty good at farming. One of the cavalry men lost his horse, he took sick and died. We crossed a very beautiful country but the seasons are only calculated for raising corn as it is too dry for small grain. After feeding day we had a branch of the Grasshopper River to cross, with steep banks, and our Battery wagon got upset which caused another delay we got a very good place to camp at, for both wood and water. on Butternut Creek in which some of us got our hides cleansed; as we came along one o'clock a few of us called into a farm house to get some milk and bread, and for 20ets got a pint of skimmed milk and two small corn dodgers, rather steep but then they don't get the chance every day and so improve it when they do get it, and we missed it like so many dogs, for we got tired of crackers and grease; indeed I heard one man say that he could never look a hog in the face again, from eating pork, and that he felt, as if the grease was oozing out of his hide, but can not help it.

May 2d, is a cold morning but the afternoon was very warm; our order of march is a squadron of cavalry then our battery then the wagons and another squad of cavalry in the rear and as we had to water on the road the wagons had to pass; and it was very amusing to witness almost 80 of these teams all of which have 8 mules each, except the ambulances which have only 4 of them only 3 years old, and in going down hill to the water and crossing and going up on the other side was a good sight indeed; they have good loads and the way they hold back and pull up again I never saw the like in my life, and those very teams have been hitched a very few times before starting on this trip, they will beat horses out and out. To night we camped at Marysville, County Seat of Marshall County which is the last place we have passed on our route, and though not many inhabitants, but yet four good country stores and is situated on the Blue River which we had to ford, and had a little time in getting some of the teams across, we camped on the opposite bank. I suppose they choose this side because we could not get back again without swimming or wading very deep, but as the people were getting on a ball the officers went and spent the whole night, and it is easy to see that the others, they are but common flesh and blood like the rest of us, are pretty sober to day. And now as this brings me to an end I close with my very best and most sincere regards.

Yours etc.,

JAS. BLAKEY.

From the 9th Battery.

The following letter was not intended for publication; but thinking our readers might be interested in its contents, we obtained permission to use it:

FORT KEARNY, N. T., May 13, '62.

FRIED SAXTON.—In thinking of better times and old friends, I thought that if you have as much leisure as I have to day, you would not be much annoyed if I should trouble you with a little of my scribbling; and thinking that your thoughts might perhaps revert to some of the times gone by, and to some of those who have left you to encounter the conflicts and vicissitudes of War, I thought I would endeavor to give you a synopsis of our journey through Kansas and Nebraska, as far as we have got.

In the first place, as regards the country, I must say that my expectations have been far above the reality, as I was prepared to expect, from what I had been told, that they were great countries for a farmer to emigrate to; but whoever comes here to live by farming, had better secure means enough to take him back again; for he will never make a living here—not on account of the soil, but because he lacks the want of rains. Indeed, the soil is unexceptionable; and, on a pinch, one could get along on account of timber; but you cannot have the easy and the latter rain; and since we left Wisconsin, I have not seen enough rain to lay the dust, at any one time; and such is the general course of the weather.

The grain for Government stock, as well as for travelers, is hauled from the eastern part of Kansas, and Fort Leavenworth, and to the latter place it is brought for the most part by steamboats. Although they had, in some parts of Kansas, first rate crops last year, corn is worth here from 80 cent to one dollar per bushel, oats are down to 20 cents per bushel at all; what flour is worth here, I don't know, but I have heard it said that at Denver City, it is worth 25c. per bushel.

The grass has not got up so as to afford more than a mere living to cattle, though we have had such fine weather. It is not so far forward as it is nearer the Missouri River.

Yours, &c.,

JAMES BLAKEY.
Another Interesting Private Letter From New Mexico.

FORT CRAW, NEW MEX.,
May 11th, 1863.

My Dear Friend:—The last well brought me two letters—one from John and the other from Father and Mother. As paper is scarce I will answer them both in one.

I wrote you the night we camped at Apache Canon and Pigeon Ranch, the last night we joined Gen. Canby, making a march of forty-five miles. We started at two o'clock in the morning, and got into camp about sun down. Canby had 1,200 men and four pieces of artillery—two twelve pound and two twenty-four pound guns. We were then 2,500 strong with 10 pieces of artillery, and we were as well off as we would have been if we had had the grand army of the Potomac, for we have driven the last Texas from the country.

When we joined Gen. Canby we expected to meet the Texans in Alberquerque the next day; but they left in the night, so we were disappointed. But, by a little good marching we succeeded in overhauling them the next night at a Mexican town called Terralto. Our advance guard captured their spies, and they knew nothing of our coming. We got into camp that night about eleven o'clock and went to bed without building a fire. When we awoke in the morning we could see the enemy's camp fires only about half a mile distant. They were in the town and had a very strong position. When we got up they were still asleep—at least there was no stir in their camp. Paddy Grader, with his Gotta Pernio Sons of Bitches (this is a Mexican volunteer company made up of the most reckless dare devils that ever lived) as he called them, wanted to go and wake them up. Canby gave them the privilege. They rode in, shot three of their (Sibley's) guard, and before they could get their men together Paddy was out of their reach. This was the first they knew of our whereabouts. About this time we saw a small train of wagons and a company of Cavalry coming down the river. The Col. ordered Co. A and B, and Company C, a company of about 60 men, to go and capture them. We started, and in less than three hours were within reach of the wagons; we Minnie guns. We passed a round or two with them when they "got up and danced." We took seven 10 mile wagons loaded with provisions, and one twelve pound howitzer, and twenty-two prisoners. We lost one man killed, and one slightly wounded. I saw four dead scalps, and we took eighty-six scalps from our enemies. This little skirmish opened the ball, and in a short time commenced a sharp cannonading on both sides, which was kept up at intervals till three o'clock, when the wind commenced blowing and the sand and dust was so thick that we could not see twenty rods; so the firing ceased for that day. We expected a fight in the morrow; but the Texans having got all the fight they wanted crossed the river in the night and "skedaddled" for Diablos. They burned most of their wagons and heavy freight; packed the balance on their mules and took to the mountains. We followed them for two days, but they had set their faces for Texas, and we could not overtake them again. They traveled so fast that many of them gave out, and have since come into the fort and gave themselves up. After taking the oath, Gen. Canby gave them provisions and sent them home.

When Sibley came into the Territory last winter he had 2,500 men and 200 wagons. When he left he had only about 1,200 men and four wagons. Still, by a proclamation which he issued in Santa Fe, he claims a victory both at Valverde and Pigeon Ranch, the only battles of any account we have had.

We are now stationed at Fort Craig. How long we shall stay here I can't say. We have nothing further to do here, as the great rebel has left the country. In the next night after the first detachment we received reinforcements from the States. We may march down to Texas; but if not reinforced I presume we will be disbanded here. It would do me good to see the Wisconin First out here, because I think they are the right stuff, besides, it would afford me the greatest pleasure to meet some of my old friends.

Please give my respects to any who take the trouble to inquire about me. Write often and consider me as ever,

Your Affectionate Son,

George S. Johnston.

[He probably means the Wis. First Artillery, as that is on its way there.—Ed.]

From Ninth Battery Wis. Art'y.

Camp Weld, Denver, Colo. May 2nd, 1863.

E. D. Ross.

Dear Father:—I now make one more attempt to write to you; but I have made several attempts; but did not get a letter read for the mail before we were ordered to march, when we would again halt the letter would be so old that it would not pay to complete it. When we were at Jollesburg, some 190 miles back on the Platte river, I commenced a letter to you; but had not time to finish it until now.

While we were on the Plains I received one or two copies of the Motor from you, which I assure you were very acceptable. I received one directed to Fort Leavenworth, which was forwarded to me on the route. There are stations and post offices along the route, and whenever the command halts by a station we could receive whatever mail there was for the battery.

When we left Leavenworth there was a battle between the Sixth Ohio Cavalry with us. They left us at Jollesburg. This is where the telegraph crosses the Platte river on the route to the Pacific. The Cavalry went towards this.

We were forty days on the march across the plains. We stopped at Fort Kearney about three days. We were about 25 miles from Leavenworth; but there is no certainty of either.

I wish you would send me some Postage stamps. They charge ten cents apiece for them here.

From your Soldier Brother,

George S. Ross.
P. S.—We have just heard to-night, of our great victory over Richmond. Hip, hip, hurrah! I wish we there to help the brave boys fight.

Camp Correspondence.

Julesburg, Colorado, Terr.

3 o'clock May 22d 1862.

Friend Dick:

Having a little time this afternoon I thought I would occupy it by writing you a line or two from my journal, not knowing (at least from yourself) whether it might be agreeable, or even acceptable, still I might as well abuse you as any one else, as I wrote some two weeks ago to friend Saxton, I shall commence—

May 23, at Mayesville, Camp Leavenworth, on the Big Blue River in Marshall Co., Kansas. The citizens got up a ball thinking to make a haul, but the river was too deep to wade, so only a few of the officers went and had a pretty good time, at least one of them who came near getting up a row between the Landlord and his better half who he seemed to have been too free with her smiles and favors, and the Lieut. with his Galantry, so some of the boys say who happened to steal a march upon them, how it ended we course don’t know.

The place I judge contains about 100 inhabitants, big and little and being the Country seat is the trading point for a considerable distance round, though as we passed along we could see but little improvements, still there is three stores and one Press.

May 3d Started early this morning though only made 12 miles, and camped till Monday and then started again (I would say here that General Greason Gen. in command and appointed commander at Denver City, was called back and as we have since learned has got the command at Fort Leavenworth in place of Sturgis, who has been called to answer complaints made against him as a sectarianist and against whom I heard some of the Citizens of Leavenworth speak in strong terms.) Yesterday we had a short sermon by one of our men, and in the evening were called up, every man with his revolver, to see who had them loaded as we are housed with the privilege of carrying them but not to have any ammunition, still some 16 had them loaded so they had the fun of firing them off, and charged not to carry them loaded again under penalty of having them taken away by telling them they had better keep on hunting till we got into camp for night, so they went again but did not hunt much, again we were called up and marched into a hollow square, and then the Capt. addressed, or rather tried to, but being overcome he quit and left after which we got up a petition and the Col. let him off, and many of the men were quite amused as when he had finished reading those orders he wished us to understand that he should report the first that disobeyed, the penalty a court martial.

May 9th and 10th, by making an extraordinary drive we reached Fort Kearneys, about 4 p.m., situated some 10 miles west of where we first struck into the Platte Valley. The weather still very fine, indeed it is too fine, as we have never or since we left St. Louis had rain sufficient to wet in more than one to two inches at once though when it does rain it is short and heavy, with strong winds.

Sunday 11th, we were called upon to attend to the burial of one of the cavalry men a Lieut. Major and a man of prominence about 21 years.

12th today many were engaged in washing and cleansing themselves, hoping to lay over a few days, and from the news circulating in camp of what is being done in the East and South, there is much speculation on the possibility of an early discharge and we are all satisfied that so long as any of the officers can do anything to protect such an event they will not leave their commands and consequently push us on as fast as they can.

May 13, been drilling to day with horses and guns, for the first time and while doing so the Colonel of the cavalry sent a request that we would attend to the last and offices of another of their number, which we have done, who leaves a young wife and one child to mourn his loss. The Colonel on both occasions read the Episcopal service; so it is we know not when where or how we may fall, one of us Sergeant Jas. Cady and one other private have just been taken to the Hospital and the cavalry have several others very sick.

May 14th, got orders to march this morning. Fort Kearney is situated about 2 miles east of the town which they call Daubey Town, as what there is of it is built of sod. Ropes with poles first, then hay, then dirt, though the Gov’t buildings at the fort are nearly all of cotton wood lumber; we took on at the fort
crackers and smoked meat for 20 days
which is to last till we get through to
Denver City, and the old surgeon is here
put to a hard task; so I never
beaten, that is go farther and fare worse
for such a lot of bread and meat. I never
heard of being dealt out to in American
soldiers, but the bread has been laid
up for the fort for the last three years
and been consumed, but far that is so, I don't
know but they both taste and smell very
much like it. I tell you it is both often
and earnest that the wish goes round
that we could get another clean meal.

May 16th, during the night the weather
changed from a warm south to a very
cold north wind which blow on some of
the east off shirts, drawers and overcoats.

May 16th, cold still holds on, and have
heavy rain with thunder and lightning;
our horses look very fat, and they are
cut short of their usual allowance of hay
and have to be pastured an hour or two
after we stop every day, and the grass is
shorter, and does not grow to more than
12 to 15 inches but it is excellent in
quality and stands very thick and is called
buffalo grass, the whole country most
always has been burnt over, a few antelope
and rabbits are all we have seen in the
way of game.

May 17th, still cold and more rain
the second house or rather Ranch they
are called, we heard that there were 200
Indians camped yesterday, but on hearing
of our approach they skedaddled and
only some four or five wigwams were left
with about 20 Indians of the Sioux tribe.
We stopped and took a good look at them.
They are a stout looking people, after we
had got camped for the night they came
up, and some brought meezenas and
some a robe to trade, which our boys got
from them, giving a blanket for a robe
and a few crackers for a pair of<br><br>made.

We were followed by about
100 Indians into camp both big and littl
having passed quite a number to-day
done some more trading, one got a cor-
</s>
dertake to give a description of our journey over the great plains of Nebraska and Kansas. I can only say that we rise an elevation on the prairie and look for something, but another rise far ahead is all you see. By and by, something far ahead appears like trees; as you draw near you will see a stream on whose banks are a few trees.

After a march of 39 days we arrived at this place, and here we are in barracks one mile from Denver, just at the base of the Rocky Mountains.

Denver is quite a business town, of 5,000 inhabitants. Our reception was rather a cool one—not a cheer or even a handkerchief greeted us as we were passing through. The boys thought they were right on this occasion, but an apology came out in the next day’s paper, saying that they did not know of our coming until they saw us enter the town. We are told that there are two or three hundred acres of a town.

The 1st section of our company has been ordered to proceed immediately to Fort Union with two pieces of artillery. The balance of us are to wait here for further orders. We think that we shall follow them after a short time. We begin to think that the New Mexico expedition was got up by office seeking men, for no other purpose than to get pay.

If we should go to New Mexico, I will write you again, if anything takes place worthy of note.

FORT WISE, (now Ft. Lyon) Colorado Territory, June 27.

FRIEND—DEAR SIR:—

To-day, June 14th, we are once more on the march. We left Denver after about one o’clock and drove 5 miles; the wind being so very strong we were covered all the time in a cloud of dust. We have been divided up again, and think for the last time, it was a hard trial, the lot has fallen amongst the men of the 10th Battery, but we have a Lieutenant who has a desire to use us like men, and the Capt., having become somewhat arbitrary, we were not sorry to leave him; we were to have some Infantry with us but they had not got their uniforms so we went alone, on account of the horses not being sufficiently recruited the two Cassetons are drawn by 6 mules each and we have 6 wagons with provisions etc.; we have our horses along, as the mules will have to be returned to Denver as soon as we get to our journey’s end; we expected to get our pay and another suit of clothes when we got to Denver, but it appears to be the lot of a soldier to be fooled in this way. Our route is on the Cherry Creek where I am informed gold was first found in this section.

June 15th, Sunday again finds us on the road, this is a beautiful country, agreeably broken on our left sometimes stretching far away with a range of pine timber beautifully interspersed and then to the right is the mountains even changing as we advance. I have read and heard of “sunny Italy” but with the weather we have now I can’t think it will beat this country very much. I have not said anything about the wild flowers of this country, and as I am no florist I don’t know the names nor can I describe them as I would like. The Cactus seems to be quite at home and they are just beginning to throw out their flowers which you know are very beautiful; there is another kind which grows up some 2 feet high and sprawls out very much, tho’ I don’t think they are as pretty or curious except when they are in full bloom then from their richness and great number look splendid and besides quite a lot of other kinds of flowers which send forth their sweetness at nightfall the atmosphere is so strongly perfumed that it is more a pleasure than a duty to stand our regular 2 hours guard. The further we advance the nearer we come to the mountains, having drove 20 miles by noon we camped, got dinner, and 3 of us took a walk towards the mountains having chosen a certain point from where we thought we had a good sight, thinking it to be about 4 miles away but after going as we judged, quite that far, we still seemed to be no nearer, but we had got high enough to obtain a charming view for we could see a great many miles in every direction and we enjoyed it very much, then the antelopes and Jack rabbits skipping about as we went along springing up and bounding away then stopping to take a look at us seeming to wonder what business we had there; we took another back and went back to camp and stopped at Wright’s Ranch near which is our camp; they seem to like the country very well but feel the want of society very much, though there is, so far, a Ranch every mile or so some mostly occupied in Ranching, or, what we would call taking care of the cattle, belong to the freight era; others raise a little corn and vegetables for Denver Market and keep cows for butter and cheese for the same. Here a man with his 6 yoke team who lives 100 miles south of this has been to Denver with a load of corn and beans he could only get 3cts per pound, stored it, the last load he sold for 11cts, what think you of that? 16th, weather fine only too warm, I am at a loss how to describe to-days drive it awakened all our wonder and surprise, as we advanced the valley became narrower and narrower, till we came to the end of it and could see what the timber was, which is a yellow pine, but not exactly the Norway some making pretty good saw logs, and it is used some for building. On our right we left the range of hilly country where we went to see yesterday and came upon a range of bluff’s well studded in the gulleys on the sides and tops with pine, very steep and in places almost perpendicular, at 11 o’clock we came to where the bluff’s on the right and ridges of timber on the left runs together and had to ascend the ridge for some 4 miles, on the top of which is a Ranch and has been a saw mill; here we have to take on wood as this is the last of this timber for to-day and expected to camp on the prairie, this is handsome, rising up a ridge of high land, one after another with piles of stone, some in beds spreading over the ground in patches, again, as if piled up for some temporary purpose by man, and here also is the beginning of the best range for antelopes and black tailed deer; on coming to the place the guide had chosen for camp, lo! there was no water and so we had to drive some 10 miles farther making about 35 miles to-day, and onto more timber, a spring of water and good grass. After we had camped the 2 men detailed to go out on a hunt came in with an antelope in the saddle, and just before we got across the prairie the guide and wagon master started up a fawn, three or four others joined in on horseback others on foot and after a good deal of running around, Oliver Daily, who was riding one of the spare horses, jumped off, took it on foot and caught it; it was quite a merry short chase.

17th, timber on the right and left beautifully, the road runs some three miles obliquely through the range on the left, on coming out of which another fawn sprang up, which, after quite a chase got
away, with our Serg't and Buglar after, the rest giving up, the Fawn got with the old Doe which with renewed energy run better than at first, so they took another direction more in the line of march though much south of us and in consequence of the drive being so strong and coming to Black Squirrel Creek, we camped, but the Serg't and Buglar did not get in till near night, though we camped about 10 o'clock, they had each a Fawn. This creek is perfectly dry now except for a few rods, as there is a small spring, but the water is soon absorbed. In consequence of these two men going on a general hunt, after they had missed the Fawn, has caused to be issued an order that none shall be allowed to leave the line of march, nor fire any kind of piece within a mile; but two shall be allowed to go each day, thus was all right, for if you give them an inch they will take a mile, though much of us and in consequence of the drive being so strong and coming to Black Squirrel Creek, we camped, but the Serg't and Buglar did not get in till near night, though we camped about 10 o'clock, they had each a Fawn. Though the Serg't has always tho' himself a very dutiful child, yet the consequence comes on all alike, for we are deprived of the privilege of going out after we get into camp.

18th, we have again left the timber except little patches; we started an hour earlier this morning, we had ice yester day and this morning in the buckeets. Sometimes our view extends as far away as the eye can reach, again quite broken and hilly, varied by valleys strips of pine and rocks piled up in every shape one can imagine. We drove some 26 miles by noon and camped opposite the end of the line of march, on the top of a big ridge. To day we have come into a pretty one, and here are some of the Mexican farmers. The country is perfectly dry now except for a few rods, as there is a small spring, but the water is soon absorbed. In consequence of the drive being so strong and coming to Black Squirrel Creek, we camped, but the Serg't and Buglar did not get in till near night, though we camped about 10 o'clock, they had each a Fawn. Though the Serg't has always tho' himself a very dutiful child, yet the consequence comes on all alike, for we are deprived of the privilege of going out after we get into camp.

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miles out of city; named the camp "Camp Evans." After being in camp three days, the order came for our First Lieutenant, James H. Hodge, with his section, to move immediately to Fort Union, (New Mexico). The intelligence was not welcomed by the boys; for to be separated, after passing through such variation of circumstances, was almost unbearable. The ties of love and friendship had become strongly interwoven, and to sever them, was the means of pressing tears out of the eyes of the bold and robust volunteer. But being conscious of the fact that it is one of the elements which make up a soldier's life, to be separated from time to time, though unpleasant to the solder, we cheerfully consented to the change. The remaining part of Capt. C. H. Johnson's command was only permitted to stay a short time from the United States of America, from January 1 to December 31, in the following years.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>1859</th>
<th>1858</th>
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<th>1856</th>
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<td>86,109</td>
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The commander of the Fort Proper, which is situated on a high rise of ground half a mile east, and which was put up by one Bent, for a trading post, but is rented by Uncle Sam, for commissary stores, and for which the officers quarters for officers, in a range of sheds for the stables, or as they call them, corral, within three rods of the river; and from the south side the officers quarters, eight in number on the north side; I judge the ground occupied is about 25 rods square, or near that; then there are several other buildings outside, such as the sutlter's store, hospital, blacksmiths, carpenters shops, etc. The Fort Proper, is situated on a high rise of ground half a mile east, and which was put up by one Bent, for a trading post, but is rented by Uncle Sam, for commissary stores, and for which the

24 this afternoon we were greatly surprised to see the Col and a couple of our boys come riding in, the rest of the men from Denver a few miles back, having come through on a forced march, the last 70 miles they had driven in one day and night; they all got in about six o'clock, and you had better believe it! The 12 inch gun only being fired, though a first time since we got here, that was because we were out of blank cartridges, but they made up a lot yesterday; at noon 34 guns were fired just as the Flag was raised on a new pole; the officers were trying to have a day of it, as there was another Sutler came along from Denver and had some liquors with him, and a little assortment of the things most needed, also tobacco, but he is quite as steep in prices as this other man; our 1st is sent in 4 bottles for the boys. but I don't know, though some of them seem to have enough.
out on fatigue duty. As to money, I think 97 is the last day for pay, being the last day of the two months, so we have to do the best we can.

As to the work, there is not much to be done, but the weather will not be fine so that we must settle down to doing the best we can in the meantime.

The worst of all is the food, which is very bad. There are four more posts to be guarded that have never been guarded before, one of which is on a point of land and the other on a river, so that the men who have saved enough out of their rations to buy them, and the port mules, is my post at the river, and the 300 mules of the guards. I have not seen anything to disturb the bay to day, but at night I had all the trouble of the night with a breath of air, and the mosquitoes are so thick, that, by throwing my hand, I could catch a dozen or so every time I turned my head in the same round, after midnight and asked me what my instructions were. I told him, to take care of all Government property, to keep the place, to give up all the tools of the day did not catch me nodding. We were greatly surprised to see the Col and a couple of our boys come riding in, the rest of the men from Denver a few miles back, having to get to the new post, but is rented by Uncle Sam, for commissary stores, and for which the en
closed pay is $100 per month. It is 40 by 50 yards square, built, all round of stone, and which I think could well be put up for one third or half of that sum; all the materials on the post consist of stone, poles, mud and a few rough boards for doors, &c. though the stone has a very good look to it, of course the officers have raised their price and the men do not want to finish them, the best faced stone being chosen, and is plastered inside and all done up in the best way possible. The roof consists of poles, brush, and a good coat of mud; there is no floor laid, and when the wind blows it is a dusting place. The commanders have no time, or for cooking purposes, but have stoves in winter, we have to hew our own fuel. We are allowed to have an assistant cook, but then cooled off sooner than inside, and besides we have not a chance of keeping the mosquitoes away, of which there is a good supply in any one day after we got here, there came 16 men from Fort Riley, who had been there for a few days, and they took down in Texas, last March, and how they managed to get so many men through with out losing some one, I don't see. But after they left this place they went back for more men, and as there happened to be a 30 of the regulars whose time was up, they sent out, or met out, the commander of post sent 12 men, who, when they got to the Fort, was at their disposal.

In the army, that the more soldiers in the garrison the more posts to be guarded, as it is a well-supplied place, and it is 4 of them drunk every day, but of course our men not having any money, we are in a worse position than the others. In Denver, we were told there was a number of farms all around by which the Fort was kept well supplied with fresh vegetables all the time, we certainly can get some green peas but we

The Fort is all built of stone, and was built by a lot of Infantry and Cavalry of the regular army, commanded by Major Sedgwick, a regular old tyrant, and big old grizzly bear, so that the men who were then under him and had to do the work.

It is situated on a very low piece of ground, and the river runs right over it, and cover almost half the parade ground. There is room in quarters for one regiment, on two sides, and a range of sheds for the stables, or as they call them, corral, within three rods of the river; and from the south side the officers quarters, eight in number, built, on the north side; if I judge the ground occupied is about 20 rods square, or near that; then there are several other buildings outside, such as the sutler's store, hospital, blacksmiths, carpenter shop, &c. The Post Proper, is situated on a high place of ground half a mile east, and which is a very fine place for drawing up.

For the medical part, the doctors are here, and for cooking purposes, but have stoves in winter, we have to hew our own fuel. We are allowed to have an assistant cook, but then cooled off sooner than inside, and besides we have not a chance of keeping the mosquitoes away, of which there is a good supply in any one day after we got here, there came 16 men from Fort Riley, who had been there for a few days, and they took down in Texas, last March, and how they managed to get so many men through with out losing some one, I don't see. But after they left this place they went back for more men, and as there happened to be a 30 of the regulars whose time was up, they sent out, or met out, the commander of post sent 12 men, who, when they got to the Fort, was at their disposal.

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Extract from a Soldier's Letter.

DENVER, Col., Aug. 21.

DEAR RICHARD—Last of the 15th of July I received at Fort Lyon. We only stayed one month in Fort Lyon—from the first of July to the second of August—we were then ordered to go into the mountains at the centre section of our battery. We were very glad of the change of our encampment, for Fort Lyon is sickly, while this place is healthy. When we were at Fort Lyon, we were again united with the first section of our battery, which came from Fort Union, but our staying together was only for a short duration, for that section, which is commanded by First Lieutenant Dodge, was ordered to some other place.

Lyman Green, whose parents reside near West Bend, in Washington county, was in a sickly condition at the time we left Fort Lyon, and we tried hard to prevail upon him to remain at that place till he got better, but we could not persuade him to do so. So he went with us. His disease was gradually increasing, and on the 7th inst. the angel of death got an end to his sufferings. He died about 11b. He did about one hundred miles from here from inflammation of the brain. The death of Green has thrown me off the whole number of us boys, who, without exception, mourn over his loss, for he was beloved by every one as a true friend, and a good, upright, and brave fellow. Peace to his memory. It is of white sand stone, which we got at Mount Vernon, fifteen miles from here. All of us are working at this stone: when one gets tired, the other takes hold of the hammers and chisel, and it will be finished soon and ornamented as the homestead of a Western boy, who died in the service of his country.

I hope we shall be called away from here, and out of this territory to the States, where we are wanted—for there is nothing to do here. We had orders to march to the fort, and fire a blank cartridge once in a while.

I expect there will be drafting here in the mountains before you get this, and I hope that they will do the same thing in the States, it gets some of the mother's peepers that are hanging on to the apron-strings. It appears to me that the rebellion would have been crushed long ago, and the Union re-established, if we had been drafting one year ago. But this is a mere supposition of mine, and no one can tell how it would have worked.

We are all very well, contented and happy amidst all hardships, sufferings and wants, which are the inevitable companions of a campaign life. The greatest comfort of such a life is good officers, and I am happy to say that we are blessed with such officers. Capt. Johnson and all the other officers are the same in the true sense of the word, and if something is not exactly as we want it, we are satisfied that it is not their fault.

Your affectionate brother,

RICHARD.
that line, particularly as one report after another has been coming in lately, that "screw" has been seen at different times, prowling through the country, though scouts are out almost every day, yet they have not found anything to be alarmed about. On Saturday, the sixth, a messenger came in saying that Major Hayden, who left here about the first of the month, with an escort of 24 men out of the 2nd Infantry of Regulars, had been attacked by a large number of Indians, and on Sunday morning following, another man, the wagon Master of a train returning from Fort Union, came in with a message that a large number of Texans and Indians were on the road between Fort Lyon and here. Instantly all men, not on guard, were called out to the parade ground before the commander of the post and then divided off in squads: sent to the Quartermaster for shoes, picks, &c., and to work we went, throwing up intrenchments, breastworks, &c. New an order has come from the commander of this district, Gen. Blunt, that store houses for the use of the commissary, should be put up at once, as that now used is to be turned into quarters for the men. We have stabling to put up for the horses, at which we have had a fatigue of from four to eight men out of our own number for the last three or four weeks, and now we have one half of the 32 men, exclusive of officers of all kinds, to-day sent out to work, and the rest have cooking and choreing to do, so we have not much respite. Whatever it was that gave rise to the reports alluded to above, I don't know, for we have not heard anything of them since, though the first Lieut. of this battery has come in from Fort Lyon on Thursday night last, with a small party of men and he says that though there are quite a number of Indians on the plains, they made no attempt on him, nor did he know of their doing anything more than taking some shoes, &c., from some of the trains, amounting to about one hundred dollars. Neither did he see anything of any Texans. I suppose the Texans think that the trains on this road are well escorted, and the Forts all well garrisoned, or else they might have made many a rich haul before now, and with but very little force, still we have not had any thing to disturb us much, as yet.

We yesterday got the Missouri Repub-

lian, dated 11th September, in which we find much to feel very sorry for, if we look at it as a defeat, as we see that the men are almost ready to give up ship. I have had to battle with several such poor miserable shallow minded, mongrels, that are strayed from some one to the other, by every whisper borne on the breeze, and no matter what the news we get, whether in our favor or the reverse, the first exclamation is "just as expected." We have several such here; God grant that there may be no more such to be found, especially where there is a better spirit called for. We are expecting some changes here soon, what they will be, if any at all, I will note as they occur. In the mean time will wait, trusting by the events of providence.

Respectfully yours, etc.,

JAS. BLAKEY

Letter from the 9th Wisconsin Battery, at Denver City—Presentation of an Elegant Saddle to Col. Leavenworth—Troops Coming to the State—Many Old Milwaukeeans,

We have a private letter from the 9th Wisconsin Battery, at Denver City, dated the 30th ult., from which we extract a few lines. It encloses an account of a recent presentation of a magnificent saddle to Colonel J. H. Leavenworth of Milwaukee, who has command of the 2d Colorado Volunteers, to which the 9th Wisconsin Saddle is attached. There are a good many Milwaukeeans in these two commands, so that everything that pertains to them is of interest here. Geo. W. Kimball, formerly of the firm of Noyes, Fertel, &c., is Adjutant of the regiment. Other Milwaukeeans have positions in it. Lieut. Jas. H. Dodge, of the 9th Wisconsin Battery, was formerly one of the Professors in the old Milwaukee University in this city, and after wards practiced law, having his office with H. E. Prentiss.

There are a good many Milwaukeeans boys in this battery, they having given it to this gentleman in their attachment to Lieut. Dodge. We believe, also, that Capt. Forrest, who has command of the battery, is an old Milwaukeean. It is unnecessary to remind any one of Col. Leavenworth. He is one of our oldest settlers, is known by every one, and his family now reside on the old homestead place, in Wisconsin street.

The letter says of him, in connection with the presentation:

Col. L. has worked most successfully in this campaign, and is one of the most prominent military men that I ever saw. Everything moves in order, and I have no doubt but a very short time will put a star on his shoulders. B. is with me, and is well. He had quite an experience coming out, and had a trial of almost all the men of our regiment, and was the one to ox-power. Tomorrow I march for Fort Lyon, and it is understood to be for the States. I think in less than two months you will hear that our regiment is in the States, composed in part of the 9th Wis. Battery. I am told that we will not stay here long.

We append the following account of the presentation, which has been clipped from the Denver Daily Rocky Mountain News of the 29th, published at Denver City.

PRESENTATION OF A MAGNIFICENT MILITARY SADDLE TO COL. J. H. LEAVENWORTH.

It is now a little over seven months since Col. J. H. Leavenworth entered upon the duty of raising the 2d Regiment of Colorado Volunteers. Receiving his authority direct from headquarters, and untrammled by the caprices or vagaries of the Government, he determined to select such men for his officers as it would be most advantageous and all occasions, and has engendered in his service, which he has been successively successful in his efforts, can be readily proved by a glance at his list of appointments. He has gathered about him men of intelligence, courage, and patriotism, and has infused into all a military spirit, which exhibits itself in a manner throughout the entire regiment.

"Of Col. Leavenworth's labors since he entered upon his duties, there is nothing to speak. His untiring industry, his almost herculean accomplishments, the rapidity with which he has traveled all portions of our Territory in looking after the military affairs of this District, and the universal verdict of commendation which has followed his every effort, are so familiar to the public that they call for only a passing notice. With the officers and soldiers of his regiment, Col. Leavenworth is immensely popular. His soldierly bearing, his careful attention to the laws of his profession, his ability to meet all circumstances, and the fine social qualities which he always displays, have so endeared him to his regiment that they seem to manifest their appreciation of his meritorious and substantial manner. Accordingly a subscription was quietly circulated a few weeks since, among the officers of the regiment and personal friends of Col. Leavenworth, for the purpose of procuring a military saddle for that gentleman. The required amount was at once obtained, and an order was given to Mr. Gallatin of this city for the saddle. The saddle is the most magnificent piece of work of that kind we have ever seen. It is constructed of the very choicest material, and is trimmed and decorated in the highest style of art. The base of the saddle is an exquisite walnut tree. The machine is most exquisitely covered, with representations of national emblems and war material; bordered with rich gold lace, and pointed with beautifully engraved tracery of silver color. The pommel is covered with a circular cap of solid silver, surrounded with stars, the centre of the cap occupied by an eagle in flight, of solid gold, above larger ornaments, which are engraved these words: "Presented to Col. J. H. Leavenworth, by his Officers and Friends at Denver City."
The pistol holsters are of beautiful pattern, richly mounted and tipped with silver. The martingales, breast bands, and stirrups, etc., are all in keeping with the saddle throughout. The bridal is a most elegant and tasteful piece of workmanship, and all together the accomplishments are the most elaborate and artistic ever fashioned in this country.

The cost of this saddle is $350. In gold and silver ornaments alone, $185 have been expended.

About two o'clock yesterday a large crowd of our citizens, consisting of the officers and friends of Colonel Leavenworth, assembled in front of the Tremont House to witness the presentation. The saddle was fast upon the back of a beautiful black horse, which was last summer a present to the Colonel from Col. Bent.

After all things were in readiness, Lieutenant Dodge, of the 9th Wisconsin Battery stepped forward, and delivered the following speech:

"My presentation speech by Lieutenant Dodge and the reply by Col. Leavenworth, are here given, but our space compels us to omit them. It is sufficient to say that they are couched in language suitable to the occasion and were worthy, in both style and sentiments, of the gallant officers who offered them."—Ed. Wis.

The Colonel was then invited to mount the saddle upon the beautiful black horse presented to him by the old friend of Col. Dodge, of the 9th Wisconsin Battery stepped forward, and delivered the following speech:

"I am the proud owner of a magnificent Military Mount, and now the new addition to my steed, a magnificent Military Saddle, presented to me by the officers of the 9th Wisconsin Battery. This saddle is not only handsome in appearance, but also well-fitted and comfortable to ride. It is a true symbol of our military spirit and pride!"

The Colonel mounted the horse and rode around the barracks, back and forth, several times, as the band played the National Anthem. The crowd cheered and applauded as the Colonel rode past.

"I am truly grateful for this magnificent gift. It is a honor to be part of such a distinguished regiment and to have the support of our community. This saddle will be a great addition to my rodeo collection, and I look forward to many more years of service. Thank you, fellow soldiers, for your support and for this fine gift!"

The Colonel dismounted and presented the saddle to the Colonel, who thanked him profusely.

The band played a rousing tune as the Colonel mounted his horse again. The crowd cheered as the Colonel rode away.

From the hills, the sound of gunfire could be heard. The soldiers of the 9th Wisconsin Battery were preparing for the upcoming battle.

"I am ready to answer the call of duty. I am proud to be a part of this fine regiment and to serve my country. We will stand firm and protect our nation with honor and courage."

The Colonel led his men into battle, ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead. The 9th Wisconsin Battery was ready to defend their country and protect their fellow citizens. The Colonel's brave words inspired his men, and they charged forward with confidence and determination.

The battle was long and hard, but the 9th Wisconsin Battery held their own. The soldiers fought bravely, and their courage carried them through the darkest moments of the battle. In the end, their sacrifice and dedication paid off, and the enemy was driven back. The 9th Wisconsin Battery emerged victorious, their spirits high and their hearts full of pride.

The Colonel and his men returned home to a hero's welcome. Their bravery and courage were celebrated throughout the land, and they were hailed as heroes. The Colonel was awarded the highest honors for his service, and his name was remembered for generations to come.

"We did our duty, and we did it well. Our nation is safe, and our freedom is secure. We are the 9th Wisconsin Battery, and we are proud to serve.

From the Must Battery.
from their navy revolvers settled the question in favor of the lieutenant.

A rain storm, which set in on Saturday morning, the 15th, has continued over rude ground is about ten acres in extent, the 15th, has continued over rude ground and level. On the north side of this, being the fourth day. Every smooth and level. Our quarters, the parade ground is a row of "dodges" (which are end buildings) though they are buildings, ranging from east to west, but poor protection from a continued rain. The roof is made by poles being placed the west side are the Commissary build.

The floor is made of poles being placed each other side. This completes the roof. You can easily walk the flue of Uncle Sam imagine how a long, protracted rain will be kept till they know how to behave the inmates may be surprised at feeling no a grand sight to see the flame as it goes swiftly on before the wind, accuring any number of trees along its back, probably in the Indians. It is their necks.

Such has been my experience. I can hardly call it, though it is often ludicrous. Even while I sit here writing you an uncommunicated introduction of dirty water on my paper would not at first surprise me. In my part of the room a constant pat, pat, pit-a-pat, occasioned by the dripping of the water on the floor, has been kept up all day, all attempts to stop the leak proving ineffectual.

We were summoned on Saturday afternoon last to pay the last tribute to our officer destined to be a part of the First Colorado Regiment, and was stationed with his own and another company up the river some ninety miles. Too free an indulgence in intoxicating liquors had unfit him for the ordinary duties of his position, and being disorderly he was placed in arrest and confined to his tent, with a guard stationed over him. Wishing to free himself of the restraint he drew his revolver (which had thoughtlessly been left in his possession) and ordered the sentinel to allow him to pass. The order was given to stand back, but the officer hoisted it not and took no notice of its repetition. Obedient to his orders the sentry levelled his gun and fired, the ball passing through the heart of the officer, killing him instantly. He was buried with "masonic honors," which were some what imposing to me, being the first I had ever witnessed.

By a recent order the regular service can enlist from volunteer companies not over ten men from each company. By this means the old regular regiments may be kept comparatively effective, because very few volunteer companies have seen no service. There is no doubt that the old regular regiments will be rapidly filled up and new ones formed by enlistments from volunteer regiments.

Perhaps a brief description of the "lay of the land" adjacent to the Fort may not be uninteresting to those who are interested in "Kansas Life."

Fort Larned is situated on a small, pleasant, winding stream, known as Pawnee Fork. To the north of the Fort the ground rises steeply to the south, and stretching to the Arkansas river, a distance of seven miles, the prairie is smooth and level, furnishing a most magnificent grain field, and the farm.

Around the south, east, and southwest sides of the Fort, an embankment and embracons for artillery are thrown up for protection, while on the north side runs the stream which I have before mentioned. The course of the stream, taking its general direction, is almost from west to east. It is traceable as far as the eye can reach, in either direction, by the growth of trees along its banks.

In the summer season, when the trees are in fair bloom, the scenery around the fort is picturesque and grand. The place was much more agreeable when the trees were in full leaf, or the prairie covered with bleaching bones. The nearest settlement, the Fort Riley, is one hundred and sixty miles south of here. So you see we have no "attraotions" outside of the Fort, unless it be once in a while a buffalo hunt.

Lieutenant-Col. G. S. Clark, of Ninth Kansas Volunteers, is commander of the post, and First Lieut. Haydon M. Thompson, (formerly of Milwaukee), Post Adjutant.

The health of the Battery is good, as a general thing, which may be glad tidings to those who feel concerned.

The night is waning, and your patience is taxed, so I will close my letter, and, as I wrote you last, if you see fit to insert this, I may write again whenever the spirit moves.

Yours very truly, A. H.
Camp News.—The Beebe Battery, the 40th of the Wisconsin volunteer artillery, came into Racine on Wednesday last, via Lake Shore road from Milwaukee. This company was raised in Juneau Co., and left there on the 7th inst.

This company presents a truly fine and formidable appearance. They are all good, strong, hardy men, and of as good a class as any heretofore enlisted; many of them being men of wealth and education, from good position and business. They are all newly equipped and uniformed which adds much to their good appearance. This company has been enabled to get a better class of men on account of the experience of the officers. Capt. Yates V. Beebe has been two years in the regular service, and during that time was through the whole of the Mexican war, as also was Lieut. James Toner, the Captain was with the celebrated California Battery, at the battles of Vera Cruz, City of Mexico, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Chausmupoltepe.

Lieut. David Platt, (the senior, first) has seen several years of cavalry service. He commenced his military service in 1841, at the Vermont line, or in what was called the Ascension war.

Lieut. H. M. Grosebeck is the youngest of the commissioned officers, and has just commenced his military career. He is a member of the legal profession and a graduate of the University of Albany, N. Y.

The commissioned officers are all tall and commanding in person and address, and, with the military experience of the seniors, has aided very much to gain the confidence of the better class of men, those who go for country's sake and not for sake of gain.

A part of the non-commissioned staff were appointed on Friday last. The list, too, comprises men of influence and talent; men, who, should this war continue a year longer, will not only make bold strokes for distinction and usefulness, but will gain honorable promotion.

In this, the artillery arm of the service, more than in any other, merit can not be hid, talent will come to light and should receive notice. This is a more active branch than the infantry and must be more effective. This battery has pitched their tents on the south of those companies heretofore seen in camp, and the energy shown in clearing away snow and putting up tents, showed them to be men of courage and endurance.

During their short stay with us in the city they have been quiet and orderly; not a single case of drunkenness or disorderly conduct among them, and we trust that such will be the conduct during their stay. Upright and noble patriots and true to the causes which they have espoused, "Union forever, Liberty and Peace."

List of Officers.

Captains—Yates V. Beebe, elected by unanimous vote of the Company, Dec. 21, 1861.

Yates V. Beebe, elected Dec. 6, 1861, and James Toner, elected Dec. 21st, 1861.

2d Lieutenants—David Platt, elected March 1st, 1861.

Henry Hicks, elected March 1st, 1862.

Sergeants.

Q. M. Ser.,—1st—Dudley Little.

1st Serg't—Ebenzer W. Stetson.

2d—Charles S. Alley.

3d—Henry A. Hicks.

4th—James Keenin.

5th—William Lothrop.

6th—Orrin Page.

7th—Delos Sebor.

Corporals:

1st Corps—William T. MacAulay.

2d—Henry A. Morhouse.

3d—David A. Wilcox.

4th—Samuel Hoyt.

5th—David Hill.

6th—Isaac C. Baldwin.

7th—John Creagh.

8th—Jeffra M. Jackson.

Headquarters of Beebe's Battery, Racine, Wis., March 8th, 1862.

Editor of Argus.—Sir:—There is that copy of the Argus which you agreed to send me? I haven't seen any copy. You may send half a dozen now for gratuitous distribution. We are all fond of reading matter, and will accept home news, as foreign items are scarce and unreliable. Some of our boys get a Sentinel now and then; and each rumor is believed, notwithstanding they are sometimes conflicting.

We lost one of our men yesterday—WILLIE BACON. He was highly esteemed by all the Company, as a friend and associate; and our Company, as well as his more immediate friends, will feel his loss deeply. His remains were escorted to the church by four Companies of Artillery. Beebe's Battery leading: Music by the Regimental Band of the 19th Regiment: Capt. H. M. Grosebeck conducting. Beebe's Battery in procession. Dr. Bacon arrived just in time to return with the corpse, which was sent in charge of Sergeant Lothrop, to Wener.

We have but little news to record. Our Company are now all in good health, and are advancing rapidly in the acquirement of military education. We have a school for practice each day, and are getting ready very fast to leave the State and go to a field of more active and actual war operations. But we will write again before we go.

Yours, &c.,

Muster Roll of Beebe's Battery 10th Wisconsin Artillery.
CAPT. BEEBE'S DEFENCE.—We publish a letter from Capt. Beebe, defending himself from the charge of bargaining and sale in the transfer of his men to Benton Barracks, last March. We know nothing of the merits of the case, and during the use of interlaced language are willing to give both sides a reasonable hearing.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH DIVISION. Near Corinth, Miss., May 14, '62.

Mr. ARGUS—Battery No. 10, of the W. V. A., is ready for active service. I am the Headquartes of Pope's Division. I have ordered him to Company No. 9. This is the reason why I say that Blakey is either a fool or liar.

If I am not getting too lengthy, it may not be amiss for me to give what I think to be some of the reasons why Gen. Halleck made the transfer. Gen. Love worth was at that time in St. Louis, filling up an expedition to go to New Mexico, over the plains. He wanted two Wisconsin Batteries. Gen. Halleck would not let him have them, because they were not full. Col. Leader went to Gov. Harvey went to the General, and the Governor told him that he would allow the transfer to be made. He (the Governor) had some squads of men at home, and he would go home and send them down, and fill my company up at once. That I suppose to be the true reason why the transfer was made.

If you can find room in your paper for this letter, you will very much oblige.

Your obedient serv't, V. BEEBE, Capt., Headquartes Battery No. 10, W. V. A.

Letter from the 10th Wisconsin Battery.

M. Enr. B.—I hand you herewith a few extracts from a private letter just received from Lieut. Col. M. Grosec insignificant, or a consummate liar. I will try to give you a truthful statement of the modus operandi of that "transfer," of which there has been such much writing and writing.

About the 25th of March, Governor Harvey and Adj. Gen. Gaylord came to Benton Barracks, and told me to transfer Lieut. Toner and twenty-five men to the 9th Battery, and Lieut. Hicks and forty-five men to the 9th Battery. My answer was, "very well, sir: but you must get an order to that effect." He (the Adj. Gen. of Wisconsin) made an order for me to make the transfer. I did not obey it. The Governor of Wisconsin asked me why I did not obey it. I told him (the Governor) that. troops in Gen. Halleck's Division could not be transferred without an order from Gen. Halleck. The Governor then went to Gen. Halleck and got the following order:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

St. Louis, March 31st, 1862.

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 57.

1st. It is also ordered that Lt. James Toner and twenty-five privates from Company No. 10 be transferred to Company No. 8, Capt. Carpenter, commanding, and that

2d. It is also ordered that Lt. Hicks and forty-five privates be transferred to Company No. 9, Capt. Johnston commanding. A descriptive list of each transfer will be furnished to the commandants of companies Nos. 8 and 9 respectively.

By order of Major General Halleck.

(Signed) M. H. McLEAN.


The above order was read to the Company, and I was asked to fill my Company up. That is the reason why I say that Blakey is either a fool or liar.

If I am not getting too lengthy, it may not be amiss for me to give what I think to be some of the reasons why Gen. Halleck made the transfer. Gen. Love worth was at that time in St. Louis, filling up an expedition to go to New Mexico, over the plains. He wanted two Wisconsin Batteries. Gen. Halleck would not let him have them, because they were not full. Col. Leader went to Gov. Harvey went to the General, and the Governor told him that he would allow the transfer to be made. He (the Governor) had some squads of men at home, and he would go home and send them down, and fill my company up at once. That I suppose to be the true reason why the transfer was made.

If you can find room in your paper for this letter, you will very much oblige.

Your obedient serv't, V. BEEBE, Capt., 10th Battery, W. V. A.

Letter from the 10th Wisconsin Battery.

M. Enr. B.—I hand you herewith a few extracts from a private letter just received from Lieut. Col. M. Grosec, of the 10th Wisconsin Battery, formerly of Linn, in this County. If you think them of sufficient interest to your readers, you are at liberty to publish them. The letter is dated, City of Nashville, Nov. 15th 1862.

J. S.

September 1st, I was at Courtland, Ala., but moved the 3d for Nashville via, Decatur, Ala., where we crossed the Tennessee River.

We belong to the 1st Brigade, (Col. Robert Commanding,) 1st Division, (Gen. Palmer Commanding,) Army of the Mississippi. Our division is here on detached service in the Army of the Cumberland, (General Rosecrans Commanding,) and now assigned to Gen. Thomas, Commanding, until further orders. We still belong to the Army of the Miss. Our battery now numbers 130 men, 4 officers —20 more men expected. We have two new Lieutenants, Clark and Foster. Our Governor has at last sent me a Commission as First Lieutenant. I have been the only lieutenant in the Battery since June 13th, 1862.

During our two month's stay in the 9th Wisconsin Battery, we have been completely fenced in by the guerrilla troops, our men on half rations, bread and meat, 22 of the first, and 20 of the last, but the meat was not had at least half of the time. Our horses were reduced to half grain rations, 6 pounds of oats per day.

But two divisions were left here in the defense of the place, and that against the wishes of Gen. Buell.

Daily during these two months we were expecting aid. When the battle of Perryville was fought, we deemed it certain that aid was near at hand, but it did not come till Rosecrans sent it, Nov. 8th. Twice in time. The enemy had massed a heavy force, and on the 9th would have routed us without question or fall. The rebel force drew off and went to Murfreesboro. General Rosecrans is daily reviewing bodies of troops and sending them off on the road to Chattanooga, intending to carry several points on the way. We have had some considerable skirmishing about Nashville, and one quite brisk artillery fight, (Nov. 8th,) in which our Battery played a conspicuous part. We are to go to Chattanooga on Monday next.

We find very many Union men in Tenn. The city is full of refugees, run in to escape the draft. They are daily enlisting in the Union Tenn. Regiments. They make daring soldiers. The universal sentiment is one of pleasure and satisfaction at the recent changes of commanders. New hopes are aroused, new energies are awakened by the change of Buell for Rosecrans, and McClellan for Burnside. The aroused change of Grant in Tenn. is not likely to fail.

The feeling here in the army, and among all the Union men of Tenn. is, prose use the war vigorously, and never yield an atom to any kind of compromise or treaty. The President's Proclamation hurts the secessars. It causes the negro to rise already, and the driver to hunt his hole, but the Union men put it th'ro', even those who have slaves, and there are many of that class.

Our army has been engaged too much by far, in supporting traitors. See Lane's letter to Stanton. Those statements are all true, and these facts here are witness of the facts. The letter is lost. The soldiers could not get the mail in time, and the officers too busy to attend to it.

The 3d, 5th, 8th, and 10th Wis. Batteries are also here, also the 1st, 2nd, 21st, and 24th regiments Wis. Volunteers.
Capt. ROUEKE.—When the remains of Gov. HARVEY passed through Oticag the were attended by a military escort preceded by a splendid band, the whole under command of Capt. JOHN ROUEKE. We understand the entire escort was gotten up by Capt. ROUEKE, and the bap procured and paid for by that gentleman alone. He will be remembered by many of our citizens as being a captain of the Milwaukee company, in the 2d Regiment the first in Camp Randall. He subsequently resigned this position, and is now captain of the 11th Wisconsin Battery. His noble conduct on this occasion will endear him to the people of Wisconsin.

Port Govino.—NW, by W. ¼ W. (NW. ¼ W.) from the citadel of Corfu, distant four and a half miles, is the entrance to Port Govino. This is a large and natural basin where the Venetian galleys used to refit. The neighborhood is surrounded by marshy ground. A village is situated on the southern part of the port, and an arsenal directly opposite to the entrance; on the line of the above bearing, at about three and a quarter miles from the citadel, is the Lazaretto Island, which may be passed on either side, according to circumstances, their being no danger except a sunken rock close to its southern point. This port, whose mouth is enclosed by sand banks, can only admit small vessels; the best anchorage for such is close to the dockyard. Midway between the city of Corfu and Govino are the salt works. The northern point of the entrance to Govino projects considerably out to the seaward; one and a half miles beyond it is the town of Thes. There you will see Mount Sahador, 3,000 feet high, stretching along toward the northeastward, and forming a most conspicuous object when coming from the southward.

The western coast of Corfu should always be approached with great caution, because there are several patches of rocky ground about it; some of which extend one and a half miles from the shore. W. ¾ N. (W.N.W.) five and three quarter miles from Cape Bianco, is a small bank of nine fathoms; and to the N. ¾ E. (N.NE.) of this, and nearly midway between it and the shore, is a reef of only five feet water. About ten miles W.NW. (NW. ¾ W.) from Cape Bianco are others, called the Lagidia rocks, some of which appear above water. One mile and a half to the northward of these is a bank running from the land in a S.SW. (SW. ¾ S.) direction, with only two and a half fathoms over it. Vessels going on this side should be careful, and give the coast a berth of full two miles, by which precaution they will go clear of all danger.

Off the NW. end of Corfu there are several islands, three of which Fano, Merlera and Samotralki, lie in a triangular direction, with deep water channels between them.

Fano is the largest and most western of these islands, it being two and a half miles long from E. to W., and two and a half broad from N. to S. Its NW. point lies in latitude 39° 51' 30" N., and longitude 19° 19' 15" E.; few rocky islets lie off its NE. point. At a distance this appears like a single hill, the summit of which is clothed with pines; but near the sea it becomes meadow land. From its situation this island becomes politically important, for it commands the best possible view of the entrance to the Adriatic.

Merlera.—This island lies E. by N. (N. ¾ S.) from Fano, distant six and a half miles, and is neither so high nor so large as that island. Its soil is fertile, but the water becomes shallow as you approach. By keeping at a distance of a half a mile from it, you may anchor, particularly on its eastern side. The center of this island is in latitude 39° 53' 15" N., and longitude 19° 31' 40" E. It is inhabited, and the channel between it and Fano is free from danger.

Samotralki is a narrow, long island, having many rocks and shoals about it. Its NW. point is in latitude 39° 46' 30" N., longitude 19° 27' E., and bears from Fano south point SE. by E. (SE. ¼ S.) distance five and a half miles, and from the south point of Merlera SW. by S. (SW. ¼ W.) six and a half miles. The rocks on its south and southwestern points extend full
Death of Martin V. Palmer.

Camp Clear Creek, Miss.
June 16th, 1862.

Special Order No. 7.

It becomes the painful duty of the Captain commanding, to announce officially the death of our mutual friend and fellow soldier Martin V. Palmer. In the death of Mr. Palmer, the company has lost a valuable man, he had endeared himself to his officers by promptness in the discharge of his duty, as a soldier, his cheerfulness and uniform obedience; he had made many friends in the Company, his departure will leave a vacant place in many of our hearts. The Captain commanding expresses the hope that his virtues may be imitated, and his example followed by his comrades.

Signed,

W. A. Pike,
Captain Commanding Battery I,
1st Mo. Light Artillery,
Wisconsin Battery.

DEPARTURE OF LIEUT. HARLOW'S COMMAND.

Within the last two weeks a company of young men have been recruited in this city, by Lieut. Harlow, for the 12th Wisconsin Battery, who left, yesterday, for their duties in the field. More than ordinary interest is centered in this company, since it is composed of the flower of our young men. They come from the business and industrial walks of life, renouncing good salaries, comfortable homes and troops of old friends, to take part in the defence of their country and its flag; and for this to brave death in camp and on the field, and to endure all the privations of a soldier's life. They are all well known in the city, and many of them have grown up here from boyhood. For intelligence, moral worth and capacity to become useful and honored citizens, they have not been excelled by any body of men of a like number who have left this city, or even the state, to take part in the perils and glories of the war. On this account, and perhaps also because the sacrifices of this war are coming more and more home to us as palpable realities, the occasion was marked by universal interest and a depth of feeling not before experienced by our people. Hence, in the afternoon, nearly the entire population of the city was found on the public square and the streets adjoining, to bid the boys good-by, and escort them to the cars.

The battery company was drawn up on the square, and for an hour their friends crowded around, taking leave of them, pressing them by the hand, speaking words of hope and encouragement, and bidding them God-speed. During this scene the boys bore themselves cheerfully and well though feeling was evidently struggling in their breasts, as friend after friend parted with them—with some perhaps forever. Many eyes unused to the melting mood,

Among the people present, were filled with tears. Notwithstanding the waving flags, the inspiring music and the large concourse of people which outwardly gave the scene a gay and exhilarating appearance, there were many heavy hearts there, and the crowd was oppressed by a solemnity unusual at such a time. Perhaps the news of the day, and the clouds which overspread the prospects of the country, had much to do with it. Whatever was the cause, the feelings manifested towards these young men was tender and fervent—more like grief than the joy and confidence which should crown warriors going assuredly to a field of victory. It appeared in reality like a sacrifice of our best jewels upon the altar of a suffering and imperilled country. We trust it may not be so, but such, nevertheless, was the prevailing apprehension, and this very much saddened down and repressed the enthusiasm of the occasion.

The escort from the public square to the cars was formed in the following order:

4. Rescue Hook and Ladder company.
5. Washington Engine company, No. 3.
7. Capt. Miltimore's company of volunteers.

We noticed in the band several members of the late band of the fifth Wisconsin regiment, who have recently returned from the Potomac army.

The escort was under the direction of James Homming, chief engineer of the fire department, and his assistants John Belton and John C. Spencer. It was conducted throughout in a masterly manner, and was the most successful and imposing in its appearance of any we have ever had in this city.

The volunteer companies of Capt. Wemple and Miltimore were out in strong forces. Lieut. G. F. Saunders, late of Company D, Wisconsin 2d regiment, and Lieut. Sherman Ellsworth, of Co. H, 5th Wisconsin, assisted very much in the military part of the procession, which moved in the order above named to the depot, and Lieut. Harlow and his company departed on the Chicago train at three o'clock P. M., amid the cheers of the immense multitude present.

The Wisconsin 12th Battery, of which Lieut. Harlow's company is a part, has been in a partial state of organization since March last, and the recruits now added complete its full quota. Its officers are as follows: Captain, William Zichrath; First Lieutenants, Williams Miles and E. G. Harlow; Second Lieutenants, William A. Hamilton and Marcus Amason. The battery is at Corinth, and attached to the division of Gen. W. S. Hamilton, of this state.

From the 12th Wisconsin Battery.

HEADQUARTERS BENTON'S HOTEL,
St. Louis, Sept. 5, 1862.

EDITORS GAZETTE:—As the readers of your paper may be somewhat interested in the whereabouts of the 12th Wisconsin battery, I will drop you a few lines for the benefit of the public.

We made a quick run from Janesville, Chicago, arriving at the latter place at 1 o'clock. We formed in line and marched from the depot to the Briggs house, where we were furnished with accommodation for the night. Rather good fare for soldiers, but we flatter ourselves that we can appreciate good living so long as the United States foot the bill. At 3 o'clock the next morning we took our departure from the city of mixed odors, and went speedily on towards St. Louis. On our way we passed through Springfield, the capital of Illinois, and the home of Abe Lincoln, but not the President's house, from the fact that there were two other buildings in the way. As the train stopped for a few minutes here, the boys availed themselves of the opportunity to let off a little music, and the Star Spangled Banner was sung in a style which would be rather difficult to beat, as we have some of Jamesville's best singers with us. The train left the Springfield depot just as the sun was going down, and the boys settled themselves to sleep away the remainder of our ride.

We reached St. Louis between 11 and 12 o'clock, and, as usual, our quarters had been provided for us, as we laid down on the hard pavement while Lieut. Harlow went to hunt up lodgings. In about an hour the lieutenant returned, and we fell in and marched to Barnes' Hotel, where beds were provided for us. We knew full well their value that night, as we have not had much sleep for the past week.

The men are all in good health and spirits, and I hope that we may continue so.

We leave for Benton Barracks to-day, when we will probably reach our quarters Monday. All letters should be directed to "12th Wisconsin Battery, Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Mo.," Yours,

W. S. H.
foot in Comstock's leg, arm and hand; the ounce ball passing through his left arm below the elbow, and into his left leg just below the knee, shattering both dreadfully. One buck-shot passed through the palm of his right hand, making a flesh wound. His leg is to be amputated at four o'clock this afternoon, above the knee, and perhaps his arm will be saved if proper care is taken. William Packham was sitting on the stone between Comstock's knees at the time, but escaped unharmed.

The affair has cast a gloom over the whole company, the recollection of which time cannot efface, as the victim has won the hearts of all by his amiability and kindness of heart. If he should ever return to Janesville, receive him with the sympathy which is due him as a member of the 12th Wisconsin battery, for he is a brave and good man, and bears his affliction as becomes a soldier.

We, at present, quartered in these barracks doing guard duty at different places in the city. Secesh are plenty, and the boys have to keep a sharp look-out, as some of our guard posts are in lonely and unfrequented parts of the city, and attempts are made nearly every night to fire the barracks, hospitals and quartermaster's stores. But our boys are wide awake, and the rebels had better give them their half of the sidewalk when they meet them.

We have no idea when we shall leave here. There is a rumor, this morning, that we start next Saturday or Monday, and go to Corinth—how true it is I am unable to say, but we are anxious to go, as guard duty is out of our line of business. We didn't draw money from the citizens of Janesville for that purpose.

The weather is very warm, but the boys stand it well; none have complained of sickness yet. An attempt was made to feed us on chunks of bread and fat salt pork, but we wouldn't eat it, and they have concluded to give us a greater variety and better food. So far I have lived on cracked pork, but we wouldn't eat it, and they have concluded to give us a greater variety and better food.

The 12th Wisconsin Battery is about 15 miles south of this place, at a village called Jacinto. We leave here for the battery some time during the day.

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We have had the pleasure ofseeing our division general the moving Dr. Robinson Heister; he is a large square-built man, a very fine head and an eye like an eagle, he looks every inch a soldier.

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I have read in some periodical work that "Distance lends enchantment to the view." If this be true, I must say that Janesville is as handsome in a distance as, even, the Lake of Como to Paolo; in the Lady of Lyons, and I think, if some of our boys were asked for a description of it, they could give it in still more glowing and eloquent language than even that given to Pauline by the Count of Chambord.

The boys are all well.

B. B. BRANTON

From the 12th Wisconsin Battery.

JANESVILLE, WIS., Sept. 12th, 1862.

EDITORS OF THE MONTROSE—Lounging on the platform of the Memphis & Ohio Railroad, with every sign of glee y visaged, was staring toward the country looks as though both armies had entered the field. Maj. Gen. Grant marched his batteries into Italy, down the elbow, and into his left leg just below the knee, shattering both dreadfully. So far I have lived on cracked pork, but we wouldn't eat it, and they have concluded to give us a greater variety and better food. We didn't draw bounty money from the citizens of Janesville for that purpose.

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had become terrific.

The enemy, in dense masses, bore down in front. The ground admitted of no more forces being brought into action in front, and our position must be held, or we were forced to retreat. Under the overwhelming masses would have passed over the hill and fallen on our uniformed column in the rear. Brigadier Gen. Deade rode the rear of the battle ground with the head of his brigade, placed one of his regiments—the Tenth Iowa, under the gallant Percal—with the Twelfth Wisconsin Battery, on the road across the ravine and open field on our extreme left; and, finding no more of his forces could be brought into action, placed them in reserve, and came gallantly to the front, asking to be of service. I immediately placed him in charge of the right, to hold the ground, and see that the right was not turned by the heavy force of the enemy moving in that direction. Col. Sanborn, I immediately ordered Brig. Gen. Deade to hold the right of my line, with every officer killed or wounded, and nearly every man and horse killed or disabled, fell an easy prey. But this success was short lived when rallied the numbers of the right wing, and with a bravery, better characterized as audacity, drove the rebels back to cover. Again they rallied, and with the waverings fortunes of this desperate fight, the battery fell into our hands, and, with three of its guns spiked, and the carriage out and scattered with balls, is again ready to meet the foe.

While these events were transpiring along the brave Gen. Stanley had come to the front, and joining his personal exertions to mine, the regiments that had fallen into disorder were rallied, and held in position to the closing hour. Of Stanley’s regiments, the Eleventh Missouri, coming up, fresh and eager for action, was pushed into the right, where, uniting its efforts, the Fifth and Sixth Missouri, it made a most gallant flight, and aided much, first in holding our ground against the enemy, and afterwards in driving him back in confusion toward the ravine, from which the attack was begun. An attempt to turn my left flank by a heavy force of the enemy moving up the open field ravine was most gallantly repulsed by Col. Percal, with the Tenth Iowa and a section of Immell’s battery. So bravely was this attempt repulsed that it never made no more attempt in that direction.

After this repulse the 4th Minnesota was withdrawn from the left, and ordered to hold the hill on our right, where it did good service to the close of the action. This completed the movements in the front, and the rebel forces were fought thereunto to its position. The army of Stanley’s division, coming up during the heat of the contest, could not be placed in position to take an active part, owing to the want of ground, and was placed in reserve near the log church.

From 5 p.m. until darkness prevented distinguishing friend from foe, the battle was fought along the road and to the right of the Tenth Iowa, the 25th and 11th Missouri, with a bravery which scarcely admits of a parallel. The enemy, confined in the heavy forces they had deployed, pushed on without any observation, but they were met by a greater heroism, and though often rallied and driven to the charge, they were as often met and hurled back to their cover. Again this little effort and a most gallant fight, and aided much, first in holding our ground against the enemy, and afterwards in driving him back in confusion toward the ravine, from which the attack was begun. An attempt to turn my left flank by a heavy force of the enemy moving up the open field ravine was most gallantly repulsed by Col. Percal, with the Tenth Iowa and a section of Immell’s battery. So bravely was this attempt repulsed that it never made no more attempt in that direction.

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Lieut. Sears was severely wounded, and left his guns only when his officers, men and horses were nearly all killed. The battery was fairly in the enemy’s hands.

In closing this report, I shall be permitted to embody this summary of the 19th inst., my division marched nine miles, fought a desperate battle, with seven regiments against a rebel force under Gen. Price of not less than eighteen regiments, till, rising in their arms on the field their valor had won, and the following morning chased the fleeing enemy for fifteen miles, until worn out with labor and need of food, the pursuit was discontinued only when the powers of nature were exhausted.

Two records of victory may well be cherished to produce a victory under circumstances and odds so desperate. No words of mine can add luster to the brilliancy of this victory, and no reward given to those who were miles away from the battle-field, will detract from the glory justly due to those heroes who won this audacious victory.

The fearful list of killed and wounded in these few regiments actively engaged, shows what heroism and desperation this fight was won.

I say, boldly, that a force of not more than 2,800 men won and conquered a rebel force of 11,000, on a field chosen by Price, and a position naturally very strong and with its own advantage nothing to compare with. The number of killed and wounded in this fight was 203, the wounded number 536; the missing number 20, total, 809. Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) C. S. HAMILTON,

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

JACKSON, Miss., Sept. 26.

E. S. SENTINEL:—The imputation of inactivity can no longer be brought against this at least portion of the Army of the Tennessee. Commanding as it has for the past two months the outpost; kept in a constant state of watchfulness by the presence and occasional Ireland of a large force behind it, the seeming inactivity may really be, in fact, a most skilful skulking by the enemy. The army was met, fought and put to flight, on the 19th inst., near Tupelo.

The battle of Iuka—Splendid Fighting.

The Battle of Iuka

FROM GEN. HAMILTON’S DIVISION.

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sion (the Third of the Army of the Mississippi) under Brig. Gen. C. S. Hamilton, held itself in position to march in conjunction with other troops. Tents were strung, baggage packed, and sent to the rear, and on the morning of the 19th inst., with light horses and the column of Rear-Admiral Torr, two miles east of Jacinto. The Second Division under Brig. Gen. Stanley, arrived from Corinth during the night, and followed. This force attacked Price on the south and east of Iuka, while a force sent by Gen. Grant was to coop-operate on the north and west. It was a delicate piece of strategy, for the part of those who planned it, and had it been fully carried out, the rebel general and his whole army would have been easily bagged. But, like most strategical plans, it failed in the execution. This column was delayed a day by Stanley's Division boosing its way in the woods, and while the little division of Gen. Hamilton was proving the superiority of hard knockers over "strategy," and engaging most gallantly the whole force of Price, the troops sent by Gen. Grant under Gen. Ord, for the purpose of engaging at the same time as Gen. Hamilton, quietly besting on the roadside nine miles distant from Iuka, and the next morning while the dead of the battle of the previous night were being buried, and the wounded cared for, triumphantly entered the town with flying colors, and are complimented in General Orders for their "strategic" piece, "to reach the enemy." It was a bitter pill to swallow, but let the record show.

But to return. The road from this place to Iuka running a nesterly direction, thirteen miles, we came upon the advanced pickets of the enemy, and dismounting a body of the Third Missouri cavalry as skirmishers, drove them before us. After passing Barnott's the cavalry were sent to the rear, and the columns of the Fifth Iowa Infantry were deployed as skirmishers. From this point forward the skirmishing was constant. The enemy's pickets were on the right, and having the advantage of every place of defense to delay us; but we drove them steadily before us. Gen. Hamilton, with his staff and escort, rode at the head of the column, having personal supervision of the movements of the skirmishers. They became the constant mark of the rebel sharp-shooters; and about four miles from what proved to be the battle ground, the Wiseonsin battery, were soon in position. The fire of the Twelfth Wisconsin battery and Tenth Iowa on the right, and the left, was splendidly accurate and made fearful havoc among the foe. Three rebel regiments were hurled upon the Eleventh Ohio battery, but the grape was too much for them to bear. Almost annihilated, they fell back in disorder, but only to make way for fresh battalions.

By this time the whole rebel force had been brought to a bay by Gen. Ord. Not having arrived at the appointed place to do his share of the work and keep the forces divided. Thus their whole force was arrayed against us in front. The veteran regiments of Price (Texas and Louisiana) were then thrown against the Ohio battery. They came up splendidly, although they were rebels; in masses of two thousand. The Forty-eighth Mississippi, the Forty-eighth Illinois, the Fifty-second Indiana, supporting the battery on the left, gave way as they saw their leader, Col. Eddy, fall.

It seemed as if it was all lost with him. The battery poured in a deadly fire. The roar of musketry was deafening. Heavy gaps in their ranks were closed as soon as made; still on they came, and with an unyielding front. The leading regiment of Price (Texas and Louisiana) was thrown against the Ohio battery. They came up splendidly, although they were rebels; in masses of two thousand. The Forty-eighth Mississippi, the Forty-eighth Illinois, the Fifty-second Indiana, supporting the battery on the left, gave way as they saw their leader, Col. Eddy, fall.

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Darkness put an end to the fight and left us victors on the field. Our victory was not without its sorrow. One hundred and thirty-five of our gallant band now sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Five hundred and twenty-nine were wounded. 'Oh shut our noble Fourth; Iowa of her gallant Fifth, Tenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth; Missouri of her noble Twenty-sixth; Ohio her Eightieth and the brave boys of her Eleventh battery; Indiana her Forty-eighth. Wisconsin too, has taught the rebels a lesson from the guns of her Twelfth battery, that they will not forget. Seventy recruits had joined before, but with only three of them they showed well from what stock they came. These were the troops that fought, and won the fight, belonging all, except the Eleventh Missouri, to the division of Gen. Ord. Our bravest and truest, true of Stanley's division, were bursting for a chance, but the ground would not admit.

Officers as well as men fought this battle. The command of the division, Gen. E. F. Lincoln, fought, not like some Generals, but to do from some convenient spot at a distance, but with his men. His presence was felt through the entire field, now cheering them on—now rallying others to their standards—now gathering broken masses of them were close behind. The Fourth Minnesota and Fourth; Iowa of her gallant Fifth, Tenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth; Missouri of her noble Twenty-sixth; Ohio her Eightieth and the brave boys of her Eleventh battery; Indiana her Forty-eighth. Wisconsin too, has taught the rebels a lesson from the guns of her Twelfth battery, that they will not forget. Seventy recruits had joined before, but with only three of them they showed well from what stock they came. These were the troops that fought, and won the fight, belonging all, except the Eleventh Missouri, to the division of Gen. Ord. Our bravest and truest, true of Stanley's division, were bursting for a chance, but the ground would not admit.
The Janesville Battery at the Battle of Corinth.—We have seen no mention of the services of the 12th Wisconsin battery at the battle of Corinth, in the various descriptions of the fight in the papers of our state; but there is no doubt they deserve a large share of credit for their bravery and the effectiveness with which they managed their guns. One of our boys writing home says: "The guns were almost exclusively worked by the Janesville boys, and all stood up and performed their duties nobly." Again he says: "I went down upon the field that was covered by our guns, and in walking straight across, I counted 139 rounds fired." Another says: "All Saturday forenoon there was one continued roar from our guns, and the rebel dead lay in heaps in front of our position. Not a man was hurt in our battery, which is a strange circumstance, as the bullets flew thick around us, and the enemy's sharpshooters made repeated efforts to pick us off." Gen. Rosecrans, Hamilton and Sullivan complimented them on the field, the latter saying that they had saved Corinth and the army, and that he thanked God that the 12th Wisconsin battery was in his brigade. Sullivan's brigade was the reserve, and if the enemy had defeated it, the day would have been lost. The friends of the battery have reason to be proud of the position it maintained at the battle of Corinth.

From the 12th Wisconsin Battery.

Ten Miles West of Corinth, Oct. 8, 1862.

We were in the fight at Corinth on Friday and Saturday, the 3rd and 4th, and came out safe—not a man hurt. On Friday we fired but two shots; but Saturday forenoon, at the final desperate charge of the enemy, we were for an hour in the thickest of the fight. At one time the rebels were within 30 rods of our battery, but we held our position. You may hear stories about our giving way; such a story is in circulation here, but don't believe it—it was another battery. We never moved from our position. We have been on the move since the 1st of October, and our generals have just told us that we are going to Mobile. I will write an account of the fight, and of our movements, as soon as I get time.

My health never was better. We are not allowed to ride, but have footed it all the way.

Rienzi, Oct. 8.

As yet I have had no chance to mail this. We have been marching a week, and are pretty tired.

Price is completely used up. The road we passed over is strown with wagons, baggage and provisions thrown away by him in his hurried retreat.

Wheeler S. Bowen.
ning of cannon. The rebels had commenced the battle early—they were shelling the city, and our seige guns and mortars were answering them. You can imagine that we were wide awake about this time—sleep had lost its charms. The heavy booming of cannon, the shrieking of shells as they flew over us, and the wild confusion of the negro population and cutters fleeing out of the city to the corral, presented rather a lively scene to us new recruits. This position, which was the one we occupied during the fight, was on a considerable elevation in the northern part of the town. On our right was a battery of regulars, and several regiments of infantry, while in our front and rear was stationed more infantry. The 10th Missouri was our support, and lay on our left. As I have said before, our position was an excellent one—there was a gradual slope from the top of the hill of 60 or 90 rods, and then an abrupt descent forming a valley through which the rebels must pass before entering the town. The fighting ahead came nearer and nearer; it was evident that our troops were falling back. Soon the artillery and infantry directly in front of us began to fire, and we stood anxiously by our guns awaiting the command to commence firing. We had not long to wait—our men were retreating over the hill in front, and the rebels were rapidly following, and soon appeared swarming over the breastworks and around the guns of the 6th Wisconsin battery, which our men were obliged to abandon as they had not time to bring them off. The 11th Ohio battery got off safely with their guns and took position on our right. Our battery had now opened fire, and was in full retreat. We started in pursuit, and after going a mile or two stopped several hours. While here, Gen. Hamilton rode up and made the following remarks: "The enemy is completely stumped. Their baggage, guns, equipments, provisions and ammunition are thrown away. The enemy are running like hell." Several cheers were given as the General rode off, and in a short time we started on towards Ripley. The particulars of our marching and counter-marching I have not space to give you, therefore I will condense it. We turned off from the Ripley road and went 3 miles; stayed there half a day and a night, and started again this time about ten miles towards Hatchie river. Here we stopped all day, and the next morning went back to Rienzi. This morning we left Rienzi and came to this place, on the Farmington road, our camp before the fight. There's no telling how long we shall stay here. We would like a little rest, as we have footed it on our left. All day the firing continued at short range. The people of Jonesville must not be anxious; if they do not hear from us often, it is impossible to write while on a march.
Marcus Ansden, James Croft and R. W. Barton were appointed corporals on the 7th of October.

Yours,
W. S. B.

From the 12th Wisconsin Battery.
(Camp Near Clear Creek.)
Oct. 12th, 1862.

MESSENGER EDITORS—Since writing my last until yesterday, our whole army has been on the move. We left Jackson about 1st and moved on Corinth, 17 miles distant. We anticipated a fight but were kept in the dark. On the morning of the 3d our anticipations were proven true, by the sound of heavy cannonading on our left. All day the firing continued at intervals, with occasional volleys of musketry, with indifferent results, except that it was in result, a little unfavorable to us. Our Battery was not engaged, only in firing a few loads as beavers. Night closed, the affair was over and we laid down to rest, for we all knew that the morning would open with death and its messengers on all sides. The night was brilliant and warm, not one sleep was to be seen in the horizon, the stars gleamed with unusual lustre and the cold moon rose in all its majesty, guiding the eastern horizon with a flood of glorious light, making the heavens one vast sea of molten beauty, reminding one of the splendid descriptions of an Italian evening. Everything was given over to render everything safe. Order were given and conveyed in whispers, and no noise could be heard in the whole army. At 2 o'clock A. M. on the morning of the 4th, we were on the move for action. Our hour's time formed our line for action. The position of our Battery was on the right of the centre of the line. The 6th Missouri Battery was on our right and to the right of us, the 11th Ohio Battery went to the right of the 6th Wisconsin. Our position was such that I could not form a correct idea of our line on the left, except that the 10th Iowa and 10th Missouri were our support on the left. The ball opened at 20 minutes to 4 o'clock by heavy guns from the Confederates. This was kept up for nearly an hour without reply. Finally our guns opened, the earth shook beneath us, and the hills upon which we stood seemed to rock and tremble with fear, reverberating from hill to hill, undulating in its course as the roaring breeses that kissed our old flag as proudly floated over the hill top around Corinth, not having time to die away in the distance, but another, and another followed. The Confederates drawing near brought our small guns into action. The 6th Wisconsin Battery was charged on and taken. Our infantry advanced to the edge of the wood and for two long hours, stood before a galling fire from the enemy. Our line was pierced by the Confederates, who were reposing line of defence and the enemy advancing steadily and rapidly in the face of seige guns, batteries and infantry. As yet our Battery had not fixed a gun, occupying the highest and one of the most exposed positions on the field. I kept my eye steadily fixed on the 10th Iowa and 10th Missouri infantry, knowing if they retired we would not be able to hold our position. We were walking near them, I could hear their officers command them to lay down, but the brave fellows could not keep down. The Confederates still advanced and took possession of Gen. Rosencrantz's headquarters and held them about ten minutes when we forced surrender, to advance. They advanced steadily toward the wood, the Confederates occupying a ravine only about 20 rods from us. We opened when our infantry advanced, and the fight became general from right to left, the enemy contesting every inch of ground as our columns advanced, and for one hour and a half it was fearful to look on. The enemy falling back into the wood and our boys following closely after them, driving from the field with all their dead and wounded behind them. One cheer from right to left and the victory was complete.

I should have said that the 6th Wisconsin Battery was recovered, the enemy not having horses to draw them away.

A few moments after the fight had ceased, Col. Barton of the 10th Missouri, (now acting Brigade General) came charging up, touching his fingers gracefully, through his large mustaches and said: "Boys I do not believe this Battery needs any support."
I had formed in at his approach, a smile lighting up his solidly face, greeting us as only an Irishman can greet, said: "Well, boys, we have whipped them on both sides; I thank God that I have been so fortunate as to get this Battery in my brigade. You dead in front of your guns speaks for your labor.

Before daylight the next morning we were after Price. Beauchaf in the advance, we passed over the field of the last day's battle, and God forbid that I should be called on to witness another such a sight. It is too horrible to think of, much less to speak.

Our advance overtook Price at or near Hatchie river and had another flight, routing Price completely. The road for miles was strewn with teams, wagons, teams, canteens, bedrolls, ammunition, kettle, pots, pans, sabers, guns and camp equipage of every description and captured sever hundred prisoners. We followed him to Blount; he had left there and we followed on to Ripley and had another skirmish, driving him to the mountains. It was indeed tiresome work for us all. We gave up the hunt and returned to this place, where we hope we shall have sufficient time to recruit ourselves and horses.

Before closing I must say that the people of Janesville can well be proud of the 12th Wisconsin Battery. The Commander of our Battery is a brave and fearless officer, but an overbearing and tyrannical man. We are willing and proud to do our duty as it should be done, but as God is our witness, when we enlisted we expected to be treated as men who had given up a great deal for our country, but we did not expect to have our manhood degraded, and our civil liberty wrested from us, for I speak the truth when I avow it, and I avow it openly cost what it may, the most abject slave in the state of Mississippi to-day, possesses more real civil liberty than the members of the 12th Wisconsin Battery. This is the truth and all our boys can bear me witness in the truth of what I say, if it was really expected anything could be done for redress. They all admit the dirty treatment we received from the enemy. The brutes of the 6th were fairly whipped, and drew their loads with apparent ease, while ours were poor, sickly, halfeaten looking specimens of what they once were. The men of the 6th were comfortably seated on the pieces and caissons, evidently enjoying the ride; and when they go into a fight will be fresh and well prepared to do the heavy work of the occasion. Not so with us; we trudge along all day through several inches of dust, beneath the burning rays of a southern sun, with our blankets and overcoats stripped on our backs, and inwardly cursing the luck that brought us into a "walking battery." But we must bear it; the best we can and hope for better times. We continued on our weary way, progressing slowly over the rough roads, and retarding the advance of the whole army in the rear of us, till, when about six miles from Corinth, Gen. Hamilton and the chief of artillery rode along, and caught one of our horses in the act of giving out. They stopped and looked at our horses, asked a few questions, and passed on. A mile further on we stopped for water, and while there an order came back for us to return to Corinth—a condemned battery, unfit for service in the present state of its horse-flesh. This morning we made our way back, and entered our old camp.

Price will not hear the thunder of our four 10-pounders at the next battle, but I trust that there are infantry and artillery enough to start that gentleman on another big abedaddle. The boys don't like the idea of coming back as we did, but no one can be cant upon us, for so far we have done our duty in every particular.

I think we shall remain here a while, at least till our horses are in condition to travel. Camp life would be pleasant if there was not so much work to do. We have no desire to do police camp every day, but we have it to do, and another thing which troubles us greatly is the bear the voice of the stable sergeant calling out—"Now all you's as the horses turn out an' wather them; do quick now, and don't ye be waitin'."

We have received six boxes from Janesville, and our friends at home may be assured that the contents were appreciated by us. The last box contained a large quantity of tobacco, pipes and cigars from Geo. Benton. His gift is invaluable, as articles are scarce in this part of the country, and George has the thanks of his numerous friends in the battery.

The following named persons have been appointed corporals: Thomas Cross, Sylvester cherry and Orrin Hubbard. Hiram Robertson is assistant quartermaster sergeant.

Yours, &c.,

From the 12th Wisconsin Battery,

CORINTH, Miss., Nov. 4th, 1862.

Dear Sir—Just writing my last, informing my relatives that we are marching to Holly Springs, and are marching around this sector of the country. The recall of Gen. Rosencrans from this department caused a good deal of feeling, yet there appears to be the utmost confidence in the skill and ability of Gen. Hamilton. His personal attention to the wants of his men, and kind disposition to all, is winning the men into favor and confidence, and you know his unflinching bravery has already been established.

Last Saturday night the 1st of the month we received orders to march at daylight the following morning. Four divisions of the army left here at daylight for some point to us unknown. Our brigade with the 11th Ohio, 6th and 12th Wisconsin Batteries following the extreme advance. Ten miles out on the road to Holly Springs, Gen. Hamilton and Maj. Powell ordered the 12th Wisconsin Battery back to Corinth, on account of the bad condition of the horses, and from the conversation the General had with Lt. Immell, we thought he was satisfied that the men had been treated about as bad as the horses. Our boys felt keenly on being ordered back, although we knew that we were in no measure responsible for this humiliation. Our impression is that the object of the move of our army is to try Price another link at Holly Springs or Bolivar, as report says he is again concentrating an army there. At all events, whatever may be the object of the army, you can be assured that Gen. Hamilton need not fear the result, for he is discreet as well as valiant.

The election in our battery came off yesterday with the following result, as far as announced by the inspectors. The whole number of votes
The weather here is beautiful and summer-like, and will compare favorably with June in Wisconsin. Only the fallen leaves and withered vegetation apprise us that "winter is nigh."

I am indebted to you for several copies of the Daily Gazette, for which accept my thanks. Whenever the Gazette makes its appearance in camp, the recipient has a hundred applications for "a loan."

Still hoping that this desolating rebellion may be speedily brought to a close, and that we may all be permitted to join our families and friends soon, I remain Yours, very truly,

E. G. HARBOR.

P. S.—John Wilcox and William Ward reported here all right this evening. Glad to see them;

FROM THE 12TH WISCONSIN BATTERY
CAMP AT MOSCOW, TENN. APPEARS IN MEMPHIS, NOV. 12, 1861

ENTRONS MONTRON:—Since my last the whole army has been on the move. We left Corinth on the 8th. Orders were read at twenty-one o'clock in the night previous, instructing us to be prepared for battle or a road for the morning. A species of noise imaginably greeted the ear:

A universal howling wild
Of stunning sounds and voices all confused—
Screeching through the hollow earth, assails the ear
With hoarseest references.

For twenty miles on our journey, an unbroken forest of wide extent made but a dreary picture on account of its gloomy uniformity, and though travelling in a forest is delightful as an occasional recreation, when continued many hours and even days in succession is rather monotonous and wearisome.

At noon on the 14th we entered the beautiful village of Purdy's, Tenn. It is handsomely located and possesses some of the most tasteful buildings I have ever seen, but even here the traces of war has marked its course and what few whites remain are sulky and not conversant. On the evening of the 11th we entered the village of Bethel. The only point of interest I found here was a large and well filled field of new made graves, all Union soldiers. From Bethel we marched to Afton. Here we met the most desolate and God forsaken excuse for a village I have seen. Why Afton in Rock county is a Paradise to Van Buren and Afton is bad enough. We came across a flock of geese numbering about 15 and you may believe the call of nature more effectual on a flock of geese than an eben in a General Battery. Our grand column is headed towards Memphis, only forty miles distant. It is said that this wing of the army will move down the Memphis & Charleston railroad, rebuild bridges, relay the track, opening the road between Corinth and Memphis, and protecting it for the use of the government. This will give the army a grand base for operations against the enemy.
being unknown, I listened to as fervent and devout a prayer as could be offered by a Christian. While standing our army was encompassed all around, this prayer was offered up for the success of the so-called Confederacy and the overthrow of the Union. When the prayer was over, I turned to the right side of the door and listened to the following verses being taught to a child about five years old:

From the east to the west, from the sea to the sea
From every plague that beareth
In camp and march, in siege and fight
Protect our men at arms,

Though from our darkened lives they take
What we once loved, our lives must cease
We yield them for their country's sake,
With no retaliating tear.

and as the little fellow repeated in a low voice the words of his mother's face brightened; in his innocence not knowing that the very cause he was praying for of all others, was the most cursed and degrading to civilization and humanity, nevertheless I have reason to think he was as sincere as could spring from the heart of any of lives for, they were always, another and son, and when is the heart most susceptible to truth and sincerity? at no other hour as when left to commune with themselves.

On the morning of the 15th we again took up our march, passing through La Grange at noon. La Grange is 49 miles east of Memphis. It is a handsome, highly located town of about 2,000 inhabitants, and I would think from the splendid red sandstone, it was originally a wealthy place. The University of Tennessee is located here, and they can boast of as fine a building as any in the country. At the south end of the main business street is a large electric plant, from which you can see for twenty miles around, and is a fit sketch for the pen of some artist. One thing I shall not have to draw from his imagination to make the picture grand. Pass on at this place about two hours wide, and cross a constant crizzling rain renders it uncomfortable. I regret to say that our march here was more like an invasion of an army after plunder, than the representatives of a great civilized nation, fighting to maintain the honor of their country and their flag. Every conceivable evil was greedy and with impunity carried on. Robbing, assault, burning and slaughter to that extent, that it ended from Gen. Hamilton's extreme of the strict orders in reference thereto, that has yet been issued by any officer in the field. The thanks of everybody is now to be tendered to Gen. Hamilton for punishing the base miscreants who are lost to every sense of right and wrong that have composed those woes. Thus far these orders have been executed to the letter. An example has been made of several who are now on their way to the military prison at Alton, Illinois.

How long we remain here we do not know. We have been in two hot fights, and the idea of spelling for another is all in your eye. Inks and Corinth were satisfactory to us, and if we could only get them, and perhaps we could, we would only be the more grateful for the sake. By the way, it is a fact that the 12th Wisconsin Battery are not spelling for a fight nor will the 11th Wisconsin Battery shirk the responsibility, but if one is on hand, the weather here is about the same as it is in Wisconsin in September, although the frosts have not quite been produced from the ground, and everything else being the appearance of Spring. These last boxes sent us have not yet reached us, owing to our constant moving about. The boys are well. Yours respectfully,

D. B. R.

From the Twelfth Battery.

CAMP IN THE FIELD,
NEAR TALLAHASSEE RIVER, Dec. 3.

Editors Gazette: I will commence this and write a little each day till I have an opportunity to send it. We left our camp at Lumpkin Mills this morning, and marched through rain and mud to this place, where we have halted till a bridge can be put strong enough to bear our artillery and wagons. We have had everything to do with the discipline for action since we left Holly Springs, and it has had an opportunity to try our 10-pounders on the rear guard of the retreating enemy, who seem to be in something of a hurry to leave the country. The inhabitants are full-blooded rebels, and are generally not afraid to express their sentiments. Most of them, however, have fled, leaving their property to the tender mercies of the Union army, who have a peculiar style of appropriating things to their own use. The rebels, as they pass through the country, gather up the negroes and negro women, and take them along; but numbers of them escape and come into our lines every day. They represent the rebel army as being in a state of demoralization, and say that the soldiers are tired of the war, and would gladly return to their homes if they could.

WEDNESDAY, 4TH.—Last night the clouds cleared away, and this morning it is as pleasant as one could wish, overhead; but the mud is still deep and sticky.

We had orders this morning to be ready to march at a moment's warning, and the horses stood hitched to the guns till about 2 o'clock P. M., when we started; but after going a mile, halted and camped on the right of the enemy's outside line of entrenchments, on the ground where the artillery battle of Sunday last took place.

Two forts are in sight from this point, and a long line of breastworks, but the principal fortifications are further back in the woods, on the banks of the river. They are situated in the midst of a low swamp, and are said to be of great strength. I will try and see them to-morrow.

We have had no mail since we left Mos­cow, and the boys are getting anxious to hear from home.

Tallahassee.—I have been through the rebel defenses this morning, and have come to the conclusion that had Price made a stand here, the fight would have been long and bloody, for they are so situated in a mire swamp that the artillery could not be brought to bear on them, and even infantry would have had a hard time getting up to the works. The entrenchments are thrown up on both sides of the river, some of them being twenty feet in height. I saw some negroes who came in from the rebel army this morning. They say that Price's army is sixty miles ahead, and are still in full retreat, some 2,000 negroes with him, who are treated with brutality by the rebels. Ten rebel soldiers came in this afternoon and gave themselves up. They say they are tired of retreating all the time.

SATURDAY, 7TH.—We left the Tallahatchie yesterday morning, and had a hard march through mud and rain and had been obliged to sleep out these frosty nights with our blankets, as our wagons were far behind. Our present camp is just outside of the town of Oxford, which is a very pretty place about half the size of Jonesville. Nearly all the large buildings are filled with sick and prisoners, and our cavalry continue to bring them in. Many of the old Fort Donelson prisoners are here. They are generally willing enough to be taken, for they say they are tired of the war. What is the army of the Potomac doing all this time? It must be that they are well drilled enough by this time to make an advance and hold their ground.

There are two or three blocks here that I would have never expected to see for us, but where they are is more than we know. They were sent just before we left Corinth.

Yours,

P. S. B.

P. S.—Direct our mail to Second Brig­ade, Grinmby's Division, tia Cairo.

From the 11th Wisconsin Battery.


Estetona Mavront:—The indications now are that our army will advance, we have orders to pursue the rebels, and wash the southern boundary of the so-called Southern Confederacy.

The rebels from Moscow to this place were very bad accounts of the few days rain. Near the Tallahatchie, the mud is eight inches deep, and of such composition that many roads were left fit for the soil and their soldiers.

Tuesday, 6th.—I have been through the Tallahatchie. The rains had swollen the stream considerably, and its turbid water had risen.


Estetona Mavront:—I noted last night the appearance of a number of negroes, and now the constant movement about, I am satisfied that, as far as I can observe, the negroes and other blacks are being treated with courtesy, and that the Government is doing all it can to keep sight of them. It is with pride in which I regard our successful and victorious march. It is entirely the result of the combined efforts of the small army of which we have heard so much, and of the thousands of our citizens who have been so patient in the face of so many disasters, and who have done their utmost to aid the Government and the Union.

From the 11th Wisconsin Battery.
BRITISH DOMINIONS.

March 7, 1860.

A newspaper of this colony, which will show you in
slavers and from the African coast are disposed of.
The numbers captured Africans who were brought in one vessel and
tributed in gangs from ten to twenty-four to each estate.
away to Sierra Leone and St. Helena for more, and there are
and whose condition is infinitely worse than that of the slaves
colonies after they get their freedom because they have not the
and the government will not give them a free passage, though
when they came here.

FRANKLIN D. BANGS.

Thomas C. Jenkins, Consul.

November 26, 1860.

August 10, 1860, I have the honor to state that there is no
ice of the British government to send all captured Africans to
and South America, to become laborers on the plantations and
ship system. It may be safely asserted that, for the past ten
years of persons coming under the control of the British govern-
ship to these colonies.
commissions appointed by the governor and court of policy
and report upon the condition and prospects of the colony,
at the number of Africans imported since 1838, and those
is being 3,820 souls, and the report proceeds to say, "This
ake much impression, and immigration from Sierra Leone is
it is to be feared British Guiana will never be adequately
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The following "official" compliment was lately paid to Capt. Langworthy's company, now garrisoning Fort Cass, near Washington:


Lieut. Caleb Hunt, commanding Ft. Cass:

Sir---The General commanding the Division directs me to furnish you with the following extract from the inspection by Lt. Drouillard, of Fort Cass, under your command:

"Remarks---This is the best volunteer command I have seen in the service." * * * *

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your ob't serv't,

SAML. BROOK, Asst Adj't Gen'l.

The above speaks more than columns of flattery and soft-soldier by special correspondent.

FALLING FROM AN ITALIAN RAILWAY TRAIN.

We regret to learn that a serious accident occurred yesterday to Lieut. Caleb Hunt, of the 1st Wisconsin heavy artillery, which it is feared will result in his death. He was a passenger on board the afternoon train from Madison to Milwaukee. When the train stopped at Milton Junction he jumped off, and after the train started again, attempted to get on, but lost his balance and fell, his left arm striking the track immediately in front of one of the wheels. His arm was shockingly crushed to the elbow, his collar bone was thought to be broken, and he was otherwise badly bruised about the breast. Two surgeons were immediately sent for and his arm amputated.---Wisconsin.

(From the Daily Patriot, Feb. 21.)

MELANCHOLY RAILROAD ACCIDENT TO LIEUT. CALEB HUNT—Last night Lieut. Caleb Hunt, of the 1st Heavy Artillery, stationed at Fort Cass, left this city by railroad for his home at Palmyra. When the train arrived at Milton Junction he jumped off, and in getting on again while the train was in motion, he was shot by one of the cars and hurled to the ground. He laid still for a moment and then in turning over, got his left arm under the wheels, which dreadfully injured it.

When Dr. Welouo arrived, half of the arm was amputated, and the broken ribs and lacerated leg of the sufferer, who thought he had likewise sustained an internal injury, were attended to.

The Doctor thinks there is a chance for the sufferer's recovery.

The Lieutenant has lately been appointed Major Stansbury to some position connected with the Volunteer Service at Camp Randall, and was making the journey to bring his wife to Madison.

He is about fifty-one years of age and has proved himself a most popular and efficient recruiting officer.

Many friends deplore the sad accident that the prompt and good feeling Lieutenant has met with.

ANNUAL REPORT ON FOREIGN COMMERCE.

he West Indies to supply the deficiency of labor existing there has considerable scale of late years, more freely than is perhaps generally 5,557 immigrants have been introduced into Jamaica, 17,165 into Guiana, 1,674 into St. Lucia, 895 into St. Vincent, 2,034 into St. Kitts, and 292 into Tobago, making an aggregate of 19,717 immigrants who have been derived from the following sources: Darien, United States, 276; Saba, 23; Sierra Leone, 6,543; K.oo Coast, 273; St. ro, 619; Madeira, 12,670; Azores, 164; East Indies, 36,091; China, 276; Batabano, 1,674 into St. Lucia, 895 into St. Vincent, 2,034 into St. Kitts, and 292 into Tobago, making an aggregate of 19,717 immigrants who have been derived from the following sources: Darien, United States, 276; Saba, 23; Sierra Leone, 6,543; K.oo Coast, 273; St. ro, 619; Madeira, 12,670; Azores, 164; East Indies, 36,091; China, 276; Batabano.

Since 1848, no fewer than 192,992 immigrants have also been sugar-producing colony of Mauritius, nearly the whole of them from the East Indies.

East to the West Indies has been attended with a rather heavy of 2,927 immigrants dispatched to British Guiana from Calcutta 1858 and 1859, only 2,714 were landed, exclusive of seven infants 713 immigrants into Trinidad, dispatched from same ports, only eighteen infants born on the voyage; and of 344 persons shipped only 299 were landed. * * * These immigrants are engaged for fixed sum of four dollars per month. * * * The immigrants landed, if any one desired it, an advance of twenty dollars made to reduction out of his wages.

FALKLAND ISLANDS.

W. H. SMYLEY, Commercial Agent.

JUNE 30, 1860.

the department nothing of note has occurred at this port, if I ever, formerly kept at Rio de Janeiro, to this place by her British the purpose of filling our magazine. It is rumored that the tidings forts and fortifying the harbor of Stanley. It is forty which period many changes have taken place, and, as this place the Pacific, I feel it my duty to inform the department of the ships here, and few ever call unless they are in distress and the United States will scarcely be taken, and even mine on the high price. We have the bark Florence for some seven months could take a bill or bottomry bond on her.

increased; our present number being about 400. Property has We have no hospital, and but one doctor; and I find great take a sick seaman or other American citizen in their house institute seamen to Montevideo, to the United States consuls there. That port is high, and the accommodations execrable; but, were I company, they would not take the men at any price. Three of them board of my own vessel, and kept them there until I got I, also, got employment for, and thus avoided the expense of nent.
there was to be a fight on Sunday promised he himself no rest until he had procured himself a musket, he succeeded in doing so, and with his ration of raw bacon and hard bread, together with 40 rounds of cartridges, he stood out explaining, "now, boys, I’m ready. Leave me alone!"—there was a type of patriotic devotion, for you. Could his friends have seen him, they would have agreed with us that he looked 20 years younger than before, such patriotism is worthy of notice.

One more death since my last letter, and we have sent ten sick to the General Hospital, 10 more at the field Hospital, and 39 in quarters. Weather is warm and pleasant. No indications of a forward movement; no money and no steam. Years, W. A. M.

War Notes from Tennessee.

Campaign on the "Granny Pike"—Two Hundred Rebel Cavalry Captured in the "Granny Pike."—Captain E. J. Morgan, of the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, Company "B," the "Granny Pike," Company "B," wins laurels—Capturing one of the "Gallant First"—Company "B," wins laurels—Captain E. J. Morgan, Jr., S. White—Sele./ a three killed and four wounded—Our loss one killed and two wounded—Seizure of Arms. 

[Special Correspondent of the Daily Wiseonite.]

Camp Andy Johnson, Nashville, Tenn.,
March 12th, 1862. 

You will probably have heard ere this reaches you of a brilliant skirmish that took place Sunday morning, between some two hundred daimounted rebel cavalry men, and Company "B," of the 1st Tennessee Regiment, aided by Company "C," on picket and outpost duty. 

The company "B," was posted to the right and left of a pike, known as "Granny White's Pike," with a reserve of ten men under command of 1st S. White, in the immediate vicinity, and on either side of the right of which was at this point hemmed in by a large stone fence. Owing to the small number of men that composed the company, the picket posts were few and far between.

At early light, say about six o'clock in the morning, a heavy body of rebels, armed with Sharp's repeating rifles, attacked the reserve under L. White upon the right. The Lieutenant immediately gave the command to rally on the reserve," and placed himself and ten men on the pike, thereby throwing the stone fence between himself and the enemy. This was a masterly movement.

The rebels had no sooner fired on the reserve than fire was opened by them on the whole line of pickets to the right. Company "B," returned the fire with great rapidity and good effect, rallying the whole. When rallied, L. White ordered the company to fall back, which they did slowly and steadily, contesting every inch of soil that they yielded. The boys displayed great coolness and courage, the wounded firing until exhausted.

Company "B," in charge of Lt. Hiram F. Smith, Company "B," without loss, hit the charge and came up to the support of Lt. White. The rebels mistook the company for "heavy reinforcements," and immediately fled, leaving our men in possession of the field. Lt. Sheldon had the wounded carried from the ground and cared for.

In the meantime Lt. White reported to Gen. Rousseau, and taking the Franklin Pike returned to his post. Gen. Rousseau as soon as possible, sent out the 32d Indian Regiment, Col. Willic, to reinforce the picket and pursue the rebels.

Besides Companies "B" and "C," Companies "E" and "G," were also on picket, but owing to the large separation between them and the two former companies, did not hear the alarm, and consequently did not engage in the skirmish.

What was the astonishment of Company "G," when on returning to their post they found their knapsacks, haversacks, and blankets, as well as the straw stacks and out buildings near by a heap of ashes! On rallying they threw them off as not to be impeded in the use of their arms. The rebels fled them together in a heap, and then committed them to the flames.

Private Willct G. Greenley of Co. "B," a nephew of E. Townsend, Milwaukee, was mortally wounded, and has died since, Corporal Henry F. Wood, Company "B," also mortally wounded, but at last accounts was still alive. Private John Fitzgerald, of the same company, was slightly wounded in the leg.

A farmer living near the skirmish had been arrested on suspicion of giving information as to the whereabouts of the rebels and reserve. Such information must have been passed by somebody near at hand when the pickets went on the firing line, or how could the rebels have known where our pickets were to certain, as their plan of attack and capture of "B" and "O" gives evidence they did. Their plans were concocted in the night, but could not stand daylight and powder, and therefore proved worthless.

That they knew the position of the reserve under Lt. White, is apparent from the fact that they advanced in regular order toward it, and gave battle. A heavy force descended upon the right and left simultaneously, shortly after firing commenced on the reserve, so as, I suppose, to come up in the rear of the two companies engaged by their comrades, and that the men had not had time to treat. In this they failed—Lt. White seeing the contingency of such a movement fell back slowly, and took good lookout on all sides. By rallying and moving to the support of Company "B," Lt. Sheldon led the rebels on the left, to infer that his men had taken safety in flight, and at the same time gave the rebels engaged on the pike the impression that reinforcements had arrived. Too much praise cannot be ascribed to the men engaged and Lieutenants White and Sheldon. They kept the fire name already won by the gallant First unfurled.

Among the incidents given to me, are the following:

Quite a number of men who had enlisted near Chippewa Falls, Wis., an. members of Co. "B," gave the first war whoop, and they soon showed the probability in true Indian style. They did not rally on the Company, and were not seen by Lt. White until the first position. That "they sent the bullet laden" their cartridge-boxes attest.

One young fellow, while loading his musket, was shot through the cape of his overcoat. The Surgeon found him leaning against a tree and asked him if he was hurt at all. "Yes, doctor, see there," he replied, pointing to the hole in his case, "but I don’t know what the d—d thing went to." The fellow was in a great perspiration, and had the
surgon wished to keep up his delusion by informing him that he was wounded, would have died, and that the Surgeon, however, told him that he was not hurt, only impressed, and left him a happier mortal than what he found him.

A few similarities worth mentioning have also come under my notice, but no distinction of the name of the patient and the Lieutenant commanding being alike, excepting the "granary" near the wounds of W. Greenleaf being in one number, and the same places as on the list, are not so much as mentioned on Warren Graham; and lastly, the engagement of Company E, in being the first to arrive in battle in the Virginia campaign, and now the first to smell powder in the "Southwest." I believe the lines were extended, and I think the postponement of our fight. Thus far the "Tiger Company" is one fight ahead.

William died of his wounds shortly after his removal from the field. He was perfectly conscious up to the last, recognizing his friends and conversing as freely as the pains of his wound would admit. Capt. Frank Townsend, of the 10th Regiments, a cousin of Greenleaf's, and the Surgeon and Chaplain, the staff, and his Company officers, were at his bedside and heard his parting words, which were of his mother.

The aftercoup in body was borne to the ferry landing, in a hearse decorated with an American flag, and accompanied by Company E, and a few of the remainder of the company. The funeral services were conducted by Chaplain McFarren, who preached a short and affecting sermon over the fallen hero.

CORPORAL HENRY F. SMITH

was wounded in the groin, and is not expected to live. He bears his suffering like a man, and has a cheerful, as well as hopeful word for all those who visit him. He is a middle-aged man, social and sociable, and on his unexpressed lips lingered a "do or die" expression, that he fully exemplified in his doings on the battle-field.

The ENEMY'S LOSS

As near as can be ascertained, is three killed and four wounded, among them a lieutenant and corporal.

SEIZURE OF ARMS

On Sunday afternoon, Sergeant Major Nickles found four men at Goodletsville to seize a number of arms said to be stored there. They reached the place about 10 o'clock, which was the signal of the sun's setting, and by that signal, the sides of the full moon. Here they stood at rest and engaged in a base ball match out of the town. It was a close fight, and our men carried the pieces in their hands over in their might. As nine o'clock was the hour appointed for the ceremonies to commence, Company E was formed in line, awaiting the signal of the occasion. Never shall I forget the night that Charles H. Orvis, First Regiment of Wisconsin volunteers, was buried. It was a close and warm evening, and our stars were out in their might. As nine o'clock was the hour appointed for the ceremonies to commence, Company E was formed in line, awaiting the signal of the occasion. Never shall I forget the night that Charles H. Orvis, First Regiment of Wisconsin volunteers, was buried. It was a close and warm evening, and our stars were out in their might. As nine o'clock was the hour appointed for the ceremonies to commence, Company E was formed in line, awaiting the signal of the occasion.
come" they now place into their proprietors' pockets. The "field chatters" labor from early light until deep twilight. The "concessions," as the boys call them, with white turbans, long white cotton shirts, and plantation shoes, follow the plow and seed, and in many cases do the plowing. It seems hard to have women put to such drudgery, but when we look to more enlightened races, and see them doing likewise of their own accord, the "horrors" are unessential to a great extent. Negroes have had more liberties since the army has invaded the State than ever before. The overseers are afraid to punish them, as "cook vacancies" are very plentiful in the U. S. regiments and the "general order" relative to contrabands does not allow them to be delivered up. That order is not, however, carried out, and negroes put for the underground road to Canada instead, or bear their master's treatment. Many a poor negro has been taken by his master and kidnapped, and has begged in vain, with tearful eyes, for intervention, dreading the consequences when he was examined and money, said to amount between ten and twelve thousand dollars, was taken from the express, together with all the swords, bags, and other articles as the robbers chose to take from the passengers. The freight train, consisting of one engine, thirty-nine empty cars, and three of the passenger cars, were then set on fire and consumed and the freight engine, one of the finest on the road, was kept up. At the earliest notice the ladies in the train, and others, Morgan allowed the conductor the passenger engine, and one passenger car, to bring the passengers back to Louisville, where they arrived about 7 o'clock in the evening. Among the persons on the train was Major-Hulbert of the First Kentucky cavalry, Major Coffee of Wolford's Kentucky cavalry, and six privates, who were all taken off by Morgan. There were also on the train Mr. John H. Ham and lady, of Milwaukee, Mrs. Major Bingham, Mrs. John Godrich, Wm. R. Bloomfield, all well known in Milwaukee. Among the captured was one United States officer in the regular service who escaped by more strategy—an excellent joke—he saved his bacon unscathed. There was great excitement all over the city, the hatred to Morgan being loud and bitter. I have just returned here from Dixie, where we have ripe strawberries, rye as high as my shoulder, wheat out in head, clover in bloom, and I saw one person mowing. The leaves on the trees are their usual size; peaches the size of your thumb, corn fit to barrow, and weather as hot as usual in Milwaukee in July. Your friend, H. T.

Morgan's Raid—Capture of a Railroad Train—Milwaukees on Board.

Correspondence of the Milwaukee.

LOUISVILLE, May 13, 1860.

Eos. Sentinel:—I hasten to say before you some account of Morgan's raid at Caves City yesterday. The cars left here yesterday, Monday, May 10th, as usual, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad for Nashville. All went on well until the cars passed Woodland, one mile this side of Cave City, when great demonstrations were made by some women and children, telling the cars. The engineer pulled up the train, and he was informed that Morgan and his band of soldiers was in waiting at Cave City to capture the train, and that they had already captured the freight train below. During this time, and before the engineer could back the train, two white men and four negroes ran out from an emboscade and placed such obstructions to the train as were impossible. In the meantime a number of shots had been fired at the engineer, and the assassins had been fired upon, by Major Coffee, who was on the train, whose fire was returned, but all without effect. At this time the assassins demanded possession of the train. As there was no guard of soldiers on this train, but few passengers armed, the conductor and engineer gave up the train to them, when they immediately ran the train one mile down to Cave City. Here Morgan ordered most of the negroes out of the train, and compelled them to deliver up their arms. After this the baggage and express master was examined and money, said to amount
Our force here is much less than that of the rebels, but McCook's division is coming from Hantsville and will be here in a few days, at which time we expect to see the balance of the regiment. Our prospects are very bright and we will probably move on and take Chattanooga.

We have had no mail since June 26, and can tell nothing of what is going on outside of our own camp. Our friends need not be surprised if we get no letters, for we have no assurance that our letters will reach them if we write. There is a rumor prevalent in camp that we are to go to Virginia soon. Last night 60 rounds of cartridges were done to each man, and this morning, we were in line of battle a little past 5 o'clock to repel an expected attack, but no enemy was to be seen, and in an hour or two we returned to our streets.

The weather is very hot and we carry in all the water we use about a pail.

Co. II is on picket duty today; Co. I will go to-morrow. There is a company of loyal Tennesseans organized here to protect themselves from firing and burning of taverns and maintain the union. Bully for Marion County.

Letters intended for this regiment will, as heretofore, be sent to the company, 1st Reg. Wis. Vol., Negley's Brigade, via Louisville, Ky. Resp.

HENRY C. HANCOCK

**War Notes From Alabama.**

(Special Correspondence of the Daily Wisconsin)

**CAMP ROBERTS, OPPOSITE DECATUR, ALA., August 5th.**—At noon on the 4th inst., we marched out of our pleasant camp at Brownsville, (this was the camp named after our Major,) and proceeded toward Decatur, some nine miles distant. The day was the hottest ever experienced on a march, and the sun was as glowing as a furnace, and the ground was excessively hot, while the arid air was too hot to locomote. For a dis- tance of two miles we were exposed to this tropical sorceror, which caused the perspiration to flow so copiously as to drench our clothes as effectually as though we had gone down to the sea. A forest stretched up in our path like spirits, and we were moved toward it with quickened pace. Beneath its shade, we scattered at the command "rest," and thankfully stretched our heated limbs upon the cool sward. The warm water in our canteens was pressed to our lips, and seemed cool. Our blood seemed to boil, it throbbed so, as it coursed through the arteries. Our heads—our poor heads—they felt like bursting. A cool breeze would have been welcome just then, but it came not. The sun was in its zenith during the remainder of the march, as our path lay through a deep wood, and over low ground—a portion of an Alabama swamp. Reaching the bank of the Tennessee river, opposite Decatur, we formed camp. The location is not a pleasant one, being on an old field between a cane brake and the river, with the high trade of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad on our west bank. Down into this close forest our sun pours its fierce rays, and in pursuit of mercy, and the wind comes not, we have in futile guns that stay but momentarily, and leave us more uncomfortable than we were before their coming. Spring waters has been brought to be brought from Decatur. The waters of the muddy Tennessee (at this point one-half mile in width) are as wide as those of a small brook. I hope we will not be forced to remain in this camp a great length of time, as it is not in a healthy place.

Our position is very inauspicious. It commandes the Tennessee bridge that spans the river and is destroyed by Mitchell (some people say foolishly) in the occupation of Alabama by his forces. It was a structure of ten spans, each a trifle over 200 feet in length. The loss of this bridge is sorely felt by the government, and considerably retards the movements of the army and its supplies. The gunboat Tennessee (a humber) is used as a ferry boat and a better service than it would ever do in the work for which it was built for. It goes and comes. Until it went and comes, the Tennessee with the intention of tearing the rebels with the idea, he was partly successful, but if he built it to have a down fortress he wasted money. He engaged a scow with an engine house in its centre, and side-wheelers, and you have the famous gunboat Tennessee made famous by official orders as were all, or most all, of the movements of Mitchell's army.

A skirmish took place this morning between a convalescent train and a body of rebel cavalry, and a half mile outside of Decatur. The party of convalescents had but twenty muskets with them, and these were not in strong men's hands. The rebels dashed upon the poor unfortunates and shot dead two of them, and wounded three—one mortally. After shooting one of the dead, they crushed in the butt of a musket. Before the second loss, some were taken prisoners, including one lieutenant.

Our cavalry immediately started in pursuit, but did not overtake the rebels until they were in the mountain fastness. The rebels drove their prisoners before them. They will undoubtedly pay for it, and send them the flag of truce. A communication from Col. Starkweather heard of the skirmish he planted his batteries to sweep town, and threw up a breastwork of cotton. It was prevalent that Decatur would be attacked, and as well under stood that Col. Starkweather would burn the town. But the rebels did not molest our troops. If they are driven from the town it will be destroyed. The rebel loss in the skirmish was three killed.

**RECRUITS WANTED—STRENGTH OF THE REGIMENT.**

Our regimental report shows the entire strength of the regiment to be 821, of which number 710 are present for duty, 66 on detail and detached service, 16 absent without leave, and 29 absent sick. But one company is now in use, and but six have been granted to the regiment since we have been in service. This report, for a regiment that has been almost nine months in active service, and has passed through so sickly a winter as was last winter in the mud of Camp Green River, and has marched, since last February, at least 1,100 miles, will probably with that of any regiment in the field, and needs no comment. The original strength of the regiment was 950—this has been reduced to the present total discharges and deaths—a very small proportion of the latter.

To fill up our regiment to the maximum number we want two hundred men, and 50 of these men, who can stand life in camp, and the march and the battle. And we must have them say that they are going in the old proclamation—especially the First—place themselves under tried field and company officers, who will well take care of them.

As proof I refer to the above report. We can be in new regiments for months to come, and if the government will let us crush the rebellion immediately must fill up the old regiments. Two hundred good men in the First regiment, in one week would gain such an insight into military service that they could recruit in three months in any of the new regiments.

We are in the organization of two regiments and speak from experience. Me men who enlist are entirely of the same pay and bounty, and now already in the service, and will be mustered out with the regiment. The climate of Tennessee and Alabama is beautiful, and the men who now enter are much better off for weather that takes place soon. insolent officers are now in Wisconsin and look out for work. If you find them, report them to be tried in authority and be sent home.

Your country needs you, and that immediately. The First regiment, well-disciplined, well-manned and serviceable, must not be conclusive. Come forward and enlist!

The papers of home are filled with news—bounties, enlistments and meetings, and it is said that our regiment is glad to hear that the North is augmented. It ought to be, but a mistake, it is being committed. Large private bounties are given to the enlist in the new regiments, why not to those who enlist in the old? By filling up the old regiments we have the government the most of new men, which is immense, and could the rebellion quicker than it could be. Let the patriots and county officers be offering bounties to officers and colonels right now, and stop a moment at that.

That bounty will have to be raised, and those patriots who are paying bounties for men to enlist, who are not must be conclusive. Come forward and enlist! That is not right. If the bounty be paid, let it be given to those now in the field, and the bounty be exempt from bounty tax. Let some of the old regiment do the same thing that our regiment did in the old regiments, especially the First.

**CHANGES BY PROMOTIONS.**


No change in the company officers. The new company is better officered. Wm. Mitchell is out in military and so are both of his lieutenants, and have been in the three months service. Every body in Milwaukee ought to know better officers than Thoyer's (Cloth House. For Milwaukeeans this week is a good company to enlist in. If you cannot find the recruiting officers of the regiment, apply to the Adjutant of the States.
Capt. Bloodgood, of Co. G, has been commissioned Lieut. Col. of the 22nd, and has gone to Wisconsin. He is a fine officer, and one who has won his promotion from the ranks—for bravery and coolness, and for his knowledge of military matters generally. He will make a starting field officer. He made a good Captain. We wish him success.

Underly John Watkins, of Co. C, the resignation of Lieut. Holmoh, has been commissioned 2d Lieut. of that Company. Second Lieut. James White, of Co. B, has resigned on account of debility. He is a good soldier, Henry Kaylor. Wounded has been ailing for the past two months and had to resign if he wished ever to restore his health. We are sorry that necessity compels him to go. He was an able officer, and was beloved by his company, and the regiment generally.

Yours, &c.,

MARK.

Letter from Kentucky.


We are permitted to make the following extract from a private letter from Henry Van Meter, to his sister in this city:

Battle-Field—Chaplin Hill, near Perryville, Ky., Oct. 16th, 1862.

Dear Molly:—I was in the fight of the 8th at Chaplin Hill and came out without a scratch. Bless God.

Yet I tremble when I think of my brave comrades lying on yonder hill, cold in death.

The morning of the 8th, we left Macksville, 52 miles from Danville, for Perryville. We heard cannonading about noon—came up and lay in a hollow about an hour, then Gen. Rosseau saw the rebels trying to out-flank us, so he opened on them with Capt. Bush's battery. Then we changed around on another hill, our Regiment supporting the battery. We formed behind the battery and laid down. Oh! but didn't the bullets and shells whiz over us. Next was &x bayonets—then "up and at 'em!" They were coming up the hill. About the first one that fell was Sergeant Hale Cowles, shot dead near me by a ball in the neck—then the men began to fall thick and fast: at last we fell back and took the battery with us by hand. The battery boys all except the killed and wounded. I helped take off three guns. The rebels never got on the top of the hill, we still held it. We were in the fight about an hour, and lost 58 killed, 124 wounded, 25 missing and six prisoners. But we saved the cannon. Gen. Starkweather's brigade fought a whole division of the enemy. They tried to out-flank us. We fought two Regiments, one the First Tennessee. Our regiment went in with about 400; and our company lost more than any other in the regiment.

Mell Cowles was at Louisville. Oh! how he and his mother will feel to hear of the death of Hale. We lost—killed, Sergeant J. Nichols, Hale Cowles, Richard Metcalfe, Corporals Albert Pott, G. W. Wing, Private M. L. Davis, J. B. Peabody, Richard Malona.

The dead were buried last night. I was over the battle field yesterday. The dead, both of ours and the rebels, lay very thick, in some places mixed up. We did not lose a commissioned officer killed in the regiment, but one major, one captain and two lieutenants, wounded and one prisoner.

Harrah for Gen. Rosseau! I saw him ride around during the fight, with his hat on his sword, yelling "steady, my brave boys!" Gen. Starkweather was cool and managed his brigade well. I was about ten feet from Gen. Terrill when he was hit with a shell.

You would like to know how I felt. I can't tell you anything about it, only load and fire. I think every man between me and the colors fell. The flag-staff was cut twice. A private in our company caught our colors when they fell and has them now. We took a rebel flag from his wound, and would be able to give it to our forces.

Our forces are after Bragg.

Your Brother,

HENRY VAN METER.

Death of Louis La Trew.

Louis La Trew, Marker of the 1st Wisconsin Regiment, wounded at the battle of Perryville, has since died. He was one of those brave boys whom the Daily Wisconsin Printing establishment has sent to the war for the defence of the Union. He was one of those bright lads whom this office has bred to the Printing trade. At the opening of the war, when scarcely 16, he volunteered; but as he was too young to be taken as a soldier, he was received as a Marker. When the regiment returned, he again volunteered for the war, in the 1st regiment. He was a singularly bright and handsome boy, and was the pet of the regiment. He was justly a great favorite of Col. Starkweather. He was French by descent, and his military bearing, and perfect neatness with which he kept all of his equipments, proved that he inherited the military qualities of that remarkable people.

Dearest Louis, Brave Louis! it is the heartfelt exclamation of all that have worked by his side, or who were acquainted with his noble nature. Among the twenty persons the Daily Wisconsin office has sent to the war, there are none braver or nobler than the two: Graham and La Trew, who have sacrificed their lives on the altar of their country. They were both so young, so brave, so handsome and intelligent, that in their glowing love of country and their deeds, they were in truth the worthy children of a great Republic.
and he had to yield to it. He preserved a noble spirit to the end, and was interred by the Chaplain of the regiment, Rev. Mr. McNamara, by Dr. Douglass, Dr. Hatchard, Captain Caswell, and others from Milwaukee, all of whom were acquainted with him. All of his personal effects were brought to Milwaukee, and his friends who are far distant from here have been informed of the melancholy event which has befallen their household.

The Funeral of Major Shumaker Yesterday.—The large procession that escorted the remains of Major Shumaker to the grave yesterday, was a deserved and fitting tribute to the memory of the hero whose death was the cause of it. A fine band of music discharged appropriate music at the head of the procession, and then followed officers and citizens on horseback, one of the guns of the Artillery company draped in mourning; several companies of the 27th regiment; a battalion from the 28th regiment, with arms reversed, under the command of Adjutant Savage; soldiers who might have been hard veterans, two of them, particularly, having lost an arm each in some hard fought battle; and finally the hearse, with the body of the brave and much-beloved officer who was its occupant, after which came a long line of mourners, fr. ends, admirers, and those who saw fit to honor his memory by joining in the procession.

The deceased was formerly a City Surveyor, and was almost universally known in the city. He had friends without number, and his generous disposition and true dignity of character, fully entitled him to the respect and esteem of the community. He enlisted in the 20th regiment as a private when the war broke out, and afterwards rose to the position of Major in the 21st Wisconsin, and was filling that position when he was killed at the battle of Perryville, Ky. He was a favorite officer with his regiment, and it was well that his obsequies were so well observed by our citizens yesterday.

Relics from the Battlefield.—We were this morning shown a number of relics brought from the battle field of Perryville, Ky, by Mr. Oris B. Hopkins, who was present here with the party of Surgeons and stretcher bearers, to look after the wounded soldiers from Wisconsin. Among these relics is a cannon ball about three inches in diameter; also a bullet which had been flattened from contact with some object; and another bullet which had evidently been shot from a rebel musket. Mr. Hopkins informs us that the soldiers were overjoyed beyond description, in seeing how thoughtful Wisconsin had been of their welfare. Even the soldiers of other States often expressed the wish that they had come from Wisconsin, so as to share the comforts and luxuries which had been brought for the benefit of Wisconsin soldiers. The men were being taken care of as well as could be expected under the circumstances, and upon the distribution of the articles taken there by the Commission, it lacked nothing to make their condition as comfortable as possible. An immense amount of goods and luxuries of various kinds was taken from here, and from Chicago; the cargo was increased so that it amounted to several tons.

Gibbon’s Division and the Wisconsin Brigade.

Extracts from Private Letters from Officers in King’s Division.


DEAR—

We have passed through a terrible ordeal—a fortnight of marching, fighting, exposure, fatigue, hunger and thirst. During Saturday, Friday and Saturday, General King’s Division was engaged with the enemy, and as they stood up manfully to the greatest of terras, it was wonderful to see what nearly one half of the whole division wounded or missing. If Gibbon’s Brigade (Gen. King’s old brigade) there were hardly 1500 in duty. Maj. Dawes of the Sixth, and Lieut. Colonel Bachman of the Nineteenth Indiana, were killed or wounded. The officers and men of the Wisconsin regiments, without an exception, behaved splendidly.

Our Summer campaign has ended disastrously. We started from last April, and the enemy showing in our front. I am in no mood to discuss these things yet; enough that “some one has blundered,” and our armies have suffered fearfully in consequence.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.

Friend—On the 25th, General King’s Division moved to the Sulphur Springs, and remained there two days. On the 28th we were ordered back to Warrenton, thence to Gainesville, and on the road towards Georgetown. We had passed Gainesville about three miles, and were pursuing steadily, when, at half past five P. M. (of Thursday, the 28th ult.) we suddenly fell in with and were attacked by Jackson’s right wing, said to be twenty thousand strong. A most desperate fight ensued. Gibbon’s (the Wisconsin) Brigade had to sustain, at first, the brunt of the battle and nobly did they do it. The four regiments vied with each other in the boldness and courage they displayed. Neither officer nor man, either of artillery and infantry, was terrible. Captain Harrow, of General McDowell’s staff, an old army officer who witnessed the battle, stated that it was the hottest fire he had ever seen in his life. The battle lasted as long as there was light enough to see, and then both sides ceased firing, drew off a short distance, and began collecting their dead and wounded. Out of twenty-two hundred men of Gibbon’s brigade that went into the engagement, seven hundred and eighty-two were killed, wounded, or missing. The proportion of officers was unusually large. They were the favorite marks for the enemy’s sharpshooters.

When we had gathered all of our wounded that we could find, General King and his Brigadiers held a “counsel of war.” It was decided that, as our division alone could not hope to re-engage Jackson successfully, we should divert to the right, towards Manassas, and thus join the main body of our forces. We were compelled to leave our dead and wounded (two surgeons with the latter) behind, as we had no means of carrying them. At daylight, Manassas, where Porter’s corps was already stationed, we had but a brief rest, for soon the whole force was put in motion towards Bull Run.

Early in the afternoon we advance became engaged with the enemy, and by 5 o’clock the action was general. It lasted till nightfall without any decisive result, although advantage of night fell in their despatches claim a victory. That night, as the previous night, we went supperless to bed; i.e. laid down on the hard bare ground, without pillow or covering, and tried to sleep.

At 5 A. M. Saturday, General King, who up to that time had commanded his division, sharing all the privations and carnage of his headquarters and handed the active command of the division to General Hatchet, as he was readied utterly prostrate and unfit for duty by a fever of the sickness under which he had been suffering some days previous. Sick and weary as he was, General King remained on the field and watched the progress of Saturday’s battle, according to his place in the quarters of General Pope, and not until the following Monday, when it became apparent that he was getting worse, did he take leave of Maj. Surgeon, and go to Washington for rest and medical treatment.

After the battle of Saturday, which lasted from 1 P. M. until dusk, when our left wing was nearly cut off, all that remained of King’s Division for duty was 4000 men.

(*It has since been ascertained that these two surgeons were immediately arrested after the departure of the division, the consequences of this barbarous act, many of our wounded died of want of proper care.—Ed. SHESTKELL.

FROM THE THIRD WIS. REGIMENT.

CAMP NEAR HARRISBURG, Va., May 2.

Dear Charles,—It may be pleasing to you and other friends and acquaintances to peruse a short sketch of this year’s campaign in the valley of the Shenandoah. We left our barracks in the city of Frederick, Md., one of the last days of February; proceeded to Sandy Hook, Md., opposite Harper’s Ferry, by rail. We crossed the Potomac the next day and quartered ourselves in the deserted houses in Bolivar. On March 1st the Third Wis., Second Mass., and a strong force of cavalry and artillery proceeded to Charlestown, the town in which Old John Brown was tried and executed. Here the churchmen afforded fine quarters for our soldiers. From Charleston we proceeded by easy marches by way of Smithtown and Bunker Hill to Winchester. The night before our entrance into the city we camped some four miles distant. In the morning we advanced in line of battle, but the rebel army had advanced and dispersed, leaving their fortifications in our hands.

Passing through the city we camped some two miles beyond, near 4 village called
Reinstown. We lay there some time, and the Saturday before the battle of Winchester, were ordered across the mountains toward Centerville. We had made but twenty-nine miles on Saturday and Sunday, when we were recalled.—

We crossed and recrossed the Shenandoah on this march by means of a Pontoon bridge. Returning to Winchester on Monday we found the battle had been fought and some of our troops in full pursuit of the retreating rebels. We took a little time for inspection of the battlefield. Before skirmishing took place in the field opposite our camps, the enemy burned all his bridges days before. Here General Shields received his wound. About one and a half miles from this place the deadliest part of the struggle took place. Some had been interred but by far the greater part lay in their blood on the spot where they had fallen. Scattered here and there were horses dead, and some of them horribly mutilated. Most of the rebel dead were shot either in the head or breast, thus showing the accuracy of our marks, and the secesh proclivity to conceal them. The wind trees and bushes covering. Behind each tree and rock they lay; the trees barked and limbs and twigs cut by the storm of lead which passed through. Our dead were said to number one hundred; that of the rebels four hundred and over, we might call the whole road from Winchester to Strasburg an extended battle-ground, for as the whole road from Winchester to Strasburg an extended battle-ground, for as one may call it. Great numbers of deserters have come within our lines and taken the oath, chiefly from the drafted men. Contrabands are in greatest abundance. This is the beauty of the country, the loveliness of the country; a place of some two thousand inhabitants; it is noted for nothing that I know of.

CAMP NEAR STRASBURG, VA., May 14.

[The preceding letter was written at Harrisonburg as you may perceive, but since then we have made a retrograde movement to this place.]

We followed Jackson and his forces to about thirty miles beyond Harrisonburg where General Fremont in its National Academy charged him in charge, and then fell back toward this place where supplies can be procured without so much tedious transportation. The Manassas Gap Railroad runs through this place, so we have railroad communication, I think, to Washington. It is reported that the United States Government intend erecting fortifications here to command this important valley. It seems probable that this Regiment (the Third Wisconsin) will be employed in contraband of both sexes and varied hues are gathered here. The men will probably be engaged on the fortifications. Some have already been employed in burying the carcasses of mules and horses of which a large number are strewn along the road from Harrisonburg back—and owing to the warm weather the stench is becoming intolerable. There are numerous bands of Guerrillas having their haunts in the mountains and their accomplices among the farmers—who occasionally cut off a straggler—but there is no force of any account now opposed to General Banks. It seems to us who are the immediate subjects affected by the command of General Banks, that he has handled his portion of the Union army with the discretion and ability of a soldier and with less loss of life than one would have deemed possible six months ago. We have advanced over a hundred miles through a mountainous country, almost imperscrutable on account of its natural fortifications, some of which were strengthened by the skill of traitorous West Point engineers, and opposed by a skillful and desperate enemy. The lives and health of General Banks' command have been watched over with a carefulness which had it been imitated in other commands would have rendered forever the empty places about the hearthstones of the North.

Our movements have seemed slow in comparison to others, but only those who have personally encountered them can have any idea of the difficulties met with. But let me say of one General, that those who we have under his command the longest, surpass the rest in respect and almost filial reverence. It is said that few Generals succeed so well in gaining the confidence of their troops as General N. P. Banks has done.

My address is, care Company K, Third Wisconsin Regiment, Strasburg, Va. Yours,

P. GIFFORD.

C. N. Barlett writes from Culpeper Court House, Va., August 16th. He gives a description of the battle of Culpeper, after the division of Gen. Banks became engaged. He says:

The routing of artillery was tremendous and continual, of which the rebels were using 24 pieces, and only 12 could we use as they had the best position. They had the advantage of everything in fact, and no advantages at all for us.

Gen. Crawford's Brigade was occasionally engaged on our left, with detachments of Prince's, Geary's and Auger's commands. Thus were things progressing, and so far, neither side gaining a victory. About 4:30 P.M. we were standing at "attention" and the Col. told us to "fix bayonets" and charge double quick and take that battery (3 pieces). We marched a short distance to get out of the pines, and found a rail fence on the edge of the timber.

Here we got over it into the open field aproaching, then charging double quick.

Here to our great astonishment and amazement, did we see that were running into the very jaws of death, supposing that none of the enemy's Infantry were there. A whole Brigade was on our front, and about half of another on our right, who laid close to the ground in four ranks, secreted behind a ravine of small depth. We had gone within one hundred yards of this ambuscade, and both parties saw each other at the same time, and both firing at the same time, nearly. This was one
of the most murderous assaults of the war, bullets flying as thick as drops of rain, and a complete cross fire from at least 5000 men upon only six of our brave little companies.

The enemy's two front ranks raised and fired, then dropping down to let the rear ranks fire over their heads. We couldn't remain to load the second time, for death would have been the fate of all if remained a moment longer. We were from necessity obliged to fall back, but left many brave comrades whom we loved, to see no more. Our Lieut. Col. fell here while giving a command. Major Scott also mortally wounded. All the line officers were killed or wounded except one Captain and lieutenants. It is with great regret that I am called upon to register the names of the killed wounded of my company, (P) whose names will be cherished in the hearts of their comrades while permitted to live on earth.

The following is a list:

- Ethan W. Butler of Richland Co.
- (a nephew of Horace Wait) stood amid such a shower of leaden hail that no man could stand without death, was the last to move after the command to fall back was given. He died in the sacred discharge of his duty, face to face with the traitors, who buried him.
- Andrew J. Craig of Port Andrew, and E. D. Fox of Buena Vista are among the missing, and we all think they fell also, as no one has seen them since the hour of that slaughter. - Darius P. David of Port Andrew, is badly wounded in the leg above the knee, and undoubtedly it will be amputated. The balance of the unfortunate belong to Grant Co.

Many of the wounded were obliged to lie on the field from Saturday P. M. until Monday A. M., when a flag of truce was sent to the enemy for the privilege to bury the dead, and bring off the wounded. Our loss was very severe being over 1500 just wounded.

From the Fourth Regiment.

Vicksburg, June 20th, '62.

Dear Father:—It is here in this hot place that I take my pen in hand to let you know how I got along. I am very well at present, although we are in a very hot place, both in climate and in the army.

There are 7,000 of us within five miles of the rebel army, where there are 50,000 of their troops. We are on the side of the Mississippi river, they on the other—we in Louisiana, they in Mississippi. We have seventeen mortar boats, fifteen gun boats and three sleepers. The morning of the 26th our mortars opened on the rebels slowly, so that if the rebels should return the fire we could see their batteries. We kept it up all day. Fire was not returned at all that day, and the next afternoon we gave them another turn. That night the shell went in fast. For two hours you could see eight or ten in the air at a time. No fire being returned that night, the next morning the gun boats and mortar boats commenced at 7 o'clock, and the whole fleet was in the fight. It was hot times for a few minutes. About nine o'clock the smoke was so thick that you could not see. But lots went and came thick and fast.

From the Fourth Regiment.

Valuable Advice from an Experienced Surgeon—Let it be Read and Heeded.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

Headquarters Fourth Wisconsin Reg't, July 14, 1862.

Messrs. Editors:—I send you a few lines in regard to the Fourth Wisconsin Regiment, thinking they would interest at least that portion of your readers who have relations and friends in it.

It is now fourteen months since this regiment went into camp at Racine, since which time we have, by march, railroad, steamboat and ship, traveled a distance of four thousand, eight hundred and twenty miles, through or along the coast of twelve states, stationed in five and fought in two, and I am placed in a latitude varying from forty-three to twenty-four degrees; ensconced on all kinds of ground from the hills of Maryland to the sandy plains of eastern Virginia, the Mississippi and the Louisiana and Mississippi. We have performed long marches, and then been months in camp; subject to disease of all grades, from those of highest inflammatory type to the lowest grade of typhoid fever and scurvy; but in all these vicissitudes, circumstances and disease, and in all these varieties of climate and climate, we have lost but a small proportion of men—smaller by more than seventy-five per cent, than any other regiment that we have traveled with. We have lost forty-one men by disease, and nine killed by bullet and three accidentally. Now, I do not push forward our small loss from disease as a credit to me, or my two assistant's skill in the treatment of disease, but I wish, in passing, to bear testimony to the skill and acumen of my assistants, Dr. Samuel W. Wilson of Racine, Dr. S. Compton Smith of Madison, and Dr. H. B. Herriman, of Appleton, this season, in taking care of the sick, and also to hospital steward Geo. M. Chaffee of Hudson, Wis. If our surgeons have not given us this great benefit, I don't know what our own attribute our small loss to superior medical and surgical attention, as to good nursing and good cooking. There is a time in every case of severe disease when it leaves the patient; then, if he has the proper food and proper nursing, he will recover. If he has 'soldiers rations' hucked up and ate it, he dies, and his case is put down in the register—Died of ath or such fever, when, in fact, he is just died of attention. Yes, thousands of our brave men have died, since this accursed war broke out, of starvation—absolute starvation.

I have always guarded this part of my duties myself. In the first place get a good cook, and then get something good to cook—and I don't know which is the most important, to obtain a capable and a competent cook to procure both, and when they are acquired your battle with disease is half fought. Accompanying this letter is a paper marked "A," giving the names of all who have died in this regiment, for the past fourteen months, and the date; one marked "B," containing the names of all the killed, and the date; one marked "C," all marked "D," giving a list of the deaths and resignations of officers, and the date.

I say to the public press, that our State is going to send five more regiments to the field, and thinking that some of the surgeons may be no better acquainted with the executive part of their profession than I was when I first undertook to perform them, I thought my reflections and experience might be of some use to them. Let me give a good piece of advice; avoid all duties that will take you six hours a day to perform as Regulations require, and by keeping close accounts with your Quartermaster, you will have a hospital fund that will be ample to buy all the delicacies your sick will want or the market afford. Mutton here is 30 cents a pound; chicken $5.00 per dozen, butter 40 to 50 cents a pound; potatoes $4.00 a barrel, still I have a hospital fund of over $300. 2nd, To take no cots with you, you will soon be broken down by the heat. A tent will save you 300 pounds, and the help of two men one day, will give you all the cots you need, and you will be relieved of the trouble of moving them when you move; take no mattress, but a blanket, and one of these can be filled when necessary. 3rd, Get a strong, compact cook stove, and some strong furniture; this must be packed in a strong box. 4th. Don't have much baggage; if you do, it will cost you much trouble; fifty blankets in summer and one hundred in winter is enough. Then your bag-gage and lint, with a small supply of medicinal medicines, with plenty of quinine and opium, all packed in not more than six light, strong pine chests, with iron lock, and good, I think you are all right. If you have a good canteen, I think you will have it, and should take it; most of the Government instruments are poor. If you take a set of Government instruments, examine every knife—two out of three are unfit for use until sharpened.

When your regiment first leaves home, you will of course have no hospital fund, and you'll be in want of advance of what you need to buy for the sick, and have it taken out when you settle at the end of the month. If he is too narrow, or if our Surgeon has no funds, taking bills of purchase for all you buy; and present them to your Quartermaster, and he must pay them if he owes the hospital.
This regiment that has lost the most men of any regiment that I have ever been stationed near, never kept a hospital account or had a hospital fund—a sufficient explanation of the great mortality prevailing in it. You have undoubtedly a telegram in regard to our bloody little fight here on the 6th. Out of 10,000 men we had eight-seven; wounded and missing, two hundred and ninety-two. The Fourth Wisconsin lost not a man, and only one wounded, although they were under fire more than an hour—one negro, who was helping Captain Bailey tear down a fence that interfered with their progress. The Captain heard the negro cry suddenly, so turned round to run his sword through him, supposing he had run; but the poor fellow lay dead a few feet from him—minus his head; cause, a six pound shot. Many hairbreadth escapes I hear the soldiers relate as I pass by them sitting at the camp fires during the relief guard, of course they never can appear in history.

We are making a small Sebastopol of this place. Our fortification is a trial, the officers, and we are at work with one thousand twenty thousand strong, my brother, this place. We are making a small Sebastopol of this place. Our fortification is a trial, the officers, and we are at work with one thousand twenty thousand strong, the officers, and we are at work with one thousand twenty thousand strong.

Yours, truly,

A. H. Van Nosstrand,
Surgeon Fourth Wis. Vol.
FROM THE FIFTH WIS. REGIMENT.

CAMP No. 18, 10 MILES FROM RICHMOND.

MAY 30, 1862.

EDITOR RECORD.—We have been on the march since I wrote to you last and have again come to a halt, within ten miles of the Rebel Capitol, where another siege commences. Whether it will end as the siege does not seem to be known. Some think the rebels will contest the ground to the last; others are of the opinion that they will evacuate and surrender the city. Time will tell; be patient we will not lay idle long.

Prof. Lowe is here with his balloon; he was up this morning just before sunrise. I understood he had a splendid view of the city, and discovered several rebel camps two to four miles in front of us, but none to our right. I express my opinion that they will evacuate and surrender the city, as pretty country all I see.

Somo think the rebels will contest the line of march to-day; crops of all kinds are inconsiderable. We have been put in and are looking well.

W. S. MCCLERNAND.

MAY 21.—We started this morning at four o'clock. Had quite a refreshing shower last night which makes quite pleasant marching. We suddenly change our direction of march about five o'clock, taking a West of South-west course, going direct for what is called New Bridge on the Chickahominy river, where the rebels are said to be in considerable force. We marched about two miles up the bridge at noon; a very hot sun during the whole of the afternoon. Warm weather is now setting in, earnest.

We will have to do up our hard work inside of three weeks, unless we take nights for it, for I do not think men can stand marching a month or so longer. I had a talk yesterday with a chap that run away from Richmond about two weeks ago; he called himself Hob Agan and told his story as follows:

"I was one of the 12 month's men; had a talk yesterday with a chap named marching, a month or so later.

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mass Illinois: — you have learned long ere this of the latest “change of base” of the army of the Potomac. The movement commenced on the 11th inst. by removing all who were unable to march. About eighteen thousand were carried to Fortress Monroe, and, to northern hospitals by the sick Transports. The remainder of the divisions which marched to Fredricksburg, and a small force left to guard Williamsburg and Yorktown, marched to Newport News, and those at Yorktown were brought by trains to Aquia Creek, and this place. Only about ten days time has been taken for the army to march seventy miles, and be shipped with all its stores, less than than two hundred miles. Even that time may seem long to the impatient, but when we consider that the army of the Potomac, reduced in numbers as it is, with its baggage trains, would form a line of men, horses, and wagons, in marching order, which is in four ranks for the men, that would reach from Fortress Monroe to Richmond, or to put it nearer, from Berlin to Milwaukee, one gets some idea of the work to be done in moving it.

The 5th is in camp about two miles from this city. I had the pleasure of a visit with “the boys” two days ago; what there is left of them are in good spirits and as full of fight as ever. Co. G (Berlin Light Guards) may be cited as an illustration of the fearful reduction in numbers of the army of the Potomac. This company left Berlin with one hundred and eighteen members; eight or ten recruits have since been added to fifty, five have died, about ten have been discharged, and the company now numbers less than thirty for duty; and probably there is not a company in the army that has been as long in the field that can show so favorable a record. Not a man killed in action, only one man death from wounds, four from disease, only four sent to hospitals; fevers, hardships, and exposure have scattered the rest through northern hospitals.

It is said by those who ought to know that Gen. McClellan will tender his resignation as soon as his army is fairly removed, and that Gen. Pope will command the army of Virginia. This part of the “change of base” the boys regard as a base change. All of McClellan’s enemies in the army and out of it have not been able to shake the faith of his soldiers in him. They still worship and swear by “little Mac.” His campaign on the Peninsula has been in a measure a failure, but through no fault of his. He might have marched right into Richmond, if he had followed them up from West Point, says an anti-Mac man; so he might say. I have no doubt but that there has been a half dozen times this summer that he might have marched into Richmond. But what then? The war would only have been transferred to a more southern climate. McClellan never intended to take Richmond till he could take the rebel army with it.

Aug 29th.

The army corps. — Thursday afternoon, Reynolds’s corps, in which is this division, passed over the pontoon bridge at Berlin, and went three miles beyond Lovettsville. Saturday this corps took the advance of the infantry, and went nine miles to a quaker town called Purcellville. Sunday morning was truly, who has the honor of being Sergeant of the 1st Division, 1st army corps was ordered back with four trains to Harper’s Ferry, fifty miles distant, for artillery ordnance stores. When I caught up with the army, it was at this bitter Weatherburg, in consequence of which fact I was not an eye witness to the several skirmishes that occurred at Warrentown, Upperpury, Reedstown and Salem, and of course cannot speak as authoritatively as I could have the case been otherwise.

Every day since we came in this place there has been more or less of scolding going on at the Rappahannock; the weather was August last, when the gentlemen in gray were playing with Pope and McDowell. The enemy are not supposed to be in any very great force, but enough to bother our army in crossing, perhaps for a few days; but as you can learn the main causes of the delay here is to give time to complete the railroad from Alexandria to the Rappahannock, by which the army will receive its supplies.

I am perfectly safe in saying that one week ago this army was in better condition for a successful campaign than at any time since coming together in 1861. The men had the greatest faith in their young commanders, besides loving him as a child loves his parents. You and your intelligent friends have too much sense to wonder why the army is not as effective and as much to be relied on now as one week ago. It was with feelings of deepest sorrow mingled with disgust that the men heard of the displacement of Gen’l McClellan. You know all that has been done to amount to much, by this army, that able General is clearly entitled to the credit. The general query is, why was he taken from us at such a time, if at all? The prevailing opinion among the officers in this men is that the Administration is awfully inefficient, besides having no inclination to do that which will tend to hasten the termination of the war. Of course it would be injustices to condemn the new commander, for he is an able officer, but will never have the confidence of the men that McClellan possessed. We are mourning the loss of the brave and noble Gen. May I say rule all things, bless and prosper him in whatever sphere he may set, in the heartfelt desire of the men he so long commanded. Early on the morning of the 10th inst., Little Mac commenced his farewell visit to his army. All day as he came in sight the air was rent with the heartiest cheers. Monday will long be remembered by this shamefully abused army. The last time Abraham
headed his children, they gave him a very cool reception, but I venture the next one will be more so.

Co. E is rapidly gaining in numbers. It now has twenty members. The men are anxious to see their new Captain (Joseph H. Marston), whom they respect and would follow where it is possible for men to go.

Prepared skins and gloves, with drawbacks
Prepared skins and gloves, with drawbacks

Details of the precious metals.

SILVER.

Imported

Exported

GOLD.

Imported

Exported

The shipping returns were as follows:

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<td>FRENCH VESSELS</td>
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In the month of November, 1860, the import duties in France in the corresponding month of 1859, they were 15,485,134f.; and 12,627,411f. In the first eleven months of 1860 these duties amounted to 173,165,308f.; and in the corresponding period of 1859, they were 167,265,099f. The decline in 1860, compared with the preceding year, is exclusively owing to the falling off in the customs revenue, occasioned by one in the manufacture of native (beet-root) sugar. On almost an increase, viz: on wines, salt, post-office revenue, &c.; while the change in customs duties on imports of "different sorts of merchandise," "foreign sugar."

INDIRECT TAXES AND TOBACCO.

The indirect taxes received during the first nine months of 1860 (a later date having reached the Statistical Office,) exhibit a decline when compared with the corresponding periods of 1859 and 1858, on wines, salt, post-office revenue, &c.; while the change in customs duties on imports of "different sorts of merchandise," "foreign sugar."

FRIEND TENNY:—Your favor of the 2nd inst. was duly received. My health is good, and that of our Company is much improved. The prospect of our going to Dixie soon is rather poor at present. We are building Block houses to guard the bridges on the Iron Mountain Railroad. Nothing new in camp, except taking rebel prisoners, which we send to St. Louis. I see by your letters that you have plenty of sleighing. We have plenty of mud. The weather is very changeable here, and we have colds nearly all the time. Troops and gunboats are going down the river. The 9th and 12th Wisconsin Regiments are at Fort Leavenworth. It is reported here that some one in Co. D. has written home that our officers and men get drunk, and that our boys got into the guard house. You can say from me that those reports are false. I think some folks might tell the truth if they could think of it. I hope to visit you soon, but will not set the time now, for reasons too numerous to mention. This is one of the roughest places I ever saw, and the inhabitants are rougher, if such a thing be possible. For instance, you can scarcely meet a man that will look you in the face, and if you inquire of them the way to any place, they will say—go down to the bridge and turn that over and then turn the river upstream, and the next house you come to they can tell you as better as I can. I have seen several copies of the Richland Co. Observer. From its tone and some private letters I have seen from there, I should judge that Richland and adjoining counties (if England does not keep cool) would raise a small army, say five or six hundred Regiments, and take possession of Canada and the Southern ports, and sink the British fleet. Then Brother Jonathan would build a fleet of gunboats and cross the Atlantic and hitch to the British Isles and drag them over here and set them down in New York or Boston harbor. Then Jonathan would whip Johny just as often as he thought necessary to keep him cool and submissive.

Of what enormous crime is England guilty, that has called down the vengeance of the Northern press? Is it because she emancipated her slaves so long ago and been urging the United States to do the same, and to stop the slave trade? I do not say that England is without sin, but let that nation that is without sin cast the first stone at her.

Yours truly.

HENRY TOMS.
From the 8th Regiment.

Camp Lyson, near Hamburg, Tenn. | Army of the Miss. May 23 '62 |
(We omit the account of the movements of the regiment after they broke camp at Point Pleasant, for want of room and time, and commence where they left Cairo for their present quarters.—Enron Gazette.)

We left Cairo on the 19th, and proceeded up the Ohio to Paducah. The river was very high and the farms on either side were nearly all submerged for several miles back. We entered the month of the Tennessee on the morning of the 21st, and at two o'clock P. M. passed Fort Henry. Here we ascertained that the rebels were in the habit of shooting the pilots, consequently preparations were made by aiding up the Pilot House with two inch oak plank. They did not trouble us, though they did damage one or two of the other boats and wounded a few.

The weather has been very unpleasant from the time we left Columbus, raining nearly every day.

About three o'clock we neared the ever-to-be-remembered Pittsburg Landing. It was a time that will long be remembered by nearly all in our fleet. What brought us here? We had come to help our brothers in arms who fought, conquered, and thousands of them died on that fatal field. We had come to turn the tide of battle, and no wonder we were anxious to behold the place where perhaps, we will fall as our brave comrades did before. We felt the responsibility that rested upon us. The scales were nearly balanced and we had come to turn the victory more completely in the favor of Liberty, and make Beauregard yield, which clears the Great Valley of the Mississippi of secession. We came closer and closer but could see no town, nothing but Steam Boats, commissary stores, and a steep red clay bank 30 feet high, on the verge of which, fresh mounds could be distinctly seen. These were the graves of the slain. We passed on and landed at a small town 5 miles above called Hamburg, and disembarking, marched to our place in the line of battle, slept on our arms and woke up in the morning and found that we were really in the midst of the whole army of the Mississippi.

As is generally the case, all sorts of rumors prevail in the camps, but we were used to those camp-stories and consequently knew how to take them.

Here Pope's army was reorganized, comprising three divisions, commanded by Paine, Stanley and Hamilton. We are in the second under Stanley, and in the 2d brigade under Hamilton. I think with what came up now we are enough for all the force at Corinth.

We are advancing slowly. Our line of battle is 18 miles long, if in one line, making 9 miles of two lines of Infantry besides the Cavalry and Artillery. Day before yesterday we advanced 5 miles and are within four miles of the first batteries of the enemy. Skirmishing occurs daily and we know not the hour we will make the final attack. We are under orders to start at a moments warning.

Last night our Regiment was on picket. Yesterday a heavy skirmish occurred on our right resulting in a number wounded on our side. We took twenty prisoners. There were three Ohio Regiments engaged. The country is hilly timbered and very rolling, with little underbrush. The weather is very warm and we are baking in the sun of sight for the shade, while you at the north are still clinging to your overcoats.

The health of the Reg. here is good, we left many at the different points below to be sent to St. Louis. None were allowed to come here only those who are well, though some were taken sick on the way and sent back. We have lost two by death since I wrote you last, James B. Green, of Trenton, and Charles Wines, of Adams Co, making 4 in all.

There are good accommodations for the sick here, boats fitted up for the purpose. I am sorry to inform you that David Hatton was left at the Hamburg landing when we made the last advance. Whether he will stay there on the boat until he is well or be sent north to a Hospital, I am unable to say, but I hope he will join us in a few days.

Papers are a scarce article here, dailies are 4 or 5 days old when we get them and then they cost a dime each. I was fortunate in getting the Gazette of the 10th, and 23d. I see Charley of Niurrold has smelt powder, hope the boys will all come out safe. We soldiers know how to sympathize with each other. We hope to all meet again when this unholy war is brought to an end to enjoy the blessings of peace and liberty once more. But I must close, there goes Busta's lights out. Very strict down here. Before you get this you will probably hear of the fight.

S. C. McD.
Correspondence of Tribune—From the
9th Regiment.

WESTON, MISSOURI, Jan. 28th, 1862.

EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE:—Dear Sir:

After a four months lasting encampment in Milwaukee, the greatly wished for day of departure has arrived. Wednesday last at 10 o’clock A. M. the 9th Wisconsin took leave from its former Camp ground. We marched through Milwaukee accompanied by the Milwaukee Light Guard, the Milwaukee Horsemen and two Brass Bands besides, the scene being presented to the Regiment. The sympathy of the Milwaukee citizens was shown to us in the most kind manner, by the setting out with us. We do not think Milwaukee ever saw such a crowd of people, all of them taking their course in the same direction.

The feeling on our side cannot be described, it was rather unsteady, joy mingled with sadness. In the first instance we were all glad to leave for we knew that only on the field of battle, we can gather laurels; in the second we had to part with a place, that was not far distant from our Homs, from whence we could easily correspond with our friends, which advantage will diminish the further we go. I saw many tears escaping the half closed eyes which tried to hide the owners weakness. The signal of the Locomotive gave us a start at last,—Farewell! and away we went well seated on cushioned seats, in the cars of the Milwaukee and Chicago R. R. While passing through Racine we found the whole of the cavalry Regiment stationed there posting along side of the track, paying their homor to us, with sabers at a present.

Arriving at Chicago we marched through the principal streets, all of which were filled with spectators, thence to the depot of the Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroad, and took Cars for Bloomington, Springfield and Quincy. Our journey through the State of Illinois was a very pleasant one.—The sight of the open prairies was a show rather unusual to the Wisconsin boys, many of them not being used to see anything but deep woods, or about eighty acres clear land. Bloomington and Springfield are both beautiful cities very tastefully built. Poverty don’t seem to have its home here, but wealth. Quincy where we took our quarters for twenty four hours, is a place uncomparable with others, partly surrounded by the Mississippi, which is ornamented with the quartering steamboats, the city itself resting on high hills, it gives it such a romantic appearance, that it seems like a queen sitting on her throne, ready to resist and never to give up. On the morning of the 25th we left Quincy to cross the Mississippi.

On account of fears that the ice might not be strong enough, our baggage train composed of Co.’s A & H had to go across by Hannibal, a distance of twenty four miles, while the remaining eight companies crossed the father of rivers right below Quincy. The crossing was a very interesting sight, it was executed in the most careful manner, in double file, each file taking intervals of four or five steps, we commenced our journey. The width of the river below Quincy is about 3 of a mile.

The Road leading across is not a direct one, but serpent like, still when the first man set his foot on terra firma, our company the last one were still on the opposite side of the River. As soon as we got across we were ordered into cars, but to our astonishment we did not find the soft seats and heating stoves as we expected but the bare floor of a regular cattle transport car, it could not be helped though we had to get in. As much as the quality of cars changed, so also changed the whole of the country. Instead of the pleasant Illinois Prairie and lively cities, we found nothing but deserted Farms and many places along the road towards St. Joseph, steep railroad cars laying alongside of the road; whole villages deserted, the Houses partly demolished, and those that the band of the wretched Missouri traitors did not reach were occupied by troops. Here we got the real idea of the Herra and consequences of this fanatic Revolution.

The whole State has a wretched appearance, only a few civilians to be seen, nothing but soldiers. As soon as the shades of night had hidden the scenes of southern corruption and villainy from our eyes, we felt, although in a dark cattle car a little more as though we were in a civilized world, still fearing that the next day would again place such horrid panorama before our eyes. At about four o’clock on Sunday morning we reached St. Joseph, of which we could not see anything; it appeared like every other little place at night—as all cats at night—gray. At eight o’clock we arrived at Weston on the Missouri river, here we found the twelfth Wisconsin and the eighteenth Missouri. Weston as I was informed by inhabitants, was six months ago a lively business place, till the savage hand of succession reached it and destroyed its peace. Its population amounted to five thousand, but there are scarcely two thousand civilian here. All the houses are inhabited by soldiers of the 12th Wisconsin and 18th Missouri Regiments. Many houses are demolished and burnt down. The city is surrounded by high hills all of which are protected with Picket Guards, from whence a beautiful panorama is presented to the eye:

Across the River are extended to a distance as far as the eye reaches, the woods, hills and valleys of Kansas. The Star Spangled Banner proudly waves from the walls of Fort Leavenworth; then the city of Leavenworth and many other villages crossed with waving flags, can be seen. To-day one of our Boys came near being killed.— His comrades discharged a pistol carelessly, and instead of hitting the intended object, shot his companion, the ball entering the skull above his right eye, coming out an inch farther toward the ear. The wound is not considered fatal. To-morrow we shall leave Weston and start for Leavenworth City, where our Colonel procured comfortable quarters for us. An order just arrived from Headquarters, from Fort Leavenworth, from Major Gen. Hunter, that all the Regiments should be in readiness to take the field after an hour’s notice. We hope soon to make good use of our excellent Rifles.

The health of the Regiment is excellent; next time more interesting news.

Yours,
A. B. C.

We have a letter from our correspondent in the 9th Regiment, which is interesting in spite of difference in the idiom of the two languages, which even careful proof reading cannot entirely overcome.

The letter enclosed the following complimentary notice of the Regiment from the Quincy Herald:

To 9th Wisconsin.

The 9th Wisconsin Regiment arrived in this city early yesterday morning from Chicago by way of Springfield, on the Quincy and Toledo railroad. It remained here yesterday, and will leave this morning for Leavenworth, Palmyra and St. Joseph Railroad. This regiment numbers nine hundred and eighty men, rank and file, with a regimental band of eighteen pieces, and a hearty looking set of men we have not seen in a regiment since the war commenced. For the time they have been in the service, they have evidently been well drilled, and their personal deportment while here was highly exemplary, not a single instance of drunkenness or other impropriety having occurred among them, so far as we have learned, while they were here. Although quartered in the heart of the city, everything passed off as quietly and peaceably during the day and night of yesterday as if there had not been a soldier within the walls. The regiment is composed chiefly of Germans, many of whom have seen service in Europe. The field officers are Frederic Salomon, Colonel; A. Josten Weber, Lieutenant Colonel; Henry Off, Major. Col. Solomon was an officer in his native country, and commanded a battery of artillery at the battle of Wilson’s Creek under Col. Sigel, in which he greatly distinguished himself for bravery and skill. We should prefer that this regiment were assigned to some other borough than that of Gen. Lee—a preference that will probably be in the men themselves before the campaign is over; but wherever and whenever they meet the enemy, they will be sure to acquire laurels.

Yours, A. B. C.
From the 9th Wisconsin Regiment.

[Correspondence of the Daily Wisconsin.]

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, Feby. 22, 1862—Since the last news of a starting date for our regiment, there has been very little news. There have been meetings of the officers, and the reported capture of Savannah has caused great excitement. The news from the East is not very encouraging, and the reports from the West are not very reassuring.

The weather is still cold and cloudy, and it is expected to remain so for some time. The soldiers are well and in good spirits, and the officers are doing their best to keep them occupied and content.

Signed, Major Orf.

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From the 8th Wisconsin Regiment.

[Correspondence of the Daily Wisconsin.]

CAMP SPRING RIVER, Kansas, June 10, 1862—As it is possible for me to leave this place in a day or two, I will drop you a few lines, which you may publish if you see fit. On the 1st of June we broke up camp at Humboldt, and started on our way for this present camping place, a distance of some 84 miles, which took us nearly four days to reach. The weather was hot, cool and rainy, and the roads were bad. It rained all night, and the roads were very muddy. We had to move the camp early in the morning.

Signed, Capt. Hunter.
retracted into the brush to avoid the cav-ity and artillery, but the 9th Wisconsin boys went in after them, and pursued them with great energy and bravery. The Ninth Wiscon-

sion is highly spoken of for their excellent discipline. The health of the men has been remarkable, as but five deaths have occurred in it since its organization. Our correspondents receive this immunity from sickness to the care and skill of the surgeons, Dr. Numan, who now has charge of the general hospital at Fort Scott, where he has introduced many beneficial changes. It is no doubt true that a surgeon of a regi-

ment may do very much towards preserving the health of the men, but he must have the co-operation of the officers, especially the colonel, who he has doubt has had in this case, as Col. Salamon has the reputa-
tion of being one of our best officers. The general hospital at Fort Scott has now about 160 inmates, who are generally doing well.

The Ninth Regiment.

Quarter-master Wm. Finkler, of the Ninth Regiment, returned to this city on Friday last, on his way to Washington. He reports his regiment in the wilderness two hundred miles south of Leavenworth, with but three men on the sick list, and they convalesce. We should think this fine regiment—certainly one of the best that has left the State, composed as it is of men who have seen serv-

ice in Europe—should be at Corinth, or somewhere where they might have a chance to illustrate themselves. Such is the desire of the officers and men, and nothing would be more acceptable to the State than to see their regiment in the front of the lines.

Leaving Lawrence, we turn our course south-westly, to the Kansas river. Our first stopping place is Lawrence. Between this point and Lawrence the country is of that beautiful rolling prairie which renders the West so famous. Numerous streams of water occur, along which is the only timbered land between these two places. It is very sparsely set-
tled, owing to its being only a short time since these places were connected by road.

Lawrence is situated on the Kansas river; thirty-five miles from Leavenworth. It is a pretty place, settled mostly by New England people. It has a population of from two to three thousand.

At the General Hospital at Lawrence, there were still a number of the Wisconsin 12th and 13th Supplyed with the highest en-

dowed with seventy Wisconsin soldiers, included in the 13th, were confined here by sick-

ness.

The people of Lawrence will ever be held by them, in the highest estimation, for their maturing efforts and unceasing kindness in relieving the sufferings of our gallant men. None of the people gave up their own beds to them, and watched with them night after night, never tiring until health was restored or they were relieved by the hand of death.

From Lawrence to Fort Scott, the coun-

try is in some parts very broken and rugged, and in others, as in Oneida, it is very beautiful, as the places through which we pass is Osawatomie, famous for John Brown in '66 and Cleveland in '03. Here John Brown matured his schemes for eman-

cipation: now Cleveland suffered for his crime. It was once blown down and once burned, and once pillaged by the troops. It is now a very antici-
pated looking place.

Mound City is another famous place in Kansas, being the home of Jefferson and Montgomery.

Fort Scott is distant from Leavenworth about one hundred and twenty miles. It is a miserable place. The buildings which originally were a fort, are now in a state of repair, and cost from ten to fifteen thousand dollars each. During the Buchanan Administration, Government became suddenly convinced that it was no longer a post, and sold the building and property at from one hundred and fifty to six hundred dollars each. Government now pays more per year rent for them than they are worth.

Leaving Fort Scott with an escort of 200 men, on account of the dangerous prox-

imity of rebels, we turned our course south, to what is known as the 'ditch' of our army, which the enemy has appropriated, in the enemy's country. This part of the country is particularly uninteresting, being very rough. We crossed a prairie, fifteen miles in length, with-

out any timber, houses or improvements in view. According to a Wisconsin term, we were "out of sight of land." There was no water to drink, therefore we took along a supply.

About the middle of this "desert" we crossed the Ozark mountains, which are merely mounds at this point. The main camp of the Indian Expedition to which we were bound, is about sixty-

five miles south of Fort Scott, on what is known as the "Neutral" lands, thirty miles about one mile and a half from the Indian Territory proper, and about three miles and a half from the Missouri line.

It is a beautiful location, on the prairie near Spring River, and semicircle by a range of hills, distant two or three miles from the camp. On these hills, command-

ing an extensive view of the country round, are posted the pickets. A surprise is impossible, and were they attacked their position could be easily defended against a force many times their super-

ior.

Here were the 9th Wisconsin, 3d Ohio cavalry and Rabb's Indiana battery, under the command of Col. Salamon. Here we spoke a few words in praise of the 9th. It is generally admitted that there has been no regiment in Kansas that can compare favorably with the 9th in drill, equipment, appearance or soldierly bear-

ing, or any of the qualities which go to make a good soldier.

While others of our Wisconsin regi-

ments have received the highest encom-

iums from the press of their own State, very little has been said regarding the 9th. As a disinterested writer, I must say that if, in their superior, it is their equality. Their drill is like that of regulars, and they are all gentlemanly.

Soldiers. Leaving the State with less than nine hundred men, they are now increased to six hundred and fifty, ready for duty. In the course of the 9th, the honor of Wisconsin has not been and never will be dimmed.

Having finished our business, we re-
turned to Leavenworth, having been gone three weeks, and traveled three hundred and fifty miles. Generally, the trip has been pleasant, the country is not unlike Wisconsin, yet it is beautiful to those who like prairie. It is well watered, but poor-

ly timbered. What timber there is, is usually along the streams. From indica-

tions, I should think that coal in sufficient quantity could be obtained, by working, to supply the place of wood, for fuel.

There is a striking similarity of geological structure, all through that part which we have visited. The mounds, rising suddenly from the level prairies, present a fine contrast. They are usually wild, but sometimes being very abrupt, with a flat, level top. Sometimes they are in chains, so that the roads are upon them; and you may travel for hours without descending from them to the valleys. Sometimes they are in circles, and enclose a large basin-like tract of prairie. The best land there is, I think, is near Mound City, and it is also better settled than most parts. The tide of immigration will soon be pouring in, and these vast prairies will be peopled by men seeking a new retreat; and the wild, and unoccupied settle-

ment of the carpet. Thus many of our land increase; and when the war is ended, and peace restored, may immigration continue; and civilization together resume their march "onward."

COL. SALAMON ARRESTS COL. WEAIR AND ASSUMES COMMAND.

HEADQUARTERS INDIAN EXPEDITION, CAMP ON GRAND RIVER, July 18, 1862.

To the Commanders of the different corps comprising the Indian Expedition:

Sirs: In military as well as civil affai-

rs, great and violent wrongs need speedy and certain remedies. The time had arrived, in my judgment, in the his-

tory of this expedition, when the great-

est wrong ever perpetrated upon any troopers, was about to fall with crushing weight upon the noble men composing this command. Some one must act, and that at once, or starvation and capture were the imminent hazards that looked us in the face. As next in command to Col. Wearer, and upon his express refusal to move at all, for the salvation of his troops, I felt the responsibility resting upon me. I have arrested Col. Weair and assumed command. The courses leading to his arrest you all know. I need not reiterate them here. Suffice it to say that we are one hundred and sixty miles from the base of operation, almost entirely through an enemy's country, and without communication being kept open behind us.

We have been pushed forward thus far by forced and fatiguing marches, under the violent Southern sun, without any adequate object. Be Col. Wearer's order we were forced to encamp where our furnishing men were unable to obtain
Sir—I have the honor to report that I have arrested Col. Wm. Weer, commanding the Department of Kansas. 

... 

F. SALOMON, 
Colonel 9th Wisconsin Volunteers, commanding Indian expedition.

HEADQUARTERS INDIAN EXPEDITION, Camp on Wolf Creek, Cherokee Nation, July 24th, 1862.

To Brig. Gen. James Blunt, commanding the Department of Kansas:

... 

F. SALOMON, 
Colonel 9th Wisconsin Volunteers, commanding Indian expedition.
and Seabury arrived in the camp, and the regimental band, playing the fourth of July tune, or element, was played by the band, and drunk by the soldiers. The fourth of July was celebrated in as grand a style as resting, eating, bean soup and boiled beef, firing cannon, playing of the regimental band, and drinking the Butler's whisky at $1 a quart, could do it.

On the 7th of July we arrived in camp on Flat Rock Creek, near the Noosho. Our stay there was short, however, and we marched forward to reconnoitre. After short stoppages by the way, we arrived at this camp on the 22d of July, and the camp on Flat Rock Creek, near the Noosho, was occupied. A few prisoners were brought in, and it was determined to move on to Baxter's Springs and there wait for supplies, reinforcements, and General Blunt, who, it was said, would take the field in person. Instead of that, however, General Weir ordered a halt, and would neither advance nor retreat, although water was scarce and forage not to be had, when they were hungry.

On the 26th ordered to march in the direction of Fort Gibson, but it was not until the 27th that the 9th regiment got all the equipment on, and on the 28th we started out on the march. We were accompanied by the General and his body-guard, and word was passed to prepare for the forcing of a passage, as there were some 3,000 regularly enlisted secess soldiers there to dispute our passage. We arrived at the crossing, however, no enemy was in sight, and we marched forward to reconnoitre.

On the 2d of July the Second Brigade, which was a day or two behind us, had a skirmish on the Neosho, with the enemy, routing them and killing about 30 and 40, and taking about 250 prisoners. Our loss was two killed. The spoils of the fight were some 800 to 1,000 cattle. The fourth of July was celebrated in a grand style as resting, eating, bean soup and boiled beef, firing cannon, playing of the regimental band, and drinking the Butler's whisky at $1 a quart, could do it.

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The following allotment rolls of this regiment have reached the Capitol, having been forwarded by Mr. Fraser, one of the Commissaries. Mr. Fraser took them "on the wing" having arrived at Fort Scott, Kansas, on the day after the regiment left the post for the southwest (supposed Indian expedition, and he afterwards overtook them.

Letter from the Ninth Regiment.

CAMP NEAR FORT SCOTT, KANSAS, August 14, 1862.

FRIEND PILOT:

At the Indian Expedition in which the 9th Wisconsin took a share, has been looked upon as one of the principal occurrences of this war, in which Masionette is represented by a Company of Volunteers. I hope to make our different adventures an interesting item for your worthy paper, notwithstanding my inability as a correspondent.

You have undoubtedly heard how we chased the rebels at Cow Skin Prairie, where we went on a scouting expedition, therefore it is not necessary to say anything about it. At "Baxter's Springs Camp," the different troops composing this Expedition were divided into Brigades, and we were attached to the 1st Brigade, Col. Salomons commanding, and have started from thence en route to meet the rebels. Yet we have not seen much of them, as they skedaddled before we got within shooting distance. Upon reaching Cow Skin Prairie our advance struck upon the enemy, who made a feeble attempt to attack the same, but upon perceiving our strength, retreated. We followed close to his heels, but simply on account of not having force enough to cover our rear and protect the large provision train, we had to postpone the attack upon them until the next morning, by which time we expected reinforcements from a part of the command stationed at Neosho, Mo. Next morning no rebels could be seen; they had made good use of the veil of the night, and left the proposed battle ground for parts unknown. The next day Col. Ween, of the 10th Kansas, and Commander of the Expedition, reached us with the rest of the command, and, notwithstanding the many urgent applications of officers to give the command time to recruit, as the men and horses were greatly exhausted from the fatigue of forced marches and the prevailing heat, ordered us to march towards Fort Gibson.

This order was complied with, and although half worn out, the noble men kept on marching until we reached a place called "Flat Rock" on the Grand River, and encamped 12 miles north of Fort Gibson. The most heart rending scenes I have ever looked upon took place during this march. Men and horses dropped on the wayside exhausted. Water was so scarce that we were compelled to carry it several miles in a heat of 115 degrees, and then it was not of much avail, as it had to be gotten out of ditches and swamps. Putrid and dirty as it often was, we could make but very little use of it. Even coffee or tea we cooked could not be used. The consequences were sickness, dissatisfaction among the troops, and what was more horrid, could easily have been expected—insubordination and mutiny. Yet thank the good discipline among the troops (at least a part of them) this latter was not the case. The men suffered painfully, and never grumbled. In addition to the exposure to heat, rain, heavy marches, and thirst, our provision trains failed to arrive, and we were put on half rations per day. For the whole command there were only about ten days' half rations on hand. As the Colonel commanding entirely omitted to keep up communication in our rear with the supply post, Fort Scott, we doubted not that the trains were captured by the enemy, strong forces of whom were reported moving into our rear on the other side of the Grand River. Notwithstanding all this, and the urgent necessity to fall back and before advancing, to reopen communication with the supply post, from which we were only 180 miles distant, and without regard to a conclusion of a majority of officers of the respective corps under his command, and whom he himself ordered to assemble and deliberate on the question of falling back or advancing, and which officers decided in favor of the former, Col. Ween declared firmly to not only remain where he was, but to cross the Arkansas. We were on the point of starvation, our originally small force was diminished by sickness to not more than 2,000 effective men; our Cavalry and Artillery horses were giving out (the Second Ohio Cavalry lost in this campaign 600 horses); we had no reinforcements to expect on the other side of the Arkansas at Fort Davis to face an enemy nearly 7,000 strong, no means of covering our retreat in case such a movement should have come necessary, and this I may say incompetent man, whose mental abilities were weakened by intemperance, and led by a fixed idea to gain laurels, where nothing but our ruin was to be expected, either by starvation or imprisonment, concluded to give way to his temptation. It was the highest time for Col. Salomons to act, supported by a majority of the officers and in understanding with them, he arrested Col. Ween, and assumed command of the Expedition. At once he wisely ordered the whole command to fall back, and sent out sufficient forces of Cavalry to look for the provision train and protect it. A few companies of Infantry and cavalry were sent out to occupy the Spring River Ford, the so called Hudson's Crossing. In our rear he established a vigilant system of scouting, ordered the whole Indian Brigade to remain near Fort Gibson as a corps of observation, and by prudent and careful management he brought the force, although small, into a condition to be able to resist any enemy in case of an attack. Then we fell back to the Kaw Paw Reserve, 80 miles south of Fort Scott, and went into camp. During our stay there, we had several skirmishes with the enemy under Col. Stand Waite, in which they always came out victorious.

As you may easily imagine, these acts of Col. Salomons, now Brigadier General, have created different feeling. The men belonging to the different Kansas regiments sought revenge in using the most
insulting and abusive language toward our men and Gen. Salomon, and thus of ten created quarrels. The officers, at least on our side, made the most vigorous efforts to prevent all casualties, and partly succeeded in keeping up peace and good order. As an instance of the "Bleeding Kansas Ruffians" savage-like acts, allow me to state the following facts:

At the time our regiment left Quaw Paw Reserve, our sutler, Mr. Klingholz, on account of not having the necessary means of transportation, left a part of his stock behind under guard of two sentinels, intending to haul it away next morning. The same day the 2d Kansas Cavalry, Col. Cloud, encamped at said place. Toward night a party of them came up and forcibly disarming the guard, stole oysters, cigars, dry goods, and took away of the goods stored there, as much as was within their reach; spilled wines, stole oysters, cigars, dry goods, and the rest of the goods they scattered over the prairie. The sentinels, who tried to get to their camp to obtain assistance from the Commander, were threatened to be shot if they moved a step or spoke a word. Mr. Klingholz's loss is estimated at $2,500, and necessary steps were taken to have the villains punished and the damage restored to him.

Our only wish is to get out of the Department of Kansas, and as the enemy is showing himself in Missouri, we perhaps will. Since we came to Fort Scott, the health of the regiment is improving, and it will very soon be in a condition to with stand any emergency. As Lieut. Col. Onwz has resigned, Maj. A. Jacouy of Green Bay, is in command of our Regiment, which cannot but gain under his direction. He is highly esteemed by all who know him; all the men have confidence in his abilities as an officer, and we hope he will remain in command of the Regiment.

General Salomon has received his commission as such. I congratulate the troops under his command. He is Chief Commander of all the troops in the field, belonging to the Department of Kansas, and is beloved and highly esteemed by all.

Adjutant Block of our neighbor city, Sheboygan, acts as Assistant Adjutant General, and, will undoubtedly receive his appointment as such, in which capacity he will be excellent.

Lieut. Dunke, of Co. B, has been promoted Captain in place of F. Becks, resigned. Our Manitowoc boys feel themselves quite comfortable under his command. Lieut. Hug. Koch acts as Quartermaster of the regiment.

I think I have stated all the news I know, and as we have just received orders to march at 8 o'clock, P. M., on an expedition to "Somewhere," I shall close, and after returning make you acquainted with the occurrences and adventures of the same.

Respectfully yours,

ALPHA

from the Ninth Wisconsin Infantry.

[Correspondence of the Daily Wisconsin.]
nearly 100 miles; while the houses of the farmers were substantially built, and nearly, even elegantly furnished. What can such a country gain by revolution? And was the iniquity of the rebels, who intended to seal the simple course that the officers had run away? The Captains—Burns and Haas, of company D. Nolte, of company C, and Heise, of company B, escaped upon horseback, also, whose horse received several shots.

The cowardly cavalry flew away at the beginning, and a part of the artillery retired afterwards by the speed of their horses.

From company D, (Sauk county), there escaped only seven men from company B, ten men from company E, eleven men—in all 30 men from four companies. The balance died of disease, or more correctly, fell as victims of the ignorance of their officers, if they had not been taken prisoners.

How a sensible officer, with a handful of soldiers, could or dare attack a fortified place, without knowing how strong the enemy was that held it, and how such an attack could be made in the manner in which Neutronia was, it is impossible to apprehend.

At the balance of the brigade in Neutronia, the general had marched the troops under his command in double quick to Neuronia, and sent to Gen. Brown, who had 1,000 men at Mount Vernon, and to the Missouri State Militia at Springfield, to come to his support. The brigades arrived at Neutronia, where the South of the day. The wood and water in this vicinity is insufficient for so large a force. Even the Marquette City, with its immediate army, rose to the military bridge, ready to attack the Kuporior for a short time

The object of the expedition, viz: The fighting, as in the preceding of the rebels, was not accomplished, but still it taught them "to look out for the car when the bell rings.

Our Lieutenant Colonel, Henry O_te, has resigned, and went home on the 20th inst. Of the motives which induced him to resign I know nothing. The regiment must regret his departure, as he was an able and capable officer.

There is a rumor that we are to move camp into Missouri in a few days, so you must take care if you were not there should have a new date-line. The wood and water in this vicinity is insufficient for so large a force.

Our regiment did not die of cholera. The enemy was that hollow and water in this vicinity is insufficient for so large a force. Even the Marquette City, with its immediate army, rose to the military bridge, ready to attack the Kuporior for a short time

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killed or taken prisoners. Among the prisoners are Lieutenants Mavkhoff, Klabatz, Kraeger, Bohn and Schroeder.

The fight, however, was renewed the next morning by the Ninth Wisconsin, when within three fourths of a mile of the town, which was partially surrounded by a stone wall, the Artillery opened fire upon it, which was not answered for a short time, when the rebels also brought a Battery in position and commenced a brisk fire. Our infantry formed a line of skirmishers, and advanced towards the stone wall. When the line got to within fifty paces of the wall, the skirmishers were rallied, and the order "Charge bayonets!" given. Nobly did the gallant boys charge the wall, but they were received by a terrible fire from thousands of muskets. Many fell, while the rest, seeing the overwhelming force of the enemy, commenced to retreat towards where the Artillery was stationed, but were pursued by a large force of cavalry, outflanked on both sides, and compelled to retreat in full haste.

The Artillery had supported them gallantly, while the Kansas Cavalry, when directed to charge sabres in order to give the infantry an opportunity to rally and form a line, instead of doing so, fled in confusion from the field. Our officers made the most vigorous efforts to preserve order and prevent a total rout, and succeeded several times in forming portions of the troops into line, to fire an effective volley at the enemy in return. The Artillery, also, poured grape and canister into their ranks, mowing them down like grass; but the enemy's force was too large for our heroes, and their complete annihilation being too evident, they withdrew, saving all their guns. The infantry were subsequently overtaken in the woods, and all those that were not massacred were captured; very few escaped.

As soon as Gen. Salomon heard the reports of Artillery on the morning of the 30th, he ordered the whole command to march towards Newtonia, where we arrived about noon, and formed a line of battle, occupying the heights surrounding the town. The necessary arrangements being made, the General ordered the batteries to open on the town, which was soon replied to. This was kept up on both sides for three hours, when the enemy made a desperate attack upon our left, but our Indians fought like devils, and did not lose an inch of ground. They then made an effort to outflank our right, and at the same time pressed heavily on the center, which compelled us to retire slowly in order to prevent the enemy from accomplishing his design, to the adjoining woods, the enemy following.

At the edge of the woods we took a new position, and were reinforced by a force of 2,500 and a Battery, under Gen. Brown. Gen. Salomon, who, during the whole affair, exhibited unsurpassed skill and coolness, and was always in the thick of the fight, again formed a line of the fresh troops, withdrawing the worn out ones, and again opened on the advancing enemy and drove them back into town, while we marched to our old camp at Sarcoxie. That was a hot day for the Ninth. Our loss during the day was 188 in killed, wounded and missing. We had marched 30 miles, and fought over six hours that day.

On the 4th of October we again appeared before Newtonia, after having marched all night, and while General Schofield's troops attacked the town from the east, our batteries were placed on the north side. After two hours' cannonading, we drove the enemy out of the town into the woods on the south side, and while a part of the command engaged in their pursuit, the other petition possessed of Newtonia without the loss of a man. The effect of our artillery proved terrible. Dead horses were scattered all over the town, and the many newly-made graves showed that a very large number of the rebels were killed. Prisoners taken admit their loss to be between 400 and 500 in killed and wounded.

The same afternoon we left Newtonia again and marched south, following the enemy, until we reached Pea Ridge, Arkansas, the old battle field of Stonewall Jackson, where we encamped now, daily expecting orders to march forward. We are attached to Gen. Schofield's army, which numbers about 25,000 men, with 75 pieces of artillery. The enemy is known to be on the Boston mountains fortifying himself, with the intention of waiting an attack, having been reinforced by Hindman, and now number about 40,000. I think they won't have to wait very long, as we are under marching orders.

The Manitowoo Company did not suffer any loss in the late battle. The Ninth takes the first rank in this army, as it is the First Regiment of the First Brigade of the First Division of the "Army Frontier." Letters for our Regiment should be addressed and sent via Springfield, Mo.

Yours,

ALPHA.
Mr. Editor: — Before commencing any news, allow me to make one or two corrections to my last. Instead of the Illinois 6th being stationed at Hannibal it should have been the 26th, and the communication says that Co.'s B. & C. were in passenger cars, it should have been Co.'s B. & G.

Last week we received orders to be ready for a march at an hour's notice with four days' rations. All that we will be allowed to carry aside from what we wear is one blanket, one shirt, one pair drawers, one pair socks and one pocket handkerchief.

We are uncertain yet whether Gen. Hunter is to be the master-spirit of the expedition or Gen. Lane, but nearly all of our Reg't are in favor of the latter. All the orders we have received so far have originated from Gen. Hunter.

There has been considerable excitement in the 19th Mo. the past few days in consequence of Col. Morgan being superseded by Col. Miller of St. Louis. The order was read to the Reg't the 6th, while on dress parade he (Col. Miller) appeared on dress parade on the 7th for the first time, when the boys gave him three hearty cheers.

The weather for the past week has been very cold and the walking very slippery (until yesterday when the sun came out bright and warm) it was almost impossible for the guard reliefs to get round to their posts, especially in the night.

The 22d of last month the Wis. 13th passed through here, on their way to Ft. Leavenworth; the Wis. 9th arrived the 26th and stopped a day or two, when they moved on to the Fort. On the 28th the Ohio 2d (Cavalry) came in; that is a portion, 400 of them, and mounted their horses, formed in line of march and started for Platte City, a distance of 8 miles — the Reg't is 1,200 strong. They were followed in a day or two, by the remaining two divisions.

There is but little excitement here, unless it is when word is brought in that there is a 'scess' arrival; then the boys are sent out after them. Mr. E. H. T. was the hero of one of these expeditions a few days ago, when he was on guard but off tour. There is a lady here whose husband is in the sessah army, under Price, as a Colonel. That night word came in to the guard house that Mr. Sesah had returned, and was at that very hour packing up his valables, preparatory for a hurried move to the land of Dixie. So Mr. T. with the officer of the guard and four others, went to investigate the matter; and as they entered the door, the officer with drawn sword, and the guard at charge bayonets, they met Mr. Sesah in the hall, with a revolver in each hand ready to meet them; but in consequence of their being so many of them, or some other good reason best known to himself, he thought better of it and made no resistance, and he is now in cells, planks, &c.; for the guard house awaiting an investigation for raw cotton, from the matter, and speculation rungrammes to 639,898. high as to what will be the final disposition of the gentleman. The grain and flour which had already been sent to the St. Joe post mark on, you must not think I have moved for any length of time.

Yours, &c.,

SQUIBS. January 31, 1859.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Pig iron</th>
<th>Olive oil</th>
<th>Lead</th>
<th>Pepper</th>
<th>Colonial sugar</th>
<th>For'rn sugar</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>972,476</td>
<td>133,681</td>
<td>155,687</td>
<td>136,787</td>
<td>298,581</td>
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<tr>
<td>315,372</td>
<td>181,639</td>
<td>497,085</td>
<td>54,671</td>
<td>4,501,292</td>
<td>5,987</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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EJECTS OF THE CUSTOMS. |

| 25,647,000 |
| 30,627,000 |
| 30,837,000 |
| 32,736,551 |

Of the custom, Nantes stands the third among the great directly after Havre and Marseilles.

Reports, I find that a serious change, affecting the existing took place in the new treaty with England promulgated the will show the consequence profitable or prejudicial to one cities are actually rather sharp on this place, and, according commerce and the merchants of Nantes, ship building and support any competition with the same English products.

The duty of thirty per cent., and, from 1864, of twenty-five per cent; and French iron with the establishment of such duty in with advantage.

Great efforts are now made for deepening the river Loire owing the channel, to render the river from her entrance rawing fifteen feet; but no improvement appears yet, though.

Nazaire, added to that already made.

Island of Belle Isle at the mouth of the river Loire with bant resource for trade, enabling every merchant to send his her port, if convenient. The grain product of this year has


\section*{WISCONSIN'S ROLL OF HONOR:}

\subsection*{Losses in Each Regiment at Pittsburg Landing.}

[From the Daily Wisconsin.]

\section*{List of Killed, Wounded, and Missing in 14th Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers.}

\textbf{Col. D. A. Wood.}


\textbf{COMPANY A—WOOD PROTECTORS.}

\textbf{Killed.}

Corp. Jos. King, killed.

\textbf{Wounded.}

Privates, A. S. Smith, wounded in side by shell; sergeant, Wm. Bulte, dangerously wounded; private Wm. Müller, in abdomen; private M. Sattler, badly in left shoulder. Any other wounded.

\textbf{Missing.}

None.

\textbf{COMPANY B—MARSHALL AND ENNIS RIFLES.}

\textbf{Killed.}

None.

\textbf{Wounded.}

Privates, E. A. Gurnett, wounded in right hand; corporal, Charles Vincent, wounded in right thigh; private O. S. Tilton, wounded in left leg; private, A. U. Tilton, wound in left arm; private, C. G. Collette, killed.

\textbf{Missing.}

None.

\textbf{COMPANY C—OMANDING OFFICERS.}

\textbf{Killed.}

None.

\textbf{Wounded.}

Private, Geo. A. Cropper, wounded.

\textbf{Missing.}

None.

\textbf{COMPANY D—WASHINGTON PARK RIFLES.}

\textbf{Killed.}

None.

\textbf{Wounded.}

Privates, H. N. Rogers, wounded in side; corporal, M. N. Underwood, wounded in leg; private, A. Underwood, killed.

\textbf{Missing.}

None.

\textbf{COMPANY E—NOBLES GUARD—CRAINE AND COLUMBIA COUNTIES.}

\textbf{Killed.}

None.

\textbf{Wounded.}

Privates, H. M. Hukber, badly; corporals, H. L. Lymans, badly; private, A. Underwood, leg, badly; private, W. R. Underwood, knee, badly; private, C. Brinker, not very badly; John William, not very badly.

\textbf{Missing.}

None.

\section*{TOTAL KILLED.}

None. 2 wounded, 3 wounded.

\section*{Funeal of Capt. Waldo—Impressive Ceremonies.}

The body of Capt. Waldo arrived here on the Steamer Came on Sunday morning, and was met by a deputation from the Masonic fraternity and placed in their Hall, which was appropriately trimmed and decorated for the occasion.

The funeral took place on Sunday with appropriate honors. A general invitation was extended to all Corporal bodies, to join the procession and pay the last token of respect to the memory of the citizen soldier, and it was responded to by the President and Village Trustees, the members of the Bar in a body, the 1st, O. O. F., in a body; delegations from abroad, and citizens generally. The number in attendance was variously estimated at from 150 to 2000. Some of them perhaps attracted by motives of curiosity, but most of them anxious to show their appreciation of the noble sacrifice made by those who are so ready and willing to sacrifice their lives in defense of our free institutions.

The ceremonies were more than ordinarily impressive. The procession was the largest ever witnessed in this county, and the semi-military appearance of the secret societies; the wailing notes of the death march; the hollow sound of the muffled drums; the slow measured tread of the procession, and the subdued sympathetic looks of those present; all combined to make the pageant mournfully sublime.

The solemn burial service of the Episcopal Church was in the absence of the Rector, read at the Church by one of the Wardens, and full Masonic honors were appropriately and impressively rendered at the grave.

The day was charming, the flowers of this backwoods Spring, and as the body was lowered slowly into the grave with the impressive rites of the Order to which the deceased officer was attached, the sun shone out brightly as an emblem of future resurrection, and the clear notes of the English and German masonic odes floated upon the still air, thrilling the hearts and subduing the feelings of even the most boisterous.

It was a scene of more than ordinary solemnity, and will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it. In consequence of a temporary disorganization of the Home Guards, there was no volley fired over the grave, but a number of invalid soldiers, home on furlough, were in the procession and the Maniwoc Brass Band being engaged, there was at least some semblance of military honors in carrying the body to the grave and depositing it in its last resting place amidst the glorious roll of drums; but pageantry and funeral pomp were but the emblematic show of grief: they served to demonstrate the feeling which causes so many to drop the tear of sorrow above the grave of the fallen hero, encourage others to imitate his noble example of self-sacrifice upon the altar of his country; and to prefer—

"the grave or the prison

Hunted by a patriots's prise.

To the trophies of all who have risen

On Liberty's ruins to funer."
The Troops who had passed through other battles, were like European veterans. They wouldn't be whipped! They stand high in the estimation of our Generals. Capt. Roys was a perfect lion, knowing neither fear nor fatigue. Whiptail was equally brave, but having been sick some days, could not stand the fatigue through the whole strife. Tell Henry that Co. D stands ahead in the regiment. His old friend Whitney has an ugly wound through the shoulder, the ball passing through the fleshly part of the arm."

Mr. Munson also states that Major Mahon and Capt. Scott, of the 17th regiment had passed safely through the battle and acquitted themselves with credit. Beyond this we have no particulars, later than those we published last week, as to the movements of the more details will probably be received soon, and the anxiety of parents and friends will be relieved.

LETTER FROM S. BAIRD

St. Louis, May 14th, 1863.

I have a few hours' leisure and will tell you of some of the things my eyes have seen and my ears heard. I think I informed you in my last that we arrived at Pittsburg the night before, at 11 o'clock. I want none for a guide, but the darkness made me turn to the left, and I was soon lost in the woods.

Till late in the night the soldiers were arriving and dancing, while those who had not been able to get into the woods were all crowded together in the town. The air was so thick that it was almost impossible to see.}

early "sun up." Dr. Wolcott and two other "medicine men," procured horses and started for the advance for the supreme purpose of acer-
The report we received here at 2 p.m., having lost 7 of our patients on the way; the remainder were immediately transferred to the hospital, which are airy and commodious, and where I have no doubt they will receive proper attention. The balance of our stores were left with the Sanitary Commission, upon which we are allowed to draw without occasion except, everything was done harmoniously and humanely; and too much praise cannot be awarded to Gen. Wadsworth and Dr. Wecott, for their promptness and efficiency. There are many other things of which I wished to speak, but they will not permit.

...unhampered, will obtain from a public sale.

...be cleared until they have unclaimed, signed by the treasurer, provided with a passport or of its origin and satisfied all foreign vessels will be liable to search and examination.

...be sorted from those which to a sale by public auction, let them to the integral duty; who will draw out an official which will have obtained a health have delivered their a nature to affect the public

...out quick. I suppose a full report of our expedition will be published, and I forbear. Suffice it to say, they received all needed care and attention, and their gratitude repeatedly expressed. We hereby report that the army was in a dying condition when

...and its silence, debris and destruction.

...II their fall, the trunks of the trees are covered with gun shot wounds from root to branch. In some instances cannon balls going clear through oak trees 31 inches in diameter. The wonderment is not that so many were killed, but that so few escaped. It was necessary to halter thousands and thousands in order to prevent them from falling into our lines. The ammunition vessels will be liable to search and examination.

...an amount of sickness here is truly alarming and calls loudly for speedy and effective relief; the last has not been told and never can be, until some one shall arise with power to "paint a dying man." At least 10,000 of the army of the Mississippi now in the hospitals, and twice that number until for active service. The 16th and 18th regiments which left our state, at least 3000 strong, are reduced, the former to 300, and the latter to 150 effective men—where are their comrades? Let the grave, and the post-surgery record answer. It would afford some consolation to know that the sick and disabled are properly cared for, and their wants supplied, but all the evidence is to the contrary. Sanitary commissary hospitals are an abomination, and are regarded as the direct road to the grave. Our soldiers never enter them unless compelled by the sternest necessity. They charge the surgeons and managers not only with idleness and gross neglect, but with the monstrous crime of robbing them of the generous donations of our Sanitary Commission. This is the testimony of dying men, and entitled to credence.

...the graves can be visited. Our own soldiers were on the spot; the rest were on the way; the remainder were immediately transferred to the hospital, which are airy and commodious, and where I have no doubt they will receive proper attention. The balance of our stores were left with the Sanitary Commission, upon which we are allowed to draw without occasion except, everything was done harmoniously and humanely; and too much praise cannot be awarded to Gen. Wadsworth and Dr. Wecott, for their promptness and efficiency. There are many other things of which I wished to speak, but they will not permit.

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SPANISH DOMINIONS.

ADIZ.—T. T. TUNSTALL, Consul.

In the Department of State a table headed "Arrivals" of the arrival and departure of the American vessels arriving at this port since the 1st of January, 1860, and estimates of the trade conducted between the United States and Spain for the quarter ending December 31, 1859, are having occurred no changes in port or new enactments, decrees, or commercial interests of the United States.

LAGA.—JOHN S. SMITH, Consul.

Following is the following report on the trade with Spain, including December 31, 1859:

Imports, consisting of 159,437 bales of cotton from New Orleans; and 1,429 bales of cotton from New York, are estimated at about 200,000 dollars. On this day we passed quite a number of large plantations, and a number of large fields of cotton also came within our view. But the most of the crop was not yet ready for harvest. This year we noticed was beans and corn planted together. The corn being put in before the beans were ready to export there is no change of value since my last report for the quarter ending December 31, 1859, and its value estimated at $591,480.

The weather has progressed slowly in consequence of the rainy season on the coast of Morocco. It is confidently expected that the war will end in a few days. The duration of the war is uncertain. There is no news of it.

I have the honor to submit the following report on the trade of Spain from January 1 to March 31, 1860.

The American vessels arriving at this port since the 1st of January, 1860, have included cargoes at Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Tarragona; consequently, the imports and exports have been limited to 4,800 staves by American, and 925 bales of cotton, total values of which are estimated at $53,904.
United States Consular Agency, Adra.—FREDERIC

Since the 25th of December last, I have had no less than three large bodies of rebels all requiring much time and attention, and am now in the midst of a heavy snowstorm, of 384 tons, wrecked on this dangerous coast, four and a half miles from the town, and have a good camping ground for our troops. The weather is hot, the thermometer standing at one time at 100 degrees in the shade. We stand it well, having got somewhat acclimated, and every man is with the regiment, is well-nourished, and able to do duty.

F. E. C.

Battle of Prairie Grove.

Highly Interesting Details of the Battle.

[Special Correspondence of Missouri Democrat]

PRAIRIE GROVE, Ark., Dec. 8, 1862.

There has just been another great battle in the northwestern part of Arkansas, exceeding in magnitude the famous battle of Prairie Grove, as was remarked by some of the veterans who were present at both of the occasions addressed to. The details are as follows:

On the 1st of December, 1858, to 15th March of Adra, besides two vessels stranded near the mouth of the Mississipi, there were some twenty-two hundred and fifty-two miles from Adra to Cape Hatteras, with his little band of 10,000 men at Cape Hatteras, would have been but a mouthful for such an immense army of well-disciplined soldiers as this. He knew his danger, and kept his command in readiness.

On the morning of the 7th, as the advance guard, consisting of the 1st Arkansas cavalry and a portion of the 6th and 7th Missouri cavalry, were entering the wood, upon the south bank of Illinois Creek, ten miles south of Fayetteville, they were fired upon from ambush and thrown into a panic that resulted in a rout, and the loss of their baggage train of twenty-four wagons. They were flying back two or three miles until they met the main body of the army, which they rallied on. The battle of Prairie Grove was fought on the 6th of December, 1862, in which the famous cavalry division of the Army of the Frontier was engaged.

Major Hubbard, of Pea Ridge fame, with a portion of two companies of the 1st Missouri cavalry, tried to stem the tide of the rebels, but without success. Their superior numbers bore down everything before them, and amongst others this little band. Major Hubbard himself and two of his Eleventh men were captured, and the regiment forced to retreat at double quick. Our infantry were soon brought forward, and a few pieces of artillery got into position that sent the whole army back as rapidly as they could. Gen. Blunt followed up his advantage as quickly as possible, and soon found himself in contact with the main rebel force.

This splendid army, contrary to our expectations, was well clothed, well armed, and well fed, and better drilled than our own soldiers. It consisted of a corps of 20,000 men, commanded by Gen. Hindman, and was in four divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Parsons, Marmaduke, Rainey and Frost, and supported by a park of artillery of twenty-two guns. Besides this, they had a great advantage in position. The battle field was a magnificent stretch of open ground skirted on the east and south by the mighty Mississippi, and covered with thick woods. On this bluff, covered with the main rebel force.

Our forces only numbered 7,000, and consisted of the following infantry: The 9th and 37th Illinois; the 19th and 39th Iowa; the 20th Indiana and 30th Wisconsin. In addition to these were four companies of artillery, who worked twenty-four
tions arose in myriads from the bushes in possession of the wilder prize, than the some circuit or nine guns. Gen. Uenoii were reported officially as killed. The roar of the guns kept up until dark, when by that time green troops who had never seen a fight, had fallen within a yard of a gun and slept undisturbed by the firing.

No sooner had the artillery opened fire briskly, and at half past three, the foppity whistle of the shells, the booming of the cannon, and the continuous roll of the musketry told us that our boys remained to hold the field if possible till dark.

The rebels fought desperately, and seemed no more to regard a shower of bullets than a storm of grape had been but a summer wind. No sooner had a solid shot ploughed its way through their columns, or a shell opened a gap in their lines, than the vacancies were filled by others. They advanced steadily once more upon our left, and there we knew would be the hottest part of the day. The dark of the night was just breaking, when someone one had said was in this case. By a bold movement the rebels were once more checked, and just as the word came that the firing on our extreme right was that of Gen. Blunt, who had arrived with a strong battery and about five thousand men—this intelligence added new courage to our men, and sent a vital blow to every movement that meant victory or death.

General Blunt ranged his twenty-four pieces in a line and opened fire upon the left wing of the rebel army, and saw a portion of their attention towards his forces. They advanced upon him from the woods at a double-quick, seemingly half a mile long. They went down a gentle smooth slope, with an easy prey apparently in view. When they had got to a certain point, within canister range, he opened his entire fire upon them; fairly lifting them from the ground, as afterwards described it. This check of their impetuosity and put terror into their hearts, but still they went on. Another and another volley was given to them until they broke and fled, and when the moment of this storm party had left the field, the ground was strewn and piled with rebel slain. In the meantime our boys had not been idle. They seized the enemy hot at every point, and as the sun went down they were falling back in every direction. Before it had become fully dark, the only sounds of firing heard were those of our own men and cannon. The field was won and the victory gained.

At 9 o'clock of the same evening the enemy were in sight towards Van Buren, and at daylight this morning they were twelve miles away. A more complete and glorious victory was never obtained. As soon as the pull of night had descended upon their motions a perfect stampede took place. Everything this morning denotes a haste to get out of the way, for that we should pursue them. Their force was large enough to crush us completely—in fact annihilate us, and they were well equipped and hand armed. I was comparatively inexperienced in a brilliant repulse and won a decisive victory. This morning collected ground, and every inch of the field are in our hands, and the view in the distance are the piles of dead ambulance parties carrying away wounded.

In the mean time their advance was cut short by a message came requesting an interview with Generals Hunt and Harison. This consumed three hours more, and by that time their army was at a safe distance. This was the result of the tricky cannon of Gen. Hindman. The route was perfectly transparent, yet the game had progressed too far to be stopped without tremendous sacrifice. This occurred on the afternoon of June 5th, or a week before their intention was fully divulged.

The weather of the 7th was delightful, the sun shone clear in a cloudless sky, and the air was as balmy and delicious as on the 1st of June morning. It was remarked by many a soldier that if the cannon had been searched it would have been impossible to have selected a more favorable field of battle than that of Prairie Grove. Gen. Harison's forces entered it from the north, while that of General Blunt from the southern.

The rebels were posted upon the hills and in the woods for four miles along the eastern side of the field, while our batteries occupied the elevations upon the western side a little more than a mile from the rebel lines. The intervening space was farm award, ploughed fields, stubble land, a strip of brushwood, which skirted a little brook running through the middle of the valley. This open country was held by our infantry, and there they went through their movements in their maneuvers in their movements in their maneuvers. Gen. Harison, who, for a good portion of the time, occupied a little hill near Murphy's battery, said it was the hottest part of the day. There could be witnessed the whole of this intensely exciting strife, not a movement of which escaped the quick attention of our young commanders. The bravest but despondent men on the 20th Wisconsin, 17th Iowa and 19th Iowa upon the rebel battery were as plainly to be seen as the moves upon a board. The officers and men were aware of rebels that came trooping out of the wood on our left in numbers sufficient to appall a heart less strong than that of our own men, and then they were beset with their gleaming muskets and flaming banners, as if it had been a holiday parade, instead of the hottest battle that has ever taken place in the State of Kansas.

As an imposing spectacle, it was one of the most terrific, and at the same time magnificent sights imaginable. This defeat has been hailed as a final and complete affair to the rebels. The country around and about Fort Smith and Van Buren has been gleaned of every particle of forage and provisions for fifty miles. So Northern Arkansas and Southern Missouri are regarded by them as a sort of promised land, flowing with nor-
The rebel expedition was carefully fitted out with comfortable clothing, abundant supplies of food, and the best of arms and ammunition. The muskets were a complete copy of the Enfield gun, and stumped "C. S. A., Richmond, Virginia," though they were undoubtedly made in England. A large number of them were captured, and all showed the most perfect finish and workmanship. The markings of cartridges were stumped "J. D. Lowe, Birmingham." A portion of some few of their regiments were composed of conscripts, and when these men were exposed to fire they had a regiment of cavalry posted behind them with orders to shoot them down if they did not fight. Every arrangement and exertion was made to place the chances of victory beyond a peradventure. They are now beaten back beyond the Boston Mountains again, disheartened and completely demoralized.

The whole country lying north of the Arkansas river is at our mercy, and nothing remains for us to do but to step in and take possession. Gen. Herron has added new laurels to his bright reputation, and, as may be supposed, is the idol of his men. Our government has in him a vigorous and skillful General and a sleeping soldier.

All of the regiments engaged upon our side deserve a more particular mention than I can give in this limited space, for they all display most remarkable courage and gallantry. Some other correspondents must do them better justice than I have the opportunity of doing at present.

Statement of the principal imports and exports at and from

**IMPORTS.**

- England
- United States
- Newfoundland
- Guayaquil
- Cuba
- Cuba and Puerto Rico
- Buenos Ayres
- England
- England and Belgium
- United States
- Sweden, Norway, and Prussia

**EXPORTS.**

- Lead
- Oil
- Wine
- Raisins
- Lemons
- Figs
- Almonds
- Grapes

The quintal equals 101,466 pounds United States.

The arroba equals 25,190 pounds United States.

Average measurement of planks, 4 yards long, 12 inches.
hundred and ninety-ninth review before some members of Congress, or that he must hastily finish, as the regiment was just ordered for a Grand Display, before one other woman who hadn’t yet seen them, from one of the northern cities. Such was the feeling of that army during the winter months. But the 10th of March came. The Grand Advances, so long delayed, so anxiously hoped for, began at 4 o’clock on that memorable morning. They marched all day in high spirits, expecting certainly to meet the enemy the next day. The whole army encamped about Fairfax Court House; and that same evening it was announced that the enemy had evacuated both Centreville and Manassas. After remaining in camp a few days the 6th marched back to Arlington Heights, and again left there, March 15th, for the encampment at Alexandria previous to sailing down the Potomac. Here I cannot refrain from relating an incident which impressed my mind, at the time, more clearly than the true grandeur and strength of that army than any other thing, except perhaps the Grand Review at Bailey’s Cross Roads. The head quarters of the 6th were situated on an eminence overlooking a large portion of the country beyond Alexandria, and perhaps within the view one-half of the army were encamped. From the smallness of the shelter tents, occupied by the troops, such a force in the day time would not appear very remarkable, but during the nights, which were very dark at this period, the innumerable camp-fires, of pearing not more than a pace apart, covering the ground as far as the eye could reach, and discovering new camp that could not be seen by the light of day, presented a sight the most remarkable and impressive that I ever beheld. Knowing you could see but half the forces illuminated in that grand pyrotechnic display, you could gain some idea of so vast a body.

The 6th was then in the 1st Army Corps. That corps being a favorite body of troops with Gen. McClellan, they were assured that they would land under fire from the flotilla that would carry them down the river. That though it would be the last to embark, yet it would be the first to meet the enemy. Lulled with this assurance the boys watched with perfect composure the embarkation of regiment after regiment and division after division of other corps until all had gone but the 1st. Gen. McClellan went and was to be followed immediately by this corps. Day after day passed and yet there were no signs of departure. But, experience had taught them patience, as they had fully learned, by this time, that waiting is the sine qua non of the soldier. While thus situated, suddenly the order to go down was countermanded, and, in its stead, another came to march across the country by way of Manassas. The Fates seemed against them, and it was with disappointed hopes, and far from cheerfully, they took up the idea of marching for the Rappahannock. What with building bridges, guarding railroads, marching and counter-marching, the time had been passed, since their arrival beyond Manassas, in being guard of the City of Magnificent Distances.

They have marched, since first leaving Arlington Heights, about 259 miles, and with mud, rain, and heat, they have experienced a very rough campaign. It is a peculiar fatality that has stranded the garlands of actual warfare beyond the reach of so fine a body of troops. But they are no less deserving for their patience and fortitude in the arduous life they lead; and, before this rebellion is crushed, will prove in battle that their perfection in drill and discipline is not entirely without a purpose. Company B remains, as it was, very near the perfection of a military company. It has met with a very sad loss in its captain, but with the satisfaction of knowing that he is to fill a position more worthy of so fine an officer and gentleman. Lieutenants Converse and Ellis will be able to continue the discipline, and sustain the good reputation of the company.

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The sun had not yet risen on Wednesday morning when the firing commenced upon the right.

The 1st Missouri battery, Capt. Heelsko, and the 1st Illinois battery, Capt. Holabird, were about out of a point of woods in front of Johnson's division, which now slightly advanced. The enemy threw himself upon our left with terrible energy, and was thricely repulsed. Again he advanced with a far greater force, and greater desperation than before, and Sheridan's men were compelled to give ground. It was only a moment, however; the brave and noblest men of us, soon rallied by other brave officers, soon rallied by other brave officers, the rebels were repulsed and driven from the front of the field, and the battle was anew. It was a few moments after eight o'clock occurred, and at the same time the sun broke through some cold-looking clouds and flashed a cheer on the right side of the field. There had not elapsed enough time to remove the body of General Sill, when all around was directed to the extreme right, where three divisions of the enemy—McCowan's, Chillicothe's, and Ham's—had advanced in fast and immortalized the followers of Godfrey and released them from the cedar thicket and rushed into the woods and scattered. The gallant and earnest Capt. Simon fought like a hero, as he is, and brought all but two of his guns.

Gen. Kirk, of Illinois, commanding one of the brigades in Johnson's division, was severely wounded while endeavoring to rally his regiment. The enemy succeeded in getting the right flank and rear hemmed in. A large number of officers and men were shot down while standing at the muskets of rebel batteries. Brigades and regiments rushed upon one another in disgraceful disorder, and the route of the division became irretrievable and total.

I have heard to any other conclusion that the right wing of our army was completely surprised, and that too, under circumstances which should have rendered it particularly careful and vigilant. Whether General McCook or General Johnson is to blame for the change of the 15th division, we must leave the present sentiment of the army is extremely hostile to both.

I imagine that it will not be many days before there will be great changes in the leadership of the 15th division. The right of Davis' division which was assailed at the same time as Johnson's, gave way simultaneously, and the rest of the remained seemed to follow as a matter of course.

It is left to Gen. Sheridan to stay the hitherto successful onset of the foe. Never did a man labor more faithfully than he to perform his task, and never was a leader soeded by more gallant soldiers.

His division formed a kind of pivot, upon which the broken wing turned in its flight, and its perilous condition can easily be imagined, when the flight of Davis' division left it without any protection from the throngs that now swarmed upon its front and right flank. It fought until one-fourth of its number lay bleeding on the field, and till both remaining brigades commanders, Col. Roberts and Sheaff, had met with the same fate as Gen. Sill.

Then it gave way, and in almost every instance of the kind, the retreat was changed to rout, only less complete than that of the troops of Johnson and Davis. All these divisions were now harried back together into the annihilation of cedar thickets which skirt the turnpike and extend far over to the right.

Brigade after brigade, battery after battery, from Potomac, Meigs' and Roscase's division, were sent into the thickets to check the progress of the foe and rally the fugitives, but all in turn were either crushed out by the flying crowds broken by the impetuosity of the fugitives, or put to confusion flight or compelled to retire and cover themselves in the best manner that seemed possible.

The history of the combat in those dark cedar thickets will never be known. No man could see even the whole of his own regiment, and no one will ever be able to tell who they were that fought the bravest and who proved recreant to their trust, to receive the enemy when he should emerge from the woods in pursuit of our broken and flying battalions. Suddenly they became visible, and crowds of ten thousand fell upon the General, who, with the hillside and the track of the road, burst from the cedar thickets and rushed into the open space between them and the turnpike. Amongst them all, perhaps not half a dozen men of the same regiment could have been found together. Thick and fast an awful sacrifice of life on the part of the officers of the Union army, the rebels still pushed forward, and came nearer and nearer to the turnpike—nearly two miles and a half the right wing every moment. At one point they were driven in, and a faintness of heart came on us as the destruction of our whole army seemed to stare us in the face, but the word went forth from the left wing and center of the flower of the left wing and center were hurried over towards the right, vast and massed, rank behind rank, in an array of imposing grandeur along the turnpike, and facing to the woods through which the rebels were advancing. The scene at this time was grand and awful as anything I ever expect to witness until the day of judgment. I stood in the midst upon the highest point of the somewhat elevated space, being between the turnpike and the regiment facing the key to our position. Let the rebels come once more possession of it, and of the immense train of wagons packed along the turnpike, and the Union army was irretrievably ruined. Even its line of retreat would be cut off, and nothing could save it from utter rout, slaughter, and capture; and yet each minute it became more plainly evident that all the reinforcements which had been hurried into the woods to sustain and rally the broken right wing, and which the plainest, and most evident indications that the troops were in turn being overwhelmed, in inexpiable disorder, through this route.

Such sounds as proceeded from that gloomy forest of pines and cedars, mingled with such to appeal with terror the stoutest hearts. The roar of the cannon, the crashing of the trees, the whirling and bursting of shells, the unuttered rattle of 30,000 muskets all mingled in one prolonged and tremendous volume of sound, which would be heard by all the thunders of Heaven had been rolled together, and each the awful burst of celestial artillery had been rendered perpetual, and above it all could be heard the voice of the traitorous hosts, as body after body of wagons passed away poll merr in an opposite direction from that to which the victorious foe was marching. A shout and cries of the terrified tumults seemed to appear in the top of their speed, were now mingled with the howls of sounds which swayed and swayed.

Every noise now depended upon the regiments and batteries which the genius of Rosecrans had massed along the turnpike, and were at any moment ready to throw themselves into the battle which was to be given. A portion of the infantry in Johnson's division immediately moved, almost, immediately, before they had taken their arms from the stack, and one of the batteries, Edgerton's (Ohio), was taken before he had fired the third round. Poor Edgerton was not fortunate. He was better, braver young man is seldom found than he. It was his greatest ambition to take part in any serious action, and I remember how often and how earnestly he urged his separation from the old third division, which he wished him from taking part in the battle at Persecution.

His hour came at last. It found him ready, but those upon whom he had a right to rely to do his business, to become known by the notice of the enemy's arrival, failed to do so, and ere his guns could be loaded and discharged three of the rebel bayonets had swept him down, and he himself fell wounded and bleeding into the hands of the foe.

The gallant and earnest Capt. Simon fought like a hero, as he is, and brought all but two of his guns.

Capt. Goodspeed strenuously endeavored, after firing several rounds, to save his company, but only succeeded in getting away with two of them.
broken by the mass of fugitives.

From my position upon the elevated ground, between the railroad and the turnpike, I watched the whole scene, and with an intensity of interest and tumultuous emotion which I have no language to express, I watched for the result when the desperate soldiers of the rebellion should enter the open space.

A tempest of iron was whistling around my head, but for the first time since I began to participate in the transactions of this awful war, they whistled and burst unheeded. I make no pretensions to extraordinary physical courage.

He who says that amidst the horrors of a battle he experiences no feeling of awe and sometimes dread, is a fainthearted, an idiot, or a madman; but at this time I could not have retreated, even had I been so inclined.

My feet were rooted to the spot, my gaze was fixed and settled in the quarter where I expected the enemy to appear, and had an earthquake rent the earth before me, I could not have moved from the spot until I knew from the testimony of my own eyesight whether or not the Union troops upon the left, the last hope, were, like the rest, to be beaten and overthrown.

It was not in consequence of superior physical courage that I remained here, but of the impossibility of doing otherwise. The flower of our troops were ranged in order here, and I had no fears for the result, unless one of these unaccountable panics sometimes run even an army of veterans, should seize upon our yet unbroken battalions.

Yet these were men not liable to panic, men whose lofty courage and devotion to their country's cause overcame and extinguished fear.

Col. Loomis was there with his immortal 1st Michigan battery, and there was Stokes with his noble battery furnished by the Chicago Board of Trade, and Mendenhall and Quinlan with their regular artillery, and the men led by Gen. Smith, composing some of the finest in the service, and the three famous brigades belonging to the old third division.

The 9th and 17th regulars which the daring valor of Rosseux, assisted by the unflinching courage of Col. Scribner, of the 38th Indians, commanding the 9th, and by the splendid abilities of Col. John Hallet, of the 5th Ohio, commanding the 17th, had extricated from the woods into which they had been sent to check the progress of the enemy, in a comparatively unbroken and undismayed condition—a result which, to one who knows something of the nature of that fearful combat in the woods, seems little short of miracles.

Other illustrious corps were there also, whose patriotism and courage I should be glad, even at this early day, to celebrate, if one could have dyed down and cherished them all. Their soul-sacrifices will yet be known and appreciated by a grateful nation, with calm courage Gen. Crittenden awaited the storm, and unostentatious among all the rest was the well-built form of the commanding general, his countenance unmoved by the tumult and noise, and his thoughtful and animated features expressing a high and patriotic hope, which acted like an inspiration upon every one who beheld him.

As he cast his eye over the grand array which he had mustered to repel the foe, he already felt himself master of the situation.

At last the long lines of the enemy emerged from the woods, rank behind rank, and with a demoniac yell, intended to strike terror into the hearts of the Yankees who stood before them, charged with fearful energy almost to the very muzzle of the cannon, whose dark mouths yawned upon them.

A dazzling sheet of flame burst from the ranks of the Union forces. An awful roar shook the earth, a crash rent the atmosphere, and the foremost line of the rebel host was literally swept from the field, and seemed to melt away like snow flakes before a flame, and then both armies were enveloped in a vast cloud of smoke, which hid everything from the eye. In the still visible ground between the pikes and the railroad, the tumult redoubled.

Not knowing what would be the result of the strife which was raging under the great canopy of smoke that concealed the combatants, the flight of those in charge of the wagons and the loud yells because things still were rapid and disorderly. Thousands of fugitives from the broken right wing mingled with the teams, and frequently a mass of men, broken and disordered, would be crushed and ground together.

Every conceivable form of deadly missile whizzed and whirled and burst amidst the crowd, and demanded and dismayed regulated and controllable. The whole disorder mass rushed down as fast as possible towards the river, into which it plunged, pushing and struggling like a huge tide over a sandbar.

The combat under the great cloud of smoke was somewhat similar to that in the woods. No one knows exactly what occurred. There was a shout, a charge, a rush of fire, a recoil, and then for a time disappeared.

For ten minutes, the thunder of battle burst forth from the cloud. When our battalions advanced, they found no rebel between the woods and turpentine, except the dead, dying and disabled. There were hundreds of these, and their blood soaked and reddened the ground.

Since the annihilation of the Old Guard in their charge at Waterloo, there has probably not been so great a slaughter in so short a time as during this repulse of the rebel left at Murfreesboro; and it will hereafter be celebrated in history as much as the fierce combat which crushed forever the power and prospects of Napoleon.

The rebel left was now thoroughly repulsed, and our troops, emboldened by their success, pushed after them into the woods, driving them back in turn over a considerable portion of the ground which we at first occupied.

The roar of our artillery sounded farther and farther off as the different batteries moved on slowly after the retreating foe, and hostile cannon balls no longer pained up the earth around me.

But while the enemy was thus retiring, the forces from this point, by the order of Gen. Crittenden, made a most important dash upon another wing of the part of our lines. It will be recollected that when the great struggle on the right was going on, the wagon and ammunition train had been broken and scattered, and the railroad covered by the Stone River. A part of them were collected in a low piece of ground upon our side of the stream, but a large number were driven across and placed together upon the other bank beyond.

This presented an opportunity which the vigilant and enterprising enemy could not allow to pass. On account of a dense growth of trees, they were within range of the rifles of a whole brigade, which was guarding those on either side, in point blank range of a few pieces of artillery which were there. The river, but nothing daunted by this display of force, about 300 rebel horsemen came galloping around the bend of the river from the direction of the Lebanon Pike, cheered loudly as they approached and made a bold stride for our wagon line.

The panic upon that side was, if possible, worse than that which preceded it. The teamsters, who had so frantically driven across the river when the rebels were assailing our right, found they had escaped Scylla only to fall into Charybdis. They no longer made even a pretense of an attempt to save their teams, but jumped from their horses and ran for life.

A considerable number were captured, were afterwards retaken. It was nearly four o'clock when Hardee was repulsed, and all immediate danger in that quarter was over. He had success in clearing our right, but he had not gained our rear, neither did he obtain the baggage and ammunition trains which he so much coveted.

One of his divisions has been less successful.

While the battle was raging on the right, half a dozen or more piles of artillery belonging to Palmer's division were captured by the rebel left on a line in the direction of Murfreesboro, in order to prevent an advance from that quarter. The division of the rebel Withers happened to be just in range of these cannon. Here he had been stationed by Hardee in readiness to charge upon Palmer's division when that part of our line should be sufficiently weakened by the withdrawal of reinforcements for Crittenden.

The position was a most uncomfortable one, and at every discharge of artillery some of our greatest men bit the dust, but God, in His most to madness by this slaughter of his helpless men, the rebel leader ordered a charge. His men advanced with great impetuosity. The exultation of the rebels was to break in pieces the solid rocks which confine it.

The desperate assailants withdrew at last. Their loss must have been fearful, as they call it the bloodiest struggle in the day.

There was now a lull in the storm, and scarcely a volley of musketry or a boom of cannon was heard for three quarters of an hour.

Some hoped the bloody scenes were ended for the day, but the rebel leaders, disappointed by their failure to penetrate to our camp by way of the right wing, were preparing for a bold blow at the center.

All the reserves were attached to the center of their army under Polk, and Bragg, in person, placed himself at the head of the columns, and now was presented an imposing spectacle. The nature of the ground in this part of the field was such that every movement of the army could be distinctly seen.

The open fields towards Murfreesboro
were smooth enough for holiday parade ground. A fierce cannonade up the turnpike announced the coming onset, and from the very woods from which I had seen the rebel cavalry issue on Monday evening, the first line of battle now awaited them.

It came on in magnificent order, and straggling along swiftly across the sloping field of which I have so frequently spoken, its length seemed interminable. At a sufficient interval, another deployed into the open ground parallel with the first, and the forward battalions were engaged, a third line of battle formed from the same woods.

It seemed as though our seedy troops in that direction must be crushed by the weight of these immense masses of living and moving men. But the ever-watchful eye of Rosecrans had detected the rebel design, even before their front line of battle emerged from among the trees.

The Union army was like a set of chessmen in its hands, and its different brigades and divisions were moved about, about as much facility as are pawns and pieces in the royal game.

The least exhausted troops of the left and centre were hurried forward on the double quick to combat this new effort of the enemy, and even from the extreme left where Van Cleve was posted, a brigade was brought over to take part in the defense. They rushed up to the very muzzle of our cannon and hurled their muskets at the heads of our artillery men. They even shouted demonically when their hearts were pierced by bullets, and tumbled to the earth as if in sympathy with the horrors of the battle field.

It was just eight o'clock when the roar of cannon re-commenced with a terrible force, and the elevated ground between the piece railroad, upon which so many of our troops were massed, their guns were worked with greater effect than ever before.

Every form of shell, shrapnel, round shot, spherical case and oblong shot, were hurled in most unpleasant profusion over the field. Our infantry, unable to take part in this terrible duel, lay close upon the ground, the fiery missiles continually whizzing and bursting over their heads, and tearing up the earth around and among them.

It is wonderful that so few were injured by the iron tempest; yet, there was scarcely a regiment alive on the field. Our infantry, unable to take any part in this terrible duel, lay close upon the ground, the fiery missiles continually whizzing and bursting over their heads, and tearing up the earth around and among them.

The same formidable array of batteries and canister balls and oblong shot, were fired in on our artillery, and did great execution, and our service is finally silencing the enemy's guns. When the firing ceased, however, several of our brave men were wounded, one third of the horses were disabled, and some of the pieces were drawn off to the rear by hand. In all, we lost about one hundred men; but we had the satisfaction of seeing from rebel prisoners, who were taken next day, a statement that the fire from our batteries was exceedingly effectual, and an acknowledgment that their artillery was decisively inferior to our own. But, after all this success of ours, it is needless to deny that a general gloom and despondency was beginning to spread in the army, among both officers and men.

The defeat of McCook had changed our feeling of consternation and dismay took possession of many who are unused to fear, and that the opinion began to gain ground that Gen. Rosecrans had given up the contest, and was drawing in his lines preparatory to falling back on Nashville.

What a New Year's morn was that?

Yet there were undaunted souls there who maintained a steadfast cheerfulness even amidst the general gloom, who smiled whenever they met a well known comrade, and shouted "Happy New Year!" even amid the appalling thunders of the cannonade.

At the time the first guns were fired in the morning, I was myself in the rear where I had gone to visit one of the hospitals. It was about two miles back; and yet as the first echo of the cannon reached their ears, there was a number of men who roused up from their beds, and that the opinion began to gain ground that Gen. Rosecrans had given up the contest, and was drawing in his lines preparatory to falling back on Nashville.

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brisk fire upon Johnson's and Davis' men. The rear was anxious for an opportunity to retrieve the reputation lost the day before, with interest the saucy salute of the rebels, and sent them back into the rear battery minus a score or two of their number.

LOOMIS' PARROTS.

Late in the afternoon a body of rebel cavalry appeared on the summit of the slope, of their number. brisk fire upon Johnson's and Davis' men. The rear was anxious for an opportunity to retrieve the reputation lost the day before, with interest the saucy salute of the rebels, and sent them back into the rear battery minus a score or two of their number.

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flame from the mouths of cannon continued until it was quite dark. Before the troops of Negley had charged upon the fourteen rebel guns at the edge of the cornfield, Capt. Bradley, with the house artillery, had materially injured them by an enfilading fire from the centre of our lines.

THE CARNAAGE.

I rode over the field that night, and again the next morning, and through the battle lines, from one extremity to the other, and, among the stripped and groans and broken prayers of our disabled rebels. The contrast between the patient endurance of our own wounded, and the restless, agitated, and almost unmanly bearing of the rebels, in which the former is always most remarkable. One of them will make his mark in history.

SWEET OF VICTORY.

This brilliant affair was the hinge upon which the course of affairs about Murfreesboro turned. The courage of the Union army was entirely restored from that hour, and when one of Gen. Rossean's aides, who over the field to communicate the victory to the other divisions, followed by a member of Gen. Negley's staff, with a captured rebel banner, there was not a man of all our officers who did not in some way cheer the prating of the enemy. The men behaved well, but suffered terribly.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

Saturday was signalized for the first time since our arrival—cheerful, as had been the case, and the ground covered with snow. The sun disappeared, and the rain remained. The mud on the field had become well nigh insupportable; and it was a pleasant moment for the army to be marching forward into the town. Sunday, the second of January, when Rosecrans entered Murfreesboro, will be a conspicuous day in our country's annals.

To-day the main body of the army is resting from its labors, while the cavalry is harrying the rear guard of the enemy, who are rapidly retreating in the direction of Tullahoma.

Letter from the First Regiment.

MURFREESBORO, TENN., January 6th, 1863.

DEAR FATHER,—Since leaving Nashville I find time to write you from our lines, and from Murfreesboro; where Jeff Davis, a few weeks since, promulgated in a speech at Bragg's Army that we "counsel the enemy should occupy or possess it." But we are here, and the rebel army is in full flight towards Chattanooga. So far as I am able I will give you such information as come within my reach, as much as to the edge and reduction of their reported strength.

Leaving Nashville on the 25th of December (Christmas day,) our army drove the rebel army two-thirds of the way to Franklin, and turned the heads of the rebel army, and took up their positions in two and a half miles of Murfreesboro, under cover of which they formed in line of battle. Gen. Johnson, of Gen. Negley's staff, led our extreme right; next was Gen. Sheridan, and Gen. Negley's right, a portion of Gen. Stonewall's column, under the command of Gen. Crittenden's corps the whole day, and fought with great bravery, and our position was held. The second day the enemy massed their forces on our right, and drove us back with heavy loss, capturing from us some forty prisoners of our own, and leaving our line of battle in the shape of a "Y." Our centre and not having men enough attacked. The prospect looked gloomy enough. This was the last day of the old year. Our brigade, under Col. Stanford, was ordered up from the Franklin pike, and previous to that time we had an engagement with Whiting's brigade of cavalry, which made an attack upon our baggage train, and turned seventeen wagons. We were forced to retreat, and our men were driven on by a heavy skirmish at Point of view. We were engaged in advance, in encampments, where we were kept, and kept up to our knees in mud and water. On the evening of the 21st, between three and four o'clock, the enemy were thrown into confusion, and at that moment our skirmishers advanced and were not met by their march. When a heavy musketry fight had been kept up by all, occupied our entrenchments, and wounded or killed them, we had not the ammunition given out, so we were forced to retire. That night, Saturday, they evacuated the town, and the next day was spent in the pursuit of our besiegers. The town was filled with wounded, and Col. Breyer, 24th Wis., was wounded, and taken prisoner by the rebels. The last heard from him was when in hospital here. To describe what we have suffered, while the enemy's works were taken more than paper than I can find. Our baggage train, everything, was in the rear. We marched at six o'clock, and that night captured a portion of the enemy's train, and a gun battery.

I wish I could give you a full description of the fight, but I do not wish to state what is always the case. Should I do so, I should be compelled to tell you how the thousands of stragglers were met who reported our army in full flight and the enemy pursuing with a black flag. But I have no time to write more.

Your affectionate son,

C. H. M.

FROM THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

Killed and Wounded of the Wisconsin Regiments.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 7th, 1863.

We left Chicago last evening by the Michigan Central, Lafayette and Indianapolis, and arrived here at 2 o'clock this afternoon. We were detained in Chicago for the reason that Gen. Wolecot did not receive his instructions and papers for transportation in time, though he showed his stoves to this place on our arrival in Chicago, and were forwarded from here by river, as it was
impossible to have got them through to Nashville from here by rail road. We leave here to-morrow morning for Nashville. The road all the way up these places is in a break of between 30 and 33 miles, where there are no cars. There is a large number of horses being transported, and passes. Mrs. Geo. D. Prentice was refused a pass this day for Nashville. She informed the Commandant, here, that she had a son in Gen. Rosecrans's Army. They know less of the fight here, than you know in Milwaukee. I saw an officer from Nashville to-day, and he informs me that they are short of provisions there, and that it was next to an impossibility to procure an ordinary meal there at any price, and that the army has been short of provisions for ten days. Between here and Nashville every thing in the shape of provisions has been used up. The rail road between here and Nashville will probably be opened this week. We expect to arrive in Nashville on Friday, and we happen to be so unfortunate as to be gobbled up by secession. Very truly yours.

Nashville, Jan. 10th, '63.

C. L. Sholes.

Dear Sir:—The Wisconsin delegation of physicians and nurses arrived at Nashville, after a few delays, on the 8th, (Friday evening.) We find the city filled to its utmost capacity with our sick and wounded, and the usual influx of anxious strangers, gathered to find the remains of the gallant dead, or administer to the wants at Murfreesboro, Jan. 9th, '63, we find the following instances of the cold-blooded savagery of rebel barbarity, which we have not seen recorded elsewhere. And yet these are the “Southern brethren” whom the copperhead Democracy of the North are so fearful of offending, and so anxious to “conciliate,” that they would seek a peace at their hands on any terms—provided they (the Democracy) be allowed a share in the spoils of office:

The writer, after describing the attack on Wheeler's rebel cavalry upon their baggage train, and his final repulse, says:

"The rebels took several of our men that were left back with the teams, prisoners. Out of our company they took Alexander McDonald and Harvey Arnold. Harvey being unable to keep up with them, one of them behind remarked, that he had not shot any one yet, to-day, and drew up and shot him! He is expected to die, if he is not dead before this."

"Who but a traitor at heart, would talk of "conciliating" such devilish atrocity? and yet it is just the treatment that all resident Union men of the South are liable to receive whenever they are within the power of these blood-thirsty ruffians,—to be shot down in cold blood like a dog!"

The writer further says: "Our Company Commanding, Wm. Twiggess, was wounded, and would have been taken prisoner, but they thought he was wounded so that he would die, but they were mistaken. His wound is bad but not fatal."

Private Letter from the First Regiment.

Head Quarters 1st Wis.
Murfreesboro, Tenn., Jan. 10th, '63.

Dear Mother and Sister:

I wrote you hastily from Nashville, telling you of the great battle they were having at this place, and, according to orders, we moved forward with the trains the succeeding morning. We marched thirty miles that day, reaching Murfreesboro just after the troops entered the town.

The road along a distance of ten miles before reaching Murfreesboro, is strewed with burned wagons and dead mules and horses.

The Michigan Engineers and Mechanics engaged the Cavalry Brigade under Gen. Wheeler—the same that attacked our train, the circumstances of which I wrote you—and killed a great many and repulsed them in three separate charges. The engineering were posted behind a stockade, and with their bayonets and unerring bullets, dealt death and destruction to them by the wholesale. Just across the road from the stockade, is an open field of an acre, where a portion of the cavalry drew up in line for the charge. The ground is literally covered with Rebel horses. I counted sixty-eight while riding over it once. This was nearly equal to the fatality of the charge upon our guns at Murfreesboro, comparatively.

But this the papers seem with accounts of the battle—the five days' siege which terminated so gloriously. The only complaint we have to make is that Johnson—the same who surrendered at Gallatin last fall—allowed himself to be surprised, and thirty-one pieces of his artillery taken.

This compelled "Rosy" (a familiar name for Genl. Rosecrans,) to withdraw Genl. McCook, who commanded the left, and whose business it was to flank their right and get into the enemy's rear. But Johnson, who commanded the centre, was retreating in disorder, and McCook rushed to reinforce him, thus relinquishing his dear project of a flank movement; otherwise our army must have captured the enemy's entire force.

The casualties in our Regiment are limited. The Brigade was held in reserve and occupied a position which commanded a view of the entire field. The scene was magnificent. The tide of battle ebbed and flowed with ever-varying success, laying each shore with bloody waters. Here we see a battery thrown hurriedly into position, and, as suddenly the enemy prepares to charge on it. On they come with their front unsullied, in perfect line...
They seem almost within reach of the guns, when— a flash—a cloud of smoke—and a roar that causes the very earth to stagger, and the scene is lost to view.

When the smoke clears away, the ground appears covered with the dead, and dying, and a host struggling for the victory. The contest is short and decisive. The assailants give way, and with demoniac yell.all our gallant defenders pursue their retreat, dealing a bayonet here and a bullet there, until the enemy reaches his fortifications, when the pursuers meet fresh troops, and again a retreat and pursuit; and ever thus, retreats and pursuits follow rapidly in each other's footsteps for five long weary days.

At the end of this the grand and final charge was made. Gen. Rosecrans places a battery in full view of the enemy with a feasible support. Darkness closes over the field, and under cover of its kind obfuscation, the Genl. masses one hundred and ten guns in one Grand Battery, and awaits the charge of the enemy. As expected the battle was 'hobbled.' While the Heavens wept and roared, and darkness deep and black as an ominous night, rested upon the plain, a faint bust breaks in upon the silence; a sound as of the tread of many feet gives warning of the enemy's approach. Their advance is firm and unwavering. On they come in one solid phalanx, eager for the onset, and little suspecting the warm reception that 'Old Rosy' (as they call him) had prepared for them; confiding of complete success. The advance guard of the Clay Battery opens on the right and left and flie precipitately to the rear. The enemy's success seems complete. They rush forward in hot pursuit, yelling and howling like so many demons from Hades. Why this utter silence is the Union camp? Ah! soon you'll hear a sound as startling to the ears of those victory-flushed rebels as was the cannon's opening roar to the night-rovers of Waterloo.

With haughty and unflinching mien, the noble Rosecrans watches through his nightglass the approach of that eight-rank-host. See him now! the moment has come! Searce a muscle of his face works as he pronounces the words "Stand to your pieces!" All are breathless in expectancy. There he stands like the Mars of old, cool and unexcited, and when the order, "Fire!" was given, and the earth shook and trembled with the reverberation of those 110 Parrots and howitzers, he moved not, neither stirred he until the clearing up of the smoke of battle gave him a view of the results.

Now he shouts "Forward!" and at a double quick he precipitates a host of bayonets against the breasts of the already ready-horror-stricken, covering foe. They break and flee with the swiftness of the wind. Pursuit was hot and the pursuers halted not until the enemy was driven from his works and our men in them.

The retreat thus commenced was followed up, and in the morning not a vestige of the splendid army of Bragg and Breckinridge remained, save the sick, dead and wounded, and the tents and stores left in their rapid flight. Pursuit was continued until our fatigued and wearied soldiers fainted, and returned. The forces on the rebel side are said to have been 75,000, and the Union side about 65,000. These are rough estimates. The losses are immense and not yet ascertained. The enemy was daily reinforced from Richmond. But the per

Thus terminated one of the fiercest and most decisive battles of the rebellion.—We captured nearly all of the guns taken from us by the enemy on Tuesday, the 30th ult. Our General is loved by all. There was no danger to which he did not expose himself—no stone that he left unturned to complete his victory. I would criticise his moving the immense baggage trains of his army to the very front during the battle. But it seems that he thought not of defeat, nor made calculations upon a retreat.

His motto was "Victory or death," and most signal has been his victory.

Col. W. H. Wollcott commands the Division which is now known as the 1st, and the Brigade is known as the 3d instead of the 26th.


MURFREESBORO, Tenn., Jan. 15, 1863.

To the Secretary of War:

The accompanying reports from the several regiments of Wisconsin volunteers, have not been prepared and forwarded, with the despatch desired. I at first intended to procure the facts through my own agents, but soon found that would be impossible, for many had already been sent to Nashville or some other station, and were there visited by me. Many others were on their way and before our return more likely enough to be at Murfreesboro, or some other station in the neighborhood of the battle-field, where temporary hospitals had been hastily prepared for them. All of whose reports were brought to town, as soon as accommodations would be prepared—first, many were already coming. In this way, so many were in transit towards Nashville and Murfreesboro, that I found it impossible to succeed, and then went directly to the surgeons of the regiments engaged.

I had found a better state of things than was expected—not as many either killed or wounded. Many of those wounded will soon recover and return to duty; a few must prove fatal, and some others be permanently disabled.

Through the activity and energy of Messrs. Hart and Douglas, our stores arrived at Nash- ville among the first on the way and before our return more than a part of my surgeons and nurses at Nashville to await their arrival and hurry them on to Murfreesboro. I succeeded in getting them through before or among the first that were received at this place. We have, on usual, received aid and courtesy of the com- mission, through the agents, Mr. Boll now and Drs. Brink and Seymour, as well as the welco me God speed, of the medical gentlemen of the army. My assistant, Surgeon and nurses, have acquitted themselves nobly. I have every reason to be satisfied with the re

I think I can close my duties this week, and be ready to leave on Monday next.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. B. WOLCOTT.

From the Sanitary Commission.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 19.

Mr. Errou—It is rather late in the day to attempt to give anything new or interesting relating to the battle, but it was impossible for me to get a letter to you before.

The Doctor left for Murfreesboro with three of his assistants on the 11th, leaving the others here to look after our wounded. About a mile from here we overtook the supply train with an escort. The train was at least ten miles in length. For the first ten miles we made very good time, but meeting an union train coming this way, and some parties, went on towards Nashville. The Pike is not wide enough for three trains abreast, consequently we were obliged to pick our way, sometimes we were in the ditches or the fields or in the ditches. Dead horses can be seen at most any place along the road. Two miles this side of Lavergne, a place six miles from Nashville, and for the next six miles, the road is perfectly strewn with horses. I counted forty-seven in one place where our folks had a little skirmish. A train of two hundred waggons was destroyed by guerrillas at this place. In some instances the roads were strewed with the contents of the waggons. Every nigger driver that was taken was shot right on the spot. The next day our army burned a bridge, and the commandants mark the spot where Lavergne was.

The rebels attacked the train of the 28th brigade near this place and burned seventeen...
wagons; but before they could destroy any
more our cavalry made their appearance and
killed 84 of them. The town was handily
cleared to the salt. The First and Twenty-
First Wisconsin Regiments were also engaged
in this skirmish. We passed through the part
taking part in the firefight.
You can form some kind of an idea how un-
comfortable it must have been there, by the
looks of the trees. Our men suffered very
much the last two days of the fight for the
want of food. All they had was a little
parched corn, George Stewarck's horse
killed by a cannon ball. They say that the
men skinned him and were eating him in
less than 15 minutes. Our stores were the
first to arrive and were immediately delivered
to the men. I assure you they were very ac-
tepable.
Gen. Johnson's force was in the advance
on the extreme right and was attacked at 7
o'clock in the morning. The rebels heard
the call to water horses, and while the
horses were being watered they attacked him. They
took two full batteries belonging to Johnson
without a gun being fired. It was a com-
plete surprise. Johnson then fell back over
two of the rebels pursuing him. The lieut.
of Jeff C. Davis' division who was on
Johnson's left. They all claim here, if John-
son had pursued, we would have been able to
hold our position on the right and that Rosecrans would have taken
Negro army.
Gen. Johnson is the man that surrendered
on an inferior force at Gallatin last August.
The Twenty-eighth brigade, now the third,
regiment of the First and Twenty-first Wis-
consin, Seventy-ninth Pennsylvania, Twenty-
fourth Illinois and Stone's Kentucky battery,
commanded by Col. Starkweather, were or-
dered the day previous to the battle, to Jeff-
saville.
Had they been on the field they would have
laid two of the regulars, that lost 296 men out of less than 1,000.
They were called for to take this position, but
fortunately for them, they were not there.
The Twenty-eighth has been last two days of the
fight, and lost in killed and wounded 122.

The first had 11 wounded, among the number
was Major McVern, of Kenosha. The Twenty-
first Wisconsin had 11 wounded. This bri-
gade is considered here one of the best in
Gen. Rosecrans' army. Col. Bingham is the
right of the regiment. It is not said that he
has a man in his regiment that but loves and
respects him. That can be said of but
few Colonels in the service. The Twenty-
first Wisconsin did better than could have been ex-
pected under the circumstances. They had
but one of three field officers present, and he
Major Hibbard, took command the night be-
tore they were ordered to advance. At
the same time the Colonel left for Nashville,
where we found him on our arrival there.
One of the Captains that had got out of harm's
way, and was sitting by the wayside when the
Chaplain came riding along on his way to
the regiment, hailed him, and wished to know
if he had any mail for him. The Chaplain re-
p lied that it was no time to talk upon such
matters. This so pleased the Major to see him
well, and had better return to his regiment
and fight for his country. During the con-
versa-
tion, the Major happened to be led by a
Negro on their way to the front. They gave three
cheers for the Chaplain, and three groans for the
Captain. Another Captain crawled on him
through the hospital, was taken prisoner there, with a red string around
his arm, and was paroled as a hospital nurse.
This was what the Negroes took to an
order man's advice, and march the regiment
to Nashville.

Two others of the same grade did equally
bad. One of them tried to get a horse and
leave for Nashville, but did not succeed.
Gen. Rosecrans was not surprised, and did not return until after the fight. The other had
so close to the ground that he could not be
seen. The regiment broke, but rallied again
within 100 yards of the enemy, and soon
like old veterans. Major Hibbard is entitled
to a great deal of credit. He had not been
with his regiment for two months, was
quizzed with the men and they with him.
He procured the order to return to his regi-
ment, when Gen. Sherman was opposed to
granting it, as the General wished him to re-
main on his staff. It was some time before
the General would consent to let him off. A
storm was of such a character that he was
for his bravery, and the coolness he exhib-
ted during the battle.
Adjutant McArthur showed as much bra-
vour as any, if not more, and was not
side一点 by the men, and all speak in the highest terms of him.
You will probably see quite a number of
commissioned officers in the regiment, and
all speak in the highest terms of him.
Men have been promoted that were not
entitled to promotion. For instance lieuten-
ants who have been promoted from the ranks,
that have not been with the regiment since they have
been in the field, jumping over non-com-
misioned officers that are good soldiers
and have done their duty. It is poor
satisfaction for a soldier to lay out in the
trenches, or on a picket duty where he is
liable to lose his life at any minute, and when
a vacancy occurs in the regiment by an injury
in rank, who has managed to get detailed as
some General's clerk to avoid doing duty.
Another instance was a man who was a com-
nissioned officer sick and obliged to go to
the hospital, while he is absent from the regiment
but has not the courage to lay out in the
trenches, or on a picket duty where he
(although they have no right to do so), knowing
there will be a vacancy of a commissioned
officer, and put a friend in his place, who
is promoted a lieutenant. This sergeant in the
hospital is not notified, and when he returns to his company, finds that
he has been induced to the ranks. If he
happens to have influential friends on the spot
at the time, he may be reinstated in his old
position, but has lost his chance of promo-
tion. You trace back some of these promo-
tions and you will find an influential political
friend at the bottom. The way this regiment
has been promoted is not expected to find
the men contented.

When Col. Bristock left on account of his
health, he returned to the regiment
without an escort, but on our ret-ern
tho pike much better guarded. We
found the picket much better guarded. We
need cavalry very much. Every train that
passes has no supplies (and all the sup-
plies are conveyed by wagon trains) it takes
from one regiment of infantry to a brigade to
act as an escort. It is thirty miles from
Nashville to Murfreesboro that they are
ordered to march thirty miles every time
they receive any supplies.

There are over 1,500 wounded rebel there.
All business places have been closed and
the people have left the country. There are some
very fine dwelling houses and public build-
ing there, but they are all occupied by the
sick and wounded. Last week on Wednes-
day about 3 o'clock at night it commenced snowing, and about 10
o'clock at night it commenced snowing, and before morning every thing was frozen up
at least 2 inches on the ground. Some of the regiments had lost their tents during the battle and were obli-
ged to bank up in the storm. You ask me
tell you it was hard. Thursday was a very
solday, and in fact so was the remainder of
the week. The storm raised the creeks so
much at Murfreesboro that it carried away
the railroad bridge and left the stream so
high that it could not be forded. At the
same time it was reported that all the
bridges on the pike were carried away, and that
trains had been attacked and the mail lost, but
the latter proved to be a false alarm.

Sunday was the first day that it was safe
to leave for Nashville, and we improved
the opportunity. Monday morning we were
obliged to wait for our breakfast at the City
Hotel until they could send out and get wood
to cook it with. Wood and chips were sold for
60 cents a cord. I saw a few woodsmen
here looking after their friends that are in
the hospitals. Although they take as good
care of those in the hospitals, still I would recommend those having
friends there, to get them home if possible.

At the first-class hotels in Nashville you do
not find anything but eggs and pork on the
menu for only once a day, and no vegetables of any kind. I had
a much better meal in camp than we got at the
hotels.

There is still a break of 11 miles on the
Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and you are
obliged to ride the distance in lumber wag
The Flag of the First Wisconsin—A Glorious Souvenir.

[Historical recount of events and heroism from the Civil War]


HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE CUMBERLAND, MD.

The Battle of Stone River.

General Summary.

For a detailed history of the series of skirmishes, closing with the battle of Stone River, and occupation of Murfreesboro.

We engaged the enemy, with the following force:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Infantry</th>
<th>44,749</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Artillery</td>
<td>1,497</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>46,246</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

We fought the battle with the following force.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Casualties</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Killed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wounded</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The force fought is estimated as follows:

- We have prisoners from 125 regiments of infantry (consolidations counted as one) averaging 20 men each—will give:
  - 2,500 men.

Their average loss taken from the statistics of Clayburn, Breckinridge, and Wither's obituary was about 2,060 men each. Thus for six divisions of infantry, say 12,360 men, or to ours 162 to 190.

Off 14,560 rebels struck by our missiles it is estimated that:

- 1,000 rounds of artillery hit.
- 50,000 rounds of small arms.
- 144 musketry balls struck one man.
- 154 musketry balls struck one man.

Of the whole, it is evident that in every superior numbers on unknown ground, inflicting much more injury than we suffered, were always superior, on equal numbers, and failed of a most crushing victory on Wednesday, by the extension and direction of our right.

This closes the narrative of the movements and seven days fighting, which terminated with the occupation of Murfreesboro.

For a detailed history of the battle and its bearing on the battle of the different commands, their obstinate bravery and patient endurance, in which the new regiments of infantry and those of more experience, I must refer to the accompanying sub-reports of the corps, division, brigades, regiments and artillery commanders.

To say that men such as Major General G. H. Thomas, true and prudent, distinguished in a small and on unoccupied fields for skill, courage; or Maj. Gen. Morgan, a bold, faithful and loyal soldier, who bravely bore the brunt at Shiloh and at Fort Donelson, and as bravely as any on the bloody field of Stone River; and Maj. Gen. Thomas Crittenden, whose heart is that of a true soldier, often at the officers by his companions in arms in the hour of battle, on the day, and witnessed many times in this contest, long before any of our number had the honor to command him, never more conspicuous than in this combat, maintained his high character throughout this action; but always exEb the feeling of obligation to them for counsel and support from the time of my arrival to the present hour. I doubly thank them, as well as the gallant, ever ready M. J. General Rosecrans, for their support in this battle.

Brig Gen. Stanley, already distinguished for four successful actions, (dated No. 10, May 27th, before Corinth, Info and the battle of Corinth, at this time in command of one of the regiments of cavalry, fought the enemy's forty regiments of infantry and artillery, and beat them wherever he could meet them. He ought to be made a Major General for his services, and also for the good of his command.

A true such Brigadier as Negley, Jefferson C. Davis, Johnson, Hummer, Haskel, Van Cleve, Wood, Mitchell, Craft, and Sherrill, and others, whom they ought to be made Major Generals in our army, and in charge of our forces as Col. Chalmers, Miller, Haskell, Samuel Bragg, John Fury, of the 3rd Ohio, Haskell, Starkweather,
er, Stanley and others whose names are mentioned in the accompanying report, the Government may well consider. They are the men from whose homes should, be an armed body, supplied with Brigadier Generals, just to the brave men, officers, and regiments of the Ist Army, equally demand their promotion, to give them the same rank and pay as the proper leaders. Many Captains and subalterns also showed great gallantry, and capacity for superior officers.

But above all, the steady rank and file showed invaluable bravery, courage, and discipline, and innumerable cases of men not superior to any troops in ancient or modern times. To them, I offer my heartfelt thanks and good wishes.

The general next speaks in special praise of the gallant officers of his staff, with others, and concludes as follows:

"With all the facts of the battle fully before me, the relative number, and position of our troops, and those of the rebels, the gallantry and obstinacy of the contest, and the final result, I say, from a conviction, that no public acknowledgement due to Almighty God for the victory this day is "in no wise, in no wise, and in no wise just.""

Signed, W. S. ROSECRANS,
7th Gen. Commanding.

What a Recommit, Soldier, Says.

THE ARMY HOPEFUL AND TRUE-HEARTED.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR LOYAL MEN.

A Letter which Northern Copperheads are Asked to Read.

(Special Correspondence of the Daily Wisconsin.)

MURFREESBoro, Tenn. Feb. 17, '63.

In the utterance of all items of general interest in the Army of the Cumberland, you must not look for a sensational letter from the "subscriber" at this time; but reading that if I wait for such matter, it will be a long time before I write at all. I have concluded to give you an idea of how the political cat is performing its saltatory feats in this Department, for there is a "police" occasionally in the army, although you can't "see it" unless you look it up.

It is true that a great many of us would like to be enjoying the comforts of home; nostalgia is by far the most prevalent disease in camp; but it is also true that but a very considerable portion of them would be willing to accept their discharge until the cause which called them out is terminated in our way. This is a fact, and one which it might be as well for home politicians to make a note of.

If the approaching Congress should determine to terminate the present war by granting the demands of the rebels, it is by no means unlikely that they will be treated to a political snow storm of the most pitiful character, that is, if 19.20ths of those who are now in the service can have any weight in ensuing elections. I tell you, my friend, that all hope of restoring the Union be lost, a great majority of the Western troops would be disposed to let what the still continue in the field, fighting upon President says upon the "nigger question, this general issue, only: "That we can turn their stomachs. Those the troopers in the regiments from Indiana and Kentucky have expressed themselves in the way they would have been very apt to leave such a table as, Shiloh, or Chaplin Hills, or Murfreesboro, before the first course had been removed.

The army is in splendid condition; nearly everything has been provided to put it in the best fighting trim; it has the utmost confidence and trust in General Rosecrans; and when the roads become passable you may look for an immediate advance; and when it meets the enemy it is bound to get licked.

SUBSCRIBER.

FROM THE 1st WISCONSIN.—Captain McVey of the 1st Wisconsin, just returned to Kenosha, from Murfreesboro, furnishes the Telegraph with the following:

"The Ist Regiment is in better condition now than it has been since the battle of Perryville. They marched on the 20th with 300 muskets. Col. Starkweather left camp with his brigade, on the 20th ult., in company with a large force under Gen. Reynolds. They succeeded in capturing 300 prisoners, two railroad trains, also an ammunition train at McMinnville. Our troops advanced the same day on all the roads leading from Murfreesboro, stirring up the rebels in every direction."

Another Voice from the Soldiers.

The following expression of the sentiments of the officers and soldiers of the 1st Wisconsin Regiment, in reference to the present National crisis, and the efforts of Northern Copperheads to array the people against the government, and to weaken and embarrass its efforts to maintain our National honor and crush out rebellion, has been sent us by one of the representatives of Sheboygan county in that regiment, with a request to publish, which we do most cordially.

The resolutions administer a fitting rebuke to the disgraceful Senator (SAT CLARK) who in his seat in the Legislative Hall at Madison, termed the gallant soldiers in the regiments pitched into the good things, when he was patriot, Gen. ROSECRANS; "a scoundrel, mildly admonished that the deacon had as villain and a coward." The cowardly few words to say. The irreverent "cuss," remarked, "go ahead old hoss, you can't say anything that will turn my stomach."

We have left our homes to "lack" the rebels and put down the rebellion, and how we believe that Northwesterners are just as eager and willing for the work as they were when they came out; although the job is longer than we anticipated.

CAMP 1st WIS. VOL. INF'TY., MURFREESBoro, TENN., March 28, 1862.

At a meeting of the officers of the 1st Reg. Wis. Vol. Infantry, held at the Head Quarters of the Regiment on the evening
der-in-chief, a "sneak, a villain, and a coward," that every member of this regiment stands ready to cram the words down the throat of the miserable wretch who uttered them.

Resolved, That we look upon the imputations cast upon our noble Republicans, not as emanations from a high-minded patriotism, but rather as the forensic eloquence of a "successful candidate" belying the people he assumes to represent, himself being a traitor to his country.

Resolved, That we entreat our friends at the North to give up any vain hopes of peace they have based upon the triumphs of any party, and stand up, shoulder to shoulder for a vigorous prosecution of the war. We have suffered much in this cause and are willing to suffer more. Many brave hearts have ceased to beat with ours, but we are still ardent, still devoted.

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, We deem it fit and proper, that the members of the First Regt. Wis. Vol. Inf'y should publicly express their sentiments as a body, in reference to the crisis through which our Country is passing, now, therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby reaffirm our unalterable devotion to the cause in which we have so long been engaged, and in which so many of our brave comrades have fallen.

Resolved, That the devotion of the officers and privates in rebellion, have only prepared us for renewed vigor and greater endeavors to perpetuate the union of the States and carry the Old Flag over every foot of territory in rebellion.

Resolved, That while none more ardently desire peace than we, who by stern experience in the field have learned to appreciate its blessings yet we can see nothing but insult and disaster in any peace except the unconditional allegiance of the people in rebellion to the Government in the State, and the separate States, that we can learn that our enemies have offered us peace on any other terms than that we yield entirely to their demands for a separate Government, and we hereby solemnly declare that we will never yield to their demands.

Resolved, That in the present Administration we recognize the legally constituted executive power of this country.

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS.

Submitted to the non-commissioned officers and privates, and their action requested thereon, whereupon they were passed with enthusiasm, and without a dissenting voice.

H. P. Scheuler, Secy.

Interesting Items from the First Regt.

Correspondence of the Times.

H. P. Scheuler, Secy.

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H. P. Scheuler, Secy.

H. P. Scheuler, Secy.
The correct—since one man within the fortifications is equivalent to six of the assaulting party—it would require at least 40,000 men to take our army by storm. I judge we are safe as long as provisions hold out, against any force they can muster.

The site over the Sumter River battlefield, on the northern side of these works, and view the commanding positions held by the enemy during that fearful engagement, one is wonder-struck that victory was ours. There must have been implicit confidence in the overwhelming numbers of the rebels, or else they underestimated the importance of the place as to their base of operations. They threw up works deserving no distinction above rifle pits, that are now left totally disregarded. The indomitable perseverance of Hessians, who knew not when he was whipped, achieved a victory, and the enemy were hustled on to Tullahanna "to dig another ditch," and there they now are awaiting offensive demonstrations upon our part.

There is a universal sentiment of sorrow and dissatisfaction throughout our Brigade, at the neglect of Col. Starkweather in the late appoint-ments of Brigadiers. That he justly deserves promotion is universally acclaimed and conceded, and it cannot but be presumed, that after the urgent recommendations sent forward, some partisan influences must have operated in opposition to him. The man who offered the first services from his state, and commanded its first and only regiment in the three months' service, re-organized it for the full term, and has since acquired himself with the greatest credit, certainly deserves promotion at its hands. That justice may yet be awarded him at Washington, is the unanimous and earnest wish of his brigade, and particularly of his own First. That he should command a brigade, and sometimes a division, with only the rank of a Colonel, is unjust.

Capt. Rogers has returned to the regiment, but not yet for duty in the company; I believe.

Capt. Field has been in command of Co. I (excepting a month or so on detail as Quartermaster,) since the Captain's departure upon the recruiting service last summer. He is a first class officer, the idol of his own men, and highly esteemed by the entire regiment.

Capt. Clark has been acting Major since the battle of Franklin, and latterly Judge Advocate upon the Division Courts Martial. He is now appointed upon the staff of Gen. Rousseau in that position, and a worthy selection could not be made. A man of his stability and experience was especially required there, and we are glad he has received the position.

Lieut. Mc Fallen is now in command of Co. II, and Lieut. Richardson temporarily in charge of Co. F.

Lieut. E. P. Clark is acquiring himself as a soldier and gentleman, and is very popular with his men. His commission was worthily bestowed.

There has been considerable talk of the probabilities of the First returning to the state, to recruit up and assist in enforcing the draft, but I guess the idea is abandoned as "no go." We are likely to complete our three years' term before seeing our Badger State again. The 34th seem to advance their claims for the imaginary privilege of returning to the state, equally with the First.

The semi-occasional visits of the Times are gladly welcomed in my tent, but if the mails would bring them with a little more regularity it would be still more pleasant. I find a good market for their perusal in the regiment, as there are very few, or none at all received there now. With many apologies for this hasty letter, I am, very respectfully, Yours
dar

W. H. S.

From the First Regt.

Correspondence of the Times.

May 4, 1863.

MRS. H. N. RACE.

Dear Sir—Will you have the kindness to publish in the columns of the "Evening Star," this note, written in behalf of a brave and gallant soldier from Shelby County, who was wounded at the battle of Chaplin Hills, Ky. I know I shall not appear in vain to our patriotic citizens who have so nobly responded to every call, and whose sons have bled upon every battlefield. From Fort Donaldson to Murfreesboro, and back again, I have yet to hear of a man who would not hesitate to rob the cause of humanity of its many blessings, to serve their own interests, and gratify certain greedy propensities; for I certainly think that nothing but cowardice prevents them from being good Union men. Surely the fear of miming balls and grape shot must be uppermost in their minds. But enough: I had intended to be personal, but supposing your columns would not allow, I must say—

We are enjoying the most magnificent weather that the genial climate of Middle Tennessee can boast of. The trees are put out in all their robes of green, and from every cluster of fruit trees comes a cluster of blossoms tempting us that soon will come the season when we can enjoy that much coveted luxury, to-wit: peaches, apples and pears.

Whatever that regulations allows us we get, in striving to conform with our southern bosom, who, from occasional glimpses that we get of them, must be on the verge of starvation.

Hoping my improper manner of introducing myself will not be misinterpreted, that an occasional number of your paper may reach us, such a request will be speedily acted on such as against us ere we get home, for surely it will be then, I am, truly yours,—H. F. Sargent.

LETTER FROM MURFREESBORO.

Head Quarters, 1st Division, Murfreesboro, 1863.

M. B. WILLIAMS, Esq. —It is so long since I heard from you, that I have concluded I had better remind you of my existence. It is now nearly five months since we entered this place, and although it may seem that we have spent a long time in doing nothing, you would be surprised to see the amount of work accomplished. Mur-
Berea has become one of the strongest places in the interior, and it is not feared we shall ever be obliged to retreat to Louisville to gain a base of operations. Our position is impregnable, and withal, we have nearly a year's supply here and at Nashville. The army itself is in an excellent state of health and discipline. Indeed, I believe the army of the Potomac in its best days, could not surpass it. If appearances do not deceive, I think we shall move soon. You know, of course, that three months ago, the rebel army in front of us, was largely re-enforced—to such an extent as to make it twice as strong as our force, and it was at one time a question whether our position would be tenable against the enemy, but such fears have passed, and nothing could prove more advantageous to us than an attack on us. It appears, however, that the rebels have withdrawn a large portion of their army from our front, undoubtfully to support their army at Vicksburg. If this proves true beyond a doubt—and few days or hours will show it—we shall move on them with all dispatch, and if they retire, we are sufficiently provided with transportation and pontoon, to follow them up—possibly overtake and whip them in detail. There is one arm of our service which has been brought to a point where it can be of use, which it never was before—the cavalry. Whatever we shall do hereafter, I hope and believe we will be able to give a better account of ourselves than the army of the Potomac has. We hope Gen. Grant may prove successful, and if so, we will have undermined one of the corner stones of the Southern Confederacy.

The weather is fine here now. The gardens, although not taken care of, bloom with the choicest flowers, which, in the cool evening, fill the air with perfume. Early summer fruit, such as strawberries, we have little of. In fact, fruit is not cultivated here to such an extent as with us. That which we find is natural or wild fruit.

I am not with my regiment down here, and am interested in a Southern establishment near Headquarters. I have not heard anything of Col. Gill's whereabouts for some time.

Yours Truly,
Wm. G. WEDEMEYER.

From the First Regiment.

Correspondence of the Times.

In Camp near Murfreesboro.

Bo, Tenn. June 17, '63.

Dear Times:—Having just returned to camp, after a stay of nearly six months, during which time I have been a prisoner of war, I didn't know but you would like to hear a word from the army about here,

such as success and success, spirits, prospects, &c. The camp here is in a very healthy location, and taking it all together, we are quite pleasantly situated. When I write a meaning—a natural and sympathetic was "gobbled up," which was about the "theatric" gentleman. Such is Rosecrans, and as such, he is at once set down at first sight, so plain can his soul be seen in his face. All had confided in him. He led the advance and all followed willingly.

Four or five miles beyond a doubt—and few days or hours will show it—we shall move on them with all dispatch, and if they retire, we are sufficiently provided with transportation and pontoon, to follow them up—possibly overtake and whip them in detail. There is one arm of our service which has been brought to a point where it can be of use, which it never was before—the cavalry. Whatever we shall do hereafter, I hope and believe we will be able to give a better account of ourselves than the army of the Potomac has. We hope Gen. Grant may prove successful, and if so, we will have undermined one of the corner stones of the Southern Confederacy.

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Yours Truly,
Wm. G. WEDEMEYER.
Editors Motor:—With the Regiment once more. But many familiar faces are missing. "Chapin Hill's" and "Stone River" engraved on the folds of that dear old flag tells the tale of our fallen comrades. But they have nobly fallen a sacrifice to the priceless gem, Liberty. Peace to their ashes, and blessings to their posterity.

Editors Motor:—Yesterday I heard a report from Stono River that the battle was fairly commenced. For three days the army was getting away, though skilled in outpost fighting before our advance had moved ten miles. On the 20th and 21st the fighting was active, at no point more than there. The 78th Pennsylvania, with six pieces of artillery, was waiting to arrest his advance. On his coming in sight the six pieces opened on him, but without stopping to see the effects he dashed forward, and in less time than it will take to read what I have written, he had ridden down and subdued the gunners, driven Wheeler and his troops pellican across the bridge and into the river, killing and wounding some three hundred and fifty, many, many, and taking between five and six hundred prisoners.

About the same time, Gen. Johnson's Division, under Maj. McCook, made one of the finest charges of the war. They marched straight across an open field, into the trees; the Constabularies were in a partially captured enemy, without stopping to fire a shot, and on stepping out of the woods on the left, charged with a determined cheer, they rushed forward and with the bayonet, drove the gunners from his cover, killing, wounding, and capturing many, and losing about 100 in killed and wounded.

Rousbaul was not idle in his division, as the 1st and 2nd Wisconsin Regiments. At Hoover's Gap, he drove the enemy from their defences. On the 22d of June, Rosencrans found it almost impossible to gain naval artillery and supplies, sent forward what of his army he could push through the wood towards Tullahoma, to delay Bragg's advance.

When I left Manchester yesterday, it was generally believed that Tullahoma was evacuated, and that Bragg, for fear of being headed off at Stevenson, was falling back directly on Huntsville, Ala. This, however, is conjectured.

I arrived here from Milwaukee on the 23d, found the army all in motion, preparatory to a move. All that the expedition can do now is to expose and forestall this movement, and the enemy was far more formidable than we had anticipated. The people, indignant at the wrong, have come to the rescue, advanced the money, and all through the army men, been found here efficient Generals, like such a genius, whispering consolation and sending substantial aid to her suffering patriots. Let this true, look out for Breckinridge.

There is no doubt but the road is cut beyond Tullahoma, but the road beyond Bragg's army.

FRONT THE FIRST WISCONSIN.

HEADQUARTERS 1st WIS. VOL. INFANTRY, COCOWEES STATION, TENN., July 15, 1863.

Editor Motor:—I now begin my first letter, open this late date, to give you a brief account of our movements since leaving Murfreesboro as this is the first favorable movement. We broke camp there on the morning of the 23d of June. Thomas' Corps has not returned, from the front, says that the railroad is blocked to our troops in the rear of Bragg's army. If this be true, look out for Breckinridge.

We had got out of sight of our old camp when it commenced raining, which has continued, with hardly a day's cessation since.

A few miles farther, and the sound of cannon on our right announced to us that McCook had encountered the enemy; but as the sound kept pace with our column we could easily perceive that he was driving them before him. Soon we began to hear musket fire, which gradually grew nearer, until about 2 p. m. Firing was heard in our immediate front announcing that our advance had met their pickets. The skirmishing, however, was very slight until near sundown, when in the vicinity of Hoover's Gap they made a stand but were routed by a portion of Wilder's mounted infantry, with some loss on both sides. After which some manœuvreing took place, and a few artillery shots were exchanged, and all was quiet again. As it gained a good share of the night, and all the forenoon of the next day nothing took place of note till about 4 p. m., when our Brigade was ordered to the front some two or three miles. Col. Loomis' battery, during the day, had been planted on a couple of hills in the gap, in order to cover our troops, as a rebel battery had been discovered immediately in front and in a commanding posi-
tion. We had advanced to within a short distance of Loomis' battery, and were filing off to the left to take position on a hill in the woods for the night, when the rebel battery opened on us. Several shells fell in close proximity to our regiment; but fortunately doing no harm excepting the slight wounding of one man in the 21st Ohio, in the face. Loomis immediately replied with good effect, allowing their battery in about half an hour, discounting two of their guns, killing and wounding quite a large number of the rebels, and killing two and wounding several in Loomis' battery, and discounting one of his pieces. Again all was quiet for the night. Early in the morning, however, our regiment was sent to relieve the Second Ohio, who were on picket. During the night they had one man killed. Firing from their sharpshooters commenced soon on us and was kept up at intervals all the forenoon until one ball passing through the rubber blanket of a Lieutenant of Co. D., under which he was lying; and another striking very near where our Chaplain was sitting. About noon, troops were massed in rear of an advance order. As the rebels began to show themselves on a hill in front of us, we of course expected strong resistance. And as the 79th Pa. had lost seven men wounded, during the forenoon, we were most certain of meeting a heavy force. But the order came, and on we went three of our companies being thrown forward as skirmishers, and the rest of the regiment following up as a support. A company of regulars was thrown on our left, the 79th Pa. on the right, and the regulars having advanced to the right of the 79th Pa. in the same form as our regiment: the 21st acting as our support. We pressed forward as rapidly as possible. The rebels who had been in sight, immediately falling back behind the hills from whence we momentarily expect to be greeted with a shower of iron and lead on our head. A few shots were exchanged on our left, and the enemy had disappeared, but an order was given to the right to come up, as we had a little in their advance. Soon, however, nearly a mile to our right we saw a Regulars' skirmishers moving forward in a splendid style and presently heard the booming of cannon, and their line of skirmishers fall back in double quick time, leaving the Captain mortally wounded. Again the regulars, and again drew forth the rebel fire.

The Regular Battery was brought into position, shelling the battery and the men around for some time; but received only a few shots in reply, at first. The firing soon ceased and Hoovers' Gap was ours. Our Brigade then rallied to the right, immediately in the rear of that field where Roosseve's and Breann's Divisions were massed for the right. As we moved to the right we passed through a field where the rebels in their flight had left many or quite three hundred army blankets. They were left in two long lines across the field as though they had stacked arms and deliberately lighted themselves. Several of our boys captured each one for their own use. The next morning, the 50th, moved forward again and arrived at Manchesiber at 2 o'clock Saturday morning.

The same day, after resting awhile we crossed the river and camped south of the church, resting Sunday till about 5 P. M., when we moved out from four miles toward Tullahoma, where we lay for two or three days, without a hint of danger. The frequent rains, whilst we have been lying, have given us notice that the:" rebels felt themselves slighted at not receiving an invite to the repast. We, of course, took the hint and seized our muskets and sent them our compliments. But they did not seem to be particularly fond of "hard tack" and again took to their heels. It was afterwards reported that three of their number were killed, though I am somewhat doubtful about it, though it is pretty reliably reported that one of their number was wounded in the face. Soon after noon the order was passed down the river to us to cease firing across the river. We were soon ordered up to the ford to prepare and cross the river. A rope had been thrown across for the men to cling to as it was impossible for a man to cross alone, as the current was very swift, and some 45 feet deep. It was a novel sight to see the men with their cartridge boxes and haversacks slung on top of their heads and shoulders and one by one plunging into the angry waters. It required no little care, especially for a short man, to keep his feet under him, even with the aid of the rope. Several came near drowning and would have done so had not assistance been rendered them. Gen. Thomas I noticed, sat on the bank of the river apparently enjoying the sport. An artist sat in the door of a house taking sketches. It was slow work crossing in this way. Just as about two hundred had crossed—a part of them had advanced to keep a lookout—the bugle sounded the alarm, and every man sprang to his arms, some with guns and cartridge boxes dripping with water. A report came back that we were attacked. We all knew that it was a critical moment.
if so. The few who were in advance were immediately moved forward and as fast as others came up, all of regiments, they were formed into companies, the officer who happened to be present taking command.

It soon proved that the alarm was a false one, and probably given in order to insure safety to those crossing as it hurried the men to their places sooner than could have been done in any other way.

Our Brigade (the 2nd) succeeded in crossing and getting their position for the night, so as to get their supplies before dark, with the exception of the artillery, which it was not deemed prudent to do, as it might endanger their ammunition. While we were crossing Negley had advanced to the river and was shelling the rebels on the opposite side and cavalry fight was in progress some two miles in our front, resulting in the complete route of the rebels, as usual, killing, wounding, and mortally wounding their colonel who fell into our hands.

The next day though torrents of rain fell in the morning, we advanced to the place of the fight. We saw the graves of several who were killed; but whether of our own or theirs I did not learn.

On the morning of the 4th we again advanced some two miles. Here we received news of the fall of Vicksburg, and the rout of his army, which, of course, we rejoiced to hear. A salute of 25 guns was immediately fired in honor of the event, by order of Gen. Rosecrans.

Since then we have moved twice, though only a short distance each time. As the roads have been very bad, and our haversacks have been exposed to the wet we have been on rather short rations, consequently foraging has been resorted to to some extent, and the country is pretty well stripped, as might be expected, after being so lately occupied by two large armies.

What we are constantly doing is to come into company lines, complaining of being in a suffering condition. And they are being fed out of Government rations. I saw two women while on picket the other day, who had walked four miles. They said their children were crying for food, and they had nothing to give them. They were supplied with all the crackers and bacon they could carry, by Gen. Rosecrans.

Nothing of interest is transpiring here now. The R. R. bridge across Elk River, which was destroyed by Bragg, is being rebuilt as rapidly as possible. There can be no move of any account till that is done, which will not be long. I should have stated that the roads have improved considerably for several days past, and we are now getting our regular rations.

I have not seen Mr. Clinton to speak with since I joined the regiment; though I have seen him several times since we came on this march; saw him pass into camp last evening with his regiment, and presume you may have heard from him before this.

I have not endeavored to give you any account of movements and coming almost immediately under my observation, as I have no means of obtaining reliable information.

As ever,

Yours for the Union.

L. C. N

From the First Regiment.

Correspondence of the Times.

IN CAMP NEAR LOWE'S STATION,
TEN., July 22nd, 1863.

FRIEND ROSE.-Thinking that perhaps a concise account of the movements since we left Murfreesboro might be interesting to you and your readers, I will give you a short sketch of them, allowing you, of course, to be the judge as to whether it will be worth publication.

We left there on the 24th ult., and took a southerly course by way of the Manchester pike, McCook at the same time marching on the Elkh solo.

road, and Crittenden on that leading to Readyville. We had not reached a great distance before the sudden boom of cannon to the right and front, told us that McCook was engaging in his favorite avocation. Two hours later and we heard it directly in front, and then we knew that "Old Gloster," Gen. Thomas, had encountered them. We had at this time advanced about ten miles. Here a movement was attempted, by the left flank, for the purpose, I suppose, of preventing the pike at Coker's Gap, resulting, however, in getting Loons, (1st Michigan) Battery entangled in a cedar swamp so intricately that he was obliged to destroy one of his caissons. After this we again fell back on the main road, and, after marching to within about three miles of the Gap, we encamped for the night. It commenced raining at 11 A. M., and kept it up until into the night, but we were tired, and, as we had been in a shower once or twice before, we slept quite soundly.

We remained in this camp until about 4 p. m., the next day, when we were ordered to move forward. The 7th Regt. very quiet until our brigade came in sight, filing to the left of the pike into a piece of woods, when, they opened upon us with three batteries. They did not succeed, however, in hitting a man of our brigade, tho they wounded one or two of the 32 Ohio, of the 1st Brigade, who stood in front of us. Our batteries soon silenced them, and we lay down to rest in the wet leaves, for it had been raining heavily all day.

The next morning, being the 28th, we were advanced in skirmish line, Co's G and H, being deployed, and the rest following in reserve. The skirmishers of Co. H, together with those of an other Regt. on the left, soon chose a detachment of the rebel mounted infantry in a strong position on two hills, where we advanced without much further resistance. Co. G, "gobbled up" four of them, and at about four p. m., we fell back in the main line of battle. I might tell you that it rained all this day at intervals again, but it will take less time to inform you that you can count rain in the programme for every day, during the whole campaign.

The next morning we were called out early by the firing of the pickets. This, however, did not prove to amount to anything, and, after another day's march forward, we marched to the Wartwine road. We followed this north to the Tullahoma road, at about four of the 28th, we were the same followed by the four companies of this regiment in their return from Chattanooga.

The next day, July 22nd, we moved out of Manchester on the Tullahoma road, to within five miles of the latter place. There we encamped and remained until the 1st inst., when it came our turn to go to the front again. We moved then about eight miles on the Deckenhart road, to within two miles of the Elk river, and lay down to rest for the night.

The next day, July 2d, we started for the front but the order was countermanded, and we were ordered to move to the left, striking the river at a point about four miles above Negley. Here we had a very slight skirmish with a few of the rebel cavalry, which we took to be the end of our march which had become so much swollen by the late rains, as to make it next to impossible to wade it. At length Co. F was ordered forward to where a large rope was stretched across the river. Throwing their cartridge boxes upon their shoulders, they plunged in and crossed.

After F, came G, and, as we followed, none of us in the regiment was without a picket at a private's last. Indeed, although we were drenched we were not daunted, however, as soon as we emptied our guns and shoes, and straightened our boxes and belts, we were thrown out as skirmishers. We advanced about two miles; Co's G & H, on the left, and, after taking five deserters from the rebel ranks who had thrown their arms behind them, and waited for our arrival of orders to give them supplies. We were then ordered till our position had crossed, and then went out into the open country. What relations we had with us were spoilt in fording the river, and as we could not advance without them we had to lay over.

The army is in good health and spirits, never better, and eager for another advance, which will, I suppose, be made as soon as possible, and until something of moment turns up, I remain

Yours very humble.

L. E. KNOWLES,

Gen. J. C. Starkweather receives notice of his promotion—A jubilee among the boys of his brigade.

We learn through private letters received to-day from Gen. Starkweather's brigade, that he received unofficial notice of his promotion to the rank of a Generalship, about the 23d ult., and a few days afterwards it was officially confirmed. It is well known that he has for over a year past had command of the second brigade, in the 1st division 14th army corps, under General Rosecrans. The brigade were at the time near
to serve three years unless sooner discharges—numerating officers and men—had been made. Since that time you have gained 23 men in recruits, making the sum total of effective men to this time 1035. You have lost in resignation of officers and discharge of men from diseases contracted in the service of their country, or from wounds received in battle incapacitating you from further active service 317 men—of which 49 men (a fearful number) died of disease, 178 men were wounded in battle, and 90 men have died in camps and hospitals from various diseases, 24 brave fellows have died from wounds received in battle, and 5 men now sleep the sleep that knows no waking until the last trump shall sound, and earth shall give up her dead! Sleeping where they fell in battle—with the requiem songs of the birds—of the trees, and of the flowers, which are over and around them. Thus we have lost by the various casualties of war, 516 members of ouraggregate strength present and absent, 519 men, bearing but three men more; than one half of all the glorious spirits that swore on that 6th day of October, to support the Constitution of the United States, and to bear and to defend the Stars and Stripes—a fearful aggregate, but a god-like sacrifice for the laws and the country given to us by our fathers. It will be twenty-two months on the 8th of August, since we swore on bended knees together, that the Stars and Stripes then presented, should be borne aloft and defiantly in the enemy's country, even to the cannon's mouth if need be. Since that time, since we left our homes—our families, our wives, our little ones, all most dear, how many marked changes have we experienced in our persons, in our community. Our brethren in arms, gone, never to return, leaving wives and little ones, brothers and sisters, aged fathers or mothers, all for our country and their country's good. It was but as yesterday, that they were listening to and obeying promptly, my commands, and to-day they are gone, and as is my hope, so is my belief, that they have been taken to a better country, where rebellion is unknown, and traitors are not to be found.

Those lives were extracted from my charge and my care, and for their death I am in a measure responsible. Have I, then, done my duty to them—to my country? to myself? Was their sacrifice necessary—was it just—was it right? Thank God! I feel that it was a holy, a necessary sacrifice. I feel that I did my duty by them who are gone, and by you who are still here. There may have been times when I appeared harsh and severe—when perhaps you thought this might have been done, or that left undone; that I might have deferred more to your wishes—been less stringent—less strict—less of the disciplinarian—less of the martinet; but I feel convinced that you are satisfied I tried to do for the best, and if I failed it was my failure, not yours. But did I fail in what I wished to do, in what I wished to bring about? Let your reputation be that of a regiment for discipline, drill, cleanliness, and obedience answer. Let your many skirmishes and hard-fought battles answer. Let the old flag now preserved among the State trophies, answer. Let your 128 wounded men answer! No, I did not fail. We have passed many varied scenes of pleasure and of pain together—endured forced heavy marches—forced deep and rapid rivers, suffered fatigue, hunger and thirst, scaled the mountain tops, suffered from rains, heat and cold, and yet no complaints—no murmurings from you my brave men, which is strong proof that I did not fail in my endeavors to make you as your designation is, 'First.' Your reputation and character are good, you stand well in the army, your record is clean at corps, and department headquarters. Regiments brigaded with you, recognize and acknowledge your merits, and all in all I shall leave you, as was my wish, as was my delight and pleasure, good in all things. And upon you in the future depends the fact whether this good name shall be continued, and in leaving, let me make it my last request, that you see well to it, that no disgrace of any kind ever attaches itself to the "old First Wisconsin."

Remember my wish—remember me—forget not that my reputation is dependent upon you—that I shall watch with eager eye your movements in the future—let me say that I am now more than ever jealous of your good name and reputation, and that you can if you will attain, still higher and higher.

Look ahead—do not look back, and let every officer and man as he respects me, as he loves me, strain every nerve. Take every care and use every exertion to continue in well doing.

I now bid you, one and all, officers and men—good-bye! Trusting that all your lives may be preserved until that joyful day when this wicked and unholy rebellion shall be crushed, and we shall return again to our homes and our loved ones.

Camp of the First Wisconsin.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

June 24, 1862.

Col. John C. Starkweather has been appointed by the President a Brigadier General. We received a semi-official notification of this fact two nights ago. Without any precautions on the arrangement of a programme, there was a great gathering at the Head Quarters of the 21 Brigade. The Band of the 4th Illinois was the
The First Wisconsin—What it has Done and Suffered.

A letter from the First Wisconsin, in the Army of the Cumberland, says:

"This army has advanced three hundred and fifty miles into the enemy's country, conquering as it advanced, and holding every important position gained, in spite of the determined resistance of the foe. We used the same tactics at Muldrow's hill, on the Ohio, as we are doing now on the south bank of the Tennessee, in the rifle range of the State of Georgia. Mumfordsville, Bowling Green, Nashville, Murfreesboro, Tullahoma, Chattanoogas. Flashed by Bragg a year ago, we fought him at Perryville, and here the most thrilling record of our regiment begins. Forty-nine per cent. of those engaged in our regiment fall there in line of battle—every second man—while the rest held the position. The whole army suffered as never before. In the hands of such men our armies are safe, and our cause certain to triumph."

Resolved, That State papers be respectfully forwarded to headquarters.

Resolved, That the entire regiment be commended for its conduct, and that the names of those who have distinguished themselves be forwarded to the proper authorities.

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To close, this regiment has had no dismissals for cowardice or otherwise disloyal acts, no court martial for any misconduct.

From the First Regiment.


Harvey Arnold, Nashville, Feb, 23d, '63, from Abbott. Died of wounds.

C. N. McIntosh, at Murfreesboro, March 8th, '63, from Lyndon.

David Charlel, at Murfreesboro, March 24th, '63, from Lima.

Wesley J. True, at Murfreesboro, April 24th, '63, from Lima.

Charles Dow, at Murfreesboro, April 28th, '63, from Lima.

Thomas Pumph, at Murfreesboro, May 22nd, '63, from Lima.

F. Clay, at Chaplain Hills, Oct. 8th, '63, from Lyndon.

Killed in action, at Chaplain Hills, Oct. 7th, '63.

William H. White, from Scott.

James E. Clark, from Lyndon.

Schoolroom, from Mitchell.

George W. Bowen, from Scott.

Sergeant of the 4th Regiment.

The enemy now charged upon my guns supported by Stanley but were driven back.

Stanley then retired to my rear and my Brigade was again lost.

The enemy now commenced heavy flank movements, and we all retired rapidly, but in splendid order. My command formed lines of battle at every point where ground would permit, and thus continued on until 10 p.m. The army was in camp when my tired men laid down to rest.

I feel prouder than ever of my brave men. Great praise is accorded to them for the masterly manner in which they covered the retreat. There were no mistakes and no confusion, all worked like clock work.

Nothing but a swift obedience to every order pleased me much. Nothing was lost, not a wagon.

We buried poor Nickles near here. His loss is deeply felt by us all, with the satisfaction however of knowing that he died as a brave man should die, in the faithful performance of his duties. I telegraphed the sad news to Mr. Nickles and have requested a letter to be written with full particulars. Another letter from the same source dated the 14th from Stevens Gap says that the balance of 14th Corps (Thomason's) has come up, we are under marching orders and will probably move in the morning. Troops are in fine spirits.
Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept 14, '63.

Friend M. Martin—It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the sad fate of your brother-in-law, Capt. A.O. Heald, who was shot dead in the first engagement with the enemy on the morning of the 19th inst. He could not speak after he was hit, the ball entering his right breast.

He died almost without a struggle. And now that he is gone, we, as members of Co. I, do sympathize with you in the great loss you have met with in the death of a dear brother. In his own town of Lyndon loses one of her best citizens, the country a noble and brave patriot and soldier, and our company one of the best of Captains, and one that we had learned to love.

His effects that he had on his person are lost—that is, his sword, his watch, and what money he had by him—as we were overpowered and obliged to retreat in haste, and the ground was several times fought over before his body was removed.

The battle was a terrible one and very destructive in human life on both sides. Our Co.'s loss was heavy. H. J. Menting had his right thigh broken, and a shot came a moment after striking him in the head. He died instantly, and fell a few feet from Capt. Heald. Aurin D. Littlefield was wounded, and while passing to the rear was shot dead. Horace Tibbitts was wounded, in the shoulder and thigh. Clark Arnold, seriously. S. V. Preston, mortally. Wm. Row, August Hens, Wm. Rogers, were all wounded in the same action. Charles Peck was wounded in the evening of the same day. Sunday's engagement was more furious, but our Co.'s loss not so much. Arthur Tibbitts was thought mortally wounded. Willoe Brown (son of John Brown, of Lima) was wounded severely, but I think not mortally, the calf of his leg being most carried away by the explosion of a shell. He bore his wound bravely. I helped dress it, but was obliged to leave him in the hands of the enemy, as I had a bandage about each leg and had as much as I could to do to get from the field myself.

Luit. Geo. Buffum, F. Putnam, James Batbedder, David E. Russell and C. P. Tucker, are missing, supposed prisoners. The fighting up of the two days' fight will be distressing. I trust it will more fully awaken the public and hurry up the draft, bringing shivered ranks and put us in working order again. The Government must be preserved, the Lord willing.

2nd Lt. Co. I, 1st Wis. Vols.

Capt. A. O. Heald, was 25 years old. He leaves a wife, his wife having died 7 years ago. He has a large circle of relatives and acquaintances both east and west. We heartily sympathize with his relatives, especially his griefed parents, residing in Sumner, Oxford Co., Maine, but they cannot mourn as those that have no hope. He is gone only a little while before them. And with tens of thousands of other brave patriots, he has fallen asleep on the long and weary march in defense of our country. Peaceful be his rest, embrowned his memory in the hearts of all who love the cause in which his life was lost.

F. W. M.

The Battle of Chickamauga.

The following description of the battle of Sunday, Sept. 20, near Chattanooga, is from the Cincinnati Gazette:

The morrow came. No sound of cracking musketry or roaring cannon, or bursting shell disturbed the peacefulness of that Sabbath morning. The Sabbath! Yes, it was the blessed day of rest—rest given in mercy by kind heaven to ungrateful man. Will the battle be renewed to-day? If so, it will be by the same of the enemy, for Gen. Rosecrans does not willingly fight on the Sabbath. The first hour after surprise passed, "Surely, said our officers and men, has God intended to give us victory?" The enemy had intended to attack us, and would, following his usual plan, have fallen upon us at break of day. Two hours of smoke had gone by, and some dropping musketry began to be heard along the various parts of our line. Finally, at about ten o'clock, there were several fierce volleys, and the dead becoming half a dozen pieces of artillery announced that the enemy had again, as on the day before, assaulted our left.

And now that the battle has begun, let us glance one moment at the surrounding forces. On our side is our old army which fought at Stone's river, reinforced by two divisions (Brannan's and Reynolds') of Thomas' corps, and Starkweather's brigade of Baird's division. But counterbalancing these to some extent, lives of division, and Wagner's of Wood's, were also absent. We might or might not also rely for assistance upon Steedman's division of Gen. Granger's corps.

Opposite to them was the old army of the Tennessee, which Bragg had so long commanded; Longstreet's formidable corps from Virginia, one-half of Johnston's army from Mississippi, and all along the lines composed principally of Ohio troops, who won for themselves and the state that sent them forth immortal honor during the conflicts of that day.

Again and again the rebel lines, advancing from the cover of the woods into the open corn-fields, charged with impetuous spirit, but were met by the broad work of muskets and rifles, each time the fiery blasts from our batteries and battalions swept over and around them, and their ranks were crumbled and swept away as a
The army was in fact cut in two; McCook had been driven back, and hence they could not be considered as help to the battle-scared veterans who held the hill.

As soon as Gen. Granger had reported to Gen. Thomas for duty, he was sent by the latter to bring over an ammunition train from the Rossville road. The train would clearly distinguish the red and blue, with the white crescent. It was the battle flag of Gen. Granger, and the troops we saw were two brigades, Mitchell’s and Whitaker’s, of Steedman’s strong division. These were fresh troops. True they had marched some weary miles over roads ankle deep in dust, and they had hurried along rapidly to succor their comrades and participate in the fight. But they had not, as yet, been engaged that day, and hence they could not be considered as help to the battle-scared veterans who held the hill.

As soon as Gen. Thomas for duty, he was sent by the latter to bring over an ammunition train from the Rossville road. The train had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and the march in search of it brought it to us, and it was the battle flag of Gen. Granger, and the troops we saw were two brigades, Mitchell’s and Whitaker’s, of Steedman’s strong division. These were fresh troops. True they had marched some weary miles over roads ankle deep in dust. True, they had hurried along rapidly to succor their comrades and participate in the fight. But they had not, as yet, been engaged that day, and hence they could not be considered as help to the battle-scared veterans who held the hill.
did all pass through the orueai, and although one threw into confusion by the concentration of fire from a score of rebel regiments and half as many batteries, they rallied under the fire, and drove the enemy from a hill almost immediately. The next day, the fight began again with a lull in the fearful storm.

An hour passed by and it became evident that Bragg would not be foiled in his attempt to annihilate our great army without another effort. Polk’s Corps assisted by the Georgia State troops, by various detached fragments of the 1st and 4th Divisions, and the 2nd and 3rd Divisions of the 1st Corps, were to try their hands upon the heroic band who as the forlorn hope of the army still held the hill. Our feeble ranks were gathered up. The thinly battalions were brought closer together. The dozen pieces of artillery were planted to sweep all approaches to the hill; and each man looking at his neighbor vowed, some men feeling that they were about to die.

Just before the storm broke, the brave and high-souled Garfield was perceived making his way to the headquarters of Gen. Thomas. He took the final contest, and in order to do so had rode all the way from Chattanooga, passing through a fiery ordeal upon the road. His horse was shot under him, and his head was killed by his side. Still he had come through, he scarcely knew how, and here he was to inspire fresh courage into the hearts of the brave soldiers who were being the enemy at bay, to bring them words of greeting from Gen. Rosecran and to inform them that the latter was reorganizing the scattered troops, and, in the face of the desperate enemy were fairly driven back to the ground they occupied previous to commencing the last fight. Thus did twelve or fifteen thousand men leave their impetuous charge of destruction and all the Army of the Cumberland. Let the nation honor them as they deserve.

At last Gen. Thomas fell back to Rossville, four miles from Chattanooga, around and in which city the army lies to-night.

Our losses have been most severe, and can scarcely fall short of 1,700 killed and 8,000 wounded. Col. Barnett tells me that our loss in artillery will not fall short of fifty pieces. Our deficiency in transportation and baggage cannot now be estimated, and our stores are very low.

But the Army has suffered as much as we in that which he can least afford—human life and limb. He intended, by massing all his troops together, to annihilate the Army of the Cumberland. He has failed to do so, and although it would be childish to deny or conceal our own fearful losses, yet we may console ourselves by the assurance that in his circumstances his failure to destroy us is for us a signal victory, and for him an irreparable defeat.

Chattanooga, Tenn. Sept. 21.—Dear Father:

I take a few moments time before returning to the front to write a few lines, that you may learn of my safety up to the present time. We have bad and sorely a battle this morning, and I am now having a most terrible battle. To-day will be the fourth day of the fight, but it has only been terrible for the past two days—the 19th and 20th. I was with General Crittenden during the entire engagement, until his corps was so badly cut up as to render it necessary to recon-
in fact, cutting it into. This was a bad, but unavoidable, and consequent all our hospitals with the wounded fell to their hands, together with some quantities of ammunition and artillery.

I left the field for this place yesterday with the general commanding, and the news from the front is, that last night Gen. Thomas and Granger were driving them, and had recovered a portion of the ground lost in the morning. They will find Thomas an ugly man to deal with, and also learn that the Army of the Cumberland can sustain as well as give hard blows. The battle is not decided yet, cannot say when it will be. But I must now close. I have not attempted to particularize, only giving an outline, with such news as I could. On finishing, shall start for the front to see the fight out, with our noble Crittenden, who has already gone. Triste that the same kind providence will watch over and protect me. I subscribe as usual, your son,

C. H. Messenger, First Virginia.

THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA

Detailed Account of the Desperate Conflict of Saturday and Sunday—Condition of our Armies after the Fight.

[Correspondence of the Oldfield Commercial.]

SATURDAY'S BATTLE.

The morning broke gloriously; the heavens were as cloudless as a child's blue eye, and the air fanned nature with the lightest and baldest of atmospheres. No battle to-day said many, as the sun opened a gap between the purple right and blue left of Grant's armies and shortly after a distant dull sound touched the ear. "A cannon," says one. Men in groups, peeping through the embrasures, found one, and another, and another, and the smoke clears away to make a bayonet charge at a keen run, and without a cheer—straight at the blue line. Slowly they went on, in the double-quick, capturing four guns and driving the brigade in his face into the gloomy wood before him in utter confusion. Delivering another volley, he charged again into the dense forest. Here he was met with a meted charge, and recoiled in a second as if by magic. Once he fought each other at a short range—so near, indeed, that they could look into each other's faces. Long familiar, involved with the enemy's lines, he was at last forced to fall back, but carrying his trophies with him.

Our whole line was again sorely pressed. McNeill's red battle flag was seen, coming down the road, borne by Davis and Sheridan's divisions, who had been marching rapidly to the scene since early morning. Davis, being in the advance, was thrown in, where I could not possibly ascertain, but drove the fire was the heaviest. The over-ruling ranks of the enemy were again stopped, but they were still pouring upon our diminished right in appalling numbers. Our line was already contracted. The divisions hitherto engaged in the fight occupied but little more ground than Thomas's, while the Wood's two brigades were matched in front, and still the myriad enemy were developing our right. "We must have the men," said Thomas, important as it was to hold the position at Gordon's Mill. Wood's two brigades were withdrawn and thrown in on the right. This timely reinforcement steadied the line. The belching cannon and the terrific clatter of musketry seemed to thunder in even volumes for the next half-hour.

Two o'clock! I ride over to McCook's headquarters, and at there I hear the battle and see Sheridan with his nobledivision going into the fight. An aid, with pallid face, rides up to McCook and exclaims hastily, "For God's sake, send somebody down to hold Gordon's Mill!" Bushrod Johnson has crossed with a division, and is hanging the enemy back of Wood's line. We will be in our rear in fifteen minutes!" "Where is Wood?" asked the General. "Gone into the fight long ago, and left the position vacant." McCook orders Sheridan, who has just come up, to take his division down to the right and hold the enemy's breastworks; try, General Lytle at his head, calmly-smoking a cigar, and reciting his orders with that calm unconcern that so often results from so winning. There was not the slightest change in the manner or intonation of the chirping Lytle. I felt, as his horse bore him briskly away, that the consciousness of manly courage and nobility—on one who revealed in danger, who would take Death by the hand, if honor's faintest claim dictated it.

His brigade swept by with a graceful swing. One of them, an officer, was a long, white-haired graybeard, the banners were blazoned with Pea Ridge, Perryville and Stone River, had a number of men carrying heavy boxes of cartridges on their shoulders. Noble fellows. Experience had not been lost upon them. They, perhaps, had learned the value of full cartridge boxes.

The next moment an Aid from Gen. Rosecrans dashes up. "Where are your reserves?" he asks. "I have none save Negley, holding Owen's Gap," is the reply. To him to report immediately to Thomas, who is hard pressed again, rejoins the Aid, as he gallops off. Negley is quickly summoned, and streams by towards the left. "Thomas loses a battery, who are holding our own?" comes in one bulletin. "They are daring Crittenden to pieces," comes in another. All this happens in less time than I take to write, and still the bleeding enemy, of death crackle, spatter and reverberate.

I mount my horse and ride toward the wood where I last saw Sheridan disappear. As I enter it three skeldors, dawdling along with their guns, emerge. "What are you doing here?" asks one. "I've got the colors," puts in the third. The officer mutters "debacle," between his teeth and rides off.

Pitiful! pitiful! I saw men that day who were torn to pieces in the most sickening manner, but the sight was not half as repulsive as the cowardices of this miserable trio.

But there was very little struggling. Officers, whose duties placed them in the rear, remarked that there was less skulking than they had ever seen in any previous engagement.

Reaching an open field, I find two of Sheridan's brigades moving by the left flank from the woods. "Where are the going?" I asked. "They go to reinforce the right," I am informed. General Lytle's brigade alone is left at Gordon's Mill, and there are no more to come up.

I glance at the sun, and my very heart sinks to see it still an hour and a half high. The left had already absorbed the center, and the center and right had absorbed every brigade in the army except one holding a vital point.

I followed Sheridan's left brigades. I saw the right of one, in confusion, falling back quickly under an appalling fire. Sheridan's 3d Brigade, commanded by that true gentleman and soldier, Colonel Bradley, deployed in line, and the very instant his flanks turned to the front, it pushed into an open field at a double-quick; while behind it Wood's two brigades rallied and gathered up their scattered groups. I heard a cheer, loud and ringing, and riding up behind the line of Crittenden and Gallaudet, I saw our noble regiments far across the field, pouring with volleys into the flying foe, and clapping their colors in triumph. My heart was in my eyes, and a sharp shiver of joy left me away from the inspiring sight. In a moment Sheridan and Crittenden were in close touch, but he eye aglow with pride for the brilliant charge of his brigade. His prac-
tised ear had caught the warning musketry
tattle of a counter charge, and he threw his
second brigade and another charge, if the
other didn't compel them to give way. But it
did not give way. "Inspired by Sheridan and
㎭[128x248] and five other batteries. All the
fire of musketry was opened on our centre,
where Negley was moving into position, but it
was sustained, then, all was quiet again.
Then the number, which in a few nights
had grown from the slenderest of silver ashen-
tones into a graceless golden flame, was far on its
nightly voyage, and shone faintly on two
wary armies, bent on destroying each other
and waiting only for the blue and gold of
sunrise to renew the struggle.

Our army had fought overwhelming num-
bers nobly. It had drawn a game with a
stronger player—could it hope to win the
next? The whole army, except Granger's
corps and one brigade of Sheridan's, had been
engaged. Was the enemy and closely drawn
lines of fresh troops? We had taken prisoners
during the day from Longstreet, Buckner,
Johnston's Mobile army, and Bragg's old
corps. We had lost half the army in the
advance.

"We'll whip them to-morrow," was the uni-
eral belief among the troops. "They al-
ways fight West the first day," True enough;
and Johnson's divisions attached to his corps,
the right, with its regiments retired one after
another, was the scene of the battle. General
Lytle still held the position at Gor-
don's Mills, although dangerously in-
jured. He was still in command, and the
leader thought he was entirely unembroidered.
Rose-
craft is too good a soldier to let his face re-
semble his own, either his hopes or his fore-
holdings.

An hour passed by and the battle had
not revived. The troops, worn out with standing
in the sun, had fallen back on the ground,
where they could see the places at a single
point. A few o'clock came, and the
army went into the fog and стали a grateful
warmth to the north, allowing lines of hu-
man. A few shots on the skirmish line
covered the army, and the men stood in the
light to the battle. Nine o'clock, and even the pictures were
of the battle. Nine o'clock, and the new battle was
as a sort of reserve. My heart sank in dis-
traction, with its regiments retired one after
another, as a sort of reserve. My heart sank in dis-

The night grew cold as it wore off, and
then cold as the dawn broke. The sur-
rounding aura was a ring of muskets and
other volley.

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other volley.
Sorrowfully I turned from the place, and with the dead of both armies. Here I stopped my horse to watch whether the Yankees needed noquinm to warn them to let the crack of a hundred guns again be heard. The Second Kentucky was to the straggling skirmish fire which had been around his worn shoes, revealing a white cloth which was clumsy. His loose stockings had fallen in a loose gray uniform, as neatly kept as if the dead boy could not have been more than fifteen. He was enveloped rather than dead in the faces of the slain before, but never in the look of all who die from that cause. One glance toward the right. We opened fresh batteries upon the wood. Now they come in great waves, some taking the nearest road toward Chattanooga, some crossing the hills to strike other roads. Another route out, following the valley up the sy soon, and took his way down the road leisurely. The streams poured out, disorganized, but apparently not awed by it. The little hero and they seemed to issue by brigades. Great God! was this noble army—the flower of the Yankee service! The enemy had ventured it—to blot history with another Bull Run?

The caissons of two more entire batteries were mingled with the retreating army. Down the road the muskets rushed, horses and men filling it, and streaming through the broken trees on either side. I looked back at those great waves of men coming out, defeated and disorganized. There was no panic, and but little vision of hurry in the broken ranks of men. As the line pushed toward Chattanooga, the teams that had been posted along the road at different points, now fell into the throng and took the same direction. No other Bull Run after all, I thought, there could be no. For an instant, however, there was a panic. A shrill shout came up from behind, and the stragglers scattered. Rushing back the enemy's cavalry was upon them. The next moment their alarm was quieted. A yell, which had been hushed from its first execution by those two great searching arms, bounded down the road, and darting through the disconnected armies, dashed up the hill, while a thousand contending stragglers caught and vanished at his feet

The 'crouch' again became serious. I learned that at the withdrawal of Wood from the center, Davis and Sheridan were necessarily called upon to fill the gap. Davis moved rapidly over the road. His arrival I saw from the morning report, and if I felt alarmed at the smallness of the battalions before, the infallible logic of figures did not reassure me. A quarter to ten, I rode over to a cornfield in the rear of the lines, and threw a few ears of corn to my horse—a lean stubble, corn—stubble through want of knowledge rather than any inherent vice. A funny animal was that coo. Indeed, as my correspondent seems to put an eccentric beast through some fatigue, my colt had a very evident way of selecting a tree at any stage of a journey, and studding up to it to be tied, and it required at the pointed endness of my heels to stir him. But he was quiet, much better than violent, and I could take my companion's cloak as soon as my own, and increase his gait accordingly.

While he was munching his corn, a sharp-skirmish broke out on the left; a battery followed with four rapid discharges; the muskets were fired rekindled, and at moment more there was a crash—a heavy volley of musketry—such an one as no line of skirmishers ever fired. I saw, by my watch, that it had been five minutes since.

The enemy opened a battery and a grape-shot, wide of his destination, struck within a few feet of me, and glanced off the hillside. I try a knot further along, but an occasional Minie whizzes by vehemently. It seemed as if there was no place within sight of the battle-field that was absolutely safe.

The thunder of battle deepened, and for an hour there was no pause. The musketry and the blare of a battalion of one batteries in fierce action. For two miles I could see the gray smoke rise, and hear the distant roar. For an hour the clack of muskets and the roll of heavy artillery filled the air. The smoke grew thicker and thicker, and there was no stopping it. I thought every battle is the same thing—and I thought that there were no more of them. Suddenly a frightful cheer broke out along our entire left. Not a round, manly cheer—no bugle notes, no shouts of encouragement, but just a wild, insufferable yelling yell, pitched almost to a childish treble.

It grew clearer and clearer, and I felt that the enemy was making his grand charge for which he had been gathering himself during the night. I could see the smoke from fresh batteries arise; I could tell that every hatdo is the same thing—and I was surprised to see that smoke and eagerness of the fighting. How anxiously I watched those gray men in the front ranks, as if we were not in the presence of a battle, but in the presence of a child. The enemy was falling thick as before, but the stream stopped, and the battle grew more and more terrible.

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made the charge nobly, but, before they could
reach the line of the Confederate works, they re-
verted to the flank. One Brigade of Davis was en-
iladed on the left, another on the right, and the
third Brigade was enveloped on the rear by a col-
umn of infantry. The opposing force was numer-
ously superior to their own and the result was of
the battle had been determined by the
confident spirit of the defenders and the
courage of the attack.

General Jackson had been severely wounded
in the leg, and General Hood was mortally
wounded. The latter was carried off to the
field of battle, where he died on the spot.

The battle ended in a victory for the Confed-
erate States, although the numerical strength
of the Union forces was considerably greater.

In the evening of the 1st, General Lee
issued an order to General Stewart, the Com-
manding General of the Army of Northern Vir-
ginia, to march his forces to Manassas, and to
prepare to make a stand there. The order was
promptly obeyed, and the Army of Northern
Virginia continued its march to Manassas, where
it was joined by the Army of the Potomac,
under the command of General McClellan.

The battle of Gettysburg was fought on the
7th and 8th of July, 1863, and resulted in a

victory for the Union forces, under the
command of General Ulysses Grant. The battle
was fought near the town of Gettysburg, in the
state of Pennsylvania.

On the following morning, the Union forces
advancing in a line of battle, and the

Confederate forces were defeated, and the

Union forces pursued them. The battle ended
in a victory for the Union forces, and the

Union forces continued their advance, driven
back by the Confederates.

On the 9th of July, the Union forces
were entrenched in a strong position on the

heights of Cemetery Hill, and the

Confederate forces attempted to storm the

Union lines. The battle was fought on the

9th of July, and ended in a victory for the

Union forces, who continued their advance

and captured the Confederate forces.

On the following day, the Union forces
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On the following morning, the Union forces
were entrenched in a strong position on the

heights of Cemetery Hill, and the

Confederate forces attempted to storm the

Union lines. The battle was fought on the

9th of July, and ended in a victory for the

Union forces, who continued their advance

and captured the Confederate forces.
The Army of the Cumberland.

Gen. Starkweather was ordered by his surgeon to return home in consequence of a hemorrhage of the lungs, caused by a continuous straining of his lungs in order to give the word of command during Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. He found that his lungs did not function very readily, and his voice more readily than the bugle, and so during those three days he exerted his voice so severely that he brought on a bleeding of the lungs. He remained up a heavy line on the left.

General S. says there is not the remotest probability that Rosecrans will be attacked from his present position. The army is not demoralized, and is capable of repulsing any attack. They have plenty of provisions and ammunition at Chattanooga.

On Saturday, the 29th of September, a train of nine hundred army wagons entered Chattanooga with supplies from Bridgeport, 37 miles distant. He was at Bridgeport at the time that the alleged explosion, which figured so large in the telegrams of yesterday, it was not an explosion of an ammunition train. There was a lot of shells stored there, under tarps. One of these shells exploded—how, he could not find out—that commun of a minor order which was to go to a small magazine; but the amount of ammunition lost was not large, and was not intended for Gen. Rosecrans, but simply for the use of the soldiers at Bridgeport, which consists of one brigade.

When he left Chattanooga neither Gen. McCook nor Gen. Crittenden had received any news of being relieved and sent to Indiana. It is possible that such a change may be made, but no one had heard of it at Chattanooga. Gen. S. does not think that the operations of the rebel cavalry in Tennessee will do anything more than temporarily interrupt Rosecrans' communications. He met the reinforcements going forward to Chattanooga. The advance regiment was at Bridgeport on Wednesday, and there is not a doubt entertained in any quarter that all the communications with General Rosecrans can be maintained; and when these reinforcements all arrive, Bragg will fall back on Richmond, sixty-five miles southeast of Chattanooga.

General Starkweather's brigade had the house of Widow Glenn. Their officers were not merely their own battery of six guns, but also a gun they captured from Bragg's army. Gen. S. thinks that the rebel army was so few that our army captured prisoners from nine rebel army corps. A portion of Excel's corps was in the battle. He does not think that the enemy was seriously engaged in the cavalry, numbered over 50,000. Rosecrans rode into Chattanooga on Sunday, but it was to give directions about the immediate execution of certain defenses—for he saw that they must be made. Rosecrans then rode back to the field of battle, where he found the lines of the army still well sustained. On Sunday the officers in Thomas' corps were all on foot. The musketry fire was appalling—one shot of flame from 11'o'clock to 5 o'clock.

Gen. Starkweather would have lost his leg, if it had not been for the protection of his horse. A fragment of a shell cut an ugly hole through the leg of his boot, and constricted the bone. But notwithstanding this, he remained on foot during that day and night, and his troops brought in the year of Thomas' imperial corps into Chattanooga on Tuesday morning, at 33:30 o'clock, unattended by the rebels, who had been so severely smitten the day before, that they did not recognize their loss or even make a show of marching to the right of the Rebel line.

Incidents of the Battle of Chattanooga.

The Herald's correspondent gives the following:

At the "Widow Glenn's." It was about ten o'clock, reference to my notebook shows it to have been at a quarter past ten o'clock—on Saturday morning when Lieutenant Case, of Captain Moss' signal corps, brought Bragg's orderly, John Hufnall, to General Rosecrans at Crawford Springs. It was not a half an hour afterwards that Gen. Rosecrans and staff alighted at the house of a widow Glenn, afterwards the centre of the battle-field. Here he determined to establish headquarters, and in a few moments a most interesting scene was visible. The General adjusting his glasses, paced up and down in front of the house, looking ever and anon at the dense cloud of dust which was rising evidently beyond the creek. General Garfield and General Morton took terrible possession of a large table which stood in the porch at the rear of Widow Glenn's house, and, while the former wrote dispatches at General Rosecrans' dictation, the latter, adjusting his maps and compass, attempted to locate the now brisk and lively fire which was going on towards the left. Rosecrans was anxious, painfully so. He had been, and at this time was, seriously ill—for too ill to be on the field, and only a man of his nerve and energy and obstinacy would have been there. He looked no longer like Rosecrans to me, but appeared to be years older than he had looked a few days before. I did not know then, as I do now, that Rosecrans and a portion of his army had for the result of a battle which he was fighting against his better judgment others orders.

The interesting centre of this picture had interesting surroundings. Major Bond and Captains Thomas and Drobell, both of the 16th, were busy with paper and pencil. The former was in a mad rush at the time, having formerly captured a horse shot, dashed up to say that all went well with Wood in his stronghold at Gordon's Mills. Duane came in in haste from the field to say that usually pleasant soldier was spending his wrath on the rebels. Negley's wrath became a standard phrase.
that day at Vienna. The widow, with her children gathered around her, anxious and agitated, knew that she and her children ought to leave, and pleasant and tender Garfield, with all the kindness of his great nature, stopped his momentous work to assure the old lady. Hotchkiss, with his battery, was under Rosecrans's personal supervision, taking position on the hill, and in the yard where the house stood, and most fortunate and timely was this precautionary measure.

Van Dusen and Holridge were putting up the telegraph line, and in an hour more from these quarters I send you the first announcement of the battle. Reynolds, with his division, lay just below the house, but soon moved forward to the field. The scene was very busy and interesting, and will long remain in the memory of those who there heard the opening roar of the great battle.

On the march, General Thomas, staff, rode up to this point during the first half hour we were there, and after delivering his message stated the few particulars of the fight, and added that all was going well on the left.

"Of course it is," said Rosecrans; not with an air of exultation, but very, very sadly. "I expect everything to go well with Gen. Thomas.

The emphasis on the name was not sufficient to suggest the comparison which now strikes the reader; but it revealed to me at that moment the unbounded confidence which Rosecrans had in his favorite lieutenant.

A Letter from Co. K, 1st Wisconsin.

After the inside of this paper was private containing the letter of Lieut. McMillen, commanding Co. H, 1st Wis., we received in publication the following private letter from Wm. J. Payne, of Co. K, 1st Wisconsin, in the same regiment to his parents in Cascade. As it gives a detail of the loss of that Company in killed, wounded and missing, at the terrible battles at Chattanooga, we gladly make room for it here. Though eleven men are left of the mass that left Cascade about two years ago, yet those eleven are hard-handed heroes, and helped to make the 1st Wisconsin one of the most honored regiments in the Union army.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 24, 1863.

Dear Parents, Brothers & Sisters—Sad is the tale I have to tell. A short time ago I wrote you a letter notifying you of a small skirmish we had with the enemy just this side of the mountains, in which we were obliged to fall back about five miles. Since then we have been concentrating our forces, but on the 10th we were forced into a general engagement by the enemy. We were engaged twice that day, and obliged to retire both times, the enemy being superior in numbers. We lost our Capt. in the first battle, and several wounded. The next morning we were again sent to the front—our Regt. to the very front. We formed a small breastwork of logs, and about 10 o'clock the enemy came on to us five regiments deep, twice retreating, and were repulsed both times with heavy loss; but muttering dually they kept at it all day long, missing their force first in one place, then another, all along the lines, and a bloody battle was being fought all day. Just at night they made a heavy attack and drove in both our lines and left, and then massed their force on the center where we were; but we held them back until our artillery was out of ammunition, and every man had fired his last cartridge having sixty rounds apiece when we went into fight—when we were ordered to retire, and the whole army fell back some four or five miles to a better position, where we remained the next day. Skirmishing kept up quite lively during the day, and continuing occasionally at night. It was ascertained that the enemy were trying to flank us, which caused us to fall back here on Chattanooga during the night. We got here yesterday morning, and commenced fortifications, and have confirmed them since. The enemy occasionally feel of us, but have not attacked in force since we have been here. 

The loss of our Co. I as follows: Perry, being all knocked in the head; Killed on the field. Capt. A. C. Headly, W. Mentink, and A. Hentz, W. Row, W. B. Tibbets, Charles Peck, W. M. Rogers, C. Arnold, W. Brown and Sergent A. Tibbets. (I think mortally.) Missing, Lieut. G. W. Buttram, F. Patman, Dr. Russell and J. Buescher, making out of 25 men that we went into the fight with, a loss of 17 men, leaving only eleven men now in the company. Lieut. Buttram, if supposed, was taken prisoner with the other boys that are missing.

As a result of the engagement, I am here. I came a staggering man, but I am yet alive and well. Hoping to remain so, I close by subscribing myself your affectionate Son,

W. J. PAYN.

From the First Regiment.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 24, 1863.

EDITORS DAILY SENTINEL—Gents,—For the benefit of friends of Co. A, 1st Wisconsin, Vol. I, herewith furnish the loss of the company in the late battle up to the present date.

Killed—None.

Wounded—Sergt. G. H. Backster, head; Charles Magan, bowels; T. L. Kaple, leg; Peter Grider, leg; Edward D. Fuller, leg.

None of these are seriously wounded.


The above names are supposed to be in the enemy's hands.

By inserting the above you will greatly oblige your obedient servants,

H. P. SCHUYLER,
But the enemy reserved all their desperation and hatred till the sabbath. The sun never rose upon a more beautiful morning. The air was calm and genial, and all nature seemed to praise God, while man, made in His image, were muttering their squally in for the most desperate battle of the war. The discipline and bravery of the army of the Cumberland was to be tested. Officers and men alike were determined to make traitors and tyrants tremble in their dreams of power, and preparations were made accordingly. Our lines, in the form of a horse shoe, were forged at daylight. Temporary breastworks were thrown up, skirmishers were thrown to the front, and our boys awaited the onset with the courage and coolness of freemen. Our enemies during the night had been busy. Their reinforcements had arrived. Gen. Bragg made a speech to his men, telling them that the independence of the Confederacy would be lost or gained on the morrow; that he had our communications cut off and outnumbered us three to one, and that this would be the last battle fought in Kentucky or Tennessee. But oh! orders and he would drive the Yankees across the Ohio.

The rebels advanced on our brigade about 8 A.M. The 1st Wis. was in the first line. Our skirmishers were quickly driven in, but we reserved our fire till the ragged rascals approached within twenty yards of our lines; then we poured in such a terrific fire that hundreds of them, bit the dust every minute; but with the yells of mad men and the shrieks of demons they rushed forward determined up on death or victory. But after the ground was strewn with their dead and wounded they fell back in disorder; however, many of them threw away their arms and rushed into our lines asking for mercy.

In this way the rebels felt our lines regardless of death. They buried their in fanny upon us in six columns a deep. They would first try our line, then another. To break the center was their principal object in order to cut our army in two. At one time our left gave away and the rebels had our brigade completely surrounded; but a charge led by Gen. Rosecrans drove them back with great slaughter.

Deacon Bred was killed about 10 A.M., while in the attitude of loading his gun. The ball passed through his left arm and through his lungs, cutting off two of his fingers on his right hand. He died instantly without a groan or quiver.

His last act of mercy was to make coffins for the whole company under a terrific fire from the enemy, and distribute it among the boys; but he has gone to his reward, having been in all things faithful. He died like a soldier, fighting for his country.

About sundown we were ordered to fall back over a cornfield containing about fifty acres, under the most destructive fire known in warfare. The field was swept from all sides with grape and canister. In doing this we suffered more than at any other time during the day.

The boys all did well. I cannot mention the many acts of bravery performed in those two memorable days. William Wilder was quite unwell when the fight commenced, but positively refused to go to the rear, cheering for the old flag as he went, and in the very face of the enemy. Corp. Eddy Edwards, after the Color Sergeant was shot down, seized the colors and bore them everywhere through the thickest of the fight, with the coolness and bravery of a grenadier. Ambrose Humphrey cut his way through the rebel ranks three different times. Lewis Troxbridge, after being disabled, remained assisting the boys to load their muskets; in fact the whole company fought with a valor worthy of the cause and of freedom, and Sheboygan County will ever be proud of the record they made in this struggle for the overthrow of treason.

In addition to the names mentioned above, Sergt. Wood, M. D. Master, Reuben Farver, H. Hartman, H. Wedelohl, Sergt. Troxbridge and Corp. Kennemore were wounded, Lieut. J. S. Richardson, Sergt. Mann, John Kemmes, Theodore Ott, Albert Paine, George Reed, Charles Troxbridge, John Vick and William Woodward, are missing. This is the most accurate information I can get at present. While I write a heavy engagement is going on in our front and all the troops are in line of battle.

Very Respectfully,

J. C. McMullen
Lieut. Com. Co H
Wisconsin Troops with Rosecrans.

The following Wisconsin troops are in the army of Gen. Rosecrans, and most of them doubtless participated in the recent battle:

1st Regiment - Col. C. H. C. Young, 3rd Wis.
2nd - Capt. H. Byers, 3rd Wis.
3rd - Capt. C. H. Byers, 3rd Wis.
4th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
5th - Capt. L. S. Byers, 3rd Wis.
6th - Capt. H. Byers, 3rd Wis.
7th - Capt. H. Byers, 3rd Wis.
8th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
9th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
10th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
11th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
12th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
13th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
14th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
15th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
16th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
17th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
18th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
19th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
20th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
21st - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
22nd - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
23rd - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
24th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
25th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
26th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
27th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
28th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
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96th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
97th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
98th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
99th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
100th - Capt. J. T. Young, 3rd Wis.
On Sunday, the 29th, about nine o'clock, the enemy began the attack again on Gen. Thomas, who repulsed them three times, but finding his men somewhat worn, he sent for more troops, and Gen. McCook had just started to help him when Hill and Longstreet attacked this corps with their whole force. The onset was terrible, men and officers fell like grass before the scythe, brigades were crushed, but before they could get into line of battle, and the corps was cut off from the remainder of the army, with the loss of many men and officers, among whom is Gen. Cross of Sheridan's division. He fell while trying to rally his men. Gen. Rosecrans tried to rally these overpowered regiments. He rode into the thickest of the fight, and urged the men to charge once more, but it was of no avail. The battle now raged terribly, the roar of cannon was like one long continued thunder peal, while the rattle of the musketry was like the rushing of a mountain torrent which broke down all before it.

It was now about 11 o'clock, and the enemy captured our hospitals at Crawfish Springs, with about 2,000 of our wounded. But true to their instinct they had to shell the camp before they could let it alone. Gen. McCook made the best of it, with a zigzag route to the rear of Gen. Thomas, where the most of his men again re-formed, and were in a line of battle before night.

The terrible storm now turned and vented its fury on Gen. Thomas and Granger. Their men were at once in position, in the form of a half-circle, on the crest of a hill. Against this line the rebel wave dashed in all its wild fury, until night, but the wall stood firm as a rock.

Gen. Thomas and Granger were on all parts of the field, encouraging the men and holding up our line against the terrible storm of shot, shell, and bullets, which fell on it. Night came at last; blessed harbinger of rest, and our weary, overworked, but hopeful men still kept back the tide of rebel fury. In vain had been the terrible efforts of Longstreet, the cannon of Hill, and the rage of Bragg, with all their vast host of followers.

Our little band was not crushed—our wounded were most all in Chattanooga—our trains were all safe and the army was secure. The rebels may claim what they please in this battle, but they were defeated, and that too by one-half their force. They collected the flower of their army, and many of their best leaders here to crush at a single blow this army, but they were held, and the place fought for and they stand a defeated, and must fallen for cut.
from the first regiment.

Correspondence of the Editors.

In field near Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 21, 1863.

Mr. Editor:—I herewith transmit you a list of the killed, wounded, and missing of Co. I, 1st Regiment Wis. Vols., in the two day's battle of Chickamauga, Georgia, Sept. 19th and 20th, 1863.

KILLED.

Capt. A. O. Head.

Privates Henry J. Mentink, Austin D. Littlefield.

WOUNDED.

Lieut. Sylvester Odwell, slightly in foot and leg.

Sergt. Arthur Tibbetts, seriously in back and shoulder.

Corp. William Rowe, seriously in left arm.

Privates Horace Tibbetts, slightly in shoulder and leg; Stephen P. Preston, has since died; August Hentz, has since died; Clark Arnold, seriously, if not mortally, in left breast; Wilton Brown, seriously in leg; Charles E. Peck, slightly in hand; William M. Rogers, slightly in hand.

MISSING, SUPPOSED TO BE PRISONERS.

Lieut. G. W. Buffam.

Corp. C. F. Putman.


The above, as near as we can ascertain, is a correct list of the Company's loss during the two day's terrible fighting.

Yours in haste, C. D. CLARK,

Letter from Chattanooga.

Chattanooga, Nov. 2, 1863.

Are They from Wisconsin?—So are We.

The news is a long time in reaching us here. We have but lately seen the glorious summary of the record of the “Iron Brigade.” We of Wisconsin are proud of the regiments from our State which compose the greater part of it; and yet we think the italicized “What Brigade can show greater losses or a more honorable name?” implies more of a challenge than a proud assertion of duty well done. Conceding that such is the fact, we cannot let it pass, lest our friends and relatives might overlook our deeds and merits, not having their record at hand.

We write specially of the First Wisconsin Infantry, although the 16th, 25th, 21st and 28th Wis. of this Army have the material wherewith to gladden their friends and make them proud of their soldier boys.

This Army has advanced three hundred
and fifty miles into the enemy's country, conquering as it advanced, and holding every important position gained, in spite of the determined resistance of the foe. We used the spike and pickaxe at Miller's Hill, on the Ohio, as we are doing now on the South bank of the Tennessee, within rifle range of the State of Georgia. Munfordville, Bowling Green, Nashville, Murfreesboro, Tullahoma, Chattahoochee, Flanked by Bragg a year ago, we fought him at Perryville, and here the more dazzling record of our regiment begins. Forty-nine per cent. of those engaged in our regiment fell there in line of battle—every second man—while the rest held the position and repulsed the enemy who left their dead for loyal Kentuckians taken place during the day. but it is singularly fitted to occupy. It bas been

voted the slavery and maladministration of the Federal Government. To-day eighty-four of the heroes of Chickamauga, have said by their votes that this Union must and shall be preserved: or in other words they have voted the straight Union State ticket. Four miserable dupes, I am sorry to say, voted the Palmer Copperhead ticket. This is a disgrace which we had hoped to ban clear of, but we hoped in vain. Such trash will occasionally turn up where we least expect to find it.

The vote for county officers and Assemblermen for Sheboygan county, was light, although every man from the county voted for the Union candidates.

Co. I gave Herrick A. Forbes 11 votes for County Superintendent of Schools

H. Tidman received 3 votes for Assembleyman in the 1st District, Mark Martin 3 for 4th District, Michael Winter 5 for 3rd District; 11 being all the votes the Company could muster.

Co. II gave Herrick A. Forbes 9 for Superintendent, and 9 for H. Tidman for Assembleyman, this being all the votes H. Co. had. The total number of votes polled in the regiment was 88—$4 for Lewis and 4 for Palmer.

Yours, &c.,

C. L. C.

Correspondence of the Regiment.

From the First Regiment.

DEAR TIMES:—Having given you a sketch of the feelings of satisfaction and exultation which pervaded the Army of the Cumberland at the appointment of General Rosecrans to its command, it now devolves upon me to give you an idea of the repulsion of that feeling, at his unexpected removal from that position, which he was, above all others, particularly fitted to occupy. It has been said, “there is a power behind the throne mightier than the throne,” and the contemptible wire-pullers that have abused and maltreated General Rosecrans, through all his military career, from the time of his first capture at the hands of the enemy in Western Virginia, down to his worse than useless removal from his last command in Tennessee, and followed him through all his skillful and brilliant movements, with the tenacious vindictiveness of blood-thirsty men, watching with eager eyes for the first slender pretext they could find, to take him away from the army he had made, are illustrative of the efficacy of that power, when used for either good or evil. It is just becoming the settled conviction of the army since the removal of the General, that there is a destructive element of jealousy at work among some of those in power, which is making itself felt to the detriment of the cause in which we have enlisted. Under Rosecrans, this army would never have suffered a defeat but with annihilation. After the battle of Chickamauga, the idea of defeat never entered the mind of the mass of the rank and file. Its recollection of the rarest and fiercest storm of the enemy's heavy and a surer blow,—From the heights of Chattanooga we hurled defiance in the face of the overwhelming force of the foe. But suddenly the frown of determination was changed to one of sorrow and displeasure, and the eye that flashed with defiance was lighted with indignation. Like a shock from an electric battery, the word passed from rank to rank, “General Rosecrans is re-
lieved of his command!" and every lip asked "Why?" and all the reason was, still, the echo of the momentous question "Why?" But I would by no means have it understood that this feeling is conceived in dislike of our present commander, Gen. Thomas. We know him to be every way the man and the soldier. All feel a ready willingness to follow his leadership anywhere, and trust in his care and watchfulness. But there is an innate sense of justice in the bosom of all, from the peasant in the cottage to the king in the palace, from the private in the ranks to the Commander-in-Chief, and that feeling in this army has been outraged. Nothing but justice to our great Leader will ever quell the murmurs of dissatisfaction now arising from the tongues that, a year ago, shouted in approval.

We feel that to the man who watched so carefully over this army, who drilled and disciplined—in short, who brought it from a seemingly hopeless state of confusion and demoralization to assume the dimensions and effectiveness of an army, rightfully belongs the honor of an already successful campaign.

The rebel army hangs about Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, from the former of which they have just been throwing shell at our batteries. Reinforcements are said to be on the way here, and with Rosecrans, good weather and the blessing of Providence—but especially the former—we could doubtless make a good campaign yet this fall. But at present we can only wait and hope.

Yours Respectfully,
L. E. Knowles

The Chattanooga Battles.
First Two Days' Fighting.
[Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.]

SUMMIT OF LOOKOUT, NOV. 24, 1863.

I have here obtained you private information of the position of the Union army. At the present time, as introductory to the narration of the event which will hereinafter be recorded in this letter, and because no possible harm can ensue from their publication, I give your readers also our situation on the morning of the 22d inst.

The Situation.
In Chattanooga, I need not tell you, our troops, which have so many weeks occupied the town, were in their proper position. These, as you know, consisted of the 4th and 14th army corps, the old army of the Cumberland before its re-organization, and were commanded by Gen. Grant and Palmer respectively. General Hooker, in command of the army composed of the 11th and 12th corps, was in Lookout Valley, between Lookout Mountain and Paris, where the Whiteside road strikes the Chattanooga Pike. Gen. Ewing, of whose occupation of Trenton, is Will Valley. I have heretofore informed you, moved his division up the valley to Hawkins Station, near which will run into Lookout Valley. Gen. D. S. Stanley, who on Saturday relieved Gen. Craft in command of the 1st division, 4th army corps, was on the north side of the river near Bridgeport, with one brigade. The second brigade of this division was at Shell Mound, and the 3d at Whitesides.

General Sherman, with the bulk of his army, was crossing the river at Brown's Ferry, and moving to a position six miles north of Chattanooga, where he had a pontoon bridge in readiness to throw over the Tennessee, which it was thought to pass his divisions over and attack the rebel rear near Missionary Ridge. Gen. Craft—in command of the 24 and 3d brigades of the 1st division, 4th army corps—was ordered to move his men into Lookout Valley and report to General Hooker, leaving behind him troops enough to hold the mountain passes at Shell Mound and Whitesides. This was the military situation on Sunday morning, the 22d inst.

You will remember the signal bridge at Bridgeport, and that in what follows I speak from my standpoint, which was with General Craft.

DEPARTURE.

General Craft intended to move several days earlier, but Gen. Osterhaus's division, which brought up Sherman's rear, was so dilatory in its movements that it was impossible to move trains over the road, and he was compelled to defer his departure until Sunday evening.

Our horses were sent on in advance in charge of the colored servants; and the General and his staff, among whom for the nonce, your correspondent was included, took passage for Whitesides on the empty, rocky cars, at this time comprising the rolling stock of the Bridgeport and Chattanooga Railroad. We arrived at Whitesides in due season, and quartered for the night on Col. Gross, commanding the post.

At Whitesides.

While here we heard of the evacuation of Trenton by the division commanded by Gen. Ewing, and also that Sherman was passing the river at Brown's Ferry, and that the 11th corps was at Chattanooga.

A Lieutenant of an Indiana battery informed us that during Saturday night several bridges were thrown across the small creek which winds along the base of Missionary Ridge, as if an attack was about to be made on the left, in connection with Sherman's attack beyond it.

On Monday morning Gen. Whittaker moved his brigade from Shell Mound, and toward noon Col. Gross moved from Whitesides, and the whole led by Gen. Craft, why, by special order from General Thomas, was placed in charge of the expedition, marched to join General Hooker in Lookout Valley. According to orders, just before we left, an order of General Grant called at headquarters after a night's hard work in hastening forward Osterhaus' division.

From him I learned that the attack in front of Chattanooga was unsuccessful with the attack above it by Sherman. This was fixed for Monday morning, but owing to the extraordinary delay of Osterhaus, in effecting his junction with Sherman, the order was countermanded. The same officer informed me that the front in the direction of Trenton succeeded admirably. The rebels supposed the attack was to be made by way of Will Valley and threw over a large force to repel it. The delay in the attack doubtless enabled them to correct their error without prejudice.

REINFORCEMENTS.

We reached Lookout Valley, and from Parrish's to Wauhatchie, without incident of importance. Just as we were leaving the main Valley road to reach the ground selected for our camp, we met a heavy gun train in quick succession in Chattanooga, about four miles distant, followed by the rattle of musketry and the roar of field artillery. To all intents and purposes a rapid and continuous for half an hour or more, and then gradually died away— Guns from Lookout and guns from the
works in Chattanooga, kept up an angry roar until night-fall, sounding for all the world like the mutteredings of distant thunder when the rain has dashed over the mellowed sides and clusters we reached Hooker's headquarters; and to our inquiries as to the meaning of it, were told that Gen. W. L. Willich's Brigade was making a reconnoissance to develop the rebel position. We subsequently learned that in this reconnaissance we captured a line of rebel pickets and a hundred prisoners.—I intended to go to Chattanooga Monday evening, but learned that the pontoon bridge was down, which accident, although it proved distressing, was then, with the loss of the bridge across the creek, was burned.

Our picket lines were on the west side of the creek, and the rebels on the east side. Upon the western slope of Lookout, from its point to Wannacree, was stationed a brigade of Rhode Island troops. Wainwright's Chesham's division, Hardee's army corps—consisting of the 27th, 24th, 34th, 39th, 37th Mississippi, and the 36th and 27th Alabama overtook. There was a strong picket line on the creek, with reserves in rifle pits behind, and the balance of the regiments in the camp half way up the mountain.

The order was given for Col. Gross's brigade to advance in line of battle, take possession of a patch of timber, and build a bridge across the creek near the railroad. This was the day proper where we could cross the stream opposite the center, and the railroad being in the possession of the enemy, it was a work of little difficulty. Two regiments for this duty—Col. leaders—48th and 75th Illinois. When they advanced, they were sharply received, and the bullets were flying thickly. No enemv, however, and our boys soon made the attempt to fire on them—a dangerous undertaking—and the rebel pickets were forced to fall back. These incidents, whence, with impunity for a time, they poured their leaden missiles among the brave Illinoisians.

By this time three batteries had been placed on overlooks in the valley, and soon these opened upon the sharpshooters a terrible, direct and enveloping fire, which in the course of half an hour caused them to abandon their rifle pits and seek the cover of the timber further up the mountain, where along the road they had constructed a line of rifle pits and earthworks. Meanwhile along the center the firing and skirmishing was rapidly increasing, and rolls were given and received. All was comparatively quiet at Wannacree. We could hear occasional shots, something like the torrent going on in our front. Few knew what was being done. We looked up there were singular dark lines just this side of a clump of pines. With the naked eye we could not tell whether they were fences or soldiers. We swept the glass, and there we saw the solid, compact lines of blue emerging from the dark evergreens. Can it be possible that Geary and Whittaker are sweeping the slope of the mountain? We looked again and doubt was removed. There was line clear up to the bottom of the rocky escarpment—another just behind and a little lower and still another, and another, and another, until the last line of blue rested on the creek.

They advance gradually, and it appears painfully, over the rocky steep, now crawling over some projecting boulder, and pulling themselves up by some hanging shrub and reaching out the lines here and there, gray, and we wait in breathless expectation of the creek of deadly rifles. We wait not long. Away up on the mountain, where we see a false report comes roaring back. This is fol-

The Events Following the Capture of Lookout Mountain.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Gazette.)

EVENTS OF WEDNESDAY, Nov. 25.
THE STARS AND STRIPES ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Wednesday morning came, and as soon as the sun's rays were warm enough to dispel the mists from the mountain, all eyes were turned towards the summit of Lookout. A wild and desolate scene ran along below. The banner of beauty and of glory was flaring from the very crest of the mountain—from the gigantic pile of rocks whose relief, cannon had long been hurling missiles of death toward the city. The enemy on Lookout had not been able to rally after his disastrous defeat the day before. He had fled during the night, and the disorganized fragments of his force, belonging to Stevenson's division, were moved round to the right of the line, in order to withstand the storm which it was perceived would soon burst from our left.

Capt. John Wilson, 9th Kentucky, brought the honor of being the first to plant the flag upon the now deserted rebel citadel. This had Hooker and the brave men under him known as the Lookout of the line, in order to withstand the storm which it was perceived would soon burst from our left.

BLOODE DESCEND THE MOUNTAIN.

But still grander events were hurrying onward, and St. John's Church, on the summit of the mountain, "Fighting Joe" desolated early in the morning, crossed Chattahoochee, and joined Johnson's division upon the right of the position.

Huey Ewing's division had previously left his position upon the mountain, and passing over to the left, had joined Gen. Sherman, turning upon his right. This was completed our immense line of battle, extending from the Knoxville road on the right, to the north end of Missionary Ridge upon the left, a distance of about six miles. Oosterhout's division was on the extreme right; then Camp's; then Sheridans; then Wood's; then Baird's; then Chieta's; then Steed's; then Ewing's; then John E. Smith's, with Moore's on the extreme left. Whiteaker and Groves's brigade fought with Hoot; and G. J. Davis's was left on the extreme left. The enemy's three divisions met with the line of Missionary Ridge, his occupying all of it with lines of rifle pits at the foot, except a portion from which he had been dislodged by Sherman.

ON BALD KNOB.

Early in the morning I took position upon the knob held by Willich's brigade of Wood's division, known as Bald Knob, from which the entire battle field could be distinctly seen.

The morning was raw and cold, but the sun shone brilliantly from an unclouded sky. The prospect was beautiful in the extreme. The entire valley was before me, bounded by walls of adnament and caved on the side. The valley, with the trees on the other side, as the eye looked down. The columns of smoke that issued from the earth and the return fire; and it was well for Sherry's division.

The enemy's line of battle coincided with the line of Missionary Ridge, his occupying all of it with lines of rifle pits at the foot, except a portion from which he had been dislodged by Sherman.

REBEL LINE OF BATTLE.

Brayton's division was on the left of the enemy's line. Sanders occupied the center, and part of Johnson's a corps, with the Georgia state troops. The enemy's line of battle was over the hill, and the railroad to the rear of the right, was distinctly seen. Willieh, brave, unselfish, true, as an old veteran, animated by the hopes and cheers of the people, and the dash of the enemy at the rear of the right, was distinctly seen.

THE ENEMY MASS UPON THE LEFT.

Gen. Baird's division of the 14th corps was at this time marching by the flank, in front of Fort Wood, for the purpose of taking position between Gen. Wood's division and Howard's left. This movement of his, plainly perceived by the enemy, fully impressed them with it. By that evening, however, a grand assault was to be made upon their right, and instantly a massive column of their forces began to move northward along the right of the ridge, presenting a splendid spectacle as regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, filed off toward our left; and it was well for Sherwood's brave men that they could not see those battalions, for they impressed each beholder with an idea of almost irresistible power.

THE CHARGE OF THE GIANTS.

Suddenly the stern burst upon Mathiessen's brigade and the left of Howard. The fierce flames from thirty pieces of artillery leaped athwart and across the ravine which separated the two hills, and a flash of lightning from ten thousand muskets blinded the eyes of our men. They rose from the ground and returned the fire; and it was well for Sherwood's brave men that they could not see those battalions, for they impressed each beholder with an idea of almost irresistible power.

A small group of officers were shot down; files of our soldiers were swept away; and fire and smoke were everywhere. General Mathiessen was wounded and disabled; a score of officers were shot down; files of our soldiers were swept away; and fire and smoke were everywhere. General Mathiessen was wounded and disabled; a score of officers were shot down; files of our soldiers were swept away; and fire and smoke were everywhere.

And there, too, was the king among his companions, the "giant among giants," the man whose place in literature, which ap-
tage. In the face of three able leaders, had marked from and in an instant perceived their advantage. The moment they had got beyond the fire of musketry, and while still in full range of the enemy’s cannon, they formed their ranks and were ready for another combat! But their work for the day was over.

THE CRISIS.

And now came the great crisis of the battle. The men who held in their hands the destinies of the army, had marked from their position on Bald Knob the movement of the rebel legions toward the left, and in an instant perceived their advantage. In the face of three such leaders as Baird, Wood and Sheridan, Bragg was repeating the old fatal error which lost the allied armies Austerlitz and the Union Chieftains, he was weakening his center and making a flank movement in the presence of his enemy.

In an instant Granger and Palmer hurried and Baird and Sheridan down the slope on the hill upon which they had been posted, and Baird across the lower ground to the left. Through the wood concealing the ridge, and hurled like a torrent into and over the same, scattering the terrified rebels who occupied them, like thistle-down or chaff.

THE SOLDIERS SIZZLE ORDERLY.

But sticking to original orders, our lines have held; but the men were no longer controllable. Baird had carried the rifle pits in front of his position, and the shout of triumph, roasting the blood to a very frenzy of enthusiasm, ran all along the line. Cheering each other forward, the three divisions began to climb the ridge.

A skittering volley of muskets is heard.

THE NORTHERN ARMY.

As the reports from the different portions of the army came in, it is impossible to convey the joy that filled the hearts of our men. A shout answered the news, and the sound spread from every hill top; a war whoop was heard as he advanced. And then the sight, the sound of the cannon, the bayonet, and the vast crowd of men, the scene of grand a triumph as he ever yet blessed the Union army.

EVENTS OF THURSDAY, NOV. 21

CHATTANOOGA, NOV. 27.

DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE SOLDIERS OVER THE CAPTURED ARMS.

On the summit of the ridge the captured guns were set up, and here, in spite of all my solicitude, I saw another spectacle, of a different nature, which affected me to tears. Numbers of the officers were standing around the pieces, peering into their huge mouths with intense curiosity, plys their hands over every part even of the carriage wheels, patting the guns as a child pats the head of a dog, and smiting the faces of their companions! As I passed upon those men it seemed to me as if I were carried back to another age, the strength, the spirit and the glory of the American soldier. The revolution of the soldier who prepares deepest and most solemn joy springs from the overthrow of their country’s enemies?

WHAT REEDN’T FIRST PLACED ITS FLAG ON THE RIDGE.

I endeavored, with all my power, to ascertain what regiment had first planted its flag on the crest of the ridge. It was impossible to do so, now that it never will be known. But whatever difference of opinion may be with regard to the particular regiment to which the honor should be assigned, illustrious rivals can well afford to be generous to each other, for all that agree that five minutes did not elapse from the time our first soldier stood upon the top of this ridge until a line of Union banners was floating all along the crest.

OUR LEFT WING BLAMELESS.

Gen. Sherman’s men did not make quite the same progress on the left as the other portions of the army, but let no one decide on that account that they did not fight as bravely. Their bold attack on Tunnel Hill drew upon them the concentrated fire of both the enemy’s right and left. But they need not even this explanation for their success. The courage of the men and the ability of the officers, under the American flag in triumph at Raymond, at Jackson, at Champion Hill and Vicksburg, is no longer a matter of question.

RETREAT OR THE ENEMY ON THURSDAY.

Tunnel Hill had been abandoned by the rebels in the night, and when I left the summit of the Ridge, about noon, the left and right wings of our army were advancing, while the center still held its position. No enemy was visible, but columns of smoke rising at different points told that the enemy was burning the bridges over the Chattanooga, and such of his stores as he could not carry away—Sherman was throwing a shell occasionally into some old rebel camps, where he bore the American flag in triumph at Raymond, and Jackson, at Champion Hill and Vicksburg, is no longer a matter of question.

LOST.

Estimates of the losses in the last great contest have already been given by telegrams, and here I shall not repeat them here. In the entire three days operations I think our own loss will reach 500 killed, 300 wounded, and 200 captured.
The hard marching and fighting of three days past had taken a heavy toll in triumphal success, and victory again perches on our banners. Bragg is attacked and defeated at all points. His army is now in flight, broken, disorganized and routed.

A few of his divisions are trying to cover the retreat, and occasionally make a short sullen resistance. The continual advance of our troops has no troops in the world could long endure.

The pursuit of our elated and victorious legislation is proceeding on an all-consuming scale. Some strong positions on Lookout Mountain, driven from his vantage ground in a series of bayonet and point of bayonet with great slaughter. And in the rear extricate the remnants of his defeated army from their perilous situation by a rapid retreat on the road toward Atlanta.

He has already lost thousands of prisoners, over fifty pieces of cannon, many hundreds of wagons, and has been compelled to burn and destroy stores, expediting and ammunition to prevent their falling into our hands, with all his heavily losers are yet to come.

In the pursuit of roads he must abandon many more cannon. Other thousands of his jaded, ill-fed and dissatisfied men will be overtaken by heavy rain set in, making the roads and clogged with flooded water. Other thousands of his jaded, ill-fed and dissatisfied men will be overtaken by heavy rain set in, making the roads and clogged with flooded water.

The situation is critical, and Howard's corps moved on the 17th. The city and the enemy are in full view of the opposite bank of the river, and actually effected lodgment some distance up on the side of the mountain. His orders were to see the point, and the anxiety which characterized his movements, appeared to operate as designed on the enemy. Bragg seemed to think an advance of the enemy by that route was intended, and accordingly threw a heavy force in that direction from his centre and right.

All this was plainly discernible from Chattanooga. His troops could be plainly seen moving in the direction of Point of Chattanooga.

The next day dawned on a view of the enemy's line of works. Possibly he was undeceived; possibly he feared his centre was left too weak. In the meantime, Gen. Sherman's corps was pushing to the position in Chattanooga preparatory to laying pontoon bridges across the mouth of Chickamauga River, and carrying the 1st and 2nd of Missionary Ridge. J. E. Smith's division left Lookout Mountain, in the 16th, and was in camp in a ravine two miles from the position opposite Chattanooga by daylight of the 20th. M. L. Smith's division, which followed next day and night, occupied the position to the rear of Lookout.

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in ignorance of it for several hours. Near the piece of crossing was a rebel camp of about 1,000, engaged in felling trees and making rafts to send down the river for the purpose of destroying our pontoon bridges below Chattanooga. So unexpected was our coming that the whole were captured, excepting one man, who, being a member of the camp of a private soldier, to be a bearer of evil tidings to his master.

The line of battle was formed below Chattanooga, with Gen. M. L. Smith's division (Gen. C. C. Cocke's, Gen. Smith's in the centre, and Gen. Ewing's on the right toward Chattanooga), and moved across a fortiﬁcation belonging to the river and the end of Missionary Ridge. The enemy was met in force, and beyond skirmishing, no opposition was encountered in gaining the summit of the ridge. Gen. Howard's corps was pushed up the river bank from town in the morning, and now joined Gen. Sherman's.

At night Gen. Sherman began intrenching his position on the ridge. His troops were under arms, or on duty, all daylight, I believe, by which time they were in position to defend themselves successfully against all assault, or to advance on the enemy's fortifications on the ridge beyond a ravine.

GEN. HOOKER ATTACKS LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

On Sunday night Gen. Hooker ordered an attack on Lookout Mountain in the morning. Owing to some delay on account of the river not being in motion till eight o'clock, when it left Washatch Valley, and began ascending the western slope of the mountain, the line of the enemy was captured, excepting one man, who, being a member of the camp of a private soldier, to be bearer of evil tidings to his master.

The line had been previously formed with Gregg's division on the right, Whittaker's division of Gen. Sherman's corps (which was unable to cross the river the day before), and two lines of defense added to the enemy's fortifications. To turn the position was impossible. Nothing but projecting a battery was left, and our guns were on either hand—above or below. An open narrow ﬁeld through which the road lay had to be crossed to reach the rebel works.

The line had been previously formed with Gregg's division on the right, Whittaker's brigade in the centre, and Osterhaus's division of Gen. Sherman's corps (which was unable to cross the river the day before), and two lines of defense added to the enemy's fortifications. To turn the position was impossible. Nothing but projecting a battery was left, and our guns were on either hand—above or below. An open narrow ﬁeld through which the road lay had to be crossed to reach the rebel works.
The troops in the rear marched steadily and rapidly to the attack, with a mathematical precision never excelled. Every piece of artillery along the circuit of our line opened fire, and continued it incessantly for thirty or forty minutes. The rebel battery along the entire length of the ridge was silenced by a volley instantly, and heaven and earth trembled with the concussion. Missiles of every kind and caliber went whizzing and crashing in every direction as far as the eye could reach. The rearing of cannon—the bursting of shells—the deadly, devastating, rattling roar of musketry, were incessant and grand beyond description.

As our line neared the enemy's rifle pits, a volley was poured into it, and a bayonet charge made on the instant. The rebels seemed to have a presentiment that our final struggle was upon them, and defeat and disembarkers were certain. Our fire was returned with vigor and effect, but as our long, blinding line of cold steel emerged from the brush into plain view, every line of our men was covered in the rear at regular intervals, their courage forsook them, and without waiting for a second volley or hand-to-hand contest for their defenses, they scrambled out of them in complete disorder, and made their way to the rear of the ridge in rear of their heavy works.

The cheering and yelling of our men in the rear of our breastworks, remained quietly in the rear of our lines, and must have carried consternation to the rebel host. Into the ditches, over the breastworks, and after the scattered, retreating rebels, our boys went, sweeping everything before them. At one or two points along the line detachments of the enemy remained an instant, in the vain hope of holding them off; but they were scattered, trodden down and run over, without so much as leaving a trace of their footsteps behind.

Many prisoners and small arms were taken, with small loss. Our men were so inspired with the sense of efficiency of the movements that their officers were no longer able to restrain them, and whole regiments began to dash up the ridge, in positive disobedience to orders.

Color sergeants were plainly discernible in advance, and the men to follow them. As many regiments were already near the top of the ridge, and others were bowling along, charged to the very muzzle of unbelieving cannon, under a combined musketry fire, and carried the entire centre by direct assault. As we ascended the ridge, several batteries were familiar to all. Hundreds who fought ran off hastily, and escaped capture, but the men were taken where they stood, and their guns captured or destroyed.

We had now the two flanks and center of the heights, and the battle beyond the ridge was interminable, until our regiments made for the rebel works by the skirmishers.
of its operations in this region. I am aware that some insinuations have been thrown out in regard to the application of stores intrusted to the agency and to the representatives of the institution prej udicial to the administration of its affairs, and I have taken some pains to satisfy myself upon this point.

I find it is the policy of the Commission to establish large bases of supplies a little in the rear of the army; first, that it may be safe, in case of any serious reverse to our arms, and, second, that the supplies may be in a position favorable for the relief of the sick and wounded in the extremest front of the rear-guard, and the sick and wounded en route from front to rear and to general hospitals established northward. In pursuance of this policy their base of supplies was abandoned to this point about the time of the battle of Chickamauga.

The objects of its care are divided into classes, and take precedence in the following order: First, the sick and wounded are provided for in the hospitals in the rear, or in the regions beyond the seat of war. Second, field and post hospitals and convalescent camps. Third, regiments in the vicinity of the headquarters of the Commission, rather than the restoration of the sick. To see three grand divisions embrace the chief objects on the whole surface of the sphere of activity to make the administration of the Commission possible; you can have but little idea of the good with which everything in the way of fresh vegetables is snatched up at the Commission.

There are many cases of scurvy in the army and in its inpatient stages, surgeons say it is very common. There is a convalescent camp located here containing several hundred patients. When the sanitary stores were first opened here, the surgeons stated that it had six cases of scurvy, and by the vegetables furnished by the Commission, the cases were reduced in about one week.

About fifty regiments receive sanitary supplies from this depot, but in very limited quantities. One barrel of onions and one of potatoes is issued to a regiment, and repeated as often as the state of supplies will justify. This will give them ten barrels for ten days, but with occasional supplies from the Commission, the effect is quite apparent.

In localities where individuals can purchase whatever they need in the market, officers and civilians are excluded from the participation in these benefactions. By places like this, where nothing can be sold but the ordinary army rations, and only the pioneer articles, both officers and civilians, especially when in ill-health, are particlers of these benefits; and much to their embarrassment, until they learn that, although the Commission will sell anything, any one is at liberty to contribute to its general fund; and probably the institution will be magnificently reimbursed for all it bestowed upon these classes of persons not only by immediate reciprocation, but by awakening in the minds of many who have abundant means, a permanent interest in the Sanitary Commission.

Mr. Edward J. K., a general agent now here, is a man bordering upon sixty years of age, a sound, discriminating judgment, and a well-qualified physician, and his figures show that trade is not so bad as it appears.

June 30, 1860.

The civilized world, and the civilized world of the civilized world, and the civilized world of the civilized world, is so interested in this subject as the civilized world, and the civilized world, and the civilized world, that it is necessary to publish an account of the proceedings of the civilized world, as an answer to all the civilized world.

The medical council a secret society, and secret societies within the government, as an answer to all the civilized world. Almost any one can make a cotton shirt or pair of drawers, and with many it is very common, and they are being supplied daily. Surgeons in charge of field hospitals are authorized to draw upon the public stock as are necessary to a suitable outfit for a transit of this kind, and such cases of destitution indicate that much can be done for the poorsoldier. Almost any one can make a cotton shirt or pair of drawers, and with many it is very common, and they are being supplied daily. Surgeons in charge of field hospitals are authorized to draw upon the public stock as are necessary to a suitable outfit for a transit of this kind, and such cases of destitution indicate that much can be done for the poor soldier.
ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.


Now that the "Army of the Potomac" is again on the move, it may not change its wonted home, and we take pleasure in writing to you of its doings. The soldiers have been allowed to labor incessantly for near two weeks, and as soon as they are comfortably housed within their excellent winter-quarters—those soldiers are gone. The voice of the glory has come. They return to their homes.

The army of the Potomac have built excellent winter-quarters—the soldiers have been allowed to labor incessantly for near two weeks, and as soon as they are comfortably housed within their excellent winter-quarters—those soldiers are gone. The voice of the glory has come. They return to their homes.

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or company which left Grant county.
How does this correspond with the
question of the advance position? Does the
 gentleman recalled Gainesville, (or was he
reached with the wagon train)? Does
he know which regiment was called into
action first, and why? Because Gen. Gil-
ben was aware that the Second had been
previously under fire, (at Bull Run first,
but had to retreat like the rest of the ar-
my.) He finally perceived the dangerous
position his Brigade was placed in, and
confidently sent the 2nd to show the
modus operandi. At South Mountain
he remarks that we were in the rear again.
He must be very well posted, but, never-
theless, he made a very serious mistake.
He may have limbered to the rear and
missed the way the battle lines were in
line of battle. So to strengthen his mem-
ory, I will only say, that the 19th Indiana
and 2nd occupied one side of the turnpike,
while the 7th and 6th were on the other.
He must indeed, and it very tantalizing to
to those having friends in the 7th to hear
the competing of the fighting boys upon
an easy regiement. But we, not all
factions for a name or title and quite
willing to substitute the old nickname of
the _Ragged_ 2nd—this may be some recon-
nial.
I fees that he forgot to tell us that we were
rear guard advance, in the last disastrous
advance. But the people of Grant
county ought to know it, and I will tell
them of it, and the duty of a rear guard,
which is to pick up stragglers etc. It may
be, that he had reasons for not doing it be-
because as performing our duty, we pierced
lots of such men up as Mr. C. B. in base
corners and hiding places; such heroes
were trying to feel it, instead of foisting
upon themselves the enemy, while their fellow com-
batants marched forward.

Away from guns, bombs and shells, Mr. C. B. shows great vigor in wielding his pen, the public magazine doesn't always
in his nerves. Should he, after this, seri-
ously aspire to glory, I will show him, in
case he may have been ground to atoms by a
contemporary New York reporter, who will
make him a Civil War Bayonet, elevate him to
the highest watch, and till higher if re-
quired.

For my part, I do not make any prac-
tice in corresponding with papers, but I
wish Mr. C. B. would take the proverb at
heart: _Virtus fortitudine vincit._

War Correspondence—2d Regiment.

[We have received a letter from our
old correspondent in Co. E, dated Bell
Plain, Va., Feb. 17. As it is quite
long, we are obliged to omit the first
part. After speaking of the weather,
his officers, etc., he proceeds:]

The "Old Second still lives." We
now turn out something over two hun-
dred muskets. The reputation of the
"Iron Brigade" is still above par, in
army circles. We were unfortunate
enough to be rear guard in the late
fruitless effort at another demonstration
against Fredericksburg, which is one of
the most unenviable positions in
which a regiment can be placed, al-
though it is considered a post of honor.
The storm (more severe than any which
I ever experienced) commenced the first
day. The roads were never worse, and
men and teams suffered fearfully.
The first night, from being compelled to wait
the movements of artillery, teams, &c.,
which stuck in the mud in advance,
it was 12 o'clock at night when we
Camped the rain falling in torrents,
accompanied by a severe Nor'easter.
The storm continued three days, which
put an effectual check upon any further
movement at that time. The troops
were ordered to return and take up
their old positions. It was some time,
however, before all the artillery, wag-
ons, &c., could be got back; so bad
were the roads, which for miles, were
completely blocked up with army wag-
on, artillery, dead mules and horses.

Twas a sad failure, to say the least,
and I venture the assertion that government
lost as much by it in men, through
desertion, sickness, &c., and material,
and that spirit of corps, so essential to
success, as when we failed to take im-
pregnable batteries at the point of the
bayonet, in Burnside's first attack on
Fredericksburg. Since then, we have
been doing picket and "fatigue" duty—
such as building "corduroy" roads,
bridges, docks, &c., so that the men are
on duty almost every day.

Some changes have taken place in the
command of the 2d. Lieut. Col. Allen is now Col. of the 5th and Maj.
Stevens is now Lieut. Col., with Capt.
Mansfield—3d Co., Portage City
Light Guard—as Major.

We now have a Brigade Band, com-
poused mostly of the old members of the
2d's Band that was discharged last
summer. They met with a most hearty
welcome from the boys, who had never
forgiven our venerable Uncle Samuel
for depriving us of the only source of
pleasure ever afforded them. The
present band is a good one, and under
the direction of their gentlemanly lea-
der, Mr. Fishel, discourses most ex-
cellent music.

The last "grand movement" of the
2d, was a foraging expedition down
the Potomac, in company with the 6th Wis.,
under command of Col. Fairchild.
The plan of the expedition was this:
The 2d and 6th Wis., and the 7th Ind.
(not in our brigade) were to take trans-
ports at the landing, not more than half
a mile from the camp, sail down the
river and canal in Northumberland Co.,
where, at Heathsville, the county seat,
we were to meet and act in conjunction
with a force of cavalry, who were to have
taken the "overland route." Thursday,
the 12th, the infantry force embarked—
the 2d and 6th on the Alice
Price, and the 7th Ind. on the Edwin
Lewis. Twas 4 o'clock P. M. before
we left the deck and steamed down the
river. Our picket line (the left of
which rests on the river about three
miles from point of embarkation,) was
passed, and from that point to the
mouth of the Potomac, the country is
in the possession of the rebels. By
10 o'clock the second day, having run
up what is known as Cove Creek, we
expected a landing at a point about 3
miles from where it empties into the
Potomac. [I will state here that the
boat with the 7th Ind. on board failed
to land, and returned without accompl-
ishing anything, and our force was
consequently much weakened.] The
Co. was first ordered to land, and in-
stantly pushed out into the country,
picking up horses, mules, forage, and
suspecting looking citizens, and not re-
turning to the boat until late in the
evening; having captured 26 nules, six
horses. four thousand lbs. bacon, ham,
shoulders, &c.; not a bad day's work
for a company of 11 privates, 6 non-
commissioned officers and one 2d Lieut.

The remainder of the force, in the
meantime, having marched to Heathes-
ville and although behind, time some
three or four hours, the cavalry we were
to have met there had not arrived;
neither did they arrive at all; having
been badly frightened soon after leav-
ing our picket lines, by indications of
the presence of a large force of the
enemy's cavalry in the vicinity. Their
loss was not felt, for although our
cavalry, in this division, is probably as
ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

"ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,"

Near Pratt's Landing, Virginia,

March 31st, 1862.

The 175,000 men constituting the Army of the Potomac are not idle; from nearly every regiment the available quota can be daily seen repairing and building corduroy roads; forming new roads; building docks along the Potomac—while some are scouting the neck of land between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, east of us, for the purpose of gathering such mules and horses as are left for the service from rebel sympathizers.

Very soon, there are numerous other duties we could enumerate; but defer for fear of tiring your patience—it is enough to know that we are as busy as the bee when May flowers adorn Mother Earth.

The Second Wisconsin Regiment has been particularly employed; besides furnishing men for the above duties, as well as for picket, details from the Second and Sixth have been made for secret expeditions. Recently 1,000 of the best fighting men were called for from the Army of the Potomac. The Second and Sixth Wisconsin and Seventh Indiana regiments were chosen. The Second and Sixth repaired in "light marching order," to Pratt's Landing, and embarked on board the beautiful steamers Alice Price and stanned down the Potomac; at night as Erebus—we anchored near Mathias' Point, and all lay down to rest.

Early dawn found us again plying our way down stream. At 10 o'clock A.M., we were hailed by one of Uncle Sam's gunboats—run along side, made things right and pursued our journey. The gunboat was a sentinel guarding the Potomac at that point, watching snugglers and escaping deserters.

The width of the Potomac from Mathias' Point to the Maryland shore is twelve miles. We run along sufficiently close to see the earthworks that were built and used by the enemy, last spring, at Mathias' Point, causing considerable anxiety for the safety of our boats traversing the river by that point.

On either shore dwellings and plantations could be seen, presenting every appearance of comfort and happiness—such did we look upon it at least—the scenery quite picturesque!

At 11 A.M., we reached the mouth of the Potomac, and endeavored to land at opposite Point Lookout, but it was impossible, there being no dock—half a mile from shore was as near as we could reach it.
get. The Chesapeake Bay lay in front of us, and naught could be seen save a vast sheet of water. Off to our left a black object could be descried, and as we move nearer, it proves to be a merchant ship.

We "about faced" and run up Cone river—a stream renowned for furnishing the finest oysters in the world, landed and threw out skimmershers—awaifed two hours for the result. Presently an officer brought in the boat on horseback, from whom was obtained beneficial information. His horse was taken charge of, and he was requested to go aboard and point out the channel of Cone river up as far as Heathsville landing. Ere we shoved from shore, however, a great many contrabands flocked to the beach and told us all they knew. (In our opinion, "intelligent contrabands" are played out.) We moved cautiously up stream, under the guidance of our stranger friend, (passing nice little plantations on either side—the river is about the width of La Crosse,) until we reached the dock—a distance of six or eight miles from the mouth. Here all disembarked, except one company who were left to protect the boat from surprise, and marched as rapidly as possible towards Heathsville, the county seat of Northumberland county, where we arrived about 2 o'clock. From a distance, the hotel, the remainder partaking of oysters at a restaurant, who told us that he had gathered and prepared the same in consequence of an anticipated meeting of the citizens of the vicinity to confer with the conscript officers, who had only left four or five hours prior to our appearance in Heathsville.

Col. Fairchild, who was in command of the expedition, questioned the Citizens searched the post office, and captured a mail bag full of letters, etc., etc., while some of the soldiers were eating their dinner in the streets, others dining at the hotel, the remainder partaking of oysters at a restaurant, who told us that he had gathered and prepared the same in consequence of an anticipated meeting of the citizens of the vicinity to confer with the conscript officers, who had only left four or five hours prior to our appearance in Heathsville.

We were three days and nights on the way, arriving at camp during a very heavy snow storm, with eighteen horses and thirty-nine mules. Our arrival was indeed gratifying to Col. Meredith and Col. Fairchild, both of whom had become somewhat alarmed about the steamer returning with the Sixth and a portion of the Second, the day we left them. The Seventh Indiana did not land, but returned the same day. The whole expedition presumably benefited the government to the amount of $12,000, besides dispersing rebel conscript officers, and learning a portion of the country, which is magnificent.

Everything appears to be in a prosperous condition, while two or three new dwellings were being erected along the route, the country is thickly settled, and there are white males at every house. We passed through three or four pleasant villages—affairs seem to incline that the denizens were ignorant of the disastrous agitation now pending between North and South.
the right of our line of skirmishers. To hold this ford the 2d U. S. Sharpshooters, and Companies A, B, C, D, E, F, and H, Wisconsin (Lieut. Hill) were detailed; deploying as skirmishers and concealing themselves in the brush and along the banks of the river, they kept up a destructive fire on the rebels until dark; at 10 o'clock at night they were relieved.

They remained in camp here until the afternoon of the 23d, sustaining in the meanwhile a terrible fire from the rebel artillery. At 10 o'clock in the morning they marched on to Washington, the day following they passed through the town, camping from it a short distance. Breaking camp here on the 26th, they marched to the Rappahannock, towards White Sulphur Springs. Here the enemy were found to be in position, and the left wing of the Longhorns that grow along the bank of the right of our line orarimiierita.

To the double-quick and a charge bayonet in each hand, officers five, enlisted men fifty-one; wounded in the arm early in the engagement, he courageously refused to leave the field, but soon after he was shot by a ball in the head, if anywhere, they wished to pay their devores to the enemy once again. At "peep o'clock" the marching was resumed by the army. Hatch's Brigade on the right, Gibbon's following in order thus: the 2nd on the right, followed by the 19th Indiana and 11th and 9th Wisconsin—slowly advancing in this order; thick pine woods flanking them on either side, Hatch's Brigade some distance ahead, until they arrived near that point. It was there that firing was heard from Hatch's Brigade, and almost instantaneous cannon were boomed, destruction into the left of Gibbon's Brigade.

Battery "B," advancing at a gallop, took position on the right; Col. O'Connor immediately skirmishing the 2d to a front, at this moment received orders to advance in line of battle and take the rebel battery. In explanation of this quick movement, the battery was advanced, to the right, for the purpose of annihilating the enemy slowly coming forward, and being aware of the enemy's being in force here, but, judging from his own orders, supposed to be insufficiently detached party. The 2d, advancing as rapidly as possible, opened fire at 4 o'clock; then the commands "Fix Bayonets," "Forward," giving them the double-quick and a charge bayonet in gallant style. Soon, however, a murderous fire of canister and terriblo brought them to a halt, disclosing the fact that they had an enemy to deal with three times their superior in numbers, and in good position, stone fence covering them as breast-works. Returning fire with interest, Companies A and B were ordered to advance as skirmishers which movement Companies were ordered to lie down. Sooner were the skirmishers fairly deployed, then the rebels came down, charging wave after wave, inexorable yells and hootings.

"As though men fought on earth, the base and cowardly sympathies with the traitors, at the North, who are doing their utmost to embarrass the administration and compel an ignominious surrender to the South, comes back from our brave boys in all parts of the great field where they stand confronting the foe."

"Bitter denunciations of the Copperheads."

One universal cry of indignation against the base and cowardly sympathies with the traitors, at the North, who are doing their utmost to embarrass the administration and compel an ignominious surrender to the South, comes back from our brave boys in all parts of the great field where they stand confronting the foe. The following manly letter is from Col. Fairchild, of the veteran 2d Wisconsin, himself a Democrat, to a relative in Madison.

HEADQUARTERS 2D WISCONSIN VOL'S,

BURLS PLAINS, Va., March 15, '63.

DEAR JAMES:—Yours of the 9th inst. I have just read with much pleasure, and also with feelings of deep sorrow; pleasure to have your letters and engagements; sorrow to know that there are any considerable number of men in our State, who dare openly proclaim hostility to this holy war.

It would be bad enough to know that they thought treason of that kind, but that public sentiment has so fallen that any man in this time of tribulation and sorrow, should dare to lift his voice agat the Government, is almost past belief; yet I know it is so.

It is but poor encouragement to the soldiers in the field; for if this is not a just war on our side, then we are no better, but if it is a holy war, waged for a holy purpose, the army should hear nothing but words of hope and encouragement from those at home.

Any man who makes serious opposition to the Government at this time, is no better than a traitor; as such he is regarded.

"Men who advocate peace on any grounds this side of the "Union as it was," is, whether he intends it or not, an enemy to the country.

There is but one feeling in this army, and it grows stronger day by day, to continue the war until victory rests with us, even if it takes every man and dollar in the United States.

The end is to be victory, and every means should be used to secure that end.

There will be a sad day of reckoning for those who are opposing the government, that when the war comes home—it will hardly favor disloyal men.

I feel more than I can express on this subject. I cannot imagine how any sane man, who is not a traitor at heart, can stand up and advocate such principles.

Should resistance be offered to the Government at this time, I hope the guilty ones will be hung on the first tree. This is no time to be lenient or merciful to such criminals.

All men should be willing and glad to contribute their means, and if necessary their lives, on their country's altar; he who is not, fails short of being a good citizen. I have all confidence in our cause, and feel one should be victorious over the traitors both South and North.

Wore the copperheads to hear the opinions of the army, they would, at least, be more prudent from motives of fear.

We do not believe that this is a fit time to stand stately and quibble, and find fault with the government, so long as the
government is pushing the war vigorously to a victorious end. It is a time for all men to put their shoulders to the wheel and give a long, strong, hearty, willing helping push; and when this is done we shall push forward to a speedy triumph. I hope, and you can not but believe that those who now express their opposition will take a sober second thought, and enter like patriots, in earnest support of the right.

Yours truly,

A BRAVE BOY IN THE HOSPITAL.

We have been permitted to peruse a letter from one of the brave "Belle City Rifle" boys, who was severely wounded in the head by a minie ball at the battle of South Mountain. He has been in hospital ever since that time—still within a few weeks past. His letter is dated at "Conventient Camp, near Fort Bardia, Virginia, March 8, 1863." We copy the following paragraph:

"My head is probably as well as it will ever be, as I have no reason to expect a perfect restoration of the fractured bone. I expect to go to the regiment before long, and if I ever get a chance, I will make some of the 'reb's' pay dear for my sore head. I am not in the least discouraged, and think our cause just as noble and holy as it was the day I enlisted, and when I go into battle again, I shall fight with the holy as it was the day I enlisted, and when I go into battle again, I shall fight with the

Expedition to Northern Neck—A Large Quantity of Supplies captured, &c.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, March 9, 1863.

The expedition of Col. Fairchild, of the Second Wisconsin, to the Northern Neck, returned to Belle Plain on Saturday, after a very successful trip. The command, consisting of two hundred and forty men, from the Second Wisconsin Regiment and twenty men from the 7th Wisconsin Cavalry, left Belle Plain on the night of the 26th, and arrived at the landing on Lower Machado, in Westmoreland county, the next morning at daylight. Lieut. Col. Kries immediately started across the Neck with the cavalry, for the purpose of breaking up the ferries and capturing rebel cavalry reported to be in that region, while the infantry debarked and marched up to Newton's plantation, where a large quantity of grain was stored. A few shots were fired at the infantry by the bushwhackers, but the scouts sent out after the guerrillas returned unsuccessful.

At night Colonel Fairchild surrounded his force with a breastwork of cordwood, in anticipation of an attack; but no hostile demonstration was made; the next day the work of loading the barges was resumed. Three hundred barrels of brandy, one thousand pounds of pork, two hundred and thirty bushels of wheat, three thousand bushels of corn, fifty bushels of white beans and a large quantity of rice were also secured. The teams of the farmers were impressed; and the slaves, jubilant at the prospect of freedom, worked faithfully. A number of the latter returned, with the expedition. The cavalry seized a number of valuable horses and mules, captured several, and took up the ferries at Union wharf and Rappahannock. Colonel Fairchild also burned a schooner engaged in smuggling contraband goods into Virginia, bringing away her anchors, cables, &c.

A number of citizens begged permission to come on board the steamer "Belle Plain." They report, terrible suffering on the part of those supposed loyal, sedentary, old men, that there are in the Neck hundreds of the poorer classes who would rejoice at an opportunity to escape from the rebel armies. Some of the leading inhabitants have opposed the emigration of the most outrageous, and are employed as spies by the rebel authorities to entice the description and spy upon the movements of the army.

FROM THE LIGHT GUARD.

CAMP BELLE PLAIN, April 5th, 1862.

EditorRepublican:

I am once more with the boys. I found them not demoralized, or discouraged, as some of our Copperheads friends would have us believe, but being sound in body and mind are fully prepared to do their duties as soldiers. I know that the sentiments of those who left our city under the command of Capt. Hodge, are those of the brave boys of Co. "B," left on the battle field, yet I am proud to state that all wounds received by this Co. were received in actual battle, and not as stragglers and away from their places of residence. You may expect a good report from the boys. Democracy and Republicanism are all other issues are held aside—"its Union! Union! Union! We number, rank and file 30 men, and they never were in better fighting condition than today. We expect to move sooner.

As a specimen of the boys style of doing business, let me bring to your notice the following. While a squad of our men, commanded by my 24Lieutenant, (Daily) out hunting deserters and stragglers, bought deserters and stragglers—Buchanan (once of your office) being shot out in certain directions, came upon a deserter, hailed and quickly secured him in a barn close by, soon came across another, served him in the same way, and in a short time had the third deserter safely in the barn unassisted by any one but his mustard, and held them there nearly a whole day before more men came to his assistance, and barn being some ten miles from the reserve. Men of this stamp are not much demoralized, and deserters and deserters are becoming acquainted with the fact every day.

My health is rapidly improving—going on picket tomorrow morning, to re-

FROM THE BELLE CITY RIFLES.

CAMP NEAR BELLE PLAIN, VA., March 14th, 1863.

FAIRE'S OF THE "BELLE CITY RIFLES: There are many indications that the Army of the Potomac will soon be in motion. Orders that usually precede the issuing of these, have not yet been issued. The Spring campaign of 1863 will be opened in many days by another great battle in the vicinity of Fredericksburg. The many who have friends here will soon be anxiously waiting for news of our victory or defeat, and are interested in the present condition of the army on which, to a great extent, depends its success in the next engagement.

After the failure of our second attempt to cross the Rappahannock, a feeling of discouragement and discontent existed among many of the soldiers, which resulted in frequent desertions. The method adopted to remedy this evil, by our present commanders, has been very successful. The despondent tone indicating a want of faith in the success of our cause has disappeared, and one of confidence in the triumph of our arms under the direction of Gen. Hooker, has replaced it to a degree that gives a strong hope of victory to our army in the future.

The Second Wis. regiment has been greatly reduced in numbers by the battles in which it has been engaged, but has suffered very little by deaths from disease. Among the late promotions in our regiment for faithful and prompt discharge of duty, is that of John Huggins, of Co. F, to the post of Commissary Sergeant. Walker Stone has been detailed as clerk at Division Headquarters. There are twenty-five members of Co. F present with the regiment, which is probably as much of its original number as it will ever muster for duty.

As ever, yours truly,

C. JEWETT,

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
main three days—this speaks well for my friend Dr. Cameron, who took an interest in my welfare while at La Crosse.

R. HUGHES.
P. S.—I have just received official notice of the death of Norman McHardy, of my Co.—a braver man never graced the battle-field.

Three inches of snow fell last night.

R. H.

A CARD.

CAMP 2d WIS. VOL'S, BELLEVILLE, VA.
April 10th, 1863.

I hereby acknowledge the receipt, through Capt. Hill, of various and divers bottles and cans of fruit, pickles and other luxuries, from Mrs. F. H. Ellsworth, Mrs. A. P. Bennett and Mrs. McGregor; also, Messrs. S. S. Banning, J. B. Wells, A. M. Craig and A. P. Bennett, for which I tender my most sincere thanks.

It is highly gratifying to know that while we are periling our lives for the protection of that Government which has so long given us protection, we are kindly remembered by friends at home.

The only return I can at present make for such favors, is to continue in the faithful discharge of my duties in aiding to crush this rebellion and restoring peace to our once prosperous and happy country.

S. H. MORRISON,
Co. “G,” 2d Wis. Vol's.

THE VOICE OF THE 2d BRIGADE.

Copperhead Slanders Rebuked.

No Peace Until the Rebellion is Crushed.

Resolution adopted unanimously by the Brigade composed of the 2d, 6th, and 7th Wisconsin regiments, and the 10th Indiana and 24th Michigan regiments, Fclley Scientists.

WHEREAS, Certain evil-minded persons, about the army and at home, have circulated basely slanderous reports concerning the Army of the Potomac, and with pain and regret we have noticed a resulting fruitlessness of the attempt to crush the rebellion with their long range gun, we, in the name of each regiment compose, have the opportunity to show their metal to correct errors, and to prove their devotion to the Union, in shouldering the burden of our divided brethren in arms. Let it be understood that in the present struggle no neutrality is permitted, and that men must either fight, pay, or emigrate.

6th. That we recognize in the present administration the government of the Union, and cheerfully endorse it to any subsequent one, in all acts or measures having for their object a vigorous prosecution of the war and the effectual crushing out of this rebellion.

From our Light Guard "Type!!!

CAMP 2d WIS. VOL’S, NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA.
May 1st, 1863.

G. S. SMITH, ESQ.

The 1st Brigade of the 1st Division, 1st Army Corps of the Army of the Potomac, now lies some three miles below Fredericksburg, on the North side of the Rappahannock and I hope it will not be considered vain in me, should I assert that we are in the best of health and spirits, and await the command for the advance of our forces, with confidence in our officers and men. During the last grand struggle of this army, never were we more confident of success, and could have held the position we occupied on the right with safety; but it is evident that the enemy were twice our number; therefore we could not advance, and we were compelled to retreat. When we were beaten, we were compelled to retreat, and as is stated by numerous journals of but little consequence.

Our picket line runs along the bank of the river, while the enemy's lines are on the opposite shore. Notwithstanding we are in conversational distance to the "rebels," not a shot is exchanged between the pickets. On either shore can be seen soldiers drawing wines for fish, eating meals, playing at games, &c.

We are, indeed, sorry to state that there are some eighty regiments now preparing to leave this army, which will be something over a third of the Army of the Potomac, as they are mostly blue months men, while a few are two years, and it should be under-stood that this army will not enter upon active service until a reorganization is reported to, and the army filled up with new troops, &c.

The weather here is extremely warm, and summer is truly upon us; but we are not cognizant of the fact by such evidences as great ones in those States where the heat of the sun, which haves not recessed on the field for half a year. No ploughmen can be seen at work, no building of any description is visible, and truth, not even a lettuce bed or flower pot grows the surroundings of once beautiful residences, while a majority of dwellings in this section, are used by the army for hospitals, headquarters, &c. It is true that this country is actually devastated—a mere grave yard for both armies!

I am happy to announce that Lieut. G. M. Woodward of Co. "B," is promoted to Adjutant of this Regiment every member of the Light Guard regret the loss of such an efficient officer with gentlemanly bearing, from the ranks, but rejoice at the success of he who is to be his successor.

We are now "falling in" for picket.

Respectfully yours,

C. C. BUSHIRE.
Al impression is that we will attack Fredericksburg again, but in a different way.


From the Fourth Brigade.

Correspondence of the Brigade.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA., May 18th, 1863.

It's a saying with us, confirmed in our experience of nearly two years, that "when it rains, expect marching," and when on the 20th of April we broke camp, marching over the Hessian road, a heavy rain and storms accompanied us for nearly 10 miles to the Rappahannock, and mud bespattered us in regular Virginia style. Thoughts of home, and speculations on the issue of the morrow, hardly expired under the influence of sleep, when we were ordered to fall in. It was about 11:30, the night dark and cold. The pontoons were rumbling over the corrugated road, and troops on either side of us were ready to march. We marched slowly and in silence. Now watching for the boats to pass, and then falling out to put our followers to the wheels. Thus we advanced, the stillness of the night occasionally being broken by the neighing of horses and the rattle of muskets, until the increasing mist and steady murmuring of waters, the distant report of a rifle and the unwelcome fumes of a bullet, told us we were filling the banks of the Rappahannock, and in the presence of the enemy.

Hardly had the gray mists which concealed the two banks been dispersed by the approaching day, when the rebel opened fire on our ranks. To a part of the Fourth Brigade of our Division (Wadsworth's) was given the task of driving the enemy from the river, and placing the boats in a position to cross—but after about three hours desultory firing assisted by a battery, they failed, and leaving their boats on terra firma, and their accoutrements behind—ran.

Brooklyn, however, of this Brigade, fought manfully. During this time the "Iron Brigade" were lying close under the bank of the river, in order which they charged, that 24th Michigan, 7th Wisconsin, and 9th and 10th Ohio, were greatly volleyed by the Union batteries, and then by the enemy's sharpshooters. It was a sad and blundering responsibility of which rests with those staff officers who gave the orders, cost the death of two or three killed and wounded.

Being myself in the second line of the Brigade, the 2d and 7th, can I only speak directly of my movements. Advancing at the double-quick, and deploying into line of battle as we went, we arrived at the river at the moment the company of the 7th had landed. With bullets whistling, whistles, yells, and cries of "the boat! the boat!" and "fire! fire! fire!" our fellows, simultaneously with the 6th Michigan, dashed on board and crossed, and in a second, like hounds slipped from their leashes, were hunting the rebels from their rifle-pits in confusion, and in ten minutes all was over. The enemy fought bravely and well, yielding only when our bayonets were at their head. In this affair the enemy's loss was 29 killed, nearly 200 wounded and 200 prisoners; our loss was much less, about 50 killed and
In comparison with others, yet the dash and '-May 17th, 1863.' The favorable breeze of the morning the Iron Brigade is still at its headquarters. Two killed and one severely wounded. The 7th lost three officers by the enemy. Being actively engaged, and though this is small, Jackson had these past ten days, this is from one of the rebel officers, which gives an idea of the fighting that has taken place on the Rappahannock. The specta-
ors were loud in their praises, and pronounced it brilliant. An old mountebank, always careful of not having the fonts of others, will tell you "it was a pretty good affair;" though should any one attempt to gather light from Headquarters, he would hardly be able to tell whether any thing was accomplished by any Regiments save the 5th Michigan, 6th Wisconsin and 14th Brooklyn, pulmon qui n/orat fert.—

With the exception of about one company of the 6th, the crossing was simultaneous so far as could be, and Col. Fairchild was one of the first to organize his regiment and deploy its skirmishers, a precaution very necessary at this time, as the enemy's skirmishers were closing in, in one long semi-circle and our position was not one of absolute security. Entrenching ourselves we remained until the 4th of May, when we were ordered down to the U. S. Ford, and on the 5th took position near Chancellorsville, where we again entrenched ourselves, behind breastworks and abatis, remaining until 2 o'clock P. M. on the 6th of May, when our army fell back from its position, and we took up line of rifle-pits to our present camp. This is a brief outline of the operations of the "Iron Brigade" since the 20th of April.

**Later from the Rappahannock.**

*Near Hamilton's Crossing, Va.* May 19th, 1863. Editor £a Cross Rambler.

The grand National amphitheatre still abounds in scenes of gigantic proportions, as well as obelisks of interest to the world. Notwithstanding this fact, as soldiers, we are not expected or allowed to criticise; therefore, we will hide our time as we are seen to do, until such times as we are able to return to the States we long so much to view.

The Second Wis. has but just returned from picket, on the north shore of the Rappahannock; on the opposite shore of which, abounds, in squads, thousands of butternuts. The distance across the Rappahannock is about one hundred and fifty yards; and during our two days on picket, enjoyed ourselves hugely by covering and trading with the "reb." At least fifty small sail boats were constantly plying from shore to shore, loaded with coffee, sugar, salt, pen knives, pipes, can nondes and Northern newspapers from our side, while from the other, tobacco and Richmond papers would greet us; also letters from either side were exchanged! And on the morning of our leaving them, one of the Light Guard swam across with a boat load of truck, and was allowed to return unmolested, although one Major and Capt. and one Lieut. were with the rebel pickets. They say, that when they make a promise, it shall be kept sacred, therefore our soldier returned, as promised he should by the enemy.

Here is a copy of a letter we received from one of the rebel officers which gives the truth of the death of their chief-

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**GENTLEMEN** 2nd Wis. Vol's: The favorable breeze of the morning wafted to the southern shore of the Rappahannock your kind favor, which met a kind reception. We would have preferred political paper letter, but suppose you sent such as you have, for which you have the thanks of Co. "F" 19th Ga. Vol.

We send you Richmond Sentinel of yesterday, which is the only paper we have.

Our great Jackson is dead! He was killed by our own men, through his own order; he having given orders to fire upon any person approaching from the direction of your forces; and he perhaps making his way or force his order, was the first to appear from that direction where he was fired upon—having his left arm broken in two places and receiving a shot through his right hand. This caused an engagement to commence, and one of the litter-bearers, who was taking him from the field, was shot, which gave the General a severe fall. His left arm was amputated near the shoulder, and he seemed to be doing well, until pneumonia set in, which proved fatal.

We will send you later and more interesting papers, if any reach us in time from Richmond.

V.P.

**Gold Diggers!** Our Regiment was relieved by follow with caps on, when the rebels bid us adieu and prepared for active service. They admired the quality that makes up your forces; and he perhaps making his way or force his order, was the first to appear from that direction where he was fired upon—having his left arm broken in two places and receiving a shot through his right hand. This caused an engagement to commence, and one of the litter-bearers, who was taking him from the field, was shot, which gave the General a severe fall. His left arm was amputated near the shoulder, and he seemed to be doing well, until pneumonia set in, which proved fatal.

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V.P.
company, may rest assured that his previous conduct, while with them and his regiment, especially while on the battle-field, has been such as to win the good wishes of his company, and the highest consideration of the officers of his regiment. In this last affair, as at the rifle-pits, the Captain was one of the first to cross the river, helping heartily to push the boat back, although obliged to leave the field through sheer exhaustion; after the affair was all over, yet did he suffer none in the estimation of his friends in consequence. On the contrary, great praise was awarded to him for the manly manner in which he acted during the whole affair, although known to be "dumb for duty."

A few words about the 26th, and I am done. It is with pleasure that I learned from good authority that the Brig. Adjt of the 11th Corps, of which this regiment is a part, did all in his power to check the advance of the enemy at the fight of May 2d, who came pouring on them so suddenly that the 26th became nearly surrounded; but, fighting savagely, according to a General's account, he managed in many instances, the advancing foe, and kept up the combat until ordered back the third time for him to fall back.

The following correspondence between Col. Fairchild and Mrs. Edgar O'Connor will be read with pleasure and satisfaction. The 2d Wisconsin will never forget their lamented Col.:

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Headquarters 2d Wis., Yale, Ind., June 19th, 1862.

My dear Madam: - The officers and soldiers of this regiment who served under your late husband, our Colonel, have dedicated me to ask your permission to erect over the grave a suitable monument in token of our respect and esteem for him as our commanding officer.

I trust yourself, and your father and mother, and all who were near and dear to him will not object to this, as we wish sincerely to testify in a lasting manner our admiration for him as a gentleman and gallant officer, who fell while bravely leading us on to battle.

An early answer will enable us to move in the matter before the coming battles.

With kind regards to the Judge and Mrs. O'Connor, I am

Your friend,

Lucius FAIRCHILD.

Mrs. Edgar O'Connor, Bloom, Wis.

DEAR SIR: - Your favor of the 9th inst. I have just received, and I can fully appreciate your request for an early answer.

In reply, I would say that words fail to express the emotion on receiving this, another proof of the high regard entertained for the memory of my dear husband by his fellow soldiers. Believing that I understand the noble feelings which prompted the offer, I gratefully, tearfully yield to you and the soldiers he loved so well, the sacred privilege of performing the last outward tribute of respect that can be paid.

I hope also that this generous act will be the means of silencing a few evil-minded persons here at home, who have by base calumny sought to destroy his reputation, and which is, I confess, very trying to my sensitive nature. This, I trust, will prove to all that his soldiers, who had the best opportunity of knowing him, are willing to defend his honor.

It is a pleasure to me to know that they know as I did, that his goodness was never implored in vain, and that if he was not always able to prevent an abuse of power, he always inspired the sufferers' heart with hope, that last consolation to the afflicted. For this reason and their former associations with my husband, I will ever feel deeply interested in the welfare of the soldiers of the gallant 2d Regiment, and that their wives and mothers may be spared the anguish of my heart in the earnest prayer of her who subscribes herself,

Respectfully,

J. O'CONNOR.
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THE LATE CAMPAIGN IN PENN.-SYLVANIA.

A Graphic and Thrilling Account of the Three Day's Great Battle.

Terrible Battle Scene--Terrible Fighting--A Great Union Victory.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. World.]

THE PRELIMINARY CAMPAIGN.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Near Gettysburg, Saturday, July 4.

The campaign which has particularly terminated in the rout whose last sullen echoes are now dying away, doubtless extends to hills beyond Gettysburg, was the most significant and remarkable of the war. It has solved more riddles, it has taught more lessons; it has been an agent which, by the vantage to the cause of the Union, and a more signal disaster to that of the rebellion, than any victory won by the Federal armies since McClellan hurried back the rebels to Virginia from the mountain fastness of Antietam. The Army of the Potomac, under a cloud since the slaughter at Fredericksburg and the blunder at Chancellorsville, has redeemed itself in
the eyes of the nation and the world, to a level with the standard of the days when it contemplated this last achievement of its beloved old-time comrades.

The first movement towards the invasion of Pennsylvania was opened soon after the battle of Chancellorsville by a cavalry movement, which was met and quashed at Brandy Station by General Pleasonton, about the 1st of June. On the 13th ultimo, General Milroy was attached at Winchester by the advance of Lee's army under General Ewell, and fled disgracefully, after a short conflict, to Harper's Ferry, abandoning his stores and leaving them to the rebels. This opened the way for the advance of the foe across the Potomac. Another force of cavalry crossed the upper Potomac on the 15th century and consternation in Maryland and lower Pennsylvania. It entered Chambersburg and Mercersburg in the evening. The alarm caused by this crossing was unnecessarily great, for the main army of Lee had not yet reached the south side of the Potomac. The Union garrison at Frederick, Md., fell back to the 16th. At the detachment of the enemy attacked Harper's Ferry the same day, but was shelled back by Gen. Tyler from Maryland Heights. Ten thousand rebel infantry passed the Potomac at Williamsburg in the night, beginning in earnest the great invasion which was now fully shown to be intended. The fighting at Allie, on the 16th, was between Gen. Pleasonton's and a body of the enemy's cavalry, which is supposed to have flanked the rear. More rebels attacked the column, the Potomac, and the 19th Ewell's entire division occupied Sharpsburg, in Maryland. By this time Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey began to make great efforts to repel the advance from the North. Hooker reposing in pastoral quiet at Fairfax Station, in Virginia, did not disturb himself with any such activity. He watched, waited, and was puzzled.

Milroy's stampede, the clamor of which seems might have come to him from over the western mountains; the cries of help from Harriburg, Pittsburg, Carlisle, and other minor Pennsylvania towns; the tremendous appeals from Philadelphia and Baltimore—all these did not serve to rouse even his lethargy, or give him the least idea of where the enemy was. It was not until a voice of command from Washington, inspired, it is believed, from the head of his own army, came sounding in his ears like a fire-bell in the night, that he ordered up his tent-stakes and began his march northward over the limb of the world. Meanwhile, Gen. Couch had commenced the organization of a militia force at Gettysburg to check the twenty thousand men under Ewell, who were raiding like banditti in the country. The main rebel army was entirely across the Potomac below Williamsburg on the 26th, moved northward via McConnelusburg and Chambersburg, began in samples, scattered columns its advance through Pennsylvania in the direction of Philadelphia and Baltimore. The rashness and brutality of its march was matched by the cruel treatment it met at the hands of a cool and skillful General.

The bands of a cool and skillful General.

It is shown to the military judges—that this army has the capacity for fight, the endurance, the skill, and eye energy to render it invincible in the hands of a cool and skillful General.

The first movement towards the invasion of Pennsylvania was opened soon after the battle of Chancellorsville by a cavalry movement, which was met and quashed at Brandy Station by General Pleasonton, about the 1st of June. On the 13th ultimo, General Milroy was attached at Winchester by the advance of Lee's army under General Ewell, and fled disgracefully, after a short conflict, to Harper's Ferry, abandoning his stores and leaving them to the rebels. This opened the way for the advance of the foe across the Potomac. Another force of cavalry crossed the upper Potomac on the 15th century and consternation in Maryland and lower Pennsylvania. It entered Chambersburg and Mercersburg in the evening. The alarm caused by this crossing was unnecessarily great, for the main army of Lee had not yet reached the south side of the Potomac. The Union garrison at Frederick, Md., fell back to the 16th. At the detachment of the enemy attacked Harper's Ferry the same day, but was shelled back by Gen. Tyler from Maryland Heights. Ten thousand rebel infantry passed the Potomac at Williamsburg in the night, beginning in earnest the great invasion which was now fully shown to be intended. The fighting at Allie, on the 16th, was between Gen. Pleasonton's and a body of the enemy's cavalry, which is supposed to have flanked the rear. More rebels attacked the column, the Potomac, and the 19th Ewell's entire division occupied Sharpsburg, in Maryland. By this time Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey began to make great efforts to repel the advance from the North. Hooker reposing in pastoral quiet at Fairfax Station, in Virginia, did not disturb himself with any such activity. He watched, waited, and was puzzled.

Milroy's stampede, the clamor of which seems might have come to him from over the western mountains; the cries of help from Harriburg, Pittsburg, Carlisle, and other minor Pennsylvania towns; the tremendous appeals from Philadelphia and Baltimore—all these did not serve to rouse even his lethargy, or give him the least idea of where the enemy was. It was not until a voice of command from Washington, inspired, it is believed, from the head of his own army, came sounding in his ears like a fire-bell in the night, that he ordered up his tent-stakes and began his march northward over the limb of the world. Meanwhile, Gen. Couch had commenced the organization of a militia force at Gettysburg to check the twenty thousand
Troops enabled them to overlap both our flanks, threatening us with surrounding capture. Their main effort was directed against our left wing, and understanding the gallant fighting done by our soldiers at that point, they at last obtained such advantage that Gen. Howard was forced to direct his command through the town to the south, which was done in order, the compliments of the rebels being in the shape of salutes, grape and canister. The troops of the 12th Corps, in line of battle, Cemetery Hill, at evening, having stood during the entire day the assails of an enemy outnumbering them three to one, and without giving, did the officers and soldiers of those corps contemplate the day's engagement, and await the onset they believed was to come. Their comrades lay in heaps beyond the village whose spirit pleased peacefully in the sunset before them. bromeliads, the beloved and the brave, was dead, and Zooks Run lay beside him. Barlow, Paul, and a score of other brave officers of the 1st Corps had fallen.

The situation was brilliantly commanded. For almost the first time in the history of this army's career belonged the advantage in the decisive battles which ensued. The heights on which our troops were posted sloped gently downward from our front. The line stretched in a semi-circle—its convex centre towards Gettysburg, the extreme toward the southwest, and the extreme toward the south end the centre in a straight line, and some in instances, a partial shelter from artillery fire. Every road was commanded by our cannon, and the routes by which Lee might otherwise retreat in case of his defeat were all in our possession. At every one weaker than others, our reserves were judiciously posted, and the officers and soldiers of the several corps were brought into play in some recent and destructive battle—protected both our flankers in immense numbers.

Thus the great army lay down to sleep at midnight, and arose on the morrow of a day more extraordinary than the last.

III.

THE BATTLE OF THURSDAY.

On what a spectacle the sun of Thursday rose, the memory of at least that portion of our forces which witnessed it from Cemetery Hill will linger forever. From the smoke which was driven over the crest of the hill in front toward the hills beyond the town—From the bluffs to the right and left, additional artillery and battery, and away on either side, in a graceful and majestic curve, thousands of infantry moved into battle line, their bayonets gleaming like serpents' scales. The roofs of Gettysburg village below, the ridges of woodland along the borders of Rock Creek, the orchards far down on the left, the fields green and beautiful, in which the cattle were calmly grazing, composed a scene of such peace as it appeared never was made to be marred by the clanger of battle.

I strode out to the cemetery, the dew was still upon the grass, and heard against a monument to listen to the singing of birds. One, milder than the rest and just broken from the throat of an oriole, was heard above me, when the sudden rattle of musketry on the left told that skirmishing had begun.

Similar firing soon opened along the enfilade line, and although no notable demonstration was made during the forenoon, it was apparent that the enemy was feeding his strength, preliminary to some decisive effort.

The day wore on full of anxious suspense. It was not until 4 o'clock in the afternoon that the enemy gave voice in earnest.

The roar began a heavy fire on Cemetery Hill. It must not be thought that this awful fire was unanswered. Our artillery began to play within a few minutes, and harried back defiance and like destruction upon the rebel lines. Until 12 o'clock cannon, the rush of musketry, and the bursting of bombs filled the air. The line of this awful conflict might well have confused and awed a less cool and watchful command than Gen. Meade. It did not confound him. With the calculation of a tactician and the eye of an experienced judge he watched from his headquarters on the hill whatever movement under the covering cloud which enveloped the rebel lines. Suddenly he might first disclose the intention which it was evident this artillery firing covered. About 6 o'clock a heavy fire of musketry, silence, and break of impetus, was permitted, as if by magic, to dwell upon the field. Only the groans, unheard before, of the wounded and dying, only the murmur—a morning memory—of the breeze through the foliage, only the low rattle of preparation for what was to come, embrodered this blank stillness. Then, as the smoke beyond the hill slowly cleared, the woods on the left were seen filled with dark masses of infantry—three columns deep, who advanced coolly at a steady pace. Such a charge was due to the sacrifice of 45,000 men under Hill and Longstreet—even though it threatened to pierce and annihilate the 3d Corps, against which it was directed, drew forth cries of admiration from all who beheld it. Gen. Sickles and his splendid command withstood the shock with a determination that checked, but did not fully restrain the charge. The brave men charged with such indomitable courage, fighting, falling, dying, cheering, the men retired. The rebels came on more confidently, raging at intervals, pouring in volleys that struck the ground with a fearful sound. The 3d Corps, against which it was directed, showed no sign of yielding. The men charged wherever ordered, Garret was not restrained. Down he came upon our left with a momentum that nothing could check. The rifled guns that lay in the line of battle, 3d Corps, upon our right, were turned against the advancing column, and the whole line sprang forward as if to break through our own by mere weight of numbers.

Craxh! crash! with discharges deafening, terrible, the musketry fire went on; the enemy re-forming after each discharge, wondrously calmed and resolute, still pressed up the declivity. What hideous carcasses filled the minutes between the appearance of the 5th Corps and the advance of the rebel column. Men fell as the leaves fall in autumn, before these horrid discharges. Faltering for an instant, the rebel column seemed about to recede before the tempest. But their officers, who could be seen among them, could not bear to tell. Men fell as the leaves fail in autumn, before these horrid discharges.
and, as the rains to turn our left became known, it seemed as if determination to conquer in this part of the field overcame the enemy, and General Burnside met him head on, elsewhere.

The fight was terrific, and for fifteen minutes the attack to which the three divisions of the 12th Corps were committed was decisive, but as the cloud of smoke cleared away nothing was known except that General Burnside's division of the 4th, with its left and rear exposed, was gallantly fighting for its position. The 6th Corps came to its support, the 1st Corps followed, and from dusk to darkness until half-past midnight, the battle raged with varied fortune and unabated fury. Our troops were compelled, by overpowering numbers, to fall back a short distance, abandoning several rifle-pits and an advantageous position to the enemy, who, haughty over his advantage, made desperate and desperate defeat by other quarters, then made a last struggle against that division of our right wing commanded by Gen. Geary. Gen. Geary's troops immobilized them for a time, and then retired. They stood like adamant, no moveless, unyielding against the enemy's advance. When they were as unable to withstand the fire in their rear, which they were as unable to withstand as they were to make headway against the fire in their front. It was hard to believe such desperation and voluntary. It was hard to believe that the courage which withstood and defeated was mortal.

The enemy gradually drew forward his whole line in many places to hand-held, hand-reared, and up, upon our columns with frightful result, yet the fire did not waver. Our batteries responded immediately, and a terrific fire ensued, with the result of sending the enemy into its rear, which he was as unable to withstand as we were to make headway against the fire in their front. It was hard to believe such desperation and voluntary. It was hard to believe that the courage which withstood and defeated was mortal.

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...the enemy kept up a continual repulse of the enemy was accomplished and they were immediately ordered to advance. By the time the rebel's were in position to capture the pieces, the enemy force was made up of the charge of cavalry, and our approach, desperate efforts to capture the pieces, to many hospitals being cut off, in the line. When these efforts were made, the battery's was at the present writing to obtain again took up a commanding position. Quietly doing and in good order, when the while the firing was in progress, some divisions Wadsworth came to their headquarters were composed, making up and driving from the field, and went into position to the right of the town, and took up an advantageous position. It was possible to hold the day, and in many hospitals were set on fire, but the town was not taken. The entire right wing, immediately retreating, was covered by the many troops who were retiring from their position. They had been made out courageous and in good order, when the while the firing was in progress, some divisions Wisconsin and Twenty-Fourth Michigan regiments were struck by the rebels, and these regiments were taken prisoners, and the entire right wing, immediately retreating, got between us and our supply lines. We were not yet able to move on the ground until two o'clock in the morning, subject to general order. The ground in front of our line was a level plain, and there was little ground in front of our line was a level plain, and there was little...
The battle lasted till fully half-past seven o'clock, when the enemy fell back to its old position, and left our veterans the envoys of victory of that field. Our pickets were thrown out and our lines covered most of the field, including a great number of the enemy's dead and wounded.

I visited several portions of the line by moonlight, and was struck with the terrific force of the battle. In front of some of our brigades, who had good protection from stones and trees, the rebel dead laid piled in lines like windrows of hay. In front of Gen. Webb's the Philadelphia brigade, they lay so thick as to literally cover the grove, and the field was, for a mile to the body of Gen. Barksdale, that once haughty and violent rebel, who craved as a dying wish a cup of water and a stretch of grass for a temporary ambulance-boy. He is literally out to pieces with wounds, and must die.

A great amount of the noisiness of this fight is the splendid use of artillery. Though our line of battle was only a mile and a half long yet almost every battery belonging to the Army of the Potomac was engaged. Everyone of the reserve batteries was brought into action, so positions for artillery largely, but not to near so great an extent as we did. From this they suffered immensely, and especially on the left, where canister was largely used. I believe we lost no artillery, unless it was two or three disabled pieces though it was very wonderful we did not.

The Great Battles

Sam Willison, formerly correspondent of the New York Times, was present, and gives an account of the late battle of Wednesday and Thursday, which, although we have given some information regarding it, yet are republishing it here in full details in order to preserve it. The account is in the hands of the enemy, and we have no means of checking its accuracy. However, the account is by no means a very bad one, and it is believed that the battle was fought with great courage and discipline.

The battle of Gettysburg! I am told that it commenced on the 1st of July, and continued until the 3d, when the enemy retired. The battle was fought on a wide field, and the whole force of the rebel army was engaged. The enemy's dead and wounded were buried in a mass, and the field was covered with dead and wounded. The whole force of the rebel army was engaged, and the whole field was covered with dead and wounded. The whole force of the rebel army was engaged, and the whole field was covered with dead and wounded. The whole force of the rebel army was engaged, and the whole field was covered with dead and wounded.
A great battle was fought yesterday, near Second Manassas, the battle of Second Bull Run. The battle was fought on an open plain, at a distance of several miles from the town of Manassas, and was the scene of some of the most desperate fighting of the war.

The battle opened with a heavy artillery duel, which lasted for several hours. The Union batteries were in a strong position, and the Confederates were forced to retreat. The Union troops then advanced and took the town of Manassas.

The Confederates retreated to the town of Centreville, and the Union troops pursued them. The battle lasted for several days, and the Confederates were finally forced to surrender.

The battle was a great victory for the Union, and it marked the end of the Confederate States of America.
in two hundred yards of the rebel lines we came to a halt as we reached the top of the ridge in our front. Of course the musketry immediately commenced, and I must say I was never, in a hotter fire in my life... We lost a proportion of over a third of all the men we had engaged in the first onset. D. H. Hill's whole corps was killed to us, and his line extended at least half a mile beyond our right. In less than half an hour, the right of our brigade was completely enclosed—Gen. Reynolds had been killed in our immediate front, and we were ordered to fall back, which we did. After my horse was killed, I mounted an Orderly's. We formed a new line and again advanced; but I cannot give details now. We commenced fighting at ten o'clock a.m., and continued almost constantly engaged till the last moment, when we fell back through the town. I had two horses killed, one under me during the day—the General had one killed and two wounded—two of his staff were wounded. There were nine horses killed and wounded in the staff during the day. In that day's fight, the 11th Corps which came up on our right about two o'clock p.m., proved themselves as a set of arrant, unmilitant cowards and lying whores.

The miserable, cowardly pups fought about an hour, and then fell back, leaving us to be almost completely surrounded by the rebels; yet they claim to have covered our retreat. We fought forty minutes after they left us, and would never have gone back had not the 11th Corps uncovered our right flank. On the second day I was knocked off my horse by a flattered ball, but immediately mounted again. It did not hurt me much—we were behind breastworks at the time. In haste.

Your brother Tom.

From the Old Light Guard.

Ziegler, W. H. Harris, of the glorious Old Light Guard, writes the following to Mr. Van Valkenburg of this city, in relation to the Gettysburg fight, and the loss of his company. From the letter, it appears that there are only but "THREE MUSKEETS" remaining of the Light Guard!

"There reason to thank God from the depths of my heart, and for the safety of my family. I never saw men fall so thick and fast as they did in the 2nd Wisconsin regiment at the first instant. My belt and plate probably saved my life. It was struck and bent considerably. I thought that the ball went through me until I examined myself. I saw ten rebel flaggs that were captured by our men. Any amount of small arms ammunition. Capt. E. W. Moore killed: 2nd Lt. Frayn, Co 'A,' wounded. The rebels cleaned the stores all out in Gettysburg. The citizens are very thankful that their buildings were not any worse injured. No buildings were burnt in the city. The injury done to most of them can soon be repaired.

Nearly every body in Gettysburg is acquainted with Theodore Rodolf, who is now at Harrisburg with the Militia. They say he is very valuable. Gen. D. C. Couch was killed in hand, slightly; 2d Lt Estes, Co C, wounded in neck, slightly; 1st Lt Compton, Co D, wounded in shoulder, severely; Capt. E. G. Cory, Co E, wounded in right side; 1st Lt Gibson, Co E, wounded, 2d Lt, Co K, wounded; Co F, wounded in side; 1st Lt Fulke, Co H, wounded, severely; 2d Lt Bruce, Co K, killed.

Enlisted men killed as far as known, 25; wounded, 110; missing, 53.

The battle was one of the hardest fought engagements of the war. The Wisconsin men fought like tigers, unwilling to yield in the least to the overwhelming forces thrown against them by the rebels.

Respectfully yours,

H. P. WALTER, Surgeon U. S. A.

FURTHER FROM THE "OLD SECOND."—A letter from Captain Otto to the Governor says that "when the rebels went through on the right, the General was killed, and his line extended ber. Those taken prisoners were greatly in excess of those taken in other engagements. Several officers and men were killed, K. O. and wounded in the streets of the city. The senior Captain, G. H. O'leary is in command of what is left of the 2nd Regiment, about 40 muskets.

Below you will find a list of casualties in Co. "B," 2d Wis.


Wounded—Lt. H. Bradford, at;

L. M. Ba-

ker, Lieut; Silas Caster, leg amputated; G. M. Easterbrook, leg amputated; G. T. Marshall, slight; Capt. E. Markle, slight.

Capt. James Woodward, slight in knee; R. A. Scott, foot; Sgt. C. W. Farrand, foot; Capt. C. C. Bisbee, side; Cyrus Van Gisell, severely in breast.

The following named were taken prisoners:


All the officers of Co. "D," were wounded, and I have command of Co. "B," and "D." In Co. "B," there are THREE MUSKEETS, all the rest are either killed or wounded or prisoners.

Casualties in Wisconsin Regiments at the battle of Gettysburg.

U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL,

YORK, Pa., July 6th, 1863.

Editor Janesville Gazette:—Having just left the field of battle at Gettysburg, I send you the list of casualties from such of the Wisconsin Regiments as I saw after the engagement.


SIXTH WISCONSIN REGIMENT.—Capt. Eck- nor, Co. G, wounded; Lieut. J. Woman, Co. H, killed; 2d Lt. Fruyn, Co. A, wounded slightly; 1st Lt Harris, Co C, wounded; 2d Lt Morgan, Co. E, wounded, 1st Lt. Bond, wounded; 1st Lt. Merchant, wounded; 1st Lt Remington, Co I, wounded. Enlisted men killed as far as known, 20; wounded, 106; missing, 2.

SEVENTH WISCONSIN REGIMENT.—Lt Col. Callis, wounded severely; Lt Johnson, Co A, wounded, heel; 1st Lt Weeks, Co B, wounded, elbow. Capt Hubbard, Co B, Col. W. C. Phillips, wounded in hand, slight; 2d Lt Estes, Co D, wounded in neck, severely; 1st Lt Compton, Co D, wounded in shoulder, severely; Capt. E. G. Cory, Co E, wound in right side; 1st Lt Gibson, Co E, wounded, 2d Lt. Co K, wounded; Co F, wounded in side; 1st Lt Fulke, Co H, wounded, severely; 2d Lt Bruce, Co K, severely. Enlisted men killed as far as known, 25; wounded 110; missing, 53.

This officer who died July 6th, from a wound received at the battle of Gettysburg, July 1st, was born in New York City, December 8th, 1831. Soon after the Astor Place riot in '49, he joined the celebrated 7th Regiment National Guard, and not long after was promoted to Fourth Sergeant. After four years service, during which he was wounded and given a discharge, he resigned his position, and in company with other advowes, moved to Illinois, left his native city for Australia, from which place he returned in the summer of '52. He again presented himself for membership in the above regiment, and was immediately accepted. In 1856 he removed to Milwaukee, and went into business with Mr. W. Y. Livingstone. While this a prominent member of the Second Company Light Infantry, he was one of the best drilled companies among the interior towns. On the breaking out of the present rebellion, he closed his store and offering his services to Gov. Randall, they being accepted, not many weeks after he was commissioned to his old company and was immediately quartered at Camp Randall. His company became "A" Battery of Artillery.

A correspondent in the Sentinel, speaks as follows of his actions in the first Bull Run:

The report, which I have had the opportunity of considering in the case of his superior military accomplishments, know not such word as fail, and cowardice is utterly unknown to his military con- tacts such seeing fear, and his collected and determined manner is so quiet that he has been more than once tested. On the 1st of July, 1861, on the bloody plains of Bull Run, at the time when his company was the lion in his lair, and was the last who reluctantly放手.

In the Spring campaign of '62, his regiment was with the army under McDowell, and although they had but little fighting to do, they had their
share of marching and reconnoitering. At the Second Bull Run, after the loss of the Colonel at Gallinvers, and the wounding of the Lieu­tenant Colonel and Major, the command of the regiment devolved on Captain Stevens.

It was in this fight that the Iron Brigade was so highly spoken of by the General Command. On account of illness he was not present at the Second Bull Run; but joined his regiment very soon after. During the fall of the year he was promoted to Major, and was present at Fredericksburg and Burnside. He was pro­motion to Lieutenant Colonel early in 1862, and with his regiment at the second battle of Fredericksburg, under General Burnside, he was en­gaged in a sharp skirmish on the left before Chancellorville took place, in which action the regiment, however, took no active part, after the ground. He closed a glorious military career, at the battle of Gettysburg, where, as above stated, he received a mortal wound—Wherever Col. Stevens was personally known, he left many warm friends, while in his regiment he was greatly respected and beloved by all. His remains were interred at Gettysburg, in Evergreen Cemetery, from whence they will be removed, at some future day to Wisconsin. He leaves a wife and two children.

From the 2d Regiment.

We give below a letter from one of the Belle City lads to his mother in this city:

"South Mountain, Md., July 9th, 1863.

I received your letter yesterday, and as we are not on the march today, I will try and answer it. We took up our line of march from the Rappahannock which we have not before seen:

"Brandsliow, prisoner.

Corporal Christy, foot.

North, " arm.

Henry Powels, head.

Thos. Lyons, thigh.

Thos. Clay, " ankle, slight.

Malcolm, legs.

John D. Leidy, killed.

Braushaw, prisoner.

Patrick, prisoner.

Sergeant Graham, with Company.

Lient. German.

Weldon.

Wright.

Combs.

Ives.

Mend, with Regiment.

Shelds, Carin and Colwell, in Washing­ton, sick.

Stone, O. K.

Wisconsin Wounded at Gettysburg—Their Condition and Feeling.

[From the Madison Journal.]

Although we have before published lists of the casualties in our Wisconsin regiments in the battle of Gettysburg, we publish the fol­lowing list of the wounded, giving the char­acter of each injury, with a delayed leter from Mr. Taylor, who accompanied Mr. Sel­leck to the battle-field on behalf of the Wis­consin Soldier's Aid Society at Washington. The lists were alluded to in a letter from Mr. Selleck to the Governor, published some days since. A note from Mr. Taylor to Ex­gov. Farwell, dated Washington, the 18th, says: "The Wisconsin wounded at Gettys­burg were better attended to and cared for than those of any other State—not even excepting Massachusetts," and that the boys were highly gratified and cheered by the visit of Gov. Farwell, and other Wisconsin peo­ple in Washington. A list of Wisconsin people wounded at Baltimore and Wilmington is promised shortly.

Wisconsin Wounded at Gettysburg—Their Condition and Feeling.

Letter from Mr. Taylor.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., July 9, '63.

W. Y. Sellick, Enq, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir,—According to your instruc­tions, I have drawn up a list of the wounded in the 2d, 6th and 7th regiments of the 2d Wisconsin Volunteers.

I have been very busy supplying the poor­est families who live three miles from town with bread and butter and other necessaries.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Injury Location</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>John Ambrose</td>
<td>Right thigh</td>
<td>Amputated below knee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Weber</td>
<td>Right leg</td>
<td>Amputated below knee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Daily</td>
<td>Right leg</td>
<td>Amputated below knee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Smith</td>
<td>Right thigh</td>
<td>Slight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Beck</td>
<td>Right leg</td>
<td>Slight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacob Whining</td>
<td>Right leg</td>
<td>Amputated below knee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John W Scott</td>
<td>Right arm</td>
<td>Amputated below knee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John W Scott</td>
<td>Left arm</td>
<td>Slight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geo. W Stone</td>
<td>Left thigh</td>
<td>Slight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corpl. John Banderop</td>
<td>Left arm</td>
<td>Slight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corpl. Henry M Hunting</td>
<td>Right ankle</td>
<td>Slight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corpl. James Kelley</td>
<td>Right arm</td>
<td>Amputated below knee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sergt. Ole Strand</td>
<td>Left arm</td>
<td>Slight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capt. John A Crawford</td>
<td>Right arm</td>
<td>Amputated below knee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. R. Walker</td>
<td>Face and arm</td>
<td>Slight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Barney</td>
<td>Right arm</td>
<td>Slight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrew J Smith</td>
<td>Left arm</td>
<td>Slight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Stadler</td>
<td>Left arm</td>
<td>Slight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lieut. A. F. Lee</td>
<td>Right thigh</td>
<td>Slight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capt. P. T. Walker</td>
<td>Right thigh</td>
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<td>Capt. P. T. Walker</td>
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<tr>
<td>Capt. James Kelley</td>
<td>Right arm</td>
<td>Amputated below knee</td>
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<td>Lieut. M. Mangan</td>
<td>Right leg</td>
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<td>Lieut. L. H. Ayer</td>
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<td>Capt. J. L. Andrews</td>
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<td>Lieut. J. L. Andrews</td>
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**A Characteristic Injustice.**

We have not, as our readers well know, the slightest disposition to excite any ill will or animosity between East and West. The man who bandies about the word is devoid of good sense and patriotism as of filial feeling for the land which has given birth to the best of our Western men. But we cannot pass by in silence the distorted accounts, by correspondents of Eastern papers, of the relative achievements of Eastern and Western soldiers on the late glorious battle-fields of Pennsylvania. If these correspondents had not systematically ignored the achievements of the Western troops in the Army of the Potomac, or at least partly shadowed them by partial accounts of the victories of the Western Army, we should be willing to pass by this last instance of neglect and misrepresentation, as due to an honest raisin of the facts. This has not, unfortunately, been the case. In every battle that has been fought by the Army of the Potomac, our small detachment of Western men have been called upon to bear the hardest knocks, to stand in their ranks, and cover the retreat of brigades and divisions composed ofinferior fighting material, and to contribute to the fame of divisions and corps saved by their undaunting bravery, while their own share in these achievements has been generally overlooked by those who make the popular history of the war. The official reports, which come to light after the first newspaper articles have always shown the real merits of our men, but the impressions given in the first accounts remain cherished in the minds of most readers, and these unmerited injustices are perpetuated and never fully remedied.

Our old "Iron Brigade," containing the Second, Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin Regiments, has again and again suffered this injustice, and, in the like of which for endurance, indomitable spirit, and thorough soldierly qualities can be
matched in all of the armies of the Union. The history of Napoleon's immortal "Old Guard" is not richer with instances of stubborn heroism and of invincible disaster than that of this small decimated brigade. Yet we have often looked in vain for any fair recognition of its deeds in the battle reports furnished to the Eastern journals, and the capture of Fredericksburg Heights, under honor.

In the account of the first day's battle at Gettysburg, the same injustice has been perpetrated. We see in the Eastern papers glowing eulogiums upon the action of the Eleventh Corps, but little allusion to what was done by Meredith's (the old "Iron") and Cutler's Brigades, both western Brigades. There is no doubt that the Eleventh Corps measure of rejoiced in the reputation it acquired at Chancellorsville, but its importance in repelling the rebel advance is beyond all belief. It is considered more accurately estimated and, in consequence, the work actually done by the Western Brigades has been underestimated.

Thus we find in the report of "Agate" the well-known correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette who describes the battle of Shiloh remains the best newspaper battle sketch of the war, that this Eleventh Corps stood well until Ewell's Corps, "Stonewall's" veterans, came up, but then—to give his own words:

Small resistance is made on our right. The Eleventh does not fly wildly from its old position, as at their last meeting. Stonewall Jackson scattered them as if they had been pigeons, foolishly venturing into the war of the Titans. It even makes stout resistance, but it is not of the old 7th Wisconsin, colored the corps of a retreating Pennsylvania regiment, and strove to rally the men to their duty. It was in vain: none but a few troops that have been tried as fire can be reformed under such a storm of Death's living on the right, and not alone and almost in the rebels hands, held on the iron colors of another regiment, that made him so conscious a target, and brought them safely off.

And again:

This last desperate attack lasted nowhere along the line over forty minutes; with most of it hardly half an hour. The single brigade that "iron" column that held the 1st, 1,820 strong. It came out with 700 men. A few were prisoners, a few concealed themselves in houses and cornfields, and about 200 came out with 700 men.

The accounts of losses thus far received confirm this account, being given by a western man, does justice to the deeds of western men.

We have brought up this matter, as due to the matches of the brave sons of our State who have on some of the brief fought fields as proudly maintained the old Flag and the honor of Wisconsin, and because we wish, as far as possible, to remedy the neglect of Eastern journals. We would urge upon them that it is neither fair nor just to neglect or underrate the share of our Western troops in the battles of the Army of the Potomac. They cannot alter or affect the final judgment of impartial history, but they may succeed in partially alienating the people of the West, if they allow their correspondents to systematically ignore the achievements of our soldiers.

Correspondence of the Gazette.

The First and Eleventh Corps at the Battle of Gettysburg.

[Reprint from the Zephyr, July 17.]

The rebel army is again in Virginia. The soil of Pennsylvania and Maryland did not suit their taste, as they have learned by their rashness in making so fool-hardy a move as the one of June and July. They have learned by experience that rebels are not men of the north. One more invasion like this last one would utterly ruin the army of Northern Virginia. They have lost since the 30th of June, 45,000 men by casualties, war, desertion, &c., and of this number I think I can safely say 15,000 are wounded and in our hands.

The morning of the first was sultry and warm, we had orders to march at day-break, but for some cause we did not move until sunrise. The first corps moved from near Green Mount on the road to Gettysburg, our first division in the lead. When within one mile of the town firing began on our left and front. The rebels were driving in Buford's cavalry which had moved forward on the Chambersburg road. Leaving the road passing through a wheat field and through a piece of timber, some 80 rods ahead were our cavalry and flying artillery, contesting the advance of the rebels, who were pushing forward to gain a high eminence in our front, commanding the road by which we were approaching. At this point an order came along the line for non-combatants to the rear. The contrabands understood and made themselves scarce.

About that time the division moved on and entered a field a quarter of a mile to the left of Gettysburg seminary, the 1st brigade being in the advance, in the following order: 2d Wisconsin, 7th Wisconsin, 19th Indiana, 24th Michigan and 6th Wisconsin. The rear was brought up by Major Wright of the 24th Michigan with a guard of 100 men. At this point we were ordered to double-quiek in line loading our guns and fixing bayonets as we went. As we came to the brow of the hill, some messengers came whistling along. Directly in our front and about 40 rods away was a regiment of rebel skirmishers. They were advancing so rapidly that it was necessary to make a charge to stop the disadvantageous position they had gained. With a yell, the brigade went down through a piece of timber as if a nest of hornets had got losses. At this point I fell wounded, being struck below the knee by a Minnie ball, which had the tendency of stopping my fun for a brief space of time, as my limb has since been amputated. With the help of two rifles I got off the field to the seminary, where my wound was dressed, shortly after being taken to town. Since then I have not seen the brigade nor heard of the exact loss, but I know it was very heavy. Our three field officers were wounded and taken from the field. Lieut. Col.
Stevens has since died. His body, I learn, has been sent home. Col. Fairchild has lost an arm, but is doing well. He was out the street a few days ago.

During this action our corps general, Major General J. F. Reynolds, was killed, being shot in the neck, the ball severing an artery. The brigade here captured two rebel regiments, but I am unable to learn what state they were from. The 6th Wisconsin and rear guard captured a regiment, colors and commander. The rebel Gen. Archer also fell into their hands. Only the 1st and a part of the 11th corps were engaged, and I see to its former tradition the lamented division. Gen. Cutler and General Meredith engaged the enemy, as year Maiere al the lat diviaion. Gea. Cutler and General Cutler and Gen. Archer also fell into their hands. Only the 1st and a part of the 11th corps were engaged, and I see to its former tradition the lamented division. Gen. Cutler and General Meredith engaged the enemy, as year Maiere al the lat division. Gen. Cutler and General Meredith engaged the enemy, as year Maiere al the lat division.

The first and second brigades were set up and scattered, only a small portion saving them from capture by a precipitate retreat through the town. Thus much for the 11th corps.

Had they remained silent and not outraged the honor of the gallant dead who were slaughtered by their neglect, we should not, perhaps, have taken even this notice of them, and their conduct would be remembered only by the surviving comrades of the gallant dead. They basely fled, and their conduct was made the means of inspiring a brigade of rebels to charge our right wing on Friday, their officers believing only that the 11th corps held the breastwork, when they rushed forward with a yell to put them to flight, and only discovered their mistake in the bold front and well directed fire of the 12th corps, which scorned them like chaff. This much is only scanty justice to the men of the 1st division, 1st corps, whose honor and fame are inseparable from their own hands, and is not a feeble expression of the honest indignation shared by every member of that division, from the humblest private in the ranks to the patriotic and self-devoted commander.

We were in hopes to see some excuse offered for their shamefully giving away on the right, leaving us to be out-flanked and butchered; but no, no apology is offered. I hope this matter may receive the attention it deserves from the soldiers' friends. Second Lieut. W. S. Wiesner, Co. B, 2d Wisconsin, was among the first to fall. In him the company has lost a valuable friend. His residence, I think, was St. Peters, Rock county.

The wounded in this hospital are doing well, under the care of Surgeon Beach, of the 24th Michigan Infantry. Hundreds of wounded are being sent away to Baltimore daily, their wounds being slight. The weather here is cloudy and damp. As yet, I have not seen any of the Wisconsin soldiers' aid societies.

Yours,

E. S. WILLIAMS.

A correspondent of the New York World, speaking of the march of Hooker's army, said:

"This army, in the march of Monday's citizens, suffered untold miseries. The heat was oppressive in the extreme, with scarcely an instant of relief. The road was as deep with dust, and to tap the climate of the streams and springs along the way, were all dry. The whole country was filled with stragglers. Men could not be kept in the ranks. Every piece of woods was filled with them, and no coaxing or threatening could prevail on them to move on. The ambulances were crowded with those who had completely given out. I presume there were as many as a thousand cases of coup de soleil of which at least a hundred were instantly fatal. The open country was covered with these poor fellows, dropping down by the roadside in all directions.

"But we have reached the end of the has­ty march at last, and have made one day's rest, with plenty of water, with which the whole army has quenched its thirst, and in which we have all had a good bath. The result is apparent on all hands. Everybody is refreshed and in better spirits. A little moderation of the heat has also contributed to keep the army in better trim, and I think we may now say we are in condition to resume active operations."

The "Iron Brigade"—Interesting Correspondence.

[From the Madison Journal.]

The following letters will be read by the people of Wisconsin with pride and interest. The complimentary remarks of General Meredith, with reference to the noble Wisconsin soldiers of the 2d, 6th and 7th regiments, are highly worded, and richly deserved by the men who compose those regiments. The friends at home, of these gallant soldiers, will read this letter with pride and pleasure; and those whose friends may have been killed or wounded in the battle referred to, will find consolation in the full knowledge that their friends suffered, while manfully doing their duty in behalf of the Union.

The reply of the Governor is in excellent taste, and will find a warm response from the hearts of the loyal people of this State:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 28, To His Excellency, Geo. E. Salomon, of Wisconsin.

GOVERNOR:—Altho' still confined to room from injuries received in the late battle at Gettysburg, I avail myself of the first moment of sufficient convalescence to express to you my high appreciation of the heroic conduct of the troops of your noble State, who were under my command in that severely contested battle. The Old Iron Brigade was among the first to receive the flag attack of a large superior force, and the 5th, 6th and 7th Wisconsin, with other regiments of the Brigade, beat back the foe and fought as intelligent and patriotic freemen can only when defending our priceless insti­..."
Permit me, sir, to mingle my most heartfelt sorrow with yours, at the many sacrifices in life and limb which attended the noble and brilliant engagement whereof you have just written. God alone can appreciate those who have thus bravely ended their lives: a grateful people will mourn with their friends and relatives—every endeavor to succor and cheer those who lie where they fell upon the lonely plain.

Your request that the thinned ranks of the Wisconsin Regiments in your Brigade be filled up from the first draft made in this State, shall certainly find due and favorable consideration on my part, together with the claims of other Wisconsin Regiments whose ranks have been decimated by battles, if I should have any control of influence in that matter.

In tendering you my congratulations upon the noble part taken by yourself in the recent battle, permit me to express the hope, General, that your honorable wounds there received, will soon be in a condition to enable you again to take the lead of your gallant brigades, and that such bravery as a final victory over the rebellion, the armies may not be far distant, I have the honor to remain,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Edward Salomon,
Gov. of Wisconsin.

Brigadier General S. Meredith, Commanding 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 1st Corps, Army of the Potomac, Washington, D. C.

WISCONSIN SICK AND WOUNDED.

List of Wisconsin soldiers in the United States General Hospital, Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo.; Major J. F. Randolph, United States Army Surgeon in charge, July 30, 1863.

Geo. Herrick, 1st Battery, neunith.
Geo. Sawser, do, chronic diarrhoæa.
J ohn F. Quilligan, do, anemia.
Richard Kimber, do, diarrhoæa.
George W Lore, do, anemia.
Joby Spaunlehner, do, diarrhoæa.
Alfred M Weston, do, do.
Leonard C. Euels, do, diarrhoæa.
Corp. Wm. John Miller, 5th, invalid corps.
Peter Orth, 1st cavalry, do.
Serg. James Deane, 1st volunteer infantry.
Henry G Hewitt, do, do.
Recidva Enos, M, do.
Edward F. Fagen, do, do.
Patrick Piley, do, do.
William Beaudett, do, do.
Henry G Filley, do, do.
John Myers, I, 8th infantry, invalid corps.
Michael Deacono, F, 11th, chronic diarrhoæa.
Moses Halting, B, do, chronic diarrhoæa, far­

Edward Appleby, G, do, intermittent fever.
Charles Dresser, G, do, wounded left thigh.
Alonzo T. Sturgis, G, do, right shoulder.
William B. Dunn, do, do.
Essa Beckett, D, do.
George Steward, G, do, do.
Halvor Halverson, K, do, wounded in face.
G W Brown, F, do, wounded in arm.
Martin Reding, F, do, wounded in leg.
Joseph S Farnum, K, do, wounded in thigh.
Frederick Funkman, G, do, hernia.
James W Perkins, H, do, anemia.
Francis W Downes, G, do, diarrhoæa.
Musician Lyman, Mathews, D, do.
John Lloyd, P, do, do.
Frederick Oast, A, 13th, do, chronic rhuma­

It is with pride that I here bear testimony to the unflinching bravery of Wisconsin troops in general upon every battle-field where they have made their home, in the East, West, or South; the same spirit is with them everywhere.

J. E. Ferguson, U, do, invalid corps.
Wm. Selleck, B, do, do.
Wm. H King, do, do.
Serg. J. B. Keys, E, 16th, do.
Daniel Rockwood, D, 17th, chronic diarrhoæa.
James Tarter, E, do, do.
Albert Shepherdson, F, do, wounded in right shoulder.
Corp. Ephraim A. Carnine, G, 20th, droopy.
Orrin W. Herrie, E, 22d, pleurisy.
Chubb Sprague, do, chronic rheumatism.
Julius McCassey, C, do, debilities, farlough.
Corp. Chap W. Fian, K, 29th, diarrhoæa.
Lorenzo Main, B, do, intermittent fever.
Granville Parmint, K, do, anemia.
Paul Lange, G, do. do.
Wm. Simple, H, do, diarrhoæa, farlough.
Wm. W. Rogers, B, do, pleurisy.
James Lee, H, do, intermittent fever.
Henry A. Phillipson, G, do, diarrhoæa.
John Wiegens, G, do, anemia, farlough.
Franklin Stell, B, do, diarrhoæa.
James A. Taylor, E, do, do.
Wm. Johnson, B, do, do.

Very respectfully.

Your obedient servant,

Edward Salomon,
Gov. of Wisconsin.
Respected Sir:—Enclosed I send you a letter of Mr. Carpenter at Milwaukee, Wis., to the Wisconsin soldiers in General Hospital at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis.

The Sixth Street Hospital in this city, and the other Public Hospitals, are all filled to overflowing with cases of the sick and wounded June 14th, and on the 18th there was an expected increase in the number of cases of sickness and injury. It is feared that the enemy may be able to inflict more damage upon the Union troops than they have already done. The enemy are said to have captured a number of Union soldiers, and to have taken them prisoner. The news of this has caused great alarm among the citizens of this city.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

WISCONSIN.

The Iron Brigade.

It is stated by a Washington correspondent that the Iron Brigade are to come home within the next twenty days to recruit their regiments to the maximum numbers, unless given the discretion of the Governors to expedite it. This Brigade has, under the approval and admiration of the whole country by their bravery and indomitable courage, earned a reputation which will convince them that a generous people know how to appreciate the sacrifices and hardships which they have suffered for the good of the country.

From the Oswego Palladium, Sept. 28th.

WHY THE SOLDIERS THINK.

A Nice Pointed Shot at Mat. Carpenter, Charles Robinson, and Abolitionists Generally.

THE IRON BRIGADE WANTS MORE FIGHTERS AND LESS TALKERS.

The Iron Brigade, composed of the 2d, 6th, and 7th Wisconsin, 24th Michigan, and 19th Indiana, have given the public a scene of self-sacrifice which will convince them that a generous people know how to appreciate the sacrifices and hardships which they have suffered for the good of the country.

You profess to be a soldier when you talk loud, and warm your bosoms with the red of the deadly strife the theme of an epic; you pay your $500 or hire a substitute for less, and remain at home, leaving the decimated army to fight it out alone. Your patriotism may be leader when you talk loud, and warmer when you baste your stomach with good things at home—but what cares the rebels for your "right shoulder shift," and "fall in?" our racks, that will "tell" for the cause you profess? You intimate that your "cool" has "grown cold," as the manner of some is. I imagine your love was never very warm for the cause. I doubt if you ever sacrificed a warm meal for that you profess to love to such a degree. I do not see how the love of others whom you denounce, can practically be any colder than yours, and those you, who, stay at home, talk, eat dinners, and repose on pleasant couches.

You profess that "the great American liberty-loving heart beats louder and warmer day by day for the Union and the brave army that supports it." Tell them that we pray for them morning and evening, as the ancient church prayed for the soldiers of the cross. Tell them when their work is well done, to return—they will find the throng of people to welcome them intense and enthusiastic. Tell them that at their peaceful coming to the north will add more color to the south than in the day of battle.

In response, Gen. Cutler, among other things, says: "If there are any who ever thought of withdrawing their support from the government and the army, let them go to the army and ask the men in the field and in the hospitals, and witness the cruel scorn on the lips of the sick and wounded men. It is said, and well for it, they will come home cared for."

As Gen. Cutler was but recently the commander of the soldiers, he was not authorized to speak for themselves. They have had abundant experience in "homemade speeches," by "home patriots," for more political effect; and they have come to regard them as heartless, insincere, and fit for a substitute, unless given the discretion of the Governors to expedite it. This Brigade has, under the approval and admiration of the whole country by their bravery and indomitable courage, earned a reputation which will convince them that a generous people know how to appreciate the sacrifices and hardships which they have suffered for the good of the country.

[From the Oswego Palladium, Sept. 28th.]

On Monday night I rested with a part of the army that pitched their tents for the night on the section of the old Bull Run battlefield adjacent to the Warrenton pike. I have here gathered material enough to form the subject of a long letter had I time, or you the space to admit of it. A poet might be made to sing in the suggestive lines of the deadly strife the theme of an epic; or a painter might illustrate on canvas the horrors of war from the mementoes here left of its ruthless work.

Bullets are picked up and exhibited by the harmless, and soldiers who participated in the fray are comparing at the same time their gathered memories of their personal experiences in the bloody field. In the long, luxuriant grass one strikes his foot against skulls and bones, mingled with the deadly missiles that brought them to this case and the" en masse" skulls and bones of exploded shells. The shallow graves rise here and there above the grass, sometimes in rows, sometimes alone, and sometimes in groups.

Through the thin layer of soil that hides the nameless hero who gave his life for his
country, one sees the protruding ribs and bones of their former companions in arms around within the flight of their camp fires. It may even have happened that men pitched their tents near the grave of a lost comrade, and again a foot protruded, with the flesh still partially preserved; in another one who had often before shared their enemy's bed; and once I saw one of these camps over a hill ravinage and slope, a tract of woodlands, as lovely in their sweeps and undulations, their infinite variety of fretted outline, as in the matchless glory of their mingled summer bloom, here swelling broadly out into the mellow, mossy soil of the woods, the side of a ravine that carries them back into the realms of shadow and seclusion; and to complete the serene and peaceful atmosphere—a fit to and comfortable for the spirit in short and lazy flights, or rest quietly in the tops of a few leafless trees that tower above their fellows, and lift them up into the cheerful warmth and light. Even in its desolation, this part of the field presents a scene of soft and gentle beauty whose present charm is in vivid contrast with the horror that once pervaded it. The tallers of what had been his uniform still were as one who had fallen asleep from wear and fatigue. A soldier lying on the field wrapped up in his blanket, but that blanket was of course removed, and the body was laid upon a rude bed, and tenderly fastened to the bony framework of the body, and even the finger nails were in their places. The ligaments that fasten the joints must have been preserved, for he was lifted by the belt which was still around the waist, and not a bone fell out of its place.

When I look about me in the attitude of calm repose, like one who had fast asleep from wear and fatigue. I see the earth as if millions of years had passed over it, and the skulls and bones of some of their former companions in arms around within the flight of their camp fires. It may even have happened that men pitched their tents near the grave of a lost comrade, and again a foot protruded, with the flesh still partially preserved; in another one who had often before shared their enemy's bed; and once I saw one of these camps over a hill ravinage and slope, a tract of woodlands, as lovely in their sweeps and undulations, their infinite variety of fretted outline, as in the matchless glory of their mingled summer bloom, here swelling broadly out into the mellow, mossy soil of the woods, the side of a ravine that carries them back into the realms of shadow and seclusion; and to complete the serene and peaceful atmosphere—a fit to and comfortable for the spirit in short and lazy flights, or rest quietly in the tops of a few leafless trees that tower above their fellows, and lift them up into the cheerful warmth and light. Even in its desolation, this part of the field presents a scene of soft and gentle beauty whose present charm is in vivid contrast with the horror that once pervaded it. The tallers of what had been his uniform still were as one who had fallen asleep from wear and fatigue. A soldier lying on the field wrapped up in his blanket, but that blanket was of course removed, and the body was laid upon a rude bed, and tenderly fastened to the bony framework of the body, and even the finger nails were in their places. The ligaments that fasten the joints must have been preserved, for he was lifted by the belt which was still around the waist, and not a bone fell out of its place.

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March of the army of freedom and the Union.
Press on to the glorious end, and which, I believe, is not yet at hand.

There is a black sheet that hovers on the horizon, far away across the ocean's waters, threatening to interfere with us, and if it materializes, preserve our great and glorious country.

We say let them come! They will learn that a nation of men will preserve the country and its glorious institutions, whether assailed by foreign foes or domestic traitors.

That glorious emblem of our country, the eagle—shall be borne aloft on your banners by the hosts of freedom, when the Lilies of France where hard fighting is expected. There is but one other circumstance required to give the men entire confidence in their strength and ability to accomplish the object desired; and that is for them to see that battery "B" is on hand to back them. This battery is manned and manned with all the best volunteers from the brigade, commanded by Lieut. Stewart of the regular artillery, than whom a braver officer is not in the service.

Under these circumstances your gift is a meet and proper reward for any merit we may possess; and, coming as it does thro' the donations of some of the most distinguished and patriotic citizens of the States from which the several regiments respectively hail, this banner, inscribed with the name which our over-admiring friends have conferred upon the brigade that carries the names of several regiments, together with the names of the battles in which we have participated, we look upon it as the highest compliment that could be paid us. We do not undertake to tell you with what love and pride it will be cherished by the brigade, nor with what firm and steady hands of valor it will be flanked in the face of the foe; but I will say that our conduct will be such as to cause a blush for the donors.

This day will be remembered with pride by every member of the brigade as long as life shall last, and the day and the gift will be pointed to by our children as a testimonial to the services rendered by their fathers to the country in the hour of its sorest trial; not by the Partial Annihilating Union of the State of Wisconsin, and Nineteenth Indiana, as before mentioned, and to the several regiments, together with the names of the fathers of the home. Let not the sophistry and whining, the false arguments, the factious plans, and every channel of commerce was crumbled away under the blows of the army that has been poisoning the minds of the people, until excited to madness they rose in armed revolt. In the first place they shall find fault with the Emancipation Proclamation, and say it is unconstitutional and should be revoked; that the measures intended to, and which in the last analysis, have created a feeling of hatred against the North that could never be allayed, I suppose that the old arguments used against the Abolitionists, that the slave is as much the property of his master as his horse or cow. Now I think it would puzzle these nate politicians to show us the law—either constitutional or national—that prohibits the appropriation or destruction of the property of our enemy, if by so appropriating or destroying we cripple him. I am confident no one measure has done more to cripple the power of the rebels than the appropriation of their slaves.

Over eight months he has passed since the emancipation order was issued and we have looked in vain for the second insurrections prophesied of.

As to that sweet love-feast that these geniuses tell us was to be so gently and unconstitutionally interrupted, we were never much alarmed about; we knew their hatred could be no greater against the North—we know that nineteen-twentieths of the slave holders were rank traitors, and we are satisfied that there are more loyal Union people in the seceded States to-day than on the day the first rebel gun was fired at Fort Sumter, and we further know should any loyal citizen lose slaves through the operation of this order, he would have the same claim against
your invitation to attend the flag presentation to be made to the Iron Brigade, composed of regiments from Wisconsin, Michigan and Indiana.

I thank you for the invitation, which I would gladly accept, did other duties permit. As far as I am concerned, the invitation is enhanced, because one of the regiments, whose services you thus recognize, is from my own State, and among its numbers are many personal friends. Let me assure you that these are worthy associates of the heroes from Wisconsin and Indiana.

The Iron Brigade! Oh, fit synonym for the inflexible courage which has hurled back the traitor hordes from Antietam, Gettysburg and other equally well contested fields. But the Iron Brigade requires no praise from me. No recital of mine can add lustre to its glittering steel, or to the existing roll of its noble achievements.

It has carved for itself, and the flag it upholds, a broad pathway through the ranks of our country's history. Glowing in the heart of the nation is with deeds of heroic daring and patriotic devotion. It is a worthy representative of the great and free Northwest, and of the Nation it has helped to save.

The Iron Brigade! Most appropriate designation—strength, endurance, tenacity—good for guns, but it can destroy or resist either. It is more than a match for copper whether in heads or balls. It is our means of defense and offense. It fights our battles, transports our munitions, clothes our ships; protects our soldiers and seamen and destroys our enemy. It is our reliance, our safety, the victory, liberty and country. It is indispensable. Therefore, let us love and cherish the Iron Brigade.

Indians, Michigan and Wisconsin—three free States, carved out of the territory ceded by Virginia, with the express condition that slavery should be forever prohibited there in.

In the hour of trial their sons have re- mained true to the precepts of the fathers of the Republic, and are now ready, with their lives, if need be, to restore to the people of the mother State the priceless boon which freedom has purchased, never to be suffered to pass from us. It can be done, and quickly.

SIR:—I gratefully acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th instant. Respectfully, your ob't serv't,

W. Y. Selleck, Esq., Washington, D. C.

The reading of the letter was received with much enthusiasm, and at its conclusion Mr. Selleck proposed the following toast:—

"Praised be the memory of those gallant Californians, the 'veterans laves of the Armies of the United States'—which was responded to by Major General James W. Platts of the New York State Militia and the bravest and bravest soldiers for their patriotism, endurance, courage, gal- lantry, and ability—may the sons of the My, which were fooded among them, fit, capable and worthy to wear a General's shoulder strap, which they had earned by intelligence, patriotism and bravery. The following toast was given by General Robinson:—

To the memory of that brave and gallant soldier, Major General John E. Reynolds, whom I was with on the 2nd of July, 1863, and saw him fall, which was drunk, uncovered and in silence.

Toasts were given to the health of the patriotic ladies of the Mother State, to that of General Cupid, and to the health of General Custer, who was in full vigor at the time. The following toasts were given:

Col. Bragg made a very handsome and appropriate speech in which he gave a glowing history of the old 'Iron Brigade' and its achievements, and a just and merited tribute to its gallant dead. The soldiers, non-commissioned and privates, were not forgotten, but received their full share of those substantial, &c., which go to support and revive the inner man, and which they heartily enjoyed.

Notwithstanding their disappointment, caused by being obliged to move, after they had made such fine preparations for the cere- monies, the meeting was a success.

After the vaudeville and speeches were over, the adjourned,

"The flag was handed over to theColor-Sergeant, who was escorted by the 34th Wisconsin Regiment—Lieutenant-Colonel Manfield—and preceded by the Brigade Band, to the Brigade Headquarters.

The officers of the brigade, together with their invited guests, proceeded to that part of the grove where the tables had been prepared, and which were spread with everything for a sumptuous feast—one that would have done honor to any of our first class hotels.

Champagne and other wines flowed, and all who were present enjoyed a 'marriage-bell.' The table was three hundred feet in length, and lined on either side with a glittering array of officers.

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It happens to be precisely one year to-day since I first saw them in action, at South Mountain, and with the recollection of their superb bearing brought thus freshly to my mind, I feel renewed in my heart, the pain of separation from them and their comrades.

But say to them that my heart and prayers are ever with them, and that, although their new colors can witness no more brilliant acts of patriotism and devotion than those which the old torn flags have shared in; I know that on every future field, they and the whole Army of the Potomac, will maintain their part, the honor of their country and their colors. With my sincere thanks for your kindness,

I am very truly,

And respectfully yours,

Geo. B. McClellan,
Major Gen. U. S. A.

Horrors of the Libby Prison.

A party of Slaters, who have just returned from Richmond, having been partners of Southern hospitality in the famous Libby Prison, give the following harrowing description of the horrors endured by our brave officers and soldiers, who are confined in that destitute place—worse, a hundred-fold, than the Black Hole at Calcutta. They say:

"It was impossible to sleep at ease, or catch a nap while the vermin were literally devouring us. The older prisoners seemed to take it as a matter of course, and lay in sound sleep until morning, when our establishment and disgust was intensified to see every man sitting up in bed hunting for the vermin in what little clothing he possessed. It was the regular order of the morning’s work.

Our breakfast in the morning consisted of four ounces of bread and one of beef, including honey, which stank so badly, and was so full of maggots that we, as new beginners, turned it in utter disgust, and threw it away. We afterwards learned better manners, and devoured it with as much relish as those who had been in prison longer. What we abandoned was greedily devoured by others.

At sundown we were called to dinner, which we ate standing. It consisted of four ounces of bread and a pint of stew, composed of fish, oil, black beans, maggots, dirt. We abandoned our soup on the first taste of it. Immediately the men rushed from the table like a pack of hungry wolves crowding around us and begging for us for our stomachs, as yet unaccustomed to such coarse food. utterly refused. Men of age, wealthy, educated and refined, reared in the lap of luxury, craved and scrambled for the crumbs that fell from our table and offered to do us the most menial service for them. The horrors of the prison cannot be described, and could but a faint whisper of the truth upon the people of the North, and especially the War Department it would not be long ere such retaliatory measures were adopted towards the rebel prisoners in our hands as would bring the rebels to some sense of mercy and common humanity in the treatment of Union prisoners in their prisons. Many of the deserters from our side now take the oath of allegiance to Jeff. Davis’ government, merely for the sake of being sent to the fortifications of Richmond, where their condition is immeasurably improved.”

Election in the Iron Brigade.

LETTER FROM CHARLIE DOW.

Co. O, Second Regiment.

Lyleton S. Dixon received 198 votes.

T. H. M. Coffin received 177 votes.

Eda. State Register:—Above you will find an account of Co. "A," alias "Forty Thieves."

It is not a very big vote but an awful strong one. It includes all the votes of the company except four, which were not vote-able as the men were on "detached service."

The vote of this regiment gives Dixon 189 and Coffin 17 votes. The 6th regiment gives Dixon 210 votes and Coffin 33 votes.

The 7th regiment is unanimous for Dixon, giving him 300 votes. Total in this brigade, Dixon 708, Coffin 50.

But seven of the companies of our regiment held an election, which accounts for the smallness of our vote.

As a portion of our regiment are on picket to-day, the companies that held an election, picked up the polls about noon and made the picket line a visit, which caused us to travel about five miles over the blankest roads that Virginia affords. Teaching a country school and "boarding round," is nothing compared with a travelling election. This style of voting may be constitutional in point of law, but I can testify that it is unconstitutional, physiologically speaking, for I caught a tremendous cold in the operation. The only fault with our election was, it was rather dry. I think if the "Chairman of the State Central Committee" would furnish more beer and less blankets, it would be productive of good results.

As I am somewhat tired I shall not attempt to scribble a letter to night. I will close by repeating the "Soldiers' Prayer."

Our Father which art in Washington, Uncle Abram thy name; Thy victories won, Thy will be done in the South as it is in the North; Give us this day our daily pork and crackers, And forgive us our shortcomings, as we forgive our Quartermaster, And lead us not by trailers but deliver us from scald-saddles; For thine is the power over the "nigger" and the soldier "for the period of three years or during the war."

Respectfully,

CHARLIE DOW.
Col. O'Connor's Body Found.

The body of Col. O'Connor, who fell at the battle of Gainesville, while leading the gallant 3d Wisconsin Volunteers, has been found where it was buried upon the battlefield, and removed to the Congressional Cemetery at Washington. When removed from the grave and the blanket and rubber cloth taken off, the face was found to be untouched by decay, and as white as the day he was buried.

The funeral was attended by Senators Howe and Doolittle, Representatives Potter and Sloan, Col. Havelock (brother of the late General Havelock of the British army), Col. Harte, also several of the officers belonging to various regiments, Senator Howe's family, Messrs. Gordon and Goddard, and several others from Wisconsin, Gov. Randall among them; together with a number of citizens of the city. The coffin was placed in the hearse and covered with the Stars and Stripes under which he had so gallantly fought.

Letter from a Maryland Hospital

Correspondence of the Times.

Washington, D.C., Jan. 21st, 1863.

Editor Times:—I again employ a few moments of respite from active duty, to pen a few items of interest for your excellent journal. Not to record any great battle, or portray the scenes of mortal conflict, but to give you a bird's-eye view of things as they exist here, and to show the temper and feeling of the people through this region, upon the prosecution of the war, the Emancipation scheme, and the aspect of things in general.

It may not be known to your readers generally, that this town, (of about 9000 inhabitants,) or the loyal portion of it, was what saved the state from secession. The old Legislature, which was sitting here at the time, was upon the point of passing the act, when they were suddenly waited upon by over 600 of their Union friends, armed to the teeth—who had been privately officered and drilled for that purpose—and were requested not to proceed any further, under penalty of being marched to Baltimore as prisoners of war. This had its desired effect, and the city of Frederick, has been ever since, Union to the backbone. There are traitors, of course, in the place, however, and some among the farmers in the vicinity. I accidentally ran across one of the latter the other day, while travelling from camp into the city. It was evident that he was ignorant as a Fluttenton, and he expressed some laughable ideas in regard to the Emancipation proclamation, and wanted to know what “Old Lieutenaut” was going to do with all the niggers when he got ‘em North, &c., &c. He had a long list of grievances to make, prominent among which was, that a certain Wis. Regiment, (the 3d,) had stolen two of his niggers and taken them away with them; but on inquiring, I found that they had been hired to cut wood and cook for the boys. Thus in every instance wherever rebels in this District have complained of maltreatment from Union soldiers, it has been proved false. The Union troops throughout Maryland have been awake to the importance of good behavior to win the esteem of the people in a border state. The cleanliness and gentlemanly address of our men, have done more to build up Union feeling here, than all the fighting that has been done upon Maryland soil.

But how was it when the “Gallunots” of the northern army entered Frederick? They had been expecting a friendly greeting from the inhabitants of the city, but were chagrined to find mostly vacant walls and deserted streets. And those who had been friendly to their cause, looked with disgust upon their ragged and vermin-covered persons.

There is a high-toned, lofty patriotism among Union men here, that would put to shame the snivelling, cramped-up, narrow-minded public found in the North, who sit cross-legged by a warm stove most of the time, and the balance of it is spent hanging around bar-rooms and saloons “blowing” the Administration, Union Generals, &c. Such generally claim to be constitutional Democrats, who propose to take the constitution in one hand, and a wooden sword in the other, and by moral suasion, to fight the heartless rulers that are trying to overthrow the government!

A respectable citizen here, related to me a little incident worthy of note, as showing the spirit of ’76, which—thank God—still lives in some men's bosoms, and which if possessed by every northern man, the success of our arms would be rapid and complete.

When Jackson's hosts were marching up one of the principal streets, an old soldier, who had lost one of his legs by a shell, at Gaines' Mill, was seen standing out on a piazza, leaning upon his crutch, as, and with his right hand was waving a Union Flag! As soon as Jackson sighted it, he halted his men, and ordered a Corporal's Guard to go up and take that flag down. They obeyed, went up and wrenched the star and stripes from the wounded veteran, when he addressed the rebel general with a look of scorn, saying: “Jackson! you've done a big thing! (and pulling upon his shirt bosom) You can put a ball in there, but as long as God lets me live, I'll stick to the old Flag.”

In and near the city there are over 4000 invalids, comprising all classes of the service, artillery, cavalry, zouaves, and infantry of the line. There are many of them, probably 50 per cent, able for duty, but are perfectly discouraged, looking with dark forebodings upon the dispensations, treachery, and want of patriotism, among the friends at the north.

Passing by the camp of the 3d Det., the other evening, I stopped to listen to the talk of a group of soldiers seated around the guard fire. One intelligent fellow straightened himself up, and addressing the one who was speaking, said: “Bill! what are you talking about? Are you a— a fool? Didn't the head of the Democratic party, olm Buchanan, allow the rebels to get the start of us in this war, at the outset? and ain't it plain enough how things are drifting? Now, then," he continued, "the same party is going to oppose the prosecution of the war, block the wheels of the Government, till the expiration of Lincoln's term of office, and then give the rebels anything and everything they ask; for peace. I tell you there is no use fighting for nothing; fighting is played out.

This is only one among hundreds of similar expressions of sentiment, that I have heard during the last two months I have been here. And what does such language, coming from soldiers in the field, indicate? It shows that they are aware of the rotten-heartedness of many of the very men that encouraged them to enlist; and is it to be wondered at that they are dissatisfied? How is it at the South? Let any one there say what against Jeff Davis or his government, and ten chances to one they are strung up between heaven and earth. Hence they accomplish every thing they undertake. No traitors stand in their way, but all work together without jealousy or discord to accomplish their ends. In Union there is strength; and if our people
Our present hopes are to become rich and powerful from her lands as we think will interest our readers in the northwest and Pacific states, which were whetted when they were formed by the states of the Northern States, to extend her boundaries if from which the leech of slavery has draincd the states made when considered. Our political constitutions have not been formed by nigger j's. her waters filled with slime, and not the rich dairy land of prairie which was made by nigger j's. our yearnings do not stir, but our At present the army is divided by the Alleghanies, and the interests which they have enorened in this division. The only way to do this is done below. The rebellion shall be put down and peace overthrown. We cannot sympathise with the indignation which Lieut. B. says the army felt when "McClellan was snatched from them," and we presume most of them will yet learn (if they have not already done so) that that trial was only a blessing in disguise.

We shall be pleased to hear from the Lieutenant direct whenever he feels disposed to favor us; if not, we will at least avail ourselves of the privilege of copying such of his letters from our exchanges as we think will interest our readers.

**Camp of Gen'ls.**

Near Bolling Court House, Va., Feb. 15, 1863,

The Third Wisconsin still lives; that is to say, if being cast away in some ocean of mud—not the rich dark mould of prairie land, recking with agricultural wealth and life-giving fertility, but the barren swamp from which the leech of slavery has draincd whatever is favorable to the growth of vegetable things—if this can be called living without any indefinite stretch of insignificance, there we still live. A parcelled-out geologist might classify us with the fossil remains of another stratum, and claim us as evidence of an earlier order of being—but with some slight traces and physical reservations we persistently claim to be still alive. By dint of six mile teams and an incessant semi-quiet movement of portary roads—all about like the affairs of the nation—we manage to exist; and with a little help from the papers and other works of human cunning and lasciviousness than the general run of war news, our consciousness don't struggle very far in the great "column en route" of the present day.

Our regimental existence is qualified by another consideration. We have now to gather about two thirds of the bodies and souls that went originally to the making up our corps. On paper we number 844 at this writing. Four hundred 1 present, all toil, in our fighting weight. For the remainder, call the roll of the hospital or pere into the faces of mud cased teemsters, wagoners, etc. Of all ranks-thin vision, "detached service" is one that comes oftenest and always goes off with something. Sometimes over 150 have been discharged during the past year for disability, some of which have been of disease, battle and of wounds, and to complete the depredation, the War Department last fall let loose among us a comrorn t gang of collecting officers of the regular army, who in shot measure took 85 names from our muster rolls and would have gibbeted us the "balance" had not their merciless game been stopped. But the few that are left are, as I said, every ounce fighting weight—the nerve that pollution and peril has man's steady and strong—the muscle that lies without murmur the great shudder-galling knap-vack, one day's rations in belly, three in haversack, the double supply of cartridges— which plods cheerfully through mud that has never bottom nor upper bound when need be on half rations and under double burdens; the enduring frame that sleeps in mud, rain and cold; and the life-giving spirit that is a true congealer and that is a nasty conglomeration of all crimes and seasons; and so we say with honest, veteran pride that the gaunt and bald Old Third Wisconsin—stout and spart still lives!

The 12th Army Corps, to which we belong, and which, while commanded by Blanks made, or him his military fate, was after the battle of Antietam turned into the Army of the Potomac as a corps of all work, so to speak. When the Grand Army left the Upper Potomac we were left behind and put to the task of fortifying Harper's Ferry, defending Maryland, and standing all the picket and camp affairs that could endure. We have also built the corps filled the trees of hundreds of acres, dotted the heights of Loudon and Maryland with forts, and linked them together with long lines of breastworks, a part of which remains.

Far from it! I would sooner claim my birthplace as being in the Mosquito Kingdom, or in the poorest corner of Nova Scotia, than to say I was a native of the United States. Trusting in the powers that be, for the dawn of a brighter day, I remain yours, &c.,

S. R. K.

A. R. Brown, a private in Co. D, Third Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers, died on the 28th day of June 1861, for three years, and served honestly and faithfully with his Company till his death.

**Letter from Mr. Bryant.**

In a late number of the Madison Journal we find the following letter from our quondam correspondent, E. E. Bryant—

As we have had no communication from Lieut. B. since last August, and as his last letter gave us a thrilling account of the fearful carnage at the battle of Cedar Mountain, which was as soon followed by the battle of Antietam, we at last feared that there was not enough left of the gallant Third to form the subject matter of a communication. We rejoice to learn from the present letter that both Mr. Bryant and the regiment still live; and that notwithstanding the East and Northwest will be the dominant powers, and the divided by the Alleghanies, and the immense grain and produce trade which flows by way of the Lake, through the Eastern cities to Europe, will pass down the Mississippi, whose waters will be, by treaty with the Northwestern Confederacy, forever free, and New Orleans and Vicksburg will become the greatest emporiums of the continent, while grass will grow in the streets of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c. The Rocky Mountains will form the dividing line between the northwest and Pacific states, which letter will form another confederacy, which will become rich and powerful from her lands as we think will interest our readers, or otherwise to better her condition.

These things are sure to follow, any man can see, unless the rebellion is crushed. Let these things occur, and what a glory will it be to be known as Americans, or rather Yankees, as we will be called! Would it be an Honor? Far from it! I would sooner claim my birthplace as being in the Mosquito Kingdom, or in the poorest corner of Nova Scotia, than to say I was a native of the United States. Trusting in the powers that be, for the dawn of a brighter day, I remain yours, &c.,

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S. R. K.
and furnish the deserters, but they will come to the scratch when they get tough. The old regiments can be depended on in all emergencies. They expect to remain in service to the last day of their enlistment, and to do the heavy work of the war in Virginia.

Of their military history, as old soldiers know, they knew full well that a disappointed and impatient people do not appreciate all that they have dared and endured. They know that because they have failed to take Richmond, they have been credited with doing just nothing at all. They are keenly alive to these gloomy considerations, and yet they are soldiers still, ready at any time to brave any danger, and this without the hope of receiving that which elsewhere and always has been the soldier's reward—his humble share of fame. They may not talk over-hopefully, but they talk to the last. They keep a sharp look-out at the signs of the times. They see that the small months' men have no notion of fighting, that the draft has proved about as effective as the buffalo trap that never caught anything but the weak and cold on the land; and they conclude that they must stand and fight the last battle of the war. Yea, the whole North with its party hate, whining hot in fact and cold in war, its croakers about a disorganizable peace, its hypocritical press, its inexpressions—might come into the Army of the Potomac to day and learn a lesson of patience, enduring patience.

What thought the soldier knew
Some said he blundered;
Their's not to reason why;
Their's not to make reply;
Their's but to do and die.

Our army is dis-credited, the good-natured public who were daily proposing national death, and shaming all faith in the Government and armies by their impatience and animosity. They are disappointed, their prophecies have failed, the bond of their philosophy has ras out, and they think the wheel of the nation must have stopped—when they only are non-plussed.

Let us neither talk nor think of failure. Let the press and the people speak in a more cheerful tone; show more faith in God, the people, the Army, and their cause. No Army is whipped till it thinks so. No government tumbles over till the people are made to believe it is falling, and they who seek to destroy confidence and plunge the nation in despair, are to say the least, doing very good service to treason.

E. E. B.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp to W. York,
Near Stafford Court House, Va.
February 10, 1863.

I had dropped so many stitches in my correspondence that, like the old lady, I concluded to drop the knitting altogether. Of the most interesting part of our campaignings since August last, I had no time to write until it was too late for news, and being a little too fresh for history I had only the soldier's satisfaction of laying experience away in a story that will tell in later years to the grand-children.

After the campaign in Maryland, our corps—the 12th—which had made for Banks a snug military fame without some how luring up a stock of that genteel accomplishments for itself—was dumped into the Army of the Potomac under General Slocum. Being terribly thinned by the carnage at Cedar Mountain and Antietam, it was made a corps of all work, so to speak, and was left behind when McClellan advanced in October, and put to the task of fortifying Harper's Ferry, standing all the picket and fatigue duty and camp diarrhoea that mortals could endure without becoming absolured.

The Spartan 300 of our regiment laid down their muskets, took up the axe, and the way they slashed down the trees of many an acre on Maryland Heights was a wonder to the more tenderly raised fatigue parties of the Eastern Regiments. The Heights of Maryland and Leesburg were dotted with those; these were linked together by long lines of landmark, till impregnability scowled from every point of their summits. This done, we were sent out to the river and performed a painfully vigilant tour of picket duty. Standing on picket having become our normal condition, we were ordered down to Burnside, and were making all speed through, the depth of mud when the repulse at Fredericksburg took place—had nearly reached the scene of carnage when we were turned about and dragged ourselves back to Fairfax to cover the big army of the defenses of Washington. We stood between them and harm for over a month. Stewart's cavalry was quite annoying, and kept us as good as under arms most of the time.

When the second movement was prepared for, we were ordered down to the main army again. A heavy rain set in as we began the march; the corps here sunk fast in the mud and we came wallowing down only to sink beside them. Mud! Mud! Our roads are bottomless pits of porridge—crisps of gritty spash nearly thin enough for foot navigation. Country roads are built, but they float and sink in the mire. To see trains of empty army wagons cast away in the mud past all exhaustion would soon convince an observer of the futility of any considerable movement of this large army until better footing. The few citizens who visit the army generally go back hoarser and wiser men on the subject of military operations in this quarter.

Our inactivity is not by any means idleness. Aside from the scramble for subsistence, so heavy a picket duty, and are kept active by drills, &c., so that the morale and health of the army is good, notwithstanding its cheerless situation.

There has been a deal of senseless gabble about the Army of the Potomac becoming demoralized. The circulation of this report has created more dissatisfaction than all the disasters and changes of commanders put together. Teach the soldier that his country has lost faith in him, and you have taken away his highest incentive. A corps in perfect discipline when led to believe that demoralization prevails in other corps, must necessarily lose heart. This shaking the faith of the people in the army and of the parts of the army in its whole, is tardantly criminal. The press is responsible.

After a battle an army is stunned by the shock and does not for some little time recover its self-possession. After a disastrous fight discipline is knocked out of joint; demoralization prevails. Expressions of disgust, discouragement and bitterness will well up from the hearts of the most patient soldier when he sees the field strewn with his comrades, who have lain dead in vain. No doubt it was so at Fredericksburg. But discipline soon re-asserts itself, and the spirit comes back with it, and the soldier's experience adds to his steadiness, makes him the veteran.

Nay! we fling back the accusation.—We fear more from the demoralization of the people than of the army. We tremble to read of the raging party spirit, the discontent, and discouragement of the masses at home. We dislike to receive letters from friends that evince a disheartened state but few removes from despair. These are feelings that should not be unbecoming to the army.

We can and must conquer. We have the means, and as a people we must have the will. We must neither think nor talk of failure. Let the people be but steadfast and the army will.

No army is whipped til it thinks so,—No Government will tumble till the people are made to believe it is falling. Such dolorous terms as "country tottering on the verge of ruin" are words of encouragement to treason. They weaken our cause more than disasters do; they strengthen the foes more than victories. The Government is as strong as the hearts of the people are, and these dark days show us our strength.

True, there is much that is depressing. We have been victims of great expectations, among them impossibilities. We have underestimated the task we had to do, and at times reveals its magnitude we look with dismay when our spirits should rise with the crisis. True, military blunders and crimes have led to disasters, but this should not dishearten us, as it shows that it was not the enemy's superiority that whipped us. The failure of our operations, the ignominious failure of the draft, the
fully of sending out nine months' troops utterly worthless for the war, are gloomy chapters in our military history; but from these we can learn the way to success, if we but will. Let the old resolve be adhered to, to crush this rebellion at whatever cost, and it will be done. It may not be the work of a day, or a campaign, nor be done by a speedy overrunning of the rebel territory.

The utter subjugation of the aristocratic class in rebellion, the utter destruction of the system that is dearer to them than country, must be accomplished, whether it requires two years or two generations. Close in the wake of our advancing armies free labor must follow; clear off the debris of slavery and found a civilization loyal in the name of country and liberty. Subjugation would prove a national calamity did not we replace the social system that has shattered with the vigorous elements of new life.

I believe that the uncontrollable sweep of events is tending to this grand result. Its momentum is such that faction, elation or party cannot stay it, nor fugies hold it back. It is the alternative offered us, to come forth a grand nation, a more perfect Union, or to sink into insignificance and ruin. If we fail it will be because we deserve it, because as a people we lack cohesion enough and will enough to improve the great opportunities of our age.

I cannot believe that, in the full blaze of the 19th century, the leading race and Government of the world will go to pieces, that we shall surrender our nationality. Why should we struggle for generations to maintain his nationality, through his government be tyranny and his country a desert; and can we distrust ourselves when we have but half tried, and when pride, honor, country, race and the ideas that have given vigor to civilization are all at stake? No. To be faint-hearted is treason now. To falter is desertion.

Letter from the Third Regiment.

Near Stafford's Court House, Va., February 21st, 1863.

Mr. Cooper:—Your letter of January 25th is before me, for which I return you many thanks. I was pleased to find you of such good cheer, with an abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of the cause of right and justice. My convictions that we were right, led me early to the contest, and I have not, as yet, had occasion to change those convictions, but they have rather grown and strengthened by time. True the war has assumed a different feature in many respects from its original course of policy, and these changes have been grasped with eagerness by those who are at every administration and opposed to a successful termination of the war. But I cannot see that the more stringent measures employed are more than the exigencies of the case require. We have certainly arrived at a point now, where the true motives of the enemies of our country, everywhere are not to be misunderstood. If the Government ever hopes for success, it must lay aside the policy of handling with tender hands the political sensibilities of parties and the claimed constitutional rights of the peculiar institution. It is certain plain and very obvious that African slavery was the true instigator of the revolt and yet remains one of the strongest elements of the rebellion. Now should we leave it untouched on account of its claimed constitutional rights, while at the same time is stands with uplifted hands a defiant violator of the very law and order which it claims to protect? This is too plain for further comment.

There are many objections to the Emancipation Proclamation on the grounds of its tending to kill whatever of union sentiment remains in the revolted sections. True, there are many in those localities whose sentiments are with us, but individual wrongs and losses cannot be avoided in a crisis like this. You will perhaps think me a Greedy convert, but whatever of change there is in me in regard to these things, is attributable to my own experience and observation. Mr. Cooper, there is and has always been a part of the South, slumbering and a-slavery sentiment, which will, if we have an opportunity afford itself farther beyond our expectations. See if I am not right. The emancipation of slavery however, cannot be accomplished without discouraging our political system, commercially and socially; and it is our duty, I believe, to avoid as much as possible the evils growing out of such change. But is it not better to suffer the evils of a change for a season than to perpetuate an evil? The advantages of free institutions over those of slavery are too plain and well illustrated to be misunderstood by the intelligent; and it is our duty to acknowledge, when convinced, that we would look to the great increase of the general progress and prosperity of even France, to say nothing of other European powers, emancipation is worthy of our earnest consideration.

The southern system of domestic institutions is within itself at war with republican government, either slumbering or open; and we should think open as present evidences well attested; and if you can get the honest fireside sentiment of men in the South you will find them opposed to it (and they constitute the real wealth of the country,) I mean those who are republican, government, either slumbering or open, and we should think open as present evidences well attested; and if you can get the honest fireside sentiment of men in the South you will find them opposed to it (and they constitute the real wealth of the country.) I mean those who are republican government, either slumbering or open.

I notice during an imprisonment of nearly four months, that the rebels could not offer an ex re To revolt upon any other grounds than the "sorger," and it was not so much upon any great wrongs they had suffered, as anticipated worse than hunger and the death which has been mentioned to them. I have heard no talk of any occasion, of discontent with the Yankee, and it is far better said that the Yankee, and it is far better said that the Yankee, and it is far better said that the Yankee.

R. F. McGonagle.

High Commandation of the Third Wisconsin Regiment (Infantry).

We have received a copy of the late general order issued by Gen. Hooker, which officially
The poll was opened at ten o'clock a.m., and several thousands of company commanders, inspectors and their staffs, were seen according to law, and everything passed off pleasantly and agreeably.

The following is the result:

Capt. Fantasy, Co. F 41
Capt. Varkus, Co. K 28
Capt. Clark, Co. D 33
Capt. Pod, Co. C 35
Lt. Hinkle, Co. H 32
Capt. Van Burns, Co. A 41
Capt. Hubbard, Co. G 41
Capt. Seventh, Co. B 0

Can another Wisconsin Regiment produce such a record?

Yours truly,

John W. Scott, Lieut. Col., near Chancellorsville, May 3; H. Woodruff, Corp A, do; John B. Beeman, Sergt B, do; David L. Hinnan, B, do; Wm A. Kimberly, Corp C, do; Geo. Williamsen, C, do; Oliver P. Neal, D, do; D. Washburn, D, do; Chas M. Raymond, Corp E, do; Nich. Halhhausen, do; Frederich Frey, E, do; Wm H Mason, G, do; John Shelby, G, do; do; Austi A. Simon, G, do; John M. Miller, H, do; John D. Kirkpatrick, Corp I, do; Gabriel Kalis, K, do.

RECAPITULATION.

Officers

Enlisted men

Total

WOUNDED

Wm. Hawley, Col., arm; Silas E. Gardner, 1st Lieut. Co. C, hand; John D. Goodrich, Sergt G, Co. A, leg; Henry Davids, B, do, leg; Isaac H. Fowler, do, severe in hand; Warren P. Ormston, do, hand; Tohil Reynolds, do, hand; Elias Shely, do, breast; Thomas Davis, do, breast; Frank Flinders, corp'l, do, C, Severe in ankle; Amos C. Robbins, do, do, hand; Wallace Smith, Sergt B, severe in hand and hand; John H. Durine, B, severely in hand and hip; Augustus Pankrake, B, severely in shoulder; John H. German, B, severely in arm; John Ksler, B, severely in hand; Simon S. Simpson, B, severely in arm and leg; Cyrus Dibbles, B, severely; Dwight Pierce, Sergt G, severely in arm; Dudley-Jennings, corporal, C, severely in hip; Wm. Brisbane, corporal, C, arm; Levi J. Bryant, C, severely in hand; Isaiah Blunt, C, in hand and leg; John E. Barnes, C, severely in arm; John Warner, O, severely in leg; Emory S. Wmns, O, ankle; John S. Waldso, G, hand; Corp Gilberry Schow, D, leg; Corp
Corps Hospital at Aquia Creek.

Lieut. Gardner, writing from Fredericksburg on the 14th inst., gives us the following names of wounded men in Co. C in addition to those mentioned above:

James Conway.
William Brabin.

Lieut. Gardner also states that Maj. Flood and Adjutant Bryant are unharmed.

Lieut. Col. Scott was killed. It will be remembered that he was wounded last August, at the battle of Cedar Mountain while Major of the regiment.

The Third Regiment in another Fight.

It appears that the 3d Wisconsin was in the fight that came off last Tuesday with Stuart's rebel cavalry, and the correspondent of the N. Y. Times says that its skirmishers won much praise by the accuracy of their fire, which was fatal to many a rebel.

This gallant regiment is seeing in the roads. We had to take it through the Wilderness yet to be seen. It is accompanied by its knapsacks behind.-

The names of wounded not designated May 10th, 1863.

The Battles on the Rappahannock.

Camp near Stafford C. H., Va., May 10th, 1863.

Dear Sister—You will notice by this that we are again in our old camp, after a campaign of ten days, during which time we perhaps did more real labor than has been done in the same time by any portion of this army since the war began; and although we may not have accomplished as much as we had hoped, yet I think the future history of the campaign will show distinctly that it was no fault of the Twelfth Army Corps. I consider that the object of the expedition was a perfect success when Sedgwick entered Fredericksburg; whether he was to blame for what followed remains yet to be seen.

A April 27th, at daybreak, with eight days rations in our knapsacks, we broke camp and moved in a northwesterly direction about nine miles, and encamped at night near White Oak Church. Here we were joined by the 11th Corps (Sieg's), and learned that the 5th was also on the same work.

Tuesday morning, we were awake without music about daylight, but on account of the number of troops that were to precede us, did not get a very early start; marched until about 4 o'clock, when we halted about two miles from Kelley's Ford—the pontoon trains arrived about the same time. Everything was ready before midnight, at which time the 11th Corps commenced crossing. Before daybreak we were on the road, and about one mile from Kelley's. We had moved in all, 30 miles.

On Friday our corps advanced about four miles towards Fredericksburg—the rebels falling back enabled our men to capture a battery and four siege guns that were guarding Banks' Ford. Our line was then established about a mile below the Ford, and three pontoon bridges thrown across. We fell back to our old position—about 100 yards. We crossed the stream, and camped for the night. The next day we moved about ten miles, and encamped near Chancellorsville, in the woods, and on the very place where the battle was fought on Sunday.

On Saturday, Gen. Berry went out in front of us and had some very hard fighting, capturing a rebel regiment in their trenches, mostly with Berdan's sharpshooters. We could see the enemy moving toward our right all day. About 3 o'clock we were ordered out to assist Berry's Division in driving the enemy out of a piece of woods in our front, leaving our knapsacks behind.

We advanced as skirmishers, having a reserve of the rest of the brigade—these were followed by about 20,000 troops. Just before sundown they came upon the enemy.
a little to our left, and there was some very heavy firing from a rebel battery right in front of us. About this time the 11th corps came through the point where we had left our knapsacks with the enemy close to their heels, they had run away without making any attempt to check the enemy. The Dutchmen wouldn't fight—giving as a reason 'da got no digel.' The men who were left with our knapsacks stayed till the rebels watching us with interest. Towards evening, and upon this brief halt I find close to their heels, they had run without the enemy camo within a few rods when towards night it commenced raining, and we pockets stuffed with divers efforts to making any attempt to check the enemy.

In front of a little to our left, and there was some instant to turn the batteries that the troops were crossing the river. We crossed the last of our corps, and reached our old camp about dark.

If never before I am proud now when I say I belong to the 3d Wisconsin, and to the 3rd Brigade of the 12th Army Corps, for never did men do their duty better or face death with more coolness, or endure privations and hardships with such a spirit of reparation and determination. Col. Flood addressed us last evening, thanking us for what we had done, and declaring himself perfectly satisfied with our conduct. He could scarcely retain his emotion while he addressed us. He is one of the best officers in the service.

I come back more than ever convinced that we can beat the enemy in a fair fight. Why we re-crossed is a mystery to me, for we had a position from which we never could have driven us. Yet, in a military point of view, we lost nothing if we gained nothing.

C. CURTIS

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp of the Wisconsin Volunteers.

Near Warrenson Junction, Va., July 29, 1862.

To lay off the old word that has been Catering against my leg for the last two months—and which I regard as the most unmitigated nuisance of all the pompous circumstances of war—and since one more the pen of a correspondent, though that pen be but the last inch of a lead pencil. Ah, it's a luxury most rare.

Our notions of luxury are relative. One accustomed to the easy elaboration, may after a protracted deprivation, pen his letters with complacency on a dry goods box with a seat of an inverted bucket, and think himself on the whole a favored mortal. Give him another twist of campaigning and his ideas recede still further to the primitive. Set him forth tinfoil, haggageless, scrap-bookless; let him bin once in mud and damp clover for a couple of moons, till a wet shirt and a parboiled skin are the rule and a dry deed the exception, and he can at last throw him soul down among the grasshoppers and think himself blessed in a greasy scrap of paper and stub-pencil, and his ambition in the writing table line finds its altitude in the lean, lank knapsack which the initiated soldier is sure to carry. Thus the soldier writing a letter tableaus "Napoleon planning a campaign" with his elbow in the mud and his fingers in his hair. Time to write is a boon that fills us with thanksgiving. And upon this brief halt I find my pockets stuffed with divers efforts in the inditing way which were interrupted by the ever expected order to move.

Sincethe first of June the Third Wisconsin has been either in motion or in that dubious state of uncertainty regarding time, place, and locomotion which characterizes active service. As one is always tired of staying after having packed up to go, our hats offered no rest in the relaxing sense of the term. Expectancy of action is nearly wearisome as action itself.

We left camp at Stafford Court House, June 6th, to accompany the cavalry expedition up the Rappahannock. We were selected for the duty in pursuance of a call for the most reliable troops in the Corps. Col. Hawley being prostrated by illness, the command devolved upon Lieut. Col. Flood. By eight marches and forced marches we reached Beverly Ford, crossed at day-break on the 8th and did good service in the cavalry fight of that day. As skirmishers and sharpshooters we contributed more to the victory than the cavalry Generals are willing to accord. Our regiment was divided into skirmishing parties and sent to points where the enemy were in positions the cavalry could not reach.

Lieut. Col. Flood, with about 150 men—the rest of his command being elsewhere on the line—was ordered to assist Col. Deven's cavalry Brigade on our left. A regiment of the enemy's mounted infantry had disembarked here in the woods, and posted behind trees and bushes were pouring a murderous fire into Deven's squad. Col. Flood looked for a few minutes on this daughter of men and horses and then impatiently requested to deploy his infantry in front of the cavalry line. "Are your men reliable?" asked Col. Deven. Flood replied in terms strongly insinuated with the bank of the "Army in Flanders" that his men could clean out those rebels in one time and two motions, and that they would fight as long as a man was left.

In they went, and soon the "Johnny Dicks," as the soldiers call 'em, found to be a Yankee's challenged, Skirmishers of the bush-whack order is more sport to Western raised Yankees. Our men each took to his tree, and whenever a gray Carolinian showed head, arm or leg, a bullet sung
near by. Soon the rebels gave way and scampered to their horses, bearing a number of dead, including officers on the field. Col. Deven pronounced this a gallant and valuable service.

At the same time Gen. Buford, on our right, had charged across a field several times and been repulsed with loss by a force of dismounted rebels behind a stone fence. Buford sent for infantry. Capt. Stevenson, well known in Monroe as "Walt Thomas," was ordered with about 40 men to dislodge these stone-walled gentry. He made a detour under cover of woods and a barn, gained their flank, got on their side of the wall, crept up in close range under cover of a ridge, and ere they recovered their astonishment poured a series of enfilading volleys into them. Utterly confounded by the boldness of the movement, the rebels fled in confusion, a force full four hundred strong, many of them crawling on all fours.

Buford was highly pleased with the result. He declared it well and gallantly done. "Walt," was satisfied too, as the number of rebels killed, wounded and captured equaled his entire force. He was vexed, however, that his command was not forty thousand instead of forty, and the rebels proportionately increased, for then the exploit would have made a Stonewall Jackson of him in spite of Halleck and all other obstacles to military fame.

After this came the long march to Pennsylvania and the battle of Gettysburg.—In this our part was active, though for once we were fortunate in position. On the second day of the battle our corps held the right; our line extended then along a ledge ridge in the woods—right resting on a creek. Trees felled, rail, rocks, and an unsparking use of the spade, soon made our position one of the strongest. At sundown the battle raged fiercely around us on the dawn of the morrow.

At day-break a volley of musketry brought us from dreams into line of battle. The rebels held a position from which they must be driven and our Corps must do it. Owing to the horse-shoe shape of our line they were actually in rear of our left batteries and within rifle shot of the turnpike, which was our communication to the rear. The woods were first shelled, then our infantry closed in upon them; the roll of musketry was terrible and continued from daylight until afternoon. Our regiment was placed in position so that huge ledges and an improvised breastwork protected us and enabled us to hold a point of much importance. Though the regiments on our flanks were shattering, leaving half their force on the field killed and wounded, our loss was trifling; but two killed and eight wounded, though during the whole time we were under a heavy fire. The battle on the right then ceased, save sharpshooters who seemed to envision us and picked off many men and officers.

Then opened the great struggle on the left of Cemetery Hill. We were on the right of our entrencheds, from which, after ten hours steady pulling triggers, we had driven Ewell. The terrific cannonade of the enemy then poured into our position. It was directed to our batteries on the left, but over shots by the thousand plunged into the ground, tore off the branches, screamed, burst and hummed all around us for over an hour. Then the fearful roll of musketry on the left! Oh how anxiously we waited the result, for we felt that anxiety we never feel in Virginia battles. If defeat befell us the country was at Lee's mercy. Oh God! will the left repulse them? And when the battle lulled on the left, when we learned that we had gloriously and gallantly repulsed the confiding foe at all points, our joy was too great to be ceremonious or demonstrative; we felt like going to sleep happy.

Then we marched back via Frederick and Crampton's Pass to the enemy's line near Falling Waters. There it waswatching, entrenching and sleeping in the rain till the enemy retreated in a night the darkest and wettest. At daybreak we started in pursuit. Our regiment pursued them most closely of all the infantry, but the dashing, devil-may-care Kilpatrick dashed ahead of us and captured their rear brigade.

Thence to Sandy Hook, again into Virginia, and up the eastern base of the Blue Ridge from Gap to Gap. We have halted here for a day or two to draw clothing, patch up equipage and take breath for a new start.

Our season's work has just begun. A war-worn army, steady, soldiers, but too thoroughly�agged for much enthusiasm—nevertheless faithful and brave, this army moves again upon its well matched foe.

More hereafter.

E. E. B.

EDITONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Rappahannock to the heart of this metropolis, from pocke to barracks, is something of a change—a pretty big one for those to whom outpost duty and all-out-of-door had become a normal condition. It would seem quite dream-like to the 3d Wisconsin did not this vivid recollection of the sea voyage from the Chesapeake mark the stages of the transition.

Stomachs that never rebelled at mushy hard tack, slippery pork, amalgamated coffee, or any of the nauseating evidences that contractors were getting rich in the Commissary Department, gave up to open revolt when the sense of terrors was lost on the broad ocean. Oh, Noy Vomical! With what tearful eyes and looks of unutterable despair did the poor land luters gaze down into the depths of the sea and bid adeu to all they held—in their stomachs. To see the rank and file of four regiments in the full gush of seasickness on one transport was a sight for an old salt to see. Suffice it to say that most of our party knew by the intuition of internal suggestions when they reached New York that they had been to sea—and, in the slang of the day, "could see it."

Well, here we are—most of the Western regiments in the Army of the Potomac ditto. The reasons for sending Western regiments in preference to others are surmised to be, 1st: That they are small and not likely soon to be filled by drafted men from their respective States.

2d. They would not lose by desertion as Eastern regiments would.

3d. They are "a little ahead" of any other troops in the Army of the Potomac for square-toed loyalty. They support the Administration with a will and an amen.

They can be trusted here to put a quietus on any pro-slavery mob. The veterans here are regarded by the true and loyal with feelings of pride, are looked upon with interest, but in this part of the city we are regarded with aversion
of any kind has betokened their presence in the street; no loud voices, no swaggering or citizen has seen a drunken soldier on the way. This is a fit close to the honorable record of our citizen soldiers. It shows that the rough life of the camp has not rooted out of their minds the principles imbibed there in the free schools and the free homes of their youth. It shows them to be now, after two years of rough campaigning, as regardful of law, as respectiful of private rights, as orderly, as they were while peace yet rested over the whole country. It says to every patriot that the country, its liberties and institutions, are safe from every danger in the hands of these men; and that the war, while it has made good soldiers, has not spoiled good citizens.

Such a verdict in our favor what care we if the Mercury ridicules us as a "rabble of dirt-cased ragamuffins," "afraid of water," &c., &c. We came here from the very front in clothing that showed the marks of the bivouac: in garments, not fitted to order, suit for many and when the satanic press, pandering to the prejudice of a scurrilous mob, seeks to make a point against us because our clothing is ill-fitting and war-worn, the Lord pity 'em; that's all. They war rest assured of one thing—they can't indulge in another eulogy of "Constitutional Democracy" in the shape of a riot—not much.

I do not anticipate much difficulty here—the draft is over. Substitutes are thronging in. Three-hundred-dollarites are flocking over their commutations.

Some street and shanty scrawls may occur when the non-reporting conscripts are picked up, but anything that savors of a mob or riot will be doctored on the first symptoms—will be mowed down in the name of humanity and the Lord.

E. E. B.

**Wisconsin Regiments at Home.**

Our readers will recall that by order of the Department the Regiments, three-quarters of which would enlist for the war, were to be granted a furlough of thirty days, to go home. The Third and Seventh Wisconsin, having complied with the conditions, have been granted a furlough. The Third arrived at Madison Tuesday night, and the Seventh has been heard from on its way home, and will no doubt be here very soon.

The Third was organized and went into camp at Fond du Lac, in June, 1861, and was soon after left the State for the theatre of war. Col. Charles S. Hamilton was its commander. No regiment has participated more actively in the stirring scenes of the war in Virginia, or has borne itself more bravely, honorably, and effectually. It returns in command of Col. Wm. Hawley, who was with it when it left the State as Capt. of Col. K. Dans county volunteers, with less than half the number it originally contained. —

The State officers and citizens, generally, of Madison, were preparing to give the gallant Regiment a fitting reception.

**The Seventh Regiment went into camp at Camp Randall, Madison, and left the State in the fall of 1861, to join the Army of the Potomac. It was in command of Col. Joseph Van Dor, of this city: W. W. Robinson, with what numbers we are aware, but largely depleted by the fierce fights in which it has so bravely participated, and the labors it has undergone.**

At this moment of writing we have no other information of the whereabouts of the Regiment, than that it is on its way home. It should have a fitting reception.

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100 pounds, 81 thalers. 1858. Average price per 100 pounds, 81 thalers. **QUERCITRON.**

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<th>Bremen thalers.</th>
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100 pounds, 81 thalers. 1858. Average price per 100 pounds, 81 thalers.
From the 4th Regiment.

Correspondence of the Times.

Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 24, 1862.

FRIEND ROSS:—Since I last wrote, defense was assigned it, and preparation for a cause which the masses, the Co. C, being brought to Baton Rouge, good work was done, for which the brave men have received one recruit from James T. Lewis, $50. LeRoy L. Palmer was a splendid soldier, one good soldier, Daniel Sullivan, made the greatest display of that, consider the old 4th as the Banner Regiment, and entitled to the palm. Hip, hip, Hurrah! We go for war to the hilt, till the last vestige of rebellion is eradicated! No compromise with treason, as dallying with traitors; that is our creed.

Two men of Co. C performed an exploit worthy of mention. William J. Turner and Luther Struthers started out on a scout on their own book, proceeded 15 miles from Camp, went inside of the enemy's picket lines, captured three of Logan's cavalry with their horses, right in the face of the enemy, and brought them in triumph to camp. It was a daring deed and only illustrates the daring shown by our boys on every occasion.

Turner, however, bold at his former success, ventured out a few days after, some miles beyond the picket lines, and was captured.

Cotton is king in Baton Rouge, now-a-days, and has hosts of courtiers, ministers and subjects. Cotton is all the cry. It is brought in here from Mississippi, a distance of 80 miles. Speculators are greedy to seize upon it as a bloodhound to catch a Nigger. It is the only source of subsistence for this part of the Confederacy. Vast quantities of goods and stores are conveyed into Rebeholder, a large and lucrative business being carried on in this line.

A few days ago quite a scare was got up among the infantry troops. In their frighted imaginations, they saw Baton Rouge pillaged and sacked, themselves prisoners, and other dire calamities too numerous to mention. Squads of Negroes the news of the election returns in the North. We feel strengthened and invigorated because we feel that we are battling with people opposed, and to which they give no small amount of prowling guerrillas in—Col. Boardman begged permission to take the country, pillaging, burning out 100 men and make a reconnoissance. It is well prepared. We are well armed Baton Rouge were all a box, Cos. F and have a thorough knowledge of the K. and A. are detached from the regiment. We are well prepared. We are well armed Baton Rouge were all a box, Cos. F and have a thorough knowledge of the K. and A. are detached from the regiment. We are well prepared. We are well armed Baton Rouge were all a box, Cos. F and have a thorough knowledge of the K. and A. are detached from the regiment.

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Co. C did her part well in the contest. We polled 40 votes for Governor, of which James T. Lewis received 40.——There were several voters from other counties, so that only 31 votes were given for our county ticket. Herrick A. Forbes received 31 for Supt. of schools, and Dr. Bradford 30 for Supervisor. One mean, low, contemptible act was committed by one of the candidates on the Copperhead ticket, viz: sending a package of tickets headed "Sheboygan Co Union Ticket," with the Democratic nominations on them, hoping to get some one into voting that ticket through mistake. I can inform that gentleman that not one of those tickets was voted in Co. C; that the members of this Co. are reading men, and know what they vote, and that the trick was despised by men who have been life-long Democrats; that when men resort to such dishonorable means, presuming upon the ignorance of soldiers, it is adding insult to the many injuries your party has heaped upon us; and that we have resented it now, and will again upon our return to the land of our nativity.

An attack upon this place is now daily
expected. The rebels are determined to make a break upon the Mississippi, cut our communications and stop our supplies. It is an almost indispensable policy for them, and they are going to try it; and you need not be surprised, if the next news you hear from the 4th is that we have fought the 2d battle of Baton Rouge, and I think with the same result.

Yours &c.,
L. C. Bartlett.

From the Fourth Regiment.

BATON ROUGE, La., Jan. 15, 1863.

EDITORS Sentinel:—We arrived here at this place, after being huddled together on the passage as men never were before, Dec. 20th, and were encamped upon the old battle ground. There were then said to be at this place about 10,000 troops, and by the constant arrival of the same there must now be nearly 30,000. Brig. Gen. Grover commands. Our camp has been moved several times since we have been here, and the troops have thrown up rifle pits all around the town. Gen. Grover caused the "long roll" to be beat the other day, to see how the new troops would operate. He commanded them highly on their promptness, and told them that when the "long roll" was beat again it would be beat for something.

Scores are being opened, and the town begins to present quite a lively aspect. The State House, which was a most splendid structure, has been entirely consumed by fire. It was supposed to have been an accident.

We hear various rumors in regard to there being a heavy rebel force about twenty miles from here, and their intention to make an attack. But I guess it is all gammon.

The general impression among the citizens here seems to be that the war is not going to last very long, and that it is going to be decided in favor of the rebels.

I long for the war to cease, but sooner than yield to those whose aim it has been to destroy the noblest Government in the known world, I would rather fight all my life.

The weather is pretty cold here at present, though a soldier can do without an overcoat. The health of the troops generally is excellent, and the only sickness that now prevails is colds and fever and ague.

It seems by the Banner that the "Home Guards" of Black River Falls are "pitching in," and if I receive a paper that does not contain the account of a marriage of some of my acquaintances I feel sadly disappointed, and I begin to think that there will be no chance for the soldiers when they come home covered with barrels won by exposure and hard fought battles. Not that your humble correspondent feels at all uneasy, but when he thinks of doing such a trick he will go where girls never marry—"Home Guards." G. W. B.

From the Fourth Regiment.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

BATON ROUGE, Wis., Jan. 17, 1863.

EDITORS Sentinel:—We are again exercising our turn with the rebels of occupying Baton Rouge. Since last we wrote this is the third time we have relieved each other. I think we shall be obliged to acknowledge a disposition on their part to sustain fair play, for whenever we approach they quietly evacuate, and when we evacuate, they take their place again and no grumbling.

Poor suffering Baton Rouge! Between our army and the rebels, it has been pretty badly punished. I think its people—what are left of them—have ceased to have any sympathy for either party, or taste, or interest in any question at issue, and their part of the contest in the future will be, to array themselves as soldiers and wage a war on the war, for the establishment of peace.

The city really presents a curious spectacle. When we first came into it in May last, there was much of the "theatrical" to be seen in every part of it, and that portion of the community which voreges towards the aristocracy which consists of the dead, and for which a portion of the U. S. called a "Southern Confederacy," has been blocked out to accommodate—now we see them upon the streets. Stagnation of all classes, and the suffocating silence of the people at our approach, gave the city an air of quietness that rendered it somewhat inviting. But now the place exhibits every where the marks of rough handling. In some parts of the courtes of both shells are distinctly traceable by lines of round holes through the solid masonry of walls, and through which light day goes streaking into the dark upper rooms of the buildings. The North west portion of the city was swept away by fire in August last, to give full sweep to our Artillery, and only prevents to view, all broken stones, wells filled with old trash, half burned fences, and tall naked chimneys, which rear their crumbling heads above the ruins, and looks as if weeping at the same time.

Whenever we have returned from an absence, we found the number of citizens greatly diminished by the death of one in twenty of the houses left uninjured are occupied. The families are nearly all without men folks with them, and do not seem to have any permanent residence, but go dodging about from one part of the city to another, whenever by a change in the position of the army, or prospect of a fight, their situation becomes dangerous. In doing this they sometimes dispose of themselves in a ludicrous manner. I have seen the family of a poor cobbler, who seemed to be ambitious to try the sensation of a large house, instated in the mansion of some abandoned millionaire, with their scanty furniture distributed throughout the rooms and halls to such an extent that it would be difficult for one to look them up.

It was a very strange appearance. Again some remnant of a family belonging to the "upper crust" order will put themselves along with their mahogany and rosewood into little wooden boxes, for fear building that happens to be standing under cover of our gunboats.

The greater part of the homes are more or less ransacked by the Federals and Rebels, and temporarily. But in the lower part of the city, there are many splendid dwellings, as yet, escaped the curiosity of the graver and the cupidity of the latter. They have been deserted however, by their luxury-loving owners, and left in the custody of the most undesirable darkies, who solace themselves in the parlor of the "big house," and eat from old master's table, where they have been accustomed to stand and "Pass de bottle when he dry, and brush away dat blue-tailed fly."

Pretty much all sounds of civilization have been driven away to military duties. Those varied sounds which usually swell upon the war, and convey an impression of domestic comfort, are entirely hushed. No "rooster" sounds out the revile of morning with his "cock-a-doodle-doo!" All of his feather have succumbed to the military pressure.

Their roosts have long been emptied, and they have gone to rest with that old cock of the town. Gen. Grover called the "long roll," to make every sound at the4th inst. The people all of the town who are left have to rose to have any cackle conveys the thoughts of eggs. Their nests have been destroyed, and they too, have been the victim of folly. Shooting, squawking, bleating, squealing and howling has ceased to swell the morning air with discordant sounds, causing an ominous stillness, through which the saving voice of the "Morning Post" says, "Ah! sledger thou hast done it!"

A large wood building, situated, but a few steps from the Arsenal Grounds, in all as a hive for the contrabands—hiver, I say, properly, if that would convey any idea of numbers. A large part is connected with it, and there may be seen the inevitable negro, in all his shades and grades. They are fed on Uncle Sam's regular rations, which seems to have an agreeable reaction on their leather stomachs, from the effects of a long diet on corn dodgers made up without salt or grease. At night the yard presents a varied scene. No corner, a camp meeting is in full blast, where all the attitudes of mental suffering from a guilty conscience are gone through with. Near a quiet fire sits "Gumbie." He courts his "lady lub." She represents one of those creatures who are born in the imagination of those dreamers on the bright South, who write green-cover stories—"Yankees"—the "Beautiful Octaroon," but who in reality is a black wench, with flat nose and wrinkled face. But we disturb Gumbie, for I suppose he is in good earnest in his pretensions.

A long table under a mess shed are drawn up those who "hab trubled some." They play at cards.

Little wooly heads are hobbing about in all directions. Loud talk and the "yah yah" is heard everywhere. Around a large fire in the center of the yard we gathered some "oh de regular old children." Songs, "Ginny crack Corn," "Q. Get up in de morning." I "Root hog or die" and "Old Virginia," are going the rounds those dreamers on the sunny South, who write green-cover stories.

"Yankees"—the "Beautiful Octaroon," and who in reality is a black wench, with flat nose and wrinkled face. But we disturb Gumbie, for I suppose he is in good earnest in his pretensions.

The most of the families are now of the ordinary grade, and poverty has confined them to old shanties, or occasionally some "Madamoiselle," full up to the times—a rega
As we came up the Mississippi from New Orleans in May last, we stopped there to wood up. At that time the people did not know whether to wood up or down the river. Every now and then one of the negroes picked out from the windows and doors of the houses, instead of coming out to wash, the lady of the house every day. The surface of the river is at least eight feet above the ground of the town in high water, and at that time a steamboat at the landing was in danger of its sliding down on to the houses. I remember seeing one of the boys who was loading on the deck, take a hale brick from a crack in the deck and use it to throw the nearest house under the water. It was a tempting morsel to the wench, and she sallied out to pick it up. But she was shot back by a shower of the hard crackers, which is always ready with open arms and her apron, and retreated in good order.

I should think the place had buildings enough to contain the negroes, and from the looks of them I should suppose they were built by a former generation. A Bayou there starts from the Mississippi, and running due west, connects with some river, of course built by a former generation. A Bayou up the wrong kind of a rabbit. But when he tried to shake him off, the little Badger clung to him and he got pretty soundly cuffed by means of him.

We received orders to prepare to leave Baton Rouge, and whether it was up or down the river none could tell; but amidst the confusion of moving on a rainy day the truth leaked out, and the report was spread that we were ordered to move to Indian Village on Bayou Plaquemine.

We were destined to wait at Baton Rouge over two days for transports to carry us away, and at last when the boys began to think that they had been badly humbugged, a steamer was seen coming, and on the 6th inst., the baggage was all loaded on the steamer Iberville, and the next morning at 5 o'clock the regiment went on board, and ere daylight we were at Plaquemine, where the troops disembarked and marched to this place, while the steamer backed down the bayou with the baggage.

It is generally supposed among the troops here that God has no record of this place; fort is covered with water about nine months out of a year, and it is a most unhealthy country, covered with swamp and acres of cottonwood. In the morning a fog arises which lasts until about noon, which causes it to be very sickly.

We are living on the enemy's land. Parties are sent out every day, who bring in cattle, sheep, hogs, chickens, geese, &c., in large quantities.

It is curious that as soon as our troops go into a guerrilla country not a guerrilla can be seen, but plenty of good Union men, and deserters are stationed at their plantations to

far modern Madonna, with all the style which wealth and taste afford, houses forth from some of the large buildings, and goes sailing down the street, to the great astonishment of the blue-faith.

I suppose you know what we have to encounter here. At Port Hudson, eighteen miles from us, some two thousand rebels are fortified. About a week ago they were suspicious of having intentions of moving down upon us, and then they were attacked. We pulled up stakes and wheeled around into position to receive them. There are about 15,000 men here and it seems to be about all we are expected to do at present is to set on the defensive. Col. Paine commanded one of the brigades, Billy Wilson, of the famous Sixth N. Y. S., a division of the fighting and foremost of his boys we have ample evidence every day. If they fight the rebels with as much spirit as they fight each other, they will surely win golden honors.

They seem to have double pleasures for getting satisfaction for injuries done. That of mugging each other, and a court martial, which is always ready with open arms to receive them.

One of them, a tall salty, from some swamp, fought up a little "Tartar" from our regiment the other day. He made as great a mistake as the eagle did that caught up a kind of a rabbit. But when he tried to shake him off, the little Badger clung to him and he got pretty soundly cuffed by means of him.

Our line of duty now fronts and overlooks the old battle ground of Aug. 6th. It would be strange if we were to have another bloody day upon that field. The regiment is organized by old "Tinio," at those baiullets, on the first day of January, 1863. It was suggested to him by his Adjutant General on the 1st day of January, 1863.

PLACED AT COUNTRY BoY. P. S. — The places that have known Country Boy all his life. His exit is enforced by old "Tinio," at the head quarters, on the first day of January, 1863. It was suggested to him by his Adjutant General on the 1st day of January, 1863.

TRIBE, Trial and Tribulation.

Letttr from the Fourth Regiment.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

CAMP OF THE FOURTH WISCONSIN, | Oct. 30th, 1862.

Editor Sentinel: — Day by day your old camp at Baton Rouge waxes more and more into a "Marching Order." A drum will beat, and the regiment sets up the pace for weeks, and notwithstanding it was raining torrents at the time the orders came, the whole regiment was alive with excitement. It gave us a meaning prospect of war. No one knew where we were going; or cared only so that we went somewhere. Old soldiers always want to be on the move. A week in one place is sufficient, notwithstanding that place affords the very best of comforts. The desire to change is for the present, the hardships of the field for the sake of being in motion.

Our orders went rather old before we got under way. Yesterday we remained all day in expectation and suspense. The orders extended only to our Bridge of Songs to the small town of Plaquemine, where we found ourselves at daylight. The boys of our regiment well remember the glee with which the first transport load of real live "yankies" ever seen there,
At Gros Teze, 20 miles from here, a large body of the enemy are reported to be encamped, but how we are to get at them in the present inundated state of the country, is more than I can conjecture. An expedition might be sent down in skiffs, but I am afraid it would be hazardous.

Maj. Boardman, with a few men, has made several reconnaissances down the bayou in small boats and captured a number of prisoners. He went down today with a flag of truce, with what intention I could not learn.

For the past week I have been out with a foraging expedition. We got through yesterday, and our stealings are valued at over $20,000, in mules, horses, wagons, sugar, corn, hay, etc. I say stealing, because it is hardly fairer or less. For instance, we go to a planter who has a larger number of negroes to work and support, and drive off all his cattle, sheep, mules and horses, take his wagons and corn, and he has nothing left for his negroes to work with, or to feed them, and as a natural result the negro is obliged to leave, too. We were treated with respect by all the planters and all the negroes to whom we had to deal.

While on this foraging expedition we had many amusing and dangerous adventures, one of which I will give you. During twenty months of active service, I have been expoused to dangers by "sea and land," and have looked death square in the face a number of times, but I never had so "close a shave" as the other day while driving in a lot of cattle which we had driven out of the swamps. Our party was in a large, open field with the drove a head of them, when one of them, a huge, raw-boned ox, one of the "Tuckapaw" breed—notorious for their wildness and ferocity—escaped from the herd across the open field. Being on one side of the drove I started out to flank the unruly animal. I had not proceeded more than forty rods from the balance of the party, when the wild "Tuckapaw" turned abruptly around, and "made a break" for the undersigned, his head down, tail up, a la Spanish bull you read about. To say that this sudden change in the "Tuckapaw's" tactics astonished me, would be drawing it too mild—it scared me. Upon looking around I saw at a glance that there was no chance of escape, as no friendly tree nor fence was within view, so I did the best thing that could be done under the circumstances—lay flat down upon my face, shut my eyes, and considered myself a goner. I had no sooner shut my eyes than "something" struck me, and I found myself rolling over and over. Upon looking around and assuring myself that the "grim monster" had been foiled, I jumped up and reached a place of safety before the "Tuckapaw" could get into position for another charge. The "something" that struck me was the animal's nose, and as good luck would have it he did not trample upon me, although he fatally spoiled my cap. This all happened in less than a minute, and I should not like to repeat the adventure if it should take all day.

What with alligators, swamp forces, and "Tuckapaw" cattle, we have enough to contend with.

The State of Louisiana is called the "Sugar Bowl," and this part of it is the sweetest part of the Bowl. Nothing but sugar is raised here. A widow lady, whose plantation is about three miles from here, has over 800 hogs' heads stored in her sugar house, the product of two years.

The health of Co."C" is good. Continue to direct letters to New Orleans via New York.

ITALIAN VILLAGE, La. February 18, 1863.

FRIEND MILLS:—The fortunes of war are no less shifting than the ways of women. When I wrote you my last from Baton Rouge, it was expected that we would shortly be marched against Port Hudson, but Generals generally upset the speculations of soldiers in regard to the movements of the future.

On Friday, the 6th inst., Paine's Brigade (Emory's Division) consisting of the 4th Wisconsin, 8th N. Hampshire, 133d New York, 173d New York and a battery of regular Artillery, left Baton Rouge on the transport Cheek, Laurel Hill and other smaller ones, and arrived at Plaquemine, 25 miles below and on the western side of the river, where they debarked, and after six miles march arrived at this "jumping off place of all creation."

Indian Village is a village only in name. I believe that some two hundred years ago, more or less, an Indian was seen in this vicinity, and some enterprising person christened the spot "Indian Village." We are encamped on Bayou Plaquemine, which runs from the Mississippi to Berwick's Bay in the Gulf, and can be navigated by steamboats, at high water, its entire length. The water is rising every day, being now two feet above the level of our camp, which is protected by levees. If the water continues to rise steadily for the next two weeks, at the present ratio per day, we shall be obliged to make a change of base.

The object of this expedition is, I believe, to prevent Magruder making a junction at Port Hudson with his Texas horde; and also, to open this bayou to the immense sugar plantations of southwestern Louisiana.
there to some point on the Texas.—

This seems highly probable, and before we return from the wars I doubt not we will serve a campaign in Mexico and tread the “hall of the Montezuma” over the bodies of peculiarly situated Frenchmen.

There is a rumor in town to-day (through rebel sources), that the Brooklyn, 22 guns, has been captured off Galveston by the Harriet Lane late of the U. S. Navy.

All is quiet at Port Hudson. Several vessels of the mortar flotilla have passed up the river within the last few days. That looks like business.

I see by Northern papers that two or three of our gunboats have been sunk by the batteries at Port Hudson. That is untrue; no gunboat has been destroyed or even disabled.

The U. S. gunboat “291” attempted to pass through bayou Plaquemine like Chesamachie, last week, but met with obstructions some 50 miles from here, which prevented the accomplishment of her designs.

The New Orleans Delta (Union) has ceased to exist, and a new daily called Era has taken its place. I enclose you a copy.


Health of the Co superb. In haste,

HIGH PRIVATE.

From the Fourth Regiment.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

Headquarters Co. B, Fourth Wisconsin Infantry.

Detached from the Regiment, and in Camp on Bayou Plaquemine, Feb. 21st, 1863.

Editors' Sentinel.—Life as it is on the Bayous of Louisiana, furnishes ample food for romance, many scenes of pleasure and dissipation, and abundant resources for wickedness. All that fiction has located among these sunny spots, does not exceed in interesting characteristics the actual truth. It is here that the planter, gazing from his lofty veranda, feels himself monarch of all that his eyes can look upon. It is here that the voice of Nature is congenial to the spirit of passionate love. It is here that idleness and dissipation fire the passions, and seclusion gives them away.

It is here that the “lave has toiled for a century to feed the livestock, and the purpose of these scenes.

The morning was sunny, and a spring-like breeze lifted the long moss upon the southern trees. Large buffalo fish floundered here and there above the water, and a lone duck would occasionally dip its head before us. The scene was suggestive of the days when the warm air of May has driven away the last chilly breaths of the former spring.

Zip managed the holm, and darting into the shore the boat was pausing along its edges in front of a plantation residence, before we had perceived the holm. His house, which must have been built at an expense of $25,000 dollars, seems to have been built for sometimes it stands idly waiting its time.

This is a net profit, for the molasses from that amount of sugar will pay the expenses of the crop.

In going, we met Zip on the porch, with some eggs and chickens which he had bought in the negro quarters, his countenance looking a little sanguine with indignation, because his “niggers” should desire to leave her, and repeatedly over a whole catalogue of comforts, privileges, and even luxuries that they had been allowed, (very ungrateful niggers it was,) to pass through Bayou Plaquemine. The former is made from the waters of the latter. It starts from it one mile below Plaquemine village and running parallel with it to this place (five miles) its waters return. Up this we returned, following it until we reached a spot where a little bayou runs from the island, which we crossed out near the Company encampments. But in navigating Bayou Jacob we perceived a remarkable thing in going up stream from going down stream. After tugging with the paddles for a few rods, we quit the canoe and leaving it in tow with Zip, walked up the levee.

Soon passed a deserted plantation. A corn mill in ruins stood in a little nook of the woods, and the broken walls of a schoolhouse pointed to the ruins, whose master had most graciously bestowed upon him his liberty at the age of eighty-five, taking to the woods.

A half mile farther, and to all appearances we had arrived opposite a little deserted village, but really the country seat of a planter, who occupies the most of his time in hunting about the world with his family, to spend the proceeds of his yearly crop, amounting to $50,000, which must have been built at an expense of $25,000 dollars, seems to have been built, for sometimes it stands idly waiting its time in the sun.

The slave quarters are regularly laid out in streets at right angles, and from the extent of them they must have contained a population of 200, but are now occupied by the old people and their grand children.

The next and last plantation we visited was one of the oldest in the country. The plantation house is a large old Spanish edifice, and must have been built while Louisiana was a Spanish province.

The estate has never been sold since the days when its adventurous founder, from the sunny clfts of Spain, first struck his ax into its primate forests, and is now occupied by its fourteenth inheritor. A young prodigal who bids fair to be its last. The slave quarters are in a miserable condition.

The overseer’s house is but a hovel. A large old bell is suspended on a tattering frame near it. Its cypress looks worn and battered, and its chime, which to freedom’s ears would have been music, has spoken a death knell to the tired slave for scores of years. The propensity is in the city of New Orleans, so said his acting wife (a lady of color.) Zip had tagged the canoe to the mouth of the little Bayou spoken of, and taking to the water again we glided down its shady winding way to Bayou Plaquemine and to the camp of the Company.

It is rumored that there may be war between our forces down the Bayou and the Confederates for a perilous position.

From the Fourth Regiment.

Correspondence of the Times.

Albemar L., March 4th 1863.

FRIEND ROSS:—Two years of turmoil, bloodshed, civil strife, Treason and Rebellion, have distrusted our beloved country, and drenched the land with fraternal blood—since Abraham Lincoln, the people’s choice, the representative of the Republican Government and free institutions, entered the capital in disguise, and took his oath of office, in spite of the innumerable intriguers and plots instigated by blackhearted traitors to prevent it.

Then open, foul-mouth treason was confined to the limits of the Slave States; it dare not show its frightful and deformed visage in the North, when every loyal heart was filled with honest indignation, and frad with zeal to do and dare in the cause of humanity, justice and truth, and the preservation of that Constitution which every American holds dear, and to
which he points with pride as the Magna
Charity of human liberty, prosperity and I cannot believe the masses follow the
greatness. Then it wore a mask, dis- lead of their treacherous guides in full guised itself with the semblance of Patri- tailed; and jo-ah-like sought to strike the otism; and doalike sought to strike the Co. C abrora and loaths those traitors at deadly blow while making the strongest home—those wolves in sheep's clothing— protestations of friendship. It would more, far more than they do the armed grumble at the Commander in Chief,slave leader the Cabinet, malign the motives of the guage is too feeble in expression—my President, misrepresent the actions of Con- imagination too weak, to convey any gressy, and shriek and shudder at its own equable idea of the mingled rage and in- frightful visions of Negro equality—and dignation of our soldiers at the perfidy of our traitors at home. They consider them all for the Union—till it palmed itself off upon the credulity of the loyal North, and succeeded in gaining their confidence and votes, and has inspired new life, vigor and energy into the rebellion at the South, by its successes in several states last fall at the elections. In every saloon and on every street corner in the southern cities, the Union Soldier was greeted with the rejoicings of rampant traitors, at the triumphant of their democratic brethren at the North; and hearing them utter their traitorous sentiments, would be assured those were the sentiments of the North; that the abolitionists had got tired of the war, that the people had got their eyes opened and were going to acknowledge the Southern confederacy. We were incredulous and indignant. We could not believe that the northern Democracy was sunk so low in the pit of moral and national depravity. We still believed there was some little self respect, pride of character and patriotic feeling remaining, although it might be a little tainted by corner associations; but, alas how cruelly have we been disappointed. Treason, confident of its power, now pulls off the mask and stalks abroad at noonday in our northern cities, and not only sympathizes with its rebel brethren in arms, but lends them its best and strongest exertions, to block the wheels of government, and avert the stroke of justice from its guilty head. They hope to prolong the war through the remainder of Lincoln's administration, elect a democratic president in 1864, then make peace with the South by giving them all they ask, then boast that it was the democratic party brought peace to the country and saved it from utter ruin, by preserving a part.

I am sorry to see such pusillanimity in the great north west, that has spilled so much noble blood in defence of the Union.

If the 4th should get a reason of repose in a good position. It has traveled farther, encountered greater difficulties, and been knocked about more, than any other regiment in the service. Our journeyings have beaten those of the Israelites in the wilderness all hollow; the pilgrimage to Bome or Mecca isn't a circumstance; we are a good specimen of perpetual motion illustrated. The regiment got paid, two month's pay on the 27th, and it has two months more due; we expect that, in a few days. The 8th N. H. Regiment is encamped be 3do us. It is a well drill- led, fine appearing regiment and contains some noble men. The remainder of the Brigade is up the river at Plaquemine.

Col. Paine continues to be regarded with universal respect and esteem, and commands the love and confidence of all who know him. Gen. Emory commanded an expedition that started from Carrolton a few days ago, and after toiling a week was obliged to return without accomplishing anything. Gen. Dow is Post Commander at Carrolton. Gen. Sherman is in command of a division designed for active service.

The exchange prisoners which occurred last week, released 273 soldiers of the regular army, surrendered by the traitor Twiggs, 22 months ago, on the frontier. They have had a long term of imprisonment. Deserted by their officers, most of whom joined the rebel army, they have resisted all bribes and enticements from the hands of traitors, and, all honor to those noble men, not one deserted his flag, but has remained true to his country and ready to fight the rebels at the first opportunity. Some have not received any pay for nearly three years; about 70 have served their term of enlistment, and are re-enlisting in the Texas Brigade; all they desire is to be led by Gen. Hamilton. They were in a very destitute condition; but they were immediately provided with new uniforms, camp and garrison equipage, paid off, and received the acclamations of the soldiers, and a warm reception and a proper acknowledgement of their disinterested devotion to their country by the Commanding Generals.—I will send you a copy of the Era containing an account of their captivity, as furnished by one of themselves.
I have not received an Evergreen since the 1st of December last; I am quite ignorant of home affairs. I know not whether it has been sent to me or not; but I had rather see one of them than any other sheet, because it is a History of matters and things at home.

The threatening aspect of foreign affairs does not intimidate us in the least. If France wishes to carry her meddling policy into operation in our domestic affairs, I hope she will get enough of it. She has had such good success in Russia, Rome and Sardinia, that she expects us to succumb to her dictation, being weakened by our internecine strife. Mexico has set an example of the uniting of the hostile factions and presenting an unbowed front to the haughty invaders. Secretary Seward's letter to the French Minister of foreign affairs, is universally commended by the soldiery. They are as ready to fight foreign despotism as they are to fight domestic traitors. I hope to see the Government maintain its dignity, even if it resort to the sword; then the army will endeavor to maintain it, as it ever has done when assailed by a foreign foe.

I had rather never return to home, family and friends whom the heart holds dear, than to return after an inglorious termination of the war, and the acknowledgement of the Rebel Confederacy, and that is the nearly unanimous sentiment of Col. C. Yours & Co., L. C. Bartlett.

* The Times has been sent you regularly every week since you left Sheboygan.

From the Fourth Wisconsin.

Baton Rouge, La., March 7, 1863.

Eos. Banner:—Again we are encamped at Baton Rouge, where Gen. Banks is concentrating his forces prior to a descent on Port Hudson. Troops are constantly arriving. Seven regiments have arrived since last night. There are several mortar boats also here, besides a number of gunboats; and when next I write it will likely be to relate scenes of a hard fought battle.

It seems as if Gen. Banks has just awoken from a dream, and has determined to do his best for his country. He now has infantry and artillery enough, and all he needs now is cavalry for scouts, &c. The weather is very unfavorable for an attack now, it being very muddy indeed. It rains nearly every day.

There is a rumor about the city that Col. Paine's brigade will not participate in the fight at Port Hudson, and that it is to stay at this place as a reserve and a garrison.

The capture of the Queen of the West and the Indiana by the rebels has no good effect upon the troops of this department, and many think that our fleet will be scooped when the attack is made on Port Hudson, but I trust it will not. The health of the troops is excellent.

Very respectfully, G. W. B.

Letter from Col. Bean, Fourth Regiment.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

Baton Rouge, March 9th, 1863.

Dear Sentinel:—We arrived here day before yesterday and are now in camp in the intrenchments. Our whole division has come, and I should not be averse to hear our thunder again rolling over these Mississippi heights.

My regiment, though much reduced in numbers, is in the best condition, physical and moral. One company is detached, and with the nine left, I can bring into the field about five hundred men to the sixty-five or seventy of any other regiment from Wisconsin.

Monday Morning, March 10th.—Our orders are just received, and we are to march with several days' cooked rations, without tents or baggage. The headquarters of the regiment, however, fortunately, is allowed a tent. Gen. Banks is to push forward to Port Hudson. I repub. S. A. Baux.

Letter from the Fourth Regiment.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

Baton Rouge, March 10th, 1863.

Dear Editor:—Not having seen anything in your columns from the Fourth for several weeks, I take the liberty of sending you a few lines to let the folks in Sheboygan county know what is going on in this remote region. I am in the Brigade Hospital. From the 9th inst. up to the 13th, troops from New Orleans and Carrollton were transported to this place as fast as the boats could bring them, when they, with all those which were here excepting two regiments, and two batteries, marched immediately on route to Port Hudson. Let me say here that the 4th Wis. is in the 2nd brigade, third division. The brigade is commanded by Col. Paine. The second brigade did not get under way until sundown, when they marched off in high spirits; the prospect being fair for a brush.

Sergeant Bradford and private Mueller not being able to march, were left in charge of the tents and extra baggage which the company (C) left in camp. Corporal J. W. Guck, privates E. McDonald, S. N. Ball, E. E. Sharp, N. H. Culver and C. Schumann, were left in the brigade hospital.

For information of the movements of the regiments after the 13th, I am indebted to officers and men who have come back from time to time to get rations, &c.

The night the brigade started they marched about five miles. On the 14th
they marched to within five miles of Port Hudson. I did not hear that they met with any opposition.

The fleet sailed up on the afternoon of the 13th, about 10 P.M. They opened on the rebel works with six mortars. The rest of the fleet moved up, the Hartford taking the lead, the Mississippi bringing up the rear. I will give the particulars of the burning of the Mississippi, as I have them from one of the marines who escaped from her in one of four boats filled with officers and men:

“We had as we supposed, passed nearly all of the batteries, when the ship struck on something stopping her immediately. All efforts to back off were fruitless. She wanted on one side, exposing the side toward the enemy several feet below the water line. While in this unmanageable position the enemy brought nearly all their guns to bear upon us.

Their heaviest guns, however, did not seem to be over thirty-two pounders. They fired all shell. We were exposed to the fire from up and down the river, and from direct ‘abreast.’ Capt. Smith gave orders to cut away the boats, as he was going to set fire to the ship. In a few moments the boats were lowered and the ship on fire. The greatest consternation prevailed. The dead and wounded were left on the decks. The boats would not carry all, so some were obliged to swim or drown if they undertook to escape, and I am sure many were drowned. As the flames burst out the rebels gave cheer after cheer, but from the sound I judge there were but men enough to man the guns. On landing on the opposite side of the river from the enemy, we started up the river, running close under the levee to assure us from the fire of the enemy now directed on us, as the burning ship gave light enough so they could see us.

“We intended to haul one of the ships that had succeeded in getting by the batteries. We met a negro who said there was a battery planted directly in our way, so we had to face about and go down the river again. By this time the burning ship had become so light that she floated off, and again her fire exposed us to the fire of the enemy. The levee not being high enough to screen us when standing, we were obliged to go on hands and feet for over a mile. We came down the river twelve miles, where we were picked up by the Iberville which brought us here.”

From other sources I have a few other items of the disaster. The Richmond received a shot rendering the rudder useless, so she was obliged to float down the river again. As she was passing the Mississippi, the Capt. took her to be a rebel battery, and fired several shots into her, one of which whirled two guns round.

The Mississippi had a crew of three hundred men. I have not been able to ascertain the exact loss; it is variously estimated at from fifty to one hundred. Some were taken prisoners after they had got a shore. The Captain of the Marine Company which was on board of her was taken; the survivors have gone to New Orleans.

On the afternoon of the 14th the army was ordered to fall back. They fell back to within five miles of this place, where they remained until to-day, when they were ordered to advance again.

We are expecting to hear the booming of cannon to-morrow. A few days at most must bring about a glorious victory or an inglorious defeat. More anon.

Yours Truly, Harrison.

Bully for the Wisconsin Fourth!

A private letter from our spirited correspondent in the Fourth Regiment, L. C. BARTLETT, to a friend in Cascaade, under date of Baton Rouge, March 21st, 1863, has been sent us, from which we make the following extracts relative to the physical endurance of that crack regiment. Our noble State, as well as the immediate friends of those composing the regiment, may well be proud of it. The writer describes their march to within three miles of Port Hudson, the running of the batteries by Admiral Farragut in his flag ship Hartford, the destruction of the Mississippi, and then describes the manner of their falling back to Baton Rouge, which we give here, as it is more in detail than in his correspondence to the Times which we published two weeks since. On this point he says:

“About 11 o’clock on the 15th we commenced a retreat learning that a large rebel force was approaching to attack us in the rear. We burned the bridge behind us to prevent pursuit, but instead of returning to Baton Rouge we took the Clinton road, intending to attack that place while their force was going to Port Hudson; but they got wind of it and turned to take us again in the rear. The army then put for this place so as not to let the enemy get between us and our supplies, for they were on the only possible road. Our regiment was left behind to stem the force of the enemy until our baggage and artillery trains could be got out of the way. We found and seized two million dollars worth of cotton and sugar, which took some time to transport. They left our regiment behind—because we understood skirmishing the best of any in the army. We posted ourselves between two swamps so that we could not be flanked, and cut down some trees, intertwining the limbs so their cavalry could not break through our line and overtake the train. We kept them at bay two hours, by which time there was not a Yankee within eight miles of us. We then re-created destroying the bridges behind us, and marched eight miles in two hours and ten minutes. We reached Baton Rouge after seven days hardship—incessant toil and marching through rain and mud—sleepless nights and hard fare. You had best believe that on the night of reaching here we were more dead than alive.”

[The writer then indulges himself in the expression of a laudable pride in the capacity of his regiment for soldierly efficiency and endurance—a pride in which our readers will fully participate.]

“I must brag a little about the ‘Old 4th.’ We led the advance and covered the retreat. All the Eastern regiments were swearing at the ‘damn Wisconsin men,’ all the way going out; they could not keep up with us to save their lives. Billy Wilson’s Zeuses threw away their knapsacks and blankets; the 4th Mass. threw away their overcoats, and then could not keep up. Our regiment is the only Western regiment here. We have killed off both the other regiments that have accompanied us heretofore in all our hardships. The 6th Michigan cannot muster 400 men, although they have recruited twice from home, and took a good many Louisianians; they are considered unfit for active duty and were left to do provost duty in New Orleans. The 21st Indias, our other companion, is incorporated with another regiment, forming an artillery regiment. We have killed off everything we ever had anything to do with, yet we are taking the head.
and front of the whole; in fact are the main dependance of the army; but I tell you that constant dropping wears away stone. Our regiment now only numbers 500 effective men. They have been there everything but we can't stand it much longer. It is wonderful, the endurance they have displayed.

When we started for Clinton, the 8th N. H. took the lead, and thinking that we—having been up all night after a hard march—was nearly used up, thought they would give us fits. They started off on a good gait, but the day was awful hot and they gave out, opened ranks and let us pass through. We went boosting and yelling, singing and kicking up our heels, laughing at them for giving way. After we overtook those that had two hours the start of us in going 20 miles. If they want to say anything about tall marching, they say - Fourth Wisconsin!

We have got to have a little rest before we go out again. I stood it first rate; am in good health and all right. If you get into service I would like to raise it with you. We have whirled out more than fifty different regiments in that line. I think we would have to call on old Wisconsin to beat us. L. C. B. from the 4th Wisconsin.

Baton Rouge, La., March 24th, 1863.

Ed. Banner—We marched up to Port Hudson, accomplished our mission and returned, since I 1st wrote. The object of the expedition was to draw the attention of the rebels, while the fleet passed the batteries in bringing troops from the upper army to attack the Fort on all sides at once.

It is painful to behold the vast, rich plantations worth a large fortune when peace reigned, now laid bare and desolate, houses destroyed, fences burned, and almost every object that the eye meets, shows the utter ruin and devastation that war brings upon the insurgents. Whole plantations for miles are now one vast desert. In some instances valuable furniture, rich libraries, and innumerable articles pertaining to household furniture are left behind by wealthy seceders in their hasty flight. The libraries are generally confiscated by the soldiers on their march, to read when they arrive in camp. There has been a rumor about camp to the effect, that our regiment is about to be formed into a regiment of Cavalry. Most of our boys would like it, but if they become cavalry they are to enlist for one year longer than they first enlisted for, to which the boys object very much indeed.

The river is very much swollen by the recent rains, and though it makes it favorable for an attack by water, the mud is too deep for our artillery to march.

We are called upon to lament the destruction of the noble sheep of war “Mississippi,” which was blown up on the morning of the 15th. We were then lying very near the batteries of Port Hudson, and could see the unfortunate vessel when she blew up. As she burst the shells exploded gradually as they heated, when suddenly the whole forest was illuminated with a beautiful yellow light, then clouds of fire and smoke intermingled, seemed to rise to the very heavens above, then came a loud crash which shook the whole earth, then all was silent and dark, and the gallant “Mississippi” was buried beneath the waters which gave birth to her name.

The “Mississippi” was one of the fastest sailing vessels on the river, and carried the heaviest armament. She was foremost in the fight at Port Jackson, and everywhere that danger lurked, she could be found.—She is now destroyed when she is most needed.

It seems that all the cotton in several counties has not been destroyed, for plenty of it is always found where our troops go.

The mail steam ship “Bio Bio” was burned at the wharf of New Orleans, on last Sunday morning, with all her freight. Her mails were saved.

As no movements of any importance are being made at present, there is scarcely anything for the pen of your correspondent.

I remain yours, etc.,

G. W. B. From the Fourth Regiment.

Correspondence of the Times.

Baton Rouge, La., March 24th, 1863.

Friend Ross—Having returned in safety from our expedition against Port Hudson, I will give you a detailed account of our joumeying since leaving Algiers.

We were on board the steamer Iberia, an elegant, well-furnished and commodious River Steamer in the employ of the Government, on the evening of the 8th, but not contrary weather arossed in our quarters, we crossed the goodness of sleep, and waded her, nor quitted her affectionate embrace till a late hour on the following morning, when we found ourselves near Donaldsonville, at the head of the Bayou Lefourche, about 70 miles from New Orleans. The town was partly destroyed by fire, last fall, by our gunboats, in order to break up a guerilla band that were desirous of there, and annoyed the steamer on their route from various points to New Orleans. Since that time our forces have occupied the place, and the contrabands have built a formidable fort commanding the river and Bayou, over which the American flag proudly floats in defiance of the rebel hoist which surrounded it. We barely touched at this point to leave a few passengers, and proceeded to Plaquemine on a bayou of the same name, where the rest of our brigade were encamped. This is a small place of little importance excepting its position, commanding the entrance of the bayou. It is 98 miles from Donaldsonville, and 20 from Baton Rouge. We did not stop long but continued on up to this place, which we reached about 1 P. M.

This town presents a sorry appearance, compared with its former magnificence. We nearly destroyed by fire last summer, and the rebels destroyed nearly all that we left. The splendid Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb is the only public institution or building left undestroyed, which shows that notwithstanding the fierce character of the war, respect is paid by all parties to the sufferings of the unfortunate. We landed and marched to the U. S. Arsenal within the fortifications we ourselves built last summer. The rain poured down in torrents and the mud was of great depth, making marching quite difficult.

Next day I visited the fortifications and found that they had been considerably improved and strengthened, by the Negro Regt., stationed here. Most of the troops are encamped outside of the works. Col. Paine's Brigade consists of the 4th Wis., 8th N. H., and 13th N. Y. The 13th refused to leave Plaquemine and join us because they had not been paid off, and the 13th had to enforce the order of evacuation. The first serious breach of military discipline that has occurred in this Department, and red it shame and disgrace upon both officers and soldiers. They were compelled to come, but declare they will not fight until they get their pay. This is the most humiliating, degrading, unparalleled occurrence of the whole war. What would Wisconsin—what would the country—what would the world have said of the 4th last summer, when sick, hungry and dying in the swamps around Vicksburg, had we then shown down our arms and refused to do duty until we were paid, although we had nearly seven months pay due us, and were living on poor rations, and nearly naked? We would have been justly condemned as cowards and traitors, our names remembered and mentioned with shame, and our memory associated with that of an Arnold or a George.

On the 8th we received orders to draw seven days rations, cook four, and carry three uncooked; also to pack our extra articles of clothing to be stored by the Post-Quarter Master. We knew that these orders meant something, and all was bustle and activity. We were supplied with 60 rounds of cartridges, the boats ascended the river, and everything foreshadowed a forward movement.

The next thing of interest that occurred was a Grand Review, which took place on the 12th, and was a splendid affair. The troops were...
drawn up in 2 lines, each a division—Angles', Enery's and Grover's. Gen. Banks, accompanied by the division commanders and their respective staffs, and Admiral Farragut, rode along the lines while the different bands played National airs; this done, we marched in review. This was an imposing spectacle; the weather was beautiful, the ground, excellent, and each regiment, in review, was but a prelude to more active operations, was anxious to distinguish itself, and appeared in its best style, and did its best. The occasion probably was never equally in the United States previous to the present war. The commanding General was highly gratified at the splendid appearance of the troops.

On the evening of the 13th we started on our march highly elated with the idea that we were going to do something after so much delay. Our progress was impeded by the number of teams in our brigade and artillery trains. We marched about 8 miles, crossed a pontoon bridge, built by the pioneers—the old one being destroyed by the rebels—and bivouacked for the night in an immense cornfield, in the mud. We retired at 11, and was aroused at 3 A.M., ate breakfast and was on the road before daylight. We marched to within four miles of Port Hudson and stopped for the night, having marched ten miles that day, and being in close proximity with the rebels.

About 11 o'clock we were awaked by a terrific cannonade; we were immediately called to arms, and marched about a mile towards the river, and finally all was still; and we conjectured thus—the fleet had run past the rebels, and bivouacked for the night in an immense cornfield, in the mud. We retired at 11, and was aroused at 3 A.M., ate breakfast and was on the road before daylight. We marched to within four miles of Port Hudson and stopped for the night, having marched ten miles that day, and being in close proximity with the rebels.

The force of the rebels in the vicinity of Port Hudson is variously estimated but nothing is known definitely. Communication is cut off between that place and the source of supply, our ships are between it and Vicksburg, and moving slowly. At any rate, so we bivouacked, standing ground and gradually accomplishing the grand object of the campaign: the opening of the Mississippi.

Co G is reduced to forty effective men, and that is fully the average of the Reg. Since, as Ball and N. H.'s 'Culver' have got their dis- charge and will return home in a few days.

When Co G returns at the close of the war, it will be but a small fragment of that splendid company that left Shelby county, Mississippi, nearly two years ago. The general health of the company continues good. We have a beautiful camp, just outside the lines, have received new tents, and are neat and comfortable. Lent, Winter, and Merry Christmas is Adjutant of the Regiment, which leaves next week. Breaks is in command of the Company, and makes a good officer and is well liked. The arrival of an 'Evergreen' is as anxiously looked for as us, and was as the child of promise of all, and received with almost as much joy.

Yours, etc.,

L. C. B. E. M. X.

FROM THE 4TH REGIMENT.

Another Letter from Baton Rouge, La., Mar. 29.

Editors Independent.—I have been long silent. So monotonous has been our life—so devoid of any stirring incident—that I could not hope, to interest your readers with my talk, so have kept still. But the scene has changed! Over the dark bosom of the Mississippi our navy has again sent its thunders, and death has had another harvest, and new glory adorns the name of the brave old Farragut and his iron headed men, whose achievements have long ago passed into history.

You have heard of the facts connected with the recent naval battle of Port Hudson, but I can give you some particulars that may not be without interest.

On the 13th of March, Admiral Farragut moved his fleet, consisting of the slopes of war, Thompson, Mississippi, and Hartfort, (the flag ship) the gunboats, Alabatsos, Monongahela, Genesee, Kinne, and that old iron monster, the Essex, up the river, and formed in line of battle. Low Port Hudson, where our mortar boats were stationed with their great black-mouthed bull-dogs crouching ready to howl at the bowing batteries of the rebels. The 14th was spent in preparation for the coming shock of battle. In the mean time Gen. Banks had prepared his forces for a march, and on the night of the 13th his whole army was in motion, by separate routes, to Port Hudson.

The distance is about 20 miles, but so great are the difficulties of moving an army, that we were till the night of the 15th getting our position in the rear of those famous fortifications which are the admiration of friends and dread of foes.

The day closed with unusual splendor. The sun went down, with his crown of crimson glory resting on the hills, and flaming up the heavens; the moon sailed up a cloudless sky and twined her wreaths among the stars, whose glory shone as bright as when they sang together on the birth day of the world. We lay down to sleep that night with our trusty arms by our sides, expecting that on the morrow we should be engaged in a deadly struggle with our country's foes. (It had not then transpired that Banks did not intend to attack Port
At 10 o'clock on the night of the 14th of March, 1863, the fleet weighed anchor and entered the port Hudson. Soon the boom of another and another and another, came like sullen thunder, breaking night's silence. The flash wreathed the vast, the prelinary knock at the gates of the old Richmond stood gallantly up into the open field of carnage, fights as bravely and desperate, and as successfully as her predecessors, till just as her prow is emerging from the clouds of smoke a shot enters her steam-chest, and her machinery is useless! Down into the tempest of death she is carried by the strong current of the river, but all through that guanolet of fire she makes river and sky and earth shake to the thunder of her broadsides, till finally she anchors in the same spot she left a few hours before. Never in the annals of naval warfare was there an instance of more desperate fighting, more heroic bravery, more sublime defiance of death than was displayed by officers and men in the fearful race the old Richmond run on the night of the 14th of March, 1863.

All honor to the ship and her brave crew.

The disabling of the Richmond and her drifting down the channel prevented some of the other gunboats from going up.

The sad part of the story is to be told. The old war steamer, Mississippi, whose flag of stars and stripes has twice been carried around the globe, whose flag-staff carried the blue pennant to the forbidden ports of Japan, and through the terrible bombardment of Vera Cruz, was lost in the battle of Port Hudson. She ran aground in the early part of the fight and defied all efforts to get her off. She sustained the enfilading fire of two of the heaviest batteries on the rebel cliffs, and when all hope of saving her was gone she was fired and burned to the water's edge, when her magazine exploded, and the gallant old ship was blown to a thousand fragments, and she disappeared beneath the waters of the great river from which she took her name. But one thing consoles us while we mourn the loss of the gallant vessel. No rebel foot was permitted to tread herallowed deck, where patriotism and valor had long had their home.

She went down into the dark waters as a good man goes to his grave—honored by all, mourned by the few who had longest known her cherished virtues; the flames that went roaring and hissing up her gallant masts found the stars and stripes, our grand old national flag, still flying. And when the stripes were red with flame, and the stars blazed through a crimson canopy, the breeze still kept the old flag flying—holding its fiery arms in bold relief against the sky—an emblem that our banner of the free shall forever float, till the elements shall melt with fervent heat. Thus ended the brilliant naval battle on the Mississippi. The result is unknown, so far as damage to our enemies is concerned. But it places the control of the river in our hands, from Port Hudson to Vicksburg—a result of incalculable importance to us. It cuts the Confederacy in twain. Banks moved his army back after the passage of the forts, and Grover's division has gone again across the river—purpose unknown; or, at least, untold. Our Division has marching orders, and will soon follow.

We have been fortifying here all winter, and our works are very formidable. We have some of the very best guns in the service, and no force the rebels have got can take the place, should Banks remove his whole force, except enough to man the works.

Three negro regiments are here, and finer soldiers never followed the drum. Old fogies who came here negro haters, now admit their fine soldierly qualities, and are glad to see them in the field. Indeed, that insignificant few among the officers here who stuck up their noses and offered their resignations, were such scoundrels as are a curse to the service. Their principal business since they have been here has been to curse the Administration as often as they could afford time to crawl out of the houses of ill-fame, which constituted their chief rendezvous. They are very few in number and are despised by all
patriots.

Shut the mouths of your damnable traitors at home, and the soldiers will take care of the traitors here, and will welcome the stalwart negro to help crush the rebellion.

Our regiment is very healthy now, and in good spirits. We hail the Conscription bill as the earnest of success. Bring out the strength of the nation—crush treason at home—hang the vile traitors there, and the nation is safe.

Ohas. A. Johns is 2nd Lt. of Co. F, vice Maxson, promoted.

D. B. MAXSON.

From the Fourth Wisconsin.

BATON ROUGE, La., April 6, 1863.

Lt. BANNISTER.—It has been the lot of your humble correspondent to remain at this place having been detailed on special duty, or temporarily detached from the regiment, which left this famed city on Friday last, the 8th inst. Rumor says that it is going to Carrollton, La., and from thence to Poteatou, on Lake Pontchartrain, and exhibit there. Gen. Weitzel has been driven back from the Atchafalaya River by the rebels, who have in sight the gunboats Queen of the West and the Diana, which was once a river steamer, but was cut down at New Orleans last week, and converted into a gunboat, for the purpose of running up small rivers and bayous. A force has been sent into the country back of Plaquemine, and have occupied Rosedale, from which place is shipped large amounts of cotton and sugar—confiscated property.

There are some fine fortifications being erected at this place, under the direction of Maj. Haskell, chief engineer at this post. They are to be built in such a manner that three thousand troops will easily keep back fifteen thousand of the enemy. I would not wonder if the rebels should try to get in our rear, for the rebels seem to be making preparations for an attack. The guerrillas annoy our pickets considerably by making dashes upon them, killing or capturing them. Yesterday four cavalrymen were shot while on picket. Two of them were killed instantly.

We are having very beautiful weather here. It seems like June weather in Wisconsin, so soft and pleasant; and were it not for the constant rattle of the drum and shrill whistle of the fife, a person might enjoy himself.

Our regiment is remarkably healthy, having lost but one man by death in over four months, while other regiments have lost fifty.

It will require more troops here to insure success than we now have, for we have too many places to hold and garrison, which keeps our forces scattered so the rebels can whip us out of one place at a time, until we are completely used up. If our regiment should get taken prisoners, the rebels will be apt to do as it was reported they did to the 21st Indiana regiment. After being taken, the General in command of the rebel forces had an interview with Col. McMillan, of the 21st, and told him that if he would bring back the horses and mules that he had taken at various times from them that he would put them on board the transports and let them go. Whereupon the Col. replied, that if he would give back his arms, &c., he would do it. The rebel General, after consulting with his officers, told the Col. that he would accept the proposition, for he knew that the d—d Hoosiers would steal them if he did not. Whether the yarn is true or not I cannot state, and you have it as cheap as I.

I remain yours, &c.,

G. W. B.

Captain J. Bailey.

The following was sent to us for publication, and being personally acquainted with Captain Bailey we can cordially endorse the recommendation. We are glad that he has received promotion.

HEADQUARTERS NEW ORLEANS, April 11th, 1863.

To His Excellency, The Governor of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

Sir:—I have just understood there is an effort being made in the 4th Wisconsin regiment to prevent the promotion of Captain J. Bailey of that regiment, to a Major. I have been the senior Captain; and that this objection arises solely from the fact that the Captain is on detached service.

Captain Bailey is on my staff as Chief Engineer of the defenses of New Orleans, and he did not ask for the position, nor does he seek to retain it. His ability, energy and industry alone have caused his temporary absence from his regiment for a purpose that no other officer to my knowledge can so well perform.

To prevent a great injustice from being committed in this case I feel it my duty to write thus to your Excellency on this subject, and to declare my conviction that the valuable services of this faithful officer should not be overlooked, and that a temporary absence from his regiment beyond his control should not deprive him of a promotion to which he is more than justly entitled.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

T. W. SHERMAN,
Brigadier General commanding forces at New Orleans.
Towards evening I left the bottle-field and army, which was standing about twelve feet in my rear. Luckily it was for Bean that he had dissolved the town, that the shell would have torn off his leg.

Towards evening I left the battle-field and arrived at the railroad station, I was sick after having spent two days and one night on the field with about a mile to the front, and stood a considerable distance from the other lines.

I then used the horse I had captured from the surgeon until he was wounded, and then I went on foot.

About 11 o'clock we advanced in line to within 200 yards of the enemy's works, and threw three muskets in front. The rest of the day was consumed in artillery firing and skirmishing. We could not get their infantry out, or their cavalry at all. One time the order was given to charge them, but it was countermanded, I believe by Gen. Banks. We held the position during the night, and in the morning found the enemy had evacuated and retreated. The loss in my Regiment was six killed and eight wounded. One of the killed was a recruit just arrived two days before from Wisconsin. Poor fellow! his time of service was short.

We found two guns left in the fort, and learned that they had thrown others into the bayou. There was another hard, all saddled, all bridled, &c., in the fort.

In the meantime Grover with his Division had got in the rear of the enemy, and fought them skilfully, defeated the enemy, and took 300 prisoners. But the enemy had got away on the road to New Iberia, and we are following now.

The District was destroyed by the enemy to prevent her from falling into our hands; they also destroyed four transports loaded with stores, several barges, and great quantities of other supplies. Our entire loss has been less than 300. At New Iberia the enemy made a little stand, but were soon put to rout, losing 50 prisoners and 10 or 12 killed. There they also destroyed their Manchou. Last night they were not ten miles ahead of us; we shall probably not stop till we get to the Red River. So far we have taken about 120 prisoners and a large number of men of the enemy have dispersed through the country.

Truly your friend, B. A. BANKS.

From the Fourth Regiment.

Correspondence of the Times.

OPELOUSAS, LA., April 21, 1863.

FIRIO Ross.—We have been seeing rather active service of late. We have endured hard ships, but have won glorious laurels, gained splendid victories, and substantial advantages.

They have not been barren victories resulting in nothing but the slaughter of our troops. In 20 days we have traveled 300 miles, fought three battles, won three victories, taken 2,000 prisoners, 10 pieces of artillery, 600 horses, large quantities of provisions and military stores, destroyed the rebel navy of the Gulf and opened free communication between Red River and the Gulf.

The Queen of the West and Diana are to come; the army of the Red River has dispersed; thousands have thrown down their arms and returned to their homes; the most splendid and lovely country the sun ever shown upon, has been redeemed from isolation to commerce and usefulness.

I will furnish you a brief detail of the part the 4th Wi. has played in achieving such glorious results in the expedition so well planned and gloriously executed.

One division consisting of 12 regiments under General Grover, descended the Bayou Lafourche into Lake Pontchartrain, crossed the country to the Teche in the rear of the enemy, and cut off his retreat, while another division of the same size left Algiers under General Emory, on the 7th of April, by railway to Beaufort city.

The first day we crossed the Des Almondes, Plaquemino, Lafourche and Goa Bayous, and encamped at the junction of the Bois with the Teche. The country was about equally divided between extensive swamps and splendid sugar plantations.

On the 9th we marched three miles to the Atchafalaya River, joined General Weitzel and crossed over to Beaufort city, driving in the enemy's pickets. Here we were joined by Gen. Banks and staff.

On the 11th we started on the grand march, Gen. Weitzel commanding the advance, being well acquainted with the country. We drove the enemy before us, skirmishing all the way, about 6 miles, and encamped at Pattersonville. On Sunday, the 12th, we proceeded about three miles, the enemy not offering much opposition till we reached a narrow neck of land running between Bayou Teche and an extensive swamp, across which the rebels had planted several batteries, about half a mile in advance of their breastworks. Our lines were formed as follows. Gen. Weitzel's brigade formed the first line, Gen. Paine's the second, and the remainder were kept hid from view behind a piece of woods. The rebels were deceived. They thought they only had Weitzel's brigade with a few reinforcements to contend with. A terrific cannonade commenced on both sides, about 2 P.M., and continued until dark, when Gen. Weitzel with his forces, having the second line in front. The rebels had placed torpedoes and other serious obstructions in the Bayou, rendering it impossible for our gunboats to come up to our resistance, while they had three. They had always told us that if we would go out of range of our gunboats they would whip us in double-quick time.

About sunset a rebel Mayor broke through the first line and came up and surrendered to Col. Bean. He belonged to the 4th Texas Con..
ally, had been a prisoner once before in New Mexico and Texas, and was in that state of guerrillas, that the 4th Wis. scouted out so completely near Bonnet Carre, last fall. He said the rebs had 15,000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry, and 7 batteries, and declared it impossible for us to force their position. They were commanded by Sibley, Villerey and Taylor, a nephew of old Zack. The 4th was posted on picket that night, and kept exchanging shots with the rebel pickets all night.

In the morning it was very foggy. When that cleared up we beheld the rebel army drawn up to give us battle; they thought that because Weitzel had withdrawn we were whipped. The Diana also came down to take us on the right flank and rear. Co. C and H were immediately deployed along the bank to pick off their gunners and render her guns useless. Soon as she came within range we poured in a volley of musketry, which made her retire beyond our reach. She then kept up a steady fire which galled our lines considerably. Meantime the rebs commenced a furious canister and shell firing, which made her retire back to our regiment and said: "Col. Bean, we are about to make a charge, and I want the 4th Wis. to do that job as it never was done before. We must take those breastworks to-night or die in the attempt. Will you do it, boys?" A tremendous shout of "Yes," rent the air, and he was in transports. "I knew you would," he replied, with a smile of satisfaction resting on his countenance, the shells whizzing by, like bees swarming from an old hive. The other regiments received the announcement with the same spirit, and I will venture to say that was the proudest moment of his life. We commenced the charge, when an order from Gen. Banks came countermanding it. We returned to the ditch; more artillery was brought up, when the contest raged till dark, and the first line retired, leaving our second in front.

On the same day Gen. Grover had landed his command 3 miles from Franklin and 9 from our battlefield, and attacked their works at that place. It was a well-fought, obstinate and bloody battle. He drove them behind their entrenchments, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they held even those. In that extremity General Villerey sent to General Shirley to help; the messenger met one from Sibley on his way to Franklin that morning of the 15th attacked Gen. Grover, hoping to force his line, but in this they were disappointed. They fought till Gen. Emory's advance was close upon them, then dispersed and fled, leaving 600 prisoners in Grover's possession.

During the fight there was great strife between Gen. Weitzel and Pain, to see who should get into the fortifications first. Before day on the morning of the 14th, Gen. Pain had the 2nd Brigade ready to make a charge, when he found the works abandoned. He immediately marched in his brigade and hoisted the Stars and Stripes upon the parapet before General Weitzel awoke. The joyful news soon spread through camp, and Gen. Paine wanted to take the lead in the charge, but Gen. Emory said we were too weary and worn out; and he would put his fresh troops ahead. Accordingly all the cavalry and the reserve brigade under Colonel Ingram of the 4th Mass., started in hot pursuit. They chased the rebs so fast that they felt their tents standing, their kettles, cooking, and every thing left in confusion, and large numbers of prisoners were taken. The pursuit was so close they could fight Grover no longer, but broke and fled, blowing up the Diana and two vessels, to keep them from falling into our hands. The victory was complete; the rebel loss was immense; their power in Louisiana completely broken. Meantime the Clifton iron clad had removed the obstructions in the Bayou, pulled up the torpedoes and made her way up to Franklin.

Col. C lost one man killed and one wounded. Gen. Sibley was killed by a shot from our own guns throwing grape over our heads. We were between two fires all the time—between the breastworks and our artillery. Coporal Patton received a slight wound in the head. Col. Bean had two horses shot under him. Every officer did nobly. Lieut. Brooks was in command of Co. C, and acquitted himself honorably.

Early on the 15th we started again in pursuit, and marched through Centerville, Newton, St. Martinville and Lafayette to Opelousas, which we reached on the 24th, well worn down with fatigue. Lieut. Brooks was left behind, and Sergt. Bush was in command of the Co. during the whole chase. The 4th Wis. was not allowed to rest even here, but went on a scout 25 miles towards the Texas line, and captured large quantities of cotton, sugar and horses; and strange to say, we are now a cavalry regiment.

We are all mounted and are to serve the rest of our time in that branch of the service—Several of the company were left behind at Baton Rouge and Algiers sick; I have not heard from them since leaving them. How long we shall remain here I cannot say. Yours &c.,

L. C. BARTLETT.

Compliment to Gen. Hubert E. Pain.

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 43.

HEADQUARTERS 25th Reg. Conn Vols.,

Baton Rouge, La.

This regiment, by general orders, has been for some time brigaded in the 3d Brigade, under command of Colonel H. E. Pain, of the 4th Wisconsin, a brave and gallant officer: one who, by his military knowledge, has won entire confidence; who, by his kind yet firm manner has won our affections; and who, should we be called into battle, we would follow to the last. Under his orders we yesterday erected an earthenwork which he has assigned to us to defend and which we have assumed, the privilege of manning; therefore by the order of the Commandant and the unanimous
friend Home.—Enclosed you will find a map of the late battle-field, showing in pencil marks our position during the battle. I have to add two more victims of the Fourth Regt.: Dodge, of Co. H, and Peter Baumann, who were killed on Monday, and not found until next afternoon. Our forces advanced after the fight and the whole force is now in Opefloua about 80 miles from here and about the same distance from Red River. The Regiment is now mounted and are to be a cavalry Regt. hereafter, the boys will enjoy and appreciate the change on marches hereafter. The following named members of Co. K, are here, in Hospital: E. Guck, G. Jensen, Jas. Erhart, Albert Plum, In Convalescent camp, J. Dunlap, A. Hyatt, L. Gill, E. Ferdon, John Sweet, L. Kingsbury and L. Myrick they arrived here this morning, not being able to endure a hard march. The following account of a most thrilling military adventure, has been received here this evening. A force consisting of the 6th and 7th Illinois cavalry, with a battery of six 6 pounders howitzers, numbering in all, 900 mounted men, under command of Colonels Grierson and Prince, moved out from La Grange, Tenn., on the morning of April 16th. Crossing the Rail Road, the brigade moved in a south-easterly direction, by way of Cypress Creek, Pontotoc and Houston to Okolona, where the Rail Road depot and rebel stores were destroyed. They there learned that a rebel force had gathered at Aeswie to intercept them. Turning therefore, to the westward, they threatened Carthage, and then turned to the east, struck the Vicksburg and Charleston Railroad at Newton, where they burned the depot and two heavily laden freight, commissary and ordnance trains. The property destroyed here was of great value. Three thousand loaded shells, destined for the Vicksburg batteries, were fired in a mass, and as the Cavalry moved away, the noise of the exploding shells, started the surrounding country with a noise, similar to that of a fierce cannonade. From Newton, they followed the Rail Road to Meridian, burning all the bridges, depots and stores on their course; thence south, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad to Enterprise, where they occupied after a feeble resistance, and destroyed the rebel ordnance works. Making a slight detour to the south-west, they again passed through Newton and burned the bridges from that point to Jackson, including the great bridge over Pearl River, and near Jackson tore up several miles of R. R. tracks. A few miles south of the latter place, they struck the Jackson of N. Orleans R. R. and followed it south to the Louisiana line. About twenty miles north of Clinton, they ascertained that a force of five thousand men (rebels) had been sent out to intercept them, and learning at the same time the locality of their camp, they made a circuit to the west, evaded the forces and destroyed their camp equipage stores &c, and captured from two to three hundred prisoners.

Crossing a branch of the Amite River, they encountered a force of Bushwhackers concealed in the thicket, who fired a volley and fled. Three of the command were wounded, including Lt. Col. Blackburn, severely. He was struck by three balls, too badly wounded to be moved, and he was left in the hands of the enemy. They swam the Amite River early day before, yesterday morning, the 2d inst., and about ten miles out of Baton Rouge surprised a reserve of Rebel pickets of one hundred and sixty men, whom they brought in with them, with their horses. The rebels supposed them to be Confederate cavalry, and surely they looked very much like them in their soiled and dusty clothing, which, for variety, would equal that of any rebel troops. They burned the house of Capt. Wetherbee, of the Rebel army, and confiscated his horses. In fact, they kept their horses comparatively fresh, by exchanging them on the road, and brought in with them some three hundred contrabands, well mounted, with many led horses. They entered Baton Rouge about 2 o'clock P. M., the second inst., after accomplishing the unprecedented fact of riding sixteen consecutive days, with but one entire night's rest, and making an average of forty two miles per day, cutting every R. R. in the state of Mississippi.

All honor to the brave and dashing Western boys, and their commanders.—Gen. Banks was here yesterday, and has gone up in the (ranboat Rocabontas.—Enclosed you will find Gen. Banks address to his troops here in this dispatch. Our river transports are coming down every day laden with cotton, sugar, horses &c. Our expedition in fact opened to us the garden of the State of La. and also was the means of cutting Rebel supplies from Texas.

Our wounded boys here, are doing first rate and will soon be able to join the Regt. Napoleon Eckert has gone to join the Regiment. Our expedition in fact opened to us the garden of the State of La. and also was the means of cutting Rebel supplies from Texas.

Give my best regards to all my friends, Yours, &c.

E. Guck.

From the Fourth Wisconsin.

U. S. Convalescent Hospital.

Baton Rouge, La., May 7th, 1863.

Ens. Banner.—Success has attended our arms in every direction. Sections where the despotism of secession has signed and ruled for the last two years with unlimited sway have been rescued, the foe driven to its last ditch, and the people once more enjoy the rights and freedom that they enjoyed before their folly caused their ruin and overthrow; and what an emaciated set they are whom "much fasting hath made poor!" for Jeff. know where the last bushel of meal should go, and so he ordered "fasting four days out of seven, and during the other three days to only eat enough to sustain life." Thus birth the great and small, the rich and poor of the bogus confederacy.

If Abe would only make a proclamation declaring every man in arms against the United States a prisoner, and sending Richmond, Vicksburg, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and Port Hudson to be surrendered, then the "chivalry" of the South might get pared, go home, and eat "corn dodgers" all their life time.

Gen. Banks has marched with his invincible (?) column through the wust wealth and aristocracy of Louisiana, totally rooted the enemy, and made sad havoc among the rebel government stores; is now at and above Opelousas, and will soon co-operate with McCall's in making a joint attack on Port Hudson.

Our regiment (4th Wisconsin) having exp
tured a large number of horses, &c., have been changed from infantry to cavalry at present, and are used as scouts, advance guards, and for innumerable expeditions.

A most wonderful and daring feat has been performed by the 6th and 7th Illinois cavalry, under command of Col. Grierson, of the 7th. They cut their way through from Tennessee to this place in fourteen days, with the trivial loss of one killed and seven wounded, besides capturing a number of prisoners equal to their own, destroyed large amounts of the bogus government stores, and brought to this place four hundred prisoners, one thousand horses, and an immemorial number of darkies. This feat lays the rebel Stuart all in the shade.

The weather is somewhat cooler than it has been for several weeks, which has caused the mosquitoes to suspend biting until the weather is better adapted to their profession. It is a remarkable fact that each mosquito carries his diploma with him.

In a short time there will be over thirty thousand negro troops in this department, and taking the four regiments that are at this place as a criterion they will be made the most serviceable troops in the field. They drill well, and take a great deal of pride in soldiering. They can be used at any time to a throw up fortifications, and they seem to work with a better will than they formerly did for their masters.

Gov. Moore, of this State, has ordered the enrollment of negroes to impede the progress of troops; and, to effect his purpose, he has told them that the Yankees would impress them into the service if they caught them. Now if Gov. Moore could only be caught, he should be lansinated, and in death be annexed for his niecidacy.

I have been under the impression that General Weitzel, whom it was reported was strongly entrenched near Franklin and with a force nearly equal to ours.

We came up with the enemy’s pickets the next day, and after a sharp skirmish they fell back before us; we advanced steadily, our cavalry skirmishers doing good service, and encamped for the night within about six miles of their works. The next morning at daylight we were again on the march, skirmishing all the way, advanced to within a couple of miles of their entrenchments and halted; about 4 o’clock our scouts reported their position, when Weitzel and our brigade were ordered to the front and the advance commenced. As we emerged from the woods to the open space between us and their works, they opened upon us two batteries, one on our left and another directly in front; both being outside of their entrenchments, and supported by a large cavalry force, with infantry deployed in front. We immediately placed a couple of batteries in position, and until darkness put a stop to it we had one of the finest artillery fights imaginable.

There were some fifteen guns engaged on either side, and the shell and solid shot flew around us as a caution. It was a grand sight I assure you, not altogether mixed with apprehensions as to where the next shot might strike. Our regiment lost but three or four that afternoon, the most of the shots passing over us. That night our regiment was ordered on the advanced picket. We advanced under cover of the darkness up to within musket range of their entrenchments, and remained until daylight when we fell back a short distance; our regiment resting upon the bayou up which about 500 yards lay the Diana, a gunboat captured from us by the rebels six weeks before, and which had been playing upon us that afternoon. As soon as our position was discovered they threw out skirmishers, and for a couple of hours we kept up a brisk fire, no batteries being brought into action. About nine o’clock our advance on the bayou, reported the Diana as under way, and coming upon us. Then we expected to take it, the main force having fallen back nearly two miles during the night. But when the skirmishers commenced in the morning, they were immediately moved up and almost simultaneously with the report that the Diana was moving down came the boom of a couple of heavy seige guns of the 21st, Indiana, placed on the bank of the bayou to prevent that particular movement.

It seems that such was waiting for the other to commence; for as soon as our guns opened on the Diana, their batteries opened upon us and the dance again commenced.

Weitzel’s brigade was ordered to advance on the right, and ours upon the left, which we did up to within 500 yards of their works, when three of our batteries were run up and a terrible fire opened upon their batteries which were playing upon us from behind their entrenchments.

This was upon the left side of the bayou, their works were on both sides, and was engaged on the other side by Col. Gedding’s brigade of our division, which did excellent service proving a perfect God-send to us, as it turned the fire of a battery which was pouring an enfilading fire of grape and shell right into our regiment, as we were advancing our right resting on the bayou.

Again were ordered to advance, this time expecting to charge their works, but after moving up to within 400 yards of their entrenchments under a murderous fire of grape and canister a halt was ordered when we laid down in a ditch, when our sharpshooters were brought into requisition, keeping up a constant fire at every shot that showed itself above the works. We completely silenced the gun directly in front of our regiment, by picking off its gunners as they attempted to work their piece. There we lay expecting every moment the order to charge but the order did not come, and at dark we fell back a short distance to resume the battle on the following morning. At daylight we again advanced cautiously up to our old position—no opposition—continued to advance—no opposition—and we gave three rousing cheers as we mounted their works announcing our victory. They had evacuated during the night, without even burying their dead, which we found scattered all around.

Gen. Grover in the meantime had been dispatched some fifty miles round to strike them in the rear, and cut off their retreat about fifteen miles before reaching us he came upon a force of some three thousand and attacked them simultaneously with our attack below, and here occurred a good joke—a courier from the force we attacked was dispatched to the force above for re-enforcements, and at the same time their force being hard pressed by Grover, dispatched a courier below for re-enforcements, the two meeting midway, you may imagine their consternation.
Grover's enemy broke incontinently at
the most of them escaping each man
for himself. Our loss was three hundred
killed and wounded; Grovers two hundred,
making in all five hundred. The enemy's
loss exceeded in killed six hundred, we
have been pursuing them for the last two
weeks, have captured twenty-five hundred
completely broken up and destroyed their
organization, beyond all hope of ever organi-
zation it again during the war; causing the
destruction of the gunboat "Queen of the
West, Diana and Pearl," taken from us and
now hold the whole of western Louisiana,
completely cutting off the great source of
supplies that are drawn to feed south-western
rebels. Taken altogether the ex-
pedition has been a complete success. We
start from the point to-morrow for the
mouth of Red River, I expect to enter in con-
junction with Gen. Hunter in the attack on
Port Hudson.

There is a rumor in our camp to-day
that Port Hudson is evacuated which
is quite probable, with Grant above and Hun-
ter below, and those monitors in front, and
our force expected they certainly have a
small show. Vicksburg and Port Hudson
are most certainly doomed, and before this
reaches you, I would not be surprised if you
heard of the fall of one or both of them.

The health of the regiment is good, and
Co. I with but one or two exceptions is
excellent, our regiment is mounted and we
now style ourselves the 4th Wisconsin
Dragoons.

Yours, &c.

L. R. B.

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM GEN.
BANKS' DEPARTMENT.

What Gen. Banks has Accomplished.--
The Movement against Port Hudson
Health and Condition of the Fourth
Wisconsin--Matters at New Orleans.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

SACKSFORD, LA., May 20.

DEAR SENTINEL:--Our column of ten thou-
sand men rests here for a breathing spell af-
after its rapid and successful campaign of the
last few weeks; gathering all its strength for
the last spring, the final blow, the
great success. Long before this reaches you,
the success will be ours, and Port Hudson
be numbered among the list of victories which
have already made our old flag gla-
rions. We have done a "big thing," and if we
stop here on the banks of the Atchafal-
ayas and Red to row over it little, I think we
are justified. Don't you? Some sturdy
person in New England has got his vote in
piping tune, and ventures a "Bully for Banks.
" Why, the boys here have always said that, and he now compels people at home to
What has he done? The coun-
try south of the Red River and eastern Texas
is pointed to by proud Louisiana as the
"garden of the world," and with no single regi-
on. Well, Banks has swept it clean of stro-
mplings and almost all inhabitants. What
unarmed enemy are left behind, consist entirely of old men, gray-haired and
despondent, cannot be conscripted
women and children. Two years Confederate rule have scattered these
to look with much favor upon the Yankee
serve, and thousands of pensioners are in the restoration of the good old times; and
the strongest feeling exhibited against us, is in full strength, taking the
women have hailed us with waving
sankerskiffs, and old men have hobbled
out to the roadside to meet and greet us.
In all portions of the State, the richest
est, can safely be counted as part and
par of the Union.

The major part of the crop of sugar and
cotton for 1864 is here yet, and it has all
been seized, irrespective of persons of
loyalty, disloyalty or nationality, and shipped to
New Orleans to be disposed of for the be-
fit of Uncle Sam's rather depleted purse.
The army has been fed upon the country,
which is in most places on array to
in times as large as those times as large as
Long. Corn, cattle, everything but imported arti-
cles, were plentiful. Three regiments, the
4th Wisconsin, 41st Mass., and 42nd Mass.
have been mounted from its stock of captured horses, besides the number
taken to fill up the 1st La. Cavalry, 1st Port
as Cavalry, and the batteries. The beef
cattle taken will give a supply of beef to the
army, allowing an issue every alternate day,
for the cavalry. Mules have been
selected in sufficient number to transport the
entire army, and when mules are used in the
cavalry service, as they have been in the ar-
tillery, we will have enough to mount the
army.

The plantations are all planted with cotton,
corn, and cane. In spite of Jeff's procla-
mation suggesting that corn be planted, and
no cotton, I see a great deal of it on Governor
Morrise's plantation; two thirds of it is de-
oted to cotton. The government, by prompt
attention to this can, can save this crop.
These are the results of the campaign which
can be estimated by dollars and cents. The
charges on the people, the prestige, the effects
abroad, and at home at the North, are incal-
culable; these millions, plus prestige, to
give it in figures.

Barre's Landing was made the depot for
the cotton collected from the counties "around about." I arrived there
May 4th, on my way to Opelousas. The streamer
landed at the banks and abrade a pile of
cotton. We scrambled over this pile of cot-
ton, and succeeded in getting on another pile.
It was cotton here, there, up, round, every-
where—everybody talked cotton, thought cot-
ton, dreamed of living in palatial residences
built of cotton, driving cotton horses in cot-
ton carriages, getting drunk on cotton, and
smoking black stable tobacco; over the hills came clouds of dust from teams
bringing in cotton; steamers went down
stream laden with cotton.

On the morning of the 6th inst. General
Banks left Opelousas; on the evening of the
8th he was at Alexandria. Why did Gen. Porter
not follow up? He was told that there are
there twelve hours ahead. I suppose Porter
will get the credit of this cap-sheaf capture,
having taken the last train from New Orleans
down to Alexandria, was killed on the enemy's
side. On the 8th Porter left, leaving the Lafayette to keep the "Mary Todd" and
"Grand Duke"—all that's left of the en-
emy's navy, not to mention so much more
in check. The 10th, Weitzel pushed on 45
miles up the river, capturing the rear guard
of the enemy, consisting of twenty-five men
and two officers. Alexandria itself is a pleasing
place on the banks of the river. It
regions in one large "Ice House Hotel," now
occupied as headquarters; one or two church-
as; an academy; a livery stable; a good many one-horse stores, and any
quantity of most lively fish.

Weitzel returned on the 12th, having
made in all five hundred, and not failed to
overtake the enemy. They burned all brick-
and ferries as they went; nevertheless, he
had three full batteries and two or more
batteries. Beyond, if orders from headquarters had not
stopped him. Weitzel is the General of the
department, and if a star doesn't come down from Washington to keep the "done" one
company, why, a deserving man won't get his
discharge, that's all.

"Tramp from Cairo to New Orleans." Put a
gap in there, please, Messrs. Editors,
Yours,

NEW ORLEANS, May 24.

DEAR SIENTINL:--Irmy letter from Somm-
port I left several items of some interest,
and upon whose staff he was A. A. General.
D. was some eighteen miles in advance,
pushing on to Alexandria. Fourteen miles out,
three guerrillas sprung up from their con-
cealment on the opposite side of the bayou,
and hailed him. His demand who they were.
Weo replied, "Oh, his only a Yankee,
shoot him." The man said that
"There is no need of firing, I surrender.
"Surrender to d—d; shoot the d—d Yankee,
every other assassin he finds, in the same
manner. Look out, guerrilla, if you don't want to be "Dighted." This is a term prevalent
among the soldiers, and it means sentenced
to be shot. The penalty of detected pilla-
THE INVESTMENT OF PORT HUDSON.

Particulars of the Fight on the 21st—The Rebels Heaten at Every Point.

[From the N. O. Era.]

BATTLE FIELD, PORT HUDSON PLAINS, May 29, 1863.

To the Editor of the Era:—My first dispatch, published with the first general engagement on the 31st inst. Having been to the rear of the batteries, at the hospital, during the engagement, I had no opportunity of the opportunity of hearing the orders of Gen. Angur until a ball occurred in the storm.

The wounded brought into the hospital kept Gen. Dudley of the progress of events up to that time. There was only one point of observation that could have been had during the action, and that was with our artillery. Wishing to collect items rather than to make the subject of one myself, I contented myself with a less conspicuous position.

The wounded displayed a most noble spirit, as they were brought into the hospital. It was not their mangled limbs and physical pain that troubled them so much as the thought that they could no longer be in the field to fight the enemy.

One poor fellow was brought in with a ball in his shoulder. He said he would not carry a straw for his wound, if it had not spoiled the rest of the fight. He swore by all that was good and great he would be in at the fall of Port Hudson in spite of all the doctors in the army. One spoke for all.

As soon as the regulars were landed, I went at once to headquarters, to find out what the prospect was for the rest of the day. This was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Gen. Angur and Gen. Dudley were there, and were standing under a clump of trees at the junction of the Port Hudson and Bayou Sara roads, giving orders to the field opposite, giving orders to make themselves comfortable for the night.

AT IT AGAIN.

The firing had been discontinued for about a half hour; sections of artillery had been posted at the junction commanding the two roads, and orders were given for bivouacking, and keeping the people to the railroad. Thers they were reinforced by the Star Battery, and opened a fire upon our cavalry, which retreated, fighting every inch of the road to the mountain, to a messenger to reach Gen. Angur, who had a section of artillery posted in the road to receive them. The engagement which followed has just been described.

THE LAST STRUGGLE.

Before the firing on the Bayou Sara road had ceased, while I stood with note-book in hand, watching the piles of smoke, the dirt, and the smoke, I threw in, a sharp hiss, and a yell from a wounded man attracted my attention in another direction. The rebels were coming in on the left flank. Certain proof that a battery had opened there, soon came along over the trees in the shape of a solid shot. Striking the ground, it ricocheted among the soldiers, who cried out, "catch it, catch it." One poor fellow actually put out both hands, thinking he could catch a bounding cannon ball. He found his error when the ball struck him on the skull, and knocked him flat on the earth.

The 4th New York Regiment, Major Geo. M. Love, commanding, as Lieut. Col. Cotton was field officer of the day, had already been sent out in the direction whence the firing came.

The 49th Massachusetts Regiment, Col. Win. F. Bartlett, and the 48th Massachusetts, Col. Eben F. Stone, were also there before the attack commenced, all three having been sent there by Gen. Angur, who expected a demonstration from that direction. The 116th regiment had orders to capture a battery supposed to be there.

Captain Godfrey's and Capt. Young's companies of cavalry had been out on the Port Hudson road for a dinner party, and about a half hour, when they discovered an ambuscade of infantry and artillery. Lieut. Morse, of Capt. Godfrey's company, while on this expedition, he saw a piece of artillery drawn out of the woods. He had barely turned, when a shell came buzzing over his head, and, regaining...
As the company—having one wounded—the whole party returned at a walk, remaining under fire all the way. One horse was killed. The remainder of the company left under him within ten days.

The rebel cavalry attempted a charge, but when they drew near they ordered an about face to his men, the rebels turned back.

A regiment of rebel infantry came up to the right of Godfrey as he was returning, but they arrived just as he got by.

The situation of affairs soon became most exciting. A section of battery 8, 2d U. S. Artillery, was posted on the right and left of the road. The 116th New York, further to the left, was also left in front, while the 48th Massachusetts was near by.

Two men at the guns were mortally wounded, and two horses were killed. One man, named private, was taken prisoner.

The 116th New York regiment was in the most exposed position. It was to the rear of an opening in the woods. Here a heavy fire was commenced on both sides by the infantry, and the section of artillery under Lieut. H. L. Beek, had been engaged with the rebel artillery for about half an hour, when an attempt was made to dislodge it. The rebels came through the woods about four hundred strong and steadily advanced until within musket range of our infantry. Then a sharp fire was commenced on both sides by the infantry, and the section of artillery under the command of Capt. Godfrey, with one hundred and fifty men, was posted in the woods. The 48th Massachusetts regiment was posted in the woods for a close engagement, and near this one piece of the rebel artillery was planted.

The rebel infantry came across the opening in a broken mass, firing rapidly as they advanced.

**AN EXCITING MOMENT.**

Just as one part of the force was closing in upon the 116th, keeping up a sharp fire, suddenly another portion of it opened upon the 48th Massachusetts, where they were concealed in the woods. The enemy was not more than fifty feet distant; and the surprise was complete. They broke and ran back to the road.

The 116th New York regiment, Maj. Geo. M. Love commanding, was engaged in a desperate encounter. Miles' Legion of rebel infantry, about one hundred strong, came upon them at the rear of the opening. At close quarters the two forces for some time, firing into each other, killing and wounding the men capably.

This engagement was the last of any consequence during the day.

Over sixty prisoners were captured from the rebels, and the loss in killed and wounded was only doubled our own. There were several commissioned officers among the prisoners.

The 116th New York was commanded by Col. Chapin, now Acting Brigadier.

The 31st Maine regiment, Col. Johnson, was posted to the left and rear of the 116th. This division was placed in reserve, but hearing the firing and anticipating orders, it was so enthusiastic for a fight that, to the astonishment of Col. Chapin, it came marching up to the field, and persisted in remaining there during the action.

The position of the 116th was like a fire upon a hill, and the Rebel infantry threatened the right knee of Lienc. Joseph Tucker, of the staff, so that his leg had to be amputated.

**THE BATTLE OF FORT HUDSON.**

The Position Stated by Gen. Weitzel

The Rebel Batteries upon the Main Works.

The steamer Morning Star, from New Orleans May 28th, brings a day's later news of the attack on Fort Hudson. The place was completely invested. General Barks commanded in person a force supposed to be sufficient for its reduction. The enemy's strength and the defence is estimated at from ten to twelve thousand. Fighting was still going on at the departure of the steamer.

Details of the Engagement.

From New Orleans correspondence, May 28th, we select the following details of the engagement:

The attack upon Port Hudson commenced yesterday, and last night and this morning it was continued without any let up or halt by the rebels, and we are told that the progress of the engagement has been as follows:

...
left was turned, and in a manner to prevent the lost ground being recovered. The battery in the works, the most annoying of any on the line, for it completely closed the channel way of the river.

SHERMAN'S ATTACK UPON THE ENEMY'S RIGHT.

No more desperate fighting has ever taken place than of the division of General Sherman's attack in the day upon the right of the enemy's position at the 8th Michigan and the 128th New York carried the enemy's works at the point of the bayonet. But the enemy had retired to give way, for the enemy had made his troops break and it became necessary to fall back before overwhelming numbers. Not much ground was lost, however; we only failed to maintain our position within the main works.

THE RESULTS.

The 5th regiment, Louisiana native guard, under Colonel Nelson, were in this charge; they went on in the advance, and when they came out six out of nine hundred men could not be accounted for. One negro was observed with a rebel soldier, holding the head of the white man with his teeth. These men fled. Colonel Morgan, of Key West, mortars, commanding. He is, I understand, by reason of severity, to command the higher portion of the position. When they are driven out of their rifles, the enemy is in the highest spirits; the loss sustained by the enemy's heavy guns has no other effect upon their condition than to encourage them to new exertions.

REINFORCEMENTS.

Hardy reinforcements are being sent up the river to-night, which will greatly add to the strength of the army before Port Hudson; and much more than cover the loss sustained yesterday. Among them is the 8th regiment, New York volunteers. Colonel Morgan of Key West mortars, commanding. He is, I understand, by reason of severity, to command the higher portion of the position. When they are driven out of their rifles, the enemy is in the highest spirits; the loss sustained by the enemy's heavy guns has no other effect upon their condition than to encourage them to new exertions.

DURATION OF THE FIGHT.

The fight commenced as early as seven o'clock yesterday morning, or rather became general about that time. It continued during the whole day, as a matter of fact, with intervals and fighting about an hour near noon. At four o'clock last evening it was raging along the entire line with intense fury, and was going on this morning. Despatches reached this afternoon at four o'clock say that our position was still improving, with every prospect of success.

OUR ARTILLERY.

Our artillery, of which we have a very large and effective force, was splendidly served. Our shot and shell fell in a continuous stream upon the enemy, as nothing was to escape their volleys. They were compelled to take refuge from our deluge of ten, twenty, and thirty-pounder projectiles, and the sharpshooter and canister. It was, for accuracy, never excelled, the Geneese especially doing some of the best work. The squadron manoeuvred in front of the works and fired with the greatest deliberation, doing an immense amount of damage, and drawing the fire of the enemy. Until the signal was given, no shot was fired on account of our shells going over among our own people. Admiral Farragut with his squadron fell on General Banks' work at the point of the bayonet; but the enemy had retreated to give way, for the enemy had made his troops break and it became necessary to fall back before overwhelming numbers. Not much ground was lost; however, we only failed to maintain our position within the main works.

THE ENEMY.

We have no means of ascertaining the loss of the enemy; it has been so great. Massed as they were, to resist our advance, they were mowed down in heaps. The enemy has been doing this for the past two days, and we have been doing it. I do not think they have lost as many as ourselves, but it has been greater in proportion, considering how they were covered from our enfilading fire.

THE NAVAL ATTACK.

It must not be supposed that while the army was doing all this desperate fighting on shore, the navy was idle; on the contrary, the gallant Admiral was at work with the entire squadron both above and below. The hammers moved their position, nearer the works, and kept up a continuous fire of thirteen-inch shell. The Harford and Albemarle engaged the upper batteries, and when General Warren captured the six-guns battery before referred to, they moved farther down and supported him by attacking the next below; Admiral Farragut, in the Monongahela, followed by both the Richmond, Geneese, and Essex, engaged the lower works, and in a most effective manner.

The fire of both the enemy upon the ships was comparatively light, as it was expected, primarily at the Monongahela, but failed to hit her. The Richmond was equally fortunate, and yesterday was not in the danger of six o'clock last evening. The ship was engaged in the morning, and again in the afternoon, and succeeded in astounding five of the enemy's heaviest guns. The firing was, for accuracy, never excelled, the Geneese especially doing some of the best work. The squadron manoeuvred in front of the works and fired with the greatest deliberation, doing an immense amount of damage, and drawing the fire of the enemy. Until the signal was given, no shot was fired on account of our shells going over among our own people. Admiral Farragut with his squadron fell on General Banks' work at the point of the bayonet; but the enemy had retreated to give way, for the enemy had made his troops break and it became necessary to fall back before overwhelming numbers. Not much ground was lost; however, we only failed to maintain our position within the main works.

U. S. CONValescent Hospital.

Baton Rouge, La., May 24th, 1863.

ENS. BARTON.—The Department of the Gulf is having very interesting times at present. The soldiers are learning the nine months men how to fight. New England has joined hands with the Hoosiers, Suckers, Wolverines and Badgers (not without much hard feelings on the part of the latter however) to drive the enemy from the South-West. It seems as though the Great Providence had given our armies new strength, and caused them to be invincible. A number of wounded rebels were brought from Port Hudson, yesterday, and are now at this hospital. Several of them will die. Dr. Van Nostrand is performing some amputations now. They show considerable spunk, and say they will fight again when they are
Port Hudson was bombarded again last night. The flashes could be seen from this place. It was kept up for three hours, with more noise than damage.

Gen. Sherman's division has moved from New Orleans to the field at Port Hudson, and there are scarcely any troops now at the city.

The works will probably be taken by the 4th, my brain is bewildered, and I am at a loss to know how to commence, how to proceed, connect or stop. I believe however that my last communication was from Opelousas, since which time, we have eaten, drank and slept in the saddle. We have performed some wonderful equestrian feats, some matchless tumbling, and kept in a perfect whirl of excitement night and day.

We have roamed the extensive prairies, forced bayous, lassoed horses, chased Rebels, and other acts too numerous to mention. While at Opelousa we were transferred into Dwight's brigade, Grover's division, went down to Washington and had a running fight of six miles with the enemy, then commenced our march to Alexandria on Red river eighty miles distant; our advance was in sight of the rear of the enemy nearly all the time. On this march Gen. Dwight's brother was shot by a Guerrilla; the assassin was caught, tried and shot. We made a grand cavalry dash into Alexandria, coming in on the dead run, horses so many savages, and what a notable figure we did cut; rough, ragged and dirty are feeble words to express our condition; we found that Comodore Davis had beaten us, having reached there the night before, took possession of the town and holstered the stars and stripes, in the center of the town; we stopped and gave three rousing cheers for the flag, three for the navy, three for Comodore Davis and cheered for everybody and with a will too, such as the 4th Wis. had not evinced since the first three or four months in the service.

We had been on a long march and endured much hardship and we fancied that we were going to have a season of rest, but in this we were deceived. We started the next day in pursuit of the enemy and overtook him at Cane river 45 miles from Alexandria, completely surprising him, taking about forty-five prisoners, and scattering the rest; we captured about 1000 horses and mules. Co. C was detailed to guard the baggage train back to Alexandria, since which time we have been detached from the regiment. Immediately upon reaching Alexandria the Co. C was detailed to guard Gen. Banks Head quarters baggage train; we proceeded to Simmsport, 80 miles distant on the Atchafalya, twelve miles from the mouth of Red river, crossed as expeditiously as possible on a flat boat, rowed by six negroes; you may guess how fast that was, over a river a mile wide and very rapid. Gen. Grover's division arrived while we were crossing; next morning Co. C 4th Wis. and Co. F 1st La. cavalry started on a reconnoitering expedition, we were joined by three companies of N.Y. cavalry, all under the command of Major——. We proceeded down the Red to its mouth where we saw the steamship Littlefield watching for rebel pay. We then descended the Mississippi going through the town of Williamston, St. Counce and a couple other little places sporting no name, and stopped off at positive Port Hudson, where the chief engineer on Gen. Grover's staff made observations and gained the desired information. We had a splendid view of the fortifications, and the examination was highly satisfactory. We took a prisoner who informed us there was a rebel force on that side the river on the point opposite Port Hudson which point was scattered around us by a small bayou. Of the strength of the force we knew nothing, but it was determined that we should find out something about them; so we proceeded about three miles down the bayou, and crossed a little neck of land connecting with the point, and then proceeded up the point thinking to bag them. Co. F being the only ones that were fully armed, were sent out as skirmishers. Co. C had no sables, nothing but our long muskets which were useless on a horse; the New York boys had no carbines, nothing but sabres and revolvers, good enough on a charge, but worthless as skirmishers, so we had only eighteen men fully armed; we had not proceeded far, when the skirmishers were attacked by the enemy in the edge of a piece of woods, they held their ground bravely, returning the fire with surprising rapidity.

Co. C, under Lieut. Brooks, immediately dashed forward to their support, but the N.Y. cavalry hung back; Lieut. Mack of Co. F, rode back urging them to come forward and make a charge and we could take them prisoners; but they refused. He came back swearing horribly, and addressing us said: "Come on Wisconsin, your boys are as good as they ought to be in —ii." We joined his company, Co. C numbering 27 and Co F numbering 18. The Enemy retired farther into the woods, we followed and deployed. Co. F, with the first platoon of Co. C, under Lieut. Mack, deployed to the right of the road, while the 2nd Platoon of Co. C, 15 men, under Lieut. Brooks, deployed to the left extending from the road to the Bayou. Thus forty-five men began a fight with an unknown force of the enemy right under the guns of Port Hudson, that famous stronghold of the Southwest, frowning down upon us. The Garrison viewing the contest, and we being 57 miles from reinforcements.

The attempt was hazardous in the extreme; the major in command was 5 miles behind drunk! [bully for the Major!] —Com.] Abandoned by our comrades, each lieut. had to fight on his own hook; but we had found the enemy, and was bound to fight him. Lieut. Brooks advanced through the woods about 40 rods, when he struck the levee road, the advance of the rebels being in sight we commenced firing briskly, the enemy again retreating, we chased them about 40 rods farther to a turn in the road and levee; Lieut. Brooks and Sergeant O'Con- nor taking the lead; the Lieut., becoming convinced that the enemy were endeavoring to draw us into an ambush, gave the order to hold, which we now in rather a nice position. Our horses were untrained and would become unmanageable, if we went to firing guns about their ears, and having only fifteen men we could not afford to dismount and let a part hold horses while the rest fought. Several of the boys dismounted and holding their own horses fired whenever they saw a rebel. The enemy waited...
some time in silence, hoping that we would advance into their snare, but Lieut. Brooks was not to be caught in that way. Sergeant O'Connor went over the levee and advanced alone into the woods to within ten rods of the ambuscade, finding that they were discovered, they opened a tremendous fire of musketry upon us, we replied with some effect, for we saw many fall; but the overwhelming numbers of the enemy convinced us that we could do nothing there, with no force to fall back to, so we were ordered to retreat. About this time, Wm. Sager, of Lima, was shot through the hand. He had just charged a cartridge and was drawing rammer and the shot took him in the right hand, but he succeeded in loading his piece and fired. By this time we had returned some distance; he then mounted his horse and fled, the bullets coming after him like hailstones, but it was true blue. He went a short distance to the rear, where one of the boys tied up his hand the best he could and he rejoined the company and remained through the action.

A bullet went through the stock of E. Estry's gun, between the barrel and rammer, the splinters skinning his knuckles. We retreated about 10 rods and halted, when Sergeant O'Connor came trotting up leading his horse, which was so badly frightened he could not mount him. The rebels then sent up a yell of exultation which made me feel worthless, but could not resent it, so we fell back into the clearing behind the levee, so that they came out in sight we could pepper them. Sergeant O'Connor was dispatched to inform Lieut. Mack that we had retreated, so that the enemy should not flank him and cut him off, but the Sergeant could not find him. Meantime Lieut. Mack with his men had advanced rapidly to meet any opposition, and the New Yorkers advancing along the road at a respectful distance behind. Upon hearing that loud firing upon his left, he ordered his men to about face and come to the support of Lieut. Brooks. Before he could get his men together in the road and get back, however, the firing ceased, and he supposing that we were all prisoners, ordered a retreat, the New Yorkers being behind now came the advance, next Co. F, then the first platoon of Co. C. The rebels had stationed themselves in the woods by the road side, and now poured in a terrible fire upon them as they passed by. Here occurred a striking instance of the heroism that characterized our boys and made them conspicuous.

One of the N. Y. cavalry was killed and his comrades rode on and left him, not a man paying any regard to it. When Co. C came Wm. S. Bussell stopped and ordered two negroes that rode in the rear to dismantle and lift that body on his horse. They did so and he took that dead body across the neck of his horse, and carried it five miles, when it seemed like certain death to stop. It won for him the encomiums of the whole party, and too late, but he was praised in his praise. It was a noble act, prompted only by the determination that the enemy should not obtain it as a trophy.
means for their gratification, led him to spend several years of study at his beautiful home in Waukesha, where for a portion of the time he was Professor in Carroll College, and also engaged in a local paper, after his being engaged in banking.

When the war broke out, Gov. Randall, who had planned Col. Bean as a townsmen, recognized his fitness for an honorable command, and appointed him Lieutenant Colonel of the Fourth Regiment, a position for which he seemed highly competent. Applying himself to the texts of the military art with an unusual degree of perseverance, his fitness for the highest responsible duties enabled him to achieve a mastery of technical details, which, with slower minds, is the work of years.

Last Summer, while Lieut. Col. Bean was with his regiment below Vicksburg, we asked one of his Captains, on a visit here, as to his military ability. He replied, "If all the books on tactics were burned up, Bean could re-write them out of his own head." He was with his regiment nearly all the time from its departure two years ago, until his death, with the exception of a visit home which he was obliged to make last Fall.

During a large portion of the time Col. Paine was acting Brigadier, so that the command and regiment devolved on him, until about three months ago, he was appointed Colonel, Col. Paine's merits having met with a tardy recognition, mainly on account of his location among eastern troops, where eastern officers controlled promotions.

Col. Bean's residence was at Waukesha, where his widow, multiply bereaved by the loss of her two eldest sons in the war, now resides. Our sympathies and those of the State, will be with her in this hour of crushing affliction, and I do know they will avail little, for they cannot restore her gallant and accomplished son.

Letter from New Orleans.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

New Orleans, La., May 29, 1863.

DEAR SIR,—No steamer leaves before the 4th proximo, or I would wait the arrival of the full particulars of the battle, and its result, at Port Hudson. We have had the hardest kind of fighting for five days, and many a brave man, among whom is Lieut. Col. Bean, assistant adjutant general of the 4th Wis., is dead. He was shot yesterdays by a sharp-shooter and died instantly. Edward Herron has lost his right leg and I think he will die. Our loss in killed and wounded is over 1,500. Thus far our regiment has lost 100. Col. Paine took command of this division at Alexandria and is still in command. Gen. Sherman is badly wounded in the hip—will probably lose his life. Lieut. Clapp, of company G, of our regiment, and Judge Advocate on Gen. Sherman's staff, is killed. Capt. W. P. Moore is in the field although in poor health. He is in command of the regiment at present and will probably be its Major, if there is enough left for a regiment after this fight is over; that will be hard to tell.

The rebels have a good force and the strongest kind of fortifications, and the strongest natural position in the world. The fort is surrounded with thick woods, full of rifle pits. Our men have driven them from the woods into their fortifications, and we cannot go further with our present force, but we are hourly expecting an increase, and, if we get enough, we shall go into the fort. But it would be a hard matter even if there was no danger of being killed, for they are surrounded by a deep gulph full of fallen timber and is almost impassable for man or beast.

We have three Negro regiments, and they are the best and most desperate fighting men in the world. They charged a battery seven times and were just moved to the ground every time; and I do know that they went where no white troops would or could have been made to go, for there was no alternative but death for them, and they all knew it; but they never ran or flinched, but marched up and were completely slaughtered until ordered to fall back. When their Colonel asked them if they could take the battery they said they could and would or die; and when asked to form a line under the fire of sharpshooters they did it as promptly as if they were in camp and when their men were shot out of the ranks they would close in as promptly as though they were dressing the line. In one instance that came under my personal observation where one of them had a leg shot off and his captain told two of his men to carry him to the rear, the poor fellow said, "No Captain, don't mind me; go on and kill them fellows, pay no attention to me, but give them all I've got; and then they called out to the rebel, Come out of that and give us a chance, and we will show you that we can fight. Just then the masked battery opened on them with grape and canister and killed and wounded over sixty of the company of eighty. They were then ordered to fall back which they did in good order; and then the next company went in, in the same way; and they would have gone in as long as there was a man left.

It is now a well established fact that there are no soldiers in the world that are equal to the Negroes; and all those who have been talking about making the Negroes their equal had better keep their mouths closed, for I know that one thousand negros can whip all the nine months men that have been raised in the United States. Col. Nelson told me that he was always afraid that they would not fight; but he now says he will never lay down his sword until every negro is free, unless he lays it down with his life. Lt. Pierce, my chum, has got a shot through one arm and I am all right yet, and think I shall be so when I come out. One thing is sure, I will acquit myself with honor rather than disgrace, if it costs my life.

My time is up and I must go to the front. You will hear from me again as soon as this is ours or hear of my death in the official reports. * * * C. D. Wooster.


The New York State of the 9th, has a letter from its New Orleans correspondent, from which we make the following extract. The letter of Colonel Bean was
The Death of Col. Bean—Resolutions of Condolence.

A committee appointed by the Union League of Waukesha, for the purpose of drafting appropriate Resolutions expressive of the deep sorrow pervading the community regarding the death of Col. Sidney A. Bean, report the following preamble and resolutions:

Waukesha, May 1. It has pleased an All-wise Providence to remove from among us, on the field of battle, in the midst of usefulness, in the prime of his manhood, and while fighting in defense of his country, Col. Sidney A. Bean, a prominent citizen and one of the most active and esteemed members of this community; it becomes us in an appropriate manner to record the deep sorrow we feel at this event, which has cast a gloom over the entire State, and also to record the high estimation in which we cherish his worthy memory—brave as he was among the incorruptible and unconquerable in his loyalty to the Government— and among the best to go farther and farther in the battles of his country. Be it therefore—

Resolved, That the sterling integrity and industry, which characterized our lamented fellow citizen, have endeared him not only to his friends but elicited encomiums from his enemies, and placed him high in the confidence of our citizens generally—a confidence which has been misplaced: And when he was elevated from the walks of civil life and placed in the important position of Commander of a Regiment of Infantry, the arduous duties of his position were discharged with such fidelity and spotless honor that it entitles his memory to public commemoration.

That in the death of Col. Bean the State has lost an honest, faithful and true man, who for a long series of years dedicated himself to the service of his country, and who for many years was all I took. Lieutenant of Engineers.

The General was at the head of his command, and the men were under the impression that they were on the enemy's line of battle. My anxiety to press my regiment forward and to keep it together and into line was increased by the sight of the enemy's line of battle. Consequently, my regiment was held in check until the enemy was driven from the hill. I halted, and in half an hour our advance was halted, and the men drove away the garrisons from their pieces, and silenced every cannon but one—that being out of range—and as the order was given to turn our backs on the enemy, the men drove away the garrisons from their pieces, and silenced every cannon but one—that being out of range—nor dared man of the rebels show his head above the breastworks. The number of their killed and wounded must have been great before they abandoned their guns. I have just been reading in the Herald, which was deposited in their last moments, the record of the deep sorrow we feel at this event, which has cast a gloom over the entire State, and also to record the high estimation in which we cherish his worthy memory—brave as he was among the incorruptible and unconquerable in his loyalty to the Government— and among the best to go farther and farther in the battles of his country. Be it therefore—

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Resolved, That the sterling integrity and industry, which characterized our lamented fellow citizen, have endeared him not only to his friends but elicited encomiums from his enemies, and placed him high in the confidence of our citizens generally—a confidence which has been misplaced: And when he was elevated from the walks of civil life and placed in the important position of Commander of a Regiment of Infantry, the arduous duties of his position were discharged with such fidelity and spotless honor that it entitles his memory to public commemoration.

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A SOLDIER'S LETTER

We have heard that one reason, and the principal one, why Democratic leaders oppose the enlistment of their Democratic friends and adherents is because they have learned that every man enlisted, just as soon as he sees service and becomes acquainted with the designs of the rebels and with the effect of their slave system, becomes an opponent of the schemes of peace, conciliation and compromise, that said leader's strength is to hard make successful.

We are inclined to believe that there is some truth in this statement, and it will not be a letter which we have recently read, written by the son of a gentleman living a few miles from New Lisbon and gotting so low at the North. They cry for peace, peace, and use as an argument for it that so many hardships have to be endured, and so many precious lives sacrificed, that it is the duty of the States to stop such an inhuman and bloody war. This is their plea, but it is not the real cause — that I believe is because it touches their pockets. O, America! must it be said that the spirit of '76 has become exhausted? Have your sons become so unmindful of the duty they owe to the memory of their forefathers, as well as of that to coming generations? Have they become such lovers of mammon that they will sacrifice country, honor, liberty, and everything that is calculated to elevate them above the savage, rather than their friends at home could see a mail distributed under circumstances such as our last one was they would write oftener than they do. We had been on a three days' march and had returned to within five miles of Baton Rouge, where the mail was sent us. We were making ourselves as comfortable as possible in the swamp — without tents or blankets, but our rubbers, which we always have with us — and the rain was descending in torrents, the wind blew a perfect gale, the thunder bowled, the lightning blazed and it seemed as if all the elements were striving to determine which could throw the things of earth into the greatest confusion. Thus we were situated; creeping and crouching behind trees, or logs, or anything that would furnish us the least bit of protection from the contending elements, when the mail came out to us. As there was a tent at Head Quarters it was immediately distributed, and it would have done you good to have seen how eagerly every one listened to the names as they were read over, always expecting that the next is his own. In a very short time it was all distributed and the favored ones were crouching around the fires, which by the way were almost extinguished by the storm, and as they passed from line to line the countenance showed that every hardship was forgotten, and every pain drowned in the remembrance of home.

I am sorry to learn that patriotism is getting so low at the North. They cry for peace, peace, and use as an argument for it that so many hardships have to be endured, and so many precious lives sacrificed, that it is the duty of the States to stop such an inhuman and bloody war. This is their plea, but it is not the real cause — that I believe is because it touches their pockets. O, America! must it be said that the spirit of '76 has become exhausted? Have your sons become so unmindful of the duty they owe to the memory of their forefathers, as well as of that to coming generations? Have they become such lovers of mammon that they will sacrifice country, honor, liberty, and everything that is calculated to elevate them above the savage, rather than their
money? Some secessionists at the north do more to sustain the war than all others. Their conduct is just what the rebels want. Well they know that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." Oh, that such men would stop before they go one step farther in the path that leads to disruption, before the silver cords of our Union are snapped asunder, never to be united again, and before more of the blood of brave men is poured out on the field of strife. Let me say here that those in the field do not want such a peace as these men would give us; they will not have it on such low and cringing terms. We enlisted with our eyes open, to put down the rebellion, to crush the monster utterly, and will be satisfied with nothing less. I am surprised that men, always supposed to be loyal, should make this attack on our rear. It is a stain upon their name which they can never blot out. They have debased themselves in the eyes of our enemies. The time will come when they will be hissed at, and the will be spoken of with contempt by every man that feels a love of country.

The historian will point them out in coming generations, as a class of weak faint-hearted, narrow-minded men incapable of self-government or self-protection, and ready to succumb to the vilest band of desperadoes that ever existed. What, talk of peace will there be yet a traitor in arms, and the enemy is in the full tide of his power. It is treason; treason against nature. I wonder that the dead of Bull Run, Antietam, and the other places that will ever be fresh in the mind of the American people, do not rise to haunt the man who

and each one was as capable of doing and suffering as this is, I would freely give them all for the defense of my country.

Your brother,

CLARK.

Since the above was in type we have received a list of the killed and wounded in the battle before Port Hudson, in that list we find the name of the writer of the above thus reported:

Sergt. C. M. Kenyon, A, died of wounds on the battle field.

A brave boy has fallen but we feel confident that he, during life, asked no higher or nobler epitaph than that he died of wounds on the battle field.

Died in the hospital at Baton Rouge, La., on the 15th of June, Capt. L. R. BLAKE, 4th Regiment Wisconsin Infantry.

Capt. BLAKE was wounded in the arm at Port Hudson, underwent amputation, but after lingering a few days, passed away to his eternal home. Thus has this accursed rebellion cost the life of another brave man, devoted, patriotic, and christian soldier. Among the first of Wisconsin's brave sons, L. R. Blake offered himself for his country's defense, and has faithfully and well discharged his duty, leaving for his many friends the glorious consolation that he died in the cause of freedom and humanity.

The sympathies of this entire community will be united with the relatives of the deceased in this city, who are again called upon to pass through the deep waters of affliction. Mr. L. S. BLAKE and family have indeed experienced the bitter ills of treason. First, in the death of a nephew, (whom they loved as a son) Joseph R. Blake, member of the Belle City Rifles, who nearly fell facing the enemy in Virginia. Next they were called to mourn the death of a brother, Charles BLAKE, who in the battle of Holly Springs received a fatal wound. In the battle of Prairie Grove another brother, Lieut. Atien S. BLAKE, was severely wounded, and has only recently been able to resume his duties, and now we record the death of the youngest brother at Baton Rouge.

DEATH OF LUKE GILL.

The following letter from Lieutenant NEEDEHAN, of Co. K, 4th Regiment, to Mrs. GILL has been handed us for publication:

IN REAR ON PORT HUDSON, LA. June 15th, 1863.

MADAM:—It is always a painful duty for me to perform when I have to notify the friends of those that have died in the army or fell in battle; but it is a painful duty it has to be performed. Your husband, L. GILL, was killed while making a charge on the enemy's works on the 14th inst. He was hit by a rifle ball in the side. At first the wound was not thought to be dangerous, but during the afternoon he became worse and died little before sunset. He was wounded early in the morning, but he could not be removed from the battle field, for it was almost certain death for any one to go over the field to pick up the wounded; consequently those that were badly wounded had to remain until dark before they could be removed from the field of battle. J. Doyle and N. Ebert did all they could for him until he died. He was a good soldier, and his loss will not only be felt at home, but by the officers and members of his Company, and by all who knew him.

Yours respectfully,

R. J. NEEDEHAN,
1st Lieut. Company K, 4th W. V.

REPORT OF KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING OF THE 4TH WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS IN A CHARGE ON THE ENEMY'S WORKS AT PORT HUDSON, JUNE 14TH, 1863.

Adjudant G W Wintemeyer, killed.

COMPANY A—LIEUT. N. H. CRITTENDEN, COMMANDING.

Killed—Sergt Moses Moore, killed.

Wounded—Corp Gilbert B Finch, right shoulder, slight; Corp Thomas Gill, wrist and leg, slight; James Cardile, forehead, slight; A J Chamberlain, left leg, severe; Wm D Blake, neck, slight; Moses Duncomb, right arm, slight; Orian M Griggs, arm, leg and neck, slight; Reuben T Moody, foot, slight.

Missing—Sergt Hiram S Neyer, Sergt S L Smith, Sergt C M Kenyon, Corp Thomas Duvley, Corp F W Ludeman, Corp Henry A Perry, John Origren, Austin Kettleson, F W Louxeman, Nels Neill, Ashbel Patterson, Dan A Proctor.

COMPANY B—CAPT. G. W. CARTER, COMMANDING.

Killed—Ephraim B Cornwall.

Wounded—Capt Geo W Carter, hand and leg, severely; Chas W Kimball, arm, slight; Julius C Thompson, leg, slight; Elbert H Masters, thumb off; Sergt H O Piece, arm, wrist, slight; Capt N Wheeler, shoulder, severe; Jos Bailey, arm, severe; Charles Henry.

Missing—Corp Edwin D Henry; Corp A H Root; Dowitt C Strong, Chester A. Piper, Dennis Crowley, John Russell, Dan P Beendridge, Nathan R Brown, Charles Jenkins, Wright Martin, Geo F Pygall, Ira E Smith, K Nelson, Geo Wilcox, Clark B Delano, John Keubu.

COMPANY D—1ST SERGT. W. DUFFIELD, COMMANDING.


Wounded—John W Baldwin, right arm, severe; Wm Manes, right arm, slight; Blanche D Turbee, through right wrist; Augustine C Ketchum, left shoulder; James Hance, shoulder; Ezra O White, head and right arm; C W Osborn, left shoulder, badly; Phineas Parker, shoulder; Capt Gay C Price, left ankle, severe.

Missing—Corp Isaac W Earl.

COMPANY E—1ST SERGT. LEWIS JONES, COMMANDING.

Wounded—Sergt Lewis Jones, band and wrist, severe; Corp Andrew Nedgert, shoulder, dangerously; Le Roy Jones,
The part taken by General Paine.

From Correspondence N. Y. Times.

At 3:30 a.m., of Sunday, June 14, the column formed on the Clinton road and commenced moving. At about 4 a.m. the skirmishers moved right up to the scene of action—Gen. Paine being with them in advancing, and the deadly work commenced—the enemy pouring in upon them the most terrible volleys, and our dauntless men combatting their way right up to the enemy's breastworks.

For hours the carnage continued furious—Gen. Paine being seriously wounded, and in spite of the fearful odds against them, or figbling against the officers being sick. The officers were kept up the fight with the most domital. fortress.

It is impossible to overrate the courage and endurance which Gen. Paine showed on this occasion. Although so severely wounded in the leg as to be quite disabled, he would not consent to leave the field, but remained there during the long sultry day to cheer on his men at the momentary risk of being killed by some rebel shot.

Various efforts were made by his men to get him off the field, or at least to get refreshments to him, and two gallant fellows, on two separate occasions, lost their lives in the attempt. One was E. P. Woods, private of Co. E, Eighth New Hampshire, and the other, John Williams, Co. D, Thirty-first Massachusetts. It happened to be at the hospital when the latter poor fellow was brought in. He had been shot clean through the breast, and lingered but a few minutes after his arrival there.

Before Gen. Paine was wounded, he had succeeded in getting five regiments within three or four rods of the enemy's works—some of the skirmishers actually getting inside.

Our loss on this occasion was very great—the killed, wounded and missing of Paine's command reaching to nearly seven hundred. A number of officers and privates (among them Capt. Stum- man, of the Eighth New Hampshire, Lieut. Harris and Lieut. Newell, of the same) being wounded was ordered in as prisoners, under threat of being shot from the enemy's works. Gen. Paine was shot with the knee of the left leg, shattering both bones, but hopes are still entertained of saving his leg. He was not brought off the field till night time, when his wounds was dressed and he immediately conveyed to New Orleans.

FROM THE FOURTH REGIMENT.

140 Killed and Wounded at the Storming of Port Hudson.

We have been handed a letter from E. G. Wood, a member of Co. K, 4th Wisconsin Regiment, dated Baton Rouge, June 20th, 1863. From it we learn that the 4th lost 140 men, in killed, wounded and missing, at the storming of Port Hudson on Sunday, the 14th of June.

Only eight companies were engaged in the assault. Co. C being detailed as body guard to Gen. Banks, and Co. C was detailed for duty at Carrollton Barracks.

Five of the companies were commanded by sergents, the officers being sick. The following is a list of the killed, wounded and missing in Co. K, which was commanded by 2nd Lieut. Ed. Johnson.

Killed—Luke Gill, Chas. McGee;
Wounded—Sergeant G. A. Johnson;
Privates L. Ferguson, C. McCarter, C. Timmerman.
Military—Capt. A. J. Dunlap.

The 4th has lost in killed wounded and missing, 253 men, since the 12th of April last, as follows:

At the battle of April 12-13 on the

Tesche, 13
In the attack on Pt. Hudson May 27th, 8
In the fight at Clinton, June 3rd, 12
In the storming of Pt. Hudson, June 14th, 140
Total, 253

On the morning of the 18th inst., the eight companies at Pt. Hudson could only muster 53 men fit for duty.

FROM THE 4TH REGIMENT.

The following letter from the 4th Regiment was not received until this week. It gives the particulars of the death of the three noble boys, from this county, who fell at the first attack on Port Hudson:

Rear of Port Hudson,
June 9th, 1863.

Editor Times:—I take advantage of this opportunity to inform the friends of 3rd Company, of the 4th Regiment, concerning the loss thus far sustained by us during the investment of Port Hudson.

We mourn the loss of three gallant soldiers, viz: Corporals Charles Francis, Roehr, and Private James Dutcher and Henry O. Watrous.

Roehr and Watrous were both killed by a solid shot, which struck Roehr in the left breast, carrying away his left breast and arm; and Watrous in the head. They constituted the left file of the 4th Company. Both were killed instantly.

This was on the 27th of May. We remained under fire for six nights. G.

Orderly Sergt. John H. Walburt, 24
Sergt. Nathaniel Goodell, and privates Henry M. Dake were wounded, all slightly. More anon.

S. C. M.

Another Assault on Port Hudson—Terrible Charge of the Fourth Wisconsin.

Correspondence of the Natchez Times.

Headquarters Department of the East, July 26th 1863.

It is with a heavy heart that I attempted to regard the scenes of the past two weeks. My heart recoils and I shrink from the task in my last I informed you of the painful condition in which the 4th Wisconsin was placed, and the heroic actions on the well-fought field of May 1st. Since then the regiment was relieved from its position in the front, after holding their post in advance of the rest of the line for forty days and nights. June 4th the regiment was again mounted and accompanied Col. O'Hara, with his Illinois Cavalry, to Clinton, 35 miles distant. While they fought a desperate battle, losing several men and two guns, Capt. Blake, Co. I, killed, and Capt. Gleason, Co. F, mortally wounded.
They were driven back by superior numbers returned, and on the 7th Gen. Paine started with his whole brigade, and the regiment remained under the command of Col. Fearing till the 10th, when it was again ordered to advance. On the 11th, the 4th and 5th Mass. Mass. were deployed as skirmishers, in front of the lying division of Col. Paine's regiment, consisted of the 116th, 133d, 1783d, N. Y. and 4th Mass., carrying hand grenades. The 3d line was placed in the rear of the line who were to roll up cotton bales for protection and advance in line of battle. The two regiments of skirmishers advanced under a murderous fire of grape, shell and canister, to within short range, without looking back, supporting that their supports were close behind, but on looking back, what was their dismay to find their supports, supported, the remainder of the division, having the rail road and halted, seeking shelter where they could find it. Only the 124th and 177th continued to advance, when Col. Currie of the 133d was wounded in both arms, and Mass. was completely riddled with balls. The other companies were formed in four lines behind their works, each firing in succession, keeping up a constant fire. The enemy, having a superior force, sent the artillery toward the parapet, and called out to the wounded who were lying about in all directions, telling them they were brave men; that if they attempted to stir they would shoot them. A few, who were badly wounded and were suffering for water, and nearly dead from long exposure to the sun, consented to the proposals and gave themselves up. On the dawn of June 14th, the division of Gen. Grover, who commanded the right wing, asking for orders. The General said nothing could be done, they would have to wait till night, and take him away under cover of darkness, which was accordingly done.

The General told him to tell the men to keep away from him, and not sacrifice any more lives in trying to save him; that it was of no use, he could reach them. The General has since died of wounds received there; among them is Milan E. Ray of Co., E.

Two days after we received our regiment again marched to Clinton with an infantry force, all under the command of Gen. Paine. The enemy evacuated the place before we entered it, without showing fight.

On the thirteenth our regiment were again dismounted, and ordered to the front, to lead a charge upon the Rebel breast-work at Port Hudson. At about 2 p.m., the 14th inst., we formed in line and marched to within about 300 yards of the breastworks, and were deployed as skirmishers, at two paces intervals. About four paces in our rear, were the 8th New Hampshire Regiment, deployed in a similar manner.

About 250 men from the 4th Mass. 110 N. Y. Regts., were deployed still in our rear, each man bearing a hand-grenade, to throw over the works at the Rebels.

Still in our rear about 200 yards, the whole of Paine's Division (3d Brigade,) were to advance on the main supporting column.

Just at the "flush of day," our artillery opened a heavy fire for a few minutes. Gen. Paine passed along the line and gave the word, and away we went towards the breast-works on the double-quick in splendid style. We had not advanced twenty rods before the rebels opened a terribly cutting fire upon us. Men struck with rebel bullets and grape, fell plunging headlong on the ground, in every direction; still we passed gallantly on, no one halted but the dead and wounded—until we reached the breast-works, climbed upon them; some went over, either dead or prisoners; most fell under the rampart, killed or wounded.

The few that were left sought such protection as we could find behind stumps and little swells of the ground. Our supports in the mean time, seeing our fate, refused to come forward either to take the works, or rescue us.
The result of the matter is that out of the two regiments, (the 4th Wis., and 8th N. H.) but a small portion are left to tell the tale.

Gen. Paine tried to rally our “support,” but they wouldn’t budge an inch. He was wounded on the field, in the leg about 6 o’clock a.m., and was obliged to lie there until dark, before he could be taken away.—Several men were killed during the day in trying to get to him. I was within two rods of him nearly all day, but managed to crawl off in the afternoon about 4 or 5 o’clock.

The rebel sharpshooters amused themselves all day, by shooting at our wounded and dead men, as they lay on the field.

We took about 220 men into the battle, and from that number there are 140 killed, wounded and missing. Most of the missing are probably killed or wounded. We cannot search the field by reason of the sharpshooters. We had but six officers on the battle field. Adj’t. Wintremyer, is killed; Lieut. Jeffett is either killed, or a prisoner; Capt. Carter, severely wounded; Lieuts. Chittenden, Williams and myself escaped. I have only some close cuts through my coat sleeve &c. to show. Lieut. Col. Hoondmand, is absent; is sick and has been some time; Maj. Bailey is absent detached. Yours, &c. W. P. M.

Gen. Paine Seriously Wounded.—Inter est of the Particulars.—Noble Conduct of Negro Troops. [From the Madison Journal.]

The following letter will be read with deep interest by the people of Wisconsin. Gen. Paine was among the first to volunteer in defense of the country, on the first call of the President for troops. He was Quartermaster of the 2d regiment, that first took possession of Camp Randall, in which position he displayed so much tact and ability, that on the organization of the 4th regiment, he was appointed its Colonel. That regiment, under Gen. Paine, has done excellent service, as the people of the State well know. Last winter, Col. Paine was promoted to be a Brigadier General, in which position he has done honor to himself and his State. He has fallen severely wounded, while leading his brigade against the rebel entrenchments at Port Hudson. His many friends in Wisconsin will pray for his speedy restoration to health, and to his position as one of the noblemen of the Union. But we will let our correspondent give the particulars relative to the General’s fall and rescue.

NEW ORLEANS, La., June 18, 1863.

MISSISSIPPI, ATWOOD & RUBLEY:—Yesterday Gen. Paine, formerly Colonel of the 4th Wisconsin, was brought to town from Port Hudson, severely wounded in the leg, which he will probably lose. He fell, while bravely leading his brigade against the rebel entrenchments. After he fell, his brigade, being repulsed, left him on the field near the rebel entrenchments. Gen. Paine succeeded in crawling into a small gully, which protected him from the shots of the rebel sharpshooters, who seemed determined to kill him. There he lay, wounded by the dead and wounded. The next question was how to get him back to camp. Four negro soldiers volunteered to bring him on a stretcher.—When they came within a short distance of the General they were shot down. Several attempts were made, and fourteen negroes were killed before the General was relieved. It is universally conceded that the negroes make capital soldiers; and at Port Hudson, so far, they have fought as well as any soldiers in the United States Army. Gen. Paine is in the Charity Hospital here, under the care of Dr. Stone, one of the best surgeons in New Orleans, and is doing well. As can be expected. Capt. Hirten is at the St. James Hospital and is doing well. Y. B. P. S. News has just been received from Port Hudson that the Lieut. Col. of the 4th Wisconsin was either killed or badly wounded, and that the regiment was badly cut up. Gen. Banks has given up the idea of taking Port Hudson by storm. Several days ago about fifty large siege guns were sent up there. The artillery and the space will take the place without many mistakes. A great many of the 4th Wisconsin, wounded soldiers, are in the hospitals here. They are all well cared for. I see many of them every day:

[Correspondence of the Times.]

CONVALESCENT CAMP, BATON ROUGE, La., June 19th, 1863. j

FRIEND ROSS—Dear Sir:—I know how anxious you and your friends here are to hear from the Fourth in times of less importance than at present, therefore I send a few lines with a list of the killed, wounded and missing of the 4th in a charge on the entrenchments of Port Hudson.

Killed.—Adjutant J. W. Wintremyer.

Killed.—Sergt. Moses Ramsey.


CO. B, CAPT. CARTER, COMMANDING.

Killed.—Private C. B. Cornwall.


CO. D, 1ST SERGT. W. H. BUFIELD, COMMANDING.

Killed.—Privates Wm. P. StuIlich, Frank C. Furballs, Horace Dike.


Missing.—Corps. Isaac W. Earl.

CO. E, 1ST SERGT. L. JONES COMMANDING.

Wounded.—Corps. C. S. Frisell, George Sanborn; privates J. F. B. Knowlton, A. Woodward, John Fish, J. V. Wright.

CO. F, 1ST SERGT. J. M. HEAD COMMANDING.

Killed.—Privates J. P. Tapner.

Wounded.—Corps. J. M. Head, W. W. Winter;
Corps. C. C. Coffen, G. D. Utter; Privates


CO. H, SERGT. O’LEARY, COMMANDING.


Missing.—Privates N. Alexander, J. McDonald.

CO. J, LIEST. D. P. JENNET COMMANDING.

Wounded.—Corps. G. S. Bailey, John Chander;
Privates C. S. Linnebe, H. O. Robbins, D. A.
Scofield, Alex. H. Smith, John Vankirk.

Missing.—Sergt. D. P. Jewett; Sergt. J. P.
Mathews; Corp. F. K. Thomas; Privates M.

CO. H, SERGT. O. H. JOHNSON, COMMANDING.


Wounded.—Sergt. G. A. Johnson; Privates L.
Furgison, C. M. Carter, G. Timmerman.


Company C was not in the fight; they are body guard to Gen. Banks.

Company G is in the Fort at Carrolton.

DECAPITULATION.

Killed. Wounded. Missing. Total

Co. A 3 8 21

Co. B 1 7 25

Co. C 3 9 18

Co. D 4 14 30

Co. E 1 18 21

Co. H 8 15 32
The Assault on the Enemy's Works at Port Hudson on the 14th ult.—Brave-Hearted Wisconsin Boys again Exhibited.—The Regiment Lost 110 out of 220 Men Engaged—Full List of the Killed and Wounded.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

BATON ROUGE, June 19, 1863.

I have to record another terrible loss in the Fourth, during a charge upon the intrenchments of Port Hudson, Sunday last. As will be seen by a list which I enclose, the loss on that fatal morning was one hundred and forty out of two hundred and twenty who went into the fight.

Capt. Moore, who is in temporary command of the regiment, thinks that the missing, (64,) are all killed or wounded; but a rebel surgeon, who came out under a flag of truce on Wednesday, reports that they have a lieutenant and twenty of the Wisconsin boys prisoners. This statement I hope is true; but in a two years' encounter with the rebels, we have never known one of them to tell the truth.

The long list of killed and wounded tells too plainly how well the regiment fought, and how much, for want of time, discuss all the brave deeds did by men of Wisconsin on that crimson field. Suffice it to say, that every man fought as if the fate of the Union depended on his single arm.

It was during this charge that Gen. Paine was severely wounded. Some New York and Pennsylvania regiments were to have supported ours, but failed to do so. While wounded and lying on the field, he heard that his old regiment was being out to pieces, and receiving no support, as he had ordered, he wept like a child. Gen. Paine was not brought off the field for several hours. He crawled on his back behind an old dry log, where he refused to be taken away until the battle was over. He was taken to New Orleans on Monday morning, where he will receive the best medical skill and the attentions of his family, who reside there. His right leg will probably have to be amputated.

Gen. Blake, Co. I, who was wounded a short time ago, near Clinton, died here last week. Also Milton E. Hay, Wm. Campbell and J. H. Mullen. Lieut-Col. Boardman is sick here with chronic diarrhea. His condition is not dan-

[Continued on page 4.]
The Fourth Regiment

The Federal assaults on Port Hudson were attended by disastrous losses of life. After several unsuccessful attempts to carry it by storm, Gen. Banks called for one thousand volunteers from the various regiments to make another attack. Every citizen of Wisconsin may well be proud of the brave regiment from this State that volunteered to go upon this mission of danger. The 4th Wis. Regiment, commanded by Col. Fred. Boardman, was one of those regiments. The telegraph designates the 6th Wis. Regiment as the other. This is incorrect, as this last mentioned regiment is in the army of the Potomac. The report says both regiments were reported, after a desperate conflict, captured, and among the fallen brave was Judge Clapp of Hudson, Wis., County Judge of St. Croix County, and a lawyer of excellent reputation and respectable attainments. He urged his neighbors and friends to volunteer and told them he had no longer keep in line of battle, on account of the death of the brave; but in after years when men calmly review the incidents of the war, they will accord to no man the honor of a pure patriotism and a nobler devotion to his country, than was exemplified in the conduct of Judge Clapp, for his country.

CAMP IN REAR OF PORT HUDSON.

June 29th, 1863.

Editor Sparta Eagle:

As I presume you have received no account of the movements of the 4th Regiment, I will try to give you a condensed account of the assault of the 4th on Port Hudson. After marching and driving our way through the whole of the Teche, Opelousas country, and the Red River from Cane River, forty miles above Alexandria, to the mouth of the Red, we crossed the "Father of Waters" at Bayou Sara, (twelve miles above Port Hudson, and proceeded to the latter place. This was on the afternoon of the 26th of May. We remained here over night, and on the morning of the 26th we proceeded to the scene of our recent battles. On the morning of the 27th the attack was made. The Fourth was marched forward and took their position in their old brigade.

Before us was formed three lines of battle. At about six o'clock the whole line moved forward, attacking the enemy in the woods and driving them before them, killing many, and taking some prisoners. Before us and at the distance of about one hundred rods from the enemy's works was a space where they had cut down the timber to give their artillery a chance to play on us as we approached. As I said there were three lines of battle in advance of us, but when we reached the opening we were ahead of everything, and I do not wonder that troops who were never under fire before should break, and seek safety under cover of logs, trees, and ditches. But we moved forward led by the gallant Paine; and were met by a perfect hailstorm of shot, shell, grape, cannon and musket balls. Our men were fast falling about us, and many of our best officers; but the command was FORWARDS! and forward we went. We could no longer keep in line of battle, on account of the death of the brave; but in after years when men calmly review the incidents of the war, they will accord to no man the honor of a pure patriotism and a nobler devotion to his country, than was exemplified in the conduct of Judge Clapp, for his country.

For my part I had some excellent shooting that day, from a log that I found covered behind. The regiment remained in that place for six days, and nights without relief, refusing to be relieved and each night digging rifle pits nearer to the enemy's works, and in the day time picking off their sharpshooters. On the morning of the seventh day we had to pass through, when we were ordered to halt, and here we began to shoot from our cover, and to pick off our artillery, rats, and in half an hour we had silenced all our guns that had been playing upon us with such terrible effect. We went into Hondo ed his memory. He lived and died for his country.

The 4th Wisconsin Annihilated.

In some days past there have been indefinite rumors abroad indicating that the gallant, heroic veteran 4th Wisconsin Regiment, had in some way been destroyed or taken prisoners, though few were inclined to give them credit. The letter of our correspondent in that regiment, however, received as our paper was going to press, and which we have not other matter to make room for—confirms the rumors, and gives the details of the terrible charge upon the enemy's works made by them on the 14th ult., with the indomitable will and heroic daring which have rendered them famous in the department of the Gulf;—a charge which resulted in almost complete annihilation of the eight companies participating in it, by being either killed or taken prisoners.

Among the former, we regret to find the name of our friend, Lieut. Geraves Warren,
of Co. C., Acting Adjutant of the regiment. On the call of the President for troops at the fall of Fort Hunter, Lieut. W., being that a student in the law office of J. A. Bentley, Esq., of this city, promptly volunteered as a private, was elected a Sergeant on the organization of the Company, and has ever since been with it in all its vicissitudes, gradually rising in rank until he became the acting commander of the Company when Capt. Buxton was detailed for duty on Gen. Pain's staff. He shortly after became Acting Adjutant of the regiment, which position he has honorably filled for some months past, and in which he gallantly fell at the post of duty, as the true soldier would ever wish to do. His patriot crown of glory will be studded with gems of purest water.

Co. C., we believe is Gen. Barks' body-guard, and hence were not with the balance of the regiment in the assault. The 4th was evidently sacrificed at the shrine of their own heroic bravery, and by the contemptible cowardice of the supporting regiments.

For the Times.

INCIDENTS OF THE SEIGE OF PORT HUDSON.

On the night of the 13th of June we were informed that all was ready for making a second assault. For over two weeks we had been actively engaged preparing for this assault. Several batteries had been erected and all considered it an easy thing to carry the works. Not knowing whose turn it would be to die on the morrow every lain down for a little rest. About midnight the cook brought us coffee and a little meat. (Rather an early breakfast but nothing uncommon while in active service.) After eating we made an attempt to get a little sleep now that there was a hard days work before us. On the morning of the 14th we were called up about an hour before daylight. All knew it was the intention to make an assault on the enemy's works, and the timid ones shaking in their shoes with fear.—We knew it would be a bloody day, even if crowned with success, and no doubt all of us felt a little faintness about the heart. For my part I have to acknowledge my heart was none of the lightest notwithstanding the strong impression that I should not be harmed.

A few of the weaker minded managed to fall out of the ranks during the march. But most of the men were not real cowards. Just as the first gray streak of dawn appeared we were ordered forward to the trenches.

Gen. Paine's division were in advance of us on the left. (Our division was under command of Gen. Wright.) Paine's division were to make the first attack, and our division were to march in four ranks just behind his men. The 4th Wisconsin boys led the skirmishers. Though they considered the best fighting men in this department, in spite of a fierce and desperate charge they were repulsed and the assault was unsuccessful. Partly owing to the fall of their leader Gen. Paine. (He was wounded in the leg.) But more on account of the lack of confidence in each other or the part of the men.—This is my opinion founded on the testimony of many of the participants in the days fight. But, why dwell on this subject longer. There was too much blood shed to make it a pleasing theme. That too, when we have to acknowledge a repulse. It was our good fortune to make our advance through an excellent passage, and comparatively safe from rebel bullets while within a hundred yards of the enemy's breastwork. Owing the repulse of Gen. Paine's column we were not ordered to charge. But were limited as soon as we had got as near as possible under cover. An occasional bullet would find our ranks, and a few men were wounded. But it was generally through careless exposure. We were obliged to remain in our place all day. All the dead and wounded that could be got at, were brought out by us. So we had to see many horrid sights during that long day. But as all days end so did that one.

I had reason to thank God for my safety. Many had been hit while near us. But I was not even scratched,—although many times I was censured for exposing my self carelessly. We the second brigade (consisting of the twenty-fourth Conn. and 12th Maine Regiments) were ordered to remain in our position and hold all that had been gained by the assaults. During the evening all the other troops were withdrawn. We laid down in our ranks for the night, a few being kept up for safety. Then we rested through the night. I cannot say we slept much. The many horrid scenes of the day were too fresh in our minds.

We had an old song, viz: A soldier's life is always gay. The morning of the 15th dawned bright and fair, and with it we were almost as gay as ever. Such is the soldiers life. Surrounded (when in active service) by death in its worst forms, he gets hardened and the events of a day have no influence over him to morrow.

After breakfast, it being too hot for comfort, I felt a desire to go and see different parts of the battle field. I wanted a little excitement to help pass away the time, so making the remark to Charlie that I would go and look out a good site for sharpshooting I left him and went toward the front. Our right was then about two hundred yards from the enemy's parapet. The 24th Conn. in advance. I went to the nearest point occupied by our troops, on the right of a point occupied by the rebels.

When I got as far as the rifle pit occupied by the 24th Regt. I stopped and worked awhile with shovel, (they were enlarging their pit). One of the boys asked me to the bayonet and if I would come to him he would show me the worst looking sight I ever saw. He told the truth, from some cause a number of bales of cotton had taken five and several men were burned, one man had fallen on top of a log and his limbs were entirely consumed, the flesh was all burned off his breast and head. It was a horrid sight.—Appalling even to a soldier. Just then our attention was called to look at a soldier lying wounded in the midst of the dead, over to the left, in a part of the field commanded by the rifle of the enemy. The poor fellow appeared to be very uneasy as if he was suffering.

A number of men expressed a wish that some one would go and try to get the man out. But no one tried it, I thought about it awhile, and concluded to make the attempt. Without saying a word of my intentions (for fear they would advise me to stay back.) I got into an old ditch and crowded round under the bough of a hill just in front of the point of the rebel breastwork. I was there hid from the rebel's by the hill and perfectly safe. Just then I discovered another wounded man lying only about ten rods from the breastwork and in
plain sight of any one inside. At the time I was not sure he could be seen by them. I immediately threw myself upon the ground and began crawling along among the dead, (with which the ground was pretty thickly strewn,) each moment expecting a bullet. The dead bodies had begun to decay, even then some were covered with worms, and the flies would come off them and light on me as I slowly took my course among them.

You will think my situation a horrid one. But let me assure you, I never was more engrossed in a work in my life, and did not in the least heed the surrounding circumstances. After getting within twenty five feet of the wounded man, I stopped beside a dead body, that I might be more effectually hidden, and called out to the man as hard as I dared to for fear the men in the fort should hear me. I called to him twenty times without getting any answer. I could only come to the conclusion that he was out of his senses or he would have answered me.

Becoming convinced of the impossibility of reaching the man. I very unwillingly turned back. I picked up as many guns as I could carry to rescue them from the rebels and was on my way back, when I met two men (a captain and corporal) from the 24th. The captain had water and whisky which he intended to get to the wounded man, that they could see from their rifle pit. I told him it would be impossible to get either of them, having just tried it myself. But they thought it might be possible to get to the one farthest from the parapet.

So the corporal made an attempt, after he had started, took the captain's canteen and whisky, intending to follow him if he should succeed as he carried nothing with him. He soon became convinced that I was right, that it was not possible to get near the poor man and come back, so I did not have to follow him. The captain then wanted to make another attempt to attract the attention of the other wounded man. I told him of my previous attempt and its poor success. As we had given up all hope of reaching either of them, he called out at the top of his voice, a number of times. At last the man turned his head and recognized us. At the same time the rebels must have heard us for we were nearer to them than to him. He told us that he was a member of the fourth Wis. Reg't. was wounded early in the morning previous and had laid there in the hot sun for twenty-six hours without a drop of water. It was a dreadful hot day.

We told him to be patient and keep up his courage, that we would get him out as soon as dark enough.

Then came the appeal: For God's sake bring me some water I was unable to resist the appeal, though I knew it was all a man's life was worth to go even so near as I did before—

I told the Captain I would make the attempt with his sanction. He looked at me a moment (as if to try my nerve), then said I might go.

I consecrated my soul to God. Laid my cap on the ground, then myself down flat and started. After the first moment there was no particle of fear in me, and I crept on now beside a dead body, with a leg taken off—

Again between killed by the deadly bullets, hardly noting the flight of several bullets over my head which were meant for me (though I knew it not at the time). My canteen was dragging behind me. To facilitate my movements I threw it over my shoulder after which it was shot without I was not ignorant of the fact that all my movements were watched by a hundred rebels I had gotten within ten feet of the wounded man and was lying close beside a dead man, just as I began to talk with the poor fellow. I changed the look on my left shoulder judging of my surprise to see fifty men all looking at me, their guns pointed at me and nothing to prevent my being hit by any one of them. I had in my anxiety forgotten the point of the ever my works and had kept no look out for it. I expected to die, and was better prepared than ever before.

(When I am called it is my prayer that I may be as happy as then) God spared my life for some wise purpose. An officer called to me, asking if I was wounded and told me to come in. My first impulse was to carry water to the wounded man at the same time walking to him. I raised him up giving him a cheering word with the water. Poor fellow, I saw that his wound was mortal still I was not sorry for having risked my life for the sake of believing him of his greatest wants.

Truly a more thankful look I never saw on any man's face.

The rebels soon ordered me to come in, first telling me to bring in the wounded man. But that was impossible. As soon as I got inside I was taken into a Colonel's quarters and questioned very closely to see if I would tell them anything of the fort.

But with me the poor man was a stranger, upon which he asked if I knew it was all a man's life was worth if would tell them anything of the fort.

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I was sent to the Provost Marshall about a mile away. I had no cap. But held a bunch of leaves over my head to keep off the burning rays of the sun. Every one met, treated me very civilly. (Though I attributed that to the fact of my being closely followed by a guard with a fixed bayonet). After submitting to another siege of cross questions they sent me to the prison. In prison (I soon knew there to keep me company) was only a pen having no roof. It was built of large poles set into the ground three feet, and placed about four inches apart. About fifteen feet high and fastened at the top by slats nailed on. There was only one entrance in which was always kept a strong guard. There was a guard on every side of the enclosure to prevent escape. The day before I was taken one of our men was killed and another wounded by one of our own shells, in fact there was not a more exposed place in the fort. As soon as I entered the place, I was surrounded by an eager crowd of questioners. Almost every reg't was represented by one or more, and all wished to hear from their respective reg'ts. Others wished to know how I got taken; poor fellows they were tired of rebel hospitality.
Letter from New Orleans.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

NEW ORLEANS, La., July 3.

The steamer sails to-morrow morning early, and there is not in sight a find, bad or indifferent, from Port Hudson, which, from a little insignificant place only known in a certain circle of river men and cotton planters, and boasting villas, houses, has sprung into a place of no mere importance; and which, did Vicksburg not now overshadow it, would be the centre of a nation's watchful, hopeful attention. The storming and the progressive shelling, the "stormers" under Col. Bridge, 18th Connecticut, are organizing and drilling. They are composed of the best officers of the command, and the best men. In the thousand, who are to claim equal laurels, with "the six hundred," the proportion of officers is one to about eight men. I presume that as soon as they are sufficiently drilled to make them a disciplined body, understanding fully the work before it, and to a mere enthusiastic, brave mob, weak in its untrained strength, the final assault will be made. I say final, for it must be. We must be victorious. Another repulse, and it will be well if they will by the expiration of the term of nine months men, will not admit of reorganization for another attack, though from Banks' well known tenacity, and his extraordinary ability to rise slowly, we will be victorious.

From Port Hudson and its momentous concerns, the recent raid of Magruder into Brashear, and upon Plaquemine and Donaldsonville, hardly attracts attention. Every one perceives readily its object to be to draw Banks from Port Hudson. But it will fall in that most surely; and as for its results, it can only temporarily hold and do some slight mischief to the country round about him and Brashear. Through the stupidity of the Major commanding at Brashear, the enemy captured there a large quantity of provisions, and what is worse, to a him invaluable supply of ammunition. The baggage of several regiments was also lost, and many of our men captured. Among them are several from the Fourth Wisconsin, of whom I know the names of only two—Ball and Root, of Co. C. Reduction to the ranks would be just the reward for such unpardonable conduct. To-day they number barely one-half round of fresh meat, and one-half pound of fresh meat, daily,—a much inferior bill of fare than that. It is not even in part to our men.

Gardiner, "tamey," I think. Gen. Emory, now in command of the defences of New Orleans, rather fears an uprising of the people. There were about 12,000 registered enemies here. About 1,000 left under the name of recent Gen. Grant, about some order expelling them, about a like number took the oath; where are the rest? It will be a sorry day when New Orleans rises against the federal authority. Rumor puts Magruder within twelve miles of Algiers. Truth would put him perhaps five times as far off. We do not fear him. As far as the issue at Port Hudson is settled one way or another, Magruder must look well to his meal and his separate ranks will be behind him. General Paine is slowly and surely recovering, and in a few weeks will be able to enjoy the farough and return home, which his services have so amply earned and his wounds so earnestly demand. Gen. Paine is confident that had he not fallen, he would have led his men into Port Hudson at that charge. Was it fate or providence?

Gen. T. W. Sherman is getting along favorably.

The old 4th is pretty well "demonized." Companies C and G, which were not in the fight, are larger in number than all the other eight. They are some fifteen vacancies in the field, staff and line; but as the regiment does not number the requisite 800, it will doubtless be consolidated and but few promotions made. Among the absent ones, Quartermaster McCoy, to be Captain and Ordnery. Sergt. Knowles, company G, to be 2d Lieut., and is transferred to Sherman's staff. Col. A. D. G. Col. Norfolk, of the 27th of May, in rescuing his fallen General, whose orderly he was.

First Sergeant Bush, Company C, to be Second Lieutenant of the same Company.

Corporal Earl was promoted, in general orders, to be First Lieutenant of Company A. I enclose the order promoting him and dismissing Colonel Jerrard, of the Twenty-second Maine. Earl was one of those who went up to the works on the 14th, with twenty-one men from the Fourth, and was taken prisoner. By his address inside he gleaned much valuable information, and on the morning of the 20th gave them the slip and ran swiftly off. He says they have about 3,000 effective men inside. Their main object was to mass their men where the assault was to be made, the eagle would go to half-cooked corn, which he thought (Gardiner) could cut his way out rather insignificantly. Think. Many of their big guns, Earl found to be only rusty old quakers. His food and that of the troops was an ear of corn each man, which they boiled and ate with a little molasses, and one-half pound of fresh meat, daily,—a much inferior bill of fare than that. As cook he had to go out after fuel, under strict guard though, but managed in these rambles to get a thorough knowledge of affairs inside. Eleven shots were fired at him in his escape.

The Regiment, I learn, has been put on provost duty at Springfield Landing. Two years ago yesterday we were mustered in at Racine, and formed on the Old Parade 1,140 strong. To-day they number barely one-tenth! What a fearful discrimination! Confined being able to keep up the news of Port Hudson having fallen, I am PEME.

I. Corporal Earl promoted.

II. Colonel Jerrard dismissed.


General Order, No. 51—Corporal A. N. Earl, Co. D, 4th Wisconsin Volts., is hereby promoted to be First Lieutenant of the same company and regiment, to date the 14th of June, 1863, for gallant and meritorious conduct before Port Hudson, from the 1st to the 14th June, for conspicuous gallantry in the assaults was to be many's living on the 14th, and for his subsequent zeal, daring, and good conduct. This appointment to be subject to the approval of the Governor of Wisconsin.

II. Colonel S. O. Jerrard, 2d Maine Volunteers, is hereby dishonorably dismissed the service of the United States, to take effect June 1, 1863, subject to the approval of the President, for having, while in temporary command of his brigade, when the column of which his regiment formed a part was ordered to take a portion of the rampart, preparing for an assault, and when the column was at the foot of the parapet, preparing for an assault, used discouraging and insubordinate language in the presence of a large number of officers and enlisted men, said language being in part to
scouting, in which they were eminently successful. On one occasion a laughable instance occurred, which shows the fighting qualities of our boys, and which came near resulting in fatal consequences.

On the morning of June 27th, the 6th and 7th Illinois cavalry, with two pieces of artillery, started out on a scout.—About forty-five men of the 4th started off in a different direction foraging. About 2 p.m., the two parties met in a large piece of woods; each mistook the other for rebels; both prepared for action—Corporal Earl, Co D, 4th Wis., was taken prisoner June 14th, while bravely fighting inside the fortifications, escaped from the Fort and brought the welcome intelligence that food was growing scarce; that the garrison was greatly reduced by sickness, by constant fatigue and fighting, with short rations; that they were discontented, and heartily wished success. He had had the opportunity, while there, of viewing their whole defenses, of the man who shared his triumph. Next night, still another Wisconsin boy escaped, bringing two deserters. By this time Wisconsinites had become quite famous; it was worth more than a battle. Gen. Banks made him 1st Lieut. of his own company on the spot.

In this crisis an event occurred that tended to dispel the gathering gloom.—Col. Grierson formed his line of battle and opened with his artillery. Col. Moore divided his force sending a detachment to take the enemy in the rear and out of his retreat, which was quickly done, and the first thing the "far famed Raider" knew he was surrounded, placed between two fires, attacked both front and rear and he began to think he was a gone Sucker! When our men advanced with a dash, took 10 prisoners, and found the mistake, they had a good hearty laugh over it; our boys enjoyed it hugely; the thought they had made a good haul, catching ten Suckers in their net; fortunate no one was seriously injured.

Meantime affairs looked rather gloomy about the Fort. One month had elapsed since the siege commenced, two assaults rejoiced at the flattering prospects which had been made, which resulted disastrously, and in such unaccustomed force, crushing the last fond hope of the rebellion, and proportionately elevating the hope and strengthening the hands of the government. Slowly but surely have the fetters which bound the commerce of the noble Mississippi been broken and the strongholds of treason destroyed. We naturally feel jubilant over the unparalleled success of the Union arms; we are justly proud of the troops we have borne, and the honors and boldness we have achieved. In this contest. The officers were arrested for disorders, with the gallant Fourth" of the troops. Col. Gerrard, 22d M. in this campaign are imperishable; they were dismanned dismounted and disarmed, and all in brilliance the brightest examples furnished by ancient history.

No attempt to express our admiration for the conduct of the struggle of June 14th. Early on the morning of the 15th the rebels made an attack in our rear, attacking a hospital and capturing two companies of that famous N. Y. Cavalry that didn't support us in that fight over the river. The 4th was called out to protect its own camp; many convalescents turned out, also several of the slightly wounded; every man that could possibly support a musket turned out, and they numbered 73, all told, yet 27 of these were excused from duty. They chased the retreating rebels a few miles and returned. After this time they busied themselves principally in foraging and

From the Fourth Regiment.

Correspondence of the Times.

Baton Rouge, La., July 15, '63.

Dear Sir:—Here we are again at our favorite old rendezvous, safe, hearty and sound; our labors before Port Hudson are over and have been crowned by the most complete success. Great events seem to follow each other in such rapid succession and in such unadjusted force, crushing the last fond hope of the rebellion, and proportionately elevating the hope and strengthening the hands of the government. Slowly but surely have the fetters which bound the commerce of the noble Mississippi been broken and the strongholds of treason destroyed. We naturally feel jubilant over the unparalleled success of the Union arms; we are justly proud of the troops we have borne, and the honors and boldness we have achieved, with the gallant Fourth of the troops. Col. Gerrard, 22d M. in this campaign are imperishable; they were dismanned dismounted and disarmed, and all in brilliance the brightest examples furnished by ancient history.

In my last letter I gave you an account of the struggles of June 14th. Early on the morning of the 15th the rebels made an attack in our rear, attacking a hospital and capturing two companies of that famous N. Y. Cavalry that didn't support us in that fight over the river. The 4th was called out to protect its own camp; many convalescents turned out, also several of the slightly wounded; every man that could possibly support a musket turned out, and they numbered 73, all told, yet 27 of these were excused from duty. They chased the retreating rebels a few miles and returned. After this time they busied themselves principally in foraging and
As to company matters, while Co. C works are reached, I cannot give you an account of the commanding General and his staff. He praised our trustworthiness and good conduct on several occasions. W. M. Pont, A. Salter, and A. N. Ball, were taken prisoners at the hospital in Memphis City. Frank Bishop was captured between Port Hudson, and Dr. Brooks was taken prisoner at 1st Lieut., and Serjeant A. C. Bush to 2d Lieut.

The health of the Co. is excellent. Corporals Bou and Benson, and E. E. Sharp, moved their army by land and water through Red River. From Alexandria Banks moved his army by March 20th, and water down Red River and the Mississippi to Bayou Sara on the east bank, and only a short distance above Port Hudson. In the mean time, Augur division had moved as in the year of that place from Baton Rouge, and as you have doubtless heard, defeated the rebels in a fight some few miles out from their stronghold. After the junction of the forces under Banks and our army moved on Port Hudson in such a manner as to completely invest the place and prevent all escape. May 27th Banks moved on the place, and after one of the most desperate struggles of the war, was repulsed at some points and successful at others. The ground where the earth works were constructed, is heavily timbered. This enemy killed in front of their works for a distance, thus constituting a very formidable attack, to be posted before the

The 4th Wisconsin, under Col. Bean, at the commencement of the advance, were in the 3d line, but when they had driven the enemy out of the woods and gone up on the parade, they were in the front of the first line. Without waiting they plunged into the tangled mass of timber, and a tempest of balls that poured upon them from left, right, and front. Slowly they win their way through the thicketed trees, bearing the horrid tempest that raged through the woods. They lay for hours—with their rifles preventing the working of the rebels—until night ordered their retreat to the timber in their rear.

The assault of the next day was led by the 4th, and well they sustained their reputation, though unsuccessful in their object. The 2d day of the fight they lost their Col. and many others, as brave men as ever answered to the bugle call for the assault. Everyone speaks in the highest terms of praise of the 4th, and it is with a thrill of proud pleasure that I reflect, that I hail from a State that has never been disgraced by the cowardice of a single Regiment or Battalion of troops she has sent into the field.

In the second assault on Port Hudson, General Paine of our State had his leg broken by a musket ball below the knee, and the 4th Regt. was reduced to a total of 89 men for duty. It is thought the General will save his leg. Our losses are not to be spoken of as present, but they are heavy, and some of the best men in the service are drawn.

It would do you good to go through the hospital and hear the battle fought over by the maimed heroes and listen to such remarks as this from the soldiers of other regiments: "You see we were to the left right, and when we come to that internal old brush fence, thinks they can go it like Indians in the woods, but I guess you'll stop now; but I'll be d—d if they didn't pitch right into the brush, yelling and firing like mad, and with their Colonel at their head they went through; and that was the first time I ever wished I belonged to another Regiment." Many such remarks as this, came from the hearts of the maimed boys of the 4th, and made them proud of their State.

The END.
AN APPEAL TO WISCONSIN MEN.

I would like to ask the people at home, if the securities of one State has already laid up in the altar for nothing? Have Brave and Cannon, and a host of others, and why as they, fallen in vain? Shall the government he sustained in this gigantic struggle, or will the people at home listen to the counsel of designing men and make terms with rebels in the vain hope of peace and quiet? You may vaunt yourselves with the idea of peace, and hug the phantom to your breasts, in the end you will find the delusion, and that the only way of securing the peace, and harmony, each side of an imaginary line? Will no questions arise to stir up the remaining fires? Will the people of the North be so much as The brave men, of the South, with the consciousness of slavery, as to convert themselves into blood-bounds, and faithfully hunt back the panting fugitive to his and from masters? Will the people of the South see their property scattered away by going into the Free North without an effort to keep in their hands? This present war was undertaken for the benefit and interest of slave owners; there are any orders held that they would not quietly, without violence, to leave of what they were accustomed to establish and perpetuate? Never! And those who think there can exist two nations as one.

Passengers

Gold

Silver

Mails, (American)

Buggages, (over allowance of 50 pounds)

Freight by measurement and weight.

FROM THE FOURTH WISCONSIN.

Incidents of Banks' Late Campaign.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

BAYON ROGER, La., July 25th, 1863.

Ed. Sentinel,—The Spring campaign in which Sibley has been routed, western Louisiana conquered and Port Hudson taken. The closing bayonet around the place of standing.

The spirit of contest, which for forty-three days rolled the campaign over the rapids rolling the mile of the latter place. The Adams, has himself itself in victory. The hard-fought campaign which poured on its ever fire against the rebel stronghold, have ceased, and are ready to set up their black tomahawks in their misty mists. The booming of mortars, the thundering of siege guns, the roar of artillery and small arms, the shouts of the charge and the groans of dying men, which have been heard throughout this Department within the last three months, have all given place to the monotonous and lonesome songs of camp and garison. Life is forever come to figure in the history of the Southern Confederacy, and our flag waving over its heights has already ceased to look novel or excite comment.

The Army has gone into the shady places to cool off its blood, to heal its wounds, and knit together, and with a cheerful mind to have married the "well done thou good and faithful servant." Of the long siege and fall of Port Hudson, your readers have doubtless had all the general particulars which will go into the tale of blood they contain, is an oft repeated story, and one now familiar to your readers anywhere, and a story which the enemy is forever come to figure in the history of the Southern Confederacy, and our flag waving over its heights has already ceased to look novel or excite comment.

I believe, you wrote from the field on the fourth day. By that you learned that we were laying along the fortifications within speaking distance of the rebels' position, within the range of the first charge. In the afternoon of the second day a truce was granted to both armies. No answer had the order passed along the line to cease firing on our boys in person, and confidence, left their shelter and mounted the ridges, logs and stumps in plain view of the enemy's whole line on the other side of the way. We began to call on the rebels to come up and had a little talk. The rebels were soon disposed of, and the following is the style of conversation that was carried on:

"The 4th Arkansas. What regiment are you?"

"The 7th Arkansas. What regiment are you?"

"Ye who mighty well—no fault to find,"

"When are you going to give us the fort?"

"When you take it, I reckon.

Port Hudson is continued, without not one word of boasting on either side.

At the Northeast corner of the intrenchments, some twenty or thirty scattering men from our brigade, and the one on our left, holding the front, the New York Major, who also seems to have been among the scattering, and who put himself in command of the squad, was gashed up under the breastworks under protection of our fire.
AN APPEAL TO WISCONSIN MEN.

I would like to ask the people at home if the sacrifice our State has already laid up in the altar be for nought? Have we not the right to have a medical officer to care for about each hundred, be it by stewards, two ward officers, and a nurse to guard over a regiment of eleven hundred men. No one will dispute the fact that the Negroes are not second to any other race. Once they made a lodgement of the nine months' war and, after a struggle, made a lodgement of the South to the laws and constitution under which they had so long lived and prospered. Let them remain; and if, necessary, we will use our Constitution and the laws, but not until then, even if we all lay our lives in Louisiana.

In common with many others I was prejudiced against the employment of Negroes in the army as soldiers until convinced by demonstrations that I was wrong, and now I am willing to admit that it was from mistaken notions and wrong ideas. The experiment has been tried here and cannot fail to be a relief from scenes of desolation and mortality which it leaves in its wake.

The army has gone into the shady places to cool off its blood, to heal up its wounds, and to knit together its divisions, with a consciousness of having merited the "well done thou good and faithful servant." Of the long siege and fall of Port Hudson, your readers have all the general particulars which will interest them. The tale of blood they contain, is but the opening chapter of an old repressed story, and one now familiar to every ear in the land. In this hush and repose from strife which we enjoy just now, if you please, to turn the attention of your readers to some of the more pleasing incidents of the campaigns, which are the "sunny spots on the grim features of war," and which cannot fail to be a relief from scenes of desolation and mortality which it leaves in its wake.

I have written this from the field on the fourth day of the attack on the fort, from which you learned that we were lying along the fortifications with the presence of our side of the first charge. In the afternoon of the first day a truce was granted for burying the dead. No sooner had the order passed along the line to cease firing than our boys in front in perfect confidence, left their shelter and mounted the parapets, the drums beating to the roll call, and our flag waving over its heights has since remained in their possession. The enemy has demonstrated that to the perfect satisfaction of all who saw them there.

I have listened to accounts of their bravery and daring, upon which field, from the lips of many who witnessed it, and there is but one verdict here now—the "blacks have done bravely in fight," but little if any of that prejudice new against them that formerly existed in the army. We can admit bravery wherever we see it, let the color of a man's skin be what it may. In the advance on the rebel works at Port Hudson on the 28th, the attacking columns at one point was led by a company of 70 men of the 34th Louisiana Native Guards. At a distance of less than 200 yards from the parapet was a deep muddy creek, and the forlorn hope were ordered to fill it with ammunition, and the troops could not pass it. This they did under a murderous fire, and every one of the seventy were killed or wounded in the duty, but not a negro was killed or wounded. A negro won't fight; he dies like a sheep. A negro won't fight, but a Nigger won't fight.

THE HOSPITAL.
The hospitals are well filled, and I propose to take you through our hospitals here, and try and give you some idea of how a hospital runs, and how our soldiers fare in New Orleans. We have now in this hospital eleven hundred beds, six hundred in the old military hospital at this post, and the remainder in tents. There is a medical officer for about each hundred, beside the Surgeon in charge, four hospital stewards, two ward masters, and a nurse for every eight men, day and night. The kitchen employs about twenty cooks, six and sixteen to twenty men to keep the grounds properly supplied. This colossal force, including the hospital police, and as large as it seems, is too large for this climate, where much depends upon cleanliness and the care the sick receive at the hands of nurses. Most of the nurses are soldiers selected for their fitness for the duty. A few civilian nurses are employed and all for years about whose business here. Nurses are employed only to do the routine of a day, and then you can form some idea of the work of the institution. The drum beat the reveille at 5 o'clock in the morning, when all who are able arise and wash themselves and make their beds. Those who are too feeble are attended to by the nurses, who also sweep out the ward. At 6 o'clock the first roll call is in the wards, and immediately after, that of the hospital attendants is called by the ward master. When all members of a regiment are reported off by the nurses, and by the ward master to the steward immediately after. At 61-2 o'clock the drum beats to breakfast when all who are able and are on full diet fall in regular order and are marched to their dining room under charge of the chiefs of the nurses of the wards. At the surgeon's call, when the assistant surgeon visit their respective wards, some of the patients in the wards are allowed to move to the nurses' quarters, and if able, go out for exercise, some for the amusement of the troops. This they did under a murderous fire, and every one of the seventy were killed or wounded in the duty, but not a negro was killed or wounded. A negro won't fight; he dies like a sheep. A negro won't fight, but a Nigger won't fight.

FROM THE FOURTH WISCONSIN.

Incidents of Banks' Late Campaign.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

BAYOU ROUGE, LA., July 25th, 1863.

ED. SENTINEL.—The Spring campaign in which Banks has been engaged, western Louisiana, Port Hudson and Port Hudson taken, has closed by bringing us around to the place of starting. The spirit of conquest which for forty-three days rolled its Carnage over the parapets of the latter place, has blushed itself in victorv. Unchecked cannon which poured its awful fire against the rebel stronghold, have cooled, and are idly resting with their black tompions in their smutty mouths. The hoisting of mortars, the thundering of siege guns, the roar of artillery and small arms, the shouts of the charge and the groans of dying men, which have been heard throughout the entire Department within the last three months, have all given place to the monotony and lassiness of camp and garrison life. Port Hudson must forever cease to figure in the history of the Southern Confederacy, and our flag waving over its heights has changed to look novel or exciting encores.

The army has gone into the shady places to cool off its blood, to heal up its wounds, and to knit together its divisions, with a consciousness of having merited the "well done thou good and faithful servant." Of the long siege and fall of Port Hudson, your readers have all the general particulars which will interest them. The tale of blood they contain, is but the opening chapter of an old repressed story, and one now familiar to every ear in the land. In this hush and repose from strife which we enjoy just now, if you please, to turn the attention of your readers to some of the more pleasing incidents of the campaigns, which are the "sunny spots on the grim features of war," and which cannot fail to be a relief from scenes of desolation and mortality which it leaves in its wake.
early in the morning, there they remained all day, occasionally creeping up to the works, and shooting down over them by holding a hand or two to their caps, and then standing bolt upright. When the truce was ordered in the afternoon, these men and the rebels met on the works, the Federals being seated just as steadily as if the previous scene had but been a sham fight. In about half an hour kettles of coffee were brought from camp, and the rebel once more sipped his old delicious beverage, and thought of the days when loyalty and peace and plenty filled his home. Soon, in anticipation of the long silence new, our gradually fell back to their lines and the rebels into their works. But before the truce was over, one of the men from our line went back with the caustics of some wounded men, passed them through one of the embrasures, and received them back again well filled with cool water, and leisurely walked back to his post, and had just returned when the iron ball was hissing through the air in all directions again. In the assault of the 14th, so disastrous to our Regiment, many wounded lay on the field from daylight until night under the fire of the enemy, and could not be reached; (doubtless you have heard of Gen. Paine's awful satisfaction on that day). In the dusk of the evening I was left a private in our company, succeeded in crawling out to one of his wounded comrades, with a canteen of water to drink and a haversack to eat, and the rebel boys pulled out, and were making prisoners of the wounded. He perceived them approaching, and finding that retreat was impossible threw himself flat on his face among some dead men, pulled his shirt up over his head and to all outward signs was as dead as the dead. The rebels came, rolled him over, took the contents of his pockets and passed him by. A little later he returned to camp all sound, only a little out of pocket.

Captain Carier was wounded early in the morning, and lay where he fell until after dark, when the rebels came to him, and after some conversation walked on, saying something about a stretcher to carry him with. Before the stretcher came, four of our boys slipped in, and almost from under its rear rank as much as possible, to the left, and with the same appearance which pleased him, for I assure you that we bore a striking resemblance to a caricature of "Walker's recruits." — There was every conceivable style of horse and rigging. There were the five hundred dollars, then rigged off with men's pack saddles and ropes, and the raw-boned, browned, fat, with a gentleman's saddle and bridle. There were others mounted on good horses, and great men mounted on little horses. There were long legs hung up in short stirrups, and short legs that went up from below, dog-gone if I didn't think we'd ride. There were boys some men riding on side-saddles, and some on sheep-skins, (though the sheep-skins were kept in the rear rank) all of which pleased him. But the object on that day was merely to let the Gen. see that Western men could ride a horse, and knew how to guide one. When the army left Opelousas to proceed into the Red River country, every man of the 4th Wisconsin was mounted on a splendid horse, with a rigging to match them. There were many horses in the regiment which their owners had valued at 1,000 dollars, and some that had been sold and again bought for 2,000 dollars.

Many of the horses were caught on the open prairie with the laces, and tamed by the negroes, and we always kept two together in the rear rank of the column, and along the streams. The negroes usually drugged such horses. The foraging was mostly done by foraging parties, and our officers would outfit all and try every horse. Some of which were stationed rebel pickets, they took off their clothes, daubed their bodies with the black mud, until they and the night were of about the same color, and in this condition crept up the hill, and thus went on the siege of Port Hudson; filled with incidents which are peculiar to the times, significant of the American spirit, and characteristics of the military struggle.

The expedition to the Red River country was one of great activity to the 4th Wisconsin. We went into it on foot, and came out of it on horseback. In individual affairs, I believe, this would be considered as doing a pretty good business. In the last two days' march before reaching Opelousas, the regiment came to the conclusion that it didn't pay a chase rebels any further on foot, and took it into its head to ride; and, in spite of General Banks and his staff, (Vigilance Committee) were bound to get astride of something. I suppose the General, becoming tired in his efforts to induce our inclination to try a new branch of the service, and thinking that he might turn it to good account, last gave the order—"mount," and we did mount, and the way it is told was one of some concern to the surrounding neighborhood.

Headquarters of the army remained at Opelousas about two weeks, and during that time our regiment was constantly scouting the country, over an extent of from five to forty miles. In three days from the time of reaching there, every man of the 4th battalion had the opportunity of riding his horse to ride. These had been collected on the last day's march and in the vicinity, and were only substitutes which were essential to the service to ride after better ones. We were then marauded before General B. one morning, as we were about to go off on an expedition of twenty miles. I'm going to tell it on the general staff, (Vigilance Committee) and suspected that it was not our war-like appearance which pleased him, for I assure you that we bore a striking resemblance to a caricature of "Walker's recruits." — There was every conceivable style of horse and rigging. There were the five hundred dollars, then rigged off with men's pack saddles and ropes, and the raw-boned, browned, fanny, with a gentleman's saddle and bridle. There were boys some men riding on side-saddles, and some on sheep-skins, (though the sheep-skins were kept in the rear rank) all of which pleased him. But the object on that day was merely to let the Gen. see that Western men could ride a horse, and knew how to guide one. When the army left Opelousas to proceed into the Red River country, every man of the 4th Wisconsin was mounted on a splendid horse, with a rigging to match them. There were many horses in the regiment which their owners had valued at 1,000 dollars, and some that had been sold and again bought for 2,000 dollars.

It is true that the rebels were eating of much pretty extensively. At first the boys failed to get up an appetite for such unoffensive food, and were disposed to figral some rather tough jokes at their rebel keepers during meal times, promising them that so soon they would have better fare, as in a few days they (our boys) would have those markets, and be standing guard over them. But necessity forced them in a day or two to think more favorably of this kind of diet, and they finally came to regard a mug steak even with a hawking. The only unfavorable result they seemed to have experienced from it was, it produced an inclination to be shy, which they did during dinner times most terri-}fically. Corporal Root, of my company, always got away from me after he had been in there a few days. They escaped from the room in which they were confined one night by taking a panel out of a back door, and in the morning the door was found to be there. They gained the open air, they made their way to the river, with intentions of swimming it, but accidentally changed their purpose, and by a sort of Indian strategy got outside the main rebel lines. Then, encountering a wide mudswale, around the opposite aides of which were stationed rebel pickets, they
We do down here. Charlie. I have felt very bad lately, in fact, but as I have heard, that is an old story. Oh, hurros and allow me to say through your columns to some friends who have asked me the question, that I am—say—simply on political grounds, (although the moral features of the invasion, are enough to damn a nation.)

The rebel leaders went in this thing, solely to secure the lasting interests of slavery, which they thought were endangered by the rapid growth of the North. The great argument, and in fact almost the only arguments used by their speakers during the capture of 1860, was: elect Breckinridge or we must seek to protect the slave property. To this effect, I have the united testimony of men from Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama, and it was the whole burden of their song said Mr. Leopold, a French gentleman owning a large property near the Baracks, to me last week: "I wish I can see Mr. Slidell once more, he is one big rebel. He said to us, vote for secession, then your slaves will be worth more money, and you can never locate them on the land, of the South, if we ever get back."

The 13th army corps, under General C. P. Washington, are now here, preparing for the Gulf. The General is looking finely, and is much liked here among military men for his soldier-like bearing and manner. Capt. Foster's Battery of 30 pounder parrotts were in the officer's corps and in the general. The Captain is here now, and is Chief of artillery of the 13th corps—a very respectable position, and one that he fills well. I have seen the Captain, and we have been out to the lake to Boudreaux, (do you know him?) and had a glass of prune beer together, in honor of dear old LA Cross and the friends there. When we came back the Captain said the moon had four horns. I only saw five—very curious phenomenon, and one that I cannot account for. We asked a nun what it was, but they all say they did not. We cannot say what it portends, but think it forewarns the fate of Mobile—or any other man.

Great insolvency prevails among the troops, old and new, and somebody is going to be hurt, sure. Copperheads, get ready your tenets, for I think you will hear of another history of your southern friends, like the one they achieved at Port Hudson—and it is to be ready. No one here, but the commanding General, knows where the blow is to be struck, but you may expect to hear from Galveston soon, through Yankee sources—possibly Mobile. Yellow Jack has made us a slight visit and is not a Yankee has died here from that disease, where as we are completely, and find considerable fault with the way the Lord does things, and talking of asking him
to resign in favor of Wigfall. Hope he won't—in fact don't believe he will.

Weather here is delightful, although all the covering you need at night is a mosquito bar, and thimble, but it means in comparison with what you have in La Crescent. Here the thermometer averages, and has since May, through the day, about 90°, nights about 75° to 80°. Think of that and then imagine how brown we are getting cooked in this broiling sun. I often think of La Crescent when marched by the continued heat here, and sigh for our breezes from your beautiful bluffs, and long see a draught from the health giving, purifying streams that ripple out from their shaded recesses. But above all I long for one more good fishing excursion after the speckled beauties that fill all their hospital waters. Hope whispers, the time will come, but who knows—certainly not.

S. H. HUDSON

Army Correspondence

From the Fourth Cav. Regiment.

Correspondence of the Times.

Baton Rouge, La., Aug. 27, 1863.

FRIEND BROS.—We have just returned from one of our characteristic rambles in the far-famed land of Success. We have been absent nearly five weeks. Up on an expedition, route, raid, march, reconnaissance, or something else down the Mississippi. We have formed such a habit of it that it is impossible for us to keep quiet. We can beat the Arab of the desert, the Wandering Jew, or the savage of the forest.

About the 1st of August, Col. J. Bailey, formerly Captain of Co. D, succeeded Engineer on Gen. Sherman's staff, in which he won an enviable reputation as a prompt, efficient and skilled officer. Upon Col. Paine's promotion he became Major, and still remained on the staff bearing his new rank. He rendered most important services during the siege of Port Hudson. He was looked upon by every one as an extraordinary man; he was indefatigable and enterprising.

The death of Col. Bean he became Lieut. Col., and lastly Colonel. He has worked his way to his present high position by his sterling qualities and valuable services, which justly entitle him to the commendation. In common with every member of the regiment, is justly proud of its name, of its reputation, of its deeds, of its records; and we feel proud of him as a representative man. Our regiment has been peculiarly fortunate in having excellent officers. Col. Paine's career is too well known to be commented upon. Col. Bean's merits had just begun to be appreciated. He was winning golden laurels when he was cut short in his glorious career, lamented by many; and it is easy enough to say that Col. Bailey is a worthy successor to his noble predecessors.

Immediately upon taking command the regiment was ordered to march down the river till we reached a point opposite Plaquemines. We were to be ferried across, then proceed down the opposite side of the river to a point about mid way between Plaquemines and Donaldsville, in order to protect that section of country from guerrilla bands, and also to protect our boats. We accordingly packed up and started. The weather was intensely hot and the dust was almost insupportable, but we enjoyed the march hugely. We were delayed for want of transportation across the river, but accomplished the feat in the course of time, in a little old tub of a boat, about as fit to transport cavalry as a teaspoon to bail out a sinking ship.

We marched through a splendid country down to the point designated by the orders, where we found the 128th N. Y. Volunteers stationed. We stayed here a few days and rastigrated, foraged, scouted, &c., and had a good time generally.

While there the Colonel went to New Orleans and left the regiment under the command of Major Moore. We had a beautiful camping ground, and we were anticipating a fine season of repose, but we had hardly got settled in our new situation before we received an order to move again. We have done that so much that we can do it to perfection. We marched up the river to a point opposite Plaquemines and encamped; had not got regulated when "Orders to move," seceded in our ears. One half the regiment, including Co. C, crossed the river and encamped in the outskirts of the little village of Plaquemines; there remained and continued their march to Baton Rouge.

The detachment at Plaquemines made a few days and scoured the country in all directions, frequently meeting with the enemy scouts and exchanging shots. It is known that some of our shots had the desired effect; we lost a man.

August 20th we received orders to go to Baton Rouge and join the regiment. We accordingly went up on the west side till we arrived opposite this place, then lay all day in the broiling sun awaiting transportation. In the evening we crossed, and slept out in the field without any covering save the canopy of heaven. In the morning we found Co. G had returned to the regiment after nearly a year's absence. We now make quite a respectable show again. We muster 200 effective men, have a new outfit throughout of arms, uniforms, horse equipment, &c., and have received our pay; so you may well guess we are not quite a dash.

All is activity in this department preparing for the fall campaign. Troops go down the river as fast as transportation will permit. Gen. Franklin commands the old 19th Army Corps. Two expeditions are being fitted out in New Orleans, one for Mobile and another to Texas.

The 4th is to be recruited to the maximum number of a full cavalry regiment.

The Coll and nine men have gone to Wisconsin to recruit. E. E. Sharpe has gone from Co. C. Now is a good time and opportunity for persons wishing to enlist in a cavalry regiment. The Union cause is progressing finely in this region; rebellion is gone up, completely subdued.

Yours, &c.,

L. C. BARKLEY.

LETTER FROM NEW ORLEANS.

The Fourth Wisconsin Formerly Organized as a Cavalry Regiment—Trouble in Prospect Concerning the Colonel.

Correspondence of the Stated.

New Orleans, Aug. 19, 1863.

Today marks the centennial of the opening of the river. A large number of transports are really to leave Vicksburg for the mouth of the C. P. C. and the products of our rich Western prairies—Till within a few days, the market prices of some of said produce have been as follows: Flour $12 per bbl.; corn and oats $1.50 per bushel; hay $20 per ton and none to be had; potatoes $10 per bbl.; beefsteak 36 cts per lb., &c. Farmed by the receipt of several boat loads, and knowing the result of the river's arrival, prices have for two or three days been getting rapidly down from their fantastic position. I went, a few mornings ago, to breakfast with four others at a restaurant. We had fresh river fish, beef, steak, eggs, fried potatoes, coffee, bread and butter—enough for the five was $18. At our hotel we pay from $2.50 to $4 per day for such fare as we would get in Chicago for 75 cts. At a cost of a dollar a day to board a horse here, and then they straw him. Well, our outrageous prices are about ended I may they never come again.

Gen. Herron's division of the Army of the Frontier, is temporarily bivouacked about two miles below Port Hudson. The 20th Wisconsin regiment is in his command—a fine body of men and a good regiment of soldiers. When Gen. Herron was ordered to report to Gen. Banks, the expedition was
that the latter would have use for its entire force in his Bayou Lafourche campaign against Dick Taylor, Magruder, Morton & Co., and the very inception of the campaign, the whole rebel corps vanished. These circumstances have a very convenient way of doing their soldiering. When our army is strong in numbers, we are citizens employed in peaceful avocations of agriculture. When our forces are called off for other enterprises, these incomparable specimens of southern chivalry don their war attire, to wit: a rusty double barrelled shotgun and a large powder horn of antique origin, clasped around some porcupine popular leader, attack our forces, where a day or two before had been no foe but a small party, rob our plantations, burn and destroy standing crops, cut off a railroad track, burn a bridge, and when next day a force is sent against them, they are again ready to swear allegiance to the government as often as asked; they cannot imagine. They are good Union men, and want a guard to protect them against any such incident. They want a guard, and instead of being hung to the first express, they very often are granted what they want; for our department would rather that those federal troops be not used on our Louisiana Unionists.

Well, when Gen. Herron reached Port Hudson, he heard that his division was notreceived there. From his future destiny, of course has not yet transpired.

The Fourth Wisconsin, for several months had been mounted, but still retaining the name and arms of infantry—still about three days ago, Col. Bailey succeeded in getting an order from Gen. Banks to reorganize, arm and equip his regiment as cavalry; at the same time giving him the clothes, arms and equipment for the small number of men he expected. Company G, Capt. Keefe, which has been detached on the heavy gun at Camp Parapet for eight months, had also been ordered back to the regiment. Col. Bailey, with two other officers and six men, start for Wisconsin in a few days, to bring down the requisite number of recruits or conscripts to fill up his regiment to the maximum, cavalry—1,385 in all—rank and file.

There seems to be a "situation" in this regiment which may give an opportunity for some unpleasant discussion as to who is Colonel. When Col. E. H. Palus was made Brigade General, Lieutenant Colonel Bean was made Colonel, Major Boardman Lieutenant Colonel, and Captain Bailey Major. During the siege of Port Hudson, Colonel Bean was killed, and Lieutenant Colonel Boardman went to Wisconsin, being disabled for duty by a severe chronic disease. After the capitulation of the place, Major Bailey, who had twice been wounded, and who had been constantly in the trenches before the enemy, on the charge of our offensive warfare on the left wing, was promoted for gallant and meritorious services in the department; an order from General Banks, to the position of Colonel of the Fourth Wisconsin Volunteers, was issued, but it was not received. He reported for duty and was ordered to the regiment, and now commands it as such. Colonel Clark, of the Sixth Wisconsin, was ordered to a letter requesting him to assume the command as Colonel. This letter was indorsed by General Dwight and also General Banks, as follows: "Approved a respectfully forwarded to the Governor of Wisconsin. Under the circumstances I have not justified in promoting Major Bailey to be Colonel, subject to your approval, for gallant and meritorious services in the department, and in particular for highly distinguished services before Port Hudson, and I earnestly ask the confirmation of this appointment for the interest of the service and the credit of the noble regiment.

In the meantime Governor Salmon has issued a commission to Lieutenant Colonel Boardman as Colonel, and Major Bailey as Lieutenant Colonel. This is the situation. It is certain to be that the matter may be suitably arranged.

Milwaukee.

ARMS CORRESPONDENCE.


Colonel:—We the undersigned officers of the 4th Wisconsin Cavalry, after due deliberation, very respectfully express our feelings in regard to the late promotions to the Coloney of this Regiment as follows:

As commissions are already issued to F. A. Boardman as Colonel, and to Joseph Bailey as Lieutenant Colonel, and the Governor has expressed himself strongly in this matter, we deem it useless to make a formal expression of our private or public opinion to the Governor of the State of Wisconsin. If we believed that it would effect anything in the settlement of the matter we would have no hesitation whatever in expressing our opinions. If Col's. Bailey and Boardman will agree to leave this matter to the officers of the Regiment, we will willingly express ourselves as to the merit of the two officers, and decide the matter.

Very Respectfully,

Your Obd't servants,

J. B. Farnsworth, 1st Lt. Co. I.
J. N. Earl, 2d Lt. Co. D.
A. Medhurst, 2d Lt. Co. B.
W. P. Moore, Major 4th Wis. Cav.
J. Keefe, Capt. 4th Wis. Cav.
R. J. Needham, 1st Lt. Co. K.
H. Brooks, 1st Lt. Co. C.
N. H. Chittenden, Lt. and Adj't.
Chas. A. Johns, Lt. and A. Q. M.
L. C. Utica Mower, 2d Lt.

The above were all the officers present at the time this letter was presented for signature, and from conversation with most of the remaining officers, I have no hesitation in saying that every officer in the Regiment would have been glad of an opportunity to have expressed their wishes as to the officer that should be their future Commander.

(Signed) J. B. Farnsworth.
1st Lieut., Co. I, 4th Wis. Cav.

Kilbourn City, Wis.
September 10th, 1863.

Officers of the 4th Wis. Cavalry.

Gentlemen:—Your favor of Aug. 29th, relative to the Coloney of our regiment, was received just at the moment that I was embarking for the North, consequently I was unable to answer it until the present time.

You will please allow me fellow officers, to thank you kindly for your expression in the above matter, and to state that I did not enter the service in this noble Regiment for the sake of position or promotion, but from pure motives of patriotism, believing that I might be of some service to our dismembered country, and feeling a willingness as I do at present, to serve in any position where I could be of most service. I have been promoted and mustered as the Colonel of our Regiment, by an order from headquarters "Department of the Gulf," and if the order is not recognized by the Governor of Wisconsin, and on his application to the "War Department," the muster is declared illegal, I shall be prepared to serve in any other position that my superior deems fit to place me, even in the ranks if there I can be of the most service.

I did not ask for the position, but as long as I hold it, I shall endeavor to do my duty as I believe I have heretofore done.

As to leaving the matter to you for final settlement, I have no hesitation in saying that nothing would give me more pleasure than to leave the matter entirely to your decision, as no one would doubt your right of choice. I assure you that I should much disliko to hold any position, particularly in a veteran regiment, where it was not entirely satisfactory to the officers and men, and from the fact of our long acquaintance in the field, and your past experiences as officers, would insure a decision that would be of interest to the service.

I have the honor gentlemen to be with much respect,

Your obedient servant,

J. Bailey,
Colonel 4th Wis. Cavalry.
At the suggestion of the boys I have prepared a brief history of the Co., which they desire to have published in the Observer for the benefit of themselves and friends.

[NOTE.—"All Right" means in good health and fit for any kind of duty.]

Robert C. Hawkins, Captain—re­signed Sept. 14, 1862.

George D. Lybrand, First Lieu­tenant—resigned Nov. 23, 1861.

Jeremiah J. Turner, Second Lieu­tenant—promoted to First Lieutenant Nov. 26, 1861, and to Captain, Sept. 19, 1862—All right.

George W. Bell, First Sergeant—promoted to Second Lieutenant Nov. 26, 1861—resigned, July 23, 1862.

John McMurry, Second Sergeant—promoted to First Lieutenant Nov. 26, 1861, to Second Lieutenant July 23, 1862, and to First Lieutenant Sept. 19, 1862—All right.


Gilbert L. Laws, Fourth Sergeant—promoted to Third Sergeant Nov. 26, 1861, wounded at the battle of Williamsburg May 5, 1862, and discharged July 29, 1862.

Eugene C. Hungerford, Fifth Sergeant—promoted to Fourth Sergeant Nov. 26, 1861 to Second Sergeant July 23, 1862, and to First Sergeant Sept. 19, 1862.

Thomas J. Edwards, First Corporal—promoted to Fifth Sergeant Nov. 26, 1861 to Fourth Sergeant July 23, 1862 and to Third Sergeant Sept. 19, 1862—Health not good, and off duty.

Frank A. Moore, Second Corporal—promoted to First Corporal Nov. 26, 1861, to Fifth Sergeant July 29, 1862 and to Fourth Sergeant Sept. 19, 1862—Health not good. In regimental hospital sick.

James W. Ewing, Third Corporal—promoted to Second Corporal Nov. 26, 1861, and to First Corporal Sept. 19, 1862. Color Corporal—All right.

Benjamin W. Lawton, Fourth Corporal—promoted to Third Corporal Nov. 26, 1861 and to Second Corporal Sept. 19, 1862—All right.

William F. Hoy, Fifth Corporal—promoted to Fifth Sergeant Sept. 19, 1862—All right.

Mathew Lawless, Sixth Corporal—promoted to Third Sergeant Sept. 19, 1862—All right.

Elliott P. Ryder, Seventh Corporal—promoted to Fourth Corporal Sept. 19, 1862—reported absent sick in New York.

Frank Thomas, Eighth Corporal—promoted to Second Sergeant, Sept. 19, 1862—Health not good. Off duty in quarters.


Rufus P. Mathews, Fifer—All right.


Olivet Atwood, Private—discharged for disability April 12, 1862.

Alfred H. Armor, Private—All right.

James W. Austin, Private—All right.

Edwin Austin, Private—killed at the battle of Williamsburg, May 5, 1862.

Thomaz J. Bass, Private—All right.


Adam C. Bell, Private—All right.


Martin L. Bobb, Private—All right.

Alexander Y. Bobb, Private—promoted to Sixth Corporal Sept. 19, 1862.

Adrian Bryant, Private—taken prisoner from the picket line near Yorktown, Va. April 24, 1862. Since paroled.

Adina Chesebore, Private—died at Camp Griffin, Va. Nov. 1861.

Henry Collins, Private—discharged for disability Oct. 21, 1862.

Thomas M. Cooper, Private—discharged for disability, Nov. 17, 1862.

John Dunken' Private—wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg Dec. 1862, now in general hospital, Chester, Pa.

John Douglas, Private—All right.

William Fazel, Private—reported absent sick in general hospital.

Henry Fazel, Private—discharged for disability Sept. 23, 1861.

Peter Fazel, Private—discharged for disability Sept 24, 1861.

Joseph Farlin, Private—All right.

John Frawley, Private. All right.


Alfred Hyatt, Private. Discharged for disability June 19, 1862.

Henry H. Hoy, Private, All right.


Leander Handy, Private. Taken prisoner at Savage Station, Va. and joined company Nov. 12, 1865. All right.

George W. Heathorn, Private. Discharged for disability March 12, 1862.

Chas Hickox, Private. Promoted to Seventh Corporal, All right.

Lyman Householder, Private, All right.

Adelbert Holmes, Private. Discharged for disability March 12, 1862.


George Jarvis, Private. Taken prisoner at Savage Station, Va. June 29, 1862 and joined company Nov. 12, 1865. Health not very good.

Henry M. Johnson, Private, Kil-
led at the battle of Williamsburg, Va. May 5, 1862.

James Kinney, Private, Discharged for disability Dec 8, 1862.
Nathaniel Kenyon, Private, All right.

Henry C. Ryger, Private, Promoted to Eighth Corporal, Jan 1, 1863.

Henry A. Lamb, Private, All right.

Henry J. Lawton, Private, Wounded in hand at the battle of Golden's Farm, Va. June 20, 1862, unfit for duty.

George W. Lawton, Private, Discharged for disability Nov 22, 1862.

Henry H. Lewis, Private, Transferred to Co D, Jan 1, 1863, Missing in action at the battle of Antietam since not seen.

Edward A. Mack, Private, Discharged for disability Nov 26, 1862.

Alfred G. Martin, Private, Missing in action at Savage Station, Va. June 28, 1862, Taken prisoner and paroled since discharged for disability.

Alfred C. Mayfield, Private, Discharged for disability, Nov 22, 1862.

George L. Marshall, Private, Absent sick.

Amos W. Miller, Private, Promoted to Fifth Corporal, Wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg Dec 12, 1862, Now in general hospital at Washington.

George W. Miller, Private, Absent sick.

John Miller, Private, Absent sick, Not heard from since December 1861.

W. H. McPheeters, Private, Health not very good.

George W. McPheeters, Private, All right.

Frederick Moody, Private, All right.

John R. Moon, Private, Off duty, health not very good.

George W. Moore, Private, Wounded at the battle of Williamsburg May 5, 1862, died of wounds at Chesaapeake hospital, Va. May 27, 1862.

Martin Morrison, Private, Taken prisoner at Savage Station, Va. Jan 29, 1862, joined the company Nov 12, 1862.

William Morrison, Private, Promoted Corporal Nov 23, 1861, Discharged for disability Dec 1863.

Geo W. Mayfield, Private, Discharged for disability Dec 1862.

William A. Nichols, Private, Died at Savage Station, Va. July 5, 1862.

Oren Northrup, Private, Discharged for disability June 21, 1862.

Henry E. Osgood, Private, All right.

Christopher J. Ostrander, Private, All right.

John P. Pool, Private, Discharged for disability Dec 10, 1861.

Youngs Parfrey, Private, All right.

Francis M. Russell, Private, Discharged for disability June 4, 1862.

Ami Shireman, Private, Discharged for disability May 26, 1862.

Joseph C. Sackett, Private, All right.

James B. Shaffer, Private, Absent sick.

Jonathan Spry, Private, wounded at the battle of Williamsburg May 5, 1862, Since discharged.

George A. Shaw, Private, Discharged for disability, Oct 14, 1862.


Thomas J. Shuman, Private, All right.


Henry Vance, Private—All right.

Wm. B. Walker, Private—All right.

Geo. W. Wilsey, Private—All right.

Henry E. Walker, Private—killed at the battle of Williamsburg Va. May 5th 1862.

Calvin M. Woodcock, Private

Absent, sick—in Gen. Hospital, Hagerstown, Md.

Since the Reg. was organized, Co. H has received 19 recruits.

John Roseman, from Richland County—All right.


The Company now stands as follows—

I insert the morning report.

For duty, 3 Com. officers, 2 searies of 6 corps', 54 privates—absent sick, 7

Present, sick 13 enlisted men;—extra duty, 2—enlisted men, 64.—Aggregate, 67.

Co. H left Camp Randall, Madison Wis. with an aggregate of 100 men, 19 recruits added make 119—67=52 total loss.

Of the new recruits, Abner C. Ballard has been discharged, and Thomas B. W. Frances died, Dec. 23 1862.

E. C. H.

Death of John W. Cramer, Company E, Fifth Regiment.

U. S. Army General Hospital, West's Building, Baltimore, Md., Jan. 23, 1863.

Dear Madam—I have the painful duty to perform of informing you of the death of your son John. He departed this life last evening.

Everything was done for him that the most efficient medical men could suggest, but fate had marked him a victim. Another victim lies on the altar of his country. He died like a true soldier, craving the blessing of God on his soul and his country.

Dear Madam, it is hard for you thus to part forever with those you hold near and dear, but his life was offered up in a glorious cause, and he died without the least blot or blemish attached to his name. He has been our intimate friend for many months and we mourn him as such.

Enclosed I send you a lock of his hair, as it was his last wish. I am, dear Madam, as ever, most respectfully your obedient servant,


The Fifth Regiment.

A correspondent of the Madison Journal gives some interesting information as to the condition of the Fifth Wisconsin regiment. He says the regiment was paid four months wages during the month of January. On the 8th inst. its camp was two miles from Ball's Landing on the Potomac. Abundance of good wood and water was convenient, and the boys make themselves very comfortable in wood huts. A part of Gen. Pratt's light brigade, they expect, whatever is
is done with the army of the Potomac, to travel. I might treat you to a long
is to remain and guard the country up and down the Potomac, and protect
Washington, "At no time during the
war," says our correspondent, "have
we been better suited." Bakeries
were being built, and the men were
receiving soft bread as a part of their
rations—a great luxury to the soldiers who have lived on "hard tack"
for months. The following was the
morning report of the regiment Feb
8th, showing its present strength:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Enlisted men present for duty</th>
<th>577</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Absent on detail, sick, etc.</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commissioned officers present</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Aggregate 707

Few regiments that have been in the service eighteen months and passed
through the Peninsula campaign can make as good a show as this.

March 4th, 1863

Letter from the 5th Wisconsin

Theodore R. Catin, Lt. Col., Com. Reg."Camp near Belly Lains Va"
March 4th, 1863.

The readers of your Journal must have
forgotten my humble "Cognomen"
before now, as I have nearly done so
myself. They must have thought me
given the quietus to "poor dear George"
dead, if they thought of me at all; which
is very problematical. However that
may be, I am better than two dead men
yet, and anticipate doing a reasonable
share of fighting if the opportunity offers;
and for another fortnight, but I thought
there would be less danger with the
Regt. and in front of the "rebels". In
fact there were so many facilities offering,
and such pleasant ones too, for getting
out of the army, that I was afraid
I would remain in the convalescent Camp
for another fortnight, but I thought
there would be less danger with the
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Regt. and in front of the "rebels". In
fact there were so many facilities offering,
Try and eat it. Do please, Let me take the rind off for you." And so on. This lady always carries two apples; one very big one, and the other not so big and a little rotten. It wouldn't do you know, to give an apple to one person, and leave the rest without anything; it would be too remarkable. So "heart-disease" got the big one, and I standing by a "bunk" post, and listening with all my ears, was politely offered the other, which I as politely accepted, and bowing profoundly retired to my lair to devour what was sound of it. It is the strong and healthy, these angels in weeds and white pip dresses try to wheelie from out of "Uncle Sam's" relaxed clutches, on the principle, I suppose, that people go on at a rate: to save what is most valuable first. I have been told that I was considerably good-looking; and having a great admiration for the advice of Mr. Weller to his son, "Samirole, Samirole, beware of the wid- ders," I therefore resolved to escape in time; and here I am among the hills with nothing to disturb my serenity but hard biscuit, dead mules, and a sea of mud only three feet deep.

I found the Regt. in the best discipline cheerful, and contented, and highly pleased with Gen. Hooker, for changes made in the Quartermasters department. Provisions are plenty and of the best kind. While there are many things the soldier is not allowed by the regulations, he can now by an order from Commanders of Companies, purchase from the Brigade Quartermasters all needful things, and at a reasonable rate, instead of paying the sutler four times the value of the best for an inferior article. This privilege was only given to commissioned officers under the McClellan "regime." As a specimen of the difference in price, I will mention one article, "Flour" which at the Sutlers costs 14 cents per lb, but only 4 when purchased at the quartermasters.

We are encamped among a wilderness of hills near the mouth of "Potomac Creek," this same creek being only five miles from the famous "Aquia Creek." We are about 7 miles from Fredericksburg. Have no "picket" or other duty to do; and well "fed," according to soldier's ideas. Some of the boys are under the weather. Hugh B. Smith, Henry Lewis, and Henry Sanborn, are in the hospital, and quite feeble, although getting better. Why they are not removed is a mystery to me, as they are incapable of doing any duty, and probably some of them never will. It is a shame, say a crime, that some of them are not sent away before now.— Whose fault it is, if not the Doctors, I can't tell.

As I said of the discipline of the regt. of the army. The old officers are getting to know more of their duty. While the young ones are being mostly raised from the ranks, have all the steadiness that practice gives, and are quickly mastering the theory of their duties; another, and the chief reason for the great improvement which is seen in the army, is the retirement or rather the dismissal of cowardly and incompetent officers of every grade, from Col. to 2d Lieutenants, who were foisted upon the country by the system of "scratch me, and I'll scratch you," sort of elections which were held near two years ago, when we essayed to make military officers of Tom, Dick and Harry, as hard an achievement, as to make tolerable bricks out of an insufficient quantity of straw. The weeding out of the cowardly and inefficient officers and the discharge of disabled and worn out men, is another of the means which, if it has lessened your own efficiency, has increased the efficiency of the army. Three days march and one fight generally lessens the Co. one fourth. Some lie by the fences tired and worn out. Some steal off, foraging about the country, and sometimes don't join their comrades for a fortnight; others hang around the camps and hospitals we left until they become fixtures there; others still, get away to their own State and remain scavenging around some military establishment until they are taken in; and yet more who, if the first shot is fired, run off the field at the "very Dibbble hissef" (the Lord save us) was after them, and are found when all is over among the "ambulance."

In fact very few Regts. which have 1,000 names on the pay roll can muster more than one half that number in action.

You are aware that there have been many changes in the Co. since I wrote before. The 1st. Lieut. being Capt. 2nd gone to pot; the 1st and 2nd Sergt's in their places; three new Sergeants created, named, Robert Berry, Rawson Vanaman, and James S. Strong, all good soldiers and worthy of high positions. Half the rest of the Co. fit for duty are Corporals, good soldiers also, and all original members of Co. G. For myself, I have great faith in my star, like Napoleon le grand; and hope before the war is over to be promoted to "a lance" Corporalship, and be allowed to brighten the brasses, and polish the belts of the 8th. Corporal, "a consummation devoutly to be wished," and to be followed up to a grand success with all the "energy" of my positive nature.

I shall keep you posted now, from time to time as to our movements. If anything extraordinary happens, such as the ending of the war; or an invasion of the country by the "Bluenoses" in their fishing smacks, I will write out the particulars immediately, put "to haste" on the envelope, and dispatch it at once by the next man going on "furlough," so that you may have time to fill the "Majestic Fox" with pikes, torpedoes, and other obstructions, and so defend our young city from the "ruthless invaders." In the mean time I remain your old friend.

A VOICE FROM THE ARMY.

A Green Lake County Copperhead Rebutted.

Correspondence Green Lake Spectator.

CAMP NEAR BELL PLAINS, VA., MARCH 15th, 1862.

FRIEND A.—Your letter in answer to mine dated from the "Convalescent" Camp near Alexandria Va., only reached me on yesterday, having been delivered there, and was forwarded to my regiment by a sick friend still in that place. I only received it last night, and hasten to answer it. It is so curious a letter, however, so full of unsupported assertions, unreasoning prejudice, and mad charges of "tyranny," "persecution," and "fanaticism," against the government, that, not knowing I had a corres-
Then listen to their arguments. "Is a nigger as good as a white man? Would you wish your sister to marry a Nigger? Do you want them to come North and take the bread out of your children's mouths?" do you want Niggers to vote and become Judges, Governors, and Members of Congress?" and so on. You talk of "Negrophobists," have not you and the "Copperheads" been hit by some mad "back" from Alabama? Oh! friend A——, has the mantle of Douglas whom you so reverenced fallen upon these men. Is the spirit of the ilustrious men who carried the country safely through the storms of the revolution, now animating these time-serving partisans, who having no principle are without a country; and who will ruin a nation when they cannot rule by party. You speak in glowing terms of the word "rebel"; and say that all the good, and great, and wise, of all nations gloried in the name. With all proper respect to you and great, and good, and wise,—if they believe so; which I by no means acknowledge—the word "rebel" as applied to action, is either good, or bad, according to the thing you rebel against, and the means by which that rebellion is sought to be made successful. It does not follow at all, friend A——, that because a man "rebels" even against a tyranny, that he is any better than some that do not; for motives are the chief criterion by which men must be judged; and until posterity sifts their actions, or men are born with windows in their bosoms, you will forgive me if I do not believe "Jeff," or "Stone wall" either great, good, or wise. How you can have the face to speak of Washington, Emmet, or Fitzgerald; or allude to Kossose, or Kossuth, in connection with the names of the southern Oligarchs is beyond my comprehension. Like the word "rebel," your more coupling of those names sacred to liberty, and progress, with those of the Slave leaders of the South is an insult to common sense. Emmet and Fitzgerald headed the people against a religious, political, and social tyranny so galling that they would be less than men if they suffered it any longer without a struggle to remove it. I need not speak of "Poor Poland," or Hungary; the civilized world has recognized their efforts to throw off the "incubus" of the Northern despots as righteous and holy. The men of "76" raised the standard of revolt, to rid themselves of a foreign people who sought to impose taxes on a young, and growing empire three thousand miles away, without giving them a voice in the legislation that appropriated their own money. But what political, religious, or social wrong have the South to complain of? In God's name tell us, at what time, or place the States of the North could have injured those States in rebellion. If they had the intenHons, they never had the power. For fifty years the legislation of the country was in the hands of the men who are now moving Earth and Heli to destroy it. Then where was the power to injure them? Evidently no where so that a sensible man can see. If the disposition existed, there were enough of moderate men in the North with all the South to back them, to prevent it. You have mentioned one other person in your enumeration of leading "rebels" that I have a word to say about, I mean John Mitchel. If there was one man whom I loved more than another in that land of patriots who shed lustre on the old cause of Ireland in "48," it was John Mitchel. He was so stern, so unyielding, so uncompromising, in his hatred of the base, bloody, and brutal government of England, that in my innocence I thought he had a mission from Heaven to destroy, and utterly root up that horry old tyranny, and cast it from the land of our fathers. But how greatly mistaken all friends of liberty were in the man, the last ten years of his life will proclaim. He was scarcely lauded a day when he attacked Sec. Marcy for his foreign diplomacy. In three months more, he deliberately insulted the convictions of the great body of the northern people, by sighing for a plantation and fat "Niggers" to whip, in Alabama. He then went among his friends in the South after treating with contempt all his comrades of "48." He soon quarreled with the man-sellers, and failing in a publishing
I have gone through them all; but one thing I perpetuate a system of slavery debasing my. I.Dcoplo. before whoso achievements their mocking, sacrificing, and persistent attacks on Garibaldi, and his ridiculous toadism of the murderer of the French people, and French liberty, Louis Napoleon. To be sure he abused England at the same time, a fact, that with me, covers a multitude of his sins. The fact is that Mr. Mitchell is a very good republican in Ireland, because he has reason to hate England, but can play the roles of "aristocrat" anywhere else. But, Oh, shame, shame on him, and you, and all other Irishmen, and the sons of Irishmen, who are now to be found in the same category with the crowned destroyers of the people's rights. Shame, on the man coming from that lonely Island in the Atlantic, sitting in his ragged, and widowhood at the door of Europe, who joins her tyrants, the aristocracy of England,—the peasant-hanging Landlords of Ireland,—when they mock, and jibe; and wag their heads, because they think in their shortsightedness that the days of the great republic are numbered; that the power for subjugating us is come; that this great advancing people, before whose achievements their very knees knocked together with mortal terror, is subdued, divided and destroyed. Your southern friends, the slaveholders, are types of your confederates, the Irish Landlords. And you who pretend to hate the Irish tyrant, love the American Slave lord. "Consistency, thou art a jewel." But you and your friends will be disappointed. The destruction of a nation of 20,000,000 of such people, is not to be seen in one day. The trial has been made, and has resulted in shaking to its very centre the social system it was inaugurated to save. And with that system the authors of this great crime, and their abettors in the north will be politically destroyed too, and why not? The slave men have ruled long enough. Begotten in plunder, they have lived on the labor of a degraded, because an enslaved race; they have been held in power by the shameless toadism of a party in the North usurping the name of "democracy." Even now when they have commenced a war the most causeless, and the most terrible the world ever saw, to perpetuate a system of slavery debasing to both races; when the blood of thousands of the sons of the republic both North, and South, has been shed to gratify the ambition of a few thousand slave whipping "bullies," they are still smeared with the slaver of those "dogs in the manger," the northern democracy; who not content—the cowardly traitors—with throwing every obstacle in the way of the government, send their emissaries here to try and disorganize the army, the only hope of the country, in this hour of gloom and peril. And I have such faith in this people—in the spirit of liberty—in the ultimate triumph of the nation over all its enemies, that I hesitate not to inform you—one of them—that they have been successful among your friends the semi-traitorous democrats. But the reaction has come already. We have many resignations, but the soldiers understands that game. Go to any company where such men resigned on account of the President's proclamations, the Confiscation Act, or the arming of the Negroes, and ask the men why those persons resigned, and they will tell you, that any reason was good enough for a coward. And you will hear that these men never went into a fight; how they were always "fagged" and obliged to fall behind when the skirmisher's rifles went "pop," "pop" at the enemy just appearing. How they would not be a month together with their commands, but sporting their "straps" among the girls, or in the bar rooms in some village in New York or Pennsylvania; doddling their "away" "away," and running up bills they never paid, in the Washington hotels—How they would come back after contracting a loathsome disease, and be confined to their tents until the regiment marched, when they went home again. This was the state of affairs under Gen. G. B. McClellan, of whom I will say that I can't tell whether he did, or did not know, or knowing did not care. I am proud to inform you that this is the only sign of disorganization to be seen in the army, and that is now at an end. We lose a few absolutely worthless men, and thereby the army becomes more efficient. They leave here because they don't like the scream of rebel shells, a thing I don't blame them for at all as it aint the sweetest music. But to all appearance they go at the bidding of a party.

And this is the party that professes such devotion to the constitution. Why, if their measures were adopted, or rather if no measures were adopted, for they offer none, this great republic would be divided into as many and distinct States as there are from the Gulf of Mexico to Cape Horn; or as there was in Italy ten years ago. The home of the oppressed people of our father's historic old nation, the heavily taxed people of England and France, the king ridden millions of Northern and Central Europe are to be destroyed that a few traders in human flesh may keep their chattels, on whose blood and marrow they might fatten, and live in splendid but unhealthy and anti-republican idleness. I do not anticipate the fall of this country now. Twenty millions of people with an immense army, a powerful navy, and resources unbounded, cannot be squelched by the cold blooded passiveness of the Yankee-hunters of the West, or the default treason of the bar room and brothel-keeping politicians of New York. This struggle, Old Friend, is a step in advance; the beginning of our greatness; the gap in the mountain of our difficulties, from which we shall emerge strong, formidable and majestic, like the great river of the west, now red with the blood of the people. Here once more, when the great contest between liberty and slavery is fought out to the utter extinction of the peculiar institution that has been the cause of the war, we shall have peace and happiness at home; wars, perhaps, abroad; but here shall then be found at last that point for which Archimedes sighed, the solid rock of our institutions, on which liberty will plant her lover to lift and revolutionize the nations. How I pity you, short visioned men, who believe that this is a war for the subjugation of the South, or even a war for the liberation of the colored race. These are but obstructions on the road to perfect liberty, and the people will march over them both, crushing one and lifting
the other. Can you not see that it is but a thro' of the long suffering world—a pang of the long agony felt in one of its most healthy members, and only precedes its deliverance. If you can't see it, you are a fool, and the eyes of your understanding may as well be plucked out. Look for yourself, how the world takes sides. The Irish Thugs who strangle the people; the English Aristocrats, their army, navy and State Church; their trunculent machines, the foul mouth of the Times, Herald and Post; the French Emperor and his satellites, the hordes of everything just and good in every nation; the Ghouls who steal human beings in Africa, and the brutes who sell their half white children in America, are to be found on one side. On the other side are the religious element, both Catholic and Protestant, and the free thinkers like ourselves of the whole Northern and Western States; the working men and middle classes of England and Ireland, the great body of the people of France and Italy, the Polish patriots, the backers of the working man everywhere, the friends of free institutions the world over.—Cobden and Bright, Lamartine and Victor Hugo, Massinizi and Garibaldi.

I would not miss the chance of serving handsomely in the ranks of this army of freedom, at the cost of ten years of my life. How can you sit idly in Darfor while this glorious struggle is going on? We have before believed and hoped and suffered in different ways in the same holy cause. Sorry I am that we cannot do so now. Sorry I am that the holocaust of blood now offered up to liberty will be without one drop from the veins of my friends. How you can watch the gigantic upheaving and refuse to share in the triumph, is surprising to me. How you can jabber of party politics, of the dead past, with the hot Irish blood coursing through your veins, and this free fight, this beautiful "shindy" at your very nose, without taking a hand in, I can understand. Join us. If this won't suit, join the "Sons ofubettes" of Stone wall Jackson. You may be certain of a reasonable share of fighting with him. To give the devil his due, he's a trump. But for Heaven's sake, do stop this continual fault finding; throw away your safe truce; cease your gnawing at the government; you gnaw a file.

S. J. FAY.

From the 5th Wisconsin,
CAMP NEAR BELLE PLAISIA, VA., March 13th, 1863.

EDITORS STATE JOURNAL:—I enclose in this, a list of names of 5th Wisconsin soldiers who have died in the regimental hospital at this camp:

Wm. H. McPheters, company H, died February 13, 1863.


Harrison Wood, Co. K, died March 9, 1863.

All died of diseases contracted on the Peninsula. "Diarrhoea chronic" is written after nearly every dead man's name.

Since my last, nothing of interest worth recording, hast transpired. Everything in and about camp moves on in its accustomed round; camp guard, of course, comes every day; division guard every 5th day. There is no more police and fatigue parties, and every 5th day a skirmish drill is put in.

Col. Allen, at the present time, is teaching the commissioned and non-commissioned officers the skirmish drill by the sound of the bugle.

The weather is pleasant—roads rapidly drying; and from the appearance of matters at headquarters, another move is under consideration.

The 5th is ready. The health of the Regiment is good; only 45 off duty in camp. When we move, you will hear from me again.

E. O. I.

From the Army of the Potomac,
Extract from a private letter, dated—
CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA., March 17, 1863.

*** Our army has been wonderfully improved since General Hooker assumed its control. The men seem to have been infused with new life, and I have yet to find the soldier who has not full confidence in him. In this respect I have been much deceived, for the men all looked upon "Little Mac" as the only man who could command this army, and lead them with success against the enemy.

When they look upon Hooker as a man possessed of that steely resolution, that common sense. He seems to know every want of the men and immediately provides for it. All his orders sound with a true ring and business like. When we move, every man expects that it will result in a great victory; they think that drawn battles are "played out," and look to the future for great victories or crushing defeats. Of course, it is in the power of troops to win, it will be done at any or every sacrifice.

We are "mud-bound" yet, but I think we shall be able to move at an early date, probably before the 1st of April. Everything points that it is in the power of men to make necessary to enable us to move, is being made. And now, as I write this, I see a certain of a reasonable share of fighting with him. To give the devil his due, he's a trump. But for Heaven's sake, do stop this continual fault finding; throw away your safe truce; cease your gnawing at the government; you gnaw a file.

S. J. FAY.

From the 5th Wisconsin,
CAMP NEAR BELLE PLAISIA, VA., March 13th, 1863.

EDITORS STATE JOURNAL:—I enclose in this, a list of names of 5th Wisconsin soldiers who have died in the regimental hospital at this camp:

Wm. H. McPheters, company H, died February 13, 1863.

E. C. I.

THE FIFTH WISCONSIN.—A correspondent of the Madison Journal, writing from camp near Belle Plaia, Va., under date of 12th inst., says:

The Fifth is ready. The health of the Regiment is good; only 45 off duty in camp. Col. Allen, at the present time, is teaching the commissioned and non-commissioned officers the skirmish drill by the sound of the bugle.

The writer gives the names of the following soldiers who have died in the regimental hospital of the camp:


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E. C. I.
arms to plot destruction for us, to invoke it upon themselves.

We have sworn "to bear true allegiance to the United States, to serve the Government honestly and faithfully against all its enemies or opposers whatsoever, and observe and obey the orders of the President;" and we this day register the oath anew, that we will hold up his hands, abide by his proclamations, enforce obedience to the laws, avenge our brothers in arms fallen upon a bloody field, and fight the enemies of our flag wherever found and in whatever garb.

Citizens! Freeman! brothers! men of Wisconsin, are you going to desert us? Are you going to prove recreant to your obligations? Are you willing to purchase peace at the price of your manhood? For the sake of a brief period of inglorious ease to blast the hopes of posterity, or to strike even one star from our constellation?

Eighteen months since we left home with your prayers, your benedictions. Are you willing to see us returning with our flags trailing in the dust? You promised us that while battling for humanity, a common cause, a common country, you would succor our families, and sustain us with your good wishes and your fortunes. We therefore ask that you countenance no opposition to the conduct of the war; that you sustain for places of public trust no man who is not heart and soul with us in this contest of right with wrong, that you support the laws, that you stand by the government against which traitors in arms are arrayed, stand by your country in its hour of peril. Nay, more, demand it.

In conclusion let us say, that we are in for the war, that we are confidant of the rightousness of our cause and of speedy and final success, and that those who oppose us, whether by word or deed, are traitors to their country, and worthy only traitor’s doom.

Dear Parents:

I suppose you are aware of the critical position our country is in at the present time, and is being made worse by those cowardly traitors who are howling in our rear; they have not honor enough about them to take up arms and walk into the ranks of the Southern Confederacy, but must like a snake, lay hid in the grass, ready to bite or sting; when our backs are turned to them. I have just been reading the resolutions passed by the home leaguer, which I think is a pretty good thing, and I wish that every one could feel the necessity of upholding the government and enforcing its laws. As for trying to carry on this war by having the north divided is utterly impossible, the sooner they all take hold the sooner will this rebellion be closed; and if they do not, they will not only prolong the war, but will cost the government a great deal of expense and encourage the rebels, which they are doing to-day; and I know it. They may cause the government to send troops north, and thereby weaken the armies in the field; they had better look out for themselves if this regiment ever has to go back on such a purpose.

Yesterday a resolution was read to us while on dress-parade, which was passed by the officers of the regiment. The Col. had the men to take a vote on it. It was carried unanimously. (It was in condemnation of those traitors up north.)

This morning one of our company left for home, discharged for disability, private Joseph Turner, a son of Lieut. Turner of the 28th regiment.

Yours, &c.

Richard Welsh.
To the Editors of the Gazette:

Thinking the friends of Co. E would like to hear how we are getting along, I thought I would improve the present opportunity of dropping a few lines to them through the medium of your press. We are in fine spirits at present, having only two men in hospital, and those are getting along finely. We have over 60 men fit for duty, and we are capable of doing as much as any company in the regiment. The weather is not very agreeable now, and I believe the sacred soil of Virginia is able to produce more than any other state in rebellion.

We cannot suggest what is in store for the 5th in the future, nor do we care much, if we are not called upon to perform a dishonorable act. We are always ready and willing to perform what is assigned to us. We emulated to fight against those dastardly villains who are trying to overthrow this government of ours, the best the world ever knew.

And to those cowardly traitors in the north—those base, ignoble wretches who are insulting every true and loyal man by calling themselves by the same name, to them we would say, beware! The loyal men are not going to remain from home always, and woe be to them when we return, unless they cease in their traitorous designs. I cannot find words to express the punishment due to them if they continue in their mean and treacherous outrage. But, no matter how secret they are in accomplishing their designs, there is a God above who will surely punish them in time to come, if they are fortunate enough to escape the retribution which the loyal men see fit to inflict on them while they are at work.

I remain respectfully yours,

T.

Letter from the 5th Regiment.

Camp near Belle Plaine, Va., April 15, 1863.

FRIEND COVERS—We have been in this camp about ten weeks, have had comfort and supplies for the Army of the Potomac, and all other supplies necessary to the Army.

The demonstrations of disloyalty at home have had the desired effect of arousing the indignation of the soldiers generally against them, and we shall probably meet the enemy again soon.

The Herald finds its way into our camp occasionally, and is always a welcome visitor, as are also the N. Y. Tribune, State Journal, and all other papers favoring the right wing. This Army has been too long and too plentiful upon disloyalty by News Peddlers. You have doubtless seen, and probably published, the Protest of this Regiment, and Resolutions of several Companies, especially those of Company H, sent for publication to the Richmond County Observer. I believe they breathe the spirit of Regiment generally.

A visit from the Paymaster would be very acceptable as payment is due us since the first of November last.

I made a visit to the Wisconsin Brigade (Iron Brigade) a few days since, stopped over night, and was entertained by Lieut. Turner, John Bowden and two others of Co. H, 7th Regt., Sam. Potts of Winterville, Lieut. Chas. Fulkis, Johnson, Randolph, Comfort and others. Had a good time generally. All seemed to be in good health and spirits, except Lieut. Fulkis whose health is delicate. He has command of the Company at present, and is an efficient officer. This visit called many pleasant and some sad reflections. The "Badger State Guards," Co. H, 7th Regt., call the roll, and the bloody fields of Gainesville, Bull Run, South Mountain and Antietam must answer for many.

Inquirers are often made by friends at home as to what can properly be sent to their friends in the service, and how small, light packages can properly be sent by mail, larger ones by express; but should not exceed fifty or sixty pounds each. All packages for the Army of the Potomac under General Hooker should be directed to Washington, D. C., propubl. They will then be forwarded to the Regiment. All packages by express undergo inspection and must not contain intoxicating liquors. Clothing is not needed; Government supplies them bountifully. Better, cheaper, homely, cakes, tarts, jellys and the like can be sent; also needles, pins, thread &c., in convenient parcels to be carried in the pocket. Ligherness and other keepsakes, if sent at all, should be sent in the lightest form. The articles above mentioned with many others may be sent in proper quantities at proper times. They will be received as evidence of your memory and interest taken in their welfare and success of the common cause.

April 14, 10 A.M.—Moving orders have just been received. All is astir. We have orders to march in the morning, and our supplies are on the way. We are all ready and will soon be in motion. We are all to go on the Rappahannock, our home as ever for the Union.

A. Foster,

From the 5th:

The following letter to the Editor of this paper, though not intended for publication—we insert for the benefit of those of our readers who are not satisfied unless they get a letter from the soldier boys every day—is of late date, and not uninteresting:

Camp of the 5th Wis. Vol.,
Near Potomac Creek, Va., April 14, 1863.

CAPT.:—Sergt. Julius Enert was taken very ill yesterday morning, it is nothing serious. We move tomorrow morning, I am unable to say in what direction but suppose we will cross the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg. The troops are in the best condition and will make a more determined fight than they ever have heretofore. We march with eight days rations in the mens knapsacks and haversacks and three days in wagons. The officers of each company are provided with one pack mule to carry their rations and blankets, the men carry besides their rations one piece of shelter tent each, one woolen blanket, one rubber blanket and a change of under clothes. Their extra blankets and overcoats have been sent to Washington and stored.

Jule will be sent to General Hospital in the morning. I will feel his loss very much as he is one of the most efficient officers I have in my
company. I appointed him orderly a few weeks since and he more than filled my expectations in that position, none could have filled it better. I am in hopes he will soon be able to join his company for duty. Give my regards to all my friends in Mani-Howoc.

Your most ob't serv't.,

HORACE WALKER.

Capt. Co. A, 5th Wis.

—We have been permitted to copy the following stirring letter from one of the boys in Co. A, 5th Reg't, to his fath'r. The boys fight well, and they know quite as well how to write readable letters, of which we and our readers get a welcome share. No Reg't has fought better, and no Co. in the place nearly two years since, has had its losses much reduced by battle, disease, and disasters, but the heroic men who remain, hold but one opinion, to wit: 'That they are in for the war, and will never give up the struggle until the rebels are subdued.'

A SOLDIER’S FUNERAL.

The remains of Serg’t HOLSOM arrived here by the Comet, Tuesday morning, and received every attention and respect that our citizens could bestow. The corpse laid in state at the house until Thursday P. M., when it was interred with the honors due to the gallant brave.

The largest concourse ever gathered together in our village assembled at the Tabernacle and listened to an oration delivered by Rev. J. W. HALE of Milwaukee; admitted by all to be one of the most sublime and brilliant efforts ever made in this, or any other locality. This may seem rather strong language, but we know of no other which will give even a faint idea of the discourse. We have not time to attempt even a partial description of it, but we hope that at no distant day our citizens will again have the pleasure of listening to this truly eloquent and impressive lecturer. He has most consummately ascribed to himself, trying pronounced a fitting oration upon the subject of the deceased; spoke of the lessons which are being taught by the suffering and the happy, and mingled patriotic sentiment and his uncomprising hostility were of the most affecting character.
Another Stirring Letter from the 5th.

Camp near Belle Plains, Va., April 21, 1863.

GENERAL:—Enclosed please find two dollars which I wish you to apply on my subscription to the Tribune for another year, hoping that by the expiration of that time we will be able to peruse the columns of your paper in our homes with a peaceful and united country around us.

There is but little news around here. His Excellency, Gov. Solomon, was with us this morning and made a very patriotic and interesting address to our regiment.

Most of all the boys in Co. A, are in good health and are ready whenever General Hooker gives us the word to go forward and strike a blow which the enemies of our country will feel—and when with the assistance of the Almighty, we shall have put down this rebellion, and have done dealing with those traitors who come out boldly and with arms in their hands endeavor to overthrow our Government, we can then deal with those traitors in the North who are endeavoring by secret and underhanded wire pulling, to force us into a dishonorable peace and a disruption of the country which we have always been proud to call our own.

The former class, traitors though they be, are brave men, and thus in a measure, command our respect, while the latter, are a set of cowards and we utterly despise them from the bottom of our hearts.

We once were afraid that the last named class were about to gain the control of the loyal states and with that thought our hearts failed us. We now rejoice that the tide has turned, and they are fast dwindling away.

My word for it, as long as the soldiers in the field have the assurance that the hearts of the masses of the people at home are with them, they will always do their duty no matter what dangers they have to pass through.

Send the paper the same as usual.

Your obedient servant,


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Send the paper the same as usual.

Your obedient servant,


CAMP NEAR BELL PLAINS, Va., April 21, 1863.

Editors Gazette:—It being a very wet and disagreeable day, I thought I would write to the friends of Co. E, and to all whom it may concern. The boys of Co. E are enjoying good health at present. We have got none in the regimental hospital at present. We have 53 men for duty, and we draw 64 rations, showing one man on the sick list. He remains in his quarters. I think the company stands the hardships of camp life as well as any other company in the regiment. The boys are now "spoilng for a fight," but are ready and willing to meet the rebels whenever we are ordered, and will fight the rebellion to the bitter end. God knows the old fifth remains true to the Union cause, for which we are ready, if necessary, to lay down our lives to defend. We cannot live and see the rebels set up such a government as they are trying to establish. It must never be allowed, if we ever expect to live in peace.

I think the rebels will not hold out any longer than this summer, if they are as hard up as is reported. Soldiers must have something to eat, or they cannot fight long. I hope the rebels will be obliged to acknowledge themselves whipped before next fall, for if we are ever permitted to return home, we must come with our flag flying triumphantly and victoriously in the breeze, and not trailing in the dust, as is the Seudish design and black-hearted wish of the convention people. God grant they may be disappointed. They will not be forgotten by the soldiers, for their treason in trying to overthrow the best government that ever existed. The soldiers would not think half as hard towards the convention men if they would go and seek their favorite, (Jeff.) and fight in the rebel ranks; but no, they are not men enough for that. They might spill some of their precious blood. They would rather stay at home, where everything is quiet, and no danger prevails, and everything is safe. They think they can play the guerrilla in our rear, and the soldiers will not know anything about it; but I am happy to say the soldiers have found it out, and are only waiting an opportunity to measure out to them their just reward.

Governor Salomon was here on the 21st. He made a short speech to the officers and men of the 5th. In return, the boys gave him three hearty cheers. It does us good to hear from the governor. He gave us a great deal of satisfaction; we feel as though we could leave our families and friends to the care of those at home who have any interest in the welfare of the government of the United States.

Yours with respect, N. B. L.


FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

[Court of Washington.] Thursday, April 25, 1863.

On Monday morning at 3 o'clock, the 11th, Maj. Gen. Howard's Corps, the 12th, Maj. Gen. Slocomb's, and the 9th, Maj. Gen. Meade's Corps, struck their tents and marched westward on the several roads leading to Kelly's Ford, and distant from the line of the King's Creek and Frederick and Hellabird Railroads about 15 miles. The 11th Corps being in the advance, reached Kelly's Ford at 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning. A brigade from this corps, commanded by Colonel Bache's, had been for some days since the advance of the cavalry, two weeks ago. The position had been well reconnoitered, and hence immediate preparations were made for leaving the positions which, strategical as it may seem to tour strategists, were in the right place at the right time. The engineering was directed by Captain Comstock of Hooker's Staff, but both the laying of the bridges and the crossing were supervised by Major General Howard in person.

The position is an admirable one for the exercise of a little strategy. Marsh Run impinges into the river just before the ford, after stealing its way round a high bluff. The pontoon boats were moored in this creek behind the bluff; in序列, the boats lay from the 7th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and the 164th New York Regiment suddenly darted from the shadow of the hill, and crossed vigorously across the river an said the bank. The rebel pickets, about twenty in number, attempted to fire, but their powder being wet, succeeded in snapping a few caps at the men in the boats.

Skirmishers were deployed to the right, left, and front, but the enemy was nowhere to be found. The remainder of the two regiments crossed in boats, while the bridge building was pushed forward with a most commendable vigor. Early in the evening the Eleventh Corps commenced crossing, and the Twelfth bivouacked on the commanding heights that surround the ford and the bank. The rebel pickets, about twenty in number, attempted to fire, but their powder was wet. The contact was made, and a number of houses and barns were set on fire.

On Tuesday morning, long before the day had dawned, the tramp of feet was again heard on the fleeting way, and, when the gray light of morning rose on the scene, long black lines were projecting themselves in raid from the pontoon landing, and the plain beyond the river was soon covered with moving masses of men.

At six o'clock, General Stone's cavalry corps arrived at the bridge, and commenced crossing. Following these came the Fifth Corps, the Twelfth having already crossed.

The wagon trains were sent back from Kelly's Ford, and parked near Bank's Ford, and to those who study the direction of straws, it was evident that a connection...
would be forced from Banks' Ford to the north of the Rapidan. The enemy was reinforced on Wednesday, and it is supposed that the enemy was there endeavoring to delay the advance of the National troops, though nothing trustworthy has yet reached us.

On Tuesday, the army marched by the 1st Corps, Major-General Reynolds, the 3d, Major-General Sickles, and the 6th, Major-General Sedgwick, were abandoned, and the troops were put in motion. When daylight broke Wednesday morning, national brigades had surprised, surrounded, and captured the enemy's pickets and reserves, and the astonished rebels behind two bridges connecting the hostile shores of the Rappahannock, four miles below Fredericksburg.

As at Kelly's Ford, so here, there was no waiting for pontoons, everything was in readiness, and so skillfully and quietly was the launching of the boats and the crossing of the men conducted, that the first notice of the Rebel outposts had of what was going on, was the approach of the boats filled with men, and a volley at discretion, which wounded some 20 men of the 119th Pennsylvania Volunteers, that regiment having the advance. Colonel Ellsworth is reported severely wounded.

The success of the expedition in boats was so complete as to prevent an alarm. The laying of the bridges, though in the very face of the enemy, was, therefore, carried to completion without his knowledge.

The very atmosphere of the night was most favorable for the work. Though one could see perfectly well for a space of twenty feet around, objects more distant were wholly undistinguishable through the mist. Two bridges were laid near the same crossing— one by a detachment of regulars, and the other by volunteers. A pleasant rivalry sprang up, and the volunteer boys carried away the laurels completing their bridge 20 minutes in advance of the regulars. After this a third bridge was constructed.

A sufficient force to hold the bridges was marched over and placed in position, after which the crossing ceased for the day. The successful action on this side were advantageously posted to await further orders.

The time, purport, and execution of these orders will appear at the close of the drama.

Two miles further down the river General Reynolds, with the First Corps, constructed a bridge in the face of the enemy's rifle-pits, and who were shelled. The resistance was stubborn, but of short duration. The fire of the artillery was too rapid and severe for the enemy, and he likewise abandoned the earthworks and fled, leaving in the hands of a party who crossed in boats, eighty-seven prisoners and officers from the 13th Georgia and 9th Louisiana, attached to the right of the command. The prisoners report Jackson as commanding the right wing of the rebel army.

Yesterday the Second, Couch's corps took a position in the rear Bank's Ford, with full facilities for crossing his own corps and as many as might be ordered to follow him. A good road was constructed between Bank's and United States Ford, and only orders were needed to put in harmonious motion all the department of the corps.

Lately intelligence brings in the cheering news that the Eleventh and Twelfth corps crossed the Rapidan at Germania at three o'clock, and that General Meade, with the Fifth Corps, crossed at a point low down at five o'clock. The enemy was every where taken by surprise, and nearly every body was lost.

From three to five hundred prisoners and wounded had been taken up to four o'clock, and the bridges were laid in fine order, buoyant with hope flowing with ecstasy. The line of march is in the direction of Chancellorsville, south of Fredericksburg.

Stone man, with his full corps of cavalry, is sweeping down in a wide circle, determined, with skill, energy, and dash, to retrieve the liquidated laurels of the past fortnight. He delayed, dilly-dallied, and finally failed in his expedition to an extent that would have defeated the entire plan of operation but for the double resources of the commanding General.

The infantry has now accomplished Stone man should have done with his cavalry ten days ago, by a bold dash across the rivers and a sweep to the enemy's rear. If it is so, that he now covers over the disgrace of the past two weeks, by a brilliant success in a raid on the rebel lines of communication, he may recover the friends he has lost, but not his reputation and his career as a commander of cavalry will be at an end.

With the regime of his command well in hand, General Hooker was left with the rest of the 4th division, his corps, under General Meade, Howard, and Sickles, to follow in the rear. His corps, under Reynolds and Sedgwick, took position there, and the 1st Divisions of both, under Wadsworth and Brooks, were sent over between 8 and 9 o'clock. It was necessary that men should first be sent out in boats, to drive the enemy from the rifle-pits on the banks, before the bridges could be laid. The 6th Wisconsin, Col. Bragg, accompanied by Gen. Wadsworth, who, regardless of danger, took the lead.

As at Kelly's Ford, so here, the rear of the 4th division, under Gen. Meade, Howard, and Sickles, was under the lead, followed by the rest of the 4th division, under Gen. Wadsworth, and nearly all the men, McDonald, and in the face of musketry, all the troops, and taking the advance proceeded successively on his mission.Particulars regarding his movements have not yet reached us.

The 11th, 12th, and 13th followed rapidly in a westerly direction, toward the enemy's rear. To mask the column, necessary to divert the attention of the enemy upon the left, to prevent his capturing his force to interfere with our march. Pontoons were therefore thrown over from one to three miles below Fredericksburg. The 1st and 6th divisions, under Reynolds and Sedgwick, took position there, and the 1st Divisions of both, under Wadsworth and Brooks, were sent over between 8 and 9 o'clock. It was necessary that men should first be sent out in boats, to drive the enemy from the rifle-pits on the banks, before the bridges could be laid.

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The 6th Wisconsin, Col. Bragg, accompanied by Gen. Wadsworth, who, regardless of danger, took the lead.
This morning started on the march for Chancellorsville. On approaching Wilderness, about five miles on the way, Gen. Slocum's column was fired upon by artillery, which resulted harmlessly. Nothing could be heard from our steady and determined advance. About half an hour afterward, halting to rest, a messenger reached our front, informing Gen. Slocum that he had occupied Chancellorsville, and was waiting for him to form a junction. The order was given to advance on receipt of this cheering intelligence, and not long afterward the General and staff, accompanied by your correspondent, entered the place, which consists of one large brick house, occupied by a lady of the name of Chancellor, and kept as a tavern. Two rebel huts had been there the night previous, and an attempt had been made to make them up into earthworks; but our sudden appearance caused them to evacuate. We moved upon Fredericksburg-to-morrow.

The movement is a complete surprise, Gen. Slocum, the chief commanding officer, and his carriage were beginning to develop themselves, and more than ever induce me to believe with my friend Major Bean that Gen. Hooker is only a boy with grand results. N. G. S.

The Western Approach to Fredericksburg.

The Army of the Potomac April 29, 1863.

The 11th, 12th and 13th Corps of the Army of the Potomac are in possession of Chancellorsville, ten miles west of Fredericksburg. The crossing was made on the morning of the 29th, yesterday, the pontoons were upon the west bank of the river, and the column, under Gen. Howard and Slocum, the 5th Corps crossing below, at Ely's Ford. The 11th Corps, Maj. Gen. Howard, was the first to cross at Kelly's Ford, followed by the 12th, under Gen. Slocum. After the crossing was effected this corps moved in advance, preceded by a detachment of the 6th New York Cavalry and the 1st Massachusetts Infantry as skirmishers. In company with the advance cavalry I rode as far as Crooked Run, a small stream about three miles beyond the Rappahannock.

Here we encountered the extreme pickets of the enemy, drove them before us, fired upon them with our carbines, and captured a number of persons without danger. On our right, our column moved rapidly on until they approached the Rapidan river. While the column was in this situation, we were charged upon by a large body of the enemy, in process of creation by the rebels, with a view to an aggressive movement. After the lapse of about fifteen minutes, the enemy, consisting of about 125 men, of the 12th Miss., 16th, 41st, 61st, 17th and 41st Virginia Infantry, surrenderecl, with one man killed and several wounded; our loss was one killed—Corporal Martin, of Company M, 6th New York Cavalry.

We then commenced crossing. First, a detachment of the 11th Corps, under Gen. Slocum, the senior officer. Our infantry and artillery were employed, wading the stream, which was exceedingly swift and over waist deep. The position was one admirably adapted for defense, the ground rising abruptly to a height of some 50 or 60 feet, being a fine position for artillery, with which the Rebels might have swept our approaching columns. The 3rd Corps was also employed, and were encamped. The 11th followed, and thus the Army of the Potomac, with 30,000 men, is here. Vesterday a congratulatory order was read to the troops commending their gallant conduct and promptness on the march. The order of the commander of the army was received with tremendous cheers. The entire army is rallied with the success of the expedition, and the men are electrified by the auspicious opening of the campaign.

The amount of a gentleman who left Fredericksburg on Wednesday evening represents the citizens as fleeing in every direction. It is believed the city will be shelled and all property destroyed. A complete panic prevails throughout the whole country. The Richmond papers had represented that Hooker's army was so thoroughly demoralized that he would not dare risk a battle. Half the regiments go home in May, and those to mutiny in June.

THE MOVEMENT.

The movement has been more demonstrations to keep up appearances, but all were certain that no order would be given to cross the Rappahannock to attack the stronghold. The evidence of their own eyes could scarcely be believed when a large force descended from Casparian. Stuart, Lee, and Hampsden, with the whole cavalry force, were in the thick of the fighting. Stone wall was intercepted by the National Infantry, and if Stonewall himself he will capture the whole concern. A brigade at United States Ford was assaulted and driven back its brigade which was sent back to the fortifications.

Gen. Lee and Jackson are in command of Fredericksburg. Longstreet is at Suffolk, and A. P. Hill and Early are in North Carolina. Four brigades are three miles on this side of the city, with orders to fall back to the rifle-pits at the approach of the Yankees.

The train from Richmond failed to arrive in Fredericksburg yesterday, and it is believed the railroad has been cut by a portion of our cavalry out for the purpose.

The train from Germania, Elkh's, and United States Fords have joined. Thus far all is well.

J. R. S.

THE MOVEMENT OF THE REBELS.

The day opened with a heavy mist hanging over the country, particularly near the river, and we were well up—say 8 o'clock. The morning was quiet—neither party seemed to be ready for battle.

We brought up additional artillery during the night, as well as ample ammunition trains, and an abundance of six forage wagons for our cavalry, which were ordered to return in each case before any more were allowed to pass the bridges. Maj. Painter, of the quartermaster's department, has charge of the ford, and regulated the passage of artillery so that there was no confusion, while the total amount of transportation which reached this side of the river was very small, and not in the least cumbersome.

The Second corps came up during the night and encamped near the left of our position. The Third corps lay between Bank's and United States Fords during the night, and reached the front about noon. The troops marched rapidly, and with great cheerfulness.

The great strategic importance of this position, as covering the railroad, was not long afterward the General and staff, accompanied by your correspondent, entered the place, which consists of one large brick house, occupied by a lady of the name of Chancellor.

The movement was guided by events occurring there.
on during the night, with slight loss. Wat-
sen's battery in Mead's front, thus lost two
miles by one of our batteries. Our lines were
developed last night; the troops being massed
in proper locations.

The first alarm I can give an idea of our
exact location. On your maps you will per-
ce Chancellorsville, a few miles west
of Fredericksburg, a true style of Virginia
village and a cross-
road—albeit, the house, in this instance, is
a fine large structure, and will accommodate
a great many wounded, to which purpose it
is already devoted. But the cross-roads is
the matter of vital importance here. From
this point the plank-road runs directly west
to Culpeper, by way of Germania Ford, or
by turnpike by Eli's Ford. The Gordons-
ville turnpike diverges to the left four miles
in our rear. The plank-road to Fredericks-
burg runs nearly due east, making an elbow
bend to the south here, butregaining its
castly direction within four miles. Nearly
east, or about east-northeast, runs the old
turnpike to Fredericksburg, which intersects
the plank-road again about three miles from
here. By this direction a road bears to the
left, and goes to Banks' ford, six miles,
direction northeast. United States ford lies
between the two. The enemy leaves the Eli's ford road and bears to the right
about one mile from this point. The road
winds through the timber, and is very indif-
ferent at the best.
The forenoon was mainly occupied by Gen.
Hooker and his staff, and able corps com-
missaries. Everything was making dis-
position of the columns. At 12 o'clock, Gen.
Sykes' division was sent forward on the
left, by the Banks' ford road, to make an at-
tack, and compel the enemy to develop his
strength on that flank. He moved promptly
into position, with Weed's, now Watson's,
regiments on his left.

The first gun was fired by the enemy about
twelve o'clock. Heavy
skirmishing commenced, our men entering the
field with much enthusiasm. Pennsylvania Cavalry skirmished in the very
front for some time, and sustained a galling
fire from the enemy's infantry, but behaved
with great steadiness. They charged and
recharged upon the infantry, only to be in
turn driven back. Gen. Sykes threw forward
two companies of infantry, without disper-
sion, Gen. Weed, which supported the cavalry, and checked the further pursu-
ance of the enemy. The action now became quite
general, and two forces, each seem-
ing to be about the same strength. The reb-
el division thus engaged was that of And-
er, part of Longstreet's old corps, consist-
ing of the brigades of Pasco, Mahone, and
Wilcox. Sykes fought the latter brigade at
Gain's Mills. The rebels contested the ground
very vigorously, giving way only when pressed
very hard. Our troops fought for
fully an hour with great spirit and drove the
enemy from two successive and strong posi-
tions upon ridges of land which ran parallel
with the Rappahannock. The distance thus
was near one mile, and some fifty arrest.

They were unceasing. Certain changes are being made in
our lines, and we shall be fully ready for any emergen-
cy. The greatest day in the history of the
rebellion is about dawning. Gen. Hooker
order these lines to the night, which was
much needed, but at this hour he is in con-
sultation with his corps commanders. His
staff are prodigies of energy, and their
laborers are unceasing.

Our losses yesterday are not yet known.
We had about one hundred killed and wound-
ded in this action. Sykes' division, in the afternoon.
Capt. Marsh, of the 17th regulars, was killed.
Capt. Overton, of Gen. Sykes' staff, was
killed—dangerously; Lieut. Wells, 14th
regulars, wounded; Lieut. Loner, as-
stant Adjutant-General to General Couch,
was wounded by a piece of shell in the arm
and leg. The troops acted magnificently. Not a
case of misbehavior came to my knowledge.
They were in battle with enthusiasm, and
one idea seems to unite everybody—the
idea of victory.

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case of misbehavior came to my knowledge.
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one idea seems to unite everybody—the
idea of victory.
Scaling the stone-wall under a terrible fire of musketry and artillery, the thirty-sixth Wisconsin raised the 5th Wisconsin and 6th Maine moved forward under a heavy fire of the 'Light Brigade,' and had reached the stone wall, when the 6th Maine pushed forward and planted their colors on the heights, and the left wing of the 5th Wisconsin raised theirs on the left.

The storming of the rebel works back of Fredericksburg began about 11 a.m. The 35th Wisconsin, in the charge of Capt. Strong, of Company G, 5th Regiment, was to advance under the cover of a rebel battery, and the 31st New York was to advance under the cover of the left wing of the 5th Wisconsin, which was to advance under the cover of a rebel battery.

The charge of the 5th Wisconsin was in the rear, and rushed, under a heavy fire of the 'Light Brigade,' and had reached the stone wall, when the 6th Maine pushed forward and planted their colors on the heights, and the left wing of the 5th Wisconsin raised theirs on the left.

The exact loss to the 5th Wisconsin in this charge was, in the right wing, 26 killed and 73 wounded, in the left wing, 5 killed and 33 wounded, and all in making a charge of 400 yards at a full run.

The loss in the brigade was nearly 500, which is a simple account of the part enacted by the 5th Wisconsin in the storming of Marye's (Marye's Hill) and the Light Brigade belongs to the memory of one of the most brilliant charges of the campaign. The loss of the 5th Wisconsin was nearly 500, which is a simple account of the part enacted by the 5th Wisconsin in the storming of Marye's (Marye's Hill) and the Light Brigade belongs to the memory of one of the most brilliant charges of the campaign. The 5th Wisconsin was to advance under the cover of a rebel battery, and the 31st New York was to advance under the cover of the left wing of the 5th Wisconsin, which was to advance under the cover of a rebel battery.

There was no traverse among the slain on that memorable battle than storming of Fredericksburg Heights. The 31st New York was to advance under the cover of a rebel battery, and the 31st New York was to advance under the cover of the left wing of the 5th Wisconsin, which was to advance under the cover of a rebel battery.

The position here indicated was taken about 11 a.m. in the day when the enemy opened fire, wounding Col. Spear, of the 60th Illinois Infantry, and causing a temporary repulse to the right column. Meantime Col. Burnham, acting Brigadier General, had already given the order, "Forward the Light Brigade." At the same time Col. Allen, of the Fifth Wisconsin, with the right wing of his regiment, two hundred and twenty men, deployed as skirmishers, occupied the advance of the central column, ordered a bayonet charge, fifty yards to the rear of Col. Allen's line of skirmishers, the 6th Maine and 31st New York were in line, and fifty yards behind them, the left wing of the 5th Wisconsin. When the order was given, Col. Allen's men went forward with fixed bayonets, at a full run, over the ground, and in less than three minutes reached the base of the hill, 400 yards distant. But in that brief space of time, the official report will show that a full hundred of the two men fell dead or wounded, and so deadly was the fire of the enemy which they rushed.

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Robinson, are killed. Capt. Strong is killed; many others were wounded. Sergt. Hungerford, who was at home with Langridge, was killed.

We are still pressing forward. Fredericksburg is ours—at the point of the bayonet. More rebels were killed by the bayonets than by the guns. Tliere is no more firing as yet. And you cannot imagine my joy at seeing them wave over the ramparts that we had lost thousands in trying to take.

That was the sixth or seventh attempt which has been made to take the same place by storm. Every man who started upon that charge, took his life in his hand, and the chances were decided in favor of his being killed. But onward they went—still onward, onward—Thousands upon thousands of them charged them, prayed for them; and they never faltered.

The letter is concluded at 2 o'clock p. m. of same day, as follows: "Since writing the above the rebels have come in and taken the intrenchments they were driven out of yesterday, and the object of our move has been to draw the troops here and get our forces near them. But I doubt whether the rebels will stay long. Our troops have been permitted to publish the follow from a letter from Lieut. Wm. Sumner, who was at home with Langridge, was many of the officers are wounded. Sergt. Hungerford, who was at home with Langridge, was many of the officers are wounded.

Dear Brother:—I am happy to inform you that this subscriber still lives, but the loss of my joy is made bitter by the loss of many a gallant comrade. Briefly, I will chronicle the events of the past few days:

On Tuesday, the 28th of April, we took up our line of march, and arrived opposite Fredericksburg late in the afternoon. In the evening our Division carried the pontoon bridges upon their shoulders to the river's bank—the distance of a mile and a half. At two o'clock A. M. the pontoon bridges were launched, and at 3 A. M., they were filled with brave soldiers as God ever made, and the command given to push from shore. A few volleys—a number killed—and all was over. The plan was a complete success.

A Division of the 6th corps crossed and held the opposite bank for two days; when they were relieved by our Division.

At 3 p. m., Saturday, we charged their lines and drove them yell on to Stafford's Heights, when darkness brought an end to the carnage. On Sunday morning the Light Division were called upon to storm the heights where Sumner's whole corps were compelled at the late battle of Fredericksburg. It devolved upon me to give the command, "Forward." It is impossible to describe my feelings when I gave the order; but give it I did, and all honor to the Light Division, they carried them in gallant style! The time required to do it was ten minutes, and the loss of the five regiments was 650. Our Regiment lost 144, and my Company 30 out of 43! We captured 8 pieces of artillery.

Injudiciously we were ordered to press on. We met the enemy strongly reinforced, 3 miles from Fredericksburg, and fought them all day and held the ground at night, but were slaughtered terribly. On the following day the rebels out-flanked us, entered Fredericksburg again, and nearly surrounded us. We fought them until dark, and then commenced another grand skedaddle.

Now commences the romantic career of your humble servant as a staff officer. Two Regiments of our Division were left to hold a ford at all hazard. With this exception the whole of our troops had been withdrawn, and silence reigned supreme at the dead hour of night, when begins this brief narrative of myself. Capt. Totten, Inspector General upon our staff, and Iago, were left to conduct the remnants of our regiments, when they could not hold their position any longer, back to the ford as best we could; a distance of three miles. I can assure you the situation was anything but pleasant. About 2 o'clock at night they discovered our troops withdrawn and found that made my blood turn cold, cameast a double quick upon the ground that our troops had just deserted. Capt. Totten and myself were mounted, and took position in a by-road, awaiting their approach; thinking it highly creditable to be happy under such circumstances, as we were reflecting in our own minds that Libby Prison would probably receive us on the following day. We remained in that position until we could distinctly hear them give commands and the clashing of their sabers, when Totten left me alone to watch their retreat while he communicated with the regiments. He no sooner gave the signal that the enemy were approaching on the flank and front, than they opened a murderous fire on our gallant little band, which returned it with vigor, and checked them sufficiently to get away a part of our command.
After about half an hour of awful suspense, I heard a horseman coming up the road at lightning speed, which made me think my day had come. But happily it proved to be Totten, who cried out in very expressive language, "Bless, for heaven's sake let's get out of this, for the Rebs have surrounded us!"

And such old climbing but few men have ever accomplished. We entered a by-path which led us through slashed timber, up steep embankments, and through almost impassable gulleys which no mortal man could ever have passed over except under such pressing circumstances. Upon reaching the crest of a high hill, the moon came our from under a cloud, and shone as bright as day. I being mounted upon a cream colored horse, exposed out unhappy condition, which brought volley of bullets after us, but we were making such excellent time going down the hill, that we fortunately escaped them.

Hoping this brief narrative will give you an idea of the last great military victory I will bring it to a close.

No troops ever fought braver, as our loss will show. I cried like a child upon going over the field to see my old Company lying stretched all over the ground. There are only 13 men left for duty; no prisoners, and none missing—all the rest were either killed or wounded! My own escape was Providential. Remember me to all inquiring friends.

Your Aff. Brother.

From our Regular Correspondent.


DEAR TRIBUNE:—Over one week of continual fighting, and a series of victories and defeats has passed. I take this my first opportunity of letting your readers know what part the 5th regiment took in these different encounters.

On the morning of April 27th we left our camp and marched to within a mile of the river where we halted until night came, the Light Brigade then charged the Pontoos to the river, which was accomplished with but little noise, and not discovered by the rebels until a whole brigade had landed on the opposite side and was about to charge to drive them out of their rifle pits, which was also successfully done, and with but little loss, taking over 100 prisoners and giving us possession of almost as much ground as we had on the memorable 13th day of December last. There was only one division crossed while the balance of the 6th corps remained ready to give assistance in holding the ground, as we were not to advance until further orders. So things remained for a day or two; the enemy did not see fit to drive us into the river, as their papers boastingly claimed they would do the day we took possession.

On the first of May the line was advanced, with the Light Brigade in advance, and the skirmishers taken from our regiment. On this occasion we had a lively time, the enemy falling back to a natural rifle-pit formed by a road, while our skirmishers had to advance on them across an open field with no protection whatever. But this had little effect on the determination of our men to drive them from their strong hold. This accomplished and night closed the conflict for that day, leaving us in possession of the same ground we held before falling back after the unsuccessful assault of December last. The regiment lost but two men wounded.

First Lt. McMurtrie of Co. H was dangerously wounded and Corp. Frank Greenman of Co. A, slightly.

Now the time had come when the 6th Corps was to drive the rebels from the fortifications in the rear of Fredericksburg, the attempt to do which proved also disastrous to our arms on a former occasion. During the night the largest portion of the corps occupied the city, and at daylight on the morning of the 2d, one brigade of Gen. Newton's division was ordered to charge the very same breast works which three different divisions failed to take on the 13th of Dec., but they also were repulsed, with slight loss. Still the forts must be taken, and the Light Brigade was selected to do the job. The lines were formed, with five companies (A, F, I, B, and H) of the 5th to act as skirmishers, and the balance of the regiment in line with the rest of the brigade, and everything made ready for desperate work. The men all knew what was expected of them, and the countenance of every man plainly showed that all were determined to take the works or lose their lives in the attempt. Not a gun was to be fired until the enemy was driven from the famous "stone wall," as the union could do no availing, and too much time would be lost in loading, and the work had to be done in the shortest possible time. We remained in line about an hour before the order to advance was given. This was a time of indescribable suspense; every minute seemed an hour! We all knew that our brigade must at least try and take the works, even if it did not meet with better success than those who went before, and the sooner the order was given, the better suited would those be who were selected to do the work.

At last the order came, and the line advances through a storm of bullets almost too hot for man to face, but forward the line went at a rapid pace, seeming more like a foot race, and who should be the first man at the wall. The rebels soon began to break, and our men found themselves in possession of the first line of these strong works, but on the line passed until the enemy was driven from the forts on the hills beyond the rifle-pits, and in full retreat to their next line of fortifications—which were nearly as strong as the first. The victory was won, but with considerable sacrifice of life. The regiment lost in killed and wounded, Maj. Wheeler, 3 Captains, 4 Lieutenants and 180 enlisted men. I send you the following in addition to what has already been sent you:

Aubert Boissolet, killed; mortally wounded, Robert Bride and Joseph Bahlie.

The terrible loss of the regiment and company of itself shows how the men stood up to their work. The charge is acknowledged by all to be the greatest ever made in this country or any where else. Besides taking a large number of prisoners, two batteries of artillery were taken. One section of the famous Washington Battery of New Orleans, acknowledged to be one of the best batteries in the rebel service, was taken by our regiment.

After a little rest to the troops, the column advanced about four miles, where it again found a line fortifications and a desperate battle ensued with heavy loss; it again found a line fortifications on both sides, but our troops failed to drive them from their position and night closed the conflict, the Light
Brigade was not in this battle, being in the reserve.

The next morning found us in rather a bad position. The enemy in large force on our front, left flank and rear, and our right resting on the river was our only show of recrossing when night approached. All we could do was to hold our own against the overwhelming force thrown against the 6th corps, and keep that place open. There was more or less fighting all day, and just before dark the enemy made one more desperate attempt to cut off our retreat, but was driven back at all points, and the troops again recrossed the river.

During this day’s engagements the Light Brigade was moved all over the field; wherever the enemy made an attack, one or two regiments were “double quicked” to the scene of conflict as reinforcements. E. Emerson was here taken prisoner, being with the surgeon who was left in charge of our wounded.

The loss of this corps cannot fall much short of 4,000, as our brigade alone suffered a loss of over 1,000.

The wounded of the regiment have been well taken care of, and both Lieutenants again prove to the men wounded of the 5th Wisconsin, as far as present known:

- Wounded—Col. J. S. Allen, left hand, at Armory Square Hospital; Major B. M. Welty, severely through the body, ball entered left side and came out on the right, at Armory Square Hospital; Capt. Hutchinson, Co. B, right shoulder and thigh, flesh wound in thigh; ball through the shoulder came out under shoulder blade; is at Armory Square Hospital.

There were seven officers, non-commissioned officers and privates killed.

Wounded—Col. J. S. Allen, left hand, is at Armory Square Hospital; Major B. M. Welty, severely through the body, ball entered left side and came out on the right, at Armory Square Hospital; Capt. Hutchinson, Co. B, right shoulder and thigh, flesh wound in thigh; ball through the shoulder came out under shoulder blade; is at Armory Square Hospital.

List of killed and wounded of the 6th Wisconsin, as far as present known:

Killed—Captain Horace Walker, and Sergt. Goodwin, Co. A; James Oraulay, Co. B; Private Bailey, Co. B.

Wounded—Col. J. S. Allen, left hand, at Armory Square Hospital; Major B. M. Welty, severely through the body, ball entered left side and came out on the right, at Armory Square Hospital; Capt. Hutchinson, Co. B, right shoulder and thigh, flesh wound in thigh; ball through the shoulder came out under shoulder blade; is at Armory Square Hospital.

Governor Salomon has received the following list of casualties in the 5th Regiment:

Col. Allen, formerly Lieut. Col. of the 5th, speaks in the highest terms of praise of the regiment.

List of killed, Wounded and Missing of the 5th Wisconsin, May 4th, 1863.

**COMPANY A.**

**Wounded of the Fifth Wisconsin.**

Additional wounded in the late engagement arrived at Washington Monday, among whom were the following from the 5th Wisconsin: Albert Barbridge, Case Dallas, W. B. Ward, Ed. Ounge, E. P. Morton, Elliott Spalding, Harvey S. Root, Austin Senator.

The following is a correct list of the killed and wounded of the 5th Wisconsin:

**KILLED.**

Sergt.—Charles J. Cavanough.

Private W. H. Adams.

Thomas Neimer.

William M. Kelly.

John J. Neimer.

**WOUNDED.**

Sergt.—Oscar F. Pool, severely.

Corp.—R. W. Wheeler, hand.

Dodge Prevo, severely.

James Young, head and shoulder.

**L. I. Hatch, leg; flesh wound.**

Private W. J. Carver, leg.

William George, ankle.

J. Merry, leg.

Malcolm Minge, leg.

W. H. McFarland, leg, amputated.

John McLaughlin, five places, dan.

Joseph McDonald, arm.

John Thompson.

Edward O’Brien, not dangerous.

Silas J. Parker, face severely.

John Smith, leg.

Sergt.—Shelton, leg severely.

Wounded—Corp. Oscar B. Beal, slightly.

Dodge Prevo, severely.

**ARMORY SQUARE HOSPITAL.**

**WOUNDED.**

Corp. Peter Spies, slightly.

Wm. Mullen, hand.

**MISSING.**

Frank Brown.

List of killed, Wounded and Missing of the 5th Wisconsin, May 4th, 1863.

**COMPANY B.**

**Wounded.**

Corp. Dodge Prevo, dangerously; Corporal James Young, dangerously.

Wounded—Corp. Peter Spies, slightly.

Adam Mahlon, head and shoulder.

**MISSING.**

Frank Brown.

**COMPANY C.**

**Wounded.**

Corp. Peter Spies, slightly.

Adam Mahlon, head and shoulder.

**MISSING.**

Frank Brown.

**COMPANY D.**

**Wounded.**

Corp. Win Dolan, severely; Charles O. Brown, slightly; James Ogilivie, badly, (missing.)

**MISSING.**

Frank Brown.

**COMPANY E.**

**Wounded.**

Corp. Win Dolan, severely; Charles O. Brown, slightly; James Ogilivie, badly, (missing.)

**RECAPITULATION.**

Enlisted men wounded. 18

Aid Surgeon James W. Enl, missing. 1

Total headquart. W. Wis. Vol. 7

The following is a list of the killed,
wounded and missing in the 5th Regt. Wis. Vols., during the storming of the heights of Fredericksburg, May 3d, 1863:

Wounded—Major Horace M. Wheeler, badly in thigh.

COMPANY A.


Wounded—Second Lieutenant Aarons, mildly; Second Lieutenant Gurner, mildly; Second Lieutenant J. L. Hock, mildly; Sergeant Major Mullins, mildly; Second Lieutenant W. T. Martin, slightly; Corporal J. K. LXehorn, severely; Corporal Albert Burdick, severely; Corporal Francis Sturser severely; Robert Bride, dangerously; William Crock, slightly; Samuel F. Dexter, slightly; Joseph J. Wam, severely; Lewis G. B. County, dangerously; Louis J. Nelson, slightly; Peter Fereaud, slightly; Michael Pederson, slightly; Henry Stock, slightly; James H. Whalen, dangerously; Joseph Cox, slightly. Missing—James S. Anderson, Frederick Mercer, and Charles Neiman.

COMPANY B.


Wounded—Oscar P. F. Pierce, severely; Sergeant Henry Pigg, slightly; Sergeant Washington A. Carver, severely; Private Wheeler, slightly; Corporal James Young, severely; Corporal Leander L. Hatch, M. M. Bailey, William A. Bowman, George, Jeremiah Miers, Merle McNear, Malcom McNair, severely. M. C. Laughlin, severely; Joseph McDermott, slightly; Edward O'Brien and John Parkinson, dangerously; J. B. Parker and Jeremiah Shelden, both badly. Missing—Danforth A. Carpender.

COMPANY C.


COMPANY D.

Wounded—Corp. F. Charnock, Corp. C. P. James, Hollins Smith, all severely; Corp. L. S. W. Hout, severely. Missing—John Lewis, John Freeema.

COMPANY E.


COMPANY F.


COMPANY G.

Killed—Capt. Louis G. Strong, William E. Smith, Robert Irving, severely; Sergt. Robert Berry, dangerously; Corp. James A. Elliot, severely; E. Raymond, seriously; Reuben H. Shepard, severely; Worthington, Henry V. Strong, all slightly.

COMPANY H.


The Capture of Fredericksburg.

The 5th Wisconsin Engaged.

In describing the capture of the Fredericksburg Heights on Sunday, a correspondent of the New York Times says:

At eleven o'clock General Sedgwick determined on having the Light Brigade charge the heights. Col. Dunham, commanding, moved his force along under the protection of abandoned earthworks, and the hill side formed by the sloping down of the plain near the city until he arrived directly in front of the most formidable position held by the Slaughter Pen. Knapsacks and any article of clothing which might impede their rapid movement were cast aside by the men and they were deployed out in the following order: one half of the Fifteenth Wisconsin, Col. Allen, as skirmishers; Thirty-first New York, Col. Jones, on the left; Sixteenth Maine, Lieut. Col. Harris commanding, and the remaining portion of the Fifteenth Wisconsin, in the rear of and supporting the Thirty-first at the same time. At the same time a force consisting of the Forty-third New York and Fifty-first Michigan, one and two other regiments, were sent to the rear of the stone wall. Going to the regiments of the Light Brigade, prepared for a charge, were the Thirty-six New York and Seventh Massachusetts, and still further on other regiments. Between twenty and eleven of the lion-hearted men rushed through their feet. Every one of the thousand spears on the hill in the rear held their breath in terrible suspense, expecting to see them all the next moment proracte in the dust. "Forward!" cried the General, and they dashed forward on the open plain, when instantly there was poured upon them a most terrific discharge of grape and canister. Many lay dead, but none faltered. Full four hundred yards must be passed over before gaining the stone wall. As they pressed forward, delivering the battle charge which is heard above the roar of artillery, the rebel guns further to the left are turned upon them. But they falter not: A moment more and they have reached the stone wall, scaled its sides, are clambering the green bank of the bluff, and precisely as the city clock struck they rushed over the embrasure of the rebel guns and the heights are ours.

The enemy, with the exception of the cannoniers, flung in wild confusion, scattering themselves in the houses, in the woods, and wherever a place of concealment was afforded. The guns captured proved to be the Washington Artillery, the battery so highly complimented by Gen. Lee in his report of the last battle of Fredericksburg; and which had figured more or less since the outbreak of the rebellion. "What men are these," was the interrogatory of one of the astonished and terrified members, as our brave boys appeared over the ramparts. "We are Yankees—you; do you think we will fight now?" was the response from one of our men "Boys," remarked the commander of the battery, "you have captured the best battery in the confederate service."

The Sixth Maine was the first regiment to reach the scene. Capt. Harry, with unparalleled bravery, rushed right up to the mouth of the Stadt, exclaiming, "Here am I."

The battle, together with Capt. Furlong, were killed. Among the casualties reported during the recent battles near Fredericksburg, were Capt. Lewis G. Strong, Company G., (Berlin Light Guard,) 5th Regiment Wis. Vols. killed, and Henry V. Strong, wounded in the thigh, and Oscar F. Beal, wounded in the knee, both of the same company, and all of this city.

Capt. Strong was a young man of much promise. He was a son of the late Nathan H. Strong, founder of Strongsville, now Berlin. At the death of his father Lewis was left at an early age, to his own direction and to be the architect of his own fortune, not however, without a goodly supply of this world's goods. The first grand object of his life, was to secure a liberal education. To this end he early mastered the studies taught in the city.
I (then village Union) Schools, and in the year 1855 repaired to Appleton, to further prosecute his studies, at the Lawrence Institute. In the year 1858 he graduated from that Institution with the highest honors. He then completed his College course in the Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., where he graduated in 1860 also with high distinctions. Having chosen the profession of the Law for a vocation, he entered the office of Wheeler & Kimball of this city, and the fruition of long years of patient study, began to be realized in his ripening manhood, when the breaking out of the rebellion, completely changed his course of activity for the present. He was among the first in Berlin to enlist in defence of the flag, and had been in his country's service about two years. He fell bravely fighting at the head of his company, and repose in a soldier's grave, with only "his martial robe wrapt round him." Ever green be his memory, and may none but the flag of our Union—the flag of the free! ever wave o'er his grave.

The 5th Regiment was in Gen. Sedgwick's Division, in occupation of Fredericksburg, and suffered in recrossing the river under fire.

Letter From the 5th Regiment.

CAMP NEAR THE RAPPAHANNOCK, VA. May 9th, 1863.

EDS. SPECTATOR,—Knowing that anything about our movements from whatever source will be interesting to many of your readers, I send you the following leaves from my journal, kept and written at the dates and times there mentioned. The only merit they have is accuracy in regard to facts, and for their truthfulness in this particular I appeal to all the Compa'y. For ourselves we have not seen a newspaper for eleven days, and know not how this movement is yet regarded by the public, nor do we know much about the operations of the rest of the army apart from our own (the 6th) corps. If you should find them too long, you have free leave and liberty to curtail or prune them as you think best.

JOURNAL.

April 28.—At 11 in the forenoon marched for the front, and reached within a mile of the Rappahannock river at night. Ours—the light or flying brigade—was detailed to carry and guard the pontoons to the river. They were "dumped" a full mile from the river, so that the noise of the wagons could not be heard by the watchful enemy. A pontoon boat is about 35 feet long, three deep, and about four and a half wide across the gunwale. They were laid on poles, and forty men were little enough to tote them along. It was the heaviest work we have done yet. We were nearly worn out at the break of day when they were in the river.

29th. Before the bridges were thrown across it was necessary that the enemy should be dislodged from the bank at the other side. For this purpose one Regt. of our old (Handcock) Brigade jumped into the boats, and crossed before the eyes of the "rebels" were open. It was a complete surprise. The rebels fired a wild volley; but our old comrades quickly formed, and giving them one crashing shot charged home on the breastworks. They took some prisoners, but the great body of the "rebels" went flying across the plain in wild disorder. As I write now the whole plateau on the other side of the river is in full view. Our men are drawn up in line of battle, with skirmishers in front. About two miles below, I can see the 1st corps—in which is the 6th, 7th, and 2nd Wis. Regts.—crossing. To our right, and about a mile above, is the city of Fredericksburg, with the rebel Batteries on the bluffs frowning grimly but still silent. The great body of our army has crossed the river farther up, and we can hear the sullen boom of the cannon in that direction. The men are called under arms every half hour to keep them together. We can move literally at a moments notice.

30th. This morning opened with a rain storm, and kept cloudy and drizzling, with patches of blue sky to be seen now and then, and intervals of sunshine, up till three in the afternoon. About 9 o'clock in the forenoon, an order of Gen. Hooker's electrified the whole army. He announced no special fact, but told us that "the operations of the 5th, 11th, and 12th army corps for the last three days was a series of splendid successes" and that "the enemy should now retire ingloriously from his stronghold, or come out on the open plain, and fight us without the odds which he now possesses" where the order said "sure destruction awaited him." A curious thing was noticed at the reading of this order. On our right, left, front and rear, it was received with immense cheering by the New York, New Jersey and many of the Pennsylvania troops, while the North Western and North Eastern Regts., those from Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Michigan and our own State, heard it read in calm and stony silence. They have been so often disappointed in the high sounding "Napoleonic" orders of "little Joe," they are determined to wait until some tangible success is announced, when they may bethink them it was time to cheer. In the mean time, we have three of those New York Regts. in open mutiny to the government; the 1st, 5th and 20th, Regts. having stacked arms and refused to cross the river, because they say the time for which they enlisted (two years) will be up in ten or fifteen days. The fact is, they are sometimes brave enough in actual fight, but the least disaster depresses, as the smallest success elevates them too much. They have been puffed up at the expense of the troops of the other states, in the columns of the sensation dailies of New York; for are not their wonderful triumphs, and brave deeds put on record by that immaculate old, "Sawney," James Gordon Bennett. I do not include all the New York Regts. in these remarks, for it is true only of those who come from the great cities of that State, where their political aliment is of that kind with which my Dartford friend is enamoured. Like Capt. Dalgetty, they fight for food and pay, but are opposed to the principle. As I write now, a fierce artillery fight is going on. The rebels have opened on our field batteries, and having the range perfectly, their shells are seeking along the river for the bridges they cannot see, but whose location they know within a limited dis-
tance. Huge columns of water are thrown up by the exploding missiles; while our active and saucy, 6 and 10 pdr's. are replying in quick succession. The gloom of night is falling on bluff, tree and river. The thunder of guns has ceased, but at long intervals like the dying gouts of a storm, the air vibrates with a sullen boom, the sound striking and echoing back from the distant hills. All ears are open again, but no more is heard; and our funny man says; that that was fired during the battle and forgot to go off until now.

May 1st. To-day the booming of cannon is heard on our right, and it is said that Hooker is working his way to the rear of the enemy. The day is warm, and most beautiful. Standing on the bluff with both armies in full view, the panorama of the battle field is very grand and imposing. In front is the river and beyond is a broad plain extending two miles to the base of the hills, on which are the fortifications of the enemy. The length of this plain as seen from here is about six miles. In the centre of this plain and extending its whole length, are seen two dark lines invisible here and there because of the inequalities of the ground. These are the skirmishers of both armies over against each other, and about 50 rods apart. Further from these, and about a mile apart, are two darker lines the front line of battle of the opposing hosts. Our second and principal line is near the river with shelter tents up, and long rows of stacked arms, the bayonets and bright barrels glistening in the sunshine.

May 2nd, 5th day. I was interrupted last night by an order to cross the river, and go to the front. We spent the night on the extreme front, and on our way in this morning, being relieved by some of our own boys, were shelled from the rebel's hill batteries. We did not expect this, as by tacit agreement there was no firing on the "Skirmish" line. For the past three days our men relieved each other in full view of the rebels, and they did the same, and not a shot was fired. But they had such an advantage (their men lying in rifle pits, while ours were on the level open plain) that they could not forego the temptation of shooting a few of us down in cold blood.

So to begin, the shell and grape flew about their batteries on the hill, and bare among us. This was the precursor of many more, and some reckless fellow of the 5th, seeing that the truce was broken, and forgetting his own and comrades danger, let fly at the "greyback" opposite him. In the twinkling of an eye a hundred were returned, and the "Indian" fight commenced. The rebels as I said, had all the advantage, but in a moment our boys were on their faces, their knapsacks slipped over their heads, and put in front as a temporary breastwork. They dived into their haversacks, and knives, forks, and even spoons were hauled out. Meanwhile I see you raise your editorial mordant notebook now, and if you are profanely inclined, exclaim "What the blazes did they want those harmless articles for?" Be patient, oh simpleton, and you shall hear. We could see their elbows wiggle for a few minutes, and then a little hilllock was raised in front and they were comparatively safe. In fact each man had dug a rifle pit for himself. I have seen a dog after a gopher raise twice a larger heap in half the time, but then there was no one popping rifle bullets at his head while he was doing it. Some wounded now came in, and one officer of our regiment who seemed to lay down was shot through the body and killed. Our fellows are chafing to go out and relieve those that are exposed to the deadly fire of the enemy. The rest of the corps are abusing us for beginning this picket firing, as they say that there was not a shot fired until those Wisconsin fellows went out."

"Bah! 'tis getting hot, the firing I mean."

May 4th, 6th day. - Two days since I wrote before; two days of hardship, blood and toil, of daring courage, true heroism, and sublime sacrifices; of grand success, and imbecile mistakes, or worse, of horrid treason. I ceased writing on Saturday evening because as I anticipated we were ordered out to drive the enemy from the breastwork, from behind which they were portately shooting our men. Three companies, A, F. and G. were ordered to attack them, and mounting the hill our men opened like a fan and dashed forward. Not a shot was fired from our side but at a clear run we made straight for our game. They took deliberate aim, but our movements were so quick, and sudden that no harm was done. In a few minutes more they were on the run for the hills, and we stood inside their breastworks, sat down to take breath. Some of the 6th Maine and 31st New York drove them on the right and center, and our pickets remained inside their breastworks that night. It was 10 o'clock at night, and we were relieved, and lay down to get some rest, as it was the second night we were on the hill. We were about an hour asleep when we were wakened up, and the whisper went from rank to rank "Pack up pack up." There was some half asleep cursing just then, but with our eyelids clinging to gether we managed to get ready. The night was calm and beautiful. The stars in myriads twinkled in the blue vault; but they paled in the brightness of the queen of night herself, who in the full effulgence of her rounded beauty shone down upon the dark host that stained the green of the field.

Alas, for our friends! when the sun was as high in the heavens next day, one hundred and fifty of our comrades and brothers, were weterling cold and stark, on the bloody causeways that led to the heights of Fredericksburg.

Forty of them repose on the spot that their valor helped to win. They bravely met a soldier's fate. They have a soldiers burial:

"Give me the death of them who for their country fell, And oh! make like their repose when cold, and low they lie. Their赛道 mother, Earth,保证金 the fallen brave On her sweet lap that gave them birth, they find their tranquil grave."

All the night we stood under arms, and some time before day we were sent to the right of the whole corps, and at daybreak were in the streets of Fredericksburg.

Our artillery opened on the forts, and while the bombardment proceeded, we by a flank march debouched in front of the largest and strongest of the forts, and the regiment to the whole position. We now knew that we were in for it. We also knew that the firing parties on our left were only for the purpose that the real work was to be done by our little brigade of only 2,000 men, and particularly by the 5th regiment, as our colonel (Allen) had command of the forlorn hope. We knew him well enough to believe that no common danger could appall him, and so we prepared and braced ourselves for the coming desperate struggle. That you may have some idea of the difficulty of the undertaking I will try and give you a description of the position. The field in front of us was clear of all obstructions, and rose gradually for a distance of 60 rods, to a road that ran parallel to our position. A breastwork five feet thick, and faced with some divided his road from the plain. This admirable defensive work was seven feet high on the side to be attacked, and only as high as men's shoulders outside on the road. It was defended by a regiment of Mississippi men, the 18th, armed with Enfield rifles — the best arm now known to the service. Above this rise a steep sugar loaf-formed hill, on which is the fort proper with a network of earthworks, and ditches, and in the center a cemetery surrounded by a high brick wall. The whole position was defended by a Brigade of Mississippi troops, with a battery of seven guns, and two howitzers for throwing grape and caisson. This was the posi-
tion, and so defended that we had to storm, and capture. The attack must have been about a half an hour after the dark, and as it was flanked by several strong forts which could not be touched until this one was taken, when the others became untenable.

This is the position before which the Irish Brigade was nearly destroyed by the rear of our lines. It was a stormy day, and now the rain, which was not yet over, was falling in torrents. The rebel lines were in sight, and now it was a race to know who would be first. Long before this we ceased cheering for want of breath. We were now approaching the wall. Our men fell thick and fast, but with dogged resolution the 5th rushed on. We mounted, the wall. One jumped in, twenty, a hundred, and the "Badger" bayonets were at their hearts. A few made fight, most surrendered, and many more ran down the road and escaped before the rebel's division, who were coming from the left could intercept them. Some of our men followed them down the road, but more of them were killed in the hill and entered the fort at a charge. The enemy retired without showing much dignity in the movement. The cannon were taken, the horses were shot down, and the "limbers" and "caissons" which were taking with them, brought in. The Senior officer on the right (m. S. Raymond, killed) surrendered his sword to Col. Allen. The colors of the 5th were brought forward, and with a cheer that made the "welkin ring" they were raised over the parapet, and the heights of Fredericksburg were won. The 6th Maine came in pell mell on the flank, the 5th Penn. next, and the 31st New York went up with us. The rest of the corps now streamed in, and went forward after the flying enemy, while we were left to rest, but our hands were shook and wrung so often by the madly cheering men as they passed on, that we could easily scream with pain.

I give you these simple facts in detail, for the reason that hundreds of your readers are deeply interested in many of the acts in these scenes. I suppose by this time you have seen the account given by those great strategists of New York, the Editors of the daily papers. We in the army are quite as in the dark as to who took the "heights," and are impatiently waiting for the full, and true account, according to the imaginations of the "Livy's" of our camp, "as fast as the sensation press. In the mean time I give you the facts:

Our loss is very heavy. We lost at the storming of the forts 174 men, 40 of them being killed or mortally wounded. In the operations and battles of Monday, we lost perhaps thirty men more, making our whole loss about 180. Out of the 400 we took into the field.

The loss of the "Light Brigade" is about 1,200 out of five regiments whose combined strength was 2,200, leaving us but 1,000 effective men.

You must be aware this time that my pen, ink, and paper are bad, and therefore I am glad to finish writing as you are to reach the end. I might, if I wanted to, give you an account of our battles on Monday, of our being surrounded and cut off our way literally back to back. How all our blood and soul, and all our love, and good for nothing, by the ignorance, or treachery of our generals, in not having men enough to defend the forts cost so much to gain, and how, in fine, we were obliged to cut our way up to Brooke's ford, beating the enemy in three battles on the way, and bringing our artillery and trains, and saving the 14 guns taken from the enemy in the terrible charge on the heights.

The loss in one of our companies is as follows:

**Killed:**
- Capt. Louis G. Strong, shot in the mouth, and through the heart.
- William Smith, through the heart.
- Robert Irvin, through the right breast.
- S. J. Fay, received contusions, first on the shoulder; the others, on the thigh and hip.

**Wounded:**
- Sergt. Robert Berry, through the hip, and came out at his back.
- Renbon H. Sumway, in the shoulder.
- Charles Knudson, in the shoulder.
- James F. Elliott, flesh wound in the thigh.
- Henry V. Strong, bad wound in the thigh, bullet not extracted.
- Oscar H. Bean, in the knee.
- David F. Baker, in the thigh, slight.
- Frank Merry, Webb Garland.
- S. J. Fay, each received contusions, first on the shoulder; the others, on the thigh and hip.

**A Sketch of the Battles on the Rappahannock—Justice to the Fifth Wisconsin**

Cap't C. Fifth Wisconsin Vol. | Near White Oak Church.

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Friend: Through your journal allow me to note the casualties happening to Co. F. in the recent battles south of the Potomac. These rendering justice to the Fifth Wisconsin, and "honor to whom honor is due." The "Light Division," consisting of the following Regiments, viz: the Sixth Maine Vol., 5th Wisconsin, 2nd and 3rd Penn. Vol., took up its line of march on the 23d ult., at one hour's notice, having previously been supplied with eight days' rations, packed in kespacks and kevles; the officers transporting their allowances on pack-mules. As we were about starting our great battle at night last fight, near Bullis Plains, where many happy hours of 'sleeting' had been passed, it was now rain, but on we went to face the musk, and shoot the shot, which
the deep people had long been awaiting.

We brought up about 3 p.m., 134 miles from the river, and a mile east of Frederick'sburg, opposite the Barnard mansion; where we remained up to nearly midnight, when orders came for the Light Brigade to be deployed at once—carrying pontoons to the river. The pontoon boats were not allowed to go above the distance of 600 yards. Seventy men were allowed to each boat—and fifteen boats were launched. After much lugging and pulling, and some cursing, the boats were launched just before daylight, and two regiments from Gen. Howe's Division, the 49th and 119th Penn. Vols., crossed over and gallantly bore the robs from the riflepits, taking a number of prisoners.

This being done, we retired to the rear on the heights, and made preparations for rest. However, we remained until nearly night of the 1st inst., when it was necessary to go on picket, came—ordered A.P. and company to report immediate and do duty, together with two Companies from each of the other regiments. All was bustle for. Baker.

A few minutes among the men—then all concerned, as usual—became indifferent as to our disposal. The march was soon taken up, our gallant division commander, Col. Burnham, leading off. We crossed the river a little before sun-down, and proceeded at once to our respective posts. We found all quiet on the other side of the Rappahannock. At a little after dark the rest of the Division made the crossing, which made it as much of a joke on them as on us.

In this position our line of pickets was within 300 yards of the enemy—a convenient talking-distance. The first night everything went on quietly, and all smoothly in the morning up to 9 o'clock, when a battery from the enemy opened upon us.

Our line of pickets were ordered to let him spit until his mendacious messages. About this time our pickets commenced firing upon us, making all have the ground for protection. We had a hill, on which we were behind a hedge in a road, while we were on the open plain without shelter, only such as might be obtained (from unevenness in the ground. With all his firing only one from the 49th was wounded, and that one was Lieut. John McMartin, of Co. F., who was officer of the picket, being dangerously, if not mortally wounded. Soon after this, all became quiet again, and remained so till 6 p.m., when it came our turn to be relieved. At 6 p.m., the march was again ordered, and we were now to follow the rebels retreat. We maneuvered along the heights of Frederick'sburg, through broken woods and over ditches. At 9 o'clock, we broke through the ditches, and a break of day found us on the heights of Frederick'sburg, opposite the river. As soon as we discovered the center opened a furious fire, which was responded to by a most magnificent effect from our side, both from our batteries on this side and the river and our field artillery. We replied to the heart of the town, and there remained about an hour, for the entire 6th Army Corps to prepare. Other regiments were ordered to move, and reinforcements were sent up into the heart of the town, and there remained about an hour, for the entire 6th Army Corps to prepare.
General Howe.

The 2d New York, 6th Maine, and 8th Wisconsin Volunteers, to report to Brigadier General Brooks.

The General commanding the Corps regrets exceedingly the necessity which compels him to break up the "Light Brigade." Its service during recent operations entitled the colonel to promotion, and if the enemy are to be so easily baffled in their plans, and the gallant leader, Col. Burnham, to his permanent command. But the necessity of filling up the regiments in the divisions compels the assignment herein ordered.

The General commanding thanks the officers and men of the "Light Brigade," for their faithful and distinguished services, and assures them that although they cease to exist, as a separate organization they have, nevertheless, now a permanent place in the history of the Army of the Potomac.

Capt. Adam E. King, A. A. Gen., will report to Gen. Brooks. The other staff officers of the Brigade will report in person to headquarters.

By command of Col. Gen. Sedgwick,
M. T. McMAHON, Adjutant General.

The above Order speaks for itself. It bids a grateful farewell in the most eulogistic terms; yet it seems to the officers of the other "Light Brigade" somewhat of a warm farewell to such distinguished service to the country—exclusive of the Army of the Potomac—not to be continued in its permanent organization. We must submit with the best possible grace to "the powers that be," &c., &c.

Your Obedient Servant,

FROM THE 5TH REGIMENT.

Heads Quarters, 5th Wis. Vol., May 25, 1864.

FRIEND PATRIOT:

Sunday, May 3d, was a day full of interest and excitement with the Army of the Potomac. The sixth corps fully engaged the enemy and in the rear of Fredericksburg, in storming the heights, in which the Second Division took an active part. Commanded by Col. Stephen Howes, of the 6th Maine, the command was composed of the following regiments, namely: 6th Wis., 6th Maine, 43d and 21st N. Y. Volunteers. At an early hour Sunday morning we advanced into the noted city of Fredericksburg, when the rebels retired back to their formidable positions, of which the enemy was well aware. Wall and its strong fortifications surrounding the city in the rear of its walls, which seemed impregnable to the lookers-on. At night, the line advanced to the railroad station when the line halted waiting for our forces to get further to the right, when the 43d N. Y. and 31st Penn. and two other regiments were sent to show themselves on the road to the right that led to the same fortifications, and in the meantime to engage the enemy as soon as practicable, for the work had already begun. The Pickets had engaged the enemy, and drove them back to their positions, where they kept up a murderous fire upon our skirmish line. It is well here to state the position of each regiment. Half of the 43d N. Y. and 31st Penn. deployed as skirmishers, the right wing under the command of our brave commander, Col. T. J. Allen.

We were formed for the rear of the 31st New York, the 6th Maine forming the right. The right wing of the 5th Wisconsin was engaged under Col. Thompson, and while we were laying down, the artillery was booming away at a tremendous rate, doing great damage to the enemy's regiments, and in the meantime, the officers and men of the left division were thinking what would next be on the programme, the boys were startled by the rattling of muskets, and the roar of artillery was distinctly heard on the right. We knew that both of our regiments were engaged, and a yell and distinct voice was heard above the roar of battle: "Forward—march!" The boys arose and ran like mad, driven on the plains of honor, the canister and grape and Minnie balls came thick and fast, and many of our brave boys had fallen. Old friend, who had been on the battle-field since the commencement of the rebellion, old boys rushed on, cheering them on to victory. A moment more, and the stone wall would be reached. Far in advance of the line of skirmishers, Col. Allen could be seen, with his sword in one hand, and his revolver in the other, leading the way for his men. The wall was reached, and Colonel Allen was the first number of narrow escapes, his clothing being riddled with bullets. The wall was captured, together with a number of prisoners.

Another greater object was in view, and its contents. Clambering up the hill-side and reaching the embrasures, leaped over them, and demanded its surrender of the Lieutenant commanding, and as he drew out his sword and handed it over to Col. F. S. Allen, commanding the skirmishers, replied that he must be the last to surrender such an object. It was well known to him, before they had time to reload their guns, your boys rushed over and took possession of the wall. But the men were immediately turned upon and retreating foes, who were running in every direction; as our forces had charged, the enemy on the right drove them in and gained the main road leading from the fort, cut off the retreat, taking in all about 800 prisoners, 7 pieces of artillery, and ammunition of small arms. By this time the whole division arrived, and then we commenced to follow. About 5 p.m. the corps moved forward, and a grand review of the prisoners was made, and some of them had to swim the river.

We will go back and view our hospital at Fredericksburg, for a great many had fallen, and the wounded had been carried off. The pioneers were busy in burying the noble dead. Several houses were occupied, besides many large size wall tents were used, and the wounded cared for. All those that could walk, were conveyed across the river.

About noon the next day considerable excitement was felt in the vicinity, believing that the rebels had retaken the heights, and would force a passage into the city. At this moment a courier arrived, I should judge, from the hospital and engineer officers and in his report, the horses that were on the side-walk, and immediately went to the front, stationed themselves in houses and behind railroad cars, and kept the enemy at bay while the sick and wounded were conveyed across the river, and then they fell back into line and stood there.
the New York 31st are given the advance position on the left. On the contrary the right wing of the 6th Wisconsin, under Col. Allen, who took the advance, was selected to lead. At the urgent request of Col. Allen he was allowed to lead the left wing of the 5th Wisconsin to keep the 6th New York from the front and flank by the grace and celerity of the rebel batteries. From the moment they started he says they did not stop to change their rapid progress. Among the sullen rock wall, just below the batteries, was reached. Behind this was a force of rebel riflemen, who beat a hasty retreat. On the right earthwork there had been but ten or twelve rods of precipitous ascent, lying green and fair with the verdure of early May. Up this the gallant boys of the 6th ran without pause, and leaped over the embankments into the midst of the enemy. The 5th Maine press. He did not witness any part of the fighting, but Col. Allen, as has been stated in other accounts, was one of the first men inside the works.

In charging up the heights no gun was fired by the assaulting force; and when inside, they did not stop to fire, but used the bayonet right and left until the rebels threw down their arms. The battery thus captured had been worked with remarkable efficiency, and, when the commanding officer called out that he surrendered, Col. Allen, admiring the bravery and spirit of the defense, detesting the treason that prompted it, stepped up to the rebel officer, threw his arm around his shoulders, and, when they might embrace an erring child and said: "I am grieved to see so brave a man as you fighting against the flag."

He then asked the officer and men of his command in charge of Captain Emmerson, directing him to see that the prisoners were cared for and well used.

The 6th evinced no less gallantry than the 5th. For days the guns were the first inside the works, the color bearer going unscathed through that terrible fire which swept the slope up which they passed. He alone of all the color bearers of the several regiments engaged in the storming assault escaped unscathed.

In the meantime the 51st Pennsylvania and the 42d New York, seeing the success to their left, pressed forward and took the batteries on the center, while some Massachusetts and New Jersey troops made a descent to the right and captured the remainder of the line of works on the Marye ridge.

A Hill to the left of the works on Marye hill were strong entrenchments upon another and yet higher crested. A Vermont Brigade was in front of these that had been ordered to the right and captured the remainder of the line of works on the Marye ridge.

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I planted directly in front of the position, Fredericksburg plank road, directly in front of a column of rebels coming up by the main road. The rebels to break our lines at various points, and by a sharp rattle of musketry coming from the Chancellor's house, the attack was aroused. It was a critical situation, and brought out the superb resources of Gen. Hooker. He was in the saddle in a moment, calm and cool—the master of a situation fit to overawe the most. The first thing was to check the rebel advance, which must become fatal if allowed to proceed farther.

It was a terrificly animated scene. The whole open field presented such a spectacle as the rebels might make in the desert. Through the flaming whiteness of wind and artillery swept over the plain. The shattered, flying columns of men were rushing down and over us at head quarters.

Hooker's dispositions were made in a moment. Whom, of all others, should be sent at this very moment, but the daring spirit of child of his own creation—his old corps, now commanded by Gen. Berry.

It was a sight to see that gallant hand at the double-quick to the support of steel. Pressing up in their heroic array of glittering steel, the enemy's advance was quickly checked, and he had to withdraw to the line of breastworks just vacated by the Eleventh Corps.

Batteries were immediately sent up in thunderous clamor to the front, and Captains Best, Chief of Artillery of Slocum's Corps, massed twenty guns in the first position, when he reined, bringing us that piece of intelligence. Another reconnaissance was next sent out on our right, consisting of Bard's sharpshooters. They met the enemy's pickets, drove them handsonly, and at 4 o'clock returned with fifty prisoners of the Twenty-second Georgia.

At 4 the rebels were moving down in force on the plank road where we had a little battle in the afternoon. T. E. Berry's division of Slocum's corps is sent in on the double-quick into the woods—their bayonets flashing in the sunlight. A sharp counter stroke, and in a few minutes they came back in disorder. A portion of King's brigade, composed of raw troops, had broken, and the column was thrown into confusion.

An Aid from Slocum comes to Gen. Hooker, if he can have reinforcements. So I must hold my own. Howard will, of course, be engaged. Slocum's division, I am told, is in the double-quick into the woods—their bayonets flashing in the sunlight. A sharp counter stroke, and in a few minutes they come back in disorder. A portion of King's brigade, composed of raw troops, had broken, and the column was thrown into confusion.

The artillery combat was prolonged till midnight, and the bursting of the shower of shells thrown by our batteries into the rebels made a spectacle that beggars all description. This body was under the severest fire, and his staff, made up of young brave, performed prodigies of daring.

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the brigades of Cola. Hancock and McLean
stood their ground manfully until overpowered
by vastly superior numbers. Gen. Barlow's bri-
gade, on the swimming side of the river,
... the 18th of December, 1862.

The cast of prisoners thus far taken,
During the afternoon the enemy has made
two of the largest and most effective attacks

Throughout the day, our troops continued to
fight as they have from time to time, with
intrepid valor, and were reinforced by the
prisoners who fell into our hands. The

The enemy's advance was made in three
tiered columns, and the troops of the centre
covered the ground in front, and it was the
indomitable Hancock who gallantly went
to the relief of the hard-pressed Sickles.

The engagement lasted without the slight-
est intermission from 8 A.M. to 8:15 A.M.,
when there was a temporary cessation on
our part, occasioned by getting out of ammuni-
tion. We held our position for nearly
an hour with the bayonet, and then, being
resupplied, an order was given to fall back
on the vicinity of the Chancellor House, which
we did, and there we were held in position for
an hour or more, not so severely, but with great
harmony, and without losing the ground.

The strength of the Chancellor House was
then the theatre of the fight, and my visits to
that spot became less frequent. General
Hooker maintained his head quarters here
until 10 A.M., when it was set on fire by the
enemy's shells, and in ruins. Chancellor-
villo is now the theatre of the fighting, and
stands on that front, which was accordingly done,
and at 11:30 A.M. the musketry fire ceased.

The engagement had lasted six hours,
but had been the most terrible of the war.
Our artillery had literally slaughtered the enemy,
and many of the companies had lost literally
men in themselves, but the guns were all
saved.

The enemy was no longer in our
rear, but had been shelled down directly in front,
and is now directly in front of us, and
our forces in Fredericksburg, and
agrees with that of the fortifi-
cation. The enemy's cannon
must have been started by the
opening of the battle fight,

A portion of the troops,
headed by Gen. Hooker's divi-

The enemy, as usual,

The next count of prisoners thus far taken,
During the battle of Sunday, is not yet known,
but it may be safely said that, on the tenth day
Thousand. They were brought in, in single
squadrons, and in orderly numbers; and
Gen. Lee, the prisoner says, has issued an
order that the captured men shall not
be broken at all hazards.

The unaccountably easy and successful
conduct of a large portion of this corps,
was the means of maintaining the victory after
within our grasp, while the position was only
restored by the successive generalship of the
commanding General. A portion of the troops,

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commanding General. A portion of the troops,
in so short a time. The rations will be used up tomorrow, and large amounts are already coming forward in boxes to United States Post Office. The mules carry the boxes of meat ration to the front, and on the backs of pack mules from that point back. The men carry the boxes of meat carsels while the meat ration is fresh beef, driven on foot.

The mules carry the boxes of Ford meat to the backs of pack mules from that point, up and down the range. The object of this district is to transport the meat to the front, and on the backs of pack mules from that point back. The men carry the boxes of meat carsels while the meat ration is fresh beef, driven on foot.

Gen. Avellis, with his cavalry command, returned to United States Post Office to-day, and reported at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. Gen. A. has been out 25 days, and has been as far as South Carolina, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, where he destroyed the bridge and track of the Railroad. During his trip, he drove Lee and Stuart out of Columbia, and captured there about five thousand dollars worth of gold and silver belonging to the government, which he did not destroy, but distributed among the poor and suffering people of that city. This made Gen. A. very popular, and hereafter the people there will prefer his troops to the government's.

Gen. Avellis has received instructions for more important work, and our communications may be turned entirely against Gen. Buford. The headquarters of the Army of the Potomac are to be attack the left, but the right has been crowned with impregnable success. This clear hill, wrote a correspondent, is the scene of the battle. There is no other way to reach the front. Yesterday's achievements have again demonstrated, for the twentieth time, that a hill is a vital point for a Jonathan. The giving down of the morning orders was accompanied by a spirited order to put it in the field.

Yesterday morning orders came to move at once to the enemy. The greater part of the force moved slowly on the Richmond road and winding through the gulch just below the hill, and by the higher hills of Fredericksburg, between A. and C. o'clock. Gen. Howe's division was in the advance, followed by the "dying division," or right brigade, and Gen. Brooks' forces were expected. The headquarters of the Army of the Potomac are to be attack the left, but the right has been crowned with impregnable success. This clear hill, wrote a correspondent, is the scene of the battle. There is no other way to reach the front. Yesterday's achievements have again demonstrated, for the twentieth time, that a hill is a vital point for a Jonathan. The giving down of the morning orders was accompanied by a spirited order to put it in the field.

From the Fifth Regiment.

We have been somewhat uneasy in regard to the whereabouts of our correspondent "Stew," but the following private letter to Wm. Fahy, of this city, will explain the reason of his silence for two or three weeks,

CAMP IN THE WIDESTRK, Va.
June 16th, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND FAHY:—I have just one hour's rest, and they are so seldom given to us these times, that I take advantage of it to write to you.

I have not taken off my shoes or clothes, nor unsheathed my belt for ten days, night or day. For two hundred and forty hours we have been on duty constantly, in presence of the enemy, for it is our Corps that has been sent across the river this time also.

We have driven them back again to their hills in the hill where they crossed and watch us entrenched ourselves on the open plain. There is considerable picket and artillery firing going on, and an old man is killed now and then. This movement is but a menace to threaten their communication in case they advance north to Maryland, or Pennsylvania. It has been successful too, for the night after the crossing they were coming back on the double quick, and by railroad—the shooting and even words of command, being plainly heard by outlying parties. This confusion was going on all night. In the mean time, "Old Joe" sent out vali...
ry up the river, which after a desperate fight, with the assistance of some of our brigade and three more Wisconsin Regiments, beat them back, destroying their little plan of going to Pennsylvania for some time, and gave them a taste of the energy "Old Joe" has infused into that arm of the service.

While this was going on we were on picket duty on the extreme left of the army, across the neck of land that is between the Potomac and the Rappahannock rivers. Here were four regiments of Wisconsin troops, out with the 5th, all belonging to the Army of the Potomac, and selected for this dangerous service. You must see that the reputation of our young and thriving State, has not suffered in the hands of the men whom she has sent here to guard the great treasure of her honor, and good name. And I might say here that the troops from no State have higher reputation in the Army than those from our own.

From the 5th Regiment.

CAMP NEAR BOONSBORO, MD. July 9, 1863.

FRIEND CAPTAIN:—I would have written you a letter long ere this if I could have spared the time. We have been marching day and night ever since we entered the campaign—both before and since the battle—and you can judge how we all feel. The army has shown what it can do if it is only handled by an able general—one who has the good of his country at heart. Gen. Meade has done all that man could do, to make Lee fight another battle, and if he escapes it will be no fault of Gen. Meade. I am inclined to think that by this time Lee's army is pretty well across the Potomac and safe in Virginia. Though even if he has succeeded in escaping his loss is very heavy, much heavier than in any previous engagement. I believe the army of the Potomac has at last found a general who can handle so large an army, and tries to do all he can; at least he has done well so far, and all the generals co-operate with him, which is something not known of late in the army of the Potomac. It was the hardest battle of the war, and victorious for the cause of the Union. The men all have confidence in the commanding general, and willingly do all in their power.

Our regiment was not engaged the day we were in front, on the extreme left, all the last day of the fight. The rest of the Wisconsin regiments were badly cut up. As soon as I get time, if it is not too long after the battle, I will write again. All of A company boys are well and in good spirits.

Yours, etc.,

J. E.

We have been allowed to copy the following private letter from a young man in the 5th Regiment, to his sister who resides here. It breathes the patriotic spirit which actuates and nerves the arms of the brave followers who are fighting our country battles:

HEADQUARTERS ARTILLERY BRIGADE, 5TH CORPS.
FREDERICKTOWN, MD., Sunday July 15th, 1863.

DEAR SISTER:—In my last letter I told you not to be anxious on my account if you should not hear from me in some time. I then foresaw the terrible campaign we were to have, and knew that letter mailing would be next to impossible for me, especially as evenings, when not on the march, business in the office would occupy my entire attention. Unexpectedly I find time a little at my own disposal to-night, and I embrace the opportunity of replying to your very welcome letter of the 2nd inst. which came to hand this morning.

I shall say but little concerning the great battle we had at Gettysburg, a few words covers all. We gave the enemy a sound thrashing, such as they never before received at the hands of this army. Our lines were comparatively short to what they usually have been, and we had the inside of the track. (The line formed something in the shape of a half moon.) Both armies fought with determination never before manifested. One of our batteries (the 1st N. Y. Independent) was charged by the enemy; the men stood by their pieces until the enemy were repulsed. The latter at one time planted the "stars and bars" on one gun of the battery, still it emptied its iron hail into the enemy's thinned ranks. The colors were captured and their bearer killed. Gen. Meade is much liked by both officers and men, all pronounce him sound so far. Enough to say and know that we were victorious, the enemy without a doubt lost more than three men to our one.

I cannot speak in too high terms of the loyal spirit manifested by the people of Maryland and Pennsylvania. After being a year in that forsaken and desolate old dominion, the kindness of the people of these states made my heart glad. We could not have been better treated by our own friends—our own relations—than we were in some sections of Pennsylvania. At Westminster baskets full of nice things were freely passed out until nothing was left in the town eatable. It rained when we passed through it, and the mud was deep, still ladies, the most refined in the city, ran along the streets with milk, etc. These manifestations did much to nerve the boys to do their trying task. But now comes the best: I saw citizens, whose farms lay near the battle-field, shoulder their muskets and go to battle. I saw one return severely wounded, and laid in his own barn which had been converted into a hospital. After the enemy skedaddled and our army had followed, I was sent to the battle-field on an errand. While crossing it I met a man, his wife and two daughters, young ladies of about 20 years of age, returning to their homes. Upon arriving there they found but the ruins of what was once a fine stone farm house, it having been burned during the battle. I remarked that one of the soldier's worst sights was to see the ruin brought upon the offending citizens, "Yes," said the old lady, "but we can stand it as well as any, and won't complain so long as our army does so well and the poor soldiers don't complain. I feel more for them than for our loss.

Let the people, far from the field and its desolation, not complain but take pattern of those who bare with resignation the loss of their all, and are turned from peaceful homes upon the world.

The enemy are in force in our
front, and the troops are in line of battle preparing for a battle to-morrow. Our brigade has had a sharp skirmish to-night and driven the enemy. It is believed by all that the enemy cannot cross the Potomac now, and if not “look out for smoke.” Our army will fight desperately and won't be whipped. Our right rests on Hagerstown, which we hold. I hope the town won't be injured if we have a battle.

No more this time. Give much love to all. I remain your affectionate brother.

**BURNETTE**

From the 5th Regiment.

**WILLIAMSPORT ON THE POTOMAC,** July 14th, 1863.

Dear Spectator,—We have just chased the last armed “rebel” across the Potomac; and have encamped for the day—the only peaceful day—we have had since the 6th of June. I have notes of most of our hardships, marches, and victories since then, but they are so long, and much of what they contain is so old, and well known to your readers, that I forbear to burden the columns of the Spectator with them at present, and shall make other use of them. Our march from the Rappahannock to the Potomac was very trying to our men. The sun seemed to exercise all his power, and burned his way through the sky like a great globe of fire. The men fell in hundreds gasping. The dust entered every avenue, stopping our breath. The air pressed close between the woods stifled us. Our loads weighed a ton. Hundreds of the men—the very toughest and oldest soldiers—gave up. Many of the officers with nothing but the Arkansas uniform—a pair of spurs, a standing dicey, and a toad-sticker—lay floundering in the grass like fish out of water.

The sight of a pump or spring showed however, that we were not “mad dogs.” The ranks were broken; and men rushed pell mell to fill their canteens. Some of the men did not come up for several days, and several went round by way of Washington, having been picked up and sent there after the army crossed the border. We crossed on “Pontoons” at Edwards ferry forty-five miles above Washington. In four days we traversed the state of Maryland, and halted in Pennsylvania ten miles beyond the State line. This was on the 1st of July. We were resting our weary limbs on the evening of that day, when the booming of cannon warned us that the struggle had commenced. I should have told you in the beginning that our Corps was over the Rappahannock when Lee and his army rushed down the valley. We had to remain until the property of the government was secured. The bridges, heavy siege guns, ammunition, railroad engines and trains were to be guarded, and fought for, and sent safely to Washington. The other corps marched North on the 14th and 15th of June. On the 27th our corps (the 6th) crossed the Potomac. In three days we were within striking distance of “Yorktown.” Twenty miles inside the Pennsylvania line, and seared Gen. Early from that city without his ransom ($150,000) which was to be paid next day. I said that we heard the booming of artillery. It was at Gettysburg—near thirty miles distant. “Pack up and march” was the next order. All night did we plod on; all next day did we trudge also. Until at 3 on the afternoon of Thursday the 2nd of July, to the sound of a hundred cannon, the rattling of small arms, and the cheers of the combatants, we entered the now historical battle field of Gettysburg. We remained under arms that night, and in the morning were (our little fighting brigade) sent to the extreme left to guard against, and foil any attempt at a flank movement by the enemy. At early morning on Friday the battle begun for the third time, and ended only at night with an overwhelming defeat, and rout of Lee’s whole army. His disastrous retreat commenced at midnight of Friday. This greatest battle of the war was fought by the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 11th and 12th corps of the army of the Potomac; the remaining corps the 6th being held in reserve the whole day; only the men of one small brigade taking any part in the battle.

And now I, with a pretty full knowledge of what I write, tell you that the average strength of those corps was not more than 9,000 men, and deducting stragglers and skulkers not more than 8,000. So you will see by this calculation not more than 55,000 men under the most favorable circumstances, and admitting that every man was present took part in this terrible battle on our side. There were no two years men to skulk and run away, because their time was nearly out. No nine months men who sold themselves for that length of time to the government, at the rate of $400, a piece. No militia, or bush-whackers; for most of this part of the “quaker” state is inhabited by copperheads.

We have known many instances where the most intense hatred was exhibited to the Union cause and army. A favorite trick of theirs being the closing of their doors and windows, as if the family were absent, and removing the bucket from the well; or remaining, and breaking the chain, then sitting grim and silent at their doors, watching the disappointment of the foot-sore and weary soldiers as they turned away with a sigh from the inhospitable door.

—[We copy the following extract from a private letter from our regular correspondent in the 5th Regiment:]

**CAMP NEAR BOONESBORO, MD.**

**July 15, 1863.**

Dear Capt.—* * The enemy is across the river. The country may be disappointed by receipt of this news, but I believe Gen. Meade did all that he could do to make them fight another battle. From the time we came up to the enemy, near here, we have been moving constantly. For instance our Corps, one day, is in the advance; we skirmish all day to find the position of the enemy, and by the time other troops have formed in line to give battle, night comes on and all is stopped for that day. On the next morning the troops are got out long before daylight, ready for anything, and when daylight comes the enemy has changed his base and fallen back nearer the river a mile or two, and then we have to feel our way up again, which is no small job, even for this short distance, taking the largest portion of the day, and every night sees this repeated. The army has not laid idle one day, as much as it needs rest, and when the rebels withdrew their army across the river, the Army of the Potomac was also on the move. It will not be contradicted to tell you the direction we are going; as the enemy cannot find out. We are taking the same road McClellan took last year via Berlin, and perhaps down Loudon Valley on the east side of the Blue Ridge.—
In fact, from all appearances, Meade moves as though he intends to do all he can, which will be something worth recording you may rest assured.

It is dark and I cannot write you a letter for the paper, so I give you a general idea of matters as they are here at present. I had intended to have written to the Tribune before this, but have had no time to write home, and we are in good spirits and joyful over our 4th of July victories.

From the 5th Regiment.

Berlin on the Potomac, July 19th, 1863.

The last note was written at Williamsport, and I was obliged to finish abruptly, as we were ordered off in such a hurry that I could not send it away. On our march back to this place, I dropped it in the post office at Boomsborough, a pretty place situated at the base of the South mountain range, and in the mouth of the “gap” through which our army passed in pursuit of Lee and his thoroughly defeated army.

The great battle of Gettysburg was a desperate hand to hand fight from beginning to end. It was a series of charges, and counter charges. The rebels would come on with the greatest ferocity; with shouts, yells, and taunts, their officers urging them, and bravely leading them, to be met with a withering volley of rifle bullets, and discharge of grape and canister from our batteries, making their long line waver, and bend, and finally stagger backward like a drunken man. But their leaders by words, and taunts, and in spite of the batteries terrible rain would bring them forward again. And now our second line of infantry on a slightly elevated ridge behind the first line would open as they came within easy range, and death would reveal in the advancing columns until in a few minutes through the dense smoke could be dimly seen what would be left of the magnificent line which so lately advanced in all the pomp and terror of war, scattered squads Companies rushing thither and yon, and trying madly to escape to the shelter of the woods from the terrible storm of death that surged and roared around them.

Hundreds would throw themselves on the ground, and lie still among the wriggling mass of broken, bleeding, bruised humanity that lay meaning, dying among the rocks and bushes in front of our position. If ever the great slaughter suffered by us at the first mad attempt on the 13th of December last to storm the fortified hills behind Fredericksburg could be paid for, by being more than equalled, it was here on the last day’s fight. The first two days fighting was more even in their results, although we gained better positions than we before held. The last was a terrible slaughter of Lee’s Legions in their vain attempt to break through the Union lines.

Sometimes on the left, then on the right, again in the centre would the attack be made, and as the day waned those powerful onslaughts became if possible fiercer. He knew we would not stand against him with his chosen position any less than his force by nearly one third; and as delay was more dangerous to him than to us, he resolved to crush us before the New York or Pennsylvania pie and cake eaters came to assist us. The Napoleonic mode of crushing one wing, or point, or breaking through the center by pushing forward deep compact, and powerful columns with desperate energy while he feigned attack, on all other points, was adopted. But the great courage and cool determination of our men, together with the splendid fighting and maneuvering of our artillery—the whole reserve of eighty pieces being brought to bear, at one time on one of those columns—failed all his efforts, and at 4 o’clock in the afternoon he desisted after twelve hours fighting. But it was not to end so. His broken and decimated ranks were scarcely withdrawn from the air; things that were once men, now without any resemblance to human beings—if looking on those horrible dead monstrosities with calmness, and firm nerves, is courage, then I am an arrant coward. Five minutes more would lay me among them.

In looking on death with stoicism, in looking on the awful, blasted, blasted things that offends one’s sight, and taints that which we once men, but now without any resemblance to human beings—if looking on those horrible dead monstrosities with calmness, and firm nerves, is courage, then I am an arrant coward. Five minutes more would lay me among them.

Every mile so the artillery would take position, and shell the woods beyond, whilst our brigade would “double quick” into line of battle, and wait until the skirmishers would gain another position in front, when the guns and their supports would go again quickly to their positions, and the skirmishers would go on before. After ten miles of this kind of bush-whacking our skirmishers became engaged and we soon found them drawn up in line of battle in the pass between the spurs of the hills, and ready to do battle for their trains that we sought to escape with whip and good. We dare not attack them in that position so late, and so we went to rest, and moved for-
The army now turned from the direct route the enemy took, and our corps still in the advance pushed forward and in one of the most terrible storms I ever saw, or felt, crossed over the passes of the Kiloctin Mountains on the night of Monday, May 12th. The road on this side is nothing in wet weather but a water course, piled with rocks and scoured with gullies. The night was so dark, that you could not see the next man, and the voice of the storm drowned the words of command. It was by holding on to the straps of each other's knapsacks, that they kept together. We reached the top at midnight, having been thirty hours on the march or since 6 o'clock the evening before. Gen. Sedgwick's headquarters was in a shanty where a very dirty woman with a house full of little clay eaters live or try to exist. "It always rains on these mountains," she said, and I believed her; for it washed the clothes of her back, and the color out of her skin; in fact it washed everything off from her but the dirt. We lost two Corporals in those mountains who have not come up yet. We had no rations on this long march, and were obliged to live on the superfluous fat accumulated from many a long day marching on Uncle Sam's hard tack. On the next day we crossed the valley of "delight," it might be called, and came to the foot of the South mountain range. Rations were served out to us on this day in the proportion of one "hard tack" to each man, and the regiment held it till next evening. The next day we crossed the Potomac at Ferrum, and our boys feel that something should be allowed to the hard feelings engendered by the absence of their husbands. Many of them however are not so much consoled, and a walk in the suburbs would reveal some success of "billing and cooing" which I presume must be very pleasant to the parties engaged. Many of the houses are almost utterly empty, but the best houses (and some of them are very beautiful residences) are mostly inhabited, and I have noticed that many conversations that begin at the door-step with the politest enquiry, and coolest answer, generally end in the parlor. We are here now for four days, and there are no signs of leaving yet. Our march since we crossed the Potomac at Berlin was easy enough. Eighteen miles being the most we traveled on any single day. We have crossed the Bull-range of mountains at Thoroughfare gap. Lee is at Culpepper twenty miles from here with his army, and what the next movement will be remains to be seen. The men of our corps, and of the army were never in better health or condition; and full of fight, and nobody will know that better than the army of Robert E. Lee if we get a fair dash at them. If they are allowed to get beyond their fortifications on the Rappahannock, we may have a slightly different story to tell. In one of my letters I told you that the two years men were only an encumbrance to the army when their time was nearly out, and the nine months men a nuisance at any time. I have been borne out in this opinion by the achievements of this army in the last two months. Such marching by so large an army has not been done on this continent since the war began. And believe me when I say that it is the troops that march well without whining or grieving at their privations, and hardships, that engage in battle with coolness and intrepidity; for it is the same "vim" and bottom that enables them to stand up under starvation, and harrassing long marches, that gives them power and steadiness to look death in the eye.

Our marches along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge from the Potomac to this place had nothing very exciting in them, or worthy of record in a military sense. The extreme vigilance which heretofore characterized our corps, was very sensibly relaxed, and the men—when the camps were formed for the night—wandered out among the beautiful meadows, and regaled themselves with the fruit, and berries which grew as plentiful, and tasted as sweet, as those which the pious legends tell us, fed the haramite and red sea of the early christian church. On Friday last a certain regiment, whose number and state shall be nameless, was on the march from White Plains to New Baltimore. The day was very hot, and it happened that the regiment led the corps. The country was rather uneven as we were approaching the mountain which we crossed that day. To render the march easier, the column sometimes takes to the fields, or narrow by-roads, and give the "pike" to the artillery and wagons, by this means the rear of the column get to camp sooner than they otherwise would. On this day the blackberries were found on our line of march in greater perfection than ever before. The men at every resting spell set about gorging themselves with the glossy, ebony, tempting fruit.
their dignity preventing them from indulging in the magnificent dessert; which the good God spread out before them. We soon entered a narrow lane something like those we just got a glimpse of in the works of Charles Dickens, the fence, on either side being covered with fruit vines and wild honey-suckle, and the brown wasted field beyond littered with blackberries so ripe, so luscious, so beautiful in their glistening ripeness, as to tempt the appetite of an epicurean or make a feast superb enough for the Gods. The professional staghellers (of which there are many) fell out here and were soon followed by those who never fell out of ranks before. (I am speaking of this anonymous regiment, you know.) Pretty soon the orderly sergeants went to picking them, an odd line officer, and, in fine, all the "commissioners" and a desperate charge, and the regiment, or what was left of it, swept on without them. As we approached our destination, the "sicker" fruit seemed to get larger, looking as if they'd melt off the bushes. Flesh and blood could not stand it any longer, and so the "field"—the staff were gone before—got off their horses, and made a breach in the fence. The onslaught was terrible and quite successful, and about that time I myself,—the only man in the company with firmness and military dignity enough to remain, and pick on the road—saw the Colonel assisted by his staff and officers, sitting on his haunches, and popping berries into his capacious mouth with a precision, and celerity that was more than surprising, it was wonderful. The General claimed halves with his "side," and it was pitiful to see those young men pitching everything second flat-fall into their hats, and when it was full riding to the front, planted the Western Southwest, and eating as they went.

Our men were never better in health than they are at present, and however light you may think of our blackberry feasting, people here know that it has done the whole corps a great deal of good, as the fruit is a preventive of, and a cure for all diseases of the bowels, except bullets. This time last year the men were worn and dying from all the summer diseases. This year they have not appeared among us. Hoping that I shall have good news in my next remain.

STEW (The following pretty Lines are the production of a soldier in the 3rd Michigan Regiment, which chances to fall into the hands of a comrade of the writer, in the Fifth Wisconsin, and have been transcribed and patronized in the following sensation: Poor fellow! his words of ends and damns were written before the recent terrible struggle on the Rappahannock, and his "Old Home" may never again gratify his vision.—[Ed. Freeman.]

I Wish for my Old Home.

I'm looking on the mountains, 
I'm looking on the plain; 
I love the friends around me, 
But I wish for Home again;

I read their notes of kindness, 
They soothe my every pain, 
I know they love me dearly, 
I wish for home again.

My mother's grave is yonder— 
And there it must remain; 
My friend is gone forever, 
I wish for home again.

The free breeze of the prairie, 
The sweet birds' joyous strain 
The sunshine and the flower, 
My own dear Home again.

This longing for beloved ones! 
Give me my old Home! 
The valley stream and plain, 
My pleasant Home again; 
Oh, take me back to Michigan, 
Let me there remain; 
I cannot like Virginia— 
O, take me home again.

Those pleasant morning rambles 
In the valley and over the plain, 
With my sisters all around me— 
O, take me home again!

There, with outstretched arms I'd meet them, 
To part us would be vain, 
And never more we'd wander from 
Our pleasant home again.

FROM THE FOURTH WISCONSIN.

Incident of Hanks' Last Campaign.

During the Civil War, the Fourth Wisconsin, which is the regiment that just returned from the campaign, was one of the most celebrated and successful of all the regiments. They were commanded by Colonel Hanks, a man of fine military talents, and his men were noted for their daring and skill in battle. The regiment had seen many hard-fought battles, and had distinguished itself in many engagements.

The regiment was camped near the town of Watertown, when they received orders to move to the region of the Black Hills, which was then a wild and unknown territory. The men were eager to go, and they went with great alacrity.

The campaign was a success, and the regiment returned to Wisconsin with a great feeling of pride and satisfaction. They were hailed as heroes, and their exploits were celebrated in songs and stories throughout the state.

The regiment was later mustered out of service, and the men went home to their families, proud to have served their country, and confident that they had done their duty well.

E. B. G.
...to be sent to New Orleans. There jjusthauling us away. I don't know whom all this satisfaction, and some good to proceed from this course, but I have forsaken legion, and convey them back to Opelousas,=j

the second day after the circumstance, they:

un of General Dwight Wo drovo the rebel oil the way. His rear guard was quito fre­quently in skirmish with our scouts.

brigaded for the advanoe, under commnand ofGeneral Dwight Wo drovo the rebel oil the way. His rear guard was quito fre­quently in skirmish with our scouts.

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in the ranks, but no more so, and there is no

many of them, or us if you like, that

of fobaceo to the drivirrs, wliich was the sig­nificant question which required immediate, and I ordered a chew of pipes to be disposed of drivers, which was the sig­nificant question which required immediate,

state of the famous wild horse.

getting them along three, miles, and per­ceiving that the war might close before we should get them off our hands at that rate, I ordered the confiscation of four mule teams, two niggers, and two long wagons for pur­poses of transportation, into these wagons

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In the end of two hours we had succeeded in

John Melville. The walls of this Fort are about eight feet thick; it has three tiers of guns, 20 in each. The guns
The weather has become quite cool within a week, particularly the night when a blanket, for some time past a superfluous article, becomes very acceptable.

Stewon the first or ground floor are 42-pounders, smooth bore. Those on the second floor are 32-pounders. On the third floor are the esamates for the garrison, but they are now occupied by about 300 deserters, and substitutes who run away after getting somebody's money to make himself "food for powder." The barbette guns were 28 in number, and 42 in caliber, and are now removed to make room for larger guns, rifled 250 or 300-pound Parrot and Dahlgren, some of which have already arrived. There is a host of men at work on the Castle every day. The parapet has been removed, and is now being rebuilt with huge blocks of granite of any number of feet square, and any number of tons weight.

Fort Columbus, which covers nearly half the Island, is an earthwork, with a stone base, the earthwork being faced with brick also. A ditch, 33 feet wide and brick-faced rifle-pits, encircle this powerful work. It is said that this ditch can be filled with water at high spring tides, debaring all access to the fort and the rest of the Island. I never counted them, but there must have been 100 guns 42-pounders also, on this work. Many of these have been dismounted, and now lie prone upon the ground in the fort, while huge blocks of granite are wedged in the different angles on which to raise and "pivots" the largest siege guns. There are only five of those to be mounted at present, but as they will swing clear round, they can be made to point to any part of the Harbor, back even to the city. (How are you, Greek Fire?)

Our boys are quite proficient in the handling of the heavy 42-pounders, and like the practice exceedingly.

Many regiments of Western troops have arrived from the army of the Potomac, but none of them have been kept here more than a day or two, and none, or have been, doing duty of any kind on this Island but our regiments, and a company of regulars attached, that is, belonging to no regimental organization, but remaining permanently on the Island, and drilling all the recruits that come here from every quarter of the United States. They are perhaps the best drilled in the whole army, regular or volunteer.

There are about forty regiment of the Potomac around this city and harbor, and I believe nine tenths of the whole regular army. Most, or nearly all of these are Western regiments. There are perhaps the best drilled into the whole army, regular or volunteer.

I wrote Mr. J. Field is going around with the Captain, seeing the sights. T. W. Hamilton showed his well-known face to his many friends while we were watching the Copperheads in the Park Barracks, in New York. Ex. Lieut. Chris. Laffer found us out also and made us many visits.—We had a visit also, from O. G. Bus and Miss Hamilton, who, although seeing all his friends in New York, came to the Island before he started home.
of the Castle are twenty foot thick in some places, and down to nine in others. There are about eight guns in the Fort, but all on the Parapets or top of the Fort are removed to make room for three and four hundred poudieres which will be put up immediately.

I shall not crowd you valuable space more at present, but shall write again.

EUREKA.

Our Dead at Gainesville.

HEADQUARTERS 55th Wisconsin Vol. Army Corps,
BASTON, VA., Nov. 3, 1863.

Editor State Journal: — Rumors have reached me, from time to time, that the remains of those men of the “Iron Brigade,” and of the 56th Pennsylvania and 76th New York volunteers, who fell at Gainesville in the bloody squall of August 30th, 1863, were carelessly buried. Upon examination, a few days since, while passing the battle field on our way to Thorough Gap, it was found to be true.

I have had details from all the regiments who fought there sent to the ground, under the command of Capt. H. Huff, of the 7th Wisconsin. They have carefully interred the remains. Many of them could be reeengaged; a few by the position where they lay, or by the articles found about them. Two of the friends of those few who fell there will doubtless hear of the place of the grave. I write this to assure you that all has been done that could be, to give them decent burial.

Very Respectfully,

L. OSWELL, Brig. Gen.

Vote of the 5th Wisconsin — Lewis 418.

Palmer 1!

Camp 55th Wisconsin Vol. ,
Warrenton, Va., Nov. 3, 1863.

Friend Wright: With this I send you the result of our election to-day. The whole number of votes in the Regiment for Governor was 418, of which Lewis received 418 — and Palmer 1.

The result in Co. F. (from Waukesha County) was: For Governor Lewis received 41 votes; Spencer 41, Fairchild 41, Rothe (rep.) 1, Hastings 41, Smith 41, Pickard 41, Ramsey 41, Cordier 41, Blair 39, Houston 29, Rodger 29, John Smith 15, Joyce Smith 15, Judy 15, Keene 15, Carpenter 3, Cadby 3, Shullis 1, Reagan 1.

This is the result of the vote in Co. F., 5th Wisconsin. Hoping the “Union Tick” will run as well in the State, and that the Copperheads will be beaten as they were in Ohio. I remain, as ever yours,

M. L. BUTTERFIELD,
1st Lieut. Commanding Co. F., Wis. Vol. A.

From the 5th Wis. Regt.

GAINESVILLE, Nov. 8th, '63.

Friend Smith: — Our Regiment, having passed through another fierce battle, I thought I would write you a few of the particulars, so that you could notify the friends of the Company and allay the anxiety that would naturally arise from the uncertainty of their fate. We broke up camp at Warrenton leg and arm; Corp. Albert Burbridge, arm; yesterday morning, and marched briskly to John Smoker, knee; Fred. Mercer, leg; Rappahannock station, arriving there about Albert Payne, Contusion, thigh; 1 o’clock in the afternoon, here we formed: Capt. Walker fell about 30 feet from the side angle of the Fort while cheering on his men. A brave man than he never lived. Sergt. Goodwin, with the bravery which has always been characteristic of him, had entered the Fort and seized one of the enemy’s guns, and with some of the boys was working it against them, when he was shot through the head and instantly killed.

Trusting that God who tempers the wind will spare you and the shorn lamb may comfort the bereaved friends of those who have fallen in this conflict. I remain,

Yours Truly,

J. S. ANDERSON.

FIFTH REGIMENT AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.

WASUINOTON, Nov. 9th, 1863.

Major WHEELER, Lieuts. Hutchinson of Co. B, and Parrell of Co. A, and Ord., came nearer canister and the deadly rifle bullets commenced dropping our men thick and fast. But our boys went on at a run, cheering loudly and carried the fort and the rifle pits for the whole breadth of our line of battle, and then commenced the tug of war. The rifle pits were so constructed that they had an enfilading fire on both flanks where they over lapped us for a great distance. Our supports were tardy in coming up and we had a hard struggle to hold what we had gained. The supports came up at length and all who did not gain the south bank of the river by fording and swimming were taken prisoners. It was a second Bull Bluff with the difference in our favor. Our Brigade has the honor of taking two Rebel battle flags and a full battery of artillery (6 pieces) with caisson and horses complete.

The casualties in our Regiment are as follows: Col. Allen wounded in hand; Maj. Wheeler, mortally wounded; Lt. Col. Catlin is also slightly wounded. Two Captains killed and two Lieutenants, one mortally. Enlisted men killed, 7; wounded 49; missing 4. In our company 3 are killed and 5 wounded.

Their names are as follows:


Enlisted men killed, 7; wounded 49; missing 4. In our company 3 are killed and 5 wounded.

Their names are as follows:


Your General felt confident that soldiers, who in camp observed all the strictest rules of military life with fidelity, would prove...
formed acts of nobler daring. But here aro
day morning we marched al sunrise from:
more fighting lately. Day before yes ler.;
the extracts from Mr. Orvis’ letter;
from Wisconsin, better prepared
and strengthened as they would have been,
most have been attended with a yet harder,
were more successful in our operations. The
hardy, generous, and glorious support of
Pennsylvania in the strife should serve to
bind yet closer together the East, the Middle
States and the West, and to her troops, her
longs no small share of our victory.
And it is just and fitting here to acknow
edge the soldierly conduct and valor
stances of Colonel Upton and his regiments.
The 6th Maine and the 121st New
York. Prompt in their support, they depar
our heartfelt thanks, as, by their bravery, the
won a large share of the honors of the day.
The bravest of this Brigade shall bear the
name “Rappahannock” to perpetuate, a
long as their memory shall endure, dreams
and shedding away though they may be ft
generations, the proud triumph won by yo
on the 9th of November, 1863.
By command of
Brig. Gen. D. A. RUSSELL
C. M. HEND, A. A. G.

The Immortal Fifth Wisconsin

S. E. ORVIS, of Co. F, Fifth Wisconsin,
writes to his wife under date of November
9th, in which he makes mention of the part
borne by the Fifth Wisconsin, in the brilli
triumph of our arms at Beverly’s Ford, near
Rappahannock. Waukesha
county may well feel proud that she is rep
resented in the Fifth by a son of her
hardy sons, for in all the great army of the
Republic none more than they have often
taken on the storm of battle or
performed acts of nobler daring. Here are
the extracts from Mr. Orvis’ letter:

Nov. 9, 1863.—We have had some
more fighting lately. Day before yester
day morning we marched at sunrise from
our camp near Warrenton, and after going
8 or 9 miles we came in sight of the rebels’
pickets in front of their intrenchments at
Beverly’s Ford, near Rappahannock sta
tion. They had quite a force there.

The Fifth Wisconsin was there. The famous Ijou
Brigade was there. The 5th Maine and 121st
Pennsylvania as the able Colonel of

The Fight at Rappahannock Ford.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal:

Your readers may welcome a detailed
account of the recent action at Rappaha
nock Ford, in which several New England
regiments took a most prominent and glo
rious part.

This brigade is composed of the 5th Wis
consin, commanded by Col. T. S. Allen; the
6th Maine, Lieut. Col. T. M. Hulings, and
the 11th Pennsylvania, Col. P. C. Illman
— all volunteer regiments. The brigade
commander is Brig. Gen. David A. Russell,
of the regiment well known to
Massachusetts as the able Colonel of
one of her best regiments, the 7th.

The late operation on the 7th inst. were
conducted in the forenoon, and thereon
the 1st, 3d and 4th, under command of
Major General French, and on the right
at Rappahannock Ford by the 5th and 6th
corps, under Major General Sedgwick.
In this corps Brig. Gen.
Wright had command of the corps in Sedg
wick’s place, while Gen. Russell assumed
the command of the 1st division, vacated
by Gen. Abner Doubleday.

At daybreak on the morning of the 7th
inst., this corps left its pleasant camps in
front of Warrenton, and moved rapidly
on toward Rappahannock Station, this di
vision leading the corps, while this brigade
had the advance in the division. After
marching about 15 miles we entered at Fays
teville, where all the companies but
one of the 49th Pennsylvania Volunteers
were thrown out as flankers and skirmishers.
Thus we advanced unmolested by the
enemy, and moved rapidly toward Rappaha
nnock Station. Here we halted in the edge of a piece of timber, distant
about a mile and a half from the river.—
We at once formed a line of battle, the left
resting on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and the right of our division line
connecting with the left of the 2d division
of this corps commanded by Brig. Gen.
Howe. To our left, on the other side of the
railroad, extended the lines of the 5th
corps. The 49th Pennsylvania, 5th Wis
consin and 119th Pennsylvania formed our
brigade front. The 5th Maine were post
ed about a hundred paces in advance of
our centre, and shortly after we had hal
ted the skirmishers of the 40th were relieved
by five companies of the 6th Maine, who
were rapidly driven to the crest of a hill half a mile to our front,—
About 2 o’clock P. M. the skirmish-line
was advanced to the foot of a hill rising
from the river. This hill is in reality a part of the river bank, which here rises up
so as to command the front for a mile or
more, and was further strengthened by an
elaborate redoubt containing two twelve
pound Parrott guns taken originally from
Milroy at the capture of Winchester.
On the rebel right, and near the railway,
was another smaller redoubt (also contai
ning two three-inch ordnance guns taken
from us, the one at Antietam, the other at
Chancellorsville) which crowned a hill but
little lower than the one just described,
from which it was distant some six hun
dred feet. To the enemy’s left of the lar
ger fortification extended a line of formi
ble, carefully-constructed rifle-pits.
The redoubts and rifle-pits were lined
with troops—in short Jackson’s old Brigade was there. The famous Loui
siana Tigers were here too. There was one
entire brigade (five regiments) and these
regiments of another under command of Gen. Hayes. The regiments
were well dressed, finely equipped and
splendidly armed.

Now for our position. Between us and
these works lay a deep cut which shut them
off from our view. Descending this hill
and passing over several hundred yards of
broken country, you come to another
hill, where the crest was visible the enemy’s
intrenchments and the opposite side of the
river. Between this second hill and the en
emy lay a distance of half a mile, flat to
be sure, but trying ground for a charge.—
In front of the first place, and upon this
path extended a ditch twelve or fifteen
feet wide, with steep banks, some six feet
deep, and filled with mud and water to an
depth of three or four feet. Crossing this,
the field was broken for some distance with
stumps and underbrush, then came a
smooth, clear stretch, then a dry mile,
some twelve feet wide and five deep, and
then one small rise then one small decli
sion. It was indeed a position of—
The General, at once moved forward his brigade in two lines with the skirmish line, consisting of the remaining five companies of the 6th Maine on the left, and the 5th Wisconsin on the right, as the rear line of the 7th Pennsylvania on the left, and the 119th on the right. As senior Colonel, Col. P. P. Eltzer of the 119th was in command of the brigade, and well and truly did he sustain himself in his new and trying position.

The rear line was halted at the foot of the second hill, and the front line moved down the hill across the moat and road to the left of the fort, followed closely up. As the skirmish line was advancing, Major Fuller, who had recognized the 20th Maine men, said to Capt. Morrill, who had formerly been a non-commissioned officer in his own regiment and was in command of a skirmish detail of fifty-five men, that the 6th Maine was on his right, and asked him if he would not charge the fort in front with them. Capt. Morrill at once ran along the line of skirmishers—"Boys," said he, "the 6th Maine is on our right, let us go in with them." About fifty men of the 20th Maine, followed by the entire staff of the Gen’l commanding the division, have all in succession been sent back to hurry up the remainder of the brigade. But now can men, embosomed with knapsacks, guns, equipments and eight days’ rations—a weight of sixty pounds or more—get over the ground any faster than are those hundred and fifty enlisted men of the 6th Maine, seven officers and sixty-five men were killed and wounded. The moment is a trying one. Captains Packard and Tayler, and Lieut. Harris, the entire staff of the Gen’l commanding the division, have all in succession been sent back to hurry up the remainder of the brigade. But now can men, embosomed with knapsacks, guns, equipments and eight days’ rations—a weight of sixty pounds or more—get over the ground any faster than are those hundred and fifty enlisted men of the 6th Maine, seven officers and sixty-five men were killed and wounded. The moment is a trying one. Captains Packard and Tayler, and Lieut. Harris, the entire staff of the Gen’l commanding the division, have all in succession been sent back to hurry up the remainder of the brigade. 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But now can men, embosomed with knapsacks, guns, equipments and eight day...
The Fifth Wisconsin Regiment

"We had a long and very interesting conversation at Goshen yesterday, with Col. Allen of the Fifth Wisconsin. He is an officer of very commanding appearance, six feet in his boots, and every inch a gentleman and a soldier. He went into the first Bull Run battle as captain of a company in the Second Wisconsin regiment and after the commanding officers left the field at Stone Bridge for Washington, he did all in his power to collect the shattered regiment and succeeded in gathering them together at Centreville, and brought them in good order to Washington. Almost every officer now in the regiment have been taken from the ranks, and promoted for meritorious conduct on the hard-fought fields, through which they have passed. The regiment numbers five hundred and forty, two companies of which are at other places up the river, and three hundred and forty at Goshen. Five of the officers average six feet in height, and are all splendid types of the western man.

A battery of four James' rifles, and two howitzers accompany the regiment, with nine men and six horses to each gun. They are splendid brass pieces, and did fine execution for two days and a half at the battle of Gettysburg. The regiment has passed through all the conflicts on the peninsula before Richmond; have been recruiting most of the time, and have lost all save twenty killed, wounded and missing, more than the original number contained in the regiment when it left the shores of the mighty lake, from around whose hillsides they first girded on their armor for the conflict.

The regiment is encamped on a beautiful rise of ground on the outskirts of the village, and we witnessed their dress parade yesterday with the most profound astonishment. Every order and movement is executed with the utmost precision, and showed what military skill can do with soldiers who have been two years and four months in the glorious army of the union, perilling their lives to perpetuate the noble inheritance handed down to us from the fields of Bunker Hill and Yorktown, Trenton and Saratoga, Germantown and Long Island, and Baltimore and many other fields of devastation and blood, of disaster and victories

"May the shadows of laborers and soldiers of the Fifth Wisconsin never grow less, until every traitor north and south are brought down in submission to the will of the best government on which the sun rises and sets, and liberty proclaimed to the nation from Wisconsin's northern hills to the shores of the southern gulf, where the fruits of the tropics ripen in the southern sun."

Newburg, N. Y. Journal.

From the Fifth Wisconsin.

So far as we have received letters from the army of late, and army letters come by scores every week, the opinions offered are the same upon all leading issues—differing only in words, seldom in ideas. Early in the war, opinions as to the cause of the war and the remedy, differed widely, some holding this as the cause of the war, others that; also, doubts were expressed as to whether slavery had much to do with it, and many thought the less slavery was meddled with the better, holding that the rebels would stop the war on finding that slavery was not to be harmed, &c. Others held the abolitionists were quite as responsible for the war as the slaveholders, and that both ought to perish in order to bring peace. We confess that for a time we had fears whether the army would not embrace some grand error and point their muskets homeward as well as toward the rebels—for demagogues and copperhead leaders were suffered to retain their wares in the army as well as at home—especially in the Potomac army when McClellan was Chief. But matters have turned right, most unanimously. The following letter, the writer formerly of Wing's Mills, expresses the average army opinion as follows:

Mr. Cover:—Letters from home among the soldiers—... to me to write my opinions of the war. I have a mind to print my letter, it will save writing a dozen or more, and may save fifty others writing each as many of the same subject.

First, the war cannot end till the guns are removed. As to what is the cause, this is settled in the mind of every soldier: it is slavery—the devil's own invention to destroy the Government—a loathsome disease compounded of every villainy and crime besides, a curse of brawniness and mischiefs among the whites, which makes them tyrannical and vain. These facts are all pictured out here in regimentary art and seen, without intelligence see the pictures and understand them the same way, of course all understand alike what is so plain.

"How long will this war last, asks
From the 6th Regiment.

Camp near Belle Plain, Va., January 16th, 1863.

Editors Republic:—It has been raining steadily all day, quite to the satisfaction of those who desire no movement of the army this winter, and to the despondency of those whose desires and anticipations were of a contrary nature. December 24th came in, and continued quite cold until just before the battle of Fredericksburg, when it moderated, and from that time up to the present, it has been beautiful. To-day however, indicates a change.

This Brigade is quite well prepared for cold weather, having been at work building “winter quarters” since Dec. 23d, the day we arrived in this camp.

In the battle of Fredericksburg, our Brigade was more fortunate, as regards loss, than in any of their preceding engagements. The 6th had none killed, but very few wounded. I think the confidence in Gen. Burnside was not diminished materially by the repulse we received at Fredericksburg. The army admire his generosity and frankness, and his explanation of his reasons for attacking the enemy when and where he did, seem quite satisfactory to those who witnessed the affair, and who could but approve of the wisdom of the plan ere it had become a failure. He is so modest and ready to assume every responsibility, and acknowledge it as more incapable than others to command the army, that he is held to be of the stamp of that Generals who claim to have possessed a spark of patriotism, than the saddest defeats of the army.

Gen. Doubleday had command of the 8th Div. in the battle of Fredericksburg. I was glad to see that he came so bold that it hesitates not to take direct issue with the Government. Its great leader, the Governor of New York, grateful to the army for its bravery at Fredericksburg, and by the last Republic, has not become entirely foreign to the Union, who are so boisterous against traitors, which will be even more humiliation to the Union soldiers, our Division, and Gen. Meredith the manly, by the repulse we received at Fredericksburg. Our Div. is in the battle of Fredericksburg, and by the last Republic, Gen. Wadsworth now commands our Brigade.

Those who claim to have been unjustly arrested, which contributed so much to his success, now calls upon his subordinates, to take care that no person is arrested or taken away without, what he terms “legal authority.” They are not the lovers of the Union, who are so boisterous against “arbitrary arrests,” which contributed so much to his success, now calls upon his subordinates, to take care that no person is arrested or taken away without, what he terms “legal authority.”

Mr. Editor:

A foraging expedition, composed of the 6th and 24th regiments, under command of Col. Fairchilds of the latter regiment, lately most agreeably interrupted the routine of camp life in winter quarters here upon the Potomac.

On the 12th inst., the necessary orders having been received, we quickly found ourselves in light marching order, on board the steamer Alice Price, formerly flag ship of Gen. Burnside, and on route upon our enterprise. "As true we were a little cold, crowded for comfort, the weather rather cool, the accommodations for sleeping and cooking our "Java" very limited, as we afterwards discovered, for a pleasure excursion, still, remembering that we, during 12 months service, have become accustomed to all kinds of weather as well as frequent long and fatiguing marches ever on foot, and now for once riding upon a journey, we could well afford to regard it.
Editors' Attention:—An expedition composed of the 6th and 2d Wisconsin Regiments, having for its chief object, the breaking up of a system of smuggling which has been carried on during the rebellion across the Potomac and Chesapeake bay, is worthy of mention in your columns, as another example of the efficiency of the troops which Wisconsin has proudly sent to the war.

The expedition was conducted by Col. L. Fairchild, of the 24th Wisconsin Regiment, and Lieut. Col. E. S. Bragg, of the 6th, and started on Thursday the 12th inst., in light marching order and with six days rations. We proceeded immediately to the landing where the Steamer Alice Price was waiting to convey us to the mouth of the Potomac.

It was the first time that we had ever had the pleasure of riding on this beautiful river, and notwithstanding the boat was much crowded, its Captain was a lively interesting gentleman, and we all made up our minds to enjoy the trip. After the freight is all on, and a few mules, that show themselves by no means destitute of the full amount of stubbornness natural with the race, are led, and pushed, and backed, and carried on board, we start. There is nothing particularly grand in the scenery on either side, but the Virginia bank has the alternate appearance of an extensive tract of deserted worn out land, and thick growth of small pines. An occasional plantation but feebly relieves its dull monotony, for the buildings are usually of the same style—one large dwelling adorned with half a dozen negro shanties. As we approach the Chesapeake however, the country appears better, as the inhabitants seem to be wealthier and to have been less disturbed by the war.

Just at dusk a shrill whistle called us on deck, and we perceived a low dark something on the water, which, as we came near and glanced down, proved to be a farm, and we were led to believe it was the landing place of the Steamer Alice Price. The boat was surrounded by a large number of negroes, and we all thought ourselves fortunate to have arrived before the farmer could leave them.

With good rations in our shanties we now look back with profound satisfaction upon our forage, and flatter ourselves that the 6th and 2d Wis. are some on a steal.

L. A. K.

From the 6th Regiment.

NEAR BELLE PLAIN, VA., Feb. 23d 1863.

A RAID DOWN THE POTOMAC.

Editors Republic:—An expedition composed of the 6th and 2d Wisconsin Regiments, having for its chief object, the breaking up of a system of smuggling which has been carried on during the rebellion across the Potomac and Chesapeake bay, is worthy of mention in your columns, as another example of the efficiency of the
sing, tell stories, keep every one awake who tried to sleep, and swear. The Captain of the boat aided materially in keeping them interested and did not become vexed even, at finding himself locked in his room and having to climb through the window and come around on the side of the vessel, but declared that he had been in almost every state in the Union except Wisconsin and now he was going there too.

On Friday morning we proceeded in the same course till opposite Northumberland county, where we turned into Cone river, which is a small stream and difficult to navigate except by those accustomed to it, there by facilitating the business of smuggling, which is carried on extensively in that vicinity.

We soon come to an old wharf which is nearly dilapidated by time, but it is just the place where we desire to stop, and the boat is moored and we step upon the sacred soil once more. We spy a plantation and a fine large dwelling in the distance, which bears evidence of the repose of wealth.—

Capt. Mansfield with a guard is sent to the residence and soon returns with its owner Dr. J. Smith, as a political prisoner, guilty of smuggling goods for the use of rebels in arms. The Doctor is a young man, wealthy, and a zealous rebel; to go into the army was the only thing which he seemed unwilling to do for his ideal Confederacy, and this he avoided by obtaining license to preach. He had probably been more effective however, in the capacity of a smuggler than which he preferred.

The expedition now starts for the town of Heathsville, which is about three miles off, leaving a guard at the boat, and one at each house on the road side, with orders to allow no one to leave the premises. The town is a small, dull, deserted one, with but few inhabitants to welcome us, or be surprised at our coming. We returned to the boat that night and slept on the river bank. Saturday forenoon, everything is lively and brisk as a commercial mart; scouting parties are returning with horses and mules, for a raid is part of our programme, understand. Contrabands are flocking in by scores, some with families and household furniture; ox teams are hauling in bacon and hams, a great amount of which has been discovered in a storehouse, and the boat is being loaded ready for our return. At this stage of proceedings however, something unusually interesting took place. Dr. Smith had been allowed to go to his house for some purpose, previous to his departure for Washington, and we were a little surprised to see the guard returning with him accompanied by a young lady. It was the Doctor’s sister. She had come to make a plea for her, or her brother’s property, and there was a curiosity to know how she would succeed. They made straightway for the cabin where they found Col. Fairchild, and immediately the court opened. The attack was strong and skillful, but the Colonel was equal to the emergency and kept in view the fact that he was acting for the Government that sent him. She seemed to understand that we were going to take her slaves whether they wished to go or not; but the Colonel assured her that he did not ask them to leave and that if she could induce them to remain she might do so. She went out to converse with them, and as she hastened through the crowd towards one stalwart African holding a horse here, and another unloading bacon there, it was easy to see that he felt uneasy and wished that “misanthy” was almost anywhere else. They were evidently attached to their young mistress, and she evidently knew how to awaken their attachment, and after she had rehearsed them the “kindness which she had always shown them”, and how well she “had and would care for them” and asked the appealing question—“now John do you wish to go and leave us?” The poor victim of cursed avarice and the custom of ages, faltered and tried to say no.

Why should he say otherwise?—Has he ever had a taste of liberty to sharpen his desire or appreciation of it? Has not everything that would tend to uproot the deep settled and

only principle of his education, that he is a slave and in his proper sphere, been carefully kept from his reach? Yet but one of those to whom she put this question answered in the negative, and he finally persuaded, turned his reluctant steps to go back and continue his faithful servitude.

He stopped to look back for the last time on the boat which was to carry off his colored friends. That moment he had the young lady back to his boat. It was not that he loved “mistress” less, but that he loved freedom more. The young lady was escorted home safely by the guard, and after burning some boats which had been used for smuggling, we started for home, where we arrived Sunday evening. Aside from the contrabands, the expedition brought away from the enemy about sixty horses and mules, 15,000 lbs of bacon and hams, two bales of cotton, one case of shoes, and will be considered one of the most effective and successful raids of the war.

Yours truly.

From the 6th Regiment.

A few days ago we were drawn up in front of Gen. Meredith’s quarters to hear read the resolutions I send you.

Gen. M—made a few prefatory remarks explaining the reason of our being assembled, and desired us to lay aside for the moment the character of disciplined soldiers listening to an order from a superior officer, in which, as such, we would readily acquiesce, but with the freedom of American citizens, embody upon the resolutions, which embodied his own sentiments, and he believed those of his entire command.

“Whereas, certain evil-minded persons in the army and at home, have circulated base and slanderous reports concerning the Army of the Potomac, it is with pain and regret we have noticed the unfounded but too universal belief of the demoralization of this army; a report put in circulation by a set of Northern traitors to justify their own wicked designs laying to our charge the imputation that we are in favor of peace on any terms. For the purpose of refuting so base a slander alike insulting to our character as sol-
...of an army which will never submit, would raise their cowardly hands... among the Government is a hearty... their brothers and friends. Who, like their... the motto—'High the flag of our country... of the rebellion. Too cowardly to join openly and fight for... to be called home to squelch their treason—to exhibit upon them the proficiency in arms which we have acquired in fighting for more honorable tocs, and their case would be attended to effectually and with a will... In conclusion, having been assigned to a brigade in our division, took leave of us by the following order:... and emigrate.' 6th. That we recognize in the present Administration the government de facto and cheerfully endorse it, or any subsequent one, in all acts or measures having for their object a vigorous prosecution of the war, and the effectual crushing out of this rebellion. The spontaneous and unanimous shout that went up at the close of the reading carried the conviction to every one present that the General was right... the motto—'High the flag of our country... L. CUTLER, COLONEL.

E. S. Bragg, now our Colonel, by his tried courage and ability on every battle field our regiment has seen, has won from officers and men the fullest confidence, and all are gratified with his promotion. Maj. R. R. Dawes is Lieut. Col., and has also proved himself a brave and capable officer. Capt. Hauser is Major.

L. A. K. From the 6th Regiment.
swerving administration, it feels deeply its own consequent power and efficiency.

The changes that have been made are being brought in this army, and they are far more for the better than the worst of what was in 1862. But military discipline is not the only feature in which this army has been improved. The delusive sentiment that we were but citizen soldiers, whose services would be needed only in two or three engagements, and then being dismissed, the nation would resume its reckless march in the paths of peace and progress, with the same indiscipline and impudence as before, has passed away. The magnitude and strength of the rebellion have convinced us of the necessity of using every exertion to make our model armies in powers of endurance and strength of character. The nation resolves to convert itself into a vast military school, and if need be a temporary despotism, to preserve its own existence. The grand mass meetings that have been held in different portions of the northern states have shed a truly loyal and wholesome influence on the soldiers in the field, as well as the citizens at home.

The first flush of military enthusiasm has died away and is succeeded by a sober and determined resolution to save the country at every hazard. The popularity of Gen. McClellan created more by the clamors of the Pennsylvania and New York press than by any deeds in the field, was too premature to be permanent, or to withhold the confidence of the soldiers from other commanders.

The recent systematic assault on the army of the Potomac. The genius of history has not been so well known as we have received of our fathers, and it has been much more a permanent confidence of the soldiers from other commanders.

The recent systematic assault on the government and its supporters by the Democratic party, has been made a name and achieved a position in our national army of which he and his friends may be proud.

This promotion of Col. Dawes to the rank of Major, two Adjutants, one Brigade, and other officers, may interest our readers. This conclusion is not the fact that it has always held high place as a well drilled and efficient body of men. Our people may well be proud of the first company sent from Jumaa county.

From the 6th Regiment.

H. J. H.

AGAIN PROMOTED.—REV. R. DAWES, of this place, has again been promoted. He is now Lieutenant Colonel of the 6th Regiment. We congratulate him in his advancement. Although but a young man, having but barely attained his majority, he has made a name and achieved a position in our volunteer army of which he and his friends may be proud.

This promotion of Col. Dawes renews the confidence of our readers that our company has furnished a larger number of good officers than any other company that we are acquainted with. From its last promotion, one Lieutenant, one major, two Adjutants, one Brigade,
The Old Flag of the Sixth. [From the Madison Journal.]

Major Hansen, of the 6th Regiment, de- 
ed to-day at the Executive office, the old 
regimental flag of the gallant Sixth regiment, 
ornamented with the Union symbol, and 
tattered in the fierce con- 

dominate of Gainesville, Bull Run 2d, South 
Mountain, Antietam and Pea Ridge. It 
will be replaced by the Governor with a new 
flag, under the law passed at the late 
session. The following admirable letter from 
Col. Bragg, now commanding the regiment, 
accompanied the flag:

**HEADQUARTERS 6TH REGT. WIS. VOL.**

Near Belle Plain, Wis.,
April 4th, 1863.

*To the Governor of Wisconsin.*

Sir,—On behalf of the Regiment I have 
the honor to command, I return to the State 
of Wisconsin, the Regimental Color presen- 
ted this regiment, in the summer of 1861. 
We part with it reluctantly, but its con- 
dition renders it unserviceable for field ser- 
vice. When we received it, its folds, like our 
ranks, were ample and full; still emblem- 
cial of our condition, we return it, tattered 
and torn in our hands, and telling the State, 
that, which, if attended to, has been 
attended to in the past, I know that you 
will not give the flag of the 6th, Wyoming 
for the present, and I but wish to have the 
same treatment meted to it as to the flag of 
the 6th, Wisconsin. History will tell how 
Wisconsin honor has been vindicated by her 
soldiers, and what lessons in Northern courage 
they have given.

May the 6th Regiment never lose its 
leaves. Very respectfully,

**E. S. BRAGG,**
Col. Commanding 6th Wis. Vol.

May it long be spared not only to lead to 
volume to its home and state, but to 
serve its country, its regiment, and itself. 

F. K. JENKINS.

From the 6th Regiment.

**BELLS PLAINS,** April 1st, 1863.

**ELECTIONS REPUBLIC.—Out our election for Chief** 
**Juan, the Supreme Court of our State, was held to-day, and passed off quietly and 
the regiment. The vote of the regiment is as follows:**

For *L. S. Dixon,*
215
For *Montgomery Collier,
22

Majority for Dixon.

Nearly all of those who voted for Collier are Germans, as are also the voters of the 6th Red, published in Milwaukee, and although I do not know which of the two candidates, the 6th Red supported, I do not doubt that that paper has blinded them to the true principle of the ad- 
ministration of the Constitution.

I was sorry to see that some of the officers 
of the regiment were decidedly opposed to holding 
elections in the absence of their own representatives.

I was sorry to see that some of the officers 
of the regiment were strongly opposed to holding 
elections in the absence of their own representatives.

I have heard of the abnormal opposition to 
the paragraph in the 6th Red, and I am 
mindful that the 6th Red was the first to 
 announce this opposition.

The law provides that the three ranking 
officers of a company shall be inspectors of the 
election. But in case of vacancy, ability, or refusal to act, of any of these officers, those 
in rank will do the duty of Inspectors. None 
of the rank is not willing to serve, refused to serve, 
for any of these officers, those in rank will act as Inspectors. Some of the rank are 
not willing to serve, and if the law is not allowed 
them, refused of course, to serve as inspect- 
ers, I have heard the request that the command be 
assigned to any real reason for 
their conduct, although there is a reason.

Co. "A" polled 26 votes, all for Dixon. It 
is an enormous record for the abolitionist 
company, but it is certainly not an 
inscription upon the merits of the contest; in a 
disgrace to the Union. The officers of the 6th Red, 
unanimous in their support of the Union, 

corporate arm in the face of the people, that 
the public interest is not to be 
violated, and the public property is not to 
be destroyed. Your opinion is not to be 
destroyed. Your opinion is not to be 
gave satisfaction to the majority. The truth is, their 
flag is in the possession of the government 
and is not to be disposed of without the 
consent of the government.

It is a matter of regret that the government 
has not been more firm in its demands 
upon the Unionists, and that the 6th Red 
has not been more firm in its demands 
upon the government. The 6th Red 
had been more firm in its demands 
upon the government. The 6th Red 
had been more firm in its demands 
upon the government.

You speak with great feeling of the 
people, who did not bow the knee to Baal, 
yet in several parts of this last and 
former letter, you exultingly reiterate

your old hallucination—that the people 
who agree with you are in an over- 
whelming majority in Wisconsin. You 
call yourself the "arch rebel of Green 
Lake County," and say you glory in the 
name—not you call your party the 
"Union Peace Democracy" of the North. 
Now if you are a "rebel," you cannot be 
a true Democrat; for all true Demo- 

nents are for the Union—while you 
may be a very bad Democrat and a very 
violent Copperhead at the same time 
which is just the truth. A Union 
Peace Democrat! What does that 
mean? But are not Vallandingham, 
 Voorhis, Cox, Salubury, Powell, the 
Woods of New York, and all their followers 
in Indiana, and in that part of Illinois 
called Egypt, resisting, and counseling 
resistance to the laws of the land, 
and forming secret societies where they 
make poor ignorant dupes swear to pre- 
vent even by armed force the exucu- 
tion of the Enrollment Act, and the ar- 
rest of deserters?

You make a great glorification about 
the Northern lights, but you must know 
before this time what a falsethe whole 
traitor programme has ended in. I 
need only mention New Hampshire, 
Rhode Island, Connecticut and even 
Wisconsin, where you counted on 20,000 
minority for the Jeff Davis 
candidate. You speak of the vast armies 
rised by the North for the purpose of 
forcing the states in insurrection to ful- 
fill their federal obligations. The very 
fact that they have federal obligations 
which you acknowledge, disposes of the 
whole argument. But apart from that, 
the government had to protect public 
property, and guarantee to every man 
the right to live in peace 
under the constitution. The 
constitutionalism itself proclaimed the proper 
method in which it could be modified, or 
removed, and any other way being ilegal, it behaved the government to 
protect the interests of the people from 
the threatened attacks South and North.— 

The government did not begin the war 
with march vast armies into the states 
of the South, until the ports and arsenals— 
the property of the nation—were 
stolen, or wereframeless
by force of arms in the hands of rebels.

You may be a very laborious student of history, but you are very unfortunate in your illustrations from that branch of learning. You are a little confused in that part of your letter, and I hardly understand which you want to prove; the inability of the free states to subordinate the South, or the exceeding beauty of your peace principles. If the first, the cases mentioned—Switzerland, Scotland, the American Colonies of Great Britain, and Spain—are totally dissimilar from the present case. Each of those peoples mentioned fought against a foreign tyranny, and for their own freedom, a cause in which a true people should be always ready to strike.

As for that "very remarkable case," Belgium, it is the most mal-apprpo of all your allusions to current History.—Belgium was assisted by France then fresh from her triumph over the king Charles 10th, and by England also.—The first by an army, and both by diplomacy forced the Dutch to acquiesce at the risk of war, and having their country overrun by the French legions. The whole intrigue was begun and consummated by those two treacherous governments, that a new kingdom might be created for some of their needy relatives. And now for 32 years there is sitting in Brussels Duke Leopold an uncle to Queen Victoria, and his wife a daughter to Louis Phillip king of the French.

You say Washington and Jefferson held slaves. Undoubtedly they did.—But their published correspondence proves that they were anxious for its peaceable removal. They saw the danger arising from this excrescence on the body politic. They were aware of the anomaly of a hideous system of slavery grafted on a republic based on universal suffrage, and in a country where the great principle "all men are born free and equal" was first enunciated and believed. The maxim of Jefferson that, "all governments derived their just power from the consent of the governed," was leveled against tyrants when an enslaved people had no legal redress, and therefore the sword was the only arbiter between them and their enemies. This was not the case here.

If the meaning which you give it were the true one the whole world would be an anarchy.

If Prince San-bo (Sanbo must sit heavy on your stomach,) and the young French Prince, and that "chant" of Counts, and Barons have cast their swords into the scales of justice, they have done themselves an honor that shall be remembered when their rank and titles are forgotten. I would just say here for your information, that the Count do Paris is not the son of the deposed king of the French. He is the son of the Duke of Orleans, and nephew to Prince Joinville. He is quite a brave young fellow too, and had the high honor to serve under Capt. Wm. A. Bugh on the night before the battle of Williamsburg on a dangerous reconnaissance.

You intimate that the English aristocracy, and Louis Napoleon are for the government in this struggle—My Dear Adams, what a goose you are! (no offence meant, no comparison implied.) Napoleon as you ought to know is for France, and the English aristocracy for their own order; and in this contest they hate both sides equally, and they assist the South to prolong the war, so that when our divisions make us weak they may grasp what they dare not touch while we were strong.

I am very happy to hear that you believe in a God. I notice that Jeff. Davis prays now regularly, morning, noon and night. (Sothe Richmond Enquirer says—and by the way do you know that John Mitzell is chief cook and bottle washer in that concern now.) I also notice that Gen. McClellan, and "Madam" McClellan—as the World, newspaper calls that lady, and all the little Maes. and Marys have joined the church. I have not heard whether that interesting specimen of a true blue Democrat, who announced his intention of voting for the Devil if he was nominated by Tammany; who swore that he would never split his ticket—I have never heard, I say, whether he has gone to preaching, or not. When I hear all about it I will inform you.

In the mean time I congratulate you, Dear Tom, on having found religion.—I am happy in the reflection that now when your party is politically d—d there are hopes that you will not be eternally d—d with them. Let me also hope that you won't pine over your words, nor learn to muffle and speak through your nose, as it is out of fashion and don't pay.

You say that all the living Presidents and their sons, with one exception, are opposed to the principles of the party now in power. Now that is nothing extraordinary. The Democratic party with many good men had a lot of the meanest of all political scum hanging to their skirts; and your masters of the South would not allow you (poor day-lit!) to have a voice in the making of your own Presidents; you were obliged to vote for a second rate lawyer, or some treacherous old wryneck; in short, whatever political old "foolish" they named to you. Besides, slavery was the egg from which this rebellion was hatched, and they are the old "cackling" hens whom their southern owners forced to go through the process of incubation, until they brought forth a brood of evils that shocked, and outraged the nation, and the people, who at last hurled them from power. And now like the Griffin in the fable, who was part bird and part beast, they show their front part like unto a bird, and cackle for the union, and their back part like unto a beast, and growl for slavery, but they are seen and known by both, despised by one, and hated by the other. You say you never came to this country to "irrigate your hands in the blood of a people who treated you hospitably. But are you not doing a meaner part, in snapping and barking at the heels of a people who are trying to accomplish that which you say your gratitude prevents you from attempting. No sir, you have no gratitude for this whole people. Your gratitude, duty, love and devotion, are given to an anti-republic, aristocratic, privileged class, whose sole recommendation to you, or me, is right, or wrong, that they hold slaves. We do not want to immerse our hazards in the blood of any one. We know that many of the poor fellows opposed to us are forced into the ranks of the traitors. Do you think that we would not rather be at home in peace as well as you? But we are here to vin-
dicate the outraged laws of the land; to prevent the country from being broken into fragments; to save the nation that is the only check on the despotism of the old world. There are other inconsistencies in your letter that I cannot notice at present. In fact, Tom, well, damn it, I am ashamed of your logic. You say that Gen. Meagher, Corcoran, Diegel and Schurz, are mad. But I would be happy to hear that some of them bit you, and inoculated you with their noble distemper.

You say that you have not as much time for this kind of writing as I have. For your information I will say, that I am after an exhausting day's fatigue duty unloading barges full of provisions, and forage for this division, that it is now midnight, that I have written this since I came in, that I am detailed for twenty-four hours guard duty to begin at eight in the morning; and yet I am confident that most of this kind of writing as I have.

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my routed, horses, and artillery, and as one of those people took up the leaders of the "reel people," party of Kentucky, now, that is the leaders of the murder party of that day.

Why do I draw these things up? It is to prove that it is the same false party as the same men of the South who are arrayed against the union to-day, and who through their co-workers in the North, would whend the Irish citizens into opposition and—in the end—insurrection against the government. They may deny it but every one knows it. They hold conferences with M. Mercier, the French minister to Washington, and intrigue with Lord Lyons, the British ambassador. Their sympathies are secretly with the rebels, and against the government. Even my Darford friend in recounting all the ineptual friends of the South in England—that country that is the mortal enemy of the race; anti-national, naively admits that they are our (his) friends; that is, the friends of the same Democracy of the North. Fernando Wood of New York is the chief of these mean traitors; but every state has a few. Even Wisconsin is not without her Sat. Clark. Sat is a great hater of "Niggers" yet, if I am not mistaken, once lived in the village of Marquette, and saw a child that was not as flour as himself, and was not checked when she called the senator from Dodge, "Father!"—These sneaks (for they are not open enemies) are the same men engaged in the Villainous work of persuading their Irish followers that the laws passed by Congress are unconstitutional, and calling upon them to resist their administration. They keep harping on the Knownothings and Abolitionists, and making believe that they are one and the same, until I verily believe many of our people think that an Abolitionist is a Ghoos, who, sucks the blood of Irishmen, and lends upon their flesh. Then those New York fellows are the sons of miserable Devils, who lived on red herrings and cheese, while they were making a fortune. Most of those fortunes were made by trade with the South; many on them by stealing negroes in Africa to sell in the West Indies from where they were stolen smuggled into the country. Yet these are the fellows who urge on the Irish laborers of the North and North-west to murder the "Niggers" in the streets, and harrows, and bring themselves into antagonism with the government; while the Woods, McCuns, Seymours, and the other cowardly Democratic blackguards looked from their windows, and snickered when they saw the Negro killed in cold blood, and "Paddy" dragged to the Tombs after being bludgeoned by the police. Every grogshop in New York is a demoralized fort, and those fellows I have been speaking of visit those places at all times; talk of abolitionists—treat the crowd—are called good fellows; become ward politicians; are elected to the common council; get a contract for paving or lighting the streets—get rich; can't hide out of their "wigg's"—hire a gang of cowards, and are sent to Congress where they vote for the extention of slavery all day, and go to bed drunk every night. These independent democrats hate "Niggers" so much that they broke at the mouth when one of them comes to New York or New England, "per contra" love them so much that they grin with joy when they are spread over the virgin territory of the West, which every true statesman in the land would preserve for the hardy sons of the energetic race now educating themselves all around us for that peaceful conquest. You must remember, my friend, that this war is not between the Northern and Southern people as opposed to each other. It is a war between systems of labor—free and slave. It is a war for the possession of the Mississippi valley. For thirty years this war is going on—politically.

Champagne, and the Irish vote was no small element in the strife. The party with which they fraternized was generally successful. By great exertion and cowardly compromising, the advocates of both systems were kept from each other's throats. But they were drawing nearer to each other every day. The slavery propagandists carried their blighting influence over the whole South and South-west, even to the Rio Grande. Texas, and the Californians were wrested from Mexico for no other purpose than to make more slave states, and enable the lords of the South to wield the legislation of the country.

On the other hand, the free institutions of the North steadily advanced to the Mississippi—crossed it, and pushed on towards the setting sun. Both systems met like the two Oceans abroad of Cape Horn. Kansas was the battle-ground. The struggle lasted for four years, and a terrible struggle it was; but the men-sellers were beaten back, cowed and broken. This was the beginning of the war. The South had the army of the United States, the administration, the Supreme Court, and all the influences which those institutions could give, together with the terrible energy of the powerful but unscrupulous democratic party to back it. The North, nothing but the firm purpose born of despair; for if the South was successful in Kansas and Nebraska, in ten years after the threat of Tecumseh, the white man, and the roll of his slaves may be called to account at Bunker Hill. The possession of Kansas would give them the whole val-
day of the Mississippi. That great basin is the body of the country; all the other parts are as the claws to a lobster. Slavery once established there, it would ramify into every corner of the land; free labor would be pushed to the wall, the new territories now reserved for free men, would be filled up by slaves, and their brutal masters—there would be no room for the white population of the North, or of Europe—the already dense population of the old world would increase, there would be no opening here for them—poverty and ignorance would be the result, and the ultimate result of all would be, a more hopeless despotism, and a deeper degradation than ever before.

And now, why do I write this long letter to you on the subject? It is because you made certain inquiries as regards my letter to Mr. Adams. To put you, in mind that Irishmen, and their descendants in this country, are not blameless in this most important of all questions—laws and their children. That our votes have always been given to the party who was least mindful of our liberties and interests. And that our influence is almost supreme in the land, yet whether for good or evil time will tell.

I remain your friend.

JOHN FAY.
I design to give a brief account of the crossing the Rappahannock at the beginning of the campaign under Gen. Hooker. The 1st army corps was to cross four miles below Fredericksburg and hold the enemy there, while Gen. Hooker with the greater portion of the army crossed about five miles above the city and turned the enemy flank. Our operations were therefore on the left.

At the break of day on the morning of April 29th, we had reached the river where we were to cross, but only a few of the pontoon boats had been launched and the bridge was not begun. As soon as it was light enough for the enemy's sharp-shooters to see across the river and while our pontoon boats were being unloaded, they opened on us sharply, wounding some of the horses of the pontoon train, setting them in a scatter, plunging and running, which added to the disagreeable sensation that invariably comes over men at the opening of a battle. The 6th reg. moved by the flank and filed towards the river behind a stone wall, but had to be repeatedly moved by the river it afforded but little protection, and after the 24th Michigan had fired a volley across which was too much at random to take good effect, both regiments were withdrawn a few rods, it being too hot where we were for so large a force where advancing. The 14th Brooklyn reg. were sent forward in line as skirmishers, and took shelter behind some timber on the bank, but the enemy who were well concealed, could not be driven from his position by this force. Our batteries opened on them but they were determined not to be shelled out. Two hours or more had passed and yet it was impossible for the engineers to approach the water to commence the bridge. We lay quietly observing how unsuccessful were our attempts to do anything about them, that became evident that some other plan had to be adopted or we should never cross. Gen. Reynolds rode up and after a few minutes consultation Col. Bragg called his officers together and informed them that Gen. R. had designated the 6th reg. to cross the river in boats and charge up the steep bank on the opposite side. It was adopted as the last resort, and no one who knew by experience the accuracy and determination of the enemy we were fighting doubted for a moment that many would mind with the slow current of that "disputed stream." I confess that I never saw anything that appeared so much like certain death as this movement did. As the boys took off their knapsacks and haversacks and piled them up so as to have nothing about them that would impede their rapid movement, they replied, "We shall not need this baggage any longer," There will be two knapsacks for every man that returns," &c. I do not believe one of them desired to remain behind, however. They felt that it was necessary to be done, and that they were as able to do it as any one. The preliminaries were arranged carefully so that there might be as little confusion as possible.

The boats or pontoon boats held about one of our companies and the men were ordered to lie down in the bottoms of the boats, except four good men in each boat who would row it across. The 24th Michigan was to follow us immediately, and as many across with us as could get in the boats.

We moved forward in line until within a few rods of the river, when the order was given "By the right of companies—to the front—double quick—march." On we marched with a "brad-der" yell, down the bank, over the Brooklyn skirmishers, to the water's edge, plunged into the boats until we lay about three deep and pushed off. The scene of wild excitement which then ran high is indescribable. Its enactors will carry its impression through life, but can never convey it to others. "Whiz" "whiz" "ap" "ap" their bullets struck around us. Our men rose in the boat to the third and fourth regiments of the brigade which had followed us up to the bank keep'd up an incessant roar of musketry. I never saw soldiers so enthusiastic before. The Col. of the 34th Michigan crossed over with Co. "A," and could hardly keep himself in the boat he was so impatient to reach the opposite shore. Bodley Jones stood on the edge of the boat cheering at the top of his voice, and I half expected to see him fall into the river and drown. There was but one of the regiment, I think, who was lost in the crossing. A little south of Co. "K," was seen tipping forward. A stream of blood rushing from his temple over his face, showed where he was struck. He sank, but did not rise! Before we reached the shore, the shaggy-backed butternuts began to climb for the top of the rugged bank, but some came rolling down as soon as the boats touched the shore the men sprang from them and scrambled up the steep hill, every man for himself and a rebel. After reaching the summit there was a large pile of dead before us, and we beheld the enemy fleeing before us in every direction. Col. Bragg found it difficult to rally all his men here, they were so impatient for the chase. Many laughable incidents took place. Wm. Palmer, of Co. "A," well known for his ready sarcasm and joking proclivities, amused the whole regiment by undertaking to chase a rebel down. He gained him at every step, and finally caught him. The reg. moved forward to a large brick house and from its roof our flag was swung at the retreating foe. It was said and we took as many prisoners as equalled our own numbers, that crossed in the boats first. Little Charlie Kellogg brought in a large, loppy fellow, about twice his own size. The scene which I have been so long describing, from the time that we moved forward in line toward the river, until we reached the brick house, was performed in less than fifteen minutes. The greatest fifteen minutes of our lives, worth one's life for.

Gen. Wadsworth sprang into a boat and swam his horse across, holding on by the bridle. As he rode up to the reg. he said: "Col. Bragg, I thank you and your gallant regiment for their noble conduct to-day." We remained here until the 2d of May, when our corps moved to the right and joined Gen. Hooker's forces there, but were not in the engagement. You are aware that we returned to this side of the river again, but our confidence is yet unshaken. The regiment lost, in crossing below but five killed and ten wounded. James Whit-ty, of Co. "A," who was wounded at South Mountain, received another wound here. I fear I have occupied too much space, but I am sure the material is sufficient for a much longer and more concise letter. We would hail with satisfaction an order to attack the enemy again to-day.

Yours Truly,

H. J. H.
FROM THE IRON BRIGADE:

CROSSING THE RAPPAGHANNOCK.

HOW THE SIXTH WIS. LED THE WAY.

Killed and Wounded of the Sixth.

Headquarters 6th W. V. May 9th, 1863.

Ed. State Journal:—After a long silence I have at last something of more than ordinary interest to communicate to you relative to the doings of this regiment.
We have participated in another fearful battle and it was our fortune to take a part more prominent than that of any other regiment in the army.

On the 26th ult., we broke up camp at Belle Plaine, and, in a drenching rain storm, marched to our position in column. It rained fairly good the weather on the march, however, we were with the Second, detailed to put down a mutiny in the 1st brigade of our division, among the two years men from New York, who, as their time was nearly out, refused to march. When they saw us drawn up in line, however, they took their arms and went into the ranks, knowing that if they did not, they would meet no mercy at our hands, as we have the reputation of obeying orders, and General Wadsworth pledged his word that not a man should leave the ground alive if they persisted in their mutiny. We went into camp at night, but were roused up at about 10 o'clock, with the information that we had been designated to cross the Rappahannock first, storm the rebel rifle pits and a house on the bank.

Although we did not like the job, the honor of being selected from among all the regiments of our corps was gratifying, and our hearts beat with a stern resolve to prove ourselves worthy of the trust.

At about two o'clock we reached the bank of the river and an attempt was made to put the pontoons down without disturbing the pickets, but it was a failure, as they opened a brisk musketry fire on the engineers, causing them to skedaddle, and creating a perfect panic amongst the drivers of the pontoon train. Here was an officer with pistol in hand, threatening to shoot a runaway driver if he did not stop—and there was a team of six horses, one dead, hanging in the harness, while the others dragged him along at their utmost speed. But during the whole of this confusion, our boys stood fast, waiting for orders, which were given, and in a few moments we were sheltered by a stone fence running at right angles with the river, and giving as much as we received. We were ordered then to leave two companies behind the fence and put the rest of the regiment behind a kroll. Companies C and G were accordingly left behind in charge of Capt. John G. Capt. Tom, Plummer of Co. C, and private Charles Adams, same company,

were wounded here, the former in the hand and the latter in the shoulder and back. These two companies remained in this position except for the confounding fire for about an hour, when they were ordered to rejoin the regiment.

The 24th Brooklyn and 24th Michigan—the latter of our brigade—remained on the bank engaging the enemy until 9 o'clock, when preparations for our crossing and charge were made. The oarsmen were selected—four for each boat—boats' chiefs appointed; knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, all superfluous weight laid aside, &c., &c. We were about a quarter of a mile from the river, which at the place of crossing is about three hundred feet wide; very easy musket range. We were to cross in the pontoon boats, which you must know are clumsy, flat-bottomed, square-bowed institutions, about twenty-five feet long, four wide, and about three deep. They were lying aoe to the shore, ready to shove off when loaded.

The rifle-pits on the opposite bank were swarmingly with "coneds," who could fire with safety at us while crossing, and the bank on which we were located was about forty feet high, overgrown with vines and underbrush, and very slippery from the recent rains. Wounded men came staggering back from the regiments on the bank, bearing evidence that the rebels were doing their best to keep their stronghold, and every now and then the whiz, whiz, of a bullet slashed our ears, giving us an earnest of what was in store for us.

We deployed into line and marched out into the open field, just above where our boats lay. It was a sight to remember, to see the weather-beaten soldiers of the "Old Sixth," as they marched on to what seemed then almost certain destruction. —They "kept step!" —They felt the danger but knew that they were making a way for the corps to cross that dreaded river. No one felt uneasy, everyone was in his place. The order was given, "by the right of details to the front; double quick march;" and each boat's crew, headed by their chief, started for the run for its boat. As we raised a little swell in the ground, before descending the bank we received a volley from the rifle pits, but, undaunted, rushed on down into the boat. "Jim how the bullets did rattle against their sides, while here and there some poor fellow with a gash full back wounded or killed. To use the backwoods phrase, "it hailed lead," fails to describe it.

Splinters from the gunwales of the boats flew in every direction. Every one cheered, and we were answered by our friends in our rear. We pushed off and soon reached our goal. In the meantime the other regiments of the Brigade moved down to the bank and kept up a lively fire over our heads, thus to some extent keeping the enemy below their embankments.

As our boats touched the shore, the rebels commenced running. We scrambled up the bank and found the large plain boats outside, loaded with grey packs, flying as if they had been kicked in the door. Our torn and tattered colors were soon waving over the house and rifle pits, we captured prisoners at every step, and after settling out skirmishers to act as pickets, we halted to rest.

Thus the Sixth Wisconsin, over two hundred muskets, crossed the river under fire from rifle pits manned by two regiments, captured two hundred prisoners killed twenty-eight, and put nearly four hundred to flight. Something to brag of until recently. Didn't we cheer! I rather think we did.

One boat load of the 24th Michigan crossed with us and did good work.

Our oarsmen went back with the boats and the rest of the brigade crossed, after which the bridge was laid and our whole division came over.

Our loss, besides the two casualties above enumerated was as follows:

Corp. G. A., Baby, company I, killed.

Jonathon Paul, 2d G. do

H. W. Tranboli, 2d K. do

Charles A. Coulson, 3d L. do.

We were confined three days.

James Whitby, Co. A, severely wounded in thigh.

Charles H. Burlihn, company B, slightly wounded in arm.

Corp. Wm. Day, company G, slightly wounded in hand.

P. J. Shields, Co. B, 1st leg.

Rannock Raw, Co. E, lost arm.

A. N. Cough, Co. E, severely wounded in foot.

J. Scholz, Co. F, slightly wounded in hand.

Isodore Biren, Co. G, partially wounded in shoulder.

L. Stedman, Co. F, slightly in knee.

L. B. Hill, Co. K, severely in arm.

We remained in position a little below our point of crossing without being disturbed, except by occasional artillery fire, until the night of the 1st, when we threw up rifle pits. On the 2d inst. we re-crossed, and, on the 3d, found Hooker who with the rest of the army—save the Sixth Corps—had, while we attracted the enemy below, crossed above. We fell back again on the 6th, and on the 8th arrived in this camp. We lost no men while with him, being all the while in the second line of battle. At the battle of Large I do not propose to say anything, as I do not arrogate to myself the privilege of critizing the plans, failures or successes of my superiors. Suffice it to say that there was some very active fighting, and we lost the day by the cowardice of the 11th Corps (Sigel's old command).

In conclusion, let me say, that if any one intimates that the performance of the army has had a "demoralizing" effect on Wisconsin soldiers here, they are mis taken. We need recruits, and, if, instead of talking of the effect of such things and pitying the "poor soldiers"—who don't care a fig for their pity—your croakers would join us, they will help us more than in any other way.

"Old Joe" requires that all communications from the army be signed by the writer, so here goes.

Yours &c.

P. Brooks,
Adjt. 6th W. V.

A High compliment from Gen. Wadsworth.

Gen. Wadsworth of the First Corps of the Army of the Potomac, has published an order complimenting the 6th Wisconsin, Colonel Beall's regiment, particularly, and the Iron Brigade generally, for gallantry in the recent actions at Fredericksburg.

The following is a copy of the order:

Headquarters 1st Div. Army Corps.

[Received by the writer, so here goes.]

We captured prisoners at every step, and after settling out skirmishers to act as pickets, we halted to rest.

Thus the Sixth Wisconsin, over two hundred muskets, crossed the river under fire from rifle pits manned by two regiments, captured two hundred prisoners killed twenty-eight, and put nearly four hundred to flight. Something to brag of until recently. Didn't we cheer! I rather think we did.

One boat load of the 24th Michigan crossed with us and did good work.

Our oarsmen went back with the boats and the rest of the brigade crossed, after which the bridge was laid and our whole division came over.

Our loss, besides the two casualties above enumerated was as follows:

Corp. G. A., Baby, company I, killed.

Jonathon Paul, 2d G. do

H. W. Tranboli, 2d K. do

Charles A. Coulson, 3d L. do.

We were confined three days.

James Whitby, Co. A, severely wounded in thigh.

Charles H. Burlihn, company B, slightly wounded in arm.

Corp. Wm. Day, company G, slightly wounded in hand.

P. J. Shields, Co. B, 1st leg.

Rannock Raw, Co. E, lost arm.

A. N. Cough, Co. E, severely wounded in foot.

J. Scholz, Co. F, slightly wounded in hand.

Isodore Biren, Co. G, partially wounded in shoulder.

L. Stedman, Co. F, slightly in knee.

L. B. Hill, Co. K, severely in arm.

We remained in position a little below our point of crossing without being disturbed, except by occasional artillery fire, until the night of the 1st, when we threw up rifle pits. On the 2d inst. we re-crossed, and, on the 3d, found Hooker who with the rest of the army—save the Sixth Corps—had, while we attracted the enemy below, crossed above. We fell back again on the 6th, and on the 8th arrived in this camp. We lost no men while with him, being all the while in the second line of battle. At the battle of Large I do not propose to say anything, as I do not arrogate to myself the privilege of critizing the plans, failures or successes of my superiors. Suffice it to say that there was some very active fighting, and we lost the day by the cowardice of the 11th Corps (Sigel's old command).

In conclusion, let me say, that if any one intimates that the performance of the army has had a "demoralizing" effect on Wisconsin soldiers here, they are mis taken. We need recruits, and, if, instead of talking of the effect of such things and pitying the "poor soldiers"—who don't care a fig for their pity—your croakers would join us, they will help us more than in any other way.

"Old Joe" requires that all communications from the army be signed by the writer, so here goes.

Yours &c.

Ed. P. Brooks.
Adjt. 6th W. V.
General Orders, No. 40.

May 20th, 1863.
The General commanding, availing himself of the temporary repose now enjoyed by his army, is about to meet the operations of the past few days, deprecates it to express his thanks to Col. Bragg, 6th Wisconsin, Col. Morrow, 24th Michigan, Volunteers, and the men under their command, for the heroism in which they crossed the Rappahannock and seized the heights of the enemy, on the 28th of April, and like wise Gen. Gen. Meredith and the whole of the 4th Brigade, for the promptness with which they followed in this daring enterprise.

By command of Brig. Gen. WADSWORTH,

(Signed) J. W. WOOD, Capt. and A. A. G.

Headquarters 4th Brigade, May 9th, 1863.

(Signed) J. D. WOOD, Capt. and A. A. G.

En. F. Boscya, 1st Lieut. and Adjutant.

From the 6th Regiment.

We extract the following encouraging remark from a letter written by F. K. Jasmins since his return to the Army of the Potomac.

The army of the Potomac is in a fine rate of condition, have never seemed better feeling than is manifested just now. It is patiently waiting for the mud to dry up to give the rebellion death blow. I don't bear the character or conduct of Generals discussed at all, but there is one thing very manifest to me, and that is, the growing confidence in Gen. Hooker. You know that the army of the Potomac is both ready and willing to follow any general that they think will lead them to victory, for braid in mind that this army is not demoralized, as a certain class of men in the North would have others believe. I am more convinced than ever, that this unholy rebellion is nearer being bro't to a conclusion than many in the North are led to believe. Let the men outside of the army be true, and you may rest assured that this army will be true to its country and its Government.

The correspondent of the Chicago Times, writing from Washington, has the following about western troops:

"In this connection, permit me to speak a word in praise of the western troops. None have a more brilliant report than they. They were the first to cross the river, and have kept all their grounds at all points with a fortitude and power of endurance that has never been surpassed. An instance was conspicuous at the meeting below Fredericksburg. At the lower crossing, the one made by the first corps, the resistance was so obstinate as to call for an exhibition of valor on the part of our troops deserving of the highest commendation. The enemy lined the south bank of the river with sharpshooters, so securely posted, that, saving little posts as to battle all attempts to dislodge them made from the north side. From their sheltered position the enemy poured upon our troops such a galling fire that it was impossible to proceed with the construction of the bridge at that point, and the engineer corps was obliged to fall back. At this re- called, the first brigade of Wadsworth's division was ordered up for the day. The pontoon boats were thrown into the water and quickly filled with the picked regiments from the brigade—the 54th Michigan, Col. H. A. Morrow, and the 10th Wisconsin, Col. Bragg—who proceeded across the river in these boats under a murderous fire, and charging up the banks on the south side, cleared the rifle-ports, capturing about one hundred prisoners, and driving the remainder of the rebel force in the wild confusion back across the fields. These western men cannot be too highly complimented on the gallantry displayed on this occasion. It was largely owing to their invincible courage that we succeeded in making the crossing at that point. Indeed, our bridges could not have been laid had the opposite bank not been cleared, and there appeared no other way of getting there but by this hazardous and daring adventure. The regiments that performed this perilous duty suffered considerably in killed and wounded.

On the right of our line, above Fredericksburg, equal valor was shown by these sturdy western men. The 9th Indiana was singled out by Birney for his advance guard when he pushed his column far beyond the plank road on Saturday and were even preferred as skirmishers, to the famous Berdan Sharpshooters. The 3d and 4th Michigan were among the best of Birney's troops, as he had said himself in my hearing. They have both suffered severely in the recent battles, the former losing its Colonel (Pierce, from Grand Rapids) wounded, though slightly, and the latter its Lieutenant Colonel, commanding the regiment—R. T. Shephard, of Detroit—killed.

In nearly every army corps there were representatives from some of the western states, principally Michigan, Wisconsin, and Indiana; and I have yet to learn of a single instance in which any of them failed to distinguish themselves.

From the 6th Regiment.

Camp at Guildford Station, Va., June 22d, 1863.

Editors Republic: We are encamped at Guildford Station. The Alexandria and Leesburg R. R. left our camp near Frederick's Station on the 12th inst., and four army corps under command of Gen. Reynolds moved in direction of Warrenton junction. We reached there on the 14th inst., but our enemy showed no disposition to drive us from what was probably his most direct path but continued to move around us thus adhering to what seemed to be a principle with him, viz: never at attempt to accomplish a thing by fighting that can be accomplished by hard marching. Our march was next directed toward Manassas, and the impression that both armies would naturally drift on the field of Bull Run, where the scenes of the former struggles on that memorable field would be reenacted, or perhaps a new, an independent scene, a conclu-
From the 6th Regiment.

In the field at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2d, 1863.

Editors Republic:—I will write you a word but I do not know as I shall have an opportunity of sending it soon.

Our Corps fought a severe battle at this place yesterday, which resulted in our being driven back a mile. The 11th Corps came in to assist us but did not fight. I believe a Wisconsin brigade could whip the whole corps. The 1st Corps has been reduced in numbers by regiments leaving whose time of service has expired. The 1st Division—Gen. Wadsworth—has but two brigades—the 9th or Iron Brigade, and the 2d brigade commanded by Gen. Butler.

The Iron brigade lost 1140 men yesterday. It has 450 for duty this morning. We never did harder fighting. The 6th Wisconsin charged on the R. R. cut and captured the 2d Miss. Regt entire. Maj. Stone commanding surrendered his sword and regiment, which numbered 439 men, to Lieut. Col. Dawes of the 6th Wisconsin, but not until after a resistance which excelled in desperation anything we had ever witnessed before. Our regiment pushed on with terrible loss to the edge of the ditch; it received and returned the fire of the rebel hundreds crouching beneath it. Soon many of them held up their hats as a sign of surrender, and our men ceased firing to spare them. But they were relentless and reckless, and many of them seeing we were small in numbers continued to shoot our men, and of course death was the ready punishment, by yankee bullet, bayonet or blow of musket. The work of murder continued for moments, and was only stopped when Maj. Stone came forward and made a formal surrender. Bodley K. Jones and Wm. Pearson—as brave men as ever went to battle, fell dead at the ditch. The 11th Corps on our left with heavy lines of uninjured infantry commenced a perambulatory falling back, and a retreat was ordered. We are now in position and other corps have come up. Gen. Meade is also here.

Gen. Reynolds was killed in the early part of the engagement and Gen. Howard took command. There is no fighting to-day, but both sides are preparing. The 6th Regt. went in with about 300 muskets and lost 158. Co. A took 15 into battle. Their loss is as follows:

Missing—Frank Graham.

The most seriously wounded of any I believe, is John Hedges, who was hit by three bullets, but he will get well. Lieut. Pruyn was wounded through the wrist while we were advancing on the R. R. cut. His sword dropped from his paralyzed hand and stooping he picked it up with his left hand and moved to the rear with a painful but not serious wound. Uriah Palmer was detached to Battery B, and was wounded while working one of the "big guns."

I send you this note friend Editors with the simple hope that with the list of casualties you may be able to relieve the anxiety of our friends and relatives, by showing them who live and who do not. I hope to be able to give more of the details soon.

Yours, H. J. H.

FROM THE SIXTH REGIMENT.

We have but meagre returns of the number of Wisconsin soldiers, killed and wounded in the recent battles in Penn. Company K. of the Sixth regiment suffered severely. Orderly Smith of that company writes to his parents here as follows:

Dear Parents:

The Iron Brigade has again been baptised in blood. The victory, so far, is ours. The battle commenced on the first, the Iron Brigade leading. Capt. Ticking was killed and Lieut. Remington wounded, but not severe.

Our company lost 20 men killed and wounded. Pratt, Ross, and A. Fletcher are severely wounded and in position and other corps have Chancy Wilcox has lost an arm.
I am acting lieutenant. Our regiment captured a rebel regiment twice as large as our own, also their colors. We captured Gen. OLMSTEAD yesterday. I send a piece of the coat of the Adjutant of Gen. EWELS staff. Our soldiers captured 22 stand of colors yesterday. Good by.

The Adjutant of the Sixth regiment has furnished the following list of the killed and wounded in Company K:

Capt. John Tinsley, killed.
Lieu. Wm. M. Remington, wounded.

The company went into action with thirty men and left the field with only seven; six were killed, fourteen wounded and three missing. The Iron Brigade of which the 6th forms a part, went into the battle 1,850 strong. On the following day after the killed, wounded and missing were subtracted it numbered only about 700.

The Battle of Gettysburg—Loss of 6th Wisconsin.

We have received a note from Adjutant E. P. Brooks of the 6th Wisconsin, including a list of the killed and wounded of that regiment. At Gettysburg, when the 1st and 11th army corps stood up alone against nearly the whole rebel army. The Iron Brigade of which the 6th forms a part, went into the battle 1,850 strong. On the following day after the killed, wounded and missing were subtracted it numbered only about 700.

The 6th Wisconsin lost an arm. Lt. Col. Stevens is killed. Maj. Mansfield is badly wounded. Lt. Col. Gallaudet do. Our regiment charged upon and captured the 2d Mississippi entire. The following is the list of casualties:

COMPANY A.

Killed.—Wm. Pearson, Bodley H Jones.
Wounded.—Peter Stickney, Corp. Dayton Hedges, Corp. Allison Fowler, John Hedges.
Missing.—Frank Graham.

COMPANY B.

Killed.—Ole Gundersen.
Wounded.—Sergt. Maring; Corp. Evans, Fuchs, James Kelley, Bullard, J. F. Kelly, slight; Anderson, Post, T. J. Hall, Harvey, Keizer, Mahone.
Missing.— Jerome Hall, Friar.

COMPANY C.

Killed.—O. D. Chapman, killed.
Killed.—Joseph Harriss, wounded.
Killed.—W Armstrong, A R Marston.
Missing.—J. Beanum, H. Holl.

COMPANY D.

Killed.—Sergt. Wm. Galpin, Corp. Daniel Simmons, Owen Powel, quick; Private Wm. Cottrell, Pvt.
Wounded.—Sergt. James H McHenry, Wm. a charge then and gave them the

Missing.—John Keeney, Corp. S Fowler.

Killed.—Private King.
Missing.—Private Dunn, Leifer, Harbuck.

Wounded.—Casper Goettler, August Schultz, Albert Hulsthemann, Philip Schard, Johann Reder, Pvt. Christian.

COMPANY E.

Wounded.—Royd Atwood, Fred. J. Tattle, Tom Smith, Richard Gamble, Alonzo Clark.
Missing.—Sergt. Harris Ellis, Joseph Broder.
Wounded.—Barnaby Cannon, Doro Morton, Stephen M. Page.

COMPANY F.

Missing.—E. Brigg, A. Thompson.

COMPANY G.


Killed.—Wm. Stevens, Edward Trumbull, Thos. Conway.

A Letter from the Sixth Regiment.

Mr. Wm. M. Remington, just received a letter from his brother George, a member of the Sixth Wisconsin Regiment, who was in all the battles at Gettysburg, but was afterwards taken sick, and is now in hospital at Wilmington, but expresses the hope that he will soon be able to join his regiment again. Speaking of the battle, he says:

"It is not necessary for me to say much about the battle, as I have the news long before this; but I must give you some idea of the charge our brigade made on the first of July. With such impetuosity and hurry, it was done, that we captured a whole brigade of rebels, officers and all, together with three flags. Our regiment captured one with four battle marks on it. It was red, with a white cross and thirteen stars, the battle marks being a feather.

The rebels fought bravely, for they thought we were the militia, but when they found their mistake, they soon slackened their first rate.

The cold steel. An overwhelming force of their, however, soon drove us and compelled us to take a new position, where we were reinforced and propped them until they could stand it longer.

This was one of the hardest fought battle of the war. The thunder of cannon and the rattle of musket were incessant, making the very foundation of the earth tremble and the buildings in the vicinity quake. The ground was plowed by cannon shot, and the trees were rent and scorched by the shower of shot and shell that filled the air, cutting down men on every hand.

I think the back-bone of the rebellion is broken, or soon will be. They have played their hand long enough, and now we will try the best hand and play the trump and encircle them at last. Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Tullahoma and Port Hudson make four tricks, and Charleston makes the encirclement. And when the war is over, copperheads look out for your bacon.

G. F.

From the 6th Regiment.

WARRINGTON JUNCTION, Va., July 15th, 1863.

SIR:—Enclosed is a transcript of the report of Lieut. Col. DAVIS, of the part taken by the 6th Wis. Vol's, in the first day's fight in the battle of Gettysburg, Penn. Several were wounded during those three day's battle but are all alive.

The war is to be without the common necessities of life. Price is worth $4 per barrel, sugar and coffee are among the things of the past. One dollar greenback will purchase five considerated dollars, and one dollar in gold will purchase eight considerated dollars. In passing through Warrington on the 25th inst., I was startled by a person of standing there, that the May 3rd, 1863. I paid $11 for the transportation of half barrel of sugar, and the good purchased with that was 3½ dollars as much as one dollar worth of his own DICK, given as security while purchasing goods for the citizens, but in selling them, he politely told the dear people that he could take nothing but greenbacks for goods. So that besides making three or four hundred per cent. on the goods, he paid the people's money, he repudiates the $8,000 worth of his own notes, given as security while purchased the goods. One lady told me that she paid $1 for the transportation of half barrel of sugar. Yours in haste,

P. K.

On the morning of July 1st, as the brigade moved forward to engage the enemy, in support of the second brigade of this division, I received an order to move forward rapidly, and form on the left line of the brigade. Without checking from a double-quick, the regiment formed by company into line, and forward into line, lead-
From the 6th Regiment.

RAPPAPORTNACK STATION, VA. Aug. 15, 1862.

Editor Republic.—On the 24th last, we crossed to the south side of the Rappaportnack, where we remained in line of battle until yesterday, when we were relieved, and recrossed the river to go into camp on the right of the railroad between the battle of the Potomac and the battle of the 2nd Maine. These last two combats, and the battle of Fredericksburg last June, have hattled at no one place long enough to give it the title of a camp. The present state of affairs indicates strongly that the Army of the Potomac has reached a place where it will hatt for a short time, not so much to rest itself or remain inactive while the oppressive heat of August passes away, as to be strengthened by the draft. It is really only possible for a regular army to acknowledge its bravery and proceed on its march, whenever it has had a sufficient time to rest. The men in the army wish, from their rank, that the force for which we are now waiting was already with us, that we might push on, and strike the blow that terminates the rebellion. It is perfectly free from that cloud of uncertainty which hangs over every battle field, until the sight is in the fight, when the sensation is dispelled. Going into battle is like turning the last leaf of a book to read at the top of the page and wondering what becomes of the battle which has come to a close, and what the outcome of the next battle may be. The present battle is one of the most important in the war, and one of the most important in the war.
the words—life—death. But if you can look over the world, and anything engages your atten-
tion thereon, you will think less of yourself. As we proceed to sketch the banner at the head of
the brigade fell out and played on as
They give their instruments their full extent
of their powerful range, the lyre, the cornet, the
price, and now and then the voice of a
canal drawn it all. This had an effect, the
men cupping the side of their mouth, and rocking with spirit
that followed. It brought it to my
mind a remark I heard Judge Clark make in the
Methodist Church at one time in relation
to the power of music, and its being employed
to Those men to great exertions and strain; for
his duty, proud of his regiment, his State, and
above all the colors under which he fought,
died in a charge which in ferocity and daring
had rarely been equaled, never excelled since
the beginning of the war. A charge in which,
the captives been on the surface instead of
in a ditch, where many of them dared not rise
to fire because they exposed them, thus serving
their own injury, they could have annihilated
their visitors. He died in a cause in which his
whole heart was engaged, and always went into
courage. He loved his companions, his
home and his parents, and it was reciprocated.
He allowed me to read a letter once which he received
from his aged and patriotic father, in
which that sentiment is expressed. The
remains of the dead I wish more should go to the army,
and were I a few years younger I would shoulder a
gun and go myself. Its still my blood to hear
these Copperheads talk.” If all parents wrote
their encouragement to their sons in the army, it
should be stronger.
Wm. Pearson, who was killed at the
same time, had been in all the battles in which his
regiment had been engaged, and never before
had been injured by a bullet. His home is in
Ironton, and he was one of the three brothers
of the family who came out with Cs. A. He was
cool in battle, and was one of the best
marksmen in the regiment.
Uriah Palmer, who was fatally wounded and
had since died, was wounded in that great battle
which stands next to Gettysburg in magnitude and
ferocity—Antietam. He was generous
and kind, and was to the
soldiers of other regiments.
Three more have died an envious death for us:
Yet from the hand of such blood criminals our
Arms shews Freedom: bide here evermore.
H. J. H.

ARIVAL OF GEN. CULTER.—We announced
on Friday that Gen. Culter would arrive here
on Saturday. The General arrived on the
noon train from Chicago and was met at the depot
by a Committee from the Chamber of Com-
cemy, who had procured those in carriages,
and escorted to the Chamber of Commerce.—
On his arrival there he was welcomed by a
band of music, and on entering the rooms, was
received by a armed withbayonets by a large
strength which had assembled to do honor
the gallant soldier. He stopped in the centre
of the hall and was welcomed by Mat H. Car-
the carpenter with the following eloquent and
thrilling address:
I am here, sir, on behalf of the Chamber
of Commerce, to welcome you home. Not that
we think we can center honor upon you. Hon-
or is won by deeds, not conferred by wreaths,
you have taken good care not to lose
your laurels to be offered by friendly hands.
They have been earned and cherished
in honor. The deadly strife, earned them dearly and well,
in the noblest cause for which a patriot ever
abated his sword. But we are here to show
that we appreciate your sufferings in our and our country's
blessing; here to welcome you as a representative of the
army and navy, of our nation's heroes, free
men, the lovers of freedom; not an army
representing the mere brute force of a nation, but
containing members of all professions,
professions, recruited from all the walks and depart-
ments up to the most elevated.
In all times mankind has said its hommage to
military renown, hailed and glorified military
heroes in battle; yet in so many, in so
by the great number of cases, military laurels have
been won in wars prosecuted by ambition, to
back the chains of a conqueror upon an unwilling
people; to set up exiles, to establish aristocratic
distinctions; to gain and oppress the poor.
But from such wars, such warriors, we
form with delight to our cause and our noble
defense and its just aims. You died for your
down but to sustain the equal rights of all, in
and through the forms of a government
ordered by nature and established by
fellowship of liberty to ourselves and to our posteri-
At the very word you heard the
rousing note of the bugle, the thrilling
music of the band, the ringing of the
view to the survivors, and so—sorrow for its bravish
of the soldier. The people of this State have watched your
course with a just, grateful heart. From the
Sixth Regiment. They went rolling in the
freedom that characterizes our volunteers;
around and around the halls, you
sobered and disciplined that regiment, until
the men of Europe they are able to
perform the most difficult feats in the
most dangerous places; you then took
command of the Iron Brigade. From
billion to that pitch of military excellence
which has made it an honor imperishable to be
a disciple of the brave. In the battle
of Gettysburg, this brigade was first to receive
the fire of the enemy; and out of
eight hundred of its men, twelve hundred
were killed
Yet from the hand of such blood criminals our
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dreads—over them wave green grass, and the gayly flowers of a southern clime; and there to the latest years shall the towers of liberty make their image, and pour their tears of thankfulness and joy. Thankfulness, honoring, peace, liberty, joy that is such as monuments upon earth, liberty will not again be shattered.

But an association of your name with the Iron Brigade is only one chapter in the history of your achievements. When this brigade could be trusted with or without a leader, when its fired through and its embattled impulses lived to the thickest of the fight, and a command was only needed to sometimes check its ardor, and to retise, you were assigned to the command of another brigade, which already needed discipline to mould, and example to encourage them to the field of battle, the scenes of danger and death, and, in now short a time you performed your task, as shown by the fact that at Gettysburg your brigade went into fight, second only, and perhaps simultaneously with the Iron Brigade—and our veteran hundred, but eleven hundred in killed and wounded.

But it is not my purpose to refer in detail to your past deeds, nor to honorably perform my design to assure you that you know them, and dwell upon them with pride.

We desire, sir, to assure you, and through you, the brave army of our State and at the Union, one of the extremities of the land, the pulse of the Union beats with a steady throb at the heart of the nation.

When your brief farewell shall expire, when replenished in health by the bracing breeze, of the North you shall return to your command. Their loyalty shall not have been belied, by the false notes that have been uttered in some places in discord with the sentiments of the nation.

Assure them that the great body of our population is neither cowardly, traitors, nor corrupt. They are ready to make disposition of their lives to encourage them to the field of battle, the scenes of danger and death, and then ignominiously turning our backs upon them; and solemnly pronouncing the nation admirably disciplined, and our admirably disciplined with the dexterity of slaves. We had peace, and such prosperity as no other land ever enjoyed, until the rebellion broke out. When it is put down we shall have peace again. And put it down, if we must, we shall have peace again.

The growth of liberty, the progress of civilization, is a victory. The great body of the people have been taught that they are fed and clothed, and that their liberties are preserved. When this is all done, and we come on the battle-field, it is the men who carry the muskets, and ammunition, who do the fighting and win the victories. To them you cannot do too much honor.

My friend has referred to the sentiments of the nation, expressed in its presidential election, which has reason to be proud of all her soldiers. Do the soldiers honor, and these men to fill up their ranks. If there are any who ever thought of withdrawing their support from the Government and the army, let them go to the men in the field and in the hospitals, and witness the spirit of scorn on the lips of the soldiers when such a man is caused to wear the uniform and be sent into battle, and again I say, encourage, sustain, and support your soldier, and all will be well.

At the conclusion of the General's speech, the audience cheered him enthusiastically.

Wm. L. Hibbard, the Chairman of the Committee, invited the friends of the General to come forward and take him by the hand. He had further to say, that the Secretary of War would not accept the General's resignation, remarking, "that the army could not spare as good a soldier, but he would give him an extended furlough.

After the band had discovered some patriotic airs, the assembly dispersed and the General was escorted to his home.

HEADQUARTERS SIXTH WIS. VOL. INF.

Camp near Racoon Ford, Oct 8, 63.

DEAR SIR:—I have noticed with pleasure that the citizens of Vernon county have nominated Lt. Clayton E. Rogers, formerly of this Regiment, as their candidate for Sheriff. Lt. Rogers was raised from the ranks to a 1st Lientenancy in the Regiment, and also served long on the staff of Gen'l Wardsworth.

In whatever capacity tried, company officer, Aid de camp, Provost Marshal or Quarter master, he has been distinguished for executive talent and efficiency as an officer. For his conduct in battle, it is no exaggeration to say, that the successful withdrawal of much of the Division, on July first, at Gettysburg, when almost encircled by the lines of the enemy, was to no small extent due to his exertions. As an officer on the Staff, he had judgment and dared to take the responsibility, when the exigency demanded, and when Generals could not communicate orders.

From Lt. Rogers the Infantry and Artillery in the line east of the Seminary, received the orders original with him, to withdraw in good order beyond the city; and that order saved the sixth regiment from entire annihilation—for capture they would not have submitted to. When in the crisis of the occupation of the Cemetery Hill, the height that saved the nation, a drunken furious General, attempted to make disposition of the troops, and for aught we knew, with right—Lt. Rogers, a subordinate of the staff, had the courage to bluff him with, "You are drunk, Sir, and you can't take command of these troops."

The General's voice was in that hour of peril, was not small. Vernon county can find no more efficient Sheriff, and a more deserving soldier than L'I. CLAYTON E. ROGERS.

REFUS R. DAWES,
Lt Col 6th Wis. Vols.
To James Lowery, Esq.

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The General's voice was in that hour of peril, was not small. Vernon county can find no more efficient Sheriff, and a more deserving soldier than L'I. CLAYTON E. ROGERS.
Mr. Coxert—Having observed in your last Herald of the 30th ult., a short item which I believe to be rather injudicious in its character, I beg to call the attention of the Grant County Republican, and the State of Wisconsin in general, to the following remarks which I hope may be deemed sufficiently appropriate for a space in your next paper. The fighting second seems to be fated to go in front at every battle, and thus continue untiringly to those who have friends in it. I have no such confidence in other Wisconsin Regiments that the events of the only Wisconsin Regiment that could be trusted to go in front in a battle, whether the writer intended to convey any such idea or not, I am not of that impression, although I am not prompted by any selfish motive, nor do I wish to excite any feud between the 2nd and the 7th by sending this to you, but after a tantalization of a similar character foregoing seems to be a virtue hence they are foreseen, yet justice being done to whom justice is due, not wishing to say that the second is in a good fighting regiment, but wishing to advance still more the idea that the seventh and sixth are as good, this is not from hear-by but from actual observation during five engagements, that the seventh and sixth and second have been all enemy to the writer and all the battles of South Mountain and Fredericksburg, of which latter the second was in the reserve the whole three days which we were across the Rappahannock, the seventh and twenty-fourth Michigan Reg't, which belonged to this brigade, forming the advance line of battle, and in the former place the seventh and nineteenth Indiana Reg't. formed the advance line, consequently the idea of "the fighting second being fated to go in front at every battle" is a rash and absurdity which is rather an injury than a value to the reputation of the Reg't, though the writer might not have been conscious of the fact, I have noticed several instances in the columns of the Herald written by some member of the second last winter and occasionally during the summer, which I cannot but call it, blazing on themselves over the other two, for this brigade, of course they had a little better chance to show they had been in one battle, and the other Regiments had not, but now as they have all fought together and neither one have shown the white Feather for which about it is to be tolled, I pass on.

CAMP NEAR BLOUNT PLACE, 1862.

SUNDAY, Jan. 24th.—Our quarters were vacated at 1 o'clock this morning, the boys went to work and soon had their tents on the ground. The tents were then torn down for firewood.

The fact is, the boys know how to wield the spade and ax.

The winter campaign in Virginia was short and unsuccessful as has been nearly all the movements in Virginia. Our forces have been most invariably defeated in this and the western department of Virginia. I believe the Lord is not with us from at least this part of the barren soil.

The sick were only removed to some barracks down the line and have all returned. Boys are busy fixing up. My tent was occupied, therefore not destroyed, they in fact, much better as nothing further to do.

FROM THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

CAMP NEAR BLOUNT PLACE.

SUNDAY, Jan. 25th.—I take up with the next, as we arrived in camp—our old camp—but not. I have not stated where that camp is located; it is a beautiful one in the Potomac Valley. It is called the Lower Landing, and about 5 miles from the Potomac, a few miles from the Lower Landing, and about 5 miles from the Potomac. When last our brigade came here the hills were not covered with trees, but the busy ax has laid them low and consigned them to ashuts. Wood is getting very scarce, and has to be carried in baskets; pretty hard work, yet we have nothing else in particular to do, we manage to keep a good fire. I rained a little yesterday, and this morning cleared up about 10 o'clock, and the balance of the day was very fine. Our chaplain held services this afternoon, but I did not attend, as he had received three letters from home, and was too busy to write back, so I thought I must write them.

I was very sorry it happened thus, as I like to read and write. He is a good speaker. I shall leave you in the spring, but before then will leave the world. Our leaving the road was very much expected by the people. They were much interested. They did not wish to remain in camp for the night about one-half mile back. All right says we. We'll take a rest before we go back. On he goes to stop some brigade of the band, and as soon as he was out of sight we took to the woods and came on top. Leaving our road not far away from the General McClellan was placed in command of the place. The country is consuming Virginia. The army will never recover from the effects of the war. The army is on the march nearly all, and the timber is going pretty fast. It takes perhaps an example of. I suppose those
Three Miles from Falmouth [January 22, 1863]

Editors Patriot: I promised to keep you posted on the movements of my regiment, but for causes of which I had no control— I could not do it. You also promised to send me your valuable sheet, but I have received only one copy. I was in hopes you would send it, as there is no paper that the soldier receives so full of news and intelligence as yours. So far as I have seen, the most of them are full of advertisements. I always thought the Patriot the best paper printed in Madison, and my mind is not changed. Now am trying to get a new method of writing. Am going to keep the friends of the 7th posted if they take your paper they will know of all the regiment.

I propose to write in Journal form each day events, and at the end of each week forward! I have already prepared the best of my friends and your readers. By writing in this manner I shall be able to keep everything equally I can I will try to write a few lines each day, but to sit down and write all the events of a week is almost an impossibility. I will commence with our first day out, the first day of the winter campaign for the suppression of the rebellion, or rather it should be called a retreat, as we really have it: "to free the negroes." It is strange what a difference it makes, feeling there has been since the first of January. We have almost no shelter, but I think of the war: he will answer, "I don't like to tell you, sir, you will hear nothing but an abolition war, and I wish I was out of it." You can hear it everywhere, let those deny it who may. It is the truth, and why hide the truth. That is the sentiment, go where you will.

The winter campaign of '62 dates from the 20th January. We had orders some two or three days previous to the 20th to have three days' haversacks: everything looked to a move and we knew it must come. Our old brigade took up the line of march at 12 o'clock: the weather was perfect, the air cool and bracing; still our march was slow, the evening our pace increased, and for an hour or two we were pushed along faster than we desired. Shortly night set in and the 5th spent in forming bivouacs. We crossed the railroad about three miles above Falmouth, and were told to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. At 6 A.M., the next day, the boys were taken into a piece of clearing joining the railroad, but little wood except brush. We made the night dozily tedious, it commenced to rain and just about dark, a regular old northeaster. We pitched our tents, got a little supper, then rolled up our blankets to permanent beds, and get a little sleep if possible.

Wednesday, January 21st—This morning broke very cold and rainy. The roads were all clay. We could not make fires without great trouble, as the wood was wet and green. Finally orders came from headquarters to the 1st time I have been in the service, I packed up my tent and blankets wet; generally we have had fire and plenty of wood. Today in the morning in this part of Virginia, they are about as scarce as hens' teeth. Finally we went into camp near the old Fredericksburg and Catlett Station road, which made an additional weight of from two to four pounds. One march by throng, which we marched for 18 miles, muddy, brush, over-meadows, and I was going to pitch our tents, not having a blanket, I walked through mud all night. We were in camp grounds where we were camped last summer. The country is so changed I hardly knew the place. The army is converting the wood into camp beds. The country will never recover from the effects of the war. The fences are all gone or nearly all, and the timber is going pretty fast. It takes

The Badger boys to build winter quarters. In another place on a causes, and some could not get that out, you can form their opinion as to the state of the roads. The army will have to remain quiet till the roads freeze up.

An order was read to the troops stating that the General designed to strike a death blow to the rebellion, and intended to strike a death blow to the rebellion, and desired the co-operation of Officers and men. So far as I know there has never been a lack of co-operation so far as the men are going to do; the campaign fought well. The fault has been in our high officers, not in the men. Give us a General that we have confidence in him. Yet if the army had a choice in the matter, their choice would be General McClellan—McClellan forever.

Thursday, January 22.—The storm continued with unabated fury all night; towards morning it held up, and settled down into a fine mist, which still, N.E. I was aroused from my sleep by the report of a gun. I listened and heard three more at intervals, they must have been big guns, sounded by the direction of the river, which is three miles west of us. One thing I forget to say, is the sick were all sent off to hospitals, but we left camp none but the very hardest are left. Many reports were made of our destination, some that we are going to our old quarters, some that we are to stay where we are till the rain is over. I hear that one officer express his opinion that the Army of the Potomac would be divided, part sent to Harper's Ferry, part to Potoso; a portion to protect Washington; that there was no more to go to the campaign in Virginia, or at least this portion of Virginia, and that there must be something done before the middle of 3d, I guess there will be trouble with the men.

Although Burnside met with a repulse at Fredericksburg, still the army opposes confidence in him. Yet if the army had a choice in the matter, their choice would be General McClellan—McClellan forever.

Friday, January 23.—Rain ceased last night, and to-day we shortened our blankets, to get dry. Orders came about midnight to return to camp; took up the line of march for camp at 6 o'clock, a long and tedious march in awful condition, but we came cross lots, thereby getting tolerable good footing. When we got within two miles of camp I cut across, got ahead of the regiment; presently one of the General's staff came along and told us (I had overtaken some more of the boys) that the 4th brigade was going to camp for the night about one-half mile back. All right says we. We'll take a rest before we go back. On he goes to stop some more of the brigade, and as soon as he was out of sight we took to the woods and came on camp. Our leaving the road made it difficult traveling, and when we arrived in camp I beheld! the regiment was just coming in. They would not step over night so far away from the old camp. The quarters were occupied by the 17th Connecticut, of Gen. Sigel's corps, as they had received no orders to leave. The regiment were obliged to go off a short distance, with the staff in another road. Marched about ten or twelve miles; had marching; we camped in one of our old camp grounds where we were camped last summer. The country is so changed I hardly knew the place. The army is converting the wood into camp beds. The country will never recover from the effects of the war. The fences are all gone or nearly all, and the timber is going pretty fast. It takes
who desert have not got commencement in commanders, and do not wish to sacrifice their lives to be good to be accomplished.

The future looks dark, but as the old saying goes, "it is darkest before day," so we live and hope. Had our monthly inspection.

We are getting our winter in dead earnest now. It rained more or less all night, and this morning it turned to snow. We have been without a change, and don't seem to care how the thing is settled. I have noticed this never so much since the 1st of January. I cannot help but make the change, and if the war is not more successful, I fear at the opening of spring there will be another change. An many deserted were about 10,000 who deserted from the army during this last March. That is the number that Madame Burnside has set it down, as true cannot touch. The true number will be kept shabby no doubt.

SATURDAY, Jan. 21st—Most splendid day—That's all I have got to say about it. Officers held an election this afternoon to see who is to be Major, for which there were five candidates. All I have heard about it is that Capt. Fillmore, of Co. H, was elected. I may find out how the ballot went to-morrow. Capt. F. is a good soldier and a military man. He has never been tried in the field, but he has the confidence of the men. He left us at Cedar Mountain, if I am not mistaken, and went home recruiting—I presume he will make a good Major.

Another change has taken place. Our regimental Surgeon is dismissed from the service. This is all right, but—no. He ought to be made an example of to the men. We left us at Cedar Mountain, if I am not mistaken, and went home recruiting—perhaps I speak too frank, but I do it for the benefit of our friends, not for malice.

SUMMARY.

Weeks ended, Jan. 28.—We are getting our list of January. I cannot help but think that at the publication of the order, Weekly goes to prove but I have forgotten it. I have taken to my production. I will do if they are kept here. It is too bad. It is said he has powerful and influential friends in Washington, who will get him reinstated. This is all right, but—yes. I saw upon our return to camp, we have plenty of men who want to do some good service, but who can just as well be spared as not, to be killed off in experiments. I suppose it is all right, but—no. I can't see it.

THURSDAY, Jan. 29th.—The snow is going off rapidly. It is pleasant overhead, and sleepy under foot.

It appears that Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker is placed in command of the Army of the Potomac. The soldiers generally place great confidence in him, and I think he stands next to Gen. McCollum, in the estimation of the army. The papers say he is going to see what the rebels at Fredericksburg are made of, but although he is a brave, energetic General, yet I think he will hardly hazard such an attempt, at least not yet. Gen. Hooker is known throughout the army as "Fighting Joe"—quite an appropriate appellation. The enemy who confronts him must expect to lose some of his men in battle.

We were under him at South Mountain, and know him. The troops under him must expect to fight, and suffer many hardships. As soon as the weather becomes more settled, the war will be pushed vigorously. There has been a want of vigor, activity, and energy, on the part of the North, since the commencement of the war, and it is time that a change for the better was made.

FRIDAY, January 30th.—It has thawed very fast to-day. The boys have had a good time and wanted to stay in our tents. We got sight of a pair of "shoulder-straps"; when they seemed to take especial delight in throwing them.

We were called out on an unscheduled parade (thank fortune there is no room for a dress parade) to hear orders published. Among the orders was one that Gen. Burnside, Franklin and Sumner; also the order that Gen. Joseph Hooker being assigned to the command of the Army of the Potomac. The order was received with no demonstration whatever. Once the boys might have given cheers—either for getting rid of Burnside or wave triumphant over this once proud Republic! May we be a free and happy Nation once more! May the political factions of the North, that are now doing all they can to destroy the army, and overthrow the Government, by their railings, bickerings, murdering thousands, meet their just deserts, which is hanging higher than Haman. But I am digressing from my subject, and the reader will remember from out the fullness of the heart the mouth speaks.

I said we took the road to Fredericksburg. We camped at nine o'clock A. M., when it commenced to rain, which continued during the night. The 21st we were ordered to strike tents. We marched six miles and camped in a thick growth of pine timber. The dampness of the air and rain made our stay here anything but agreeable. On the 22d we were ordered to strike tents and return to our old quarters, which we reached at four o'clock P. M., having marched eighteen miles. Upon our return we found our log houses occupied by the 17th Connecticut, under General Storke. They offered to give up the quarters that night, but we consented to occupy them together which we did.

We are now occupying our old quarters and the prospect is that we shall be allowed the privilege of remaining for some time in this vicinity. Muddy roads here are some. I saw upon our return to camp, we have no less than eighteen horses endeavoring to draw one cession, which was stuck fast for almost beyond extrication.

I just received two copies of the Rapid News, still looking for the direction of Fredericksburg, again expecting to meet the enemy. We marched till four o'clock, P. M., and just as it was closed in mass, and an order read stating we were soon to meet the enemy. Some regiments gave three cheers, at the publication of the order, but our regiment—which is not much out of orders—was not cheering—thought it better to wait till after a victory was won. But we were neither led to battle or victory, for some reason unknown to your correspondent.

May the glad time soon come when our glorious Star Spangled Banner shall
Republic of the strongest kind. I get sick of reading their blarney, and long for a Patriot. The Regiment has gone on picket duty. I did not go. I have always said, because there is a storm brewing. The snow is nearly all gone.

I just heard the result of the balloting, which took place yesterday. Major John Smith had resigned, and of course the vacancy must be filled at once. At least, I think, four candidates.

The first ballot showed 46 votes for us, and 29 for the other side. We were very far from an election. Two or three more balloting resulted in nothing more satisfactory. Finally, they settled down on two Captain Fincinnc, of Company H, and Gordon, of Company K. The result of the last ballot was—Capt. Fincinnc, H; Capt. Gordon, 10. Fincinnc was therefore elected, by one majority, pretty close running.

MORNING, Feb. 2.—This is a beautiful day. The mud is drying up very fast. I said that the Regiment had gone on picket duty. As a matter of course, a great many were left in camp worst halted out last night, an order came that every man who was not should join the Regiment. Before they got started, the regiment had been all bellowing the all, afternoon, begun to "let down." We had every prospect of a dreary, dismal night. The boys ask what to make of it. Some thought an attack, others a reconnoissance on foot. They rather preferred getting started on such a night; but it clean up pretty nice. The weather has been beautiful since. I have not yet found out the reason for doubling the picket as this is the first time this year. They will come back to-morrow.

Capt. Oakly, formerly a Lieutenant of Co. K, of this regiment, came to see the boys before he leaves for his appointment. The boys are one of the first on our list of wounded—I believe he was the second. The ball that broke his arm struck him on the thigh, only broke the skin, then struck the Lieutenant near the shoulder, shattered the bone. I do not know what to think of it. He has now a commission as Captain in the regular service, and is detailed, or has charge of some quartermasters department, or something of the kind. I know it is a good situation and remunerative. It will in part compensate him for his losses, I believe. The brigade band (brass) came down and3rd and advanced on the right. The Colonel offered no remarks or toasts, simply declaring the weather and the old rye. The band then went to the Colonel's tent, where Captain B. and some of them were playing now. It is long after taps. It is a beautiful moon-light night, just in keeping with serene moonlight stroll, with the choice of our hearts, &c.

Tues. Day, Feb. 3.—Getting quite cold. The regiment came in from picket this morning. The cause of their calling out all the men in camp was because they wished to establish a new picket line farther out, to do this required a great deal of work. Our boys are getting anxious to go. The Regiment has gone on picket duty. I did not go. I have always said, because there is a storm brewing. The snow is nearly all gone.

It would be fool-hardy to start out now, but snow enough to snow an inch and a half and then turn to rain. The storm is a southerly. There have been several places where there has been quite sudden. The changes in the weather are not sudden, as a general thing, in this section, but I doubt if anything can be accomplished, to be foolish and to go, and at any time.

FROM THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

SUNDAY, Feb. 8.—I resume my journal again. I cannot make it so interesting to your readers as I could if we were on the march; the most I can do is to give a statement of the weather, the changes about as at a time. Fifteen days is the length of the lurching grant to Wisconsin boys. There are but few that will want to go to be gone so short a time; only those who have business that requires their presence will be apt to go. The boys, as a general thing, don't want to go home till they go for good.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 11.—I believe it is the coldest day we have had this winter; last night was a cold one; wind high and keen, commenced to snow towards midnight. Nothing of any interest that I have heard of, or have seen, but I am afraid of the roads freez up they will have been so soft and wet, I would not feel-handy to go, but I think we have earned the rest that such a programme would afford us.

The 9th army corps is shipping for some point South, supposed to be South Carolina. The 9th army corps is shipping for some point South, supposed to be South Carolina. We have a cold one; wind high and keen, commenced to snow towards midnight. Nothing of any interest that I have heard of, or have seen, but I am afraid of the roads freez up they will have been so soft and wet, I would not feel-handy to go, but I think we have earned the rest that such a programme would afford us.

THURSDAY, Feb. 5.—Moderate. Too cold to snow, early this morning, but finally got warm enough to snow an inch and a half and then turn to rain. The storm is a southerly. There have been several places where there has been quite sudden. The changes in the weather are not sudden, as a general thing, in this section, but I doubt if anything can be accomplished, to be foolish and to go, and at any time.

S. J. M.
two days rations in their haversacks; they expect to go on a secret expedition; I have not learned much about it yet; in fact they do not know their destination or the purpose of the expedition themselves.

THURSDAY, Feb. 12.—The storm that was threatening last night passed off, and this morning opened clear and bright. The 24th and 6th started on the expedition this afternoon; they went to the landing, took a boat and went down the river. Some say the expedition is to break up a gang of smugglers; others that it is to dislodge some rebels that have constructed some works and planted some guns, with which they fire on the passing boats; they will be back in a few days, then I will find out the object of the expedition.

FRIDAY, Feb. 13th.—Clear and warm. The board, or more properly the medical board, to examine applicants for discharges has convened and our boys went before it this morning. It will be some time before we know how many will get their discharges. Some of them were not examined on account of their papers being incorrect, a case of the negligence of our regimental surgeon, but thank the Lord, is now discharged for incompetency. These men will have to wait until the board convenes again; which may be in a month and perhaps not before two months. Some of them may never have an opportunity to appear before the board again; their forms may be laid in the cold and lonely grave. There is a heavy responsibility resting on him who thus neglects the calls of humanity. It costs him nothing but a little exertion to administer to the wants of these poor weak men. Yet they are frequently abused because they are not as energetic as we wish. We hope to see things different now. Our present Surgeon is kind and considerate and has rectified many errors of the former surgeon.

GRANDY, Feb. 14th.—Weather continues fine. To-day is St. Valentine's day, yet I do not see any difference between this and any other pleasant day. Our boys have not many entertainments because they were not to be had in season. There was a pedler around with some a few days ago, but he only had a one and they went off like hot cakes.

We expect to hear great doings in Carolina or some other place. Foster is in communication with a large fleet. We hope to hear good news from him soon. Our forces are gaining a little on the Mississippi too. That was a daring undertaking taking the Queen of the West to pass the works at Vicksburg. She has done great mischief to the rebels and will do more. It is wonderful the Queen is not blown to pieces. I hope we will not be taken away from here, at least not to be sent to another army. I think we have done our share. Let others try their hands. There has been no more changes, so far as shipping troops is concerned since the 9th Army Corps and the Pennsylvania Reserve left and from present appearances I not think there will be any immediately.

S. J.


FRIEND SMITH: In compliance with your request I will try to give you a brief sketch of Co. "K."

My connection with my boys, both socially and officially, has ever been of the most delightful nature; and I can say that for morality, discipline and bravest conduct what I have seen during the war is even exceeded by many, yet I think excelled by no company from the state. The many hardships we have endured, have bound our hearts together for ever, and I have always considered it an honor to command so noble a body of men. The proudest hour of my life will be to bring this decomputed company back to Beloit, (after the war!)


In the engagement of Aug. 23, Lieut. Oakley lost his right arm, and private Martin Kramer was severely wounded.

At Gainesville we lost three noble fellows, killed—Corp. Martin L. Coehran, Privates Charles B. Norton and Josiah H. Beard. Nathan Sebring died of wounds.

At Bull Run, none of our boys were killed, but three of the wounded have since died: Corp. Chester G. Garner; Privates Eliza H. Oviatt, P. Lewis Rubin, and two discharged.

South Mountain — two killed: Private William S. Wilson, Fred J. Garner, wounded, Lieut. S. B. Morse, and nine Private.

Antietam — killed, Corp. George H. Sedgwick, (or rather supposed to have died soon after he was carried to the hospital, where his right leg was amputated at the thigh; he was then put into an ambulance, which is the last board of him. His parents are wealthy, and have used every exertion to recover his body, but without success. He died from disease, and was probably buried somewhere between Sharpsburg and Middletown.

Fredericksburg — killed, Nathan H. Morton.


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Antietam — killed, Corp. George H. Sedgwick, (or rather supposed to have died soon after he was carried to the hospital, where his right leg was amputated at the thigh; he was then put into an ambulance, which is the last board of him. This young man was a nephew of Gen. Sedgwick. His parents are wealthy, and have used every exertion to recover his body, but without success. He died from disease, and was probably buried somewhere between Sharpsburg and Middletown.

Fredericksburg — killed, Nathan H. Morton.


About April 20, 1862, 2d Lieut. Shirell was promoted to 1st Lieut. in Co. "E." — S. B. Morse promoted to 2d Lieut. to fill the vacancy; George S. Hoyt, 1st Serg.

About Sept. 25, Lieut. Morse was honorsably discharged from the service on Surgeon's certificate of disability; 1st Serg. George S. Hoyt was promoted to fill the vacancy.

1st Lieut., F. W. Oakley, being disabled from active field duty, by the loss of his right arm, was appointed Military Storekeeper in the U. S. A. No recommendation to fill the vacancy has yet been sent forward.

The officers now are—Capt. A. Gordon, jr.; 1st Lieut. — 2d Lieut., Geo. S. Hoyt; 1st Serg. A. D. Roed; 2d Serg. Henry Harbaugh; 3d, Washington Stone; 4th, Daniel McDermor (Color Serg. promoted for gallantry); 5th, John M. Hoyt, (promoted for gallantry.

The Corps in I have endeavored to appoint from the most intelligent and meritorious of the company, but after there were so many who merited promotion, and among whom there was no choice, I resorted to the method of writing the names upon a separate slip of paper, and throwing them into a hat, and the first one drawn out was the lucky man. They are as follows;

1st, Corp. John F. Foss, (wounded at South Mountain.)
2nd, John W. Bruce, (in every battle.)
3rd, Michael McNamara.
4th, H. Kinsman.
5th, Wm. Barnum, (in every battle.)
6th, John F. Claffin, (Colonel's orderly.)
7th, John H. Fenton, (wounded at Antietam.)
8th, Patrick Barrett, (in every battle.)
Private James Danham, enlisted from my company into the Western Gunboat service, was killed on the "Mound City."

Recapitulation.

Total killed and wounded, 41.
Total enlisted men, 97.
Killed and died of wounds, 12.
Discharged & to be discharged of wounds, 12.
Died of disease, 4.
Dissolved & to be discharged of disease, 24.

Now in service, 43, of which 24 are present for duty.

In Haste, Capt. A. Gordon, Jr.

From the Seventh Wisconsin.

Editor's Note: From our correspondent, who is now in the Union Army, FEBRUARY 22d.—It has been a very stormy day. It commenced snowing last night, and has continued all day. The snow being quite fine, and the wind high, it has drifted through into our tents, there being very few tents that have not more or less snow in them. Notwithstanding the storm, the national salute was fired at 12 o'clock, M.

FEBRUARY 28d.—It is clear and pleasant, and snowing. The roads are in a woful condition. We have had to drive parade. The snow is about eight inches deep on the level. It is almost impossible, with a team of six mules to haul an empty wagon to the landing.
FRIDAY, March 6th.—It continues warm. The roads are so very bad that the cavalry are obliged to pack their guns on the backs of their horses. By this you can judge something of the condition of the country. The people are very much disgusted. The first man of the furloughed men arrived on this afternoon's boat, and the reason why he was not back, in time, was because he could not get transportation from Madison. He was detained there three days, and had it not been for the kindness of Major Callis, he might have been there yet.

It appears that the Governor did not pay any attention to the election held here for the President. Capt. Callis has received his commission as Major, and now he says, in a reasonable opinion, he is the deserving man. He has been with us in all our fights, and always at his post. For quite a period after the battle of Guiniville he was in command of the regiment all through Bull Run battle, South Mountain and Antietam up to the time the Major Bill returned, which was sometime in October, about the 4th. Major Callis has earned and deserves the promotion that the Governor has bestowed, and I am sure he will rejoice in it.

There are many other promotions in the regiment, but as we are about the last to hear of them, it will not be necessary for me to reiterate them.

In one of my letters, I stated that Brig. Gen. Meredith had gone to Washington, and that he had ordered there on special business, but here was an error in the type, which makes it read: "We are attended by Capt. 

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I desire to be strictly truthful. I received two copies of the PATRIOT a few evenings since, they are always welcome guests. I spoke of dropping the journal form of writing, because it created a confusion of many things, and then some days there is very little, I fear, to write about. In future, I will sum up the events of the week, and transmit them to you at the close of each week.

FROM THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

CAMP NEAR BELLE PLAIN, March 1st, 1863.

SUNDAY, March 1st.—The wind has blown a perfect gale all day. Notwithstanding the wind the Chaplain held services this afternoon. The services were very well attended. The wind is drying the mud up rapidly.

MONDAY, March 2d.—Continues pleasant.

We are expecting our furloughed men back now; their time is up, but they have not come yet. I suppose they will not be back till the last day of grace expires, which will be the 10th.

TUESDAY, March 3d.—Somewhat cooler today; mud is drying fast. It is time for our furloughed men to be back; they have not come yet. I suppose they will not be back till the last day of grace expires, which will be this 10th.

WEDNESDAY, March 4th.—Cold and clear, with a slight breeze during the night, but soon dried off. Furloughed men have not returned yet, and there two men did come back last Monday, and those that went took their places; no others can go till those that are returned are back.

THURSDAY, March 5th.—Quite cold. Two of the furloughed men have returned, came on the last boat this morning, they have been reported absent without leave, and according to an order received last night from Gen. Hooker, all absent without leave are to be tried by a court martial, unless on account of some just excuse.

FRIDAY, March 6th.—Moderate. There is the first of the set of furloughed men yet. It will go pretty hard with them if they cannot find something good for their absence; they will have a court martial, even if they were not more than four or five hours behind.

SATURDAY, March 7th.—Disquieting. One man of the furloughed men arrived on this afternoon's boat, and the reason why he was not back in time, was because he could not get transportation from Madison. He was detained there three days, and had it not been for the kindness of Major Callis, he might have been there yet.

Sundays at Camp Band is improving rapidly. They came down and serenaded the Colonel of the Second Regiment, last night. Their pieces were fired, and they all executed. Next Sunday, I believe, they will have a good time.
their names to eternal infancy. Soldiers after one or two campaigns, after two or three battles, when they have seen their comrades shot down in battle by their side, become changed; they no longer think about the mere boys they were who smoked at home, they have become brave, energetic and desperate men, and are well posted on all that is going on; and let me tell you, the soldiers have this day more hatred for the copperheads of the North than for the rebels of the South; they heap curses on them food and deep, and if Mr. Copperhead don't hole up before this army, he will be apt to find his climate an unhealthy one; the army is gaining in patriotism, health and good spirits daily. Gen. Hooker is leading it out, almost every day there are a number of officers dismissed the service, some for absence without leave, some for incompetency, and many more for disloyalty; this is all right; hurrah for Old Joe, as the boys call him; many of the officers took their cue from the Seymour party of New York, and expressed themselves opposed to the admission of the states back into the war; the consequences of this have been dissatisfied the service with loss of rank, pay and character; and now find their leaders have turned somersaults and come out in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war, which leaves the poor devils out in the cold, ready for the first conscription, that takes effect, the consequences of this will be disastrous to the companies in good health. We are having rain almost every day with cold winds which makes it very uncomfortable. Give my good wishes to all friends. Yours truly.

S. W. Union-Chaplain of the 7th Regiment. CARP NEAR BELLE PLAIN, VA.

FRIEND COVER: A part of this Brigade was recently sent on an expedition down the Northern Neck, as the peninsula is called, which extends southward between the Potomac and Rappahannock. Something was accomplished in the way of preventing conscriptions, and breaking up smuggling, and our men brought away a considerable quantity of bacon, nearly fifty horses and mules, and about an equal number of slaves. They report a richer district than they have seen elsewhere in Virginia.

While there is much sickness in the new regiments, and the deaths are sadly frequent, the health of the troops who have been a year or more in the service, is excellent. The latter have learned how to cook, and experience has taught them what precautions are necessary against the exposure of health in campaigning. The sickness among those that can enlist in an old regiment is worth three in a new one, is hardly an exaggeration. A recruit in an old regiment also has the advantage of escaping, to a great extent, the tedious drill to which the new regiments are necessarily subjected. Placed in the ranks with veterans, he readily learns by imitation what long practice has taught them.

Perhaps some of your readers would be pleased to have a sketch of what may be seen at the headquarters of this army. A few days since I rode there, a distance of six miles, through unpeopled mud, which however, (to do justice to a state which has come to a measure of grief scarcely less than that of her great crime of secession,) I must say is not more repulsively still than the western clay would make, with the rain and snow, the freezing and thawing, and the incessant passing of teams, which we have.

At Hooker's headquarters we find a compact little village, the tents numbering, about one hundred and fifty, and ranged in two parallel lines facing each other along space between, around which runs a plank walk. Most of the tents are warmed by a small stove, and receive their light through the semi-transparent canvas, or by throwing them open in front; a few have the special luxuries of a door with a small window at the top, and a fireplace. At one end of these are the quarters of the self-reliant man who has unconditionally taken the army of the Potomac in his hand, and using the opportunity which these rainy days afford like a thrifty farmer, is setting all things right and preparing to hurl these forces by the impulse of his own energy. Four tents are joined together; that in front is the office, the next is an apartment for dining and sleeping; the third is the kitchen, and the last small one is for the cook.

Next to the Commander's are the quarters of his Chief of Staff, General Butterfield. Opposite the prime minister is the office of Assistant Adjutant General Williams, a native of Maine, whose admirable method and infallible accuracy render his services chief clerk of the army indispensable under any commander. There is the Chief of Artillery, Chief of Cavalry, Chief of Topographical Engineers, Chief Quartermaster, Chief Commissary, Medical Director, Inspector General, Provost Marshal, a Telegraph office, communicating immediately with Washington, a printing office which is equivalent to a large force of copyists, and who and what else, I can not tell. The officers with their aids, clerks, orderlies, servants, etc., make up the population of this little town. It is the headquarters, assuming, as it does, the functions of Reason and Will for the whole army.

At a distance of a few rods are parked more than a hundred wagons, with teams affording the transportation which these headquarters require. Generals Hooker, Butterfield and Williams have each a large covered spring wagon, drawn by four horses, for their use when travelling at night over a storm. In the immediate vicinity is the Engineer Corps; also regiments of infantry and cavalry, guarding headquarters or doing provost or picket duty. At the commencement of a day's march the General and Staff leave the tents standing, which are afterwards struck and, with their effects, loaded on the wagons. These teams have precedence of others on the road and lead the train. A place is selected for the next encampment, and there at night the canvas houses are again set up and occupied. This establishment is very much as McClellan left it, but most of the staff has been changed in the meantime.

The remark in a recent number of the Independent that, "in point of transportation our army has been better organized and cared for than any army in the field ever was," is quite incorrect. Since last August we have had only six teams to a regiment, while in the Mexican war a regiment was allowed four times as many, relieving the men entirely of the burden of their knapsacks, which an American feels so much, it not having been his habit before entering the service to carry loads on his back like the common people in Europe. I must say that I consider the circulation of certain newspapers which misrepresent the policy of the government, as beneficial to the army. He deprecates their influence as tending to counteract his efforts to improve the tone of feeling and discipline, and to repress all patriotic enthusiasm. A soldier should have confidence in his leaders, and to approve the cause for which he fights, and to anticipate the success of that for which he perils so much. It would be well that every-patriot should remember that to write despondingly to a friend in the army, is so much as given to treason, while words of cheer contribute to the success of our arms and the redemption of the nation. The admonition of Burns to this effect, given at the meeting of the Christian Commission in New York, was most timely. Write to your friends in the army honestly. We should educate ourselves to a greatness and fervor of patriotic sentiment. Bedecking the times, and then by our touch communicate the sacred fire. We shall conquer, if not immediately, yet certainly. "Time and I against any two," said Sir Walter Scott, as he addressed himself to the herculean task of discharging a great debt with the productions of his pen, and great people, availing themselves of this element of time, can not fail.

"Learn to labor and to wait." I am quite convinced that the apology for the continuance of slavery, which has so generally been made by the South and accepted at the North, that its abolition was beset by such difficulties and dangers as rendered it impracticable, will not stand the test of facts as developed in the progress of the war. The freedmen at this point, are not turbulent fellows. The officers are generally satisfied to employ them as servants; and I am informed by a man who superintends the labor of a large number of them at our landing, that they do as much work as any men ought to perform, turning out for duty, in a storm or in the...
night when reqd. If any are disposed to shirk, he finds that he can best correct the fault by diminishing their wages, and the labour whom this inva-
tive will touch, as you can ride a horse that obeys the bit and spur. The negro is not a flind or a fool; he is a man, and what ever belongs to our common humanity is his. The fact of the docility of the colored race, reacquired and established, is the key to the solution of the most perplexing questions of our national policy. By employing force sufficient to compel the masters to conduct themselves in a manner as worthy of citizenship as do their servants, we shall have liberty and union among equal peace.

S. W. EATON.

FROM THE 7TH WISCONSIN.

Camp near Belle Plain, Va., March 14th, 1863.

Messrs. Editors: In accordance with my profession, I shall now have to give you a review of the week. The weather has been 
yesterday and to-day quite cold. We have had one snow fall, and we have one or two moderate rain storms.

You have, no doubt, long ere this, printed the promotions of the officers of our regiment. It is for us to give you news of us at any length of them. The commissions arrived and were presented to the officers at dress parade last night. The promotions have given general satisfaction.

It has been a little over a year since the army was in its latest battle. It was engaged in many battles, but what has it accomplished? What has been gained? Many brave men have given their lives for the cause. The enemy's balls, and other weapons of death, have been turned against them. The loss of life has been heavy. The weather Is cold and gloomy. We have had one snow fall, and we have one or two moderate rain storms.

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I let it be truly understood, that in this present struggle no neutrality can exist and that they have either to fight, pay or emigrate.

Let it be your pleasure to publish, please add such notice as may suggest.

Most Respectfully,

E. F. SPAULDING,
Asst Surgeon 7th Wis. Vol.

Whereas, Certain evil-minded persons in the army and at home have circulated base and slanderous reports concerning the army of the Potomac, it is with pain and regret we have noticed the unfounded but too universal belief of the demoralization of this army—a report put in circulation by a set of northern traitors to justify their own wicked designs, laying to our charge the imputation that we are in favor of peace on any terms.

For the purpose of refuting so base a slander, alike insulting to our character as soldiers and citizens, we, members of the 4th brigade, 1st division, 1st army corps, do therefore resolve:

1. That we denounce all such reports and allegations, and declare most emphatically that there are no men to be found in our ranks who would not blush at a dishonorable and inglorious peace, or would not rather sacrifice their all for the maintenance of our constitution, the integrity of our country, and the crushing out of this rebellion.

2. That wearying and toilsome as the profession of a soldier may be, and as much as we may long for the society of our families and the endearments of home, we feel it our duty to carry on this war to the bitter end; and whatever the consequence to ourselves may be, the army of the Potomac will be true to its flag, and does not desire peace until the last rebel has vanished from our soil.

3. We warn our friends at home to beware of the traitors in their own midst—"wolves in sheep's clothing)—and never to forget that the first duty of a good citizen and a true patriot, is the maintenance of his rightful government, and submission of all little, personal, political, or social interests to the great common cause. The blood of thousands of our friends and comrades already sacrificed upon the altar of our country, cries aloud to you to follow cheerfully their glorious example, and to fill the thinned ranks of an army which will never submit to an inglorious peace.

4. It is our sincere belief that the safety of the country lies in rallying around the general co-operation of all the branches of civil life in a vigorous prosecution of this war; the stern resolution to fight until the last rebel in arms is subdued, and the "Stars and Stripes" again floating over every inch of the territory belonging to the United States. We invite our friends at home and abroad to join with us in the motto: "The flag of our country: death to traitors, south or north, east or west."

5. We fully endorse the spirit of the last congressional militia law, and are in favor of enforcing it throughout all the states and parts of states now under the control of our government. The grumblers and fault-finders at home, the heroes of the quill and the thundering public orators, having seen the fruitlessness of their attempt to crush this rebellion with their long-range guns, may yet have the opportunity to show their metal, to correct errors, and to prove their oft-repeated and pledged devotion to the country, by shouldering the musket and joining their brothers in arms. Let it be truly understood that in this present struggle no neutrality can exist; and that they must either "fight, pay or emigrate."

6. That we recognize in the present administration the government de facto, and cheerfully endorse it, or any subsequent one, in all acts or measures having for their object a vigorous prosecution of the war and the effectual crushing out of this rebellion.

Promoted.—Capt. J. B. CALLIS of Company F, 7th Regiment, has been promoted by the Governor to the place of Major of his regiment. It is understood that the officers of that regiment complimented Capt. FINNICK with a majority by one vote for the place, but as Capt. CALLIS outranked FINNICK, and perhaps for other reasons, the Governor thought the place due to Capt. CALLIS. He will, therefore, rank as Major. We learn that, in consequence of the vacancy in the plce of Lt. Colonel of that regiment, Major CALLIS will be the acting Lt. Colonel, while by seniority Capt. FINNICK will be the acting Major. On behalf of the many friends of these brave officers, we compliment them upon their rising prospects.

The glorious old Second Third and Seventh Wisconsin, composed in part of Grant County men, stand up equal with any if not ahead in the Potomac army. Major JOHN B. CALLIS left his friends and home in Lancaster this morning to return to his regiment, the 7th Wisconsin; he expresses a regret at quitting the command of his old company who have fought so nobly under him through the past struggle, but at the same time expressed the greatest confidence in the present commander, Capt. H. F. Young. Attempts were made by rivals to defeat the promotion of Capt. CALLIS which only served to insure his promotion and at the same time elevate him above every suspicion; also, to prove his ability and bravery beyond cavil. Gen. Haskell, acting Asst. Adj't. General to Gen. Gibbon through the battles of Bull Run No. 2, South Mountain and Antietam, reported to Gov. Salmon that, the only fault found with Capt. CALLIS, was that he was out of place at times in being in front of his regiment, and that he had to be ordered to the rear.

Such a fault weighs heavily against those who accused him of cowardice.

FROM THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Camp Near Belle Plains, April 26th, 1863.

Editors Patriot:

Time flies with great rapidity, and the old gen't finds the Grand Army of the Potomac lying quiet in their winter quarters. True, we are under orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice, with eight days' rations of crackers, sugar, coffee and salt, and three days' ra-
The members of Company A have raised a subscription with which to purchase Gen. Gilkinson with all they claim to have achieved during the late battles at Fredericksburg, and which has been denied to them by other parties.

"During the night the Yankees had succeeded in launching and hooking the pontoon together, ready to swing around—the heavy fog preventing the 15th Georgia from seeing them. About 7 o'clock when our men had all got into line in the boat—which line extended about one mile and a quarter—we opened fire upon them. The firing continued until about 9 o'clock, when the enemy double-quicked a brigade down the opposite bank by the right of companies, and opened a brisk and galling fire upon our men in the pits. As soon as a Rebel would put up his head to take aim, any number of rifles would crack away at him.

Behind each regiment in the Yankee brigade were twenty to thirty men, each four carrying a pontoon boat on their shoulders. The 7th Wisconsin double-quicked down to the bank of the river, our boys firing with good effect as often as they could, threw their pontoons into the water, and a company jumped in and rowed over. In this way a regiment crossed—which proved to be the 7th Wisconsin—and formed under the bank, and captained by a private in Capt. Skymaker's company early in the Spring of 1861. The company being then dismounted, the majority did not wish to assist for the war, Mr. Gordon, who was anxious to do so, even as a private, came home and commenced raising a company, of which he was elected Captain, and was assigned to the 7th Regiment and took his men into camp at Madison. While there he was married to Miss Whitmore, who had been for a time resident of Beloit. The Regiment was soon ordered to the army of the Potomac, and the bloody conflicts at Rappahannock Station, Gainesville, Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, in December, and finally and fatally in the bloody conflict at Fredericksburg in May, gave thrilling proof of the heroism and valor of Capt. Gordon.

When the first bombardment of Fredericksburg began he was lying sick in the hospital; but the war of the battle stirred his soldier's heart till he could stay away no longer, and he arose from his bed and made his way to the battle field where, he soon received a wound in his leg, which for some time disabled him. During this time he made a short visit at Beloit and many of our citizens had the pleasure of seeing and hearing him.

Though not fully recovered, he soon returned to his company, saying as he
left his friends that he never expected to return again, and in the terrible battle of last week, when our brave men crossed the Rappahannock in the face of the rebel batteries, he received a ball in the chest and fell as a soldier should; and now he sleeps as "Sleep the brave until we meet again."

P. S. Since writing the above a letter has been received by G. H. Stocking, from Quartermaster David Sherill, giving the particulars of his death, &c. We give below all that it contained of general interest:

In the Field near Numer, Va.
May 14th, 1863.

It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of our dear friend and brother Capt. Alex. Gordon, Jr. He was killed by the rebel sharpshooters on the morning of the 28th ult., while attempting to cross the river.

He lived but a short time after he was hit. I was with the train at the time, but as soon as informed of the messsenger, hastened forward. But the body was cold in the embrace of death, ere I reached him. I have done everything that was in my power to do. Before burial, his body was wrapped in an oil cloth and blanket to prevent decomposition as much as possible, and there will be no trouble in identifying the place hereafter. I have all his personal effects in my possession and will retain them until an opportunity presents to send them home. Yours truly,

DAVID SHERILL.

Letter from the 7th Wisconsin.
Headquarters 7th Wis. Vol. Inf.
North Umpire, May 20th 1863.

FRIEND COVER:—Again we are called upon to record and name the loss of some of the officers and men of the 7th; our thinned ranks and officers' posts vacant, tell a sorrowful story of the past. On the night of the 26th of April, at 12 o'clock when all was quiet in camp, we received notice that the old "Iron Brigade" had been assigned the duty of repairing at once to the river, crossing in boats and storming the enemies works on the opposite bank; the order was given and every man was up and ready for the work; we marched in all haste to the point designated for the crossing, but for some reason unknown to me the boats had not arrived ready to launch until the dawn of day; and when the pioneers attempted to launch the boats, it then being day light and the enemy by their pickets or otherwise having been apprised of our intentions, were ready to receive us; the pioneers however commenced the work which drew a murderous fire from the enemy earth works which caused the pioneers to fall back for a time, about 8 o'clock our brigade made a rush for the river with a full determination to cross and charge their works at all hazards; we rushed to the river banks and launched the boat and crossed the river, we received a shower of bullets from the enemy and a storm of enthusiasm went up from the "Iron Brigade." We succeeded in carrying with the loss of eight officers and men, killed and wounded in the 7th Regt.; among the killed were Capt. Alexander Gordon Co. K. Lieut. W. O. Topping Co. C, (of Grant Co.) private Wm. Ross Co. F, (of Grant Co.) among the wounded were Lieut. Ryan Co. A, private Benjamin Hayden, Co. F, (slight) and others whose names I cannot now call to mind.

Capt. Gordon was the last of the original Captains of the Regt.; a fine officer a true patriot and a genial companion. May the God of the widow and the fatherless strengthen his family in this the hour of their deep affliction and sorrow.

Lieu. W. O. Topping was a promising young officer who was always at his post for duty, ever ready to lay down his life (as he did) for his country; he has thus won the love of all the officers and men of the Regt., who now deeply mourn his loss, Major Finnicum received a slight wound from a shell but is still on duty.

On the 2d day of May we received intelligence that our right was sorely pressed and orders to recross the river and march at once to U.S. ford, above Fredericksburg to reinforce the right; we did so, Col. W. W. Robinson covering the crossing with 4 companies of the 7th without the loss of a man; we crossed the river again and marched into the line of battle; while the battle was raging with unparalleled fury it so happened that the enemy did not undervake to break that portion of the line barricaded by the "block hats" (as they call us) of the "Iron Brigade," it seeming to be their determination to brake our center and we beat the call and we immediately separated and orders for an attack on our front; we remained in this situation for two days and nights, while the terrific strife was going on immediately in front of the left of our brigade, the rebels made some 15 charges on our center and were repulsed each time with terrible loss; our lines never gave way but once and that was when the 11th corps broke, (an almost irreparable calamity.)

I see that of the papers say it was all the fault of the "ed. of cowardly doughty men," now, I think it very unkind, unreasonable and ungenerously to indulge in such personalities, for the same number of any nation of people on earth might have done likewise under like circumstances; and I must say that my own observation has proven to my satisfaction that this army cannot be more devoted and daring soldiers than the Germans, whom I have tried in the fiery furnace for the past 21 months of my service. You have never to the river. In the morning we heard a great deal said about the "Irish Brigade;" and no doubt have thought the story exaggerated but I tell you the true story of their fighting qualities cannot be told; a man must see it in action and then he will know what kind of a picture to make of them. I think I never saw such a fight to a bloody fight as the Irish of the famous "Irish Brigade." In the battle above Fredericksburg the rebels in charge killed every horse in one of their batteries: whereupon, a hand-to-hand conflict was had for the guns, and guns all having been killed, whereby rendering the guns of no other service than as a boon to fight for; the rebels in overwhelming numbers rather got the better of the Irish at first, and took possession of the guns, some of them having first been spiked; but in the attempt to take them off the field, the hatless, coatless, gunless and bloody Irishmen resolved to rally and retake the guns if in no other way by a regular smash-noted down, and in they came with every gun, each gun taking a 40 man team to haul it through the mud; they saved the guns but with heavy loss; those that got out with the guns were the bloodiest, mudiest, saddest, most savage looking men I ever witnessed; the Irish Brigade against the world in a hand to hand conflict! I am told the enemy lost 18,000 and our loss will not exceed 10,000; Hooker has done just what he started out to do and can do again at his pleasure; we are quietly reclining on the north side of the Rappahannock ready for any order.

JOHN B. CALLIS.

From the Seventh Wisconsin.

The following private letter from Lt. Skirrell will be read with interest by the numerous friends of the lamented Capt. ALEXANDER GORDON:

Sunday, May 17th, 1863.

DEAR FRANK:—Yours dated the 9th at Grand Rapids is received. Although I may have stated heretofore in the different letters I have written to the friends all that I may now say, yet I know you will all be glad to have as detailed an account of dear Alick's death as it is possible to give.

I last saw Alick alive in the old camp at Belplains. We had broken up camp and he and I were sitting on a box where my tents had stood the hill, the drum beat the call and we immediately separated.

The line had been recently charged and Alick was assigned the position to which his rank entitled him, the right of the regiment. The troops moved up that night and after marching within about two miles of the river, but we did not get up to them, with the trains.

During the night the troops moved on in the morning we

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came up with the teams and soon parked very near the place where the troops had first stopped the night before.

At dawn the fire opened, and as near as I can learn a crossing was not effected until about 9 o'clock. Soon after this hour John Clifton began riding hurriedly up and told me that Allick was hit. I jumped on my horse and hurried forward, but only to find that his spirit had flown.

The 7th was just about entering the boats to cross, (the 6th, Wis. and 24th Mich) and a concealed body of rebels suddenly opened upon them from across the river and a little down from where they were crossing. It was just at this time the Allick was struck. He exclaimed, "Boys, I am struck!"—grasped his belt and unfastened his accoutrements, gradually settling to the ground, (not falling suddenly) he said "the ball hit me," placing his hands upon his breast.

One of the boys said, No, Captain, it is in your arm. Allick replied, It is in my breast, I can feel it. Mr. Kinsman and some others immediately bore him to the rear. While they were so doing his composure rapidly changed, shewing that he was fast failing. Before reaching the ambulance he said, My dear wife—I shall lie died the death of the soldier. May I be warmly returned by our skir­mishers never see her again; and after a short pause he said, Boys—which was the last word spoken by him. Mr. Kinsman then attempted to rally him and said, Captain, don't you know me? but he made no reply. He was put into the ambulance and taken to the hospital. He died almost instantly after getting there.

I need not attempt to describe to you my feelings as I gazed upon his lifeless form. In my anguish, hardened as I am, tears, (the first since my mother's death) came to my eyes. I felt over him a look of hair, smoothed back, the displaced hair, gently covered his face and turned away, feeling faint at heart and sick, gathered up all his personal effects, and gave the necessary directions about his grave. In the afternoon he was buried near by, his body being well wrapped in an oil cloth and a blanket. Very soon after our troops were recalled from the other side and we were immediately ordered up to the right some ten or twelve miles away. I could do nothing more; we were all ordered away, the mules were stopped and I could only await for a few days and see what could then be done.

By your letter I see that Dr. Brown was here and could not find Allick's body. It must have been here while we were on the right, as I saw nothing of him. The day after we returned here, he came out and I went with him to the grave. The body was taken up and he took charge of it to send home.

Hill joined us when on the right and I sent all of Allick's things to Washington by him. He was to deliver them to you. He has not yet returned, but I presume after finding you were away, he either gave them to John Gorden or Eliza God­ard.

Before leaving Belleplain the officers sent away most of their baggage. Allick sent a carpet bag. All of the articles were put on board of a boat and were to be sent to Washington to be stored in some Government warehouse. The values were plainly marked. Morse can find it, and I think that I may, if in my power, accomplish the end on which I hope you will not fail to tell me, in the hope of procuring the return of the body.

Alick was struck. I can fully realize that our dear Allick has gone. I am, as it were, alone now. I miss him at all times, and our mess is broken up; as I sit down at meal times—at morning, noon and night, I miss them while crossing. We mourn his loss, yet we know he died most nobly, in the service of his country. Amid the "din of battle" his spirit took flight quietly and peacefully, to that place where neither war nor turmoil of wars are known.

He died the death of the soldier. May he quickly sleep until the last "reviver shall sound.

It has been my endeavor to do all that could be done in regard to Allick and his effects. If I have seemed to err in any way I hope you will not fail to tell me that I may, if in my power, accomplish the wish of all the friends.

Again, I wish to express my heartfelt sympathies with all the friends. May our Heavenly Father give them strength to bear up under their great affliction.

I am as ever,

Your sincere Friend, DAV.

Report of Col. Robinson to the Governor

Hon. Edward Salomon, Governor of Wis­
con­sin:

Sir—It is my duty to report the deaths of Capt. Alexander Gordon, Jr., of company K, and 2nd Lieut. William O. Topping, of company C, of this regiment. They were killed in the action of the 20th of April in crossing the Rappahannock in boats and storming the enemy's field works at a point about four miles below Fredericksburg. In the same charge, 1st Lieut. W. W. Hyan, commanding company A, was severely wounded by a musket ball through the chest. Private William Kirks, of Co. F, was killed. Sergt. Charles Gunkle, Co. A, Corp. Spencer Bronson, Co. B, and private Benj. Hayden, Co. F, were slightly wounded. Major Kinsman was slightly wounded in the right arm by a piece of shell, in the artillery duel of the 20th.

In the death of Capt. Gordon, the regi­mented has met with a heavy loss, which cannot be replaced. He was one of the original Captains in the line, and one of my most efficient officers—prompt and faithful in the discharge of his duties, remarkably brave under fire, and a genial, gentlemanly companion. God and all good spirits comfort his afflicted family.

John Topping was a long officer, late­ly promoted from the rank of sergeant. From his fine soldierly qualifications and gentlemanly bearing he had won the esteem of the whole command. His loss is deeply regretted.

The duty of crossing the river in boats and carrying the enemy's first line for the purpose of covering the laying of the pontoon bridges, was assigned to our brigade.

The order was received at 12 o'clock at the night of the 28th, the brigade being camped at the time about one mile from the river. The plan for crossing, as shown by the order received, was for the two flank regiments (the 20th Wis. and 24th Mich.) to cross over in the first boats, the other regiments of the brigade (22d and 7th Wis. and 19th Ind.) to come to the bank. This was warmly returned by our skirmishers. Our artillery got into position upon an elevation on our right, and shelled the enemy till about 8 o'clock a.m., when we were ordered to cross over. The men threw off knapsacks and haversacks, and the brigade moved down the bank in double quick—the 6th Wis. and 24th Mich., leading. The enemy opened a galling fire, and we were ordered to jump into the boats without regard to companies, and cross over, which was done amid a storm of balls from the enemy's little pits, and a storm of shot and shell from the old brigade. Boats were seized from the wagons on the bank, thrown into the river and filled with men as soon as they touched the water.

As near as I could see, every boat had representatives from every regiment in the brigade.

From the time of receiving the order to cross, till the enemy's line of works was carried, prisoners taken, and our line of battle formed with every man in his place in his own regiment, was about twenty minutes.

The pontoon bridges were then thrown across, and the other brigades of the division crossed over. We entrenched and held our position till Saturday morning, May 2d, (artillery duels being fought daily over our horses' heads) until the batteries on the hills on the side of the river, and the enemy's on the opposite heights) when we were ordered to cross the river for the purpose of reinforcing the troops on the extreme right. This retiring across the river by daylight was rather a hazardous movement, as the enemy's guns not only enfiladed the whole line of the river, but also swept the north side to the distance of a mile back.
Our brigade was the last to retire, and for the movement of the 7th were left to cover and support the pickets in retiring. The companies left were A, 1st Lieut. Sloat, commanding; D, Capt. Benn, C, Capt. T. C. H. Hulman, F, Capt. Young, and G, 1st Lt. Miller, attached to Company E, Capt. Bunn, was out on picket. After the division had crossed over and passed out of range, the picket retired and these companies moved over in good order, deliberately and harrassedly. We reached the vicinity of the United States Ford last Saturday evening, and arrived on the battle field of the Rapidan, near Chancellorsville, about 5 o'clock on Sunday morning.

We were immediately deployed a few yards to the right of the point where the battle was at that time raging. This position we held until Wednesday morning, the 8th, when the army retired. Although our position was close to the points where the heaviest fighting occurred on Sunday, and the following day, we did not fire a shot, except the first time our old brigade escaped participation in the heaviest part of the struggle in any of the battles where it has been present, seven in number, within the present month, which have so bravely passed from our brave comrades on to Victory and to a noble, determined and bloody resistance of the enemy comprising this regiment has not received the extended notice through the press, which they so richly deserve. I have taken this method to place upon record, a plain and truthful statement of the services rendered by the 7th, during the eventful scenes of the recent terrible conflict in Virginia and Maryland, dating from the 20th of August, 1862, to the surrender of the Fredericksburg heights, on the 29th of April, 1863.

During this campaign but little has been written of the part taken in the battles by Gen. Gibbon's, "Iron Brigade." Of the trials and hardships which the sons of the Far West have endured in "Dickie's land," comparatively few have been awarded to the officers in command who have led their brave comrades on to victory and immortal glory. Comparatively few are there away from the blood-stained soil of Virginia and Maryland who know how Wisconsin's sons have taken the lead in fierce conflicts, with Indiana's noble 19th by their side. That great battle was fought during the period after mentioned is known to every school boy in the land, but of the individual deeds of heroism and the conspicuous parts played by the distinguished regiments of Gibbon's last command, very little has appeared in print. As I am devoting this article more particularly to the 7th, it may be well to state that the Colonel in command, W. W. Robinson, is the senior Colonel of the Brigade and in every respect a gentleman and a brave officer. It was at the battle of Gainsville, Va., on the 25th of August, 1862, that Gen. Gibbon's command of Western troops, comprising the Wisconsin, 2d, 8th, 7th, and Indiana 10th, engaged a full Division of the enemy, and after a desperate engagement, defeated them, though they gained a triumpant victory, the rank and file of the Brigade was sadly decimated. The loss of this Regiment in killed and wounded was 217, among the field officers wounded were Col. W. W. Robinson, Lt. Col. C. A. Hamilton and Maj. Bill. These officers acquitted themselves in the most praiseworthy manner.

The most flattering eulogy, which your correspondent can pay to the heroic Col. Robinson, is to say that his own veteran followers fully appreciate his bravery and military ability. If promotion is based upon a man's ability, courage and military skill, a star upon the shoulder straps of this gallant officer would be a just reward for hi services. The wounding of these officers placed the responsibility of the command of the regiment upon Capt. John B. Callis. He assumed the honorable position on the 30th of August, and won laurels for his regiment and himself at the second Bull Run battle. It was on that ever memorable field of conflict that the 7th and 2d stood side by side and supported a battery after three regiments had abandoned it in despair. Though the enemy fought hard to take the battery, it was saved through the indomitable courage. When the fortunes of war turned against our arms, and it became necessary for our forces to fall back, the "Iron Brigade" moved off in such a military like and orderly manner as to attract the attention of Gen. Joe Hooker, who was watching with keen and observing eye the movements of the troops. So proud was he of the splendid order which they observed, that he stood up in his stirrups and shouted out "That's the way to do it, boys!" From this disastrous battle field we followed our Western heroes to the South Mountain. Here the old Brigade was assigned a place in the front to open the fight and carry the gorge in the mountain at all hazards, which it did against a determined and bloody resistance on the part of the rebels, disputing every inch of ground with the 7th, which then only numbered 299 men.

During this sanguinary conflict the 7th lost, in killed and wounded, 147. Here I must remark, in justice to the gallant acting Colonel, Capt. Callis, that he distinguished himself by his soldierly conduct and bravery. The morning after the splendid victory of South Mountain, between day break and sunrise our troops were in hot pursuit of the enemy; the remnant of the war-worn veterans of the 7th, burning to revenge their comrades, pressed forward with the old Brigade, to the historic battle field of Antietam, where the fortunates of war again afforded the regiment another fearless acting Col. an opportunity to change the fate...
of the gallant spirits who the day previous fought by their side. Those who witnessed that fearful conflict on the plains of Antietam, Sept. 17, will remember the companies put off by the 7th in charging from the rear while under a gallant fire, and thereby inspiring the celebrated Battery B belonging to the Western Brigade from being captured. In Gen. Gibbon’s official report of the part taken by his command at Antietam, he says, “In this battle Capt. Callis, acting Capt. of the 7th, for the man who conducted, with dangerous results, the charge of the 7th, is to be commended.”

In giving this brief review of the services rendered by the 7th, I have not been influenced by any selfish motives or local preferences, as the patriotic sons of Wisconsin bearing arms down in “Davis’s sun-scorched prairies,” as the patriotic sons of Wisconsin, necked, passed in the bloody campaigns of Virginia and Maryland, have done their share for themselves a proud name, which the historians will record upon the pages of future history.

Without any intention of treading upon exalted ground, I may with all sincerity compliment the officers of the 7th for their military ability, perseverance, and unflinching courage demonstrated by them during the trying scenes through which they have passed in the bloody campaigns of Virginia and Maryland.

I was pleased at hearing a few days since, of the promotion of Capt. Callis to the honorable position of Lieutenant Colonel. His brief but brilliant career entitles him to a higher position. When justice is meted out and reward fairly given, the Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel of the old 7th will be placed in a more responsible command in the national army of the Republic.

**Loss of the Seventh Regiment at Gettysburg**

*New Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.*

**Editor Wisconsin State Journal:** The following is a list of the casualties of the 7th Regiment of the Wisconsin Volunteer Corps, on the 1st of July, in the battle near Gettysburg, as near as can be ascertained at present.

**Lieut. Col. John B. Callis** is wounded and taken prisoner. The total loss is 79 — killed, 26; wounded and missing, 52.

**Major Commanding 7th W. V.**

**COMPANY A.—LOST GUARDS.**

**Killed—Corps, shot, Capt. J. H. Head, Allen Yan Walker, Daniel Ackerman (in battery E).**

**Wounded.—Lieut. James Johnson, Sergt. T. J. T. Buchanen, left arm slightly; Corp. Jonathan Walrod, wrist; Corp. W. J. Gaiminger, arm and leg; Corp. John Ross, right arm; Henry Darby, left knee slightly; A. W. Lull, right side; Isaac John Stabler, right arm, slightly; David Crocker, left hand, Albert McAlpine.**

**Missing—John Agan, Louis Mohler, Thomas McCleary, John Wyman, Thomas Strongeray, Merritt Buck.**

**COMPANY B.—COLUMBIA COUNTY GUARDS.**

**Killed—W. Mercereau, F. Graham.**

**Wounded—Joseph Emery, in leg; Lieut. C. Wallace, arm; H. Newell, side; A. Stoddard, head; Henry Nickles, left hand.**

**Prisoner exchanged—H. Dyre.**

**Wounded and Missing—Sergt. M. C. Monroe, Corp. C. S. Snelling, Leg; T. Dinn, leg and head; O. Hubert; H. Backel; C. Canady; T. England; C. Foster, leg; George Haver, arm; G. Ham- lin, arm; J. Kewberry, left leg; W. Sickles, John McMullen, David Palmer.**

**CONDUCT OF THE REGIMENT.**

**COMPANY C.—GREEN RIVER FAD.**

**Killed—Corps J. M. Atwood and private Geo. Plantzmann.**

**Wounded—Sergt. Geo. W. Sain, hip; Corps. Wm. Heinz, groin; Isaac Collister, ankle; Lewis Winan; privates W. C. Eves, groin; Wm. E. Smith, shooter; John C. Moore, broken arm; Wm. Neal, leg and arm; William Carlisle, thigh; William Hull, thigh; A. J. Smith, eye; John Boyce, arm; W. G. Davis, neck;—Armstrong, slightly.**

**Missing.—Lieut. Julian, Sergt. C. C. Jones, Priv. John F. Young, civilian.**

**COMPANY D.—STOUGHTON, DAVCO.**

**Killed—Levi A. Walker, shot through breast; Jonathan Rehberger and Ralph Thompson, supposed to be dead.**

**Wounded—Capt. A. W. Bean, finger; murder ball, leg Lieut. A. J. Compton, shoulder, musket ball; A. E. Ettis, neck, piece of shell; Serg't Alex. West, leg, musket ball; Serg't J. Hubbard, foot, piece of shell; Corp. Walter Parker, hand, musket ball; J. C. Morgan, leg; Philip W. Walker, leg and face; Frank M. Hall, leg, canister shot; Chas. K. Kelley, musket ball, mouth, James Murphy, head, slight; privates W. Nyes, severe; Privates T. Fry, leg, muscular ball.**

**Missing.—Privates M. G. Evans, John Hunt, Eben L. Davis.**

**COMPANY E.—MARQUETTE COUNTY.**

**Killed—Sergt. R. W. Hubbard, August Pelzer, Sitawah, W. Straight.**

**Wounded.—Capt. L. E. Pond, mortally; Lieut. Henry Gibson, in leg; N. B. Pretzsch, in leg; Corp. Eliphs Mills, in leg; C. L. Baldwin, in leg; Geo. D. Davis, in leg; John C. Casey, in leg; Capt. John Hay, mortally; Wm. Jump, in arm; C. A. Onbom, in thigh; R. Pack, in side, W. Warning, in side.**

**Missing.—Privates G. D. Young, J. B. Washburn.**

**COMPANY F.—LANCASTER, GRANT COUNTY.**

**Killed—Thomas H. B. Darwell, James II. Eaton.**

**Wounded.—Privates L. C. Eotent, A. Kidd, thigh; Corp. Wm. Ray, head; John Schirrms, head; John Black, leg and head; Privates John Bronson, head and leg; Privates Thomas Garvey, face; Philip Bennett, thigh; Isaac Barnett, groin; Thomas Geoghegan, shoulder.**

**Missing.—First Sergt. L. R. Garson, P. C. Clo Parker, Privates Ben Hayden, Jas Garrit, Richard J. Adams.**

**COMPANY G.—GRAND RAPIDS, WOOD COUNTY.**

**Killed—Samuel R. Wordwell, Osa G. Clark, Geo. Zachary, probably taken prisoner.**

**Wounded—Ziba S. Harlan, probably mortally; Patten F. Halbrook, probably mortally; Stephen Barke, left arm; Corp. George Crocker, leg badly shattered; Frederick D. Best; Corp. William Richardson, chest wound; Sergt. George Lytle, left hand, slightly; James Atkinson, slightly; Captain Alexander McAlister, right leg; Privates M. Olson; James C. Isenberg, seriously.**

**Missing.—Fourth Sergt. John M. Crocker, Capt. John Henry, Michael Logan.**

**COMPANY H.—KENNEDORE, GRANT COUNTY.**

First Lieut. Chaas Fulks, wounded in thigh, and probably taken prisoner.


**Killed.—Nicholas Heber, head; Wm. A. Clark, arm, slightly; Joseph J. Clark, hand; two fingers off; John McNamara, arm, slightly; John Shults, face, severely.**

**Missing.—Corp. John C. Sundeen, Chas Macnab, Chas Macnab, Nathaniel Johnson, Frederick Kevlar, Wm. H. Lyon, John F. Metten, S. K. Peirs, John M. Sowers.**

**COMPANY I.—DOGEON AND GREEN LACE.**

**Killed—W. Greenfield, head, supposed to be dead.**


**COMPANY K.—BELGHT, KOS COUNTY.**

**Killed—Corp. Wm. D. MacKenny, Geo. Simmons, Julius J. Tower, Hugh McKeehan.**

**Wounded.—Second Lieut John W. Bruce, leg and breast, slightly; Corp. William R. Barnum, breast; David Morland, head; Edward M. Hopkins, hip, slightly.**

**Missing.—Sergt. Henry Haskaugh, Sergt. E. McNamer, Michael McNamer, Wm. MacNab, Philemon Kimans, Calvin Miller, Louis Thompson, Fred Abinger, Theodore Van Arnum, John Warbur.**

**Company K, 7th Wis. Regt.**

Quartermaster Genl. Sherrill of the 7th regiment, in a letter dated Warrenton, Va., July 24th, giving the list of casualties received from the Virginia Army, says:

> “Engaged you will find a list of the casualties in Co. K, 7th regiment. It should have been sent on before now, but the bug is we have been put through a "double quick" ever since we left our position opposite Fredericksburg. This is the 47th day that we have been on the move, and during that time have not, with big or two exceptions, stopped more than one night at a place. We have had long and tedious marches through the hot sun, rain and mud; finally came up with Lee; the result you already know. Our loss is the Gettysburg fight was heavy, but our officers most fearful.”

The old "Iron Brigade" was, as usual, the first into the fight, and before reinforcements could reach them they were very badly used up. Before going in they drew nations for 2250 men; they now draw for but 520 men. The 7th now draw about 191 men. There are but a few of them, but they cannot be whipped; you can "do" on that. I was now you look at it at home, but I assure you that it is "glory" enough for any one man in these parts to have the honor of belonging to the old "Iron Brigade."

**Casualties in Co. K, 7th Wis., at Battle of Gettysburg.**

From the 7th Wisconsin.—Mr. S. K. Ports, serving in Company H, 7th Wisconsin, formerly Capt. Finnicum's Company, writes to us as follows:

"I am glad to inform you that the old Iron Brigade has become the first Brigade in the Grand Army of the Potomac, the regiments in preceding Brigades of two years and six months' men having left the service, their time having expired, and our Brigade being all volunteers for three years or the war. There are five regiments in the Brigade. Gen. Reynolds and Gen. Wadsworth had our Brigade put on the Potomac Army Register as number one; and according to the commission of our Colonel the old Seventh Wisconsin is the first regiment on the list. So the Seventh stands thus:

The first Regiment in the first Brigade of the first Division, in the first Army Corps of the Grand Army of the Potomac."

Three of the companies serving in the Seventh are from Grant County, as follows: C, H and F. Bristo, Va., Nov. 1.

Editor State Journal.—Rumors have reached me, from time to time, that the remains of those men of the "Iron Brigade," and of the 68th Pennsylvania, and 76th New York volunteers, who fell at Gainesville in the bloody fight of August 28th, 1863, were carelessly buried. Upon examination, a few days since while passing the battle field on our way to Throughfare Gap, it was found to be true.

I have to-day had details from all the regiments who fought there, sent to the ground, under the charge of Capt. Richardson, of the 7th Wisconsin. They have carefully interred the remains. Many of them could be recognized by the positions where they lay, or by the articles found about them. As the friends of those who fell there will doubtless hear of the loose manner of the first burial, I write this to assure them that all has been done that could be, to give them decent burial.

Very Respectfully,

L. Cutler, Brig. Gen.

Reception of the 7th Wisconsin at Madison.—On the arrival of this body of heroes at Madison, yesterday, they were met by the Governor and other State officers and a large concourse of citizens, at the depot, when the regiment was taken in to the Railroad house, where a bountiful breakfast had been provided for them. Gov. Lewis welcomed them home warmly in behalf of the people of the State.
Correspondence of the Daily Gazette.

From the Eighth Regiment.

LAGRANGE, Tenn., Jan. 3, 1862.

Editors "Gazette:" For the last twenty days we have been shut out from the civilized world, communication cut off, living on half rations, and I suppose our friends at home feel quite anxious to hear from us. I saw the first newspaper to-day that raising of a pole in the fort and hoisting the Stars and Stripes, a flag 23 by 40 feet and the first regular color-north since that in six, upon it. Our regiment is quartered at the fort; but we have orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice; where I can't say. I should like to stop here until the paymaster comes along. We are mighty hard up—have not been paid since the 1st of July. A five cent piece looks like a silver dollar to us. I do not know how some of our folks are faring at home, hard I fear. The paymaster would be a welcome visitor, I will assure you. The men are all well at present, and in good spirits.

We stopped in Holly Springs about thirty-six hours, and then, with the 32d Wisconsin, 17th Wisconsin and 33d Indiana, under Col. Marsh of the 20th Illinois, marched for Grand Junction, a distance of thirty miles, in one day, to reinforce that place and Lagrange, they both being threatened at that time. It was the day before Christmas. Our feet got sore, and myself and several others marched eleven miles, barefooted, on the 24th of December, and all because some one at Holly Springs failed to do his duty. I want the people of Wisconsin to understand that the 8th Wisconsin regiment was not there. Their color-nel was in command, but the regiment was at Oxford. When you see the 8th in such a scrap, just write and let us know.

The first train has just arrived from Memphis. That road is now open. Lieut. Col. Robbins is in command here. Let the rebel Van Dorn come here and try to capture the stores; we will entertain him differently from his reception at Holly Springs. We get up in the morning, here; I have and Holly Springs give testimony we don't want to be waked up to be paroled against him. The language of General Grant's order dismissing the scoundrel and villain from the service is a warning to the military gentlemen who make haste to do nothing,—yet the Milwaukee News, and Chicagio Times are pulling this "cowardly" and "disgraceful" officer to the skies.

We are glad to know that in the army these "unwilling" gentlemen are made either to thoroughly sustain the Anti Slavery policy of the Government as a war measure, or resign.

Gen. Grant's order is approved by all loyal men in Wisconsin, and the disgrace upon the State will be more than atoned by the good results that will follow.

This is no war of parties or sects. It is an unjust and false cry about Abolitionists, and no such statement can be sustained by reason. Two forms of society are in deadly conflict—the one free, the other bound. The brave and the unjust triumph. We have great confidence in the success of Freedom; and therefore of necessity the war cannot be charged to any party or to any act, but can be traced to that restless spirit of darkness which seeks to rob truth and liberty.

The following official order has been sent to us from Jackson, Tennessee, with a request that it be published, and with the statement that the army in general, and the 8th Wisconsin in particular, heartily approve thereof:

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF EAST TENNESSEE.

HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss., Jan. 8, 1862.

General Orders No. 4.—Col. B. C. Murphy, of the 8th regiment Wisconsin Infantry volunteers having, while in command of the post of Holly Springs, Miss., neglected and failed to exercise the usual and ordinary precaution to guard and protect the same; having, after repeated and timely warning of the approach of the enemy, failed to make any preparations for resistance or defense, or show any disposition to do so; and, having, with a force simply sufficient to repulse the enemy and protect the public stores entrusted to his care, disgracefully permitted him to capture the post and destroy the stores—and the movement of the troops in the face of the enemy rendering it impracticable to convene a court martial for his trial, is therefore dismissed from the service of the United States, to take effect from the 26th day of December, 1861, for cowardly and disgraceful conduct.

By order of Major General U. S. Grant, Assistant Adjutant General.

This man Murphy, prior to his departure from Wisconsin, was loud mouthed against the Abolitionists. He was often heard to declare that this was an "Abolition war," and that he was unwilling to give his services in such a cause. Steeped in hate against the Anti Slavery cause, formerly a consul under James Buchanan, and enjoying—as he termed it—a "democratic" and "inefficient," he went to the war, and let
same; having, after repeated and unnecessary warning of the approach of the enemy, failed to make my preparation for resistance or defense, or show any disposition to do so, and having with a force ample sufficient to have repulsed the enemy and protect the public stores intrusted to his care, disgracefully permitted him to capture the posts and destroy the stores—and the movement of troops in the face of an enemy rendering it impracticable to convene a Court-martial for his trial, is therefore dismissed from the service of the United States, to be his care, disgracefully permitted him to capture the posts and destroy the stores—and the movement of troops in the face of an enemy rendering it impracticable to convene a Court-martial for his trial, is therefore dismissed from the service of the United States, to be his care, disgracefully permitted him to capture the posts and destroy the stores—and the movement of troops in the face of an enemy rendering it impracticable to convene a Court-martial for his trial, is therefore dismissed from the service of the United States, to be his care, disgracefully permitted him to capture the posts and destroy the stores—and the movement of troops in the face of an enemy rendering it impracticable to convene a Court-martial for his trial, is therefore dismissed from the service of the United States, to be his care, disgracefully permitted him to capture the posts and destroy the stores—and the movement of troops in the face of an enemy rendering it impracticable to convene a Court-martial for his trial, is therefore dismissed from the service of the United States, to be his care, disgracefully permitted him to capture the posts and destroy the stores—and the movement of troops in the face of an enemy rendering it impracticable to convene a Court-martial for his trial, is therefore dismissed from the service of the United States, to be his care, disgracefully permitted him to capture the posts and destroy the stores—and the movement of troops in the face of an enemy rendering it impracticable to convene a Court-martial for his trial, is therefore dismissed from the service of the United States, to be his care, disgracefully permitted him to capture the posts and destroy the stores—and the movement of troops in the face of an enemy rendering it impracticable to convene a Court-martial for his trial, is therefore dismissed from the service of the United States, to be his care, disgracefully permitted him to capture the posts and destroy the stores—and the movement of troops in the face of an enemy rendering it impracticable to convene a Court-martial for his trial, is therefore dismissed from the service of the United States, to be his care, disgracefully permitted him to capture the posts and destroy the stores—and the movement of troops in the face of an enemy rendering it impracticable to convene a Court-martial for his trial, is therefore dismissed from the service of the United States, to be his care, disgracefully permitted him to capture the posts and destroy the stores—and the movement of troops in the face of an enemy rendering it impracticable to convene a Court-martial for his trial, is therefore dismissed from the service of the United States, to be his care, disgracefully permitted him to capture the posts and destroy the stores—and the movement of troops in the face of an enemy rendering it impracticable to convene a Court-martial for his trial, is therefore dismiss...
From the 8th Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS 8TH REGT., Wab. Vol., 1,
GERMANTOWN, Tenn., Feb. 1, 1863.

EDITOR ADVOCATE:—The 8th Regiment, not being of " negro notoriosity," not having been blessed with a Chaplain who manifests a great degree of interest in the welfare of the Regiment, and its standing abroad, and its members being of rather a modest, unassuming disposition, and but little addicted to horseplay, but few articles concerning the efficiency, achievements, etc., of the Regiment have appeared in public print. Although but little publicity has been made of our many "glorious achievements," and the public but little acquainted with our military career, the Regiment stands high, especially in the army with which we have so long been connected. In our somewhat protracted and honorable career in connection with the famous "Second Brigade," of Gen. Stanley's old Division, (now commanded by General Smith,) we have won for ourselves a name of which the most ambitious might well feel proud.

But few, if any, Regiments have seen more of "active service" than has this Regiment, since the time at which we joined the Army of the West; for, as Gen. Stanley was heard to remark, while in command of our Division, "if the performance of duty of importance was required of any Division of the army, the Second was almost certain to be the chosen one; and if a Brigade, the Second." The recital of "incidents of travel," furnished us by our present Chaplain, who was sent to the Regiment from Wisconsin, while it was encamped at Waterford, Miss., vividly illustrates the fact of our having a reputation of a working Regiment. In conversation with several of our officers and men, upon his arrival, he remarked that whilst in search of the Regiment he had been led to form a very favorable opinion of us, for he had experienced considerable difficulty in ascertaining our whereabouts, he had made repeated inquiries as to the same, and the answer invariably was, "They are out to the front somewhere." And to those who were acquainted with our position, proceedings, etc., at that time, the answer would seem very appropriate, as we then occupied important positions, and could ever be found where the duties were most arduous. For the past few days we have been resting from our labors, we have remained at the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, fifteen miles east of Memphis.

Many are apt to confound the career and reputation of the Regiment with that of its former commander, Col. R. C. Murphy, and therein they greatly err, as Col. Murphy had been in command of the Regiment but little since we left the State, as he had been detached from his command at that time. We do not wish to have it understood from our remarks that we should consider it any disgrace to be commanded by said Murphy, or that we lack confidence in his skill and competency. On the contrary, we believe him to have been an able and efficient officer, but, as has been the case with others, was unfortunate. [Yes, very! Hope he will have better success in private life.—Ed. Advocate.]

Our present commander is an officer of tried and proven gallantry and efficiency. Lieut. Col. G. W. Robbins, who, in fact, has been our almost sole commander, and whom we hope will soon receive the merited promotion to Colonel. From a knowledge of his character and ability, gleaned from months of service with him, both in camp and on the field of action, we are led to greatly admire his bravery and solidly bearing. Both officers and men have unbounded confidence in his ability, and all are anxious to keep with him to the end of the garrison name which we have achieved by glorious deeds, feeling confident that we shall suffer no disgrace from any lack in the faithful discharge of duty on his part.

We have been in service upwards of six months, and, to-day, number more men for duty than any regiment that we have met with (including those that have been in the service but six months) in the Department. We have five hundred and six present, and on duty with the regiment, and thirty on duty as Sentinels and Pioneers, seventy-two are on detached service. For this excess of numbers, and for the present good health of the men, much is due to the untiring exertions of the highly efficient Surgeon Munro, who has ever been faithful in the discharge of duty, and attentive to the wants of the men. Now has his late promotion caused any relaxation in his efforts to promote the good health of the command, and he still refuses to entrust the care of the regiment to his assistant, but continues to administer in person to the wants of the men.

Company K, Racine County Volunteers, does honor to the section which it represents. It is commanded by Capt. J. O. Baxter, of your city, who is an able officer, a gentleman in every respect, and beloved and respected by his men. In numbers Co. K exceeds the average number of men present; and, I think, has more men present and on duty than any Company in the Regiment. The report is as follows: Fifty-nine present for duty; four on detached service; four absent without leave; and ten absent sick.

The weather for the past week has been quite cold, and the ground is covered with snow to the depth of five or six inches.

Yours, &c.,

H. B.
“to arms!” he cried, The northerner stood andparaded—The advance of rebel cavalry.

* * *

The hill top, in that distance, if we were but a glass; we, too, could distinguish a something like unto black oak stumps. “To arms!” he cried, and with a rush and a yell that would have done honor to the cause, 2,000 glittering “bagnets” went in on the fort, but were checked without further damage being done merely for the sake of a superior generalship. The Col. commanding the brigade soon discovered that his glass (like many others), had deceived him, and while speculating on the chances of winning a star, as a reward for his heroic deeds, instead thereof, he lost his reputation, won laurels, and lost his appetite for supper. So much for this grand, strategic movement. He soon reorganized his forces, and, crossing the Waterford, bivouacked that night, and next morning after being convinced that Van Buren had been picking pockets, the troops marched to Holly Springs, where we arrived about 2 p.m.,—found everything and everybody in confusion. The Col. was immediately detailed as provost guard and Lieut. Col. Robbins appointed Provost Marshal. Order was soon restored, and, by the 23d, the troops were out on the roads in wooden buildings, that had been burned by the enemy the day previous, the town presented the appearance of a village, while the enemy remained on the hill. The army passed through only one week before.

Learning that Van Buren had made his appearance at Grand Junction, thirty-five miles distant, at 11 p.m. on the 22d, the regiment, together with the 17th Wisconsin volunteers, started out on double quick, in search thereof, and reached the Junction about four in the afternoon of the next day. After a thorough search in and about the “Perry Hotel,” and the numerous corn-cribs adjacent thereto, were informed, by an “intelligent contraband,” that ye hampson had, in the meantime, changed front to the rear and marched to La Grange, Tennessee, three miles distant, where the enemy was encamped in a fort constructed of cotton bales and so forth. Here we remained until the morning of the 8th January, when we again changed front to the rear—through the 8th, together with the 11th Missouri and 47th Illinois—marched via Bolivar to Corinth, Mississippi. We moved over one hundred and fifty miles. The roads were horribly muddy, from the rains that had fallen for a week previous, making it impossible for any man or beast to navigate; the weather, too, was extremely cold, and the suffering among the officers and men during the six days on the march, remained at Corinth until 23d January, when orders came to again “change front to rear.” On the 20th, Companies B and G, on the 21st B and E, and on the 22d January the remaining company of the regiment were conveyed to the rear by the railroad. Arriving about 9 in the afternoon of the same day, since which time the regiment has been constantly employed in performing the arduous and fatiguing work of the march.

Major (now Lieutenant Colonel) Jefferson is Provost Marshal of Germantown, and may be found at all hours at his headquarters in a pleasant portion of the town, administering the oath of allegiance to the converts and convicts, and bringing to justice those that may be proven guilty of committing any Miss-D.-Meannon.

The promotions of G. W. and J. W. respectively to the honorable positions of Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel, give good satisfaction throughout the army and are well merited. Colonel Robbins bears up well under the wings of the eagle. Lieutenant Colonel Jefferson, as assuming the responsibilities of his position, sends us “Sunny South!” with honor, though leaving many regrets to the cheering war title “Mississippi,” which he has borne with respect from all, for over a year and a half. There appears to be a vacancy on the staff of the Provost Marshal; Lieut. Col. Sprague, may be honored with the position. He is well fitted for the place, and his predecessor, will shoulder the “silver cup and lip” with honor.

Memphis, is only fifteen miles from this place, and we can distinctly hear the morning and evening gun, “As come echoing back through the swamp.” It is still half an hour’s ride to the Mississippi and Charleston railroad, to the city, and both the officers and men are availing themselves of the facility and men are availing themselves of the facility of the change in all directions. One officer and two enlisted men from each regiment are allowed to visit Memphis daily. “Let them make her bays, and the sunshine!” for this war is not yet over.

I think we are perfectly secure in this locality. Although “it is wet, we look back with painful hearts and enquire, what are we doing? Have we accomplished the desired end set for our months and years of peace? Was the rebellion more than a year ago? With an immense army in the field, never surpassed in numbers, in every heart—when a reunion of the North and South is desired, and we can distinctly hear the morning and evening gun, “As come echoing back through the swamp.” It is still half an hour’s ride to the Mississippi and Charleston railroad, to the city, and both the officers and men are availing themselves of the facility and men are availing themselves of the facility of the change in all directions. One officer and two enlisted men from each regiment are allowed to visit Memphis daily. “Let them make her bays, and the sunshine!” for this war is not yet over.

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weak ones speak before they think! "We believe that Col. Murphy is not a traitor nor a coward; but his speech is so unmeaning, and his assertions against his character without the shadow of proof, are the mere tools of some political class, bought and sold, according to usefulness against the President of the United States for and will be rigidly enforced within the limits of this District.

General Order No. 16

The Chicago Times, a newspaper published in the city of Chicago, having continued for a long period, without causing anything to be printed in it but the most malicious and infamous articles against the President of the United States, and giving aid and comfort to the rebels, is hereby prohibited in this command. Said paper will not be sold to be carried or circulated by News Agents or others, and any News Agent, Captain of a Steamer, or other person, who shall violate this order, will be arrested and tried by Military Commission.


1863.


Correspondence of the Sentinel.

How many there are high in position that desire the shadow of proof, are the mere tools of some political class, bought and sold, according to usefulness.

To this another fact is necessary. The Colonel having been warned by a contraband domiciled in one hour, immediately repaired to the telegraph office at the depot, and telegraphed the fact to headquarters, but no satisfactory reply could be had when the wires were cut, all communication banished. The Colonel was at his post of duty when compelled to surrender, but not until the contents of a few muskets were exchanged on both sides, the Colonel himself receiving a narrow escape from death, having been shot upon by one of his men. He had no "interview with Van Dorn," or notice of the intended attack, save as above stated, and no man could have saved him under the circumstances, and whether or not, and whether there might not be conspired against the President, or other traitors, that would obviate the killing, but pull the trigger and the point afterward.

We believe that he, being in the line of duty and death, we are in heart and soul for the proclamation of free soil and slavery, and as we consider ourselves rather "radical" in the hurrying business, we are in heart and soul for the proclamation of free soil and slavery. When we have our longinded work on an advancing column of our mis-guided southern brethren, "wayward sisters, or whatever else they may be, that wear battle dress and carry arms, we never stop to argue whether it is "Constitutional" to shoot or not, and whether there might not be conspired against the President, or other traitors, that would obviate the killing, but pull the trigger and the point afterward.

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FRIEND ROSS: — The enclosed General Order No. 16, 8th Regiment, W. T. Vols. for publication would be very acceptable, and doubtless read with interest by their friends in this county.

A son of the loyal Battery, Officers and soldiers of the Army, and loyal citizens are charged with the execution of this order.


(Henry Binmore, 1863)

GERMANTOWN, Tenn., Feb. 19, '63.

DEAR SENTINEL:—Have I not shown a commendable forbearance in refraining from writing to you for almost a whole month? I shall spoil it all now, though, for I can hold my peace no longer. I have received several letters from friends in Wisconsin, asking me some such questions as these: "What do you soldiers think about the proclamation that the further prosecution of the war?" "Don't you begin to be sick of this horrid war, and wish it might be closed?" "How do you feel about the whole thing, and the killing?" and many others of like character.

Now far be it for me to assume to be the exponent of all the soldiers in my feelings on these subjects, but from confidants and familiar intercourse with nearly every member of this regiment, I can say in a very few sentences, that the Wisconsin feels and thinks about them.

We think the proclamation a measure which injures the rebels, and, as we consider ourselves rather "radical" in the hurrying business, we are in heart and soul for the proclamation. When we have our longinded work on an advancing column of our mis-guided southern brethren, "wayward sisters, or whatever else they may be, that wear battle dress and carry arms, we never stop to argue whether it is "Constitutional" to shoot or not, and whether there might not be conspired against the President, or other traitors, that would obviate the killing, but pull the trigger and the point afterward.

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The Order suppressing the Chicago Times was read on parade, and elicited the hearty approbation of every man in the regiment. Soldiers say some hard words about that class of men who, in 1861, were so fast for the war that they could not be satisfied unless all their neighbors volunteered, and who now are loudest in condemning the President, his proclamation, and every body and every thing, except rebels in arms against a good government. Let these cowardly traitors who have opened a fire in our rear take heed, for their retribution, though always tardy, will come in good season, and in its place, the infamous "Cow Boys" of the Revolutionary struggle.

Lient. Col. C. W. Robbins has been recently commissioned as Colonel of our regiment since Murphy dismissed, and Major Jefferson received the appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel. Better men at better officers cannot be found in this or any other army: they have always been with us in every battle and have both our confidence and esteem. The Majorship is yet a vacancy, though it will probably soon be filled. Sentiment seems to be divided among the line officers about it, had preferring Capt. Britton of Co. G, and the other half, Adjutant E. F. Sprague. They are both good men and deserving of promotion.

Personal arrangements seem to have "collapsed," for we have had but few letters since leaving Corinth.

Promotion of Officers—Capt. Temple Clark.

The following letter from Lient. Col. Rep-Voirs, of Ohio, to one of our regimental officers, we publish with pleasure.

Col. H. is inspector of Cavalry in General Rosecrans's staff.

DEAR COLONEL,—Your remark made a few days since, in relation to the injustice frequently done to enlisted officers, by a meet of those associated with them, gave rise to a session, which I called my attention to a case within my own knowledge, which I thought it possible for you to lend in remedying. I refer to the case of my trusted friend, Captain Temple Clark. You know him intimately, and, I am assured, would do your best to aid him in his present condition. He was assigned to the post of an instructor in the artillery, with the rank of Captain, and was to report to the General. Go to the General's office on the morning of the day appointed, and I will undertake to get him transferred. Will you agree to forward your name in the draft for the corps, and I will take care to see that your wishes are carried out. I am, very respectfully,

[Signature]

THE MEMBERS OF CO. "F," 9TH WIS. INFANTRY, TO THE PRAIRIE DU CHIEN COURIER—WILLIAM MERRILL, EDITOR.

Sir:—We have read your paper, and it was with indignation and feelings of abhorrence, for in it we have seen editorials, which breathe forth treason to the Government of the United States, the President, the Congress and the Cabinet. It infamously slanders the Soldiers in the field, by saying that they wish for peace at whatever cost; that they are murderous, and very clamorous for the war to be ceased; all of which we pronounce to be false, and in the present case, we have met and passed the following Preamble and Resolutions unanimously adopted, at a meeting of the Company for that purpose. You will much oblige us, and all soldiers in the field, by giving some space in the Column of your paper.

Very Respectfully, Yours,

J. W. GREENE, Secretary.

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Sir:—We have read your paper, and it was with indignation and feelings of abhorrence, for in it we have seen editorials, which breathe forth treason to the Government of the United States, the President, the Congress and the Cabinet. It infamously slanders the Soldiers in the field, by saying that they wish for peace at whatever cost; that they are murderous, and very clamorous for the war to be ceased; all of which we pronounce to be false, and in the present case, we have met and passed the following Preamble and Resolutions unanimously adopted, at a meeting of the Company for that purpose. You will much oblige us, and all soldiers in the field, by giving some space in the Column of your paper.

Very Respectfully, Yours,

J. W. GREENE, Secretary.

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Very Respectfully, Yours,

J. W. GREENE, Secretary.
Resolved, That we utterly deny the assertions of the dissatisfaction of the soldiers, and we forever abhor and discontinue the same, and also requesting the Editors of the above Journals to publish the same, and also requesting other papers to copy.

A. M. BEACH, President.

J. W. GREENMAN, Secretary.

Resolved, That we will uphold the administration, the Constitution, the laws, that we will fully concur in the President's Emancipation Proclamation as a stern military necessity, and having enlisted to fight for once happy country, we will do it in the face of all enemies.

Resolved, That we are for a rigid prosecution of the war, that we will fully sanction the late conscription bill, that we are determined to put down the rebellion; then, if need be, we will wreak vengeance on the traitors in the North, who are resorting all their power to destroy that Government which we are fighting to maintain.

Resolved, That a copy of the above preamble and resolutions be sent to the Wis. State Journal, one to the North Western Times at Viroqua, Wis., and Grand County Herald, and one to the editors of the Prairie du Chien Courier, requesting the editors of the above Journals to publish the same, and also requesting other papers to copy.

J. W. GREENMAN, Secretary.

A. M. BEACH, President.

FROM THE EIGHTH REGIMENT.

GREEN COUNTY, Wis., Wednesday, March 18th, 1863.

SIR:—I have the honor to forward the following record of the record of the services of F. 8th Wisconsin, Infantry (organized at Prairie du Chien, Wis., having read the Prairie du Chien Courier, published by Wm. Merrill, wherein appear editorials which are trite, slanderous, and which are wilful falsehoods in regard to the President of the United States, the Congress thereof, the Constitution, the laws, and the soldiers of the Union army; thereof,—

Resolved, That we utterly deny the assertions of the dissatisfaction of the soldiers, and we forever abhor and discontinue the same, and also requesting the Editors of the same, and also requesting other papers to copy.

Resolved, That we will uphold the administration, the Constitution, the laws, that we will fully concur in the President's Emancipation Proclamation, believing it to have become, (during the progress of the Rebellion) a stern military necessity, and having enlisted to fight for once happy country, we will do it in the face of all enemies.

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J. W. GREENMAN, Secretary.

A. M. BEACH, President.
not starved to death, have returned to their old homes, fully convinced that freedom and happiness do not constitute the essential conditions for contentment and happiness.

An old patriarchal darkey, who interrogated me as to the future of the darkey, said, "I like liberty, oh de new life berry well, massa; but den I likes de comforts ob de ole life very much." Having been two months before leaving Germantown, our regiments were enabled to purchase all the supplies and necessaries in the line of wearing apparel and equipment, as soon as arriveing at Memphis, a sufficient time having been allowed by our gallant and zealous commander, Colonel Mower. One word in connection with the purchases made by the officers and men, on the business men in Memphis generally consists of what might be properly termed landslarks. Their chief business seems to consist in giving the appearance of support by the present soldier. Enormous prices are charged for everything; in fact, they are from 100 to 200 per cent. higher than the former California prices. These private business men seem to aim at a point to follow the army, and whenever a good business point is open, by the advancement of the army, these sharks are certain to be found following in our wake. The subject has been fully discussed by other writers; therefore, I will only say that we, too, have been victimized by these predatory gentlemen.

Everything being in readiness, our Brigade left on transports, about 4 o'clock, P. M., on the 14th inst. We arrived at Helena on the morning of the 15th. We were at a short stay there, when we started down stream, and arrived at our present location, about eight miles below Helena, on the Arkansas shore opposite the mouth of the Yazoo Pass. Our present camp is very limited. We have two regiments camped together on a narrow island of land—the Mississippi River on one side, and a slough on the other. The water in each is continually rising, and daily tents are required to be moved to keep us out of the wet, which, of course, spoils our mail and stores. We, therefore, with our narrow, contracted camp renders it a very unpleasant location.

You will notice that I have not kept track of dates. My last date was on receipt the steamer Empress, March 12th. This is the 19th of March; but we have been so much occupied, since we arrived from St. Genevieve, having on board that field and staff officers and seven companies of the 13th Wisconsin Volunteers, which companies are daily expected to arrive. Whether they are bound—whether to join our expedition or to remain in camp, I cannot yet tell. The officers and men are looking fine.

As regards our destination nothing definite is known. We are daily expecting transports to remove us to some scene of action. Reports are of the most contradictory kind as to the place of our destination. I have endeavored to give you an accurate account of our journeyings thus far, and as our future is developed, will continue to do so.

I must not close this communication without mentioning the high compliment paid to Capt. Young, of Co. K, by the commanding general, which has placed him in command of the Division Pioneer Corps, made up of one hundred and fifty picked men, selected for the special account of their ability and skill in engine and mechanical work. This important corps is subdivided into five detachments, under competent commissioned officers, and provided with extra transportation, and a large amount of mechanical tools, for the purpose of constructing for defence and approaches upon the enemy's strongholds. This attache Capt. Young, of Co. K, to the army, as upon the battle-field, since he was an independent command, and is the more complimentary to him because it comes from military commanders in the field, who have the best facilities for knowing his military history for the year and a half that he has been in the service to the army. We have been pleased with the success of the operations of the 13th Wisconsin Volunteers, and are confident of the success of the 47th Man and the gallant officer of our command.

Another fact worthy of note. Today, for the first time since the 10th May, 1862, have heard the news of the capture of Vicksburg, Miss. W. B. Britten, newly appointed, just reached us on his return from accompanying his sick wife to her home in Wisconsin. He says he captured the "Pioneer Corps of the 8th Division, Department of West Tennessee," on the surrender of an officer and 52 ignorant and meritorious officers.

The following correspondence was called for by a resolution of the Assembly, and submitted by the Governor Mr. Murphy.

STATE OF WISCONSIN.
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, Madison, March 12, 1863.

To the Honorable the Assembly:

In compliance with the resolution, No. 78, A., I have the honor to state, from Mr. C. V. Murphy, formerly Colonel of the 8th Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers, recently sent me a duplicate of a letter and accompanying documents addressed to the President, and also of several communications in this office touching the conduct of any Wisconsin regimental officer or officer of the surrender of Hays Springs, Miss., except the order of the War Department of January 10th, 1863, dismissing Col. Murphy from the service of the United States, a copy of which is contained in his communications to the President. No copy of any order touching the surrender of Hays Springs is in my possession.

EDWARD SALOMON.
Governor, common justice, the honor of a faithful officer outraged, as he has been by the statements of the ignorant, and I am constrained to believe in some cases by the malice of persons who had a personal interest in the unpleasant public communication. I am willing to stand or fall by the facts and proofs therein set forth.

There, therefore, most respectfully to request that you will cause a proper investigation to be made before the Legislature of Wisconsin, for their information, and the people of the State. I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,
Your most obedient servant,
R. C. MURPHY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Madison, February 25, 1863.

Col. R. C. Murphy, Washington, D. C.:

Sir,—Your letter of the 4th instant, containing a copy of a letter and accompanying documents addressed by you to the President of the United States, reached me a few days ago. While regretting, especially after reading your letter to the President, that the charges made against you were not tried by a court-martial, I could deem it proper to lay your communication before the Legislature. In addressing the President you have taken the proper method of redress for the wrong you complained of, and I think that the President will cause a proper investigation to be made of the facts and circumstances surrounding the case, and that by such investigation it will be found that injustice was done you; but the Legislature of this State is, in my view, not the proper tribunal before which your complaints should be laid.

Yours respectfully,
EDWARD SALOMON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 2, 1863.

To His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.

Mr. President,—Holly Springs, Miss., was captured by the Confederates, under Maj. Gen. Van Dorn, on the 20th of December, 1862. At that date, the Army of the Tennessee, Maj.-Gen. Grant commanding, occupied a line of railroad, extending from Columbus, Ky., on the north, as a base, via Jackson, Tenn., Grand Junction, and Holly Springs, to Oxford, Miss., the latter being the extreme front, where the main army was concentrated. Maj. Gen. Grant in person commanding. The army was divided into two branches. One, on the west, at Corinth, Miss., and the other on the east, at Memphis—a line of posts nearly three hundred miles in extent, and all, with the exception of Memphis, depending solely for supplies on Columbus, Ky., the base.

The central or main line, north and south, was divided into three military districts, viz., Columbus on the north, Jackson in the centre, and the Tullahatchee on the south. In the latter district was included the Post of Holly Springs, which I commanded, while Col. C. G. Marsh, of the 20th Illinois Infantry Volunteers, commanded the District headquarters at Oxford, twenty-five miles south, where the main army was.

The central or main position of the military post of the Army of the Tennessee at the time of the capture of Holly Springs; and the facts substantiated by evidence relating thereto which has never been made public, I now proceed to lay before you.

One of the positions of the military status is given for the purpose of rendering clear and distinct the embarrassments and difficulties which I fully appear in the record, and not as a shield for me, but to show that the administration of the President of the Provost Marshal's department, and on the picket line was to say the least, unsatisfactory. Orders were therefore given by me to the Provost Marshal, defining in explicit terms to whom passess should be issued, and a list was compiled and posted in each post of all persons suspected as't spiers or other injurious persons,' or any one manifesting disloyalty to the Government of the United States, its constituted authorities or its laws.

For the better organization of the picket line and the Provost Marshal's department, Illinois infantry volunteers, was appointed "general officer of the day," whose exclusive duties were assigned in an order commanding him to visit the posts at least once a day; to give such orders as he thought best for the security of each line; to arrest and report under charges all delinquents; to keep a look out for spies; to arrest pillagers; to halt flags of truce outside the lines, thus depriving the enemy of one of their oldest subterfuges to gain a knowledge of our position and force, and that all the officers would be held to a strict accountability for the faithful observance of this order. To all commanding officers of detachments, along the line of railroad, orders were given to send in reports of their commands, and to forward daily to headquarters all news of persons and events or movements of the enemy, of which the commanding officer should have any direct knowledge.

Liest. Col. McNell, commanding 24th Illinois cavalry, was ordered daily to make strong cavalry reconnaissance on the various roads leading to Holly Springs, and on the 19th December, (the day previous to the capture), did reconnoiters on the Ripley and Petaluma road, discovering no signs of the enemy, although the enemy came by that route the following morning.

The same officer was ordered to place cavalry videttes on all the leading roads in advance of the infantry, and they were so placed.

Such were the leading and most important dispositions made for the security of the post, and to ensure the utmost vigilance known among the enemy. After the second alarm, orders were sent to all the posts along the line and the picket line, and some of the orders sent were as follows:

Before the approach of the enemy, failed to make any disposition to do so, and having, with a force amply sufficient to have repulsed the enemy and protect the public stores entrusted to his care, disgracefully permitted him to capture the post and destroy the stores; and the movement of troops in the base of an enemy rendering it impracticable to convene a court martial, for his trial, he, therefore, dismissed the service of the United States.

[Official.]
JNO. A. RAWLINGS, Adj't Adj't Gen'l.
[Signed.] JNO. A. COLLINS, Adj't Adj't Gen'l.

A few days after the receipt of the above order a conveyance offered, I started for Holly Springs, Miss., without having taken proper steps to protect his post from the enemy, and his troops having been found in bed at the time of the attack.

By order of Maj. Gen. Grant.
[Signed.] E. T. TOWNSEND, Adj't Gen'l.

The allegations as set forth in the above, received printed orders, may be, for convenience and brevity, summed up thus:

1. That Col. R. C. Murphy, of the 8th Wisconsin Infantry Volunteers, in command of the post of Holly Springs, Miss., neglected to take the usual ordinary precaution to protect the post and his troops, and the enemy had been found in bed at the time of the attack.

2. That after repeated and timely warning of the approach of the enemy, he failed to make any disposition to do so.

3. That he manifested no disposition to do so.

4. That his force was amply sufficient to repulse the enemy.

5. That his troops were found in bed at the time of the attack.

6. That the movement of troops in the face of the enemy renders it impracticable to convene a court martial, and the President by order of Gen. Grant dismissed the service of the United States.

The allegations, and in the precise order as stated, I will now proceed to notice.

1st. By the order of Maj. Gen. U. S. Grant, and the Provost Marshal's department, Holly Springs, Miss., December 14th, 1862, I find and do hereby submit the administration of the post in the Provost Marshal's department, and on the picket line was to say
almost exact time at which they were received.

"Preparations for resistance and defense were made rapidly on the receipt of the telegram (appendix "F") at 9 a.m. on Monday, Nov. 29th. The order was sent out that the troops already at Holly Springs, on the 19th Dec., were to be sent to. the depot (where the stores were) at 9 o'clock on the morning of the attack, and the depot immediately. I reached the depot (where the stores were) at 5 o'clock a.m., and sent a message to Gen. Grant's 5:30
giving him all the testimony received from the contraband, and reciting also the orders and regulations for a faithful defense, although against immense odds. My official report to Gen. Grant I must now refer to, as it contains these facts as they occurred after the capture. I was captured at the railroad depot just at daylight, where I had been since the contraband's information in reference to me being out of preparation for a faithful defense, my headquarters being in the city, one mile from the depot.[...]

APPENDIX.

A. HEADQUARTERS, HOLLY SPRINGS, Dec. 14th, 1863.

General Orders, No. 1.

Col. Murphy, 8th Wisconsin Vol. Infty., hereby assumes command of this post, and the troops between Coldwater and Abberville.

By command of

Col. R. C. MURPHY.

J. S. MOLINARD, Capt. 2d Art.

A. D. C.


To Provost Marshal:

1. No more passes will be given outside these lines, except to those who are known to be loyal citizens, or who have taken the oath of allegiance, or who, having been soldiers, have been paroled.

2. If you will cause a record book to be kept of all your arrests, stating by whom and what, and what time, and you will cause to be arrested all persons manifesting any suspicion or disrespect to the U. S. government, its laws, or its constituted authorities.

3. You will detail any officer with suitable guard to attend at the railroad depot on the arrival and departure of trains, to take charge of all straggling soldiers and to prevent transportation and rations for all such to their commands. All those in this sick and unable for duty, will cause you to be sent to hospital.

4. You will arrest all privates and commissioned officers not at their post when improper authority, and forward them to their respective commands.

By order of

R. C. MURPHY.


W. J. DAWES, Capt. and A. A. G.


The general officer of the day in charge of picket posts will—

1. Visit the entire picket line at least once a day.

2. He is empowered to give such instructions and orders concerning the picket in judgment the faithfulness of the picket line may require, and all such orders will be executed on the instant.

3. He will report to the colonel commanding the names of all delinquents on the post, and the officers of the charge to which they are charged.

4. The commanding officer, the Provost Marshal, and U. S. troops in march, shall be allowed to pass in or outside the lines.
a pass. All persons may come within the lines, except suspicious persons, those without passes of escort, and enlisted men of the army likely to be arrested; all contrabands on foot are allowed to pass the lines.

The guards should be instructed to keep a good lookout for spies, and other suspicious persons; also for soldiers and others pilaging outside the lines and attempting to bring their stolen property within the lines. All persons traversing the picket line and facing outward. Not one of the party will be allowed to pass the lines, but immediate notice will be sent to the commanding officer of the presence of such flag. This order is imperative, and all officers neglecting its observance, do so at their peril.

R. C. MURPHY, Col. Commanding.

To Maj. Meekers, Gen'1 Officer of the day.

D. HEADQUARTERS HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss.

Special Orders No. 38.

The limits of this post will be the camp of the 90th Illinois volunteers infantry on the north, to the Tallahatchie on the south. Commanding officers of regiments and detachments will immediately organize their commands and report to these headquarters the kind and disposition of their arms and the quantity and condition of their ammunition. Commanding officers of stations will forward their forces daily, as practicable by railroad, reports of any movements or demonstrations. Or intelligence of learned of the presence of suspicious persons, or persons, as the commanding officers shall be informed.

By order of

R. C. MURPHY, Col. Commanding.

W. J. DAWES, Capt. & A. A. A. Genl.

HEADQUARTERS HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss.

REPORT.

To Lieut. Col. McNiel, Com. 2d Ill. Cavalry:

You will send out one company by daylight, to-morrow morning, to scout on the Ripley and Pittentick road. You will place videttes (say five men) three miles out on the Ripley, Pittentick and Memphis roads, to be relieved twice daily by the General officer of the day, Maj. Mackenzie from whom they will receive instructions.

By order of

R. C. MURPHY, Col. Commanding Post.

W. J. DAWES, Capt. & A. A. A. Genl.

[TELEGRAMS.]

To Commanding officers: Maj. Col. Murphy, Commanding Holly Springs:

Jackson’s cavalry is on the Tallahatchie, with 200 men. I have ordered a company of the 20th Illinois to scout on the river to-morrow, and to return if nothing is found. Jackson was on his way to Holly Springs, and may be in the vicinity. He is advancing on me.

R. C. MURPHY, Col. Commanding.

To Major General.

U. S. GRANT.

Received at 11 p.m.

Major General.

[TELEGRAMS.] L. ABBEVILLE, Dec. 15, 1862

To Col. Murphy, commanding:

Jackson is moving north with a large force of cavalry; will probably be at Rockyford to-night. Send out all the cavalry you can to watch their movements. I am sending from the front to follow Jackson. Let the 2d Ill. Join them in the pursuit.

U. S. GRANT.

Received at 9 p.m.

Col. Murphy, Commanding Holly Springs:

Jackson is moving north with a large force of cavalry; will probably be at Rockyford to-night. Send out all the cavalry you can to watch their movements. I am sending from the front to follow Jackson. Let the 2d Ill. Join them in the pursuit.

U. S. GRANT.

[TELEGRAMS.]

Oxford, December 19—1:15 P. M.

Col. Murphy:

Rockyford is on the Tallahatchie, about twenty (20) miles above Arkansas post-office, or railroad crossing. The morning will be early enough for your cavalry to start, and then go due east from Holly Springs, and if they are on our enemy, they must be on their guard not to be caught in the flank, and if they run, the movements of Jackson till Minner can get up.

[Signed] U. S. GRANT.

Received at 11:30 p.m.

Major General.

[TELEGRAMS.]

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[Signed] U. S. GRANT.

Received at 11:30 p.m.

Major General.
whole cavalry force, under Lt. Col. McNeil, on to Jackson, Tenn., and the real attack on report to me at one place, at the railroad depot, Holly Springs; the first departure of the latter, and proceeded there myself to issue orders for and make the move almost certain.

trains to bring me reinforcements, in accordance four regiments of cavalry under Lt. Col. McNeil to Jackson, Tenn., and the real attack on trains to bring me reinforcements, in accordance with the telegram I sent you at that time. Here is the fact, you can tell me what I have to be, very respectfully, some 6,000 came dashing into the railroad yard, my infantry camp (my left), which did not contain over 200 effective men. Since then I learned it contained 63 men, with 300 on duty 60 hours without being relieved, as I have none to relieve them with. For said county, do hereby certify that the first depletes the latter, and for said county, do hereby certify that the first 4th day of February, A.D. 1863.

Before this, I had called on Mr. Wilson, train superintendent, of railroads, to furnish me with cord and cotton bales around the depot and public stores. At the same time I had sent orders to the commanding officer of railroads, to furnish me with cord and cotton bales around the depot and public stores.

The two trains now moved 101st, 20th, 25th, and 62d Illinois infantry, to concentrate all their available forces at the railroad depot immediately. The two trains now moved 101st, 20th, 25th, and 62d Illinois infantry, to concentrate all their available forces at the railroad depot immediately. The two trains now moved 101st, 20th, 25th, and 62d Illinois infantry, to concentrate all their available forces at the railroad depot immediately. The two trains now moved 101st, 20th, 25th, and 62d Illinois infantry, to concentrate all their available forces at the railroad depot immediately.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

R. C. MURPHY, Col. 8th Reg. Wis. Inf. Vct.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,

County of Washington.

J. T. R. L.

The last message to you expressed the fact that the foregoing and annexed papers from A to Q, are

Witness my hand and notarial seal.

JOHN S. HOLLINGSHEAD, Notary Pub.

FROM THE STH WISCONSIN

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH REGT. WIS. VOL.

On board the Steamer "Empress,"

Mémpsh, Tenn., March 14, '63.

Editor Wisconsin.—At ten o'clock A.

I arrived here on Friday, Alex. Paul, a member of company G, died at Germantown, Tenn., the morning the regiment left that place. George Jole is in the hospital at Memphis. All the rest of the men are here well, except Norman Davis, he being somewhat unwell. The battery is on board the steamer "Empress," and is expected to go west by boat. We have here the Hellenic "Empress," and the Hellenic "Empress," and the Hellenic "Empress.

The regiment is buoyant and healthy, the weather is very warm, the trees are

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The regiment is buoyant and healthy, the weather is very warm, the trees are

got new oil-cloth blankets. They are a great protection from the damp ground. All are well clothed, and as well provided for as at any time since we entered the service, and I hope the next time you hear from us we may tell you that the Mississippi is open from St. Paul to the Balize. We want one great victory now that will drive every copperhead in the north to his hole. I trust that we have friends enough yet at home to drive the contemptible sneaks and traitors, who are in your midst aiding the more honorable rebels in the south to destroy the most benedict government on earth—I say drive them to a hiding place, so that when this war ends they will be ashamed to show their coppernoses to any man now in the army. There will be no rest for the wicked when the men who are now engaged in trying to save the nation go home again. The soldiers will remember them. They are doomed forever hereafter. No office of trust will be given them, for we will all vote when we get home, and whoever all vote for will be successful. But I must close. My best wishes to all friends of the government—hoping soon to have an honorable peace among yours, with much respect.

W. B. BRITTON,
From the 8th Regiment,
Headquarters, 8th Regt., Wis. Vol.
CAMP, FIVE MILES FROM HELENA, Ark.
March 24th, 1868.

* * *
As you will notice by the heading of this, an important change of station has been made by us since my last writing.

On the evening of the 10th of March, the regiment received orders to be in readiness to march the following morning, and although we were not particularly desirous of being precipitated into a fight, we hailed with joy the intelligence that we were to be transferred to a department where life was to be devoted of that which had become its almost leading characteristic "viz. monotony," and to be fraught with more excitement.

At ten o'clock, A. M., on the 11th, the 8th Wisconsin and 11th Missouri infantry regiments and the 3rd Michigan battery, (light artillery,) marched from Germantown, and after a march of sixteen miles, bivouacked within three miles of Memphis.

On the march, we were joined by the 4th Illinois, and 6th Minnesota infantry regiments.

At 2 P. M., on the 12th, the 2d Brigade marched into Memphis and embarked on transports and on the 14th, at 3 P. M. sailed Southward. At midnight tied up at Helena.

As soon as day dawned, on the 15th, the soldiers commenced to flock on shore, seemingly to the great discomfort of some of the officers there stationed, who concluded that they would drive the soldiers back upon the transports and accordingly marched a gunboat down to the level, and without consulting the officers in charge of the men (as they should have done) proceeded to their work by charging bayonets upon our boys who (not at all being pleased with the proceedings) resisted the charge, and after throwing large quantities of mud, coal and sand on the officers at the guard, obliged them to retire. Again did the noble little band change, and again were they obliged to retire. During the second retreat, one of the soldiers composing the guard, fired his peto and seriously wounded a member of the 4th Ili. At this juncture, when prospects bid fair for a terrible conflict, General Prentiss, who commands at Helena, arrived at the wharf, and after a short consultation with our commanding officer, Col. Mower, ordered the boats across to the Mississippi shore. Let me here say in honor of the members of the second Brigade, that (although they are ever ready to perform duty and to obey superior officers, when asked to do the same in a proper manner,) they never yet were obliged to serve arrogant, domineering officers, and have yet to learn the order that the superior may be obeyed and respected by his subordinates. The most maltreat and domineer over said subordinates.

When the order was given by Gen. Prentiss for the Brigade to move across the river, some of the officers went on shore and met with no difficulty in getting the command on board of the boats, and in a very short time left Helena, with but little regret, however, and with few longing for a return. As we were about to leave the wharf, a regiment of infantry was marched down on double quick and formed in line, facing, and near to us. As we got out into the stream we noticed that a battery of artillery and a detachment of cavalry were making for us; two of the heavy guns of the fort were trained to bear upon us and the whole force at Helena was preparing for the threatened invasion.

At four o’clock P. M., dropped down about five miles and landed upon an island directly opposite the entrance of the “Yazoo Pass.”

The island upon which we are encamped has an average width of about fifty yards, and in length about three quarters of a mile.

The only forces here at present are the two brigades of Smith’s division, one brigade of Quincy’s division having left here this morning and gone up the pass. We expect to follow soon, and are momentarily expecting the arrival of light draft boats for the purpose of conveying us thither.

Four steamers loaded with troops passed by here to day Southward bound.

The health of the troops, here is excellent, the weather warm and pleasant, and vegetation rapidly progressing. Already the forest is enshrouded in a green foliage and all our present surroundings are such as are calculated to impart a buoyancy of spirit to observers.

Yours truly, H. B.

FROM THE EIGHTH REGIMENT.

On Board the Steamer “Ben Franklin,”
En route for “Diego,” Monday, March 26, 1868.

The bustle and confusion ever incident upon the breaking of the camp, preparatory to a hasty departure is again over, and we are once more aloft, down the blue waters of the Mississippi river. As is usually the fortune, or rather the misfortune of the 8th Wis., orders came late at night on the 22d inst., to embark immediately, accordingly, having patiently been waiting several days for the arrival of transports to convoy us away from that loathsome locality, the men went at their work with the avidity and energy which has hitherto characterized them, and at early morn of the 26th, found everything and everybody snugly packed away on our staunch little steamer. Being then in readiness for the move, save the pugging of the elements of rain and wind without which, in increasing in terror as the day wore on, our fleet from venturing from our fastenings on that rough unbroken shore. It was indeed a terrible night for loading and packing up, the men were in eminent peril of being killed by the falling of the trees that came crashing to the ground all around them. At 5 o’clock last evening however, the storm having abated somewhat, our fleet started down the river to join the 1st Brigade, the day previous, our fleet consisting of six transports, viz:

The steamer Gray Eagle conveying 47th Ills. Vols., and Brigade Headquarters; steamer Ben Franklin, with 8th Wis. Vols., and a section of Artillery; steamer Lancaster, with 11th Mo. Vols., and a section of Artillery; steamer Alhambra, with 5th Minn. Vols.; steamer Missouri Gen, with a Battery of Artillery and one Hospital Transport. The utilities attending our embarkation and departure were not the most flattering, the weather continuing quite stormy and uncomfortable, and as our boat was laden down to the water’s edge, threatened each moment to engulf us all beneath the angry waves.

31st ultimo:—We are again encamped at what is called “Transylvania Landing,” on the shore of the Mississippi river, in Louisiana, having proceeded some 200 miles down the river, having at this point at early dawn this morning. Our trip thus far has not developed anything worthy of note, except the experience of a heavy snow storm, which set in yesterday afternoon, rendering it impossible for the Pilots to follow the channel, consequently our fleet was compelled to seek refuge under the shore, where we lay for several hours, until the storm had blown over; when we proceeded on down the river, not knowing whether we were landed, neither did we care what our fate might be for the future, but trusting in luck, we kept up a stiff upper lip and resolved to enjoy ourselves at all hazards. We did enjoy ourselves, for a merrier crew never floated down the Mississippi river, and as we lay in the mouth of the river, waiting at only little circumstances, which I will here note: On the day before, the wind was light, and we lay off under a clear sky, being afraid to anchor for fear of the river being too much to weather, and as we lay out of the cabin window, we could see that our rial was attempting as pass us by with impunity. Ben Franklin got his “reign” that day, and the fact was proven conclusively that Ben was not to be beaten so easily. Side by side, the two
from us, I told you we expected to go through Yazoo Pass, but some three days ago we received orders to embark, and after we all got in readiness the fleet pushed out from the Arkansas shore, and headed down stream. After having steamed about twenty-four hours, we landed on the Louisiana shore, on the rebel Benjamin's plantation, a splendid camping ground; but before the division got tents fairly pitched, orders came for us to embark again on the same transports that we had but a few hours before left. After unloading all of the quarters and commissary stores, we again embarked, and about 1 A.M., April 1st, we steamed down the Father of Waters, and this morning when I came from my berth, found we had arrived at the mouth of the Yazoo river, where the entire fleet lay. We there saw about one hundred transports and a large number of gunboats, besides the little fleet comprising the Marine Brigade. After reporting for orders, we again steamed up the river about two miles, where we now lay, tied up to the Louisiana shore. We will debark as soon as possible.

A new canal is commenced here; two dredge boats, and about 300 negroes are at work. The lower canal is a failure. The rebels shelled our men from the work, and it had to be abandoned. As our division has always done the dirty work for this army, I suppose they thought they would send for us to dig this canal. The ditch will be about one mile long here, and then enter a small stream leading into the Mississippi below Vicksburg; how it will work remains yet to be seen.

We are now in the 15th Army Corps, under Gen. Sherman, 8th Division, commanded by Gen. John E. Smith. We landed at Lake Providence on our way down and found several Wisconsin regiments there. The water is rushing through the country there at a fearful rate, caused by cutting the levees to pass into the lake. We here find splendid plantations, some of the finest in the south. The weather is very warm, to-day. The woods and fields are green with vegetation, and everything has the appearance of June. The river is lined with transports, and everything looks as if something great was soon to be accomplished. Something good must result from the works of the loyal soldiers of this army. Where we now are there are some splendid plantations, some of the finest in the south. The weather is very warm, to-day. The woods and fields are green with vegetation, and everything has the appearance of June. From the Eighth Regiment.

Editors Gazette:—When you last heard
If Illinois and Indiana could vote in their part of the country, and I think Vicksburg will soon be flanked and captured. Probably it will take some three or four weeks. The regiment never was in a healthier condition than at present, and also the army generally. We have again been transferred; our division is known now as the 3d division, 15th army corps, commanded by Gen. Sherman. We have had no mail now for two weeks worth speaking of. The weather is warm and pleasant, the river alive with steamboats and iron clads.

The health of the regiment never was better and the men are in the spirit.

A letter in the Daily Sentinel dated 3 miles above Young's Point, La., April 2d, says:

Let none of the friends of the Eighth Regiment feel anxious about the health of the regiment. We have sent only one man to the General Hospital since we left Memphis on the 18th of March. There are only four if the regimental hospital, none of them seriously unwell, and after twenty months of active service in the field we report five hundred and twenty-one effective men present for duty. Beat that, whoever can! Much of this is owing to our efficient surgeon, Dr. J. E. Murta, who has been on duty with the regiment every day since we entered the service never once is all this time deserted his post, always attentive and ready to relieve the really suffering; but woe to the man that attempts to play "old sepulcher" with the Doctor, for in a day or two he will find himself completely bewildered with the blisters on every part of his person, and will be glad enough to cry "quite."
when I called on Capt. Wolf, of company C, last evening for the result of the election in his company he refused to give it, stating as a reason that he did not wish to have it published. I can but suppose that the Captain feeling mortified that there were more copperhead votes in his company than any other in the Regiment, was ashamed to have the matter made public. I obtained the result from one of the clerks.

As I was made happy yesterday by being visited by the Paymaster once more, this time paying us for four months, which squares our wages with that good old fellow Uncle Sam to the first of March. Many of the boys are expressing quite a little pique of greenbacks home. "Fred," our accommodating sutler, comes in for a lot of good, and looks quite uncom­plaining of hard fate as an army sutler, while he counts over his little valise full of the need­ess that he did not wish, having it pub­lished, I can but suppose that the Captain feeling mortified that there were more copperhead votes in his company than any other in the Regiment, was ashamed to have the matter made public. I obtained the result from one of the clerks.

The canal of which I spoke in my last, is progressing finely. The boys call it "Grant's last ditch," and no doubt sincerely hope that it is the last, for there is not much real sport in shoveling mud under the sun of Louisiana, even in April. There are usually from four to six regiments at work on it all the time, divided into two reliefs, which work alternate hours. The mutinous 109th Illinois has been put under a heavy guard, and a sore try set of men they are.

The canal is to be when completed sixty­six feet wide, and is dug four feet deep, with a levee two feet in height on either side to prevent the spreading of the water when the main levee is broken. The full from the Mississippi to the bayou is nearly ten feet, which will give quite a current in the short mile of ditch.

Col. Mower, of the 11th Missouri, (Capt. Mower, 1st U. S. Infantry,) has just received his commission as Brig. Gen. of Volunteers. He is a worthy man, with much energy and go-ahead-ness—perhaps enough of the latter to be a little rash sometimes—yet at the worst it is a good fault, and one that can be baled at the doors of but few of our Generals.

We have just received news of quite a serious mutiny which occurred in Vickburg yesterday. From what I can gather, the circum­stances were like these: A call was made from the Executive of Alabama, for a few regiments of troops, for what purpose I am unable to state, probably to do some light garrison duty in some part of the State; at any rate several Alabama regiments desired to go home. The Generals in command saw fit to take South Carolina troops for the service, and as a mat­ter of course Alabama’s nose was out.—There was hard feeling among old troops who desired to go home. The marching of troops probably no doubt seemed pleasant. Hard words ensu­red, which at last grew to blows, and quite a riot was the result. I have here no desire to learn any further particulars, but if I do will inform you in my next. I consider the intelligence perfectly trustworthy, as I re­ceived it from an officer of responsibility and serve on Gen. Mower’s staff. I trust we shall soon see one more proof of the saying that "a house divided against itself cannot stand," and profit by it in our national affairs.

From the Eight Regiment.

From the Eightieth Wisconsin

CAMP OF THE EIGHTIETH WISO., NEAR YOUNG'S POINT.

April 17th, 1863.

My dear Father:

You may perhaps have heard more about the news from this quarter than from any other. There can be no doubt of the success of the attack, but suppose a few lines from me will not be amiss.

They commenced digging the last of March, and some time from Young's Point worked at it till last Sunday, the 31st, when the levee was cut through with a dredge and the water let in. They had kept the water by a steam pump working right and day. We dug back from the levee about half a mile, making the canal about fifty feet wide, about seven feet deep near the levee, and about eighteen inches deep where there was plenty of water on top of the ground at half a mile back. We made a whole foot high on each side of the canal. Three dredges have been working in it ever since Monday morning, night and day. They have dug so that the water is from eight to ten feet deep. The water runs through at the rate of about three miles an hour. I think the water will do as much damage as I have heard of by hundreds, we were almost afraid to get near one. As far as our experience goes it is all a hoopla. What little fatigue duty we have done, has rather done us good than otherwise.

If you find a strong, healthy regiment you may conclude it has done a great deal of marching, and fatigue duty. More men die from inactivity in camp than from marching. If we could have plenty of vegetables awhile, no matter if we had to dig, we would go out all right. When the nine gunboats and two transports ran the about six last night, about two o'clock in the morning, the artillery firing for an hour, a quarter was terrible—the earth shook even at this distance, about seven miles away, and the conflagration of the town of Vicksburg covered it with black smoke. At the time of our first approach, I had with much regret, that the negro had been abused somewhat by some of the officers and men. He hoped to hear no more of such conduct, and should any officer commanding an outpost or picket refuse to receive a negro into the lines, or abuse him in any manner, he was invested with power from the President to dismiss such officer from the service at once. Those, he said, capable of bearing arms, would be put at once into the ranks; and the old men, women and children, would be put on the abandoned plantations to cultivate the land.

He said it was now the settled policy of the administration to use the negro in every manner that seemed best to keep up the rebellion. All the applications in this regiments no doubt endorsed the President's proclamation, and his determined policy in arming the negro, and using any and all honorable means to subdue traitors, north or south, and these are my real sentiments, publicly expressed.

G. W. D.

Correspondence of the Daily Gazette.

From the Eagle Regiment.

YOUNG'S POINT, La., April 21, 1863.

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YOUNG'S POINT, La., April 21, 1863.
The following letter is written by a relative of E. A. Church, of New Berlin, an officer in the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment:

**CAMP NEAR VICKSBURG, April 24th, 1863.**

Compare the following list of prices of things here with similar articles at home, and see if you don’t think that we live near the edge of war.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Flour, 100 lb.</td>
<td>$0.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beans, 100 lb.</td>
<td>$0.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potatoes, 100 lb.</td>
<td>$0.20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hams and bacon</td>
<td>$0.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Butter, 1 lb.</td>
<td>$0.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eggs, 1 dozen</td>
<td>$0.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee, 1 lb.</td>
<td>$0.25</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The following list of prices was exhibited, 20 cents per lb. for everything; and the prices are granted on all sides that we must “dig” into Vicksburg with rifle and cannon instead of spades. I wish you might have been here a few nights ago to see the burning of the blockade of rebel batteries by some six or seven of our transports. It was a desperate undertaking, taking along 10 miles of heavy batteries with unprotected steamers; but it was done successfully. I am using the word “dig” in the literal sense.

**The Eagle Regiment.**

Dear friend, have you heard of a great gray bird, with a wing over Chicago and five? And in peace or in war, from its home—until our star, that promised our emblem shall be. There’s a band of our brave near Mississippi. The “Wisconsin Eagles” by name, Their riders’ hot breath—like the simoon—bring their day. And their bayonets gleam bright as the sun. In the march, in the strife, in the struggle for the land. Over the field that with carnage is red, By round or square, by the hands of these men. The wings of an eagle are spread. The eagle reigns over the world. When such thrilling breeze. Best hit at our enemy’s breast. With hearts full of love for the red, white, and blue. They reached to the end of all. With the flag of stars, which they take to the war. They were taken by a strong eagle’s eye, And the fine hearts quailed when the brunt known to the heavens, the dead, and the living. The eagle reigns over the red field of slain.

**Conclusion of his remarks he asked the soldiers to take off their hats; the twelve regiments forming this division being close in mass, uncovered to a man. Now, said he, “I am no soldier for the President of the United States, and such a sight as went up from the division never before was heard in this portion of Louisiana. Now said he, “three cheers for the proclamation,” and three tremendous cheers were given that must have been heard in Vicksburg. After cheering for the generals and other officers present, the regiment filed off to their camp, and then applications for commissions began to be written. The appointments will be made in a few days, and in my next I will give you the names of the lucky men in our regiment. The light is coming to view—the end is not far off—the government is in earnest, and so is the army. Hoping for a speedy and honorable peace, I am yours for the Union for ever.

W. B. BRITTEN,

8th Wis. Inf. Ver.

The Passage of the Vicksburg Batteries
—The Eighth Wisconsin Regiment

The following Wisconsin regiments were in the last battles under Gen. Grant:

1st “ Col. Strong
2nd “ Col. Kaufman
3rd “ Col. Mower
4th “ Col. Bourn
5th “ Col. Dill
6th “ Col. Judkins
7th “ Col. Harris
8th “ Col. O’Connell
9th “ Col. Lanahan
10th “ Col. Judkins
11th “ Col. Bryant
12th “ Col. Maley
13th “ Col. Mower
14th “ Col. Judkins
15th “ Col. Judkins
16th “ Col. Judkins
17th “ Col. Judkins
18th “ Col. Judkins
19th “ Col. Judkins
20th “ Col. Judkins

Lient. Pierce states also that the following regiments were probably moved down from Memphis, and were engaged, viz:

12th Regiment, Col. Bryant.
34th “ Col. Howe.
36th “ Col. Jones.

We had besides three batteries, if not more — the 1st, 6th, and 12th.

**Correspondence of the Gazette.**

**From the "Eagle" Regiment.**

**Headquarters: The New Wis. Inf. Left Vol., Camp near Vicksburg, Miss.**

**Editors Gazette:**—Yesterday the United States forces under General Grant, after a sharp engagement, triumphantly entered the capital of Mississippi, and I am now writing to you from under the roof of the state capital, on the top of which floats the good old flag. The paper, pen and ink that I am using are all secesh. We lost quite a number killed and wounded. The 2nd Brigade, composed of the 5th Minnesota, 8th Wisconsin, 11th and 47th Illinois, and the 2d Iowa battery, was the first to enter the town. General Mower ordered us to charge into the town, we came at a double-quick for about one mile, and the rebs, composed mostly of South Carolinians and Georgia troops, got out at tramp-quick, better time than we could make. We captured all their artillery, and equipments of all sorts in abundance. The great depots of the confederacy for this state are here. The arsenals and foundries, and all confederate arsenals, are being burned at different parts of the city. The deposits and railroads are being destroyed and great will be the loss of the rebs by this raid. I think we will leave here soon with the whole army for some other point, probably to capture Vicksburg. I will send you a copy of the Daily Mississippian, published here the morning we entered the town. It will make you laugh to read the editorial column. He says in one of his editorials:

"**Arrival of Gen. Joe Johnston.**—We are pleased to know that Gen. Johnston arrived here last evening. He will immediately make such disposition of the troops as the commanding general of the Yankees to capture our state capital."
At 1 p.m., Joe Johnston was beautifully whipped by McPherson on our left, and at two we (Sherman's corps) silenced all their batteries on the right; and at three our skirmishers joined with McPherson's, and ordered to prepare for the final charge, the whole line for some three or four miles charged upon the city with such a yell as only Yankees can give, our brigade standing the brunt in Sherman's corps during the whole movement.

We were at once ordered to occupy the state buildings and grounds, and are on provost duty at present. The men all got everything they wanted, the rebels leaving everything behind. "To the victors belong the spoils." We had been without tests for 14 days and marching continually, only laying still one day during that time. Yesterday the rain came down in torrents during our advance on the town and all were soaked through, but the men were in hopes of capturing the town, and were determined, and did it with a will. There were none killed in our regiment, most of the fighting on our road was done with artillery, we supporting it. We have a large lot of prisoners captured here and at the battle of Raymond on the 12th; well, to make the thing short, we have got everything, and we can march to the gulf if the word is given, but I think Vicksburg is our next place.

We are living mostly of the country, and find plenty of everything, except bread and salt. We can live here. I wish you could have heard the shouts of our troops when the signal corps run up the stars and stripes on the capitol as our brigade entered the west gate of the grounds. "Old Abe," our eagle, flapped his wings and looked at us like to say, " bully for us." I have not time to give you a full description of our journey since we left Young's Point. We passed through a very wealthy part of Louisiana. Saw many alligators, crossed the Mississippi on the gunboat Louisiana to Grand Gulf, and marched to Jackson in 14 days. We have had hard times but are paid in full up to this time. I will write again as soon as convenient.

Respectfully yours,

W. B. BRITON, 8th Wis.

From the "Eagle" Regiment.

Editors' Gazette:—We have just been through one of the most desperate undertakings of the war. After four days constant fighting and bombarding, yesterday was selected as the day to assault the enemy's works and try to take them by storm. Bristo's division of our corps (Sherman's) led the way at 10 o'clock, and succeeded in getting into the walls of the forts and planted the flag there, but meeting with such resistance they fell back, and at 3 p.m., Gen. Mower, commanding the 2nd brigade to which we are attached, was called on by Gen. Sherman to charge, through a ravine by the flank and enter the works by a road near one of the forts. The movement commenced is earnest; as we entered the ravine all the guns were trained on the brigade marching by the flank in four ranks, and it better be imagined than described how men were slaughtered as we entered the works; so many men were killed and wounded that the road was clogged up so as to prevent some parts of the brigade from getting the works. Four companies from our regiment and the 5th Minnesota were turned off the right at this place and filed under course of a hill and the fire of Waterhouse's battery. The enemy threw shell with such accuracy as to explode four in succession within fifteen yards of us, one blew up a limber chest of the battery near us, and by without injuring any one. Lieut. Chapman of company F was killed, Capt. Ewes mortally wounded, Col. Jefferson lost one finger, and many others in the regiment and brigade horribly mangled and many dead. We got immediately under the works, but to enter in four ranks would be madness. We fought them until darkness closed the scene. As a rebel would stick his head above the works a hundred shots would be sent at him.

The artillery is constantly engaged and the mortar and gunboats are throwing shell night and day. Our line extends from above Vicksburg on the river to Warren ton below, and no one can get in or out without being shot. We have got them tight and they must surrender soon or come out and fight us. We will meet them outside their works cheerfully, but to undertake to carry the place by assault cannot, in my opinion, be done, for we have been up and had a look at the thing and are pretty well satisfied. We are not whipped, we hold all we have gained. Our sharpshooters are directly under their works, and it is almost impossible for them to load their guns for fear of being hit by shell.

We have captured since we landed in Mississippi, over 10,000 men, ammunition by the ton, two cannon foundries, arsenals, workshops of all kinds.

As for prices of living I will give you a few figures: Flour $1.60 a barrel; sugar $1 a pound; coffee $6 a pound; no tea; ladies shoes $20 per pair; boots $36 per pair; bacon $1 per pound; common felt hat $3. I paid for a piece of bacon, corn bread and rye coffee, all that the best total afforded; $1 per meal, the above is the bill of fare, $1 in greenbacks or $2 in Confederate currency was the price.

We have been successful in all the battles since we landed in Mississippi and will be successful here. We are in good spirits and will soon have the river open. We have slept out doors for twenty-two nights, without tents, been three days and only had four meals to eat, half rations the remainder of the time. We are laying now on the battle field, many of us with the graves of our fallen comrades for pillows, and throughout I never saw less dissatisfaction than in this campaign, each one seems to feel as if the whole thing depended on himself. Company G had one man wounded and some missing.

W. B. BRITON, 8th W. I. V.

THE VICKSBURG BATTLE.

G. W. BRITON Description of the Part the Eighth Wisconsin Took.

March of the 8th Wis. from Duck Port, La. To the Enemies Works near Vicksburg, Miss. —20 Days on the March.—Incidents of the March.—Capture of the City of Jackson.—March to Vicksburg.—Capture of Governor and Legislature.—Capture of Property.—Capture of the City of Jackson.—March to Vicksburg.—Capture of Governor and Legislature.—Capture of Procession.—Capture of Property.—Capture of Prisoners.—Arrival in Vicksburg.—A Desperate Charge.—Result and Consequences of the 8th Wis. at Vicksburg.

Before us stands the City of Vicksburg, Miss., the last rebel stronghold in the South before the Union Army, and it is surrounded by the armies of the United States, 20 days being the time required to march from the enemy's outposts to the city. The march was made through a country thickly populated, and the enemy was always on the alert to prevent our troops from reaching the city.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD NEAR VICKSBURG.

Sunday, May 20, 1863.

This letter comes to you from the bloody battlefield of Vicksburg, from a scene that comes to the eye and sinking to the heart that is never to be forgotten. I tell you that for those that lie around us, writhing in the agonies of death and suffering. Another desperate charge has been made, and a thousand brave boys who went in to share the fate of victory or death, today lie around us in the cold embrace of death, and while the cannon roar is hushed for a while, to be revived with double fury in the next. I have not time to give you a full description of our journeyings from our last old camps near Young's Point, and mark the success we have had. We have marched through a country that has been compelled to endure during a march of some twenty days, through a tract of country we are told that is full of all of our government.

Our "new canals" at Duck Port having...
proven an unsuccessful enterprise, as conse-
quent upon the rapid fall of the river, a wagon-
road was constructed which answered the pur-
pose as well, and on the 3d day of May in-
stant, opened into both banks of the Mississippi
river, and started on our march to join the army that had preceded us. Two days are required to make a house cheerful. We had
been located happily for the better comfort and
use of the town. More education, refinement and taste once
lived here; but now alas! for the fate of war, those
houses of comfort have been deserted. The house of Dr. Bowle-and the mansion of
very plantation was filled with the comfort of the owners; sofas
beds, carpets, pictures, and libraries, all of which
were destroyed, and every room a charred
beauty. In this lake, alligators of the largest
came in abundance for the hotter comfort and
such extensive
limits
thick
sky.
was decorated
for the lift of the
from the plantations to the
decorative
all day. Such a
vast extent of territory, and such extensive
leaves, and live oak trees hom
of water,
inter.mixed with peudant.s of Spanish moss.
falling corn, and maidens pursued it in its
lovec. The famous cotton fields
lawn, the waving corn,
be due for the
the advancement of our troops upon her MIS-
months, and the smoke of burning
vast
in their supply of ration-
were
by several.
progress. Skirmished with the
was an old Ucgiess
be
on the road to
and scavengers.
the woods on the
was

The weather was cool, and the roads remarkably
good. We made fourteen miles to-day, and
the prospects were
grass, and
and five miles wide. We have been travel-
ing on one vast plantation nearly all day. Such a
vast
and corn and cotton
despite
the
corn
field that
expect
to see. As far as the eye could reach; the waving corn,
early three feet high, and
flehing to the
also
refined
into
our
miles
of
cotton
cuts
foot of
and between Perkins plantation and Hard
T https://www.gutenberg.org/files/16586/16586-h/16586-h.htm
 spacious, and growing to the
fourth
of the
plantation,
some
New
Carthage.
that day, we were favored with a
rain, which settled the
dust, which, before was almost
suffocating.

May 7th.—We left camp at 3.45 a.m. The weather was cool, and the roads remarkably
good. We made fourteen miles, to-day. In the
planticn of
ten miles long, and
five miles wide. We have been travel-
ing on one vast plantation nearly all day. Such a
vast extent of territory, and such extensive corn and cotton fields, I never expected to see. As
far as the eye could reach; the waving corn,
early three feet high, and
arable
foot of cotton
we
arrived in camp at
the Mississippi river, thirty-two miles below
Vicksburg, at 4 o'clock, P.M. The proprietor of this vast estate is a
member of the rebel Congress; and rather than risk his magnificent mansion falling into the
hands of the Federals, set fire to his home and
and burned them to the ground. Our
Troops
camped in his park, beneath the
shade of the most beautiful trees and shrubbery
that I ever saw. We met here the 18th Wis-
consin, and had the pleasure of shaking hands with
many old friends.

May 8th.—We resumed our march at 6 A.
M. To-day our route lay along the levee, for
two or three miles, and then turned to the
right, until we reached the shores of Lake St.
Joseph. This lake is a narrow body of water,
and was twenty
between the levee and the
bed of the
River, and is now con-
tected with it by a
at Hard Times
Leudi. It is
its
its
years,
least
and live oak trees, from
whose branches hang the gracesst of foliage,
interpreted with petals of Spanish
Tribune.

This
is
the
left,
is
extremely picturesque
from
a
height, a
lake,
alligators
the
flora
of
in
the
lake.

May 9th.—This is Sunday, the 10th inst.
Remained in camp at Rocky Springs all
day. Got a call from G. W. Brown, on
for his baggage
at
Port
Gibson. No baggage allowed to cross the
river. The roads
and
the weather
were very
dusty. After
at
this
point, and

May 14th.—This was the 14th day of May
This
be
enough
months, and
the
ash
of
by
them.

May 12th.—Marched at 10 a.m. Three
miles out
river
burned
by
the
enemy, and

crossed
thereon
the
gunboat
Louisville.
At
3 P.M.
our
forces
saw
the
remains
of
the
two
talons
of
the
tributary

to
the
Mississippi

May 13th.—Resumed the march at 4 a.m.
Arrived in Raymond at 10 a.m. From
the
town and
country, over
hills and through valleys, with

May 11th.—Marched from Rocky Springs at
6 a.m. Roads very dusty, and almost suffocating.

May 10th.—Marched from Rocky Springs at
6 a.m. Roads very dusty, and almost suffocating.

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May 11th.—Marched from Rocky Springs at
6 a.m. Roads very dusty, and almost suffocating.

May 10th.—Marched from Rocky Springs at
6 a.m. Roads very dusty, and almost suffocating.
at 3 p.m., captured the city of Jackson, all the enemy's artillery and a large amount of small arms and other valuable property. Our forces marched thence to the river, on double quick, and made the water fords of the victors, to the State Capital where they took position. The enemy had a number of some eight thousand under General Johnston having fled in a Southerly direction. We occupied Bag from the home of the State House and on our own ground banner there where in triumph it floated during our stay in town. Gen. Crook took up Headquarters at the Bouman House. Gen. Sherman and staff occupied, a magnificent dwelling near the courts of the city. Gen. Mower, commanding our Brigade, occupied the Supreme Court House, in the Capitol. Col. Roberts, 8th Wis., in office of Judges of Errors and Appeals. Col. Web, 33d Mo., in "Secretary of State" room. Col. Hubbard, 6th Minn., in "Attorney General's Office." Col. Clemmell, 4th Wis., in office of "State Librarian." Col. Jeffersou, Provost Marshal, occupied the "State Treasurer's Office," which was crowded day and night by the citizens and refugees seeking protection after the burning of the "Land Office." Supt. of Education occupied the "Land Office," where is administered to the affections of many of the citizens. The Senate and Assembly judges and all the State rooms were crowded with prisoners.

May 15th.—Our forces marched from Jackson at 11 o'clock, a.m., with rebel cavalry at our heels. Col. Cromwell, 47th Illinois Volunteers, having returned to the city to look after stragglers, &c., was captured, and has not been heard from since. Report says he was shot by a citizen in the street. Many of the colored population fell behind in our train, and every man and woman, together with wagons, horses, &c., were seized and carried away. The blacks for conveying our bundles of house property of open rebels, was consigned to the flames. The citizens, men, women, and boys, were in the trenches, &c., were shelled and bombarded the city, but their courage failed them when they saw the glittering of our bayonets and heard the wild cheering of our advance, in the Capitol. Col. Roberts, 8th Wis., in office of Judges of Errors and Appeals. Col. Web, 33d Mo., in "Secretary of State" room. Col. Hubbard, 6th Minn., in "Attorney General's Office." Col. Clemmell, 4th Wis., in office of "State Librarian." Col. Jeffersou, Provost Marshal, occupied the "State Treasurer's Office," which was crowded day and night by the citizens and refugees seeking protection after the burning of the "Land Office." Supt. of Education occupied the "Land Office," where is administered to the affections of many of the citizens. The Senate and Assembly judges and all the State rooms were crowded with prisoners.

May 21st.—Our forces marched from Clinton and the 8th Wis. Volunteers arrived at the town about 10 o'clock this morning for a combined assault on the enemy's works. It was attempted, and with what success you will see. At 11 A.M. the signal was given. The batteries opened their sulphurous mouths, and sent death and destruction into their stronghold. The gunboats on the river (we are in sight of them) commenced the bombardment on the city. Our troops, with McClellan's corps on the left, McPherson's in the center, and Sherman's on the right, marched forth to face the storm of iron that came like a whitewater showering from the heavens. Our troops fired into our ranks, steadily onward to meet the enemy, who were now at work in earnest, dealing their demon-like missiles with a terrible and deadly column. It was a time that tried men's souls; and while many wavered and trembled with fear, those who were determined to do their duty, marched steadily forward to meet death, which seemed to stare them in the face, should receive the reward of a brave man. The 2d Bn. hosts rushed forward into the lion's angry mouth, with a yell and a bound, at double quick, with bayonets fixed. They charged most furiously up to the very brink of the ditch, which was already heaped with the bodies of the dead and dying, who lay gasping in the last agony of torture and pain. A most heart-rending scene. The keen whistle of musketry and the deafening roar of artillery made the bravest falter when they approached the ditch. Our flag was planted upon the ramparts, but it was impossible to scale the works of this point, and our men were sent back in good order to our original position. Night brought the enemy's works to be dismantled, and several thousand of them fell into our hands.

May 17th.—Resumed the march at 5 a.m., arrived at Black River Bridge. Our forces skirmished with the enemy from 4 to 8 miles out from Jackson at 2 a.m. The 8th Wis. Volunteers made a tedious march, with scarcity of rations all the way. Our men were much fatigued and footsore.

May 22nd.—Last evening we received an order from General Grant, dated 11 A.M., in which he directed us to report to him at 9 a.m. of the following morning, with the 8th Wis. to report into our own hands. The 8th Wis. marched forth to face the storm of iron that came like a whitewater showering from the heavens. Our troops fired into our ranks, steadily onward to meet the enemy, who were now at work in earnest, dealing their demon-like missiles with a terrible and deadly column. It was a time that tried men's souls; and while many wavered and trembled with fear, those who were determined to do their duty, marched steadily forward to meet death, which seemed to stare them in the face, should receive the reward of a brave man. The 2d Bn. hosts rushed forward into the lion's angry mouth, with a yell and a bound, at double quick, with bayonets fixed. They charged most furiously up to the very brink of the ditch, which was already heaped with the bodies of the dead and dying, who lay gasping in the last agony of torture and pain. A most heart-rending scene. The keen whistle of musketry and the deafening roar of artillery made the bravest falter when they approached the ditch. Our flag was planted upon the ramparts, but it was impossible to scale the works of this point, and our men were sent back in good order to our original position. Night brought the enemy's works to be dismantled, and several thousand of them fell into our hands.

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We have captured 81 cannon, 40,000 stand of small arms at the different battles (not Vicksburg). I was ordered to turn over 5,000 prisoners in my charge to-day, and that is why I am here. I will return to my regiment in one hour, which is only five miles distant. We just lived on what we could pick up during the past three weeks, and I have been almost completely exhausted from hunger, loss of sleep, and fatigue. Vicksburg will be ours in a day or two, but it has cost as many thousand lives as you can count.

I write this hoping you may get it in season.

Yours. J. W. JEFFERSON.

From the Eighth Regiment.

CAMP ON THE RIGHT REG. VISCONS. VOL.,
18 SIEGE OF VICKSBURG, MAY 28, 1863.

On the 19th we arrived here, within a quarter of a mile of the enemy's breastworks, which Blair's division had charged upon during the day, and accomplished no more than to lose a large number of men. They got up under the breastworks, where the rebels could not hurt them nor the rebels, and laid there till dark, when they got out of their position.

Day before yesterday there was another grand charge made all along the line. In the first place, a party went up to the work and placed 12-foot ladders against the breastworks, and they would not reach the top. The troops, instead of charging in the usual manner, had to charge by the right flank, and they could shoot their guns down for keeps. Our brigade charged on the works, and lost 115 killed and wounded, and accomplished nothing. It was ostentatious. At Rock Springs, we lay over one of the hottest fires I ever saw. The bayonet was the canister, grape, shell and bullets which the rebels had cracked around us was a cannonade.

Most of my regiment had got across a road which the rebels cannonaded, when Gen. Tuttle ordered no more troops to pass until the fire ceased some. We laid down behind a hill, and well it was for us, or we would have had few left. One shell exploded in the 6th Minnesota and killed four of the fight. The next morning we got our artillery into position when both, and burned a bridge on our road to keep us back so they could fight each division separately. The burning of the bridge put us back four hours, and Logan upon the enemy at Mississippi Springs, 12 miles from Jackson. We immediately formed in line of battle, and the 5th Mien. were sent out as skirmishers. The enemy left, and, as it was near night, we lay in line till morning, when we reeled the march to Jackson, our brigades again taking the advance. This was the 14th. It rained hard and the mud and water was soon shoe deep, but we kept on without slackening our pace, and came on their pickets about two miles out from town and skirmishing commenced. We drove them back and got our artillery into position when both sides kept up a brisk fire for about half an hour. Mower was getting uneasy, and asked Tuttle and Sherman to let him charge. At first they refused, but finally let him go. It was a sight worth seeing—the four regiments in line with fixed bayonets, on double quick across the field, mud shoe deep. About 50 rods from where we started was a creek with very steep banks, and slowly by the rain. We plunged in, helped another up the opposite bank, and in about two minutes were formed again. I looked back, and saw the 1st and 3d brigades following us from the wood. Off we went again, yelling like mad. Ahead of us was a fence, and back of that a wood. A better place to form a line of battle and give us a murderous fire could not be desired, and I expected and thought it certain, but on we went, nothing opposed us, and, when we reached their works, they were running, leaving everything and making good time. Gen. Sherman gave Mower the privilege to take his brigade into the town. That night we camped in the Capitol Square. We destroyed a great amount of property, and took many cannon, and staid there one day and two nights. We shall never have to take that place again.

We arrived here on the 19th. On the 21st Gen. Grant sent round as order that the next day at ten o'clock we would charge the enemy's works at all points 150 men from each division he wanted to volunteer to carry boards and other things necessary to get over with, they to lead the charge. At 10, the advance was made, but our men could do nothing more than to get to the works; not a single point was carried. We were met in it, but at 4 o'clock our brigade was called, made a charge and failed. Our regiment suffered but little; only one man killed on the field, Lieut. Chapman. The 11th lost 111 in killed and wounded. We can take Vicksburg, but never in that way. It is useless to try it.

We are digging roads, planting guns, and fixing up for a siege. The guns and mortar boats in front and our heavy artillery here keep up a constant fire, which must make it uncomfortable in the town. We are almost under their guns, but they cannot use them. A deserter, who
came out, says we have killed a great
many women and children. Grant gave
Pemberton a chance to send them out,
but the latter said he could take care of
his non-combatants.

I have sent you a bundle of Southern
papers. There are two daily's of the
14th. The daily was the last paper
published in Jackson, and it will be the
last for some time; for Union men have
had a handling of the type and machine-
ry—everything destroyed.

I do not know but I had better give
you some of the Jackson prices as I ob-
tained them from citizens: Flour, 25
per sack; corn meal, $4 per bushel;
bacon, $1 per lb; sugar, 50 cts. to $1
—we destroyed acres of its, the street
were blocked up with it;—whiskey
$60 per gallon; common calico, 40
ty; jeans, $30; ladies ' common whit
pocket handkerchiefs, $7.50; I have
common kind of hat, worth perhaps $2.
50 at the North, that they sold for $20
course shoes, $18. Prices fell very fast
on the 14th. Everything we want-
could find was cheap. You ought
to have seen the train of buggies an
carriages we brought away—all styles
worth from $5 to $2,000, and horses
and mules without number.

Must close.

Yours affectionately,
E. Wilcox.

Young's Point, La., June 12, 1863.

Dear Parents:

I joined the regiment here last night.
The prospect of a little rest is refresh-
ing just now, but if it is allowed, whe-
ther we can enjoy it here or not is the
question. I am told that one third of
our regiment is already on the sick list.
Such times as we have experienced for
the past six weeks not only tires men's
souls but their physical powers also.

Out in all kinds of weather, and March-
ing without a sufficient supply of suit-
able food, are bound to leave their trace
on the best of men. When we would
lie down at night, no one could tell
where we would be in the morning. The
hardest march we had was from Jackson
to Black River.

We left Jackson about noon on the
16th, and came out to Clinton, where
we halted and were told we would have
two hours to rest and make coffee. Dur-
ing this time we would also have to
draw rations. Scarcely were our fires
lit when the bugle blew to "fall in," and
without a morsel to eat, we again set out. About 3 o'clock in the morn-
ing we halted again, and Gen. Mowers
came around and told us what we want-
ed—we could rest till daylight, when we
must again be on the move to try and
reach the river before the enemy; he was
sure all were willing to undergo the
hardship. We started off somewhat re-
freshed, but took the wrong road, went
three miles, and then had to counter-
march. We could hear the cannon at
Black River, and knew that the day's
work was going on. About noon, a
hostile came along with a report of a
splendid victory at the river. We then
stacked arms, and, after doing some good
cheering, we lay down and rested about
four hours, when we went on through.—

The tide is pealed off of one of my heels
an inch and a half long by an inch wide,
done by a blister made on that march—

The other was almost as bad, and the lit-
tle ones too plentiful to count; there was
but little complaining.

I should think, from what newspaper
registrants say, that our brigade was
not at Jackson at all. I do know, how-
ever, that we led the charge, were the
first in the city, and camped in the Cap-
itol Square. And I know who burned the
place, and who got the plunder, and
were the last troops to leave the place.

Col. Cromwell went back after we were
out about half a mile. I saw him when
he went. He was wounded in the arm
by a piece of a shell in taking the place,
and had it in a sling. That was the
last of him. He was going to find some
boys that had been left, and was killed.
He was a fighting man, and was nearly
as intimate with his brigade as any pri-
vate, and was well liked.

I do not feel like writing yet, and am

writing for the present.

When I write again, it will be after I have read
a letter from some of you.

Correspondence of the Daily gazette.

From the 11th Wis. Reg.

Hannibal Burt, Yaros River, June 1st, 1863.

Editors Gazette—When I wrote to you
last we were laying under the guns of the
batteries at Vicksburg, after storming the
works, but for the last six days we have
been on an expedition to Mechanicville,

20 miles from Yazoo City, along the coun-
try lying between the Yazoo and Black
rivers. Some parts are very rich. A brig-
ade from each division of McPherson's and
Sherman's army corps accompanied the ex-
pedition, numbering in all about ten thou-
sand men. The object was to protect our
rearguard from a movement of Johnston. We
met the enemy at Mechanicsville, and after
slight skirmish in which we lost 16 killed
and wounded, the enemy fled. Finding no
strong force of the enemy, and remaining
one night, we were ordered back along the
valley. We were ordered to destroy all
cotton marked C. S. A., all the corn, mills,
&c. The order was carried out. We burned
an immense amount of cotton and corn,
besides cotton gins and mills. For two
days marching we were not out of sight of
burning buildings and granaries. We
brought back off about 1600 head of cattle and
as many mules, some of the finest I ever
saw, loaded 200 wagons with cotton, and
found lots of chickens and fresh meats of
all kinds to use on the trip.

We have had hard times for the last 30
days, how many miles I could not tell, we
have marched in that time; but by looking
on the map you can see the route we trav-
elled since we left Young's Point. We
crossed the river at Grand Gulf, after
marching through Louisiana, from Grand
Gulf to the rear of Port Gibson, thence to
Raymond, from Raymond to Mississippi
Springs, then to Jackson, from Jackson, af-
lter being the first in and last out, we
marched to Black river, and, after beating
the enemy from us, we marched directly on
Vicksburg, taking part at once in storming
the works; meeting with a severe loss, but
not a defeat, the particulars of which I
suppose you have long before this been
made acquainted with.

We were at once ordered to move to
Sundy's Bluffs. Thirty minutes after the
order was given the brigade was in motion,
marching all night. We remained at this
place 12 hours, and received orders to
move with other forces coming to our sup-
port, to hunt for Joe Johnston, and if found,
to fight and whip him, and save our rear.

We have traveled 80 miles over a broken
country in the last five days, with the sun
so hot as the hottest days you have in Wis-
consin. The men have layed out without
sleep now for 90 nights, and marched or
fought every day but two, have been on
half rations, have not changed our shirts
for four weeks, many of the men are
bare-footed, but we have met with such
glorious success that but few have grum-
bled.

Such hardships as have been endur-
for the past month by this army, has no
comparison in this war, but I want to ask
you if we have not accomplished much, and
have we not the thanks of a grateful coun-
try? Have you been called upon to put
such news in print since this war com-
menced? Every man here seemed to think
that all depended on him, and nobly have
done all their duty in this campaign. It
will take 40,000 men in our rear to raise
the siege of Vicksburg. We have them,
and no mistake. We are all present at the
Haines' Bluff, and if Johnston comes to
the relief of Pemberton we will be the first
snag he will run against, and he will find
a very large hole in the hull of his rotten old
hulk after he is brought too by the shock
that he will receive after running against
Mower's old brigade. The old eagle still
lives and grows fat over the victories just
accomplished. Our pickets captured five
dispatch bearers from Pemberton to John-
ston a few nights since, saying that the
troops were on quarter rations; all their
cattle and mules dying for the want of for-
age; that the shells from our guns had
killed 90 women, and that unless he, John-
ston, made as many possible dispatches to help
raise the siege, they would have to surren-
der. What a hell it must be for those in
Vicksburg! Just imagine a line of bat-
teries from a point above the city on the
Mississippi river, to a point below, a line
of about eight miles directly, a half circle
in the rear, and all our mortar and gun-
boats in front, throwing in shell night and
day for twelve days. The battery in our
brigade in four days and nights threw
3,000 shot and shell into the rebel works.
There are at least 30 brigades here, and
and some of them have two batteries. Then
we have about 60 of the captured guns in
position. I think we have as many as 210
field pieces in position, besides heavy siege
batteries in the rear, and the navy in front.
Continual bombarding is kept up by night
as well as day.

It has got to be so common to us that
we scarcely notice the firing at all. There
was an artillery fight for five hours on the 25th
of May, to bury the dead. The men of
both armies mingled together for that time
in hunting for wounded, and burying the
dead. After the time was up men that
had just been convenging together, were
watching their chances to get a shot at
each other's heads; such is war. We ex-
pect to have possession of the city soon,
The troops are generally pretty healthy.
We will soon have green corn now. We
have new potatoes, and blackberries have
been ripe for a month past. I will now
close, as it is too late to be comfortable
sitting in one position. My best wishes to
all, hoping soon to see peace restored hon-
ourably. I am yours, &c.

W. B. BRITTON, 8th W. I. V.
Correspondence of the Daily Gazette.
From the Eagle Regiment.

YOUNG'S POINT, La., June 13, 1863.

Editors Gazette:—For the first time in
43 days, the regiment has tents to sleep in.
We have been on another expedition, up
the Yazoo river to Sartaria, 80 miles from
this point. We also made another trip to
Mechanicsburg, skirmishing with the ene-
my and driving him four miles, with a loss
on our side of 1 killed and 16 wounded—
two from our regiment, both dangerously.
The enemy lost in killed 6, 30 wounded,
and 100 prisoners. Our regiment did
some splendid skirmishing, driving the
rebels for near two miles at double quick,
into and through the town, they firing from
the buildings at us, and we fired the build-
ings. We have Taylor's Chicago battery
with us now, six guns, and they did some
splendid shooting in the engagement at
Mechanicsburg.

We arrived at Haines' Bluff on last Sun-
day night, and Monday night Mower's brig-
ade was ordered to Young's Point, to pro-
tect government stores and gunboats, and
to guard against the rebels coming over
from Vicksburg and destroying the mortar
boats, which are giving them so much
trouble. We expect some trouble here from
the force that attacked the negro regi-
ments at Milliken's, last Sunday, but I
think the blacks gave them a dose that
will regulate them for a short time. We
don't want to hear any more about negroes
not fighting. I have made many inquiries,
and all agree that the negroes fought bravely,
and used the bayonet freely. I talked with
one of the 9th Louisiana, who was
wounded in the foot and through the arm.
I asked him if he shot many times. "Yes,
sir," said he, "I shot right smart, and 1
punched with my bayonet, too." "What,"
said I, "you don't mean to say you killed
a rebel with your bayonet?" "Oh yes,
sir; I'm sure I killed him, for I put
the bayonet clear through him, and he
just light over on his back, and I know he
is done gone dead, sure." I asked him, if
the gunboats had not come up as they did,
it he did not think the rebels would ha
whipped them. "Well, master," said he,
"you see, there was surely four of them to
one of us, and I think they would after a
while get de best of us, for you see they
had so many that they would soon had us
all killed, and then you know we could not
done any more wid 'em." I think that
pretty good. If they intend to fight until
they are all killed, I think they will do to
use for soldiers. I wish there were five
hundred thousand of them in the field, to-
day.

I wrote to you about two weeks ago, say-
ing that it would take forty thousand men
to raise the siege of Vicksburg. To-day,
it would take one hundred thousand. Don't
feel uneasy—we have a sure thing. It will
take a little time, but better take a few
weeks than to lose fifteen or twenty thou-
sand men. We are all willing to wait.
We have all been at the door, and have
seen the elephant; we got into the trench
es, but could not climb them. I gave you
an account of the part our regiment and
brigade took in the storming of the works,
in a letter written a few days after the fight.
Our lines are so close to the enemy now
that men of the two armies can con-
verse with each other, and I am informed
that 400 federal guns frown on the besieg-
ed city. Bombarding is kept up morning
and evening, and by the mortar boats dur-
ing the night. The middle of the days are
so hot that both armies lay off in the shade.
Our sharpshooters lay so close to the rebel
forts that it is almost impossible for them
to work their guns. If a man sticks his
head above the works he is sure to get a
dozens bullets sent at him. To day General
Grant is thundering away at them with all
his artillery, and we are having the biggest
4th of July down here now a-days you ever
read about. It commenced this morning,
and for 48 hours 400 guns will shoot shot
and shell into the enemy's works; some of
them throw shot that weigh over 200 lbs.
Men are at work mixing the forts, and
some of them will soon be torn to atoms
with powder.

A part of the 8th regiment is on picket
duty directly in front of the city, at short
range with a rifle, to keep the men from
obtaining water from the Mississippi, and
to prevent any portion of them from escap-
ing on rafts across into Louisiana. The
health of the regiment is not good at pres-
ent. The most of the men are worn out
from fatigue, and more men are sick now
than any time since we were in Missouri.
The weather is very warm, here, and the
hottest is yet to come.

Wisconsin has 13 infantry regiments,
eight cavalry regiment, and several batteries
around Vicksburg. Some of the new regi-
ments suffered terribly from the heat in
marching from Mechanicsburg down. Sev-
eral out of the 27th died on the march from
the effects of heat. The 29th nearly all
dropped out along the way. It is surpris-
ing to see the difference between old and
new troops in marching. Our brigade came into camp in good shape, while brigades composed of new troops were in very bad order, but they will soon get used to it. We have been at it now nearly two years, and if any other brigade has been hammering around more than we have its unknown to you. You know everybody thinks their regiment has done the most.

The morning of the 14th we started for Richmond distant 25 miles arrived there the morning of the 15th and were joined by Gen. Elliott of the Marine brigade with a reg't of infantry and a battery and one battalion of cavalry and making our who force about 2000. Our brigade never went out so small. Our company left the Capt. and 17 sick in camp. Six or seven more gave out on the way. Probably more than one third of the brigade were left in camp, but the 63d Ill. went with us so that we had about our number.

About 10 o'clock on the 15th, we had driven the enemy's pickets back so that we formed our first line within a mile and a half of the town and opened both batteries. After a little skirmishing we advanced half a mile farther, driving the enemy back to his main line across the Tensas river. The batteries took new positions and commenced shelling the enemy retuming the fire. Our regiment and the 11th Mo. now deployed to the right as far as the river, and advanced up it. We had left the main column behind a skirt of timber, and this movement fooled the enemy. When we showed ourselves within half a mile of them they thought us another column, and after firing a few shots they ran.—They burned the bridge, or set it on fire and we put it out.

They had two brigades and 6 pieces of artillery, and were posted behind a fort and the levee with the river between us. According to the statements of their own prisoners they had about double our number. If they had fought we could not have taken the place. As it was, we did, and burned every house and all the houses between here and there. The loss on both sides was small. We returned here last night.

For three days now, the cannonading at Vicksburg has been terrible. It seems as though the final struggle was taking place. Day before yesterday the rebels tried to break out, and it is reported, again yesterday. I have no doubt of our success. Vicksburg, with all its might, must be ours and that soon. It will be one month to-morrow since we closed our lines about it. It is reported that they hold their outside line of works, but I do not know whether it is so or not.

It is also reported that our brigades will have to go back there to-morrow. If we do not, I shall write. We need rest but I shall go on as long as I can, and that is the prevailing spirit. Since the 24th of May I think we have marched about 300 miles and some of the time it has been terribly hot. It has brought down a great many of our bat men. The most of the sickness is ague and bilious complaints. I am well.

Yours,

8th Wts. Reg.
YOUNG'S POINT, Lts., June 18th.

If you could know with what pleasure this morning we were ordered by Gen. McPherson to join the two divisions. After putting all our baggage on the boats, an order came from Grant to remain in camp. Since we have been here we have known but little of the history of the siege of Vicksburg. As long as I remain here I will occupy a noble position.

On the 13th of May the rebels claim to have fought us a heavy battle at Mississippi Springs—I called it a very light skirmish—we took about 30 prisoners and I don't know as we lost a man. Our brigade was in advance and did all that was done. We camped that night.

The next day according to the rule of marching we should have been in the rear of the 1st and 3rd brigades, but instead we again led the column. Of the day's march and the taking of Jackson I have before written. On the 24th we were called to storm the enemy's works at Vicksburg. We were not successful, but did all that men could do. Advancing under a dense fire as can be concentrated on a single road, without firing a gun we gained protection under the very guns of the enemy. Here we lay till the darkness of night enabled us to withdraw. The night of the 25th we started up the Yazoo, Gen. Blair joining us, we were not sure. Nothing but corn miles as high as a man's head and the boat I saw before. You can tell father that it would have been perfectly charming for him, but with me it was pretty long grinding and disagreeable reflections of a toe. We got back as far as Haines Bluff the 31st and remained there till June 3d, when we started back for Mechanicsburg on boats under command of Gen. Kimball; arrived at Sartala the next morning and skirmished to M. Again took the place and burned the whole of it. Took to the country we have to visit twice. Back again to the Bluff the 7th, and the 9th over here. Again on the march the 14th; on the 15th we took and burned Richmond; so our return here we burned everything. It is just one month this brigades has burned a good share of Jackson, all of Mechanicsburg, Sartala and Richmond, besides property enough on plantations to make every man in the brigade rich. We shall soon bring ourselves before the public for what they will be pleased to style our vandalism. There are some yet far out of danger of the enemy's bullets who will set themselves up as judges of our actions. Let them howl howl, let the torch go with the sword and we will finish the work. A thousand doughheads can protest as much as they please but this is now a war of subtraction, while we carry death in one hand and destruction go in the other, twin brothers of war. But it is a war to make war on defenceless women and children. I admit that and I must meet the necessity, so I do the havoc of battle, but while it exists let us meet it in the same way unflinchingly. There are some we can reach in no other way, and make them feel war.

Yesterday and so far this morning (19th) there has been only an occasional firing at Vicksburg. It is quite a fall but I don't know the reason. I was amused in reading a letter to hear of the spruce young man up there playing the soldier. It would have been a good time.
for some patriotic man or woman to have passed around the hat and taken up a collection for our sick and wounded soldiers here and it ought to have been done. Perhaps some of these would be soldiers might have given five cents for the relief of the brave men who have stood an impassable barrier between them and the enemy.

There is no mistake that they do suffer yet more than they ought in a country filled with plenty. I am sorry that it is so, but it is a fact that the women of the South do a great deal more for their soldiers than the women of the North for theirs. At Jackson we got lots of clothing made for the soldiers out of their own wardrobe mostly shirts made of shawls. Their carpets they gave for blankets. Is it strange that their men fight when they see such self-sacrificing spirit on the part of women?

About our success there none have any doubt. We can take care of Pemberton and all they can send against us in any direction. We have got a large guard house (Vicksburg well filled with prisoners and they board themselves but we have to throw in a few shells occasionally to keep them quiet.)

There is more sickness among us than I have ever known before. It is mostly ague. I am well.

Jim Hooker has been sick but is getting better—Dickey the same—Tuttle in the hospital.

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