

er 'Jeff.' After a few rounds <sup>the</sup> betting commenced, and cries of a 'dollar on Jeff,' 'two to one on old Abe,' 'that was a l<sup>as</sup>-terly blow for Jeff.' &c., &c., greeted the ear from every direction. The contest was soon ended and 'old Abe' was vociferously cheered as conqueror of the ring. The old fellow appreciated our applause, straightened himself proudly up, crowed, and spreading his wings, retired to a private life at his family roost. His success was regarded by many as a good omen, and it was conjectured that our peninsular campaign would prove a success. During the day foraging squads were sent out in every direction, visiting only the houses that were known to be occupied by rebels. There was but very little ceremony in our visits; the party would deploy as skirmishers, and surround the house, cutting off the retreat of any one that might find it convenient to skedaddle. Then proceed to take an inventory of their domestic supplies; if these were found plentiful enough to arouse a suspicion that they were not all used for family purposes, they were very quietly relieved of the surplus; consisting of hams, bacon, flour, corn meal, tobacco, &c. Then collecting all the horses, mules and wagons on the plantation, load the forage, and make our exit as quickly as we came; unless those of the party who were prone to yield to the cravings of appetite, could obtain a permit from the officer in command to seek for delicacies in the cellar, where we generally succeeded in finding butter, eggs, &c. Then proceeding to the kitchen, inform Dinah that 'hoe cakes' would be acceptable; and soon make her eyes open wide with astonishment at the ravages of Yankee appetites among warm hoe cakes and butter. The worst feature of our visits was when it was thought necessary to arrest the man of the house. The first instance of this kind was that of a rebel

sutler, (formerly a minister) which your correspondent witnessed while perched on the branch of a hugh cherry tree over their heads. Although they were 'rebs' still it was a touching scene. The father too proud to yield to the promptings of nature before his enemies; kissing each of the little ones as they gathered about him then forced by the guard to tear himself from the embrace of his weeping wife, who already, (as she said) imagiued him

suffering in a Yankee prison, and perhaps put to death by Yankee soldiers. Although a hard-hearted veteran of nearly a year's service, still the scene touched a tender chord and tears of sympathy and cherry-pits all commingling fell.

The next day, June 16th, we marched to Diascond Bridge. The 141st was in the advance of the column, deployed as skirmishers from the centre of the reg't on either side of the road, each man marching at intervals of five paces, forming a line of nearly a mile in length. in the rear of which our column might advance without danger of being surprised by the enemy.

Skirmishing through the woods on a hot, sultry day with a soldier's personal effects is considered by many as rare sport, but we all failed to appreciate it. On we skirmished for nearly ten miles; now through an open space, then plunging into the dense woods, over logs and through thick underbrush, now wading a stream, then climbing up and down the sides of a ravine, the banks lined with interwoven blackberry bushes, through which a passage must be forced, however disagreeable, now wading through a dismal swamp, and stagnant pools, inhabited by a countless throng of hideous reptiles, then miring into a 'slough of despond' so soft that if it had not been for the width of our government sandals, we would have been compelled to exclaim with the sinking Peter 'save or I perish.' All the while every eye must be peeled for bushwhackers. If one falls behind he has to double-quick it to his place in line. It is not surprising that while on such a tramp as this the boys should exclaim 'my kingdom for a horse.'

We remained at Diascond Bridge until June 26th, then marched to White House and pitched our tents on the plantation of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who was the next day taken prisoner by our cavalry. After waiting for reinforcement we moved to Baltimore Cross Roads, July 1st. In the P. M., our pickets were driven in by rebel cavalry, but they were quickly repulsed by one of our batteries that opened on them.

At daybreak we were ordered to fall back about four miles. After sundown we advanced about two miles, halting in an open space, where we closed in mass and stacked arms, with orders to rest by our stacks. Scarcely had sleep spread

its mantle of unconsciousness over us, when, whiz, came a shell over our heads so close every one instinctively hugged the ground; the men sprang to their guns as if the enemy was upon them; Col. Logie ordered them to lay down, scarcely had he given the order when, whiz, came a piece of railroad iron ploughing up a little rise of ground in front of the reg't. passing over us, and burying itself in the ground just in our rear. The rebs had altogether too good a range of our position, and Col. Logie was ordered to have the reg't fall back for a less exposed position. Two companies (E. & K.) were then ordered to skirmish through the woods to ascertain the position of the enemy. After our return our battery opened on the rebs with shell who replied with but a few irregular shots.

Shelling in the night is a fine sight. The roar of the cannon, the bright rocket-like stream of fire, the terrible whizzing of the shell as it goes crashing through the tree-tops, bursting and scattering its messengers of death in every direction, make a very interesting kind of fire works if one is merely out of range.

We remained at Baltimore Cross Roads until the 8th having frequent skirmishes with the rebs, with but little loss on either side, when we were ordered back to Yorktown a distance of sixty miles, which we marched in forty-eight hours. The first day the rain fell until the middle of the afternoon in perfect torrents, making the roads in many places nearly impassable. While marching through a low, swampy place with the mud over our shoe-tops; Col. Logie received a dispatch from Gen. Keyes confirming the success of the army of the Potomac. Although weary with marching, drenched with rain, and nearly covered with mud, our cheers rose loud and wild above the roar of the storm, and splashing of mud in the swamps of the Chickahominy.

We took transports to Washington; then by railroad to Frederick City, where the 141st was assigned to the 11th Army Corps. We left Frederick City on the 13th and after nearly a week's marching and counter-marching succeeded in joining our Corps near Harper's Ferry, and were assigned to the 2d Brigade, 3d Division, 11th Corps.

We crossed the Potomac on pontoons at Berlin on the 19th, and marched to

Warrenton Junction where we are now stationed, camped in the woods, and will probably wait here for our 'ration of conscripts' before we "fight mit Sigel," or at least with his old command. Our continued marching during this hot weather, has proved too much for the strength of many of the boys, forty of which were sent to the hospital at Washington a few days since.

Notice of Capt. Shuits' resignation was received to-day and he leaves for home to-morrow. He was a good officer and had won the respect of all who knew him in the reg't. We were sorry to lose him as captain; yet none could blame him for resigning, knowing that he was actually unable to bear the fatigue of marching.

July 31st—We learn to-day that the 11th Corps has been broken up; the 1st Division will join the 2nd Corps, the 2nd Division will join the 12th Corps, and the 3d Division forms an independent division commanded by Maj. Gen. Carl Schurz, for the purpose of picketing on the railroad, between Rappahannock Station and Manassas Junction.

A. B.

[For the Advertiser.]

HEADQUARTERS 141ST REG'T., N. Y. S. V.,  
WEAVERSVILLE, VA., AUG. 15th.

DIED.—In camp at Weaverville, near Catlett Station, Va., on the 11th inst., of Typho Malarial Fever, ELISHA WRIGHT, aged 32 years.

At Camden Street Hospital, Baltimore, Md., on the 11th inst., EDWIN WARD, aged 21 years.

Both of the above deceased were members of the 141st Reg't., N. Y. S. V., (Co. C.) The result of the visit of the 141st to the Malarial Swamps of the Yorktown Peninsula is being developed by the number of deaths that are reported from the different Hospitals. The number that have been sent to General Hospitals since the Reg't left Yorktown to go up the Peninsula, is 165, and out of that number 22 have died, and many more will be added to the list of deaths.

From our Army Correspondent.

CAMP 141ST REG'T., N. Y. S. V.,  
WARRENTON JUNCTION, VA., Aug 21st.

Editor of Elmira Gazette:

Our regiment is encamped in a beautiful "oak opening" near Warrenton Junction, and enjoying that repose so needful to our health and future usefulness. Picket duty has been rigorously exacted from us, but the arduous duties of the march we have escaped for twenty days. Our Peninsula Campaign preceded by the marches through Maryland and Virginia over taxed the physical abilities of our men endangering health as the sick list attests, and which resulted in the death of two captains (Aldrich and Towle) and twenty four non-commissioned offi-

cers and privates. Five Lieutenants are dangerously sick in Washington and elsewhere and two hundred enlisted are absent sick in the General Hospitals—about fifty with the regiment are reported unfit for duty. This is a sorry record of a regiment that was once so strong and healthy as ours, and is attributable to the forty days soldiering on the Yorktown Peninsula, and contracting a fever common in that malarious region.

The entire army of the Potomac seems to be at rest, or rather inactive but this seeming rest will in all probability be broken ere Autumn is ushered in. This *siesta* will soon develop an apparent object. With the bracing and invigorating air of Fall our ranks will be swollen with the new levies, and as the frosts of October divests the oak of its foliage and leaves it naked to the winter blasts, so will we blot from Virginia with a fell swoop every vestige of treason and scatter like the dry leaves of Autumn those who are arrayed against us. This must be; the valley of the Mississippi is open to us, while the country adjacent the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic sea coast for many miles is in our possession. Over 90,000 rebels have been captured since July 1st. Victory after victory has perched upon our banner. There is a strong Union sentiment and a desire for a restoration of the Union in several of the so called confederate states, which if encouraged by the President may result in an early *peace*, which is so much desired by the soldiers who have long been absent from home and friends and subject to the hardships and dangers of a terrible war. With this new light that begins to illuminate the southern skies, is a golden opportunity to now show our great national magnanimity and we hope the copperheads, abolitionists and the *grand army*, of army speculators and men high in office will not continue to throw obstacles in the way of peace which would restore happiness and prosperity to our now distracted country.

During the month of September, we expect that our now thinned ranks will be filled by the conscripts; yet we are not over sanguine that our ranks will be filled to the maximum number,—the \$300, clause will enable many to escape and as the new conscript song goes.

"Oh! the country now is thick, with lame, blind, and sick,  
No one stirs about without a crutch or stick."

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a lively interest manifested throughout the army at the time the draft was made, and when the names of the drafted men were given, there seemed to be a general good feeling. Undoubtedly the advent of our brothers and friends in camp donned in blue, standing in a pair of Government brogans, with an English musket at a "right shoulder shift," will cause some broad smiles on the phizzes of the old veterans who will think "now you've got it." But we will

give words of cheer to our brethren who probably will not relish our mode of living, and the *sans froid* manner in which we help ourselves from those who have, and we have not. Our new friends will possess very little reverence for Virginia soil. A gun and equipments must be kept scrupulously neat, he must wait on himself as no sister or mother will be present to prepare meals to his peculiar taste, and make up his bed. You who complain of your pallet of straw not being well stirred, or bed of down not softly made, while you can enjoy it without murmuring! Husbands, fathers or brothers who are wont to find fault with wife, mother or sister, because the coffee is too weak, too strong, too hot, or too cold, the biscuit too heavy, or in the absence of custard for tea, go away in a pout, take early warning and begin now to do your own cooking, washing and mending! Eat sour beans without seasoning, and practice well on hard bread and pork of a doubtful character. I do not write this to discourage our metamorphosed warriors. Army rations with a keen appetite relish as well as the choicest edibles that grace the table of the epicure, but one has to learn to take them in and out of season, raw and cooked, or as circumstances permit. In rain storms, in heat and cold, night and day, early and late, you will be called upon to do your duty. Do it manfully, cheerfully and faithfully, by presenting an unbroken front to the enemy and we will all soon go home together, honored sons of the north, having sustained the old flag and v<sup>o</sup>l<sup>u</sup>nt<sup>ar</sup>y constitutional liberty that will reign tri<sup>u</sup>mp<sup>h</sup>antly from Maine to Texas and little "Mac" for President.

A number of resignations have taken place within the past three weeks. Among the number Capt. W. F. Tuttle so well and favorably known in Elmira. Capt. T. was a universal favorite in the regiment, and is missed much, but Capt. doubtless finds Coke and Blackstone more agreeable companions than Casey and Hardee. Quartermaster Haight was compelled to resign on account of con-

tinued ill health. Mr. Haight was a kind and obliging officer, and his accounts were kept in the most correct and satisfactory manner which is alike creditable to him and his faithful assistant, Quartermaster Sergeant Miles W. Hawley. First Lieut. Emerson Belknap is Mr. Haight's successor, and makes an efficient and good Quartermaster, which by the by, is one of the most important offices in a regiment. Since Col. Hathaway, Haight and so many of our old officer's resignations and deaths, we feel almost like a broken up family, but we are united as a band of brothers, and will ever hold dear to memory those who have been taken from us by disability, sickness or death.

Before closing I will make mention of Warrenton Junction, once a place of consid-

erable size and beauty, situated on the line of the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, distant fifty miles from Alexandria. An immense amount of business is being done on this road, and at Warrenton Depot. The surrounding country is entirely devastated, and is a sad picture of the dreary desolation of war. Immense quantities of decayed animal and vegetable substance lies scattered over this district and it will be a wonder if the health of the troops is not endangered by the poisonous exhalations from this decomposed matter. We are having quite pleasant weather with rain just often enough, and the nights are beginning to be quite cool, so that woolen blankets are quite essential to comfort. \*.\*

#### Nick-a-Jack Cave.

As the 141st Regiment has been stationed for some time in the vicinity of this famous cave, the following description of it, by a correspondent of the Louisville Journal, may be interesting to the friends of the Regiment if to no others:

"This celebrated cave is situated in the most eastern corner of Tennessee, and is one of the most remarkable works of nature in existence. It is one hundred and thirty miles from Nashville, on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad. The adjacent station to the cave is Shellmound. The first look at this cave does not impress one with its wonderful magnitude. The front is somewhat irregular, and of a brown grayish granite rock. The opening is about forty feet high and some one hundred and thirty feet in width.—On entering you begin to think you are in the deserted residence of giants.—Nature tossed every everything about, as if in disdain and defiance of earthly architects. The cave is said to extend nine miles back, but four miles is the furthest any explorer has been known to reach. From the main road, if I might so speak, there are veins of nice soft earth, in which may be seen saltpetre, mixed in large quantities, and looking exactly like soda. The rebels, ere they were driven from this stronghold, worked the mine extensively in procuring this, to them, invaluable article. One hundred men were engaged, and the traces of these excavations are fresh yet. It is estimated that they procured one thousand pounds per week of pure saltpetre, with even their rough implements, and poor means of procuring it. Through the cave runs a pure clear, crystal little river from

three to five feet deep, and from thirty to thirty feet wide. Sailing in a light canoe half filled with water, you can paddle up the stream one mile and half, when you come to the solid granite, and a stand still. The river gushes from out the rock, and no one knows from whence. In it are a tiny little eyeless fish called Molly-crawlbottoms. How wise and provident is nature in adapting all things to the elements above them.

In the cave are some notable places, such as the Chalk-Room, the Grocery, the Bat Room, and the Devil's Hole—a new name at the christening of which your correspondent was the Grand Lama. The "Chalk-Room" is so called from a pure white chalk formerly found there, the "Grocery" from the fact of some venurious creature having once had a sea-nut stand where he practised extortion, the "Bat-Room," where bats are to be found in abundance, and may be caught in large numbers, and the "Devil's Hole" has its name from the fact of myself being once a "devil," and spent a pleasurable part of my life while recognized as such a notorious personage, in about such a hole.

#### Letter from Capt. Ross—Death of Chas. D. Van Vleet.

CAMP 141ST REG'T, N. Y. V.,  
NICKAJACK CAVE, GA.,  
April 17th, 1864.

EDITOR OF EXPRESS, SIR:—I have to submit to you, for publication, the death of Charles D. Van Vleet, late a member of my Company, (A, 141st Reg't, N. Y. V.,) who died on the 14th inst, in General Hospital No. 1, Nashville, Tenn., of Chronic Diarrhea. Van Vleet enlisted from Hector, (where his parents reside,) on the 14th of August, 1862, and has served honestly and faithfully with his Company since.—He was one of the very best of soldiers, and had the universal esteem of the whole Company. I am, Sir,

Very respectfully,

Yours, &c.,

W. P. ROSS,

Capt. Co. A, 141st N. Y. V.

The 11th and 12th Army Corps have been consolidated, forming the 20th Army Corps, under command of Maj. Gen. Hooker. This throws the 107th N. Y. V. and the 111st N. Y. V., into the same Army Corps.

**COL. LOGIE.**—At the late battle at Atlanta, Col. W. L. Logie of this village was killed. He was the son of Dr. Wm. Logie of Geneva and was a young man, highly respected by every body who knew him. He has fallen in the service of his country and his name will be carried down to posterity as a patriot and hero. He was commander of the 141st Regiment of New York State Volunteers and received his death wound in bravely leading his men against a desperate foe. His father, sisters and brothers who are left to mourn his loss have the tender sympathies of the whole community.

**A GOOD SURGEON.**—A letter from a wounded soldier in the 140th at Patters on Park Hospital, has been received. It was written mainly to inform our citizens how grateful the wounded men there feel toward the surgeon in charge, Dr. A. V. Charbonon (as near as we can make out the name from the ms.) The writer says this surgeon is all that can be desired and omits nothing that can add to the comfort and welfare of the men. They all feel very grateful to him, and pray for his long life and prosperity. Major Thomas Sims, who is another officer at the Hospital, is also spoken of in high terms as a kind man. It gives us pleasure to bear the public testimony of sick and wounded soldiers in behalf of surgeons.

**Died.** *With this copy.*  
In General Hospital, Kingston, Ga., June 28, 1864, of Typhoid fever, FRANK L. ROYCE, a member of Co. A, 141st Reg't, N. Y. V.  
The deceased was the only surviving son of Amos ROYCE, of the town of Dix. He enlisted August 14th, 1862, and participated in all the battles through which the gallant Regiment passed up to the time of his illness, about the 10th of June last. He fought at the battles of Dalton and Kenesaw, and faithfully and nobly performed all the arduous duties of a soldier, until stricken down by disease and compelled to leave the field. He was highly esteemed by the officers of his Company and Regiment, and beloved and respected by his fellow soldiers and a large circle of friends and acquaintances at home. His was a brave and patriotic spirit—he enlisted from motives of duty and willingly surrendered his life that his Country might live. "Thus sleep the brave."

**THE 141ST REGIMENT.**—A recent letter from an officer in the 141st, states that the Regiment is in a very destitute condition. Their clothes are in rags, shoes worn out, and for the past six weeks have been most of the time on short rations. The letter also says that not only the 141st but the whole army of the Cumberland is suffering from the want of clothing, shoes and rations.

[Emira Gazette.]

STANZAS

On the Death of Frank M. Royce, a Member of Co. A, 141st Reg't, N. Y. V.

Overwhelming, indeed, is the anguish we feel,  
And tearless the sorrow we nurse for thy lot;  
It is not a pang which to-morrow may heal,  
Nor is it a grief which can soon be forgot.

There are woes which descend like the bolt of Jove's thunder,  
That suddenly, crushingly, fall on the heart;  
Enwrapping our feelings in terror and wonder,  
And bidding the hopes we most cherished depart.

Even such is thy death! It is felt as a blow,  
By friends who loved and respected thy name,  
In whose hearts it awakened that eloquent glow  
Of pure, patriot love, which no titles can claim.

When the cup of thy bitterness rose to its height,  
Though we mourned for thy sake, yet we did not despair;  
We still cherished hopes: they are now quenched in night,  
And bitter the grief thou hast left us to bear.

Yet think not, how gloomy soever may seem  
The clouds which enveloped thy sun-setting ray,  
These can totally hide every heart-cheering beam,  
It had shed on our souls through its glorious day.

No! deep as the darkness may be that enshrouds  
Our spirits, and transiently shadowed thine own,  
Thy memory hereafter shall scatter the clouds,  
And thy long-cherished worth be remembered alone.

Oh! well may that memory be sacred and dear;  
Well may we that worth in our bosoms enshrine,  
For whom hast thou left us, we can call thy compeer,  
Whose talents and virtues shall make up for thine?

Star after star which attracted our gaze,  
We have hailed with delight and bade them adieu:  
And sun after sun, while we basked in its blaze,  
Has sunk from our sight and deserted us too.

The mighty have fallen and left us to mourn,  
The Champions of Freedom are laid in the dust;  
And the arms which her standard had fearlessly borne,  
Stern Death has compelled to relinquish their trust.

Oh! never was Liberty's banner unfurled,  
But thy glance caught its glory, thy heart owned its worth;  
'Twas thy wish it should float o'er the civilized world,  
And heaven's winds waft its fame to the ends of the earth.

And ne'er had that greatest of causes, a friend,  
More conspicuously good, more consistently great,  
Who more earnestly labored its weal to defend,  
In defiance of despots, and tyranny's hate.

Whether Africa's offspring thy succor might need,  
Or thy own injured countrymen ask for thy aid,  
Or he, to whom conscience dictated a creed,  
Dissenting from that which his country displayed.

Or, whether our code, writ in letters of blood,  
Called thy bravery forth: thou must not stand aloof,  
Who for man's hopes and happiness never stood,  
And patiently strove to alleviate his woes.

And oh! if we turn from thy noble career  
In the army, and fix for a moment our gaze  
On thy track in an humbler and happier sphere,  
How bright and how blissful the scenes it displays.

As a friend, and a son, can ought e'er atone  
For the loss of thy friendship? still more of thy love,  
As a brother? 'Tis past! and thy spirit has flown  
To the Father of Spirits, who reigneth alone.

To His merciful judgment we humbly commend thee,  
Who remembers our frailty and pities it too;  
Our love, our esteem, and our warm prayers attend thee,  
Best of sons and of soldiers! we bid thee adieu.

A. E. C.

**DEATH OF COL. HATHAWAY.**—Intelligence

reached our city Saturday night of the death of Col. S. G. HATHAWAY JR., at the residence of his father in Solon, Cortland Co. He breathed his last at 6-20 A. M., Saturday morning. For some days previous, the dropsical symptoms had increased upon him, until the heart, the seat of the original difficulty, was invaded, when his system quickly succumbed, although his natural strength and vigor persistently held out. The very latest hours of his life were passed in comparative repose, but previously the struggle with approaching dissolution had been severe and painful. Although speech ceased during this time, he retained his senses to the final moment, and seemed deeply conscious of every little attention bestowed for his relief.



During his illness he was attended by the best medical skill, and every want, care and nursing, for the alleviating of suffering was eagerly anticipated by his venerable father and his three sisters, who were all present during the last days of his waning life. His condition required a half-sitting posture in bed to render him comfortable, and while thus being able to look out from a near window upon the pictures of his boyhood home, he expressed himself gratified and content. During his illness it had been his expressed wish that he might die in the Spring, when a morning sun had just began to fling its dawning rays unobscured over newly awakened verdure, and creation was bathed in brightness and beauty, and the early songsters were caroling forth their newest, sweetest notes. That wish was vouchsafed to him. Friday morning, being wheeled to the window of his room, he sat in his bed and drank in the full ecstasy of such a scene, and the wish of his heart was repeated, just as the soul was taking its flight.

Col. HATHAWAY was an old resident of Elmira. More than forty years ago he entered the law office of Judge GRAY, also a native of Cortland Co., as a law student, where he quickly acquired the elements of his profession, and when being admitted to practice he became a partner of his preceptor. He soon attained a growing fame as an Advocate, which increased until he bore off the palm from all competitors in this portion of the State for forensic eloquence. His oratory was the kind that particularly influences and carries conviction to a jury. He possessed a fine winning presence, easy articulation, a strong, well modulated voice, which could play with the profoundest depths of passion and invective, or move with the soft accent of love. He never descended to the mean, tricky acts of a pettifogger, and his legal career was ever honorable and upright. That reputation he long held, as a member of the firm of DIVEN, HATHAWAY & WOODS, after his first copartnership had been dissolved by the election of HERMAN GRAY to a Judgeship in the Supreme Court. Socially he was always an agreeable and pleasant companion, fond of story telling, wit, and repartee. Although by no means earnest for it, good fortune always flowed in upon him in unerring measure. Not a strict or careful financier, still property rapidly accumulated on his hands, the value of which probably near \$100,000 at the time of his death. He was always open-hearted and generous, giving freely of his means to public objects and assisting the poor. It was among his last wishes expressed, that all contracts existing between him and debtors should not be forfeited, if not fulfilled—that the fairest limit of time should be granted in all such cases. We believe that Col. HATHAWAY was a long and consistent Democrat. He was frequently chosen as a candidate for office, and was elected by that party to the Assembly from Chemung Co., during the years of 1842 & '43. When the rebellion broke out he advocated the vigorous prosecution of the war, and in the Fall of 1862 was chosen Colonel of the 141st Regiment of N. Y. S. V., raised in this vicinity. While serving with his Regiment, the hardships and irregularities of the service developed the disease of which he died. On account of falling health he resigned his position and returned home last Fall. Although at times able to attend to business, at no interval could he rejoice

in confirmed health, and during the winter spending his time between his father's residence and our city, his difficulties, with times of relief, had been increasing upon him. His age at the time of his decease was nearly fifty-four. His funeral will take place on Thursday afternoon, at his father's residence, in Solon. Those desiring to attend from Elmira can go to Binghamton, thence to Cortland by Railroad, where carriages will be in waiting to convey them to Solon, about eight or nine miles from Cortlandville. There will be a meeting of the Bar of Elmira this morning at 10 o'clock, at the office of Judge GRAY, to pass resolutions of condolence, and for the expression of appropriate remarks, and making arrangements for attending the funeral.

**The 141st in Battle.**

Below we give a letter, received from an officer of the 141st N. Y. V., which furnishes particulars of the late battle of Wauhatchie near Lookout Mountain, Tenn., in which that regiment bore a part:

HEADQUARTERS 141ST N. Y. V., LOOK-  
OUT VALLEY, TENN., FOUR MILES FROM  
CHATTANOOGA, Tuesday Nov. 4th  
*My Dear Brother Charley: 1863*

We marched from Bridgeport a week ago to-day. The whole of the 11th Corps, and six companies of the 12th Corps, composed the force. Camped that night near Shell Mound, and at six the next morning resumed our march. About noon we came in sight of Lookout Mountains. Skirmishing commenced as we approached, and the rebels gradually fell back through Lookout Gap.—Quite a large number of our advanced force were killed and wounded. Lookout Valley is something like the country between Elmira and Horseheads. Lookout Mountains run north and south, like east hill, with another range of hills on the west. We advanced up the valley from the south toward Chattanooga. The rebels have a battery on Lookout Point, which opened on us as we passed it, but with little effect. Imagine a battery placed on east hill firing on a column marching up Main street, and you will have some idea of the situation of things at this point. We passed the batteries safely about five o'clock in the afternoon. Gen. Hooker and Staff reviewed the column as we filed by him to go to our respective camps. He was enthusiastically cheered by the regiments as they passed by him. The detachments of the 12th corps did not come as far as we did, but halted near Wauhatchie Junction a few miles below here. That night (Wednesday) a detachment from our regiment under Major Olabarty, was ordered to patrol the country between our camp and Lookout Gap, to see if any signs of the enemy could be discovered. They had been gone about an hour, when we were aroused by a continuous fire of musketry which denoted that they had met a force. The troops of the whole command were immediately got under arms and

hurried to the scene. The firing by this time had become terrible, and it was soon evident that the rebels had attacked the 12th Corps, under Gen. Geary, at Wauhatchie. The rebels were between us and Geary and no communication could be had with him. It was now about twelve o'clock at night, the moon shone almost as bright as day. Part of our Division charged over a hill and drove the rebels from it. Gen. Hooker ordered two regiments to be detailed to cut their way through the rebel lines to the assistance of Gen. Geary. Our regiment and one from the 3d Brigade were chosen. We expected to have a heavy fight. Gen. Shurtz rode along our lines, and told us to fire one volley, when we met the rebels, and then give them the bayonet. We advanced cautiously and skirmished towards the enemy's lines. The heavy firing gradually ceased, and scouts came in saying that the rebels were retreating through Lookout Gap, which we soon learned was true. The battle lasted about four hours and was a fierce one. The loss on our side was heavy, being about 500 killed wounded and missing. I do not know what the rebel loss is. We took seventy-five or 100 prisoners. They left about fifty killed on the battle-field, besides a number of wounded. The following is a list of the casualties in the 141st

Frank Grant, Co. A, dangerously wounded shot through the lungs. Henry Havens Co. A, probably killed; Wellington C. Hurd, Co. B, prisoner; Manly Van Gelder, Co. B, prisoner; Lorenzo D. Taylor, Co. D, prisoner; John Welch, Co. B, prisoner; James Armstrong, Co. F, prisoner; William Flint, Co. F, prisoner; George Onston, Co. F, prisoner; There are several others missing, but it is thought they are stragglers.

Our regiment remained at Wauhatchie two days throwing up fortifications, and since then have been doing picket duty and moving from point to point. We are now camped in a grove (like Hoffman's) opposite Lookout Mountain, but out of range of their guns. Their guns are not of very heavy calibre, being about 24-pounders. They have four guns there. Chattanooga is four miles from here. The rebels occupy Lookout Gap, and our wagon trains have to cross the river twice to get into Chattanooga. The rebels occupied this part of the country before we came here and it was almost impossible to get rations to the Army of the Cumberland. Wagon trains are now going to and from Bridgeport constantly and two boats run up the river to Kelly's Ferry every day, and rations are getting to be plenty.

The Division which the 107th and 145th are in did not come with the 12th Corps. They are still on the railroad between Nashville and Stevenson.

ALEX.

FROM THE 141ST REGIMENT. — We are permitted to publish the following extract from a letter from Capt. E. G. BALDWIN to his wife.

HEADQUARTERS 141ST REG'T, 11TH CORPS, ATHENS, TENN. Dec. 30th, 1863.

This is the first opportunity we have had to put pen on paper since the 20th of November. The 21st of November our Corps moved from Lookout Valley to Chattanooga, and the next day we went into the great fight which you no doubt have heard more about than even ourselves, as we have been on the march chasing the "rebels" ever since, and have not seen a paper nor scarcely know what has taken place outside of our own Corps. Our Corps, and a portion of Gen. Sherman's army were in pursuit of one column of Bragg's retreating army, for two days, and then were ordered to the assistance of Burnside, at Knoxville, who it was said was hard pressed by Longstreet; and it was the intention to "bag" the latter gentleman, but he got wind of our approach, and like Bragg, took to his heels and ran when we were within one days march of his position, so then we had no further business toward Knoxville, and have been marching three days on our back track.

We are to stop here for a day or two, I think, to get a little rest, which we need very much. We have been out from our camp now 15 days and have been on the march every day but three, and you may be assured that we are nearly worn out for want of rest, clothing, shoes, &c. Many of the men are almost barefoot, and clothes nearly off their backs. Of course we took no change of clothing, nor baggage when we went into the fight, and we are in the same condition yet. Some Regiments went in without blankets or overcoats, and have suffered extremely these cold, frosty nights. We are now 60 miles from our camp, and 55 miles from Chattanooga, and do not know when or where we shall "fetch up" when we start again. I wonder if anybody does? On our march through this section we came through Charleston, Tenn. (not South Carolina,) Cleveland, Athens, Sweetwater Philadelphia, and Loudon, and then crossed the little Tennessee River six miles above Loudon, and marched to Louisville, about 12 miles from Knoxville, before we knew that Longstreet had "skedaddled." We have got back as far as Athens, and hope we shall not remain here long. We have had on rations in two weeks only what has been foraged through the country. We have had no mail and no connection by which we could send letters since we left Chattanooga.

I do not know as this will ever reach you, or when or where it will be mailed, but hope there may be an opportunity to send a mail from this place in a day or two. I know that you are feeling anxious about me, and by the blessing of kind providence, (if this does reach you) you may know that I am still alive and well. Oh! how much I want to hear from home! How anxious we all are to know what is going on in the outward world. I am writing at a house where Capt. Compton and myself have had our supper and he is waiting for me and I must close. We lost no men in the fight as we were held in the reserve, and Bragg was full retreat. We shall lose some however by the hard marching &c.