

made by the men from the Rappahannock to Pennsylvania and back, some days going thirty-five miles, their health is generally quite good. They are now tickling their palates with green corn, string beans, new potatoes, and the large and luscious blackberries which are found in great numbers here. Truly yours, H.

**The Thirty-Third at the Storming of
Fredericksburg Under Sedgwick--
Letter from Capt. Gifford of the
Rochester Company.**

The following letter from Capt. Gifford, of the Rochester Company in the 33d, addressed to W. R. Seward, Esq., will be interesting to the friends of the company and the regiment, as it shows the part taken in the bloody contest, and the list of casualties:

CAMP 33d N. Y. S. V., NEAR BANKS'
FORD, VA., May 7, 1863.

WM. R. SEWARD.--DEAR SIR: I take the present opportunity of writing you regarding the action in which the 33d has been recently engaged, at the same time requesting you to have the letter published for the information of the friends of my company.

We crossed the river below Fredericksburg about dark Saturday night, picketed until day-break Sunday morning, at which time our whole corps (the 6th,) had crossed the river and had occupied the city. There was considerably artillery firing between us and the enemy until about 10 o'clock A. M., when the whole line was ordered to charge the heights.

The hill back of the town was taken in less than fifteen minutes by the Light Division, commanded by Col. Burnham (6th Maine,) on the right, and the 33d N. Y. S. V. on the left. As soon as our line could be reformed we (the 33d,) were ordered to charge the heights on the left of those already taken. Away we went with a cheer, and in less than 20 minutes we had gained the top of the hill, capturing one brass piece just loaded for our benefit, but which the rebels had not time to discharge or take away. Here we were met by a galling fire from two lines of battle which the enemy had formed within one hundred yards of us, but the gallant 33d faltered not. At them went our boys, loading and firing as fast as they could. A storm of bullets swept the hill, thinning our ranks terribly, but our brave boys stood it like heroes, and many a rebel bit the dust. We held the hill for *forty minutes* under the most galling fire I have ever seen, unsupported either on the right or the left. At the expiration of that time the 7th Maine arrived, and together we soon drove the rebels beyond the reach of our fire.

The balance of our division having by this time arrived on the heights to our left the fighting closed, and the heights of Fredericksburg were taken.

The loss of our regiment during this engagement was 72 officers and men. The loss in Co. D was two killed and six wounded. The following are their names: Killed--George H. Howard and Benjamin Swift; wounded--Corp. Michael Flood, thigh, severely; Privates Henry S. Boss, shoulder, severely; Geo. C. Crofutt, breast, severely; Wm. Foley, foot, slightly; Barnett Geelan, leg, not serious; Dolphin S. Porter, wrist, slightly.

During the afternoon we were moved to the right some two or three miles, the enemy having been engaged by Gen. Brooks' division. We did not get into the fight; night closed the scene and we held our ground. During the night the enemy having received reinforcements

succeeded in turning our left, and before daylight Monday morning they were again in possession of the heights that had cost us so much blood. This can only be accounted for by the incompetence of our corps commanders, who did not leave sufficient force on the heights to defend them.

At 8 o'clock they attacked us on the left, but were repulsed. We established our lines and rested till 6 o'clock P. M., when our whole line was attacked by Jackson's forces. We stood our ground as long as we could, but being flanked by greatly superior numbers were obliged to give way. We were driven back about half a mile when we rallied and drove the enemy and regained the position we occupied in the morning. Darkness came on and a retreat across the river at Banks' Ford having been ordered, we fell back, leaving most of our dead and wounded on the field, as there was not time to get them off.

Co. D. lost one killed, five wounded and ten missing during the fight of Monday. The following are their names: killed—Valentine McNeiss; wounded—Lieut. C. D. Rossiter, leg and ankle, (taken prisoner); Sergt. David Vandecarr, abdomen; Corp. John E. Mylacraine, hip, slight; Corp. Thos. W. Roach, (color guard,) face, slight; Privates Henry C. Kennison, side and hand. Missing—Privates Hiram Budd, George Catline, Joseph Gleason, Nathan S. Horton, Matthew Keers, Michael Lighthouse, Albert S. McGowan, Michael Nelligan, Harmon Pike and Wm. O. Witter.

All of the wounded of Co. D are on this side of the river except Lieut. Rossiter. I was not aware of his being wounded until nearly dark, at which time I was on the extreme left to rally the stragglers. He was wounded during the retreat and after we had rallied and driven the enemy back, two of my men brought him down to the hospital, at which place they were obliged to leave him. The ambulances having already crossed the river (which was two miles from the hospital) and he being unable to be carried in a blanket, requested to be left. Had I known the facts I could have gotten him across. His wounds are not serious I think, except the one in the ankle, which appears to have been made by a bullet passing through the joint shattering the bone.

The total loss in my company during the two fights is as follows: Killed, three; wounded, eleven; missing, ten. The boys all fought like veterans, not one of them showing the least sign of cowardice. I could relate incidents of personal bravery among them, but time will not permit. Should anything be heard from any of the missing I will promptly inform their friends through you.

The loss in the 33d is as follows: 18 killed; 126 wounded; 67 missing. Also 6 officers wounded and 1 missing.

Respectfully yours,

H. J. GIFFORD,

Captain Co. D. 33d N. Y. S. V.

REORGANIZATION OF THE 33d REGIMENT.
—The work of reorganizing the 33d regiment under the auspices of Col. Taylor is going steadily forward, and numbers of the drafted men from the surrounding counties are already seeking its ranks. Col. Taylor has now twelve branch recruiting offices in Western New York to procure men for his regiment, nearly all of which are doing well. He has now over 800 men on his rolls. He pays the handsome sum of \$552 bounties for veteran recruits, and \$175 to new volunteers. The reputation of the old 33d regiment was second to none in the field. Many members of the old regiment are again rallying "round the flag."

We learn that a History of the Campaign of the 33d N. Y. Volunteers, in progress of publication, and will shortly be issued. To the Regiment and its many friends throughout Western New York, it will prove invaluable as a souvenir of the trials and privations endured for a period of two years, and doubly interesting from the fact that it will be profusely illustrated with engravings from sketches made by an officer of the regiment, of every Camp, Battle-field, and every point of interest wherever the regiment has sojourned. The book will consist of 250 pages, and some seventy engravings, and the cost will be \$1.50 only, thus placing it within the reach of all with whom the regiment is so closely allied, by the ties of father, brother, son and relation, who went forth to battle for the Union. As we have a Company which had taken an active and conspicuous part in all the operations of the 33d, the book will possess peculiar interest to the people of this locality.

Fredericksluyt
May 1863

Wounded in Howe's Division.
 THIRTY-THIRD NEW YORK—COL. WARFORD.

R. Larwood, H. finger, slight	J. Prondfoot, A. thigh
1st Sgt. L. McCall, B. face	2d Lt. S. Porter, H. rt thigh
P. Humphrey, A. slight	J. O. Robinson, C. slight
John Biles, L. severe	Corp. B. Patterson, L. chest
M. Bagnett, A. 1st forearm	W. H. Piper, F. chest
Sgt. M. O'Brien, K. rt arm	Corp. J. S. Taggart, R. arm
Corp. T. H. Roach, D. head	Sgt. D. Vandacurr, D. abdomen
M. Smith, C. forearm	Corp. E. H. Watson, F. arm
C. E. Truax, B. left hip	J. W. Handricks, A. arm
J. E. Wanderlin, C. rt leg	Corp. B. Neptun, B. back
D. W. Blaworth, H. hand	M. Smith, C. chest, slight

We learn that a History of the Campaign of the 33d N. Y. Vols., is in progress of publication, and will shortly be issued. To the Regiment and its many friends throughout Western New York, it will prove invaluable as a souvenir of the trials and privations endured for a period of two years, and doubly interesting from the fact that it will be profusely illustrated with engravings from sketches made by an officer of the Regiment, of every Camp, Battle-field, and every point of interest, wherever the Regiment has sojourned. The book will consist of 250 pages, and some seventy engravings, and the cost will be \$1.50 only, thus placing it within the reach of all with whom the Regiment is so closely allied, by the ties of father, brother, son, and relation, who went forth to battle for the Union. As Co. E, Capt. Warford, has taken an active and conspicuous part in all the operations of the 33d, the book will possess peculiar interest to the people of this locality.

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Letter from W. I. Graham, Esq., 33d
Regiment—An account of his Mishaps
in Dixie.

Correspondence of the Democrat and American.
U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL }
ANNAPOLIS, Md., May 24, 1863. }

I am in this hospital, disabled from the effects of a wound received at the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 3d inst. Our brigade, the 3d, 2d division, 6th Corps, stormed and carried those fatal heights in the rear of Fredericksburg on the day previous, Sunday. Don't you think it would be better to lose an advantage, than to commence an attack on that holy day? I do. Instead of fortifying and holding those heights, gained with so much loss, we pressed on in an insane attempt to form a junction with Hooker. Sunday night we encamped on a barrier hill side, and at daybreak Monday, we stood under arms, prepared for an emergency. No cause of alarm appearing, we cooked our coffee and ate breakfast. Nearly every one had finished the meal, when we perceived a long line of rebel infantry filing over the hills and through the woods on our left, and getting in our rear. We were instantly after them, double quick, our speed, no doubt, accelerated by the storm of ball and shell which their artillery was pouring into our ranks. We gained the heights as quickly as possible, and there found ourselves face to face with the same foe we had driven from the same spot the day previous.

It was here and in this battle that I was wounded. A ball struck me on my right side directly over my bowels. You may ask if it went through me. The wonder is that it did not. It was sent with force enough to go through three human bodies if nothing intervened to prevent. But through a kind Providence, my life was saved in this way. The ball, in the first place, passed through two thicknesses of my leather belt, then through my knit woolen blouse, and through my military jacket, and struck directly at the left end of my right hand vest pocket. I happened to have in that pocket,—and the wonder is that they were all in the spot where the ball struck,—a couple of brass buttons, a bone button, a couple of steel pens, and a leather string. These stopped the ball, and saved my life. The brass buttons were bent out of all shape, the bone button was broken into minute fragments, the pens were broken and bent into small pieces, and the leather string jammed and cut into two parts.—I picked these relics out of my pocket two days afterward, and not till then did I know how my life was saved. I have preserved them, and will show them to you if I live to see you.

The blow knocked me senseless, and the next thing I knew, two fellows in grey clothes were rolling me over, and exploring my wounds and my pockets at the same time. They asked me if I was able to walk. I told them I should hardly think so. They picked me up, saying that a half dead man was better than no prisoner. I while protested, but they hung to me, and after a had me within their lines. One of their physicians examined me, and gave me treatment in the kindest manner. The ball had caused an internal injury, producing a rupture of the bowels. My journeys to Richmond, and thence to City Point, were severe and trying ones. I arrived here last Sunday morning in the hospital steamer "State of Maine," in company with one hundred and fifty other wounded and sick. We were all in a woful and destitute condition. I have good treatment, and the hospital is situated in a most salubrious and beautiful spot

being formerly the United States Naval grounds, but since the war, dedicated to its present use. The physician has, however, pronounced me unfit for further service, and has ordered me to be discharged. I have endeavored to do my duty to my government and country since I have been in the army, and have never lost a day since I came to my regiment, by sickness or otherwise, till now. I moan in spirit when I think of those fatal Fredericksburg heights.— To think of the labor, treasure, time and precious lives lost in taking them, and then to lose them so easily. My heart misgave me when we left them. I felt it to be wrong. I almost knew

it to be folly. I felt that we should root ourselves there, and fortify.

But praise be to God who ordereth all things. I did not see much of Richmond, but I have nothing to complain of in the way of treatment during my stay there. The people seemed very kind and considerate, and very fond of discussing the subject of the war with us Yankees, as they called us, which they always did in good spirit. The soldiers are most inveterate beggars. What they could not beg from our men they would try to buy with their worthless paper. They were most bare-faced in their begging. One cavalry officer even asked me to let him have the buttons off my military jacket. I asked him if he had not better have jacket and all. The soldiers who took me begged away my drinking and coffee cups. The physician who examined me, expressed himself so frequently as being desirous of possessing a canteen just like mine, that I finally relinquished it to him, not sorry to do anything to please a gentleman who had treated me so kindly, and cared for me so skillfully. In fact, I should have been begged or bought away, clothes, body and all, I believe, but for the "eternal vigilance" I was obliged to display.— They seemed infatuated to carry off some relic belonging to a Yankee. When they could not prevail by begging, they were exceedingly sharp at driving a bargain, and our boys very "flat" at the same. They got almost everything our soldiers possessed, on their own terms, and I could not help smiling scornfully at the manner in which they have been wont to twit us Northerners with being sharp-trading "peddling Yankees."

Prices for provisions were very high in Richmond and Petersburg. Being very hungry I was obliged to pay in the latter place one dollar for a small piece of fried shad and a piece of bread. Milk was a dollar a quart; eggs two dollars per dozen; small loaves of bread, that Howe, of your city, would sell for three cents, were sold in Richmond three for a dollar. Those small molasses cakes that he sells at ten cents per dozen, were sold five for a dollar.

Our prisoners were allowed but two meals per day, and small meals at that—being a piece of bread, and a very small piece of boiled bacon, with nothing to drink but cold water. They contend that they have plenty of provisions, but that transportation is difficult. I asked them if their transportation facilities were not as good as they ever were. They said, "Yes, but—" The fact is, provisions are very scarce, but their soldiers live and thrive on much less food than our men could or would. I make no hesitation in saying that our army wastes food enough every month to feed theirs the same length of time.— They waste none, and are patient and satisfied with what they get. Our soldiers could not get along without coffee and sugar. They get neither, and say they are better off without

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them. They pretend to have great faith in
cause for which they fight, but express them-
selves dissatisfied with what they have seen,
and wish most heartily that the war was over—
wish the matter could be settled in some way,
and the war stopped, &c. But I must close.
Yours truly,
W. L. INGRAHAM

The Late Michael Flood.

CAMP OF THE 33D N. Y. V.,
NEAR WARRENTON, Va., Aug. 15, 1863.

At a meeting of the members of Co. "D,"
held this day, the death of Corporal Michael
Flood being announced, the following preamble
and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Intelligence has reached us of the death of
Corporal Michael Flood, who was wounded May 24, 1863,
at the moment he reached the crest of Mary's Height,
in the charge which planted our colors on that strong-
hold; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we sincerely mourn the loss of one who
has endeared himself to us all by his bravery, situation
to duties, and the kindness and good nature displayed
toward his associates at all times.

Resolved, That ever in this conflict for the right, we
will strive to uphold the flag he so freely gave his heart's
blood in protecting; and may the God of Battles grant
us a final and lasting triumph.

Resolved, That we tender our sympathy to the relatives
of our late comrade, and with them look to Him
alone who can grant consolation in the hour of affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be sent to
the parents of deceased, and also to the Rochester papers
for publication.

GEORGE B. HERRICK, Chairman.
Sergt. Wm. E. BOULLS, Secretary.
Committee—Capt. H. J. Gifford, Orderly Sergeant John
Beedle, Sergt. James Walls, Corporal N. C. M. Gifford,
Timothy O'Reagan, John Brooker, Frank Miles.

From the "Old 33d."

DETACHMENT 33D N. Y. VOLS.,
CAMP NEAR WARRENTON, Va., Aug. 10.

EDS. UNION AND ADVERTISER:—The mail
last evening brought to us Rochester papers
containing lists of the drafted men in the city.
A great excitement ensued. The names were
read aloud—the reader being interrupted almost
every moment by cheers, and exclamations of
all kinds: "George, your brother is drafted!"
"Bully for him!" "He can come as well as
not!" There was an eagerness manifested to
welcome most of the "prize drawers;" yet
occasionally might be heard remarks like this:
"Too bad for Jim; he can't raise the three hun-
dred—he has four children and his house is not
paid for." For all such a spirit of condolence
was evinced. If they are compelled to come,
the city of Rochester should not let their fam-
ilies suffer.

We are now enjoying (!) the warm weather.
The brigade moved camp one day last week,
going about two miles. In some regiments
whole companies fell out—officers and all. The
33d went into camp with the following force:
Capt. Gifford, three sergeants and one private!
It is a good thing for the army that we are not
actively engaged at present. A long march
would occasion more cases of sun-stroke than
all the surgeons in the army could attend to.

The 33d Detachment wish to say a word
through your columns in favor of the 1st Veteran
Cavalry, now being recruited by our brave and
efficient commander, Col. R. F. Taylor. The
sooner the regiment is filled up the sooner will
we be transferred from our present position,
which in many respects (being attached to
another regiment) is disagreeable to us,—back
to the command of our veteran Colonel, and
hereafter be known as Cos. "A and "B," 1st
Veteran Volunteers. A contingency for which
we devoutly wish and pray. We trust that all
of our friends will lend a helping hand in the
good work, and that ere many days we may
have orders to report at Camp Swift, Geneva.

Notwithstanding the long and tedious marches
made by the men...

made by the men from the Rappahannock to Pennsylvania and back, some days going thirty-five miles, their health is generally quite good. They are now tickling their palates with green corn, string beans, new potatoes, and the large and luscious blackberries which are found in great numbers here.

From the "Remnant" of the Old 33d Regiment—The March from the Rappahannock to Gettysburg.

The following letter from Capt. Gifford to Lieut. Mix, contains information which will interest the friends of the 33d Regiment, and is the first account we have seen of the march from the Rappahannock to Gettysburg:

CAMP DETACHMENT, 33d N. Y. S. V.,
Near Berlin, Md., July 17, 1863.

The 33d is still in the field. We have had some hard marching since we left the Rappahannock. We came up by way of Dumfries and Fairfax Court House. The 2d Division went out as far as Bristol Station; staid there four days; then marched back to Centerville; thence to Edward's Ferry via Drainsville; met Col. Taylor on the way; boys were all pleased to see him; crossed the river at Edwards Ferry; marched thence through Poolesville, Barnesville, New Market and West Minister to Manchester, (all in Md.) then ordered to Gettysburg, double quick. We left Manchester at daylight, and by 4 o'clock P. M. arrived on the field of battle, a distance of thirty-three miles—rather tall traveling. Gen. Sedgewick led in the 3d Division the same night, thereby saving the fight; this was on the night of the 2d of July. The 3d Brigade (ours) was detached from the corps, and supported a battery of heavy artillery during the afternoon and evening of the 2d. On the following morning we were moved to the extreme right, and held that position during that bloody day. We were not engaged except in picket firing. Our brigade lost only ten or twelve killed and wounded—none were injured in the detachment of the 33d.

Such a day as was that 3d of July, 1863, I can never forget. The booming of 300 pieces of artillery resounded on all sides, and the horrid screeching of shells filled the air. After the battle was over I visited the field, and saw the result of the terrible struggle. The ground was literally piled with the rebel dead; nothing that we saw at Antietam began to compare with it. In front of the rifle pits of the 13th Corps, in a space of less than one-half an acre, I counted 350 dead bodies, and this was but a fraction of what could be seen farther to the left.

The rebels had thrown their whole force upon us in two lines of battles, extending more than three miles in length, and with desperate energy had striven to break our line; but firm as a rock stood the invincible Army of the Potomac, and although the rebel army numbered 103,000, while ours was but little more than half that number, yet we hurled them back broken and defeated. I have not space to write particulars, you have read them ere this.

The next morning, the 4th, the whole rebel army fell back from Gettysburg, and on the morning of the 5th the 6th corps followed them down the valley. Before night we came in sight of their rear guard. Our orders were not to press them, therefore we did not. The next morning we followed slowly after them, the 49th N. Y., (to which the 33d is attached,) being the advanced skirmishers. By 8 o'clock we overtook them, or at least overtook their skirmishers. They attacked my company first, but after a brisk engagement of a few minutes we

drove them from the field, with a loss of two killed, two wounded and some fifteen prisoners. I had three men wounded slightly, as follows: William E. Jenkins, musket ball through fleshy part of thigh; William Greenwood, finger shot off; Samuel Larwood, slightly in the hand.— This fight took place at Fairfield, Pa. Before night we advanced to Fountainsdale, some six miles further. The next day we marched to Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., at which place we remained four days. Here we were joined by Gen. Smith (Old Baldy) with about 6,000 militia. Leaving the militia at this place, we pushed on toward Hagerstown, going to the left and rejoining our corps, (from which our brigade had separated at Fairfield,) at or near Funksstown. After lying in line of battle for two days, we found that Lee had succeeded in crossing the Potomac, our cavalry capturing his rear guard of 2,000 men. You probably remember the celebrated "white horse" that was so often seen in the enemy's line on the peninsula: well, we have killed the rider (Gen. Pettigrew) and captured the horse. This was done by our cavalry under Kilpatrick, I believe. Gen. Pettigrew was with the rear guard. He was surprised and ordered to surrender, he refused, and his head was split open with a sabre. After this he had *no more to say*. We are now near Berlin preparing to cross the Potomac again, once more to set foot upon the "sacred soil."

Thus I have given you a roving account of our doings for the past three weeks. What may come to pass during the next three I leave for fate to develop, assuring you that come what may, you will find the remnant of the old 33d on hand.

Yours ever,
H. J. GIFFORD.

THE 33D REGIMENT.—We find in the Rochester Democrat of Monday the following extract from a letter from Col. Taylor of this Regiment:

"My loss in two days was 155 killed, wounded and missing. They are as follows: Three Captains, three Lieutenants wounded and one missing. The officers are as follows: Capts. Cole, Root and Warford—the latter very slight. Lieuts. Byrne, Rossiter and Porter wounded, and Caywood missing. I lost 74 men in one charge. Frank Miles is missing—think he is wounded. Lieut. Col. Corning had his horse killed. Mine was slightly wounded. Did not receive a scratch, nor either of my field officers."

Reception of the 33d.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees and citizens of the Village of Waterloo, held Tuesday evening, May 12th, 1863, for the purpose of making arrangements to give company C., 33d Regt., N. Y. S. V. a public reception at the time of their return home, James Stevenson, President of the Village, was called to the Chair, and E. W. Sentell, Village Clerk, was appointed Secretary.

On motion a committee of eleven be appointed to make such arrangements, and that said Committee meet at the Corporation Room, on Wednesday Evening the 13th inst., at 8 o'clock.

The Chair appointed the following gentlemen as such Committee:

Elias Johnson, Wm. Knox, Henry C. Welles, Samuel Birdsall, Levi Fatzinger, S. R. Welles, Charles Sentell, S. G. Hadley, R. P. Kendig, and A. B. Slauson.

On motion, James Stevenson was added to the Committee.

The meeting then adjourned.

JAMES STEVENSON, Chairman,

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The Geneva Gazette.

S. H. PALMER, Editor.

TERMS.

Office & Mail Subscribers,.....	\$2,00
When paid in Advance,.....	1,50
Village Subscribers, by Carrier, when paid in Advance,.....	2,00



FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 29, 1863.

Arrival Home of the 33d.

A GALA DAY IN GENEVA.

Grand Ovation to the Returning Braves.

Saturday last was made a grand holiday in Geneva, in commemoration of the return of the 33d N. Y. Volunteers—or rather the remnant of brave fellows who survive the dozen bloody battles through which the regiment has passed. The day was excessively hot and sultry, yet the heat and dust in no wise checked the enthusiastic ardor of our village and country people, who turned out by thousands to participate in the welcoming pageant.

The regiment arrived by steamboat at half past 10 o'clock in the morning, and were received at the landing by the village authorities and a deputation of citizens numbering about 50. The thundering of cannon and the chimes of every church bell, joined in the welcome.

A procession was formed, the regiment being "armed and equipped as the law directs," and under the command of those worthy and intrepid officers, Col. TAYLOR and Major PLATNER, who had led it in numberless marches and shared its hardships and dangers for the last two years.

The procession marched up Castle to Genesee, up Genesee to Lewis, down Lewis to Geneva, down Geneva to Castle, down Castle to Water st., up Water to Seneca, and up Seneca and Main st. to the ravine, where it countermarched and returned down Main st. to the Park. Stores and private dwellings along the route were gaily and tastefully decorated with the national colors, "red, white and blue," while ever and anon the populace who crowded the streets burst out into cheers for the heroes who were "the observed of all observers."

At the Park the regiment formed in line in front of the stage that had been erected, and Hon. CHAS. J. FOLGER stepped forward and addressed the officers and men in the following heartfelt and appropriate welcome:

Col. Taylor, and Officers and Men of the 33d Regiment.

There has fallen to me the pleasant duty of tendering to you a welcome home again. In behalf of the community from which you went forth, I offer you a hearty and an overflowing welcome back from your service as soldiers.

But it does not seem to us that you are the same men from whom we parted. It is now two years since we saw you, some of you, leave this shore, young volunteers, familiar only with the ways of happy homes and a peaceful community, and now you return to us bronzed and scarred veterans, conversant with all the rude alarms of war, having looked Death steadily in the face in many a well-contested field of strife, and having won for yourselves an ample soldierly reputation.

Two years ago I said! It seems, as we look back, but a little space, yet how full that time has been crowded with stirring incidents and exciting events. And to none more than to you have come those events and those incidents. Of what we have only read or heard with but a dull ear, of that you have been a great part, and have looked upon with courageous eyes. We can scarcely name a battle in the long catalogue which tells of the acts and achievements of the Army of the Potomac, in which the 33d Regiment has not borne a part, and borne it valiantly and well.

Raised, as you for the most part were, in that district of country which once fell within the limits of Old Ontario County, you went forth with the name of the Ontario Regiment, and that fact has always endeared you to us in this immediate region. You were christened after our County. It is a proud old name, for Ontario is the mother of Counties not only, but the Mother of *Men* as well. And we felt proud of you, for we were, and are, proud of the name; and we were jealous of it, too, jealous that it should take no tarnish in your hands. But as report after report came back to us of your good behavior, of your courage and steadiness, of your fiery valor, our jealousy was gone, lost, merged, in a sense of swelling pride, that the noble old name of Ontario had been so well bestowed, and that, not only it took no stain, but that it received an additional and higher lustre and greater glory from the soldiers of the 33d.

And you may be sure that when the news came of battles fought, and the papers told us of our troops in action, there was a speedy search here for the name and exploits of the 33d, and an eager community was interested in its sufferings and in its achievements, and never, never pained by its defaults, or by its individual disasters.

And so as time went on, though you may not have noticed it, the Regiment which went out as the Ontario Regiment, came to be called the 33d or Ontario Regiment. And then, and not long after, nought else but the 33d, and that was a sufficient and an individual designation, for you had made the "*two threes*" famous throughout the army and the country; and you needed no appellation of distinction, save your own name, the gallant 33d—"*Taylor's fighting Devils*." And all this has been due to, and resultant from, the good qualities and spirit of the men, encouraged and trained and brought out by the labors and example of the officers.

We owe you many thanks—we offer them to you now, that you have so well, so eminently glorified this community whose geographical name you have borne.

I just said that we traced the papers after a battle, and looked for mention of the 33d and its deeds; and then, the days after when came the long and sorrowful list of casualties, with what tremor and apprehension we looked again for the beloved number, 33. For well we knew, that where all were so brave in battle, some must have met Death and yielded to his power. And we cannot now look upon your thinned ranks and diminished numbers without missing from them some well-remembered faces, very dear to many among us. Nor without feeling that a great and awful sacrifice had been made for a great and righteous cause. And more especially was this the case, when the report came of the last conflict upon the Rappahannock, so glorious and yet so fatal to your regiment. When here at home all was buoyant expectation of your soon return, even then announced, it was sad, and sorrowful indeed, to read and know that there was no return, for alas, too many.

Yet it is a consolation that the sacrifice, so costly, has been made for a cause, precious above price, for the defence of Constitutional and legitimate government against the assaults of a hateful and hated rebellion in arms. And there is the further consolation, that no one who has been taken from your ranks has died the death of a traitor or of a deserter, or as a coward running from the fate which overtook him; but that loyally, manfully, gallantly, all have stood with their comrades, and have met their destiny as a true soldier loves to meet it, with his face toward the foe.

And you have brought back with you your Colors, the last thing which a brave Regiment surrenders.— These Colors have never been surrendered, have never been repulsed, have never been driven back, have never retreated save at the order of the General commanding, and when a whole army or the whole force fell back with them. The 33d has never, as a Regiment, fallen back upon compulsion, but has often stopped the current of the enemy's advance, and has turned the tide of many an unpromising conflict, and saved from the chronicle the record of a loyal defeat. Torn by shot and shell, dim with the stain of the elements, spotted with the blood of its brave defenders, and faded from the bright hues which were first unfurled to the sun light, these colors yet bear upon them one word, which is a sunbeam of itself—

"WILLIAMSBURGH."

Inscribed there for gallant conduct and persistent, obdurate bravery in that field, by an order delivered to you from the mouth of your Commander-in-Chief, George B. McClellan.