

44th V.

44th V.

Information may be obtained or forwarded:—

THE WOUNDED OF THE FORTY-FOURTH.

- Lewis F. Ferram, Co. A, face.
- Wm. Lawrence, Co. K, eye.
- Joel Hay, Co. D, hip.
- Edgar Merchant, Co. G, chest.
- Geo. Green, Co. K, elbow.
- Thomas Hunt, Co. A, leg.
- Albert Trevor, Co. E, leg.
- Wm. R. Howland, Co. B, thigh.
- Chas. H. Carpenter, Co. I, breast.
- Peter Hollenbeck, Co. G, foot.
- Richard Gandiy, Co. B, leg.
- Geo. H. Lutphen, Co. K, arm.
- John Brackett, Co. H, shoulder.
- J. B. Blackman, Co. B, hand.
- Alonzo Shepard, Co. D, hand.
- Charles H. Blair, Co. H, head.
- John Butler, Co. B, head.
- Justan Bennett, Co. A, back.
- Julian Rowilton, Co. A, knee.
- John Thompson, Co. F, neck and face.
- Francis Madden, Co. H, neck and face.
- George W. Hobart, Co. C, face.
- James Dancenburg, Co. C, arm.
- Richard C. Phillips, Co. C, breast and arm.
- J. B. Schutt, Co. G, arm and hand.
- A. H. Esmay, Co. E, arm.
- 1st Lieut. Charles H. Zeilman, Co. F, chest.
- Capt. Wm. R. Bourn, Co. K, groin.
- 2d Lieut. Benj. L. Thomas, Co. K, groin.
- Capt. B. Manger, Co. C, groin.
- S. Cheeseman, Co. A, foot.
- Wm. Eckerson, Co. I, scalp.
- Delvis Thompson, Co. E, jaw.
- W. C. Beach, Co. D, shoulder.
- A. J. Schaffag, Co. C, legs.
- Joseph Haraegan, Co. A, leg.
- Robert Burnes, Co. A, thigh.
- Wm. M. Morris, Co. A, knee.
- Wm. W. Smith, Co. C, shoulder.
- Henry C. Kendle, Co. A, eye.
- Jas. E. Bumsby, Co. D, thigh.
- Henry L. Todd, Co. D, hand.
- Enoch H. Lee, Co. G, foot.
- Allen J. Herd, Co. A, neck and breast.
- John Steel, Co. A, thigh.
- Henry E. Stephens, Co. F, arm.
- Jeremiah Scott, Co. B, shoulder.
- W. H. Goodrich, Co. H, shoulder.
- Martin Ingersol, Co. C, hand.
- W. Morse, Co. H, head.
- Marion F. Graham, Co. C, abdomen.
- Hugh Gallagher, Co. B, shoulder.
- Jos. B. Lane, Co. K, arm.
- Jos. Larking, Co. K, leg.
- Henry Crawford, Co. E, neck.
- Jacob Wagner, Co. A, arm.
- Wm. Cunningham, Co. A, shoulder.
- Chas. E. Sprague, Co. E, shoulder.
- E. Easterbrooks, Co. B, leg.
- Chas. F. Ballou, Co. I, groin.
- John Brown, Co. F, arm.
- W. S. Lawrence, Co. K, eye.

MEMORANDUM OF LISTS ON FILE.

- List of officers at Baltimore on way home and in Hospital.
- Officer 3d Army Corps at Gettysburg.
- List of wounded in the following Hospitals, and names of Surgeons in charge:—
- 1st Army Corps—1st, 2d and 3d Divisions.
- 3d Army Corps—1st and 2d Divisions.
- 5th Army Corps—1st and 3d Divisions (Pennsylvania Reserves.)
- Cavalry Corps Hospital.

**A Trip into Rebellom.**

PETER SCHAFFER, of the 44th N. Y. V., from this village, who was reported as missing after the battle of Gettysburg, finally turns up at Annapolis, Md., whence he writes under date of August 4th, to

sources here who permit us to extract as follows:—

"The 44th reached Hanover on the 1st day of July. We then marched all night, and arrived at Gettysburg the next day.— They let us rest about three hours and then we went into the fight. This was about four o'clock and I was taken prisoner about half past five. Company B was out skirmishing and when I was taken the rebels flanked us and got in the rear of us.

The rebels kept us until the 5th of July and then started us for Stanton, a distance of 190 miles. This was indeed a hard and most tedious journey, abounding in incidents and privations which I have not time to relate now. They gave us a pint of flour and a half pound of fresh meat for three days' rations. I verily came "within one" of starving to death. We went from Stanton to Richmond in the cars 130 miles—reached Richmond on the 22d of July. We were there put on Bell Island and received a pint of bean-soup and a small piece of bread at night—the soup would sometimes have as many as nine or ten beans in it. In the morning we would get a small piece of bread. I never was so hungry before in my life; I thought of your well-filled table a good many times while I was a prisoner.

On the first day of August we started for City Point. After we got aboard the vessel we found plenty to eat. We arrived at this place (Annapolis) yesterday, the 3d, having been paroled.

**William Nelson Norris,**

A son of JOSHUA and SAMANTHA NORRIS, of Barrington, in this county, died in hospital at Gettysburg, Pa., July 22d, 1863, from the effects of wounds received in the battle at that place.

NELSON, as he was familiarly called, was a retired, sedate and peaceable young man, and was but little known out of the domestic circle in which he moved. In 1862, he was induced to enlist, at the call of the President, and enrolled his name among the defenders of his country's rights in a company of men raised in this county under command of Capt. Munger, of Penn Yan. This company was subsequently attached to the 44th Regiment, N. Y. V. and were soon sent to Virginia. Here NELSON remained and participated in the action at Fredericksburg under Burnside. During a part of the winter following he was confined to the Hospital by sickness.

He recovered however, in time to bear his share of duty in the action of the army of Potomac under Hooker, and then marched with Meade to Pennsylvania, and took part in the action of Gettysburg. Here he was shot through the leg on the 2d of July, and subsequently suffered amputation above the knee of his right leg. Under date of July 14th, he wrote to his mother, acquainting her with his situation and seems to have been cheerful. On the 16th, he wrote again, saying, "he was in good spirits, had good attendance, and was doing well." Time rolled on with no tidings, finally a letter was received by the anxious ones at home, dated Philadelphia, July 28th, from Mr. GEORGE BRINGHURST, who had been his nurse, conveying the melancholy intelligence that NELSON had died on the 22d inst., in peaceful resignation to his lot, and did not regret his fate.

His comrades in the army, we learn by a letter to us, received news of his demise with sorrowful feelings. He had endeared himself to them. His officers give him the reputation of a good, faithful, and trusty soldier. Here is another life offered up on the altar of human rights. His age was 27 years. He was unmarried, but leaves a large circle of relatives in this region to mourn the sad cause which called him from his home and consigned him to the time honored grave of a soldier.

He rests in peace, and his humble name will be handed to posterity as one of the martyrs who fell a victim to the horrid and unnecessary war which has been forced upon this once happy country, by a rascally set of blacklegging, thieving politicians, who have been the cause of all the unnecessary bloodshed and sorrow which has spread so much gloom over the land. But these young men have died in a good cause. Let us cherish their memory.

NORMAN OTTMAN IS DEAD:—We do not feel like writing a merited obituary. Our heart is too sad. He was an old school mate, a personal friend of many years, a pious, and ("one of the noblest works of God") an honest man. We loved him as a brother. As a School-Teacher; as a citizen; as a friend:—as a husband and as a father, he had no superiors in his town. He was beloved by all,—mourned by all. He was worthy of their love and is entitled to their tears to wet the sod that lies upon his bosom. He died a noble death—in the service

of his country; in the 44th N. Y. S. V. at the battle of Fredericksburgh he recd. his death wound—a ball in the head.

Let us plant flowers upon his grave and water them with our tears. And may the Widow and the orphan who have given up their dearest treasure for the salvation of their country, be properly cherished by the friends of our country.

LOCAL.

From the 44th Regiment.

We are permitted to take the following from a letter from one of the brave boys who "still live" under the banner of the glorious 44th Regiment:

CAMP NEAR WARRENTON, VA.,  
Tuesday, July 28, 1863.

When the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps crossed the Pennsylvania line the troops were halted and eloquently addressed by some patriotic speaker, and that night I passed them on the road to Hanover and they were all singing or whistling. At Gettysburgh many of the Pennsylvania troops fought on their own farms—in sight of their father's houses; some fell there—their blood mingling with soil which they had tilled in their youth. One boy fifteen years old, from near Gettysburgh, went into the fight with his target rifle and fought until he was killed. Such heroism put to shame the cowardly conduct of men, who at home are evading or resisting the draft.

Now, when our successes foreshadow immediate peace honorably made, every man should stand firm by the Government and, if needs be, come down and share with our country's defenders their perils and privations and their immortal honor. The riots in New York City and State, are a disgrace which yet will be remembered with burning shame. Blank cartridges should have used after bullets, grape and canister had done their work and taught the rioters their just punishment and shown the danger of resisting the law. I hope that henceforth the draft will meet with no opposition, but if it does I wish that the 44th might be summoned to enforce it. I know how well 't would do its duty. It would use no blank cartridges. Every regiment in the army is anxious to see some of the illustrious "home-guards" in the field, and every one of them would rejoice at the chance of quelling the riots at home and enforcing the conscription law at the point of the bayonet.

I believe, however, that after a few timely and lessons to the conscript opposers there will be no difficulty, and that soon our decimated regiments may be filled to their maximum number and our foreshadowed victories hastened, so the "olive branch" will supercede the sword, and the glorious "Stars and Stripes" brighter, purer and prouder than ever continue to float

"O'er the land of the free  
And the home of the brave."

God is on our side and sooner or later we shall triumph.

I learned with pain of the death of Col. E. B. Smith. Our County begins to feel its loss in its heroes who have honorably fallen. May their memory and good deeds be so cherished by the people of Chenango that the prestige she has already won shall not be lost by any disgraceful resistance of the draft or any cessation of her laudable support of soldiers now representing her in the field.

There are but few Norwich boys left in the 44th. Billy Lamb is in Fairfax Seminary Hos-

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pital, at Alexandria. Henry Dickson is in the Invalid Corps. Bill Lane is at Annapolis in the Dispensary. Henry Todd was wounded at Gettysburgh—not dangerously—and is in some hospital, I know not what one. Gideon Evans, P. S. Frink, Jeff. Carr, George, James and myself still flourish. Everything looks more encouraging than ever before since the commencement of the war. Already the curtain of peace has commenced dropping on this scene of carnage and its golden fingers shine brighter than ever. In the army we feel joyous and sanguine of the speedy termination of the war, for we see ultimate victory close at hand. The rebellion is in its death throes and soon its epitaph will be written in letters of blood amongst the records of nations' crimes and follies.

I should be glad to hear from you often, though I know my letters hardly interest you or recompense you for your time and trouble.

G. H. S.

P. S. I saw Van Crain, James Emmonds, James Sheran, John Hopkins and several other Chenango boys in the 8th N. Y. Cavalry, a few days ago. They were well. \* \* The 44th lost 111 in killed and wounded, at Gettysburgh. Twenty-five, including Capt. Larabee of Company B and Lieut. Dunham of Company D, were killed on the field. Lieut. Thomas of Company K and several men of the regiment have since died of their wounds. Our Company also lost one sergeant and one private. John Doing, of Plymouth, member of Company B, was killed; Todd, of Norwich, Barnaby and White, of Guilford, and William Beech, of Earlville, were *slightly* wounded.

G. H. S.

**From the 44th.**

CAMP AT BEVERLY FORD, VA., }  
 August 15th, 1863. }

Friend Stebbins :-

At length the Army of the Potomac appears to have settled down for a season of rest. For an entire *week* we have been permitted to remain in one camp. We have been so constantly on the move for two months past, that it seems odd enough to be quiet even for that length of time. It does not come unacceptably, however. Although in good spirits and willing to continue marching, we were nearly worn out. Our sleek and fleshy bodies and limbs of last spring had become lank and lean. Perhaps we had developed a larger quantity of muscle, but the fat had somehow disappeared. Bread may be the *staff* of life, but when it comes in the shape of *hard tack* for a couple of months or so, the staff may possibly begin to fail of doing what is required. We are now drawing soft bread and otherwise, full rations. The effect is almost marvelous. The wearisome, careworn look is succeeded by cheerful, gladsome smiles, and we are becoming like ourselves again. By the time our reinforcements arrive, the Army will be ready to commence another campaign with all the vigor and energy needful to make it a successful one. The glorious news from the South and South-west, not only gladdens our hearts, but makes us more anxious, if possible, to do something that will make us not ashamed of the

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"Army of the Potomac." I believe the Army was never as ready and anxious to be at work against the enemy as now.— Somehow, we have got the idea, that when the Army under Lee is conquered, the war will soon be over. That we consider our mission and are confident of accomplishing it. But while we expect to see the Rebel Army beaten, we do not expect to see it done by our Army, now in the field, alone. The conscripts are looked for anxiously, and woe be unto that man or that party that strives to hinder the draft. To us, it is a matter of the deepest interest. For months, and for many of us, I might say years, we have endured sufferings and privations: we have toiled and marched under the scorching sun or the falling rain, midst the suffocating dust or through mud and mire, have passed the chilly nights with the heavens for our covering, and mayhap standing the weary hours in the trenches or on picket, have faced death from shot and shell on the battle field, have seen our friends and companions fall by our side and have laid them in their gory graves; we have done this till our numbers are thinned and our armies decimated. And now when we find ourselves just ready to reap the rewards of our labor, and call for help to aid us in doing it, is it a wonder, that when we see bold copperheads and sneaking party politicians uniting against our call, is it a wonder I say, that our feelings are aroused and that we swear vengeance for it. A day of reckoning and retribution will surely come. We shall cease to be soldiers by and by, and as citizens no veto can deprive us of voting. Could some of the secessionists of the North, either copperheads or snakes, have been in our camps when we heard of the New York riots, their dastardly hearts would have failed them at the threats they would have heard. The general wish of every one was that their regiment had been there. No blank cartridges would have been used. We have learned the utility of hard bullets and the bayonet. One thing is certain, however "Unpopular" the draft may be in the North; it is very *popular* here and whoever opposes it may be certain of the lasting opposition of the soldier. I fancy our vote may possibly turn the scale in the balance between the political parties in the next Presidential election. Let politicians take heed and beware.

We are now encamped at Beverly's Ford on the Rappahannock, three miles above the crossing of the Orange and Alexandria Rail Road. Our pickets are along the bank of the river. Occasionally a scouting party crosses and moves out towards Culpepper, but do not find the enemy in force. Everything is as quiet as at Falmouth last winter or at Hall's Hill the winter before. We have a pleasant camping ground, plenty of excellent water, and, on the whole, think we shall be able to pass the time pleasantly till the fall campaign commences.

Truly yours,  
M. H. B.

FROM THE 44TH.

Near BEALTON, Va., Aug. 15, 1863.

FRIEND E.—This has been rather an eventful day in 'the 3rd Brigade—*cause why*, we have drawn *soft bread*, truly in our quiet, domestic lives, an event of interest. Think of it, ye dwellers in houses, and partakers of the "fat of the land," so small a thing as a loaf of dry bread causes the mouths of an army to water and their hearts to overflow with thankfulness. It is also rumored that we are each to receive a piece of dried apple—but that is *too good* to believe.

During the campaign just closed, it required much hardwork to eke out our scanty supply of rations, and several times we went to bed supperless. To our shame, be it said, that our anxiety to *bag* the Rebel army was equally divided with our fears, that the "supply train" would fail to come up "on time"—and we thereby "lose our bacon." We scoured the Blue Ridge mountains, in Manasas Gap, with empty sarsacks; and climbed mountains, such as we had never before encountered, with nothing to sustain us but the *justice of our cause*. We find ourselves once more near the Rappahannock, a name that is identified with many stirring and saddening experiences of the Army of the Potomac. The cavalry had quite a spicy time across the river yesterday—with what success I know not. Stuart's troopers are of a more *rearing* disposition, since our bold riders have proved their valor on so many fields.

The victory at Gettysburg, although a grand one, cost us many a noble fellow, among whom our gallant friend Capt. Baldwin, it seems, is numbered! I had hoped he was only a prisoner. He was truly a splendid fellow, his fine qualities of head and heart could not fail to endear him to all with whom he came in contact. As a soldier he was gallant, brave and true; but it was in the relations of friend and companion that his loss will most be felt. Having gone through several campaigns in Virginia, and one in Maryland, and escaped uninjured, he at last met a soldier's fate in the fertile valley, and on the free soil of Pennsylvania. He fell in the very front, contesting his position against overwhelming numbers of the enemy. I saw him five days before in the flush of manhood; he was then expecting orders to go to the front. We had only time to each ask a few questions, and bid one another "God speed"—knowing full well that a battle would be fought ere we met again. His memory will be cherished warmly by all who knew him, and in his example we may find much to emulate. True to his country he has fallen in her defence, than which none can have a nobler record.

I suppose Henry Ford was in the skirmish at Manasas Gap on the 23d. I have not heard from him since. I think I never wrote you that I saw the 144th at Berlin, Md., where they were, expecting to be assigned to the grand old Army of the Potomac. I had hoped to pay them quite a long visit, but Gen. Meade *didn't see it* and ordered Corps 5 across the river. As it was

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I saw quite a number of old friends, and asked and answered many questions.

Your celebration, over the recent victories, must have been an enthusiastic affair. The Copperheads will have to go in mourning in a few days, if our generals continue to wrest victories from their southern brethren. Put a copperhead in one scale, and an armed rebel in another, and for contemptible meanness, duplicity and treason, the northern reptile will outweigh the other. Them's my sentiments.

For a nervous man, my tent might be in a peculiar and annoying place. At the northeast corner lives a flourishing hive of "yellow jackets," on the opposite side dwells a large and increasing brood of "wasps," with an occasional arrival of "bumble bees," who make a noise not unlike a minie bullet; on the inside about a brigade of "animalacue," peculiar to "sacred soil," are charging in good order upon us, and the ground is covered with some reptiles and "animiles" (on a small scale) that would add much to the variety of Barnum's collection, but do not seem to facilitate "military housekeeping." I suppose the advice best I can give you is, "keep out of the draft." I hope it will spot some of the copperheads. We are expecting conscripts to fill up our ranks. Believe me ever your true friend and brother "B. C."

JOHN E. STEWART.

### The Voice of the Brave Soldiers.

AN APPEAL FROM THE ELLSWORTH (44) REGIMENT—NO FIRES IN THE REAR.

From the New York Evening Post.

A letter to us, dated Army of the Potomac, March 9, says:—

"The most eloquent voice yet raised against a dishonorable peace and the machinations of traitors at home, is that of the Forty-fourth Regiment, New York Volunteers, in the address sent herewith, which was this day adopted with startling unanimity, every officer and soldier present in the regiment subscribing his name with enthusiastic earnestness.

"The words are few but well chosen, vigorous, and pregnant with truth. These men have a right thus to speak—their battles, their bravery, their discipline and their honorable scars, entitle them to a hearing. Let no one fail to read this stirring appeal in favor of the war, by those who are fighting it, and let sympathetic traitors hang their heads for shame to be thus rebuked by patriots like these:—"

THE ELLSWORTH REGIMENT TO ITS FRIENDS.  
An Appeal to the People of the State of New York:

We can no longer keep silent. A sacred devotion to our country, an ardent love for our homes, and above all, an abiding faith in God, bids us speak. For nearly two years we have suffered all things, perilled all things, endured all things, for the sake of our common country. We have left our business, our kin-

*New address*

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dred, our friends; the fireside of our youth, the sacred places of prayer, and all the nearest and dearest relations of life, to serve our country. We have endured hunger, thirst, cold and heat. By day and by night we have borne the weight of our knapsacks and the weariness of the march. We have worked late and early in the trenches; we have bivouacked in the swamps; we have suffered sickness in the hospitals; we have not been spared from "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," nor from "the destruction that wasteth at noon-day." We have never shrunk from duty, but rather have again and again cheerfully sought death, even at the cannon's mouth, to save our Union from destruction, our homes from disgrace, and you and your children from eternal shame.

When we came to the field we came with your blessing. You told us to go—that God would be with us, and that your most fervent prayers should follow us. Encouraged by your words of patriotism, of hope, of faith, we came to the war. After suffering thus much in behalf of you and your children, and the nation's honor, dear alike to us all, will you withhold from us now your sympathy and support? Will you join with those worse than traitors, at the North, who cry "Peace" when they know there is no peace, nor can be none till this unholy rebellion is crushed? Will you ally yourselves with those who, by words of discouragement, are prolonging the war, and who are thus becoming, in the sight of both Heaven and earth, the insidious murderers of your sons and brothers here in the field? Why should you, who suffer none of the dangers, none of the privations of field or camp, be less patriotic, less faithful, less hopeful, less confident in God and the holy cause in which we are engaged, than we who endure all?

Shall the future historian, in writing the record of this great struggle, declare with truthfulness that the people of the North, having sent their sons to the field to peril their lives for the safety of their homes, their property and the National Government; having poured out at the first flush of their patriotism their treasure and blood with the freeness of water at length, through indifference and apathy, and the love of ease and luxury which the war endangered, sought the unstable of an inglorious peace, and finally became only subservient to those whom they attempted to subdue?

That this shall not be record of the Empire State, with your sympathy and hearty co-operation, we, the undersigned officers, non commissioned officers and privates of the Forty-fourth regiment, New York State Volunteers, representing every county from Lake Erie to the ocean, here pledge anew our lives and our sacred honor. For we feel assured that if you seek peace upon any terms less

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than those of an entire submission on the part of the traitors in arms to the Government of the United States, that that peace will only be temporary, and that sooner or later you will be obliged to send your younger sons and brothers to enrich this soil, already fertile with the dead— younger and fresher blood to re-crimson these streams already red with slaughter.

Headquarters Forty-fourth regiment, New York State Volunteers, Camp near Falmouth, March 9, 1863.

Signed, Col. James C. Rice, Major E. B. Knox, Surgeon W. W. Townsend, Adjutant Geo. B. Herendeen, Lieut. F. R. Mundy, Quartermaster, Assistant Surgeon H. Fern, Capt. L. S. Larabee, Capt. W. N. Danks, Capt. E. A. Nash, Capt. Chas. W. Gibbs, Capt. W. R. Bourne, Capt. Jacob Fox, Capt. C. E. Royce, Assistant Surgeon D. C. Spencer, First Lieut. B. K. Kimberly, First Lieut. Chas. D. Grannis, First Lieut. Albert N. Nusted, First Lieut. R. H. McCormic, First Lieut. Charles Kelley, Second Lieut. James H. Russell, Second Lieut. John J. Hardenburgh, Second Lieut. Anthony G. Graves, Jr., Second Lieut. Ben. W. Thomas, Second Lieut. Henry J. Botchford, Second Lieut. E. L. Dunham, Second Lieut. F. M. Kelley, and every non-commissioned officer and private present in the regiment.

FROM THE 44TH.—We are permitted to publish the following extracts from a hastily written letter, from the 44th Regiment, dated Chancellorville, Monday, May 4th. As it is the first letter received from the gallant Ellsworths, it will prove of great interest to those of our readers who have friends in the Buffalo company of that regiment:

"We lay in our rifle pits that we have built with logs, and dirt thrown against them. The whole army is strongly fortified from the Rapidan to the Rappahannock. Yesterday there was some hard fighting done. Old Stewart tried to break our centre, but it was no go. The night before he worked hard on our right, but met with no better success.

"Yesterday we held the second line of battle, and the rebs drove our first, but could not hold it, so they set the woods on fire before we could get our wounded out of them. The heat was so great that we had to take in the first line. I do not know what our loss is, but I don't think that it is very heavy. The 11th Army Corps lost a good many, and had their right turned, but Gen. Sickles came up with the 3d corps, and drove the enemy back.

"Last night our company was out on picket about 400 yards in front of our works, and about 12 we heard the rebs getting out, and on the retreat, and when it came morning we found it was so; but I think that they have only fell back to get a chance to fortify and have us advance. There has been a force out to see where and what position they are in. I think that they will not stop very near here. They have got a hard old chap to buck against.

"Gen. Hooker passed the lines, and he was cheered by all, and while passing the centre a shell exploded and threw a splinter, hitting him on the head with such a force as to knock him from his horse.

"We expect to march soon, as orders have just come to that effect."

THE FORTY-FOURTH.—Capt. Gibbs, Lieutenant Graves and Sergeant Boomis, of the 44th, are going to Elmira to take on drafted men for the Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS 44TH REGIMENT, N. Y. VOLTS.  
June 12th, 1863.

Editors Evening Journal:  
GENTS—I notice a letter written by me to a friend in Albany soon after the battle of Hanover Court House, in print in your journal. The letter was written hastily and without revision, or a thought of its being published. Since writing it I find that I have made some mistakes, which ought to be corrected. I find that the 25th Regiment bore the brunt of the first fight, (before the 44th were engaged) were again at it when we came up and only retired (as part of our regiment did) to reform and pitch in again. This much is due to those boys who saw the first fighting in Porter's corps. Please make the above corrections and oblige  
Yours truly,  
WM. L. VANDERLIP, Capt. 44th N. Y. Vols.

# Morning Express.

ALBANY, TUESDAY, OCT. 4, 1864.

CASUALTIES IN THE 44TH REGIMENT.—The enlisted members of the 44th Regiment, and those whose time had not expired, were engaged in the fight at People's Farm, on the 30th, and the following casualties are reported: Lieut. Ed. Bennett, thigh; Roger Earle, Co. I, concussion; W. H. Huns, Co. H., arm; A. Cranston, Co. I, cheek; A. Merrill, Co. B, stomach; M. Rye, Co. C, thigh; F. Hisenturger, Co. C, arm; J. McGoff, Co. A, hand; Corp. C. H. Bleeker, Co. B, arm; Samuel E. Row, Co. B, arm; F. Hummell, Co. A, wrist; John Petit, Co. C, neck; W. R. Ellen, Co. C, thigh; A. B. Hendrickson, Co. D, side; W. Lowe, Co. A, foot; R. A. Hayard, Co. A, breast.

Poplar Grove Church  
Sep. 30, 1864