

**The Wounded at Fort Schuyler---Incidents, Accidents and Reflections.**

U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, FORT }  
SCHUYLER, N. Y., July 31, '63. }

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Mr. EDITOR:—Having at present a plenty of spare time during the long and warm days of July and August, I know of no better way than to while away some of the dreary hours by penning a few lines to the columns of your paper, which is so widely circulated among the many friends of the troops in the field, and also at present in the U. S. Hospitals. And, as usual, I wish to communicate to the friends of members of Regiments herein mentioned. And now, taking the above statement for the foundation of this letter, I will state that I received a letter from the 126th Regiment, N. Y. V., bearing date the 28th inst., from a member of the same, Geo. J. Rose, a former resident of Victor, Ontario Co., New York. The substance of it as regards the regiment, is as follows:

We have been moving south as fast as circumstances would permit. We have passed Harper's Ferry and so on through Loudon Valley; but have now halted for a short time near Warrenton. He farther says that the company (D) is now commanded by Lieut. S. F. Lincoln, in the absence of Capt. Charles A. Richardson. He also states, we have had a very hard time during this long and tedious march, and when near Harper's Ferry we came dum, (or some other word composed nearly of the same letters) nigh starving. And concludes by adding, that most of the boys stood it well, and are all in good spirits.

In regard to those who are here as patients, they all appear to be getting along nicely, and those who appear the worst have friends from home with them, and they are trying to get leave of absence, and as they meet with some encouragement, this gives the patient joy as it would to the thousands of others who are denied the privilege for the present. But they all live in hopes, and in this respect many live in vain and by it are sadly disappointed. By it they are brought to realize how strong the ties are with which they are bound.

As to the members of the 108th who are here there are four from Co. F, who are doing well and appear to enjoy hospital life with the air of true soldiers, obedient and patient.

And now as to the affairs at the hospital in charge of Dr. Barthlon. Everything up to yesterday appeared to be well regulated for the care of the wounded brought from Gettysburg. Competent and kind surgeons ready to perform the difficult operations which are always necessary after every battle, especially the one referred to above; good nurses on hand to meet the many wants of the patients; rations issued regularly, and also clothes provided in abundance.

Previous to July 30th the dull monotony of our ward was once in a while broken by the remarks of our friend P. G., a native of Ireland. And as "a little fun now and then is relished by the wisest men," I will mention them in order to break the monotony of a letter from an inmate of a hospital. A discussion took place here as to what was the best thing a man could have been before enlisting, provided he lost his left arm. The native spoken of took the side of a "rale, ginnue fiddler." "Well," says another, "how is he going to hold his fiddle?"

"Wid his chin, to be shure,—the same as any other." Up speaks another and wishes to know how he can finger and tune it. "And shure," says P., "and couldn't he git one already tuned?"

As the conversation here often turns upon the way men are used as compared with officers, and as P. G. has a hand generally in all talks of this kind, he said he did not know but what officers were always considered men until he went once to buy some tobacco of a sutler on a Sunday morning. He stated: "I went to the sutler and asked him if he had any tabackay." He told me had. I asked him to give me two plugs. He speaks up very short, and says, I don't sell any to men. Don't sell any to men, says I; and sure, says I, you don't sell any to women. No, says he, I don't sell only to officers. And why says I, and ain't officers men. And faith and he tells that the "don't view themselves in that light." Ha, ha, says I. Says P. G., I see what ye are. You try to pass me beat some time when I am on guard and I will make ye mark time at the point of the bayonet, until the officer of the guard comes to your rescue.

But now our attention is called from remarks of this kind to the whistle of the boat, which is about to land here with wounded soldiers, who were taken prisoners and paroled at Charleston by the rebels, and sent to Hilton Head and thence to this place for treatment. Three of them are now in our ward. They are all badly wounded and only one of them can live but a few days from all appearances. I find one wounded in the thigh and right elbow joint; another with one foot off and the other waiting for the saw and knife as soon as he is able, and also his right arm; but I fear death will close the operation soon. The third one has a ball through his right lung. I find by conversation with them that one is from your city, out of the 100th, Co. C.; his name is Michael McGuire. The others are from the New England States. The Rochester man is the best off, as he has good spirits, and has money, which is always convenient in hard and needy times. He states that no doubt Charleston will soon fall into our hands; and may this prove true.

But now we hear music, and on looking out of the door notice that a detachment of soldiers, headed by a band of music, are marching in rear of the hospital to the fort to camp awhile. The men looked nearly tired out with fatigue, and were not closed up in very good military style. You would notice among the number a few small boys, seemingly not more than ten years old, carrying a drum and knapsack, which would weigh as much as half their heads and all their body. Along with the same troops you would notice a few of the colored gentry soldiers, but mind you, they were large and healthy looking men, and having but a small load on his back compared with the rest, unless it was a large haversack to hold rations. It is a very common thing, when on a long and weary march, to notice a boy of about 17 years old trudging along with a gun and all the accoutrements, besides the 60 rounds of cartridges, each weighing over an ounce, besides haversack, canteen, and above all, the lung-cramping knapsack. In contrast with this you will also notice the darkey seated on a fine horse, worth, perhaps, \$200 or more in greenbacks. The reason of this, perhaps, may be that it is owing to the constitution of the colored race, they being unable to bear the fatigue of the many long and weary marches necessary to be made in the hottest season of the year.

The 108th regiment has awful dislike for dar-

kies. Why it is I will leave it for them to say. Some of the above race came here for protection during the riot in New York city, but they were not frightened so as to change their color, for which I attach no blame to them for being black. But to that party which is so worried as to the condition of the negro race previous to the breaking out of the present rebellion, I do attach the cause in a great measure of our present trouble. I will not enter into a splurge about political parties. But I would like to see how a government knapsack and other war utensils furnished free for a time for the benefit of a man in the United States service, would fit on the backs of such men as Greeley, Beecher, and many others of the same stamp. I think they would find a vast difference between shoving the pen and handling a musket and the accoutrements for the same. I have tried both, and I profess to know. As Smith, the famous razor strop man says, a member of the 140th N. Y. Vols. he has sold razor strops, and handled a musket, and he prefers the former when he can have one more left for only 25 cents. A queer chap (like many others in the army) this Smith is. He saw a man from Monroe county gazing around in the woods, where the hospital was established, at the deadly effects caused by war, he calls out as he was devouring a mammoth Pennsylvania custard pie: "Hallo, Old Brockport, come up here and see a fellow!" Up steps the man. He says: "You need'nt think I am cheating the government out of this—for I am not; I bought it with my own money, saved by selling honest razor strops." I conclude this Smith must be some relation to the famous John Smith we hear so much about. I notice in looking over the N. Y. Times that seven lawyers of Canandaigua have been drafted, and a few of them with whom I am acquainted. But I am aware that the little \$300 clause will keep them safely out for a time. But God knows I pity their next client after they pay it, unless he is one of the rank Abolitionists of the past and present time. And now I would ask, have we no reason to lay a part of the blame on this class of individuals just mentioned? I believe we have, and a pretty strong one, too. Having taken the opportunity to converse with the rebels when a chance was offered me in contact with an aid of General Jubal A. Early of the rebel army, who was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Gettysburg, and I can state that this is a fellow of good education and well informed upon all subjects connected with the present tumult of the U. S. of America, having been in the service since the first crack on Fort Sumter. He says John Brown was "eked" upon as a sample of many at the North; and they would do, only give them a chance; and this until the present time seems to be thoroughly instilled into the minds of both officers and men in the Southern army. But some of them said, be this as it may, we may have to come under, as you fellows fight like devils, and we have found out that you can fight if you have the right kind of leaders. But, say they, you change commanders too often. We have always dreaded General George B. McClellan, and this Meade more than all the rest that was ever connected with the Army of the Potomac. He farther states that McClellan was always feared by our generals, and most of them have no fear; and this government should have learned by this time to hold that which is good, and discard that which is false or incompetent for the position in which it is placed.

But now once more music breaks upon my ear, but of a mournful sound, and I find on looking out again, that soldiers are being conveyed to their final resting place with the flag for which we are contending wrapped around them. I learn on making inquiry, that of the number brought here from Hilton Head eight died last night. When a soldier dies here he is taken to the dead house, laid out, and placed in a suitable coffin and sent to New York city for burial.

And as long as this rebellion continues, the result of a battle, when viewed with the naked eye, will ever present scenes too horrible to be placed upon paper. On the battlefield, in every tent, over acres of ground sufficient for a good farm, are sights awful beyond description;—dead unburied, the air filled with effluvia of human and equine bodies, hundreds of decaying bodies all over the battle ground two miles in width by six in length, graves in every field, by the roadsides, in gardens, lanes, meadows, groves and almost everywhere, many so superficially covered that a hand or foot protrudes, and in some cases the eyes, forehead and nose visible. And then in every church and house near by, there are scores of wounded and vast numbers of dying men.

This being the case, the drafted men of Monroe and Ontario counties will be met with a strong welcome in the field by the side of those who have gone before them. That they will see new scenes and behold many strange sights, I am already aware. And many a farmer's boy will be made to think of daddy's best cow and mother's large milkpans.

But as paper is high, and there being no discount on postage stamps, I must bring this to a close.

In conclusion I will state that I have had of late a present from the government, and it is a splendid headed cane; but mind you the word gold, used in the sense of an adjective, does not precede the word headed; but it answers the purpose for which it was intended in and under all circumstances. And may it continue to do so until it becomes useless for want of a person to use it from necessity.

But I must close, earnestly trusting that this once proud Union may be restored, and that too before the cold winds of autumn approach, and the sorrow and dread now existing be removed from our hearts, and which are so plainly staring many a countenance, never more to be revived.

W. R. C.,  
Co. 1 126th N. Y. V.

**From the 108th Regiment.**

BRISTOW, VA., August 3, 1863.

On the 30th of July, after four days rest—(the lengthiest duration for such refreshment since June 14th)—the 108th are again on the march. The respite was fully improved by the men in filling up their wan proportions, sleep and ablutions. The bill of fare to drive away debility and emaciation, consequent from marching and fighting, consisted principally of fresh meat, pork, beans, hard tack, cheese, pickles, &c. Daily showers tempered the air generally. The recuperation benefited the men very much, and they resumed the march with refreshed vigor. Military rules are very strict. Stragglers, and those who venture beyond the limits of their camp without a "Pass the bearer," are provided for by the Provost guard to pass the ordeal of a court martial.

While the men were quietly resting Thursday afternoon, expecting to remain in camp, the horns sounded the signal to "strike tents," which was quickly done, and at 5 o'clock the Second Corps left camp near Warrenton Junction. The vast plain was soon depopulated, and barrels, boxes, &c., were strewn over it. The proprietor might have considered such property a windfall, notwithstanding their emptiness. Upon the vast field was a lone grave; a rough stone marked the spot, upon which was the rude inscription, "1855, January 8. Here lies the body of Poor Mady." Chanting "the poor old slave has gone to rest," we left. A moonlight march of 10 miles resulted in a halt at Elktown, a broad extensive section of country rendered fair looking by nature, but in agricultural products, famished.

A delusive hope appears to have prevailed among the people here, founded upon Lee's anticipated success, that they would be enabled to obtain necessary supplies from Fredericksburg, Warrenton, or some other prominent point, to live without sowing or planting to any great extent. As the fallacy of such hopes are being revealed by our retributive levy upon their hay, cattle, &c., they begin to chew the cud of disappointment in their calculations for the coming winter. This third march through their already desolated section, may bring them to a faint realizing sense and squelch in some degree, their guerilla freaks, and create a desire to be "let alone."

FRIDAY, 31st.—Horns signal march on, and quickly the lengthy column of veterans is moving. A laughable incident occurred this morning. The boys struck a potato patch, and were culling the "murphys" vigorously, when an old vixen pitched into them with her worst rebel expletives. As they did not retreat, and fearing they would also light on her bee-hives, she turned the latter over; the winged assailants charged furiously upon the diggers, causing many of them to fall back hastily with movements indicating that they felt something. Shouts of laughter from their comrades, mingled with good wishes from the old woman, greeted the exploit. Some said "it was a stinging old time." A tramp of 6 miles brought us to a dilapidated place, 14 miles from Falmouth, called Morrisville. The few tenements presented a very open appearance, having been touched frequently by troops passing and repassing in crossing the Rappahannock, which flows near us.

The announcement that Gen. Howard has been assigned to the command of the 2d corps, we think will give general satisfaction. His military abilities as commanding officer of the 2d division in this corps were well known previous to his assuming command in the 11th corps. His christian, moral and temperate character, urbane, generous and courteous manner and treatment of officers and men, win strongly the regard and confidence of those who, knowing him, can appreciate such golden qualifications in a commander.

We are camped upon an eminence in the woods. The moon is magnificently fulfilling its mission as sung, "Roll on, silver moon," &c. Music echoes throughout the woods and we are verifying "Happy are we to-night, boys."

SATURDAY, Aug. 1.—The 3d division marched back to Elktown again, it is said, for guard duty at various points. It will be a new thing for the boys to be performing guard duty on high-

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ways, as they have been kept moving otherwise ever since they entered the arena. Heavy cannonading was heard about sunset, indicating that our forces were not letting the rebels alone. August has made its entree with super-abundant caloric pressure, causing perspiration to ooze from the system freely. Great difficulty is experienced here in procuring good water—it is mostly milkwarm and brackish, and flows from no crystal fount.

Capt. W. H. Merrill and Lieut. Griswold have been transferred to the Invalid Corps. Lieut. Hutchinson has returned and resumed his command. Capt. Willson has sick leave of absence. Lieut. Col. Pierce is around and sees that the men obey orders implicitly. The lists of those drafted are eagerly perused by the men seeking to learn who among their acquaintances are elected and have a good chance to take a trip to the Old Dominion to view the scenery, &c.—We shall have all eyes open for the lists from old Monroe, and when they come down to join our band we will welcome them.

**SUNDAY.**—A morning tramp of six miles brought us up with the regiment, who are picketing and guarding the cross-roads at this place (Bristow), which is about five miles from Warrenton Junction. The heat is of a glowing yellow nature, and the melting tendency is general. The country about here is infested with "pizen" guerrillas, and they are very bold and audacious in picking off men.

For the week past the transmission of news from Rochester has been accomplished with dispatch. Instance—We have received the Democrat & American the afternoon of the second day after publication.

Our sutlers (Rogers & Co.) arrived here this P. M. from Washington. On their way they had an adventure, which for a while was not very agreeable. When a mile this side of Fairfax Court House, Capt. Moseby captured them, with others, and made them move according to his orders for about twenty-four hours, when they were fortunately rescued by our forces and relieved from their unpleasant dilemma. Their loss was a blind horse and some small articles.

**From a Soldier of the 108th—The March from Washington to Sharpsburg.**

The following portion of a letter from a sick soldier belonging to the 108th Regiment, will afford some idea of the severity of the initiation into military life, which the boys of the 108th were called to undergo. The letter is dated, Middletown, Sept. 18th:

"I had been unwell for some time, but started with them, and stood the tramp until the third day, when I gave out, and the Doctor gave me a pass so that the guards would not molest me. I caught the regiment again after they had camped. The next morning I was scarcely able to stand, and as the ambulances were full, I was left behind with several others on the sick list, but again caught up at night. The next day I managed the same way. On Saturday (the 13th) I stood it out with the rest all day, and on that day we passed through Frederick and camped this side of that town. Sunday we started across the mountains on a forced march, and walked and ran all day with scarcely a minute's rest—halting about 3 o'clock for half an hour, when we again started over fields and ditches until dark. We then came to a creek. It was as dark as it could be, and we all got our feet wet in crossing. Here we lay for two hours in wet

grass on the creek bottom. Then we got on top of the hill about midnight. We expected to stay there till morning, but just as the boys were going to sleep the call sounded to "fall in." Three of the boys stopped here, as they were sick, but I went on about three or four miles to the battle field of the day before, where we all slept on our arms till daylight. I awoke with a high fever, and the Doctor told me I was not fit to go on. He gave me a sick pass, and the Captain told me to go back to the other boys. I managed to find them where we left them, and we all started back. We stayed that night in a barn, and the next morning two of us, Corporals Jewell and Miller, felt better, and started after the regiment. A. H. Seaman and myself attempted to go to Middletown, about two miles distant, but gave out on the way, and so lay in the woods all day and night, in the rain, with nothing but our blankets for cover. Yesterday morning we started again, but were told that the town was so full of wounded that the sick stood no chance; so we stopped at a farm house and put up. We can stay here and sleep in the hay loft, and board at the house, as long as we please, which will be till we get able to travel.

"The people here are all Union, and do all they can for our soldiers. Farmers come in from six or eight miles around, with stuff for the wounded. All the churches—four of them—are full of wounded, and many private houses.—There has been a continual firing four or five days, but I have heard none this morning.—How matters have terminated, we do not know."

**Killed and Wounded of the 108th N. Y. Volunteers.**

The friends of the members of the 108th Regiment will feel grateful to Adjutant Ayers of that Regiment for the following prompt report of its casualties in the battle of the 14th inst. While some will be pained by the intelligence his letter contains, all will be relieved from suspense, which is oftentimes more dreadful than the reality, however bad that may be:

HEADQUARTERS 108TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, }  
CAMP IN THE FIELD, Oct. 10, 1863. }

EDITORS UNION AND ADVERTISER: I send you the following list of men who were killed and wounded in the battle of day before yesterday. We were attacked on the flank, and after a sharp engagement the enemy were repulsed with the loss of two colors, five guns and 450 prisoners. The following are the casualties in this regiment:

KILLED—Corp. Irving M. Arms, Co. K.

WOUNDED—Lieut. Samuel Porter, Co. F, knee, slight; Orderly Sergeant Theodore E. Knapp, Co. B, knee, slight; Orderly Sergt. Lyman Wolcott, Co. E, leg, slight; Sergt. John Eberhardt, Co. K, head, slight; Corp. Wm. A. Plummer, Co. A, thigh, flesh wound; Corp. James E. Briggs, Co. B, knee, slight; Corp. Harrison Smith, Co. C, ankle, severely; Corp. James Caley, Co. C, leg, slight; Corp. Henry Rice, Co. G, leg, slight; Corp. George Brokaw, Co. H, breast, slight; Corp. Jacob Holtinger, Co. I, shoulder, slight; Private Lewis Slicker, Co. D, arm, slight; Private Amos Graves, Co. G, index finger right hand, amputated; Private George Hoffman, Co. I, side, slight.

Enlisted men killed ..... 1  
Commissioned officers wounded ..... 1  
Enlisted men wounded ..... 13

Loss ..... 15

Please give the above your immediate attention, and oblige the friends of the sufferers and.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CHAS. B. AYERS,

Lieutenant and A. Adjutant 108th N. Y. Vols.

**PERSONAL.**—Capt. Deverill of the 108th, who was wounded some time since, while in command of this regiment, has returned home. He is able to walk with the aid of crutches.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the 108th Regiment.

NEAR STEVENSBERG, VA., Nov. 26, 1863.

Since writing my last, nothing of a character to excite wonder or alarm has occurred with our portion of the army to cause us to turn back. We are still encamped upon the same place we pitched tents upon two weeks since.— The weather has been all that soldiers could desire at this season of the year, with one or two watery exceptions. Spells of Indian summer have favored us, and the men have enjoyed the comforts thereof, as if fully appreciating that it was good to be thus favored, while reading in Northern journals that winds and snow of Arctic tendency predominate. You have heretofore been informed that when rain falls in this section, it is not a slight sprinkle, but pouring down.

We have had two aqueous visitations here that have reduced our camp to a floating condition. Being upon low land, the water stands upon the surface of the earth, and it may, therefore, be safely conjectured that moving around upon such occasions is not bordering much on the agreeable. Many of the tents which had been dug around for the purpose of "banking up" filled with water, resembling a miniature log castle surrounded by a moat.— Anticipating momentarily orders to move, we have remained where we are, instead of taking a more upland location. The health of our men may be reported good. Those unable to march have been sent to hospitals, and probably before this reaches you we shall be continuing our exploration in Virginia.

On Tuesday morning the troops were aroused before daylight, the morning meal was partaken of, tents struck, knapsacks slung, and all bustle for a movement. A heavy drizzling rain set in, and it being evident that the soil and water would seriously impede marching and transportation, the order was promulgated to pitch tents again. The vociferous hip, hip, hurrahs! that were given in the various camps were tokens significant that the men were willing to tarry till further orders.

This day, we are aware, is by proclamation "Thanksgiving Day." As the men sit in their tents, or are on duty at their posts, many will sincerely wish the thought and utter the expression—"I wish I was home to-day, gathered around the social table loaded with the good things from an abundant resource." We are not, however, permitted to participate in such luxurious repasts; but will be as thankful as circumstances will allow—upon hard bread, coffee, &c.—thankful that, through all the dangers to which soldiers are exposed, we are still spared to march on. A fine roast turkey and a good pumpkin pie would be a feast of reason in this season; curiosity to gaze upon and a surprise to the most fastidious taste. Turkeys are as scarce here as sparks of loyalty are with Virginia damsel, and pumpkins as rare as honor with bushwhackers and guerrillas.

Soldiers' heads, becoming adapted to the traits of marching and fighting, are also great levellers of forests—the axe is the next implement to a gun. Place a body of troops in a forest of acres unbounded—no matter how

dense, or what the trees may be, but a short time will elapse before an effectual clearing is made. During a winter season thousands of acres of land are thus cleared for the future possessor without cost.

Lieut. John L. Graham has been recently discharged on account of wounds received at Gettysburg. To say that Lieut. Graham was a brave and efficient soldier and officer, ever prompt and attentive to his duties would echo the unanimous sentiment of the 108th. Generous and jovial we regret to lose the lively presence of Honest Jack Graham.

Lieut. Col. Pierce is with us again, and there at the men are greatly pleased.

It is encouraging to note that inducements are being offered in old Monroe by which our depleted ranks may be filled up again. The men of the old 108th will gladly welcome any of the right kind of boys that wish to share their glories with them. Come on and see us in old Virginia.

TRUMP.

PERSONAL.—Col. C. J. Powers, of the 108th N. Y. V., arrived here this morning, having been quite ill and still suffering. Not having seen the Colonel we are not advised by him as to the location and condition of the regiment. We hear, however, that it is somewhere in Western Maryland, detached from the army of the Potomac doing guard duty. It is said that the regiment has now only about one hundred men able to perform duty. It has lost by battle and disease from time to time till there is now scarcely more than sufficient men for a company.

The wife and daughter of Capt. Fellman, of the 108th regiment, left for Gettysburg yesterday to attend upon him. He has lost a leg but is said to be getting along very well.

EDITORS DEMOCRAT & AMERICAN.—In the issue of your paper of the 20th inst. there appeared a letter from me stating that I was unlawfully arrested as a deserter by Policemen Holleran and Rooney; since that time, on careful inquiry, I have ascertained to my satisfaction that the arrest was made at the instigation of some citizen or citizens, stating to said Policemen that my furlough was a forgery. Such being the case, I acquit said Policemen of all blame in the matter.

JAMES PLUNKETT,

Company D, 108th N. Y. V.

Dated, Nov. 23, 1863.

GALLANTRY OF OFFICERS.—The correspondent of the Tribune who is with the Army of the Potomac, gives a chapter of incidents of the late battles. In referring to the gallantry of officers, he says:

Col. Jno. Coons, of the 14th Ind., who was killed in the memorable charge by Hancock's corps on Thursday last, was on horseback at the head of his regiment, and was the first of his command to mount the Rebel works and discharge his revolver into the enemy's ranks. He was almost instantly shot dead, his body falling on one side of the works, and his horse, which was also killed, on the other. Col. Charles J. Powers of the 108th N. Y., Col. Smyth, commanding the Irish Brigade, Lieut. Col. Davis of the 12th N. Y., Lieut. Col. Brown of the 108th N. Y., Col. Egan, commanding Hayes' Brigade of Birney's Division, and Maj. Chas. C. Baker, then temporarily in command of the 3d Brigade of Gen. Barlow's Division, were conspicuous for noble daring.

HEADQUARTERS 108th REGIMENT, N. Y. V.  
January 18th, 1864.

As some time has elapsed since progress has been reported through your columns from the 108th, perhaps a chapter may not come amiss to the relatives and friends who have representatives in this embodiment of the Army of the Potomac. We are "so far out in the country" that at times the thought may occur, that we are nearly forgotten; but the fact is permanent with the men of the regiment that we are "a band of Brothers" from Old Monroe, and "still exist and have a being," and whenever ordered to proceed, compliance therewith is effected, whether the weather is propitious or unpropitious. The quota of "spoils of weather" at present date is overflowing; copious outpourings have prevailed. Streams are swollen, and Virginia mud is so abundant that locomotion is effected by wading, and those who have any distance to go soon present the appearance of wallowing through the mire.

The regiment, like other brother soldiers in organizations from "Home" in this section, has been subject to several vexatious moves.— During the last two months the privilege of moving camp has been our fortune frequently. As to these being delectable affairs or agreeable pic nics, the soldiers "couldn't see it."— Huts had been erected, and preparations made for housekeeping for the winter when the bail of the kettle of anticipation was severed "by order." We moved to our present camp on Sunday, December 27th. The boys have a vivid recollection that it rained some that day and that the marching was soft and toilsome, and that the spot camped upon was watery for two or three days following. A tented village however soon appeared, and the inhabitants there of are now transacting their routine of business methodically.

The huts are arranged in line, with streets intervening. They are constructed of logs, such height, length and breadth, as the occupants may choose, roofed with fly tents, and the crevices are filled with clay. A large fire place is made for "fore logs" and "back-logs." The chimneys are tapered off with such architectural taste as may suit the fancy of the builder. The capping is generally a barrel. They smoke badly occasionally, particularly when a mischievous blue jacket puts a board over them, and there is much wonderment "what in thunder makes it smoke so, when the wind don't blow?" Upon the discovery of the cause, there is some windy wishes for somebody. The interior department of the hut is fitted up with bunks and the men's personal effects. The parlor, sitting room and kitchen, are all one room. Soldiers are adepts in the culinary department. They tax their ingenuity to get up new dishes from the same material, and declare each effort is tip-top. A hotel bill of fare stands no comparison with a soldier's. At home such dishes might not be so inviting, and mutterings might be perceptible; hints that the cooks must have been out late, or had made a mistake in their calling.

A soldier who is a married man perfects himself in this art, as well as in the manual of arms,

and when the maternal head of the household is indisposed, can handle the frying-pan for the benefit of those to be fed. This may be an inducement for young ladies to secure soldiers, as adepts in cases of emergency.

We can attest the term frequently used, "we are in front," and very much so. The camp is located upon an open field, with woods in the rear and upon each side. To our left is a small mountain, some 70 feet in height, to which visitors are escorted and get a sight. The view is grand and expansive. The Rapidan is seen about one mile distant, and the smoke of the rebel camp fires, and their outposts are plainly visible. "Yo crags and peaks" of the Blue Ridge when not obscured by clouds sailing low, loom up grand and majestically. Pony Mountain, about four miles north, also rears Culpepper is about ten miles from us.

Rebel deserter come into our lines daily.— Their distressing want is shoes; and they also have a decided aversion to fighting any more.— They have inward lines of pickets to prevent desertions, and many have been shot in attempting to desert. It seems verily, as if they had a "hard time of it."

Many ladies, relatives of the officers, are now availing themselves of the privilege granted of visiting the army. Undoubtedly it is a great sight to witness such a body of men, their styles of living and military proficiency. It is also cheering to the soldiers to see ladies from the North. The female portion in this section are so bitter, that it is useless to observe them. Some of them however do "wilt" under the attentions of certain gay officers, and come back into the "Union as it is."

The health of the regiment is sound. But one death has occurred among the members borne on the rolls for several months, and that was Homer J. Richardson of Co. "C," in November. He enlisted in Honeoye Falls.

Our popular and efficient Quarter Master Joseph S. Harris has been honorably discharged the service. Ill-health was the cause. He was ever active and alive to the best interests and welfare of the regiment. Gentlemanly and courteous in all transactions, he won the warm esteem and confidence of all the men. Each will sincerely say "God bless him."

The Regimental store fronts Rapidan avenue; (per board thus labelled and posted). Its stock and variety of articles surpass many country stores. A thriving business is transacted, owing to the gentlemanly proprietor, L. ROGERS, accountant R. M. STEARNS, and fascinating clerks J. HARVEY LANE and SAM. BURGESS, possessing the tact of knowing how to "keep a store."

The officers and men would be much pleased to see friends from Monroe County among us "to the front."

JANUARY, 19th.—Lieutenant KENNEDY arrived this morning. He was on board of one of the trains in the collision, Monday. He fortunately escaped injury.

TRUEN.  
SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 13.

### LOCAL AFFAIRS.

From the 108th Regiment.

Correspondence of the Democrat and American.  
NEAR MORTON'S FORD, VIRGINIA,  
Feb. 9th, 1864.

The telegraph will announce to you that another conflict has occurred on the Rapidan. At

in early hour Saturday morning, our Corps moved for the purpose of feeling of the enemy across the river. Our (3d) Division forded the river, the water being waist deep—drove and captured a number of the rebels' pickets.—Having driven them some two miles, their artillery opened upon us briskly with shells. Our men were compelled to lie down upon the wet ground, (for the day was rainy) and thus continued till night fall, when another sharp action occurred, in which the rebels were pushed still further back. The Third Division was the only one over and under fire. Our artillery could not cross nor get in position. The loss in this Division is severe, being near 200. The hospitals and our chapel were filled with wounded and dying.

The 108th are sorely grieved—sadness is upon us. Lieut. Col. Pierce is dangerously wounded, a ball striking him near the outer corner of the left eye, and causing it to protrude outward the size of a hen's egg. Although in great pain, he appears calm. What the result will be we cannot say, but sincerely trust he may be spared to us. The additional wounded, as far as we can learn at the present writing, are as follows: Henry J. Clow, Co. B, abdomen, seriously; John R. W. Chase, Co. B, left shoulder, seriously; Corporal John H. Goodyer, Co. F, left shoulder cap fractured by a ball, seriously; Seeley Meeker, Co. F, ankle badly fractured.

The regiment has been out all night, and is still out on the river. Fighting has been going on briskly upon our right, and is still going on. The dead are being buried, amputated limbs are seen, and groans of pain and anguish are heard. They rendered the Sabbath doleful. The wounded were immediately stripped of their wet clothing and made as comfortable as possible. Thanks and blessings to Messrs. Rogers, Stearns, Laue and Burgess, of the Sut. Dept., for their untiring zeal during the night, and for their kindness in furnishing hot coffee to the wounded, are duly recorded by the grateful boys themselves. I must close the sad story. The 108th have also suffered—to what extent I cannot say. In haste, TRUMB.

**From the 108th Regiment.**

HEADQ'RS 108TH REG'T, N. Y. VOL'S.  
February 10th, 1864.  
After the severe engagement of Saturday, the 6th inst., it may be asserted that all is quiet on the Rapidan again, in our vicinity, at the present writing. The wounded have been conveyed away to various hospitals. The dead braves have been consigned to their tombs followed by lengthy corteges of sad comrades. Bands have played their mournful dirges; volleys as requiems to the departed, have been fired over graves, and everything is in readiness to meet the foe again when required.

On Saturday evening after dark, Captain Everett, upon whom the command of the 108th devolved after Lieut.-Col. Pierce was wounded, was ordered to make a charge upon a white house, from which the rebels had annoyed us much "and take it at all hazards." With the 108th and the 15th Battalion, 10th New York, in conjunction with the balance of the brigade, onward the men advanced, through pitchy darkness and rain, over fences and through ravines, engaging in a short and terrific struggle—a hand to hand fight, clubbing and bayoneting the rebels without any compunctions of conscience, and forcing them to fly. The point being gained, after posting a picket under Lt. Ostrander, our troops with-

drew to this side of the river. The sight of the contest from our mountain was grand. The flying shells shrieking through the air were thrilling, and the flashing of musketry resembled myriads of fire flies in a summer night. The charge was invigorating to the men as they were obliged to ford the river, which was about 9 A. M., and then hug the wet ground the rest of the day to avoid shells. Notwithstanding this precaution, a number were wounded and killed in the Division. As stated in a previous letter, no other Division was across the river at this point, the balance of the Corps remaining upon this side. On Sunday a Division of the 3d Corps came up, but did not cross.—The men are pleased with the variation from the monotony of the camp, although they say the water was cold and it was rough lying upon the ground nearly all day in the rain.

We are pleased to announce that Lieut.-Col. Pierce though severely wounded, is getting along encouragingly. His wound is very painful. He will probably be at home soon. We shall miss him much, for he is highly esteemed by every man of the regiment. During the engagement several officers' wives who are present, were spectators of the scene. Two or three officers' wives, of the 14th Connecticut, arrived in camp Saturday afternoon, and their anticipated happy meeting was turned to sorrow by their husbands being brought from the field wounded. What the object of the reconnaissance was, we leave until further enlightened. Capt. Everett is in command of the regiment. Lieut. Samuel Porter fills the position of Acting A. D. C. of the Brigade ably and efficiently.

The rebels have worked like beavers since Sunday, throwing up new entrenchments to dispute another advance. Nature furnishes them very formidable fortifications in rolling hills, and it requires great courage and bravery to advance upon them and drive them back.—They found in the recent engagement that the material for such purpose was not wanting in our boys. How many of them fell, in the darkness, we cannot say, but their loss must have been severe. The rebel sharpshooters plied their vocation lively, and several times during the day their artillery played rapidly, throwing shells at our advancing lines when exposed.—What the aggregate losses in the division are I have not learned. It was a hard day's work, and a sharp conflict.

Our (3d) brigade suffered in loss, killed and wounded, and missing, 141; the 14th Conn. being very heavy losers. The weather is cool and pleasant, and the men are feeling well. TRUMB.

**Democrat & American.**

TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 29.

**From the 108th Regiment.**

CAMP 108TH N. Y. VOL'S., 2d A. C.,  
March 23d, 1864.

If a report of the acts and doings of the 108th, with other themes intermingled, for the past few weeks, is acceptable, here it is—keeping *in petto* that which is deemed contraband. For several days past a cold north wind has prevailed. The camp denizens designated it as "white weather," which, elucidated, signifies stinging cold. The elements indicated that a heavy storm was gathering, which, having reached a culminating point, broke loose yesterday with the most violent and blustering

