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switch. Hurry up those drafted men, as we don't want LEE to get the start of us this time, we want to get a larger force in Va. than he can raise, and fight one more battle, whip him, and then I think we can all get a chance to go home for good. I have said my say, so good bye for the present.

Yours Truly.

CHAS. KELLY.

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

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

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. Barillon. 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, genuine 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 bayersack 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 ac-

coutrements, 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 darkeys. 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 Broöckport, 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 open, I came in contact with an aid of General Trimble of the rebel army, who was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Gettysburgh; and I can state that this is a fellow of good education and well informed upon all subjects connected with th

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 looked upon as a sample of many at the North; what 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 the many aching hearts, and which are so plainly stamped on many a countenance, never more to be revived.

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

Correspondence of the Ontario Republican Times.

Casualties in the 126th Regiment.

The extent of the losses sustained by the 126th Regiment, in killed, wounded and missing, in the recent fight near Gettysburg, is shown by the following letter from Assistant Surgeon PELTINE:

GETTYSBURG, Pa., July 6, 1863.

MR. EDITOR—*Dear Sir*:—Having a few leisure moments this evening, I will give you a list of the killed, wounded and missing of the 126th Regiment, as far as I am able to ascertain. Our regiment has covered itself with glory, not a man faltering during the whole of this terrible engagement. We have to mourn the loss of our beloved and gallant Colonel, and several other officers. The remnant of our regiment is in fine spirits and are now in pursuit of the flying rebels. I am detailed to remain with our wounded. We are in tents in a grove within two miles of Gettysburg.

Very respectfully yours,

P. D. PELTIER,

Ass't Surgeon 126th N. Y. S. V.

OFFICERS KILLED.

Col. E. Sherrill, Capt. O. J. Herrendeen, Co. H; Capt. Isaac Shimer, Co. F; Capt. Charles M. Wheeler, Co. K; Lieut. Rufus P. Holmes, Co. G.

WOUNDED.—Capt. Charles A. Richardson, Co. D; First Lieut. Isaac Seamans, Co. K; First Lieut. H. B. Owen, 2d Lieut. Asbrah Huntoon, Co. H; Lieut. M. H. Lawrence, Co. B; Lieut. Sidney E. Brown, Co. C; Lieut. Jacob Sherman, Co. E; Capt. John E. Brough, Co. E.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS & PRIVATES.

Co. A—*Killed*—Serg't David Goff, Rob't Pool, bugler. *Wounded*—Sergeant Smith Stebbins, Serg't Ja's Henderson, Levi Cole, S P Brezee, John Frost, Alex Mosher, Wm Axle, Frank Pool, Chas Turbush.

Co. B—*Killed*—Serg't Major H B Cook, Serg't Erasmus Bassett, Corporal Elias H Norris, William Hobart, Charles Gaylord. *Wounded*—John Finger, Serg't E Jessup, Corpl Geo Chapman, Corpl Thos T McCarrick, Moses Booth, David J Wilkins, Peter M Norman, Chas C Hicks, Stephen C Purdy, C M Hyatt, Amos J Potter, Wm Cassian, Orin Bates, Wm Raymond, Orin Edgett, Reuben Bullock, Lyther Weaver, John Blansett, Edwin Coryell, Chas H Dunning, Wm H Thomas, Nathan D Beedon, Franklin S Pettingill, Mortimer Garrison, Jas K Huson, dead, Melvin Bunce.

Co. C—*Killed*—Serg't C T Harris, Corp C L Bailey, E D Vaughn, George Kelley, Joshua Purcell, J T Grant. *Wounded*—Sgt Benj Swarthout, Sgt Madison Covert, Corp Wm Harrington, Corp H Peterson, John M Chambers, Geo C King leg amputated, Henry H Rumsey, Edgar H McNigg, Spencer J Colvin, Peter W Rappleye, Richard Lockhart, Cedric Rappleye, Geo W Conn, Tho's M Woodworth, Rich'd C Dimmick, Jas H Stull, Eugene K Holton, G F Harris, M Hamil, F M Parker, G C Scott, Wilmer Stuart, Sam'l Blew, dead.

Co. D—*Killed*—Serg't Edwin W Tyler, Corp Hiram B Wood, Henry W Wilson, Truman B Comstock, Charles Crandall.

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Wounded—Corp Henry Mattoon, Corp J Z Sabin, Wm R Chambers, Wesley D Robinson, Sylvester Oatman, Edgar Oatman, Barber Eldridge, John Clohassy, George B Johnson, Fred'k Ebert, Wm Snyder, Rob't T Porter, John Goodrich, Jr., Hosea Lewis, dead, Arnold J Yeckley, Octarius C Lyon, Mark Dunham, Tho's Barnett. *Missing*—A J Wilson, Wm B Brando, John Brodie.

Co. E—Killed—Harvey Wilson, John W Thompson, Joshua Brintt. *Wounded*—Orderly Sergt Edwin Barnes, Theron T Dunn, Jonathan Creed, B W Scott, J B Reynolds, Tyler Brink, Lorenzo Phillips, leg amp., Henry Becker, Leonard Seitz, Geo W Hoffling, John Saulspaugh, dead, James Boyd, dead, John Sloat, G W Larkam, Ambrose Bedell, John Gallivan. George W Turner, missing.

Co. F—Killed—M Cunningham, John Phillips, John Snelling. *Wounded*—Cha's Ferbush, T G Wilson, Geo Carr, O M Leland, C W Niles, Oliver Perry, John Torrence, G M Wilson, E Craft, Andrew J Devenport, Sam'l G Jacart, Rob't Jeffrey A N Fiero, Ja's Camp, Ord Sergt Vanburen Wheat, Ephraim Dubois, Edward A Young, Sam'l Clark, John W Bishop, Cha's P Kents.

Co. G—Killed—Serg't Tyler Snyder. *Wounded*—Fredk Seizer, Chas Farnsworth, Jas Harpee, Thos Yeo, Clinton Pasco, Wm Long, John Moran, leg amp., Daniel Day, George Hoffman, C W Bailey, John Duffy, James Place.

Co. H—Killed—Rob't Burns. *Wounded*, Corp Chas L Clapp, David Phips arm amp., Ja's, A Young, Sergt Anson E Howard, Nath'l G Briggs, H S Dickens, Theodore T Stacey, Ja's Sodon, Cha's L Bigelow, Ja's Golden, Fred'k Bayne, Ceylon H Sheffer, E G Hamlin, Geo Nicholson, Peter J Hopkins, Nicholas Loomis, Theodore Vickery, John H Russell, Wm S Westfall. *Missing*—Jo'n L Bullis, C S Gilbert, Edw'd T Swan.

Co. I—Killed—Sanford Ambrose, Cha's Waters, Willam H Eddy, Abram Cadmus. *Wounded*—Dennis Ryan, David Burger, A H Pierson, Wm H Wood, Geo Ackerman, Thomas Seabring, dead, H Kellignoe, W Decker, H Kipp, John Hart, W H Tewksbury, Sergt Stephen L Weatherlaw.

Co. K—Killed—Lester Nelson. *Wounded*—Sergt Wm Criscadon, Alonzo Davis, Geo Prouty, Corp Geo Smith, Corp B Logan, Geo W Macomber, Sergt Ralph H Crippen, Sergt A B Cooper, Corp Jerome Parks, A W Cooper, John King. *Missing*, Wm H Adams, H T Alcott, Andrew J Cady.

From Company D, 126th Regiment.

HOSPITAL NEAR GETTYSBURGH, PA.,
July 5th, 1862.

N. J. MILLIKEN—SIR: I snatch a few moments to send this note to be mailed by a member of the Sanitary Committee. Our

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brigade took up its march from Centerville, Pa., June 25th, at 3 P. M., to join the 2d Army Corps in its movements, and joined it and arrived at Gettysburgh the morning of the 2d inst. Our brigade immediately formed in three lines, our regiment in front, on the heights south-east of the town, where we remained until near night—the enemy shelling us some—when our forces having been driven back on the left, our brigade

was ordered to charge on the enemy there. We did it and drove them back handsomely, but with a heavy loss, including Col. G. W. Willard of the 125th N. Y., commanding the brigade. The next day, the 3d, the enemy made his most desperate effort of the war, and there was undoubtedly the heaviest cannonading ever known on this continent, if not the heaviest in the world. The enemy advanced on our center when our brigade lay in three lines, when we opened on them with grape and canister, reserving our infantry fire until they came up to within about twenty-five rods, when we poured our volleys from our rifled muskets so hotly that, although most desperately rallied, they came no nearer than ten rods without breaking. They finally fell back in a rout leaving the ground so thickly strewn with the dead that one could walk for rods or their dead bodies.

On the fourth we had skirmishing, and lost severely from rebel sharpshooters Col. Sherrill, commanding brigade, fell mortally wounded on the 3d, and died the next morning. Col. McDougal, 111th N. Y. next in command, was wounded, and the command of the brigade fell on Lt. Col. Lull, Capt. Coleman, commanding our regiment. (Maj. Phillips being dangerously sick at Washington.) Capts. Shimer, Wheeler and Herendeen were shot dead by sharpshooters. Our regiment lost 60 killed and 200 wounded,—but they drove the enemy every time, took twice their number of prisoners, and killed and wounded at least their own number. The regiment took a stand of colors with seven battles inscribed upon it, among them that of Harper's Ferry. It also took several battle flags.

I subjoin a list of my company killed and wounded:

Killed—Serg't E. W. Tyler, Corp'l H. B. Wood, T. B. Comstock, H. W. Willson, C. C. Grandall.

Slightly Wounded—Capt. C. A. Richardson, Corp. C. W. Watkins, Corp. J. Z. Sabin, S. Mead, F. Ebert, W. D. Robinson, B. Eldridge.

Severely Wounded—Corp. H. Mattson, H. Lewis, O. C. Lyon, R. T. Porter, Mark Dunham, J. A. Yeckley, Wm. R. Chambers, S. Oatman, E. Oatman, J. Clohassy, Wm. Snyder, G. B. Johnson, John Goodrich.

Missing—A. J. Willson, Wm. B. Brando, D. A. Hedger, J. Brodie, T. Barnett.

Our victory was complete. The enemy

have fallen back, and this P. M. have encountered some other force, as we hear distant rapid cannonading in a south-westerly direction. All in good spirits—every man fit for duty is now taking up his march for the scene of action, in order, it is hoped, to wipe out the grand rebel army. This battle is the greatest of the war, and I think the last great battle, if we are prospered a few days longer. Respectfully yours,
C. A. RICHARDSON.

THE BATTLE FIELD.—We left Geneva on the 8th instant in company with twelve others, for the Gettysburg Battle Ground, to help look after and take care of the wounded men at that place, belonging the 126th Regiment, N. Y. V.

We took the boat in the afternoon and found the ride up our beautiful Lake, the most pleasant of the whole journey. Arriving at Watkins, the party was made the guests of our Steamboat Captain, H. Tuthill, who, it is hardly necessary to say, entertained them in a way that was pleasing to the whole company. We took the cars at Watkins, and arrived in Elmira between eleven and twelve o'clock: had a comfortable sleep of three or four hours, and left at four in the morning, for Williamsport, where we arrived at late breakfast time—we thought it was late, for there was only provender enough to be got hold of to give each man about half what he wanted to eat.

After we left Williamsport (only staying there some twenty minutes,) we began to enter the garden of the old Keystone State,—for such crops of wheat, corn, oats, &c., we never saw before as were then being harvested all along the line from Williamsport to Gettysburg—the latter place lying in one of the finest and richest sections of the State. Corn in many places was as high as a man's shoulders, and farmers from Ontario, Seneca and Yates Counties, who were on the train with us, said that many of the fields of wheat we passed, would yield from forty to fifty bushels per acre.

We arrived in Harrisburg about one o'clock, where we saw the first effect of the Rebel invasion. The whole Southern and Western side of the city, was surrounded by entrenchments and rifle pits. The place and its suburbs were swarming with Pennsylvania Militia. Large droves of horses were constantly passing through the City, on their way back to the Gettysburg country—they having been driven away from there to keep them from falling into the hands of the Rebels. The people of Harrisburg seemed to have been frightened out of their senses, if they ever had any;—for it was utterly impossible to ob-

tain any knowledge from them, whatever, as to which way we should go to get to Gettysburg. Some advised one way and some another, and none of them seemed to know anything about the roads whether they were passable or not. After spending about three hours in that city in trying to find how we should get out of it, and save ourselves the expense of a twenty miles walk, with a heavy load of baggage on our backs, which we had in store for the soldiers, we concluded to follow the lead of our Townsman, Hon. C. J. FOLGER. We took the cars about four o'clock, P. M. and started for Columbia, which place we reached at a little before six, crossed the river (Susquehanna) in skiffs, the bridge having been burned to keep the Rebels from crossing, and then hired teams to carry us to York (twelve miles), where we stayed all night. The next morning at seven o'clock, we took the cars for Hanover Junction, and from there to Gettysburg arriving at the latter place about two o'clock, P. M.— At the suggestion of Judge FOLGER we proceeded immediately up into the village to find out where our wounded men were. We had walked but a short distance before we were tapped on our shoulder by Dr. Chisson, a member of the 126th, who had been left in care of our wounded men. After having a hearty and welcome shake of the Doctor's hand we inquired for the whereabouts of our men. He informed us that four or five were being brought from the field in a wagon, which would be along in a few minutes. Turning around in the direction from which it was coming he exclaimed there it is. We made for the wagon in double quick, and who should we find in it that we knew, but Jacob Sherman and Edward Barnes. We at once informed them who were with us and what we had come for. The boys were overcome with joy, and tears dropped from their eyes as free and as large as rain drops. From this time until Sunday, when eight of the party left for home, the whole were busily engaged in attending to the wants and comforts of the brave men of the 126th, who fell at the greatest battle of the war. They were all taken from the field about four miles south of Gettysburg and brought to the village, where they were all washed, their wounds dressed, and clean clothes put on them. They were then examined by physicians, and all that were able to ride in the cars, were sent to Baltimore, and from there to different hospitals about the country. As near as we could learn, only twelve or fifteen were left at Gettysburg.

Three of the boys died of their wounds while we were there. The first was Peter J. Hopkins, a member of O. J. Herenden's company, (H) and a resident, we believe,

of the town of Farmington. He died about sundown, on Saturday Evening the 11th inst. The next was John F. Sloat from Gorham, belonging to company C.— He appeared to be a very fine young man, and gained the deepest sympathy of all who made his acquaintance. He was shot in both his ankles, but said he cared nothing for those wounds. A shell or a piece of one, had passed close to the small of his back, and the concussion was so great that it injured his back very much, and threw him into the lock-jaw and he died some time during Saturday night about eight days after the battle. The third was Edward Barnes who had a very severe wound in the groin and died on Sunday morning. These three young men had everything done for them that could be after the party from this place arrived at Gettesburg. Their friends can rely upon it that they were not neglected. Hopkins died in the tent where the boys were all brought to prepare them for other places. Barnes died at the Seminary Hospital and Sloat at a Church which was used for a hospital. All the boys were in good spirits, and one thing was noticed by all,

that not a single groan was heard from any of them, it mattered not how bad their wounds were.

We travelled over the battle ground to some extent, and spent some time in talking with the Rebel prisoners, that lay on the ground wounded. There must have been then some twelve or fifteen thousand wounded Rebels. Many of them, or a large majority of them, were full of grit as secesh, and said that they would give us as good a drubbing as we had them the next time they had a fight. Others were heartily sick of the war, and expressed themselves in favor of the old flag, and hoped soon to see it waive in triumph over all the States of the Union. We had a talk with a Lieut. for one of the North Carolina Regiments, who said he was a Union man when the war broke out—had been in almost every battle, and was a Union man yet. He told us there were thousands in the Rebel army just in his position. He said his relatives and all his associates were in favor of the Rebellion and there was nothing left for him but to join the army and fight or leave the country. To stay there with his sentiments would have been sure death. He had a severe wound but did not consider it dangerous. He expressed himself strongly in favor of the Government, and said he would never go back to Secesh if he could help it. We learn that he died after we left.

We went into one of the camps where they were amputating Rebel limbs, (and there were quite a number of such places,) and there saw a stack of arms, legs, feet