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Our brigade was the last to leave the breastwork. When the retreat was made we were four miles from the river; we covered the retreat, starting at three o'clock in the morning, roads very muddy, making it the hardest march we have ever had, getting to camp at three o'clock in the afternoon—eighteen miles, and mud very deep.

Your affectionate son, JOHN R. HAYS.

[We have received from Mr. John Chatfield, of Cornwall, permission to publish the following portion of another letter received by him from P. P. H., whose letter, under date of May 2, was printed in Saturday's *Daily Journal*. We commence our extract at the point where the first letter closed an account of the regiment's movements up to Saturday noon, when orders for a march were received. The regiment was then near Chancellorsville.—*Ed. Jour.*]

CAMP AT STONEMAN'S, Va.,
Thursday Evening, May 7, 1863.

* * * * *

We were not to remain here long. Soon the order came for us to fall in, and on we went; and if we were not marched around the remainder of that day until nine or ten o'clock at night, then no troops ever were. I cannot begin to tell you all, nor will I attempt to. Suffice it to say we were all of us nearly exhausted.

We halted in a large field, and a shower of bullets passed over our heads. The One Hundred and Twenty-Second Pennsylvania were out in front of us on picket; but a volley was fired at them and they ran, and we had to take their place. Our videttes were a short distance in front of us in the woods, and they were fired at, and then our whole regiment fired a volley, and then our company loaded and fired again. From that time until morning we remained quiet and undisturbed.

About daylight Sunday morning, the 3d instant, we were ordered up and again on the move. We were cold and tired, sleepy and hungry, and we thought that we were going to be relieved and allowed to get us something to eat and to rest awhile; but alas! alas! it was for the battle field we were traveling. Oh, the bursting shells and booming cannons, and noise of musketry. Oh! I cannot describe it; and I would not if I could. The noise of the roaring cannot I can compare to nothing but the continuous roar of thunder. We were led to the battle field, but it was in a thick woods. We loaded and fired as fast as possible. Thick and fast our brave fellows fell. I thought I saw some of the horrors of war at Fredericksburgh, but that was nothing when compared with this.

Poor Charley was shot through the neck, and lived only about fifteen or twenty minutes. Two brothers by the name of Foly, from Newburgh, in our company, were both killed. One was the Color Sergeant; he was shot through the neck, and fell backwards dead. His brother was shot through the head; he lived a short time. I had a small tin cup on the outside of my haversack; a bullet passed through it. That was my narrowest escape. God has yet spared my life, but I know not for how long nor for what purpose. I am very thankful but I fear I am not enough so. Oh, what a day last Sunday was! While you at home were all se

peaceful and happy, and allowed to attend church. Oh, how little did you think we were on the battle field. Oh! what a day's work that was! And then at night we had to go out on picket again. All day Monday we dug rifle pits and threw up breastworks. Almost every hour you would hear a volley of musketry out in front, and bursting shells, and cannons. Oh! do not imagine the scene. God knows, it was dreadful.

General Hooker said the Third Corps had saved the army, and covered itself with immortal glory. Our regiment did fight bravely, and the poor boys fell nobly doing their duty. On Monday, while at work in our rifle pits, the Rebel sharp shooters were up in trees, and the rifle balls whistled by us fearfully. One ball struck a man in Company F., and, I believe, killed him. Another ball struck a man in our company in the shoulder, and inflicted a severe wound. Another ball struck General Whipple while he was walking about as composedly as possible; he was carried off to the hospital, and it was thought he would recover, but he has since died.

Monday night we were permitted to remain in places, but we were roused up once or twice during the night. When the pickets were firing at each other, we would "fall in" and be in readiness to meet the foe, did he break through our lines. After he would retreat and the firing cease, we would lie down again.

Tuesday forenoon we worked some at our rifle pits. There were two lines of rifle pits in front of us, and a line of picket pits, and we were feeling quite secure. The sun shone quite warm. In the afternoon our regiment all formed in line, stacked arms, and then swept off the ground in front of us up to the rifle pits. We all pitched our tents next, and then worked some more on the earthworks. About four p. m. a shower came up. It rained very hard, and we got wet. It ceased raining a few moments, and then of course we had to clean our guns, and keep ready for action; but in ten or fifteen minutes it commenced raining again, and has rained most of the time since. True it has not rained much to-day, but it is cloudy and cool yet.

At dark, Tuesday night, I boiled me a cup of coffee; and then Dan Rider and Thomas Taft and I laid down and were quite comfortable; but of course we were wet and cold, and the ground was all wet under us. We had just got comfortably fixed when the order came to fall in, strike tents, &c. It was raining hard, and was very dark, but orders had to be obeyed; and after a while our brigade got out in the wood. There we stood in the mud, rain, and darkness, wet and cold. My woolen blanket was soaking wet, my rubber blanket was wet, and my piece of tent was wet; and I can assure you that my load was any thing but light to stand under. After standing here about an hour, we "about-faced" and marched back where we started from, and received orders to be in readiness to march at a moment's warning. We laid down, and laid until about two o'clock in the morning, when we were roused up and "fell in," and stood there awhile, and at last we started on the move for the river on the retreat. The rebels had massed their whole force. There were so many troops ahead of us, and the roads were so horrible, that we could move but a few paces at a time. After getting along in this manner for a mile or so, the roads got somewhat

clear, and then we had to move forward just as fast as possible, part of the time on the run. Oh, the mud, the mud! I never saw mud before. Never think of mud at home, for there is no mud there. We reached the cleared field near the river, where the pontoon bridge was, and where we had crossed a few days before, and here our regiment was formed in line.

Our regiment now looks about as a company used to look when we were in Goshen. To say there was a multitude of men here at the bridges waiting to cross, would but faintly express the number, and both bridges were constantly crowded. At last our corps began to cross, and finally we were successful in reaching this side, and there was a large number of troops yet to come over. As soon as we reached this side of the river we climbed up a steep hill, almost perpendicular and thickly covered with trees and brush. We reached the top and then marched about in the mud some, halted a few minutes in the woods, then pressed on towards camp. At last we halted in a thick pine woods, and boiled us a cup of coffee, and then on again. We reached camp yesterday afternoon about two or three o'clock, and were glad to get back again. But oh! how lonesome, sad and dreary it looks; so few tents, so still in camp. The thought that so many of our poor fellows fell on the field, is painful indeed. Oh! how much I miss Charley and Knapp, we having been together so long.

he Whig Press,--

The Wounded of the 124th Regt.

The condition of some of the wounded among the brave boys of the 124th will be learned from the following letter written by one of the men of that Regiment:

124th REGT. N. Y. S. V.,
CAMP, NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, }
May 20, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER: This afternoon I visited the Third Division Third Corps Hospital, and it is a sight to see the brave fellows there suffering from all manner of wounds, but bearing up heroically under their afflictions. Some of them with an arm and others a leg off, some wounded through the head, others through the body; but very few uttered any complaints unless it was because they could not have revenge.

One poor fellow out of Co. K, who had his right arm off, said that he had just loaded his gun to give them another shot, but it was no use; the bone was shattered, and his arm has since been taken off. He is now the liveliest fellow in the hospital. In one of the wards I saw two fellows playing checkers, and neither of them could turn over or sit up. One of them out of this Co. had his leg taken off, and the other one was shot through the neck, so you may believe it was an interesting game.

Another out of this Co. was shot through the thigh, and the bone was broken so that his leg could not be taken off, and the poor fellow had to lay there in one position all the while with his leg bound up and placed

in a sort of sling so as to make it as easy as possible for him. He said he felt very comfortable then, but it sometimes hurt him very much; but he took things very coolly, and you would hear no word of complaint from him.

Another man of this Co. was shot through the eyes, so that one of them had to be cut out, and the other one is very bad, but he will have the use of it after awhile; but he can see but very little out of it now, not enough to recognize any one.

Some of the men curse the rebs. from way back, and want to soon get well so that they can pay them back in lead coin. It is truly a horrible sight to go through the hospital and see the suffering of the wounded. Lieut. Col. Cummings was down there to-day; he is very good to the wounded, giving them money and getting things for them.

From the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth.

A Private Letter, communicated to the Journal.

OUT ON PICKET, ALONG THE RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER, VA. }
About five miles from Camp, }
Monday, June 1, 1863, 12½ o'clock. }

To MR. JOHN CHATFIELD:

Last Friday afternoon, after we returned to camp from battalion drill, we received orders to be in readiness for picket the following morning, and at roll-call in the evening we were again warned to be ready. The cooks were ordered to have breakfast ready at five o'clock, and the regiment was to be in line at half past five. Reville sounded early Saturday morning, and breakfast was over in good season, our blankets and tents rolled and strapped upon our knapsacks. The battalion formed, and after waiting about half an hour for the whole of our division to come up, we moved forward. We were not fortunate enough this time to be left for the grand reserve, but were marched on about two miles, out to the river. Three companies, viz., A, F and C, are posted here as a reserve, and to do patrol duty nights.

We brought two days' rations of soft bread with us, and coffee and sugar and meat, and to-day, Post, our Commissary Sergeant, brought us out some hard tack, and some coffee and sugar, and yesterday's mail. Post is a good fellow, and the boys all like him; he is full of fun and good humor, and he looks out that we have our rations, and that they are No. 1 of what the Division Commissary affords. In a few words, he is "the right man in the right place."

We are posted here on a high elevation, and consequently we have a fine view of Rebeldom for several miles around, and we are also permitted to be hold "Johnny Rebs" on the opposite side of the river, and they seem inclined to watch us just as closely as we watch them. We have heard the report of several guns along the line, but have learned nothing in particular regarding them. Perhaps they have been discharged through carelessness. If picket firing had not been forbidden, I presume, ere this time we would have heard the rattle of considerable musketry, and undoubtedly would have been minus several men in killed and wounded; but as it is, neither party seem to have much dread or fear of the other. The Rebel pickets go into the river bathing on one side, and our men on the opposite side at the same time.

Yesterday one of the Rebel pickets crossed the river and came over on our side, at a post where one of Company G's men was, and promised him that if he could get his comrade to come with him they would both desert and come over during the night, but they did not come over until about noon to-day; they said they did not dare risk it last night for fear we would fire upon them; they told their own pickets that they were coming across to obtain some papers from us, but after reaching this side of the river, they called out to those who were await-

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ing their return, and told them they had lost them this time." A guard brought them up to the Major's headquarters, and from here they were escorted over to the General's quarters. They belonged to the Ninth Alabama Regiment, one of the regiments that fought us on Sunday at the battle of Chancellorsville. They said they knew we were the regiment they were fighting, by the red tape tied in the button-holes of our coats. They said they had been in the service two years, and had grown tired of it. They informed us that there was a "right smart lot of them there who would like to come over right soon, if they only dared venture the river." The Major says they are deserting along this river at the rate of forty or forty-five per day. Certainly if they keep this up long enough, it will soon weaken their army considerably.

The wind has blown a stiff breeze ever since we have been out here, which makes it very cool and nice; but as I sit here writing in the shade of an apple tree, it is almost impossible for me to keep my paper still, for the moment my hand is off it the wind doubles it in various shapes.

Saturday night our company went out on patrol from eleven to one o'clock; we marched through fields—I presume I might properly restrict this to the singular number, for there are no fences here to divide one field from another; there is no separation except a wood, or path, or gully. Suffice it to say we marched through these cleared spaces, and through brush and woods, crossed streams, ascended and descended steep embankments, and before we were hardly aware of it, found ourselves up toward Banks' Ford. We then turned about and started in a more direct course for the river, and would occasionally halt and listen. At one time we heard the noise of several axes upon the Rebel side of the river; we conjectured, and I presume truly, that the Rebels were busy in throwing up breastworks. We returned to headquarters at one o'clock, having had a midnight tramp of at least four or five miles, and without capturing any prisoners, or obtaining any very valuable information. Although there were some flying clouds, yet the moon shone brightly and lighted our path so that we could see plainly to choose our footsteps. As we marched along with almost noiseless tread, and only now and then a whisper escaping from our sealed lips, and our shining gun barrels glistening in the moonbeams' light, loaded and primed, it reminded me of a band of midnight assassins prowling about in the dark forest "seeking whom they might devour." But you are aware all these things are required in war times, and numerous others that are far from being pleasant or very agreeable.

After returning to our quarters we lay down and slept until three o'clock, Company F keeping watch. At three o'clock we were roused up and ordered to remain awake. Saturday evening Sergeant Brewster paid twenty-five cents for a quart of sweet milk, put it in a canteen, and hung it on the ridge pole of our tent, saying that in the morning we would each have a good cup of bread and milk, which would be a great luxury to us. Imagine our surprise yesterday morning at daylight when we emptied the contents of the canteen in our tin cups, and we had about a pint of milk, and that sour and tasting strong of wild onions, which grow in abundance here; but we had to make the best of it, so we sprinkled some salt in the milk, filled up our cups with cold water, broke our bread, and made a very good breakfast. After being relieved from duty we lay down again until about noon. I then arose and went into the shade alone, and devoured the reading matter contained in three *Newburgh Daily Journals* sent me through the kindness of a young friend at home, to whom you will please tender my warmest thanks

for keeping me so well supplied with reading matter from home. After reading the papers through, I took a bath in a stream which empties into the Rappahannock a few rods from here; I then came up on the side of a hill and lay down in the shade of an apple tree, and reflected awhile on the past. In imagination I pictured myself at home preparing for church, and longed to exchange my situation and be with you, for here we are denied the privileges of ever seeing a church or hearing

sound of a church bell, or of listening to the preaching of God's word; every day here seems alike. After growing wearied with these reflections I wrote a letter, and then gazed awhile on the opposite side of the river where Secessia reigns triumphant. I could see Mr. Rebs walking about, and some officers riding around on horseback just as composedly as if nothing was the matter. There is a fine drove of cattle over there which does not look as if the Rebels were on the point of starvation. After I became tired of these scenes and contemplations, I wended my way to the tent, boiled me a cup of coffee, ate my supper, and a little before nine o'clock the evening I spread the blankets and laid down for a nap. At one o'clock this morning our company had to get up and remain on watch until three o'clock, and then go off on patrol for two hours. When we reached the bank of the river we discovered a fire on the opposite side, and "Johnny Rebs" standing around it; they did not molest us, and after gazing at them awhile we moved on and left them undisturbed.

Lieutenant Wood, commanding Company E, informed us that the noise of wagon trains and artillery had been heard nearly all night, and it is presumed that a part of the Rebel force here is moving off toward Culpepper, and perhaps are preparing to make a raid down through the Sherandoah Valley. To-day I have seen several wagons and horsemen moving along the road, which, for the distance of a few rods, is plainly visible from here. It is a difficult matter I assure you for General Hooker or any one else to keep posted of their anticipated movements. I think they know better than to cross over here and give us battle, for they are aware that they would meet with too warm a reception.

This is quite a pleasant place; several houses are to be seen about here, and all of them inhabited; there is also a large number of fruit trees, and most of them are well loaded with green fruit, which, if ripe, I fear would disappear rapidly. This seems to have been once quite a farming country, but I see nothing here now pertaining to farming; no ploughing, and no grain fields, and cattle having full range over hundreds of acres.

TUESDAY MORNING, June 2, 1863—7 o'clock.

We are now anxiously awaiting the arrival of the new relief. The officers have their baggage packed up, and the wagon which conveys it is soon to start for camp. Most of the boys have their tents struck and blankets rolled, and are in readiness to "fall in" at short notice. Last night our company kept watch from nine to eleven o'clock, and from three o'clock this morning we have all been up as usual. This morning a portion of a rebel wagon train and some tents are plainly visible to the naked eye, and with the aid of a field glass we saw a long line of rebel cavalry moving down the road towards Fredericksburgh, and we can see squads of rebel soldiers moving about in almost every direction. Some of them come out on the bank of the river in front of us and look over here at us and point with their finger, as if they were describing something in particular to each other.

I can assure you it is almost or even quite enough to disgust and discourage the soldiers which constitute our armies, when they read of the doings and speeches of the Copperheads at home. It does indeed seem strange to us that any one, especially at the North, can have sympathy for the Rebels. It does not seem possible to us that they can with a clear conscience uphold and sanction these traitors in their treasonable attempts to overthrow our Government, the best on earth,—a government which their forefathers, with ours, fought and bled, and died to establish and maintain. A government by which they and their property have been protected, and beneath its protecting influence have been permitted to follow whatever profession, or engage in whatever avocation they choose, that was at all proper in the eyes of a civilized and enlightened nation, and thus grow wealthy. And now to think that there is a million of men here on the tented fields, whose feelings are just as sensitive as those who have remained at home, and thousands of them were never inured to privations or hardships more than themselves. And these soldiers are separated far from home and all its dear associations, from

families and friends, and for long and weary months have borne the inclemency of the weather, have braved disease and death, with scarcely a murmur escaping from their lips. They have borne these privations and trials in order that our nation might still live, and they are willing to undergo still more in order that she may survive this struggle, and ride triumphantly over these billows of treason. But there is scarcely a paper we receive from home but what brings us some intelligence of maniacal acts performed by the Copperheads. I think the sooner they meet the fate of the notorious rebel and traitor, Vollandigham, and thus clear our country at home of their presence and vile influence, there will be a unity of feeling and a unity of purpose prevailing throughout the entire North, East and West, which will so strengthen our cause and the spirit of our army as to strike terror to the hearts of rebels, and thereby cause them to see that we are united and determined to conquer them.

Any person who has no love of country or who has no sympathy for those who endure the hardships of war, and even risk their lives upon the battle field, and who cannot, or will not, appreciate the blessings of a good government, such a one does not deserve the protection of any government, and the sooner such persons are banished to some lone, desolate and dreary island, and there left, far from home and all enlightened society, the better it will be for all and for our country. For just as long as such persons are allowed to roam through our country, and in the strongest terms which they are capable of belching forth, degrade and denounce our government, which they pretend so bitterly to hate; and while they are permitted to uphold the cause of the Rebels, but take good care that they remain far from their so-called brethren, and instead of joining them and taking their place in the rebel ranks, and fighting as men ought to fight for a cause which they pretend so well to love, and which they esteem so pure, and holy and just—they remain at home where they are sure of safe protection from danger beneath a firm Republican Government.

I must close for the present, as the relief is coming and we have been ordered to "fall in."

CAMP STONEMAN, Va.,
Tuesday, June 2, 4 o'clock, P. M. }

The One Hundred and Fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers relieved us, and we started for camp about half-past eleven o'clock, reaching here about one this afternoon. The sun shone warm and the roads were quite dusty, but a gentle breeze blew steadily and made it comparatively cool marching.

The 124th at Gettysburgh.

Below will be found an official list of the killed, wounded and missing of the 124th Regiment, (American Guard,) at the Battle of Gettysburg. July 2d, 1863. We copy from the Newburgh Journal:

Colonel A. VAN HORNE ELLIS, killed, shot through the head.

Major JAMES CROMWELL, killed, shot through the breast.

Lieutenant-Colonel Cummins, wounded slightly.

COMPANY A—Newburgh.

Private Jacob Lent, killed.

" Wesley Morgan, wounded severely.

" Chas. Valentine, wounded and missing

" Isaac Conklin, wounded slightly.

" Michael Hager, wounded severely.

COMPANY B—Goshen.

Private Robert J. Holland, killed.

" Wm. Lamoreux, killed.

" Harrison H. Storms, killed.

Captain James Scott, wounded in six places—will get well.

Private Edward M. Carpenter, wounded in hand.

" John Glanx, wounded in hand and arm.

" Wesley Storms, wounded in knee.

COMPANY C—Cornwall.

Sergeant Peter P. Hazen, wounded in face.

Private Fred. Lamoreux, wounded slightly.

" Benj. Flagg, wounded in bowels.

Sergeant Thomas Taff, missing, prisoner.

COMPANY D—Warwick.

Private John W. Leeper, killed.

" James Pembleton, killed.

" Thos. S. Storms, wounded, head, slight.

" Thos. M. Hyatt, wounded, head, slight.

" John C. Degraw, wounded, foot, slight.

Corporal Ezra Hyatt, wounded, leg, slight.

" Gideon H. Pelton, wounded, leg, slight.

Private Geo. B. Kinney, wounded, head, severe.

" John Gannon, wounded, thigh, slight.

" John Edwards, missing.

COMPANY E—Middletown and Mt. Hope.

Corporal John Scott, wounded in breast.

Private H. Harris, wounded in head.

" James Moores, wounded in thigh.

" Matthias Wood, missing, since paroled.

COMPANY F—Port Jervis.

Sergeant John B. Drake, killed.

Corporal O. U. Knapp, killed.

Private A. St. Quick, killed.

Corporal James H. Taylor, wounded in foot.

" James Conner, wounded in head.

Private George Garrett, wounded in face.

" F. S. Goble, wounded in knee.

" Wm. Van Sickle, wounded in hand.

" George Langdon, wounded in arm.

" Ira Gordon, left arm amputated.

" Isaac Gillson, missing.

COMPANY G—Washingtonville.

Captain Isaac Nicoll, killed.

Private Walter Barton, killed.

" James Roak, killed.

" Wm. Campbell, killed.

" Thomas Corbitt, killed.

Lieutenant Jas. O. Denniston, wounded in thigh by one ball and calf of leg by another.

Sergeant Isaac Decker, wounded in hip.

Private Selah Brock, wounded in hip.

" Garrett H. Bennett, wounded in ankle.

" Wm. Dawkins, wounded in hip.

" Cornelius Hughes, wounded in side.

" Charles Benjamin, wounded in side.

" Gilbert Piatt, wounded in wrist.

COMPANY H—Walden.

Private James E. Horner, killed.

Sergeant Thomas Bradley, wounded in groin.

" Chas. H. Tindall, wounded in arm.

" Wm. H. Cox, wounded and missing.

Captain Noah B. Kimbark, wounded.

Private Jesse Camp, wounded in arm.

" John E. Kidd, wounded in breast.

" Thomas O. Connell, wounded in leg, amputated.

Private Wm. Hatch, missing, prisoner.

COMPANY I—Newburgh.

Lieutenant Milner Brown, killed.

Private C. S. Allen, killed.

Sergeant Amos Eager, wounded in arm.

Corporal Samuel McQuaid, wounded in breast.

" Samuel Chalmers, wounded in hand.

Private John Gordon, wounded slightly.

" James Partington, wounded mortally.

" N. Jackson, wounded in ankle.

Sergeant A. Vanderline, wounded in hand, slight.

Private J. T. Larue, wounded in shoulder.

" Wm. Moore, missing.

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“ Wm. Whan missing.
 COMPANY K—Middletown.
 Corporal Isaac Decker, killed.
 Private Ambrose S. Hurlbut, killed.
 “ John Carroll, killed.
 “ George H. Stephens, killed.
 Lieut. James Finnegan, wounded in leg and arm.
 Sergeant Woodward T. Ogden, slight.
 Private Henry W. Smith, wounded slightly.

RECAPITULATION.

Field officers killed.....	2	
Line officers “	2	
Enlisted men “	19	
Total.....	23	23
Field officers wounded.....	1	
Line officers “	2	
Enlisted men “	52	
Total.....	55	55
Enlisted men missing.....	7	7
Killed, wounded and missing.....	85	

Two hundred and seventeen muskets and
 eighteen officers went into the fight.

Local & Vicinity News.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The circulation of the *Newburgh Daily Journal* now far exceeds that of any other daily published or circulated in the village, and that excess is constantly increasing. No other medium presents so good inducements to advertisers who wish to reach the people of this vicinity.

From the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth.

PARTIAL LIST OF CASUALTIES.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM A PRIVATE IN COMPANY A.

Rev. Mr. Jack this morning received a letter from Charles Stewart, company I, written on the fourth of July, at Gettysburgh. The company went into battle with twenty-four men and came out with six. The following are the killed, wounded and missing, so far as given in the letter: Killed—Lieutenant Brown, and C. S. Allen. Wounded—Sergeants Eager and Vanderlyn, Corporals McQuaid and Chambers, and Privates Edwards, Gordon, Jackson, Larve, Partington. Missing—Moore and Whan.

Since writing the above, we have been handed the following letter from a private in Company A, addressed to Mr. William Brown:

NEAR GETTYSBURGH, Pa., July 6, 1863.

When at Frederick, on the 29th ult., I wrote you a note, which I mailed at the same place, informing you of my position. I had to give out on the march, partly used up. I did not reach the regiment until the 3d, just as a terrible battle was going on, which lasted from daylight until six o'clock in the evening. Our right was not then engaged, but before finding it, all that I could hear of it was that it was engaged in the action, and that I would find it in the front. I searched along the front for some two hours, and finally learned that it was at the rear; went to the rear, and found it had been engaged the day before in one of the hardest contested battles ever fought. It stood in a life-and-death struggle for two hours and forty minutes. The brigade was commanded by Colonel Berdan, of the sharpshooters. They kept at bay, during this time, five solid lines of battle of the enemy, estimated by some at ten thousand. Colonel Ward congratulated the boys after coming out, told them they had won the Kearney badge, that he never saw men stand fire so well.

Our regiment lost heavily, according to its number—twenty-two killed and fifty-nine wounded. We lost all our field officers—Colonel Ellis and Major Cromwell killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Cummings wounded. Ellis is a sore loss to us; while he was with us, I consider we had a father, but now he is gone. A braver man never lived. He and the Major both got killed while leading the little regiment on a charge. The last words he was heard to say were, "Give it to them, my tulips!" This, and "my Orange blossoms," were favorite names he always called us by. But now he is gone, no more to be seen at the head of our little regiment that he took so much pride in. His and the Major's bodies were sent home in charge of Lieutenant Ramsdell. Orange County cannot do to their remains too much honor.

But, sir, it was a complete victory. Never during the war was such obstinate fighting done on both sides for three days. Both armies contested the little space of ground in which the fighting took place. The enemy's prisoners say they were led to believe that it was the raw militia they had to contend against. They suffered terribly in killed and wounded. Yesterday I walked over some of the battle-field, and had to pick my steps to avoid walking over their dead. To say they lay thick would be only giving a faint idea of it; mangled masses of flesh, both of men and horses, lay in every direction. Our men were busy all day yesterday in burying the day. The stench of the battle-field is awful.

Most of our army is in pursuit of the enemy. I believe ours is the only corps here at present, and we are all ready to leave as soon as the roads are clear. I just learn that the Rebels are abandoning on their retreat a great deal of their ammunition train, also a number of cannon.

The roads must be bad, as it has rained a great deal lately. It was read to our corps this morning that the enemy's pontoon bridge across the Potomac at Williamsport had been destroyed by General French, thus foiling them in their retreat.

Our troops are in the highest glee over the result of the past few days. We are in hopes that Lee's army is as good as destroyed. He must be in a terrible fix about now. Our boys met him on even footing, and not behind his breastworks as at Fredericksburgh, or in the wilderness at Chancellorsville, and the result is known. He may make another stand. If he does, which I think he will be forced to do, he will find the "Demoralized Army of the Potomac" is anxious and ready to meet him. He boasted some time since that he would spend the fourth of July in Pennsylvania, but that National anniversary found him in full retreat with our shell making music at his rear.

Gov. Hyatt is alive and well, though not with the regiment. When we left Falmouth, Collins and L. L. Jackson were left behind sick. Collins, I hear, has died of typhoid fever.

I am writing by spells, in the midst of excitement, and upon Confederate paper from a Rebel's knapsack, found on the battlefield.

Robert Ritchie, Hiram Leach, and Daniels, are well. Allen's son was killed. Our boys buried him. Captain Weygant now commands our regiment. We now number about one hundred and sixty-five men. It is awful. One or two more fights and it is gone.

Yours, J. HARTNETT.

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Capt. Bush of Co. F, 124th Regiment, is now at home, Port Jervis, on a sick furlough; also Charles Kirk and Charles H. Peters, the latter of whom was wounded at Chancellorsville.

Local Record.

Major Cromwell.—In Memoriam.

Why was it, when the news of victory reached our village, and a load of anxiety too great to be borne lifted from our hearts, that our faces were still sad and our words low and hushed? Truly, we were gratified for the great deliverance; but like that other great deliverance wrought out for our race, it had cost precious blood. Our friends had fallen. Our hearts are too full, our feelings too deep, to find relief in mere plaudits of the gallant 124th. But a handful is left of the brave thousand men who bade us farewell a few short months ago. They made their wills on bloody battle-fields, and have left their County, their State, aye, and their country, a priceless legacy of honor and noble memories.

From among this band of heroes, I would pay a brief tribute to the character of my friend, Major CROMWELL.—Knowing him, as I have, from childhood, it affords me a melancholy pleasure thus to give an honest testimony to his rare worth. Some men are not made of common clay; and whatever may be their rank in a social point of view, God writes *Noble Men* on their brows, and all men pay involuntary respect. This was specially true of Major Cromwell. Even as a boy there was something so marly and ingenuous in his manner that he seemed very different from his companions. As he grew up to manhood, he seemed elevated by nature above trivial pursuits and unworthy pleasures. At the breaking out of the war, he responded promptly to the call for troops. There are difficulties in the path of every one who would leave the usual routine of his life and encounter the hardships and exposures of the field; and but few can appreciate what it cost Major Cromwell to obey what he felt to be the call of duty. But delicacy bids me pass over this; it is sufficient to say that he did obey the call, and himself and Capt. Silliman were untiring in their efforts to raise a company of cavalry in Col. Morrison's command. Soon a good staunch regiment