

Clellan assumed command. It was to fortify Washington, blockade the southern coast, and march an array down the Mississippi.— Eight successful battles he estimated would give us control of that highway and “break the back of the rebellion.” There remains to be done a little job of cleaning out near Donaldsonville, where we were fired into on the “Iberville,” and the occupation of southern and western Louisiana, and then I think our forces will be entitled to a little rest.

I saw Gault and Tickner, of Co. K, at Baton Rouge, but had no opportunity to go ashore, as I had intended, and see others of the regiment. “Tick” came to the landing, and seems nearly well. We had on board a reinforcement for Donaldsonville, which 128 convalescents so bravely defended, and, landing them there, dropped down to the anchorage of two schooners, which were lashed on either side of our boat, with the captured steamer “Corwin” attached to the left hand schooner. The ironclad “Essex” and three gunboats convoyed us down past the batteries, which are located so as to give us a raking fire from three points; but we miraculously

escaped serious damage, and arrived here this morning early. The steamer “St. Mary” came down the night before and was struck by a shell, which exploded inside of her, doing no serious injury to life or limb. It seems a little ridiculous to have the river blockaded when ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Vicksburg~~ ^{Vicksburg} and Port Hudson have fallen, but without a co-operating land force little can be done except to drive them away, as they hide behind the levee, which affords them an excellent breastwork all the way down the river. I think I shall be excused for staying here until all danger from such causes is past. We are expecting important news from the North by to-morrow’s steamer. According to accounts through rebel sources the programme of invasion has been more successful than last year and may reach further north than is desirable. I earnestly hope to hear that the rebels have been turned back ere this.

I have just seen some of our paroled prisoners from Brashear who escaped being taken to Ship Island. I cannot see why they were sent so far and for what reason. And not arriving here till this morning I was too late to see them and minister to their wants. They were very kindly treated by the rebels on their way to ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~island~~ ^{island} under guard, the sick and infirm being assisted and often placed on the horses of the rebels. But everything was taken from them, and a very few only managed to get a woolen blanket or overcoat, between which the rebels gave them choice. But I must close, to be in season for the mail per Locus Point. Very truly,
C. M. S.

—In the report of proceedings of United States District Court, held at Utica last week the following paragraph appears:

J. Hunt Smith was indicted for presenting false accounts and vouchers to the Government. His trial was put over to the August term at Auburn.

We can hardly think that this refers to Capt. J. HUNT SMITH, recently of Company A, 157th regiment, and formerly editor of the *Republican*, at Hamilton in this county.

In Memoriam—Lieut. Henry Pettit Corbin, Class of 1863, Madison University.

O, early fallen! would our deep regret
At loss of thee, might win thee back to earth!
For we who loved thee best and know thy worth,
Have saddest hearts to know thy sun hath set.

But vain, alas! how vain is human grief
To summon from the eternal shades thy soul,
Or from the sepulchre the rock to roll
And call thee, from thy last, long dreamless sleep!

'Tis scarce a year ago since thou departed
For the dear Flag to fight, and Fatherland;
In the front rank of battle, sword in hand,
As heroes fall, to die, O noble hearted!

O, had we known, when we last looked on thee
That we should never more thy face behold,
Thy breast to ours, full warmly would we fold,
Deep-graven in our minds, thine image be!

Sleep sweetly, Brother, heeding not our tears!
Thy blood shall Freedom's cause anew baptize;
The memory of thy life and death shall rise
Like incense from our hearts through all the years.

O, God, our Father! If it be thy will
That we should pay such precious coin of life
For Liberty and Right, in battle-strife,
O teach us how to suffer and be still!

E. V. W. S.

Madison University, July 10, 1863.

The above appears in the Democratic Republican, Hamilton, New York, July 16, and was read at a public meeting of the Adelphean Society, held at the Baptist Church on Friday evening July 10th, 1863.

The same paper contains an extract from a private letter by C. E. Thompson, of Company G, 114th N. Y. V., dated Port Hudson, June 19th. Last Sunday morning about seven o'clock, five companies of our regiment, B, D, E, F, and G, were ordered up, and with the rest of Weitzel's brigade, began moving around to the left, leaving the other five companies for picket on our lines. "About daylight we arrived at the mouth of a deep ravine which our men had been clearing out for the purpose of making a charge on some earthworks running parallel with it. They wanted these works to plant some artillery on. Our artillery began to roar about this time, throwing shot and shell over our heads into the rebel lines, and soon we heard the yells of our boys charging on the works, and then how the muskets popped. We pushed along through the ravine as fast as we could, and soon it came our turn to charge. We had to file right, out of the ravine and got up a hill over logs and brush about ten rods to the rebel breastworks. From the time we fled out of the ravine until we got within a rod of the works, it was a continued whiz of bullets, sounding more like bees swarming than anything else. Captain Tucker was at the head of the company until we fled out of the ravine; he stopped on the corner saying "I don't know about going in there." As the rear of the company passed by he rushed towards the front, and was within two feet of me, when a bullet entered his breast, and he fell over a log exclaiming "Oh, my God! I am shot," and died within fifteen minutes. The last words he said were, to tell his friends that he died for his country. I had just seen Captain Tucker fall when four men came down with Colonel Smith, who was shot at the head of the regiment, the ball passing near his spine. He died last night and his body is now on the way home. Captain Tucker was buried at Baton Rouge. We marched on over every

conceivable obstacle, the bullets flying thicker than hail stones all the time, and finally reached the foot of a little hill, about a rod from the works which partly covered us from their fire. Major Morse was shot through the ankle, and there was no one to head the regiment.

They called for the Captain of Company B, but he was nowhere to be found. The Captain of Company F, was wounded, and there were but two officers of our regiment to be found, Lieutenants Searles and Corbin of one company. The 160th New York were supporting us. Their cowardly old Colonel kept bellowing for an officer of the 114th. Finally, as he was the senior officer on the field, he got orders to take command of the brigade and charge again. Instead of taking the lead as Colonel Smith had done, he lay down in a ditch and roared out for the 114th to go on, saying he would support us. Lieutenants Searles and Corbin made a dash and the boys after them. Corbin was going into the ditch in front of the works, when he was shot through the head, killed instantly and fell into the ditch. Searles received two bullets in the leg and one through his body, but they think he will recover.

Andrew Sawdey was shot just over the heart, the ball passing down, and out at his side. We were afraid he would die at first, but he is better now and is going to Baton Rouge.

Leroy Woods was wounded in the leg, rather serious but not dangerous.

Albert Fish, was lying by my side, when a bullet from the left struck him in the leg, passing down on the bone. There were thirteen wounded in our company besides Captain Tucker and lieutenant Corbin. We rallied twice after making the first charge but it was impossible for men to go over the bank as the rebels would mow them down. Our regiment was then ordered to the rear and finally got out, or part of them did. There were 86 killed and wounded in the 114th.

Adjutant Underhill, of the 114th writes to Rev. Silas Tucker, of Logansport, Indiana, on the 16th, that Searle's was mortally wounded, and the closing scene of Captain Tucker's life are as follows: "Some of his men brought me word that he was badly wounded and wished to see me, I went where he lay and found him conscious of his condition. He grasped my hand, and while I gave him every comfort in my power, he spoke to me of the purity of his desire to save his country—how strong his trust had been—of his own consciousness, he could help her no longer. He then turned his memory to the home he had left. He bid me tell you that he was conscious to the last—that he had had strong hopes of seeing you all again, after peace had freed him from the obligations this condition of war had laid upon him. These hopes were now fleeing. But there were other hopes, which had been sources of comfort before, that were now brightening, as only hope brightens at the latest moments of life. These strengthening hopes were becoming the body of his life. He fully realized that his time was

short, and he spoke with urgency. He said much that I could not catch, for there was a fierce battle all round. Then he seemed to engage in prayer—the answers to which seemed to light up his face with unusual brightness. Life was fast ebbing away. He spoke but an occasional word—these were of peace and triumph.

Thus died one of the bravest officers of our army—one of the truest of friends—a dutiful son and a triumphant christian."

J. E. PERRY

Fabius, July 24.

From the 114th Regiment.

DONALDSONVILLE, LA. }
July 15th, 1863. }

MR. EDITOR.—Our success at Port Hudson, so soon after the fall of Vicksburg, and the still glorious news of Lee's defeat inspires the troops with new zeal. Their buoyant spirits know no bounds. We had an engagement here on the 13th with the troops of Dick Taylor. The object was to retreat and call the rebels out of their position; the battle lasted only a short time, but the loss is considerable on both sides, and we think equal, they lost the most men, and took the most prisoners. The next morning our Cavalry started out to see the position of the enemy, but returned after a scout of 15 miles, finding nothing of the enemy. Gunboats have retaken Brashear City, and the small force between here and there of the enemy is surrounded by our troops and will soon be gobbled. We see here nothing that can make us think the back bone of this rebellion is not broken, and we hope hostilities may soon cease, but it is sad to think how the rebel troops are deceived. The day before Port Hudson surrendered the paper that was printed there declared Gen. Banks to be the besieged party, stating that Johnson was in his rear, and his whole army must be taken. On the next day, the 8th, Gen. Gardner surrendered the Port, we met the enemy half way between the breastworks, and many of them asked what the flag of truce was for, and on being told that the Port was to be surrendered they ridiculed the idea, often making the enquiry where Johnston with his forces were, and did not believe the Port was to be surrendered until we marched in and they stacked arms. One of the smart tricks of the rebels I must mention. There were many new made graves, and on opening some of them, some thousands of Springfield Rifles and several pieces of artillery were found to have been killed in action, or at least were buried with the dead. I will mention one little joke that took place before the surrender of Port Hudson. The pickets were so close together they could converse

with ease, each behind a breast work, and both agreed not to fire, while each of the pickets were on the breastworks, and our men at a little distance planted a battery. After some hours one of the rebel pickets says "get down there." Gen. Gardner says "fire, its only a d---d yankee trick," and amid a shout and a burst of laughter hostilities again commenced.

One question I wish to ask is, who the copperheads are, and what they want.— They are not democrats for we have plenty of them here, and patriotic men. They are not republicans, because I claim that honorable name myself. Who are they? Are they peace men? If so let them make peace, but not by compromise with traitors in arms. The patriotism of the 114th is not gone, yet; their numbers are now only 536 men for duty when we left Port Hudson. Any man or company of men North can cry peace, but how are they going to obtain it by acknowledging the independence of the Southern Confederacy. Then the blood of the noble sons they have sent here to crush out this rebellion has flowed in vain, and been spilt for naught. The soldier is for peace, but on honorable terms. The Union we can't give up, for peace friends, nor home. Our motto is, Lay down arms, else the only argument is the cannon's mouth.— Home and friends we prize in times of peace above all things on earth. B.

Correspondence.

The letter below from a member of the gallant 114th, is sufficiently plain to be easily understood, and sufficiently positive to satisfy the most earnest and radical patriot. It is from one who has the blood of a revolutionary sire coursing through his veins, and who does not propose to relinquish without a struggle, the blessings which his patriot father fought to obtain.

DONALDSVILLE, LA., July 17th.

DEAR SON.—I am now on the bank of the Mississippi. We have got the rebels surrounded on all sides between here and Opelousas and Brashear cities, so they cannot get back into Texas again. The Union men drove them out of Texas, while Banks' army was at Port Hudson, and now Banks has got them where he wants them, he says. I suppose when the three Divisions march upon them, there will be some pretty hard fighting, probably a great many lives will be lost. I may be one of them; if it should be so, you must do the best you can for yourself. But there is one thing I want you should remember,—that is, the peace democrats and copperheads are traitors to the Union and their country. I want you should despise them as you would traitors. Remember this as long as you live, and tell them if I get killed, that I fought for the Union like a brave soldier, and was not a traitor, like them. If it had not been for our want

the duties of a procreator, the small little prodigies; the provender which every day would require. Then I looked at the property that might be acquired, and the prosperity ensuing; the affair looked truly profitable, and really it was rather provoking to turn away and consider the 'cons;' but I was compelled to allow that the consent of the lady concerned in this conjugal arrangement was absolutely necessary. My own self conceit set this objection aside as unworthy of contemplation. I would admit of no contingency that should contradict my will in this particular. The connections might conclude that my condition was not exactly the thing; but we must expect contradiction, and I was ready to pass this by, so long as the lady did not give me a *conge*

The affair seemed quite concluded; the confab was over; the consort was ready; the prodigies, being only a matter of conception, seemed not contrary to the general congratulation. All that was necessary was to regulate my conduct by conjugal rules, which might be easily done with a little constraint, though contrasting with my long-continued habits. A little concession on her side, constancy on both, concord would undoubtedly ensue and content result. Old bachelor friends would call in to condole, and find but convivial-

From the 144th Regiment.

CAMP NEAR WEAVERVILLE STATION, }
August 3d, 1863. }

Mr. Mirror.—Thinking that some of your many readers would like to know how the 144th was getting along, I thought I could not better employ the few leisure moments I now have than by scratching off a few lines to you.

It was on Saturday morning, the first inst., that the reveille was beat about three o'clock for the whole Division to pack up and be ready to march at five; and by that time we had pulled up stakes and were on our way to the beautiful little English village of Greenwich. We arrived there about noon and encamped in the edge of the woods. About two P. M. we were again in line. We marched about one mile, and there found the whole Division drawn up in a large field to witness the execution of Bradford Butler, a deserter from the 157th N. Y. S. V. He had not yet arrived, but before long he came under charge of Capt. Stone, Co. G, 144th N. Y. S. V., whose Company is now detailed as provost guard.— Twelve men were appointed to shoot the criminal. Henry K. Lakin, Co. E, being one of them; but I cannot give you the names of the rest. The doomed man was shot dead about three o'clock P. M. Two of the men's guns not being discharged, the men were immediately put under arrest. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Major C. A. Rice of the 144th, for the manner in which he conducted the affair; and especially to Capt. Stone for his kindness to the prisoner, and the quiet by which he managed the execution.— As soon as he was dead, the whole Division was marched close by where he lay near his coffin, and also the new dug grave.

Oh! how can we imagine the feelings of the doomed man as he marched in rear of the ambulance containing his coffin to the fatal spot, and saw so many assembled there to witness his final end; but not one motion of dissent did he show until the black cap was adjusted, which he did not wish to be put on; but that had to be done, and then came the momentous word, "fire!" With a spring upwards, he fell back upon the

ground never to rise again. Such is the fate of the deserter!

I forgot to mention the effect the sun had upon the men. We were in the field about an hour, and all that time you might see them carrying the prostrate forms of men who had been sun struck, into the woods near by. This was the hottest day we have had this summer.

We staid at Greenwich until three o'clock this morning, and left for this place, where we arrived about ten A. M. It is thought that we may stay here until the return of Capt. St. John, who was sent to Elmira to obtain conscripts to fill up the Regiment which numbers about 500 guns. We hear that Capt. St. John and his party obtained, on their arrival at Elmira, a furlough of ten days. I hope it may be true.

Yours, &c., G. CEDAR.

AUGUST 5th, 1863.

P. S. Major Austin is here paying off the regiment. They will all get their two month's pay by sundown. C. C.

LIBT. HENRY P. CORBIN—Editor of Standard:—In addition to the very large list of names of the noble and heroic young men, who by their fall in defense of the national unity and a world's enfranchisement and liberty, have made this town sadly noted, as it has equally brought desolation and crushing sorrow to many families, and bruising to multitudes of hearts, there has been newly added one,—that of Lieut. Henry P. Corbin, an adopted son from infancy in the family of the writer. Among the many noble men killed in the assault on the rebel works at Port Hudson on Sunday, the 14th ultimo, it was his fate to be cut down by a sabre stroke.

Capt. Tucker of the same company (G), and Lieut. Searle, also fell, and their Colonel, (Smith) was mortally wounded.

The Captain was a graduate, and Lieut. Corbin was an under graduate of Madison University, with only a remaining year needed to finish his preparatory work for a ripening manhood. A noble and loving son, he gave himself cheerfully to his country.

Extract from a letter written during his first Sunday in camp at Norwich, Aug. 24th, 1862, to a sister, twined by a common cradlehood, ripened by mature fellowship and affection:—"I believe patriotism to be second only to religion, in inspiring high and noble aims, and I trust, for your sake as well as my own, that you may some time hear that I am enjoying the advantages of both. You know * * * that in this world some must watch and some must weep, and as we are filling the places of men and women, we must not shrink from any responsibility. I am sure neither of us wish to, and we may think more of one another for it.

"I was told a new antidote for the blues, by a young lady in H—, whose brother goes with us, and that was 'to pray,' and a good deal of the advice from her and her mother I shall remember in connection with your own and mother's." J.

Fabius, N. Y., July 1 1863

The Attack and Repulse at Port Hudson

The army correspondent of the N. Y. Herald gives the following account of the attack upon the entrenchments at Port Hudson, June 14th, in which the 114th Regiment suffered so severely:

Last Saturday evening the order of attack was

determined upon at headquarters and communicated to the Generals who were to command the assaulting columns. Most of the details were arranged by General Grover. The point of attack was the extreme Northeasterly angle of the enemy's breastworks. Five or six days previous to the assault several pieces of the enemy's artillery, which had been in position behind their fortifications immediately in our front, were dismounted by our guns and abandoned. Those still in position were rendered useless to the Rebels by our sharpshooters.

THE PLAN OF ASSAULT.

The plan of assault was briefly as follows:—The 75th New York, under command of Capt. Grey, and the 12th Connecticut, led by Lieutenant Colonel Peck, were detailed as skirmishers, forming a separate command under Lieutenant Colonel Babcock, of the 75th New York. The 91st New York, Colonel Van Zandt, commanding—each soldier carrying a five pound hand grenade, with his musket thrown over his shoulder—followed next in order. The skirmishers were to creep up and lie on the exterior slope of the enemy's breastworks, while the regiment carrying the grenades were to come up to the same position and throw over the grenades into the enemy's lines, with a view to rout them and drive them from behind their works. The 24th Connecticut, Colonel Mansfield, with their arms in like manner to the grenade regiment, followed, carrying sand bags filled with cotton, which were to be used to fill up the ditch in front of the enemy's breastworks, to enable the assaulting party the more easily to scale them and charge upon the Rebels.

Following these different regiments came, properly speaking, the balance of Gen. Weitzel's whole brigade, under command of Col. Smith, of the 114th New York. This command consisted of the 8th Vermont, Lieut. Col. Dillingham; the 114th New York, Maj. Morse, and the 116th New York, Lieut. Col. Van Patten. Next came Col. Kirtle's and Col. Morgan's brigades, the last of which, with another brigade, was under the general command of Col. Birge. This force was held to support the assaulting column, which was under the immediate command of Gen. Weitzel, who made the attack on the right. Gen. Emory's old division moved in conjunction with Gen. Weitzel on the left, forming a separate column. The two divisions—Gen. Weitzel's and Gen. Paine's—were under command of Gen. Grover, who, as has been before stated, planned the whole assault after Gen. Banks' order to advance was received by him.—Gen. Weitzel's division was expected to make a lodgment inside of the enemy's works, and in that manner prepare the way for Gen. Paine's division. After the inside of the enemy's fortifications had been reached skirmishers were to push forward and clear the way while both columns were to be deployed in line of battle and move toward the town of Port Hudson, where a grand citadel, which forms the last means of Rebel defence, is situated.

THE MOVEMENT.

About daylight the 75th New York, which had been slowly advancing, approached the enemy's works sufficiently near to see his fire. Previously the columns of the main body of Gen. Grover's command were formed in the woods skirting the enemy's breastworks. The 12th Connecticut, during the night, had lost its way in the woods, and the 91st New York was ordered by General Weitzel to take the place that had been assigned to it, and follow immediately in the rear of the 75th New York. After the advance of the 75th and 91st regiments, Gen. Weitzel's entire command commenced moving forward. Several days previous our army engineers had been preparing a covered way, which extended from the woods where our troops lay up to within one hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's position. Through this covered way our troops marched in single file up to the point where the first line of battle was formed.

CAREFULLY DEVISED OBSTRUCTIONS.

After the advance had arrived at the end of the covered way they began slowly to push over the innumerable barriers that had been planted by the Rebels to obstruct their march. The deep gullies, covered over by brush and creeping vines,

were completely obscured from sight, and were only known to exist after our soldiers had plunged into them. Part of our skirmishers deployed to the right, while suffering severely from the enemy's fire, and a portion of the advance took up a position on the left of the point to be attacked.— They were immediately followed by Gen. Weitzel's column, Gen. Paine in the meantime advancing towards the enemy's works with his command further on the left.

A MURDEROUS FIRE.

It should be stated that our troops, as soon as they had left the cover of the woods, which were scarcely three hundred yards from the enemy's breastworks, were subject to the constant fire of the Rebel infantry. A portion of artillery, which was planted some distance in the rear of our advancing forces, kept a continuous fire at the Rebel works. Capt. Terry, of the Richmond, with his battery of 8-inch Dahlgren guns, and Capt. McLaffin, with his battery, a portion of the 21st Indiana artillery, did good execution. These batteries served very much to protect our troops as they were advancing to the attack. After our skirmishers had picked their way up to within about thirty yards of the enemy's works, they sprang into the ditch, expecting to be able to shelter themselves under cover of the Rebel fortifications, and keep the enemy down while the regi-

ment with the hand grenades, should advance and perform their part of the work in driving the Rebels from their position.

THE SEVENTY-FIFTH N. Y. V.

The portion of the 75th which succeeded in reaching the ditch were immediately repulsed, and nearly all of them were either killed or wounded. The ditch was so enfiladed that it was impossible for men to live long under the murderous fire of the enemy.

THE PLANS FAIL.

In consequence of the repulse of the portion of the 75th regiment that succeeded in reaching the ditch, the hand grenaders could accomplish but little. In fact, although they made many desperate and gallant attempts to be of service, they rather damaged than benefitted our prospects of success; for as they threw their grenades over the Rebel breastworks the Rebels actually caught them and hurled them back among us. In the meantime, while the skirmishers were nobly endeavoring to sustain themselves in their position, Gen. Weitzel's column moved up as rapidly as possible, and made a series of desperate assaults on the enemy's works, which, for bravery and daring, the history of the war can hardly furnish a parallel.

THE FIGHT GENERAL.

At this time, the sun having fairly risen, the fight became general. A fog, which had partially obscured the contending armies, lifted and revealed their respective positions. The enemy were fully prepared for us, and they lined every part of their fortifications with heavy bodies of infantry. The battle had begun in earnest, and Gen. Paine's column, as well as Gen. Weitzel's, was actively engaged.

PRELIMS.

Before proceeding further with the details of the fight of Gen. Grover's command, it will be necessary to mention a fact that I have previously omitted—namely, that under the general plan of attack, as directed by Gen. Banks, Generals Anger and Dwight were to make on the extreme left of General Grover's position, to distract the attention of the enemy from the main assault. Accordingly, before the engagement became general between General Grover's command and the enemy, Generals Anger and Dwight had attacked the enemy, as before indicated, on Gen. Grover's extreme left. It was not the intention that the last named of these forces should storm the Rebel works, but hold the enemy in check while Gen. Grover was performing his part of the work according to the original plan, which, had he been successful, would have opened the way for the advance of our entire army on Port Hudson proper, which is surrounded, as it is understood, by a series of fortifications more impregnable than any we have yet assaulted.

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A SEVERE FIGHT ON THE LEFT.

The fight on the part of Gen. Dwight's command was exceedingly severe, and scarcely less so with Gen. Grover's. Gen. Dwight's loss in killed and wounded will probably exceed two hundred. Gen. Ayger's loss will fall considerable short of that number. Under Gen. Grover's command probably the most desperate fighting was done by Gen. Weitzel's old brigade. Col. Smith, leading these veterans, the heroes of many fights, fell early in the action, mortally wounded. A ball pierced his spine and passed round to the right side. The Colonel still lingers; but his death is hourly expected. The charges made on the Rebel works by our brave soldiers showed a determination to carry them at all hazards; but human bravery on this occasion was not adequate to the accomplishment of their object. The most formidable obstacle that presented itself as a barrier to our success was the Rebel glacis, which at the point attacked had been constructed in such a manner as to make every bullet tell that was fired from the Rebel breastworks while our troops were endeavoring to make the ascent. In fact the great natural advantages and engineering ability at Port Hudson have been rather under than over rated.

A GALLANT CHARGE.

Immediately upon the fall of Col. Smith, Lieut. Col. Van Patten, of the 160th New York, took command of the brigade, and gallantly led the charge until all further hope of driving the Rebels from their position was gone. Brigade after brigade followed in rapid succession storming the Rebel works, until compelled to fall back under the terrible fire of the enemy. Conspicuous among the brigades that did the most desperate fighting were those under the command of Cols. Kimball, Morgan and Birge. They were all, however, eventually repulsed with great slaughter.

AN EFFECTUAL REPULSE.

The fighting ceased at eleven o'clock in the morning. We having been repulsed in every assault, our soldiers, under command of their officers, laid themselves down under the shelter of the gullies, trees, covered way—in fact, every thing that could afford them protection, and waited for the day to pass and darkness come on.— Many of our wounded who were accessible were carried from the field by squads detailed for that purpose. It is a shameful reflection on humanity, that a large number of our soldiers, carrying the wounded and dying from the field on stretchers, were shot down by the enemy, and in several instances the wounded were killed while being borne from the field. At nightfall, however, we commenced the burial of our dead, and succeeded before morning in carrying most of our wounded from the battle ground.

Our total loss in this last attack upon Port Hudson will probably not fall much short of one thousand.

GALLANT CONDUCT OF THE SOLDIERS.

During Sunday's fight our soldiers displayed the most extraordinary gallantry. In some instances whole companies would march up to the Rebel intrenchments, when those who had preceded them had been literally annihilated before their eyes; and all of this, too, without any of the usual urging on of the officers.

A BOLD REBEL.

I noticed one Rebel officer who rode up to the angle where the general attack was made, and in the most deliberate manner possible, coolly wiped the sweat from his brow while our shells were bursting in dozens about him; and after examining the position of our forces and giving directions to his men concerning some disposition to be made of them, quietly trotted back into the woods whence he came.

Tribute to the Memory of Lieut. Corbin.

At a meeting of the Senior Class of Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y., July 6th, 1863, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas It has pleased our Heavenly Father,