

My readers of the EXPRESS, I will endeavor to give them a short description of our treatment while in the hands of the enemy. After the splendid successes of Sunday, and then to be gobbled up was really too bad; but such is the fate of war. We were taken Monday night while out on picket. The Rebels came upon us in overwhelming force, and it would have been madness to attempt to escape or show fight, as we were completely surrounded; in fact it was rather a surprise. How they got up to us so close, without us hearing them, I cannot imagine, as we were all wide awake, and lay stretched on the ground, listening intently, as we expected to be sacrificed, in order to let the main body get over the river safely. This was a military necessity, and the Rebels soon made us change our base from *front* to *rear* at a double-quick. After they took us they marched us to the Brick Church, the spot where the bloody battle of the night before took place, called Salem Church.

The next morning I took a short walk around the place and the sight that met my gaze was truly heart-sickening. Our dead were all of them nearly stripped, and the pockets of each turned inside out and robbed of all they contained. The Rebels had lots of greenbacks, and offered us fabulous prices for knives, watches, pocketbooks, &c. For a common knife worth 8s. in the North, they freely offered \$10 and \$12 in greenbacks; for a good pipe they paid some of our boys as high as \$12. They made their brags that they got their money from our dead. That afternoon we fell in line and marched eighteen miles through one of the most terrible rain storms I ever witnessed; it literally poured in torrents, lasting the balance of the afternoon and a portion of the next day. They compelled us to cross a creek up to our waists. For the life of me I could not help laughing to see Lieut. Wm. Hastings plunge in two or three times; when in the middle of the stream he came near being carried away by the rapid current. Officers and all had to follow suit with the privates. By going down a little further we could have crossed over a bridge, but no, they said they wanted to give us Yankees a d—d good soaking. But what made matters worse, before we started, Gen. McLaws, the brute, took our woolen and rubber blankets, also our canteens and pieces of tent from us, consequently that night we had to lie on the cold, damp ground, drenched to the skin. They would not even allow us fires to dry ourselves with. Every man was shaking as if with the ague. Very few of us slept any that night I can assure you. The next morning, at daylight, we were again in motion and went to Guinea's Station, distance twelve miles, where we remained about three days. As yet we had not received anything from the Rebels in the shape of eatables, not until the next day, and then the miserable pittance of five crackers, one cup of flour, a small piece of salt junk, and a something that looked like salt; and even that had to last us two days longer. On the morning of the fourth day we again moved on to Richmond, (telling the folks on the way that we were the advance of Fighting Joe's Grand Army,) in charge of the 38th Georgia Regiment, a devilish good lot of fellows for Rebels, Capt. McCloud acting as colonel, and a splendid fellow he was. He gave us short marches and plenty of rests. After a great deal of grumbling by our men for something to eat, we at length arrived at Hanover Junction, and our eyes were gladdened with the sight of rations once more, which were soon after dealt to us, giving us a small piece of bacon and seven crackers, which had to last us four days; it was intended for two days, but we did not get anything more for four days, with the exception of what we managed to buy on the sly at fabulous prices. Up at daylight the next morning, and after a march of about ten miles, passed through the fine little village of Bowling

Green. The ladies (etiquette compels me to call them such) paraded themselves in strong force, and made some very insulting remarks; one of them I can vouch for, as I heard it from her own lips, who had a very pretty face, and looked very much like a lady—it was this, that there would be another chance of getting Yankee bone rings. We stopped for the night just outside of the town; about this time the Colonel came along and asked our boys if there was any of them that could play the violin? If so, he would like him to come back to the village with him, as he said there was a *Reb.* dance that night, and he would give him all he wanted to eat and drink, and use him well. One of the boys availed himself of the opportunity, as the matter of food was a big consideration.

Sunday, May 10th.—A fine morning, very warm; up at 4 o'clock, and soon after on the march. (As I am spinning this out much longer than I intended when I commenced, I shall have to pass over many points and cut it short.) On the morning of Tuesday we arrived in the hotbed of treason to find the stores closed, and all the flags at half mast, in honor of the late Stopewall Jackson, whose remains were lying in State at the Rebel Capitol. After marching us through the principal streets we passed over the River to Belle Island, here we remained

about three days, and were then paroled and marched off to City Point via Petersburg. Here it was where we suffered terribly. They marched us from 2 o'clock that afternoon until 9 o'clock that night, a distance of nineteen miles, giving us only ten or fifteen minutes' rest during the whole march, and to make matters worse, it commenced to rain about 4 o'clock, and continued until we stopped. Up the next morning at daylight, and marched fifteen miles, arriving at City Point that afternoon at 2 o'clock, making, in our exhausted state, the remarkable distance of thirty-four miles in twenty-four hours. Capt. Turner, who had charge of us—the black-hearted, drunken villain—killed two of our men with his sabre, and caused the death of three more by over-exertion. They marched us the whole distance without water or rest. He told me that he had orders to leave none alive behind.

Excuse the writing and composition, as it is done in a hurry. In haste, yours truly,

SERGEANT H. J. WILSON,

From the Chaplain of the Forty-Third.
Correspondence of the Evening Journal.

FALMOUTH, May 7, 1863.

You already know that we have fought a series of terrific battles among the Fredericksburg hills; but our part in it perhaps you have not learned. The "Light Division," to which we belong, has covered itself with honor. Though fully one-half are missing, we, who are left, feel that our part was well done.

It was our Division who performed the perilous and delicate work of laying the pontoons, and which was done in darkness and in such silence that our crossing was a perfect surprise.

But the deed of peril and of glory was storming the heights back of the city. One cannot imagine the terrors of that fight. Through storms of bullets, grape and bursting shell, our own Forty-third streamed up the hill, and with the Sixth Maine, were the first who planted our flag on those long defiant heights.

Colonel Baker has won for himself a name of which he may well be proud; and every officer in the regiment did nobly. Yet our hearts are sad, and in the eyes which flashed so sternly in that fight, are gathering tears of sorrow, when we think of the noble dead. I think my heart was never so heavy, yet never so proud, as when I looked upon the dead faces of Captain Knickerbocker, Captain Lodge and Lieutenant Koonz. God comfort their sorrowing friends. We shall never forget them.

If I had time I could fill pages; but there is too much work among these wounded men lying in the chill damp air.

Of general results I say nothing, because I know but little; but of this be sure, that our army is not "demoralized."

Yours truly, C. OSBORN,
Chaplain Forty-third N. Y. V.

MILITARY FUNERAL.—The remains of Capt. Lodge, of the 43d, who was killed at Fredericksburg, have arrived and will be buried on Sunday. A meeting of the officers of the 25th Regiment was held last night, when it was resolved that the regiment would turn out in a body to attend the funeral. We hear that the Burgesses Corps, of which the deceased was a member, will also attend.

Letter from Capt. Newman, of the 43d.
BELOW FREDERICKSBURG, Va.,
May 4th, 1863.

DEAR PARENTS—The Light Brigade crossed over the Rappahannock May 1st, in the evening. We were sent over on picket, and on the afternoon of the 2d drive in the enemy's picket. It was brilliantly done, and our Brigade received much praise. About twelve at night we were ordered to move, and took position just back of Fredericksburg, where Gen. Hancock's Division suffered so terribly last December. At 12 o'clock on the 3d our Brigade was ordered to charge on the rifle-pits and batteries. Each regiment advanced in a different manner and by different roads, at a double quick march, and while moving up the road we were under the fire of batteries and rifle pits. Oh! it was fearful. We lost Captain Knickerbocker and Lieut. Koonz, and a good many more. Three of my men were killed, and about a dozen wounded, but we planted our flag in one of the batteries and took one cannon. The 6th Maine lost five Captains and their Major, and one hundred and fifty men. Their charge was the most brilliant achievement of the war. They took six cannon, and all our Brigade took many prisoners. The 43d and 61st Pennsylvania went in together. Their Colonel was killed at the first fire. After we had almost reached the entrenchments, which caused a panic, back they came on to us, blocking up the road so we could not advance, and all the time we were enduring the enemy's fire. At last we were obliged to fall back, but rallied again, and with the 82d regiment obtained the hill. We chased the rebels two miles, shooting a good many and capturing many prisoners. Gen. Sedgwick, with two corps, marched up after us, and just before sunset last night another battle was fought. We were in reserve then, and do not know the result. It was four miles back of Fredericksburg where they were entrenched on another range of hills. We did not get possession of them, and to-day our regiment is doing picket duty in front of the enemy. Capt. Lodge was shot through the head this morning—seriously wounded. I am almost worn out with fatigue and excitement. I received a slight flesh wound in my side, which bled some, but feel no inconvenience from it, and I have written this afternoon that you may know I am still all right, and well. Dick is with me on picket, and well. Don't ever believe I am wounded unless from positive information. We have a good deal to go through yet, and may fall, but it will be in a noble cause. Remember that we are in God's hands as of old.

Yours, in haste,
Affectionately, your son,

JOHN.

NORTH SIDE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK,
May 5th.

After writing the above, our line was attacked by the rebels, and many of the men killed and taken prisoners—Capts. Wallace, Thompson, Van Patten, Lieuts. Hastings and Van Buren. The regiment is very much reduced. Gen. Longstreet reinforced them from Suffolk. We hear that Gen. Hooker has had a success. Our success was complete until yesterday when the reinforcements drove us in.

ol-
re
ly

CAPTAIN JOHN L. NEWMAN, OF THE 43D REGIMENT, WOUNDED—LIEUT. WM. HASTINGS A PRISONER.—The New York papers of Saturday contained the following additional:

re
ar
w
gc
at
di
de
ci
w
a
p
r
s

Wounded—Capt. John L. Newman, thigh.
Missing—Capt. John W. Wilkinson, Capt. William Wallace, Capt. William L. Thompson, Capt. V. V. Van Patten, First Lieutenant William Hastings, First Lieutenant Hiram Van Buren, Second Lieutenant ——— Smith, Enlisted men killed, 11; wounded, 51; missing, 241.

Saturday noon a letter was received by a brother of Captain Newman, from him, stating that his wound was not of a serious nature. He says he was wounded slightly in the side, but that he will not be inconvenienced by it. He confirms the report that Captains Wallace, Thompson and Van Patten, and Lieuts. Hastings and Van Buren are prisoners.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

The Forty-third and its Gallant Dead.

But few regiments in the service are composed of braver men, or have suffered more severely since the commencement of this unholy rebellion than the 43d New York State Volunteers, which was recruited in this vicinity, and which is made up principally of Albanians.— This regiment passed through the battles before Yorktown, Williamsburgh, Manor and Malvern Hill, Fair Oaks, Seven Pines, Antietam, Bull Run number two, and each of the battles at Fredericksburgh. In the last engagement at Fredericksburgh, the 43d was in the thickest of the fight, and consequently lost several officers and privates. Most prominent among them were the following:

CAPT. DOUGLAS LODGE.

The many friends of the gallant dead will mourn the loss of this departed hero. Capt. L. was born in this city in 1843, and consequently was in his twentieth year. He is a son of Mr. B. Lodge, the tailor. Well do we remember when the echo of Sumter's guns reverberated through the land, with what fervor our young friend rushed to the rescue, he being the first volunteer to sign the roll of a company then forming by Capt. Cottingham. Through some mismanagement this company fell through, but his love of country would not permit him to remain at home. On the departure of the 25th regiment (first time) he accompanied the "Hunkie Boys," under command of Capt. Kingsby. At the expiration of his term of service he enlisted as Third Sergeant in Company A, 43d Regiment. He was shortly afterwards promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant. For meritorious conduct at the battle of Williamsburgh he was promoted to 2d Lieutenant. Participating in the battles of Fair Oaks, Manor and Malvern Hills, he won by his gallant conduct the position of First Lieutenant. At Antietam he again displayed his qualities as a brave and gallant soldier, receiving the admiration of all his comrades, and receiving for his gallant conduct, promotion to Captaincy. At the last battle of Fredericksburgh, while gallantly leading his command, he received a shot in the forehead

which caused instantaneous death. His career was thus brought to a sudden but honorable close. He has offered up his life before he had hardly arrived at the age of manhood as a martyr to his country. His afflicted parents, while mourning his loss will be buoyed up with the proud consciousness that he has left a name which will be ever emblazoned on the martyr's pages of our country's history. A brother of Capt. Lodge, only sixteen years of age, enlisted in Capt. Lodge's Company, Tenth Regiment, and is at present at the seat of war.

The following letter was received by Mr. Lodge, on Saturday, explanatory of the death of his son:

Ms. LODGE--SIR:--It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of your son, Capt. Douglas Lodge, who fell at Fredericksburgh, on the 5th, while skirmishing out in the front, after passing through the most terrific fire of the day before. He was shot in the forehead, penetrating the brain. I had him carried to the rear and his body is safe, and the Colonel has ordered it to be embalmed and sent to you. His body was recovered by private Casey, of his own Company. His personal effects I will have taken care of and sent on. I can say no more, but we are terribly cut up.

LIEUT. S. DAVIDSON,
Com'y. A.

CAPT. KNICKERBOCKER.

In the death of this gallant officer the country has lost one of its bravest men, and brightest scholar. Capt. K. enlisted as Second Sergeant in Company F. By gallant conduct he worked from this position, step by step, until at last he won the Captaincy. He was possessed of splendid literary abilities, being conversant in many of the languages. His company was recruited in Canajoherie. Capt. K. was about thirty-five years of age, and leaves a family to mourn his loss. We believe they at present reside in Iowa. His death no doubt, is keenly felt by the members of his company, by whom he was greatly beloved while living.

LIEUT. WILLIAM KOONZ.

We regret to announce the death of Lieut. Wm. Koonz while in the prime of life--being only twenty-five years of age. Lieut. K. was for several years a resident of this city. He was a young man of sterling qualities, honest, upright and generous. He has left a large circle of sympathising friends who deeply deplore his loss. Lieut. K. was formerly a member of Company B, Tenth Regiment. He enlisted and was made Orderly Sergeant in Capt. Griffin's Company C, 43d Regiment. For gallant conduct on the field of battle at Antietam he was promoted to a Lieutenancy, and while leading a charge in the battle of Fredericksburgh, he met his death.

Orderly Sergeant Russell and privates John Henderson, John Caldwell, John Ballanger, and Daniel McGee, who were killed in the battle of Fredericksburgh, are said to have exhibited remarkable courage in storming the enemy's rifle pits and batteries. It is a consolation for their friends to know that they died with their face to the enemy like heroes.

SOME OF THE WOUNDED.--The following are the names of some of the wounded in the left wing of Hooker's Army, who are connected with companies or regiments from this city:--

- David Conley, Co. E, 43d New York, foot.
- W. Heilsinger, Co. A, 43d, side.
- C. W. Drake, Co. E, 43d, lung.
- John Wilson, Co. A, thigh.
- C. Philip, Co. A, head.
- John L. Tift, Co. I, hip.
- Martin Cahill, Co. H, hand.
- Asaph Holdridge, 44th New York.
- James Baenen, Co. C, 44th.
- Sergcant W. Johnson, Co. G, 44th.
- Andrew G. Taylor, Co. G, 44th.
- James Hendrickson, Co. F, 44th.
- Lieut. Huested, 44th, by a shell.

Capt. Wilkinson, of the 43d Regiment, is on a brief visit to his family in this village. He is looking well notwithstanding the hardships which he underwent while a prisoner in the hands of the rebels. He was taken prisoner at the battle at Fredericksburg and was paroled, but has not yet been exchanged.

PERSONAL.—Captain William Wallace, of the 43d regiment, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Fredericksburg, and who was subsequently exchanged, arrived home yesterday. He is in the best of health.

—Francis Courtney, a member of Company G, 177th regiment, died at Bonnet Carre, La., on the 16th ult. His disease was intermittent fever. Mr. C. was formerly employed in the Central Railroad office in this city.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

From the Forty Third Regiment.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY ON THE "SACRED SOIL."

CAMP NEAR BELL PLAINS, Va., }
 March 22, 1863. }

FRIEND R.—I thought I would write you a few lines, to let you know how we spent St. Patrick's Day on the "sacred soil" of Virginia. On the eve of St. Patrick's Day me and a few more of the boys, among them an old gent whom we call "Lovely" Dalton, got permission to go and see the races and spend the day with the Irish Brigade, which is camped some five miles from us. We arrived in good season for the sport. A few yards from the camp of the brigade was a race course, judge's stand and all complete, with a couple of brass bands, playing all the National airs, and to get everything out Gen. Meagher was mounted on a splendid horse and dressed in the costume of a real Irish jockey. He was commander-in-chief of the sport, and no one seemed to enjoy it better.

At the appointed time all the jockeys, which numbered some forty or fifty, started off around the race course. All was excitement to find out the winning horse, but where there were thousands of spectators from the different regiments in the army, there was no chance for me to find out his name or what regiment he belonged to.

During the sport, Major Gen. Hooker and staff made their appearance and was accommodated with everything the brigade could afford him. Gen. Meagher reached him a bottle—what it contained I could not say, but

could see the boys smack their lips as he drank the health of Gen. Meagher and the Irish Brigade—which was followed by loud cheering for Hooker, Meagher and the Irish brigade.

Among the Generals, I noticed the following General Hooker and staff, Gen. French, Gen. Sickles and lady, Gen. Sedgwick, Gen. Newton Gen. Pratt and Col. Baker and lady.

During the sport the "long roll" was beat and the Irish Brigade called to arms. All was excitement. Every one started for their camps but "Lovely Dalton" and I felt so good that we put up in the woods and did not reach the regiment until morning, when everything went on as usual. We will always remember how we spent St. Patrick's day in Virginia.

J. McN.

Forty-Third Regiment.—A despatch to the New York Evening Post states that Cos. F and G, of the N. Y. 43d Regiment, Col. Baker, while on picket duty, were taken prisoners, and that only about two hundred men of the regiment were left. The despatch adds that nearly the entire Brigade, of which the Forty-Third was part, were mostly captured. The 18th Regiment was also in the same Brigade. Great solicitude is felt in regard to the fate of the two regiments, as they are mainly composed of Albanians.

Promoted.—The numerous friends of Wm Lombard, of this city, will be happy to learn that he has been promoted to Second Lieutenant in the Forty-third Regiment. Lieut. Lombard enlisted last Fall as a private, and for meritorious and good conduct he has rapidly risen to his present position.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

EXTRACTS FROM A PRIVATE LETTER FROM A DRUMMER BOY IN THE 43D REGIMENT.—

We make the following extracts from a letter received in this city from John Ahern, a drummer boy in Co. A, 43d Regiment, who was in the recent battles at Fredericksburg, and is therefore able to give a correct account of the part taken by his regiment. Young Ahern has passed through several battles, in each of which he has done himself credit, and proved that he was no coward. In one engagement he was slightly wounded, and after being taken to the Washington hospital, the loyal ladies of that city, learning of his bravery, contributed a sufficient sum to purchase a handsome drum, which has been presented to him. With this drum he now marches at the head of his company:

* * * On the 28th of April last we left camp and marched toward Falmouth. We came as far as the pontoon park, and at about 7 o'clock, P. M., lay opposite the pontoons.

At 9 o'clock P. M., the regiments moved down to the river, each regiment carrying four pontoons the distance of a mile. About 4 A. M., the next morning, a part of General Newton's division crossed the river, and drove the rebels out of their rifle pits. Among the wounded in this little affair was Col. Irwin, of the 49th Penn. Regiment. All that day we lay on the north bank of the river, and all the next day and night.

On the 1st of May, at 5 P. M., two companies, A and B of our regiment, crossed, and relieved

the skirmish line of the 121st N. Y., and about 7 r. m. the whole regiment followed. That night the picket line was all quiet, but the next morning early the rebels commenced shelling. That night, at 6 P. M., we drove their skirmishers back to the foot of their heights.

At about 1 o'clock A. M., on the morning of the 3d, we started on the road to Fredericksburg, where we arrived at daylight that morning. The 1st Chasseurs were in advance, and just as they reached the town, congratulating themselves on the easy job they had, viz., "to take the town," the rebels opened on them, wounding their Major, and killing and wounding a good many others in the regiment. They then charged, and, at the point of the bayonet, drove the rebels from the town.

The artillery then moved into the town, and commenced shelling. The action then became general. All of our siege guns on the north side of the river opened on the rebels, and they lay still, not firing a shot for a half hour.

We started to get into the town, and as we were crossing a little creek, a shell burst right in the drum corps, a second one burst in Co. C, and a third in Co. D, wounding Sergeant J. Hughes, and breaking another man's gun. Jim Hughes's wound it is hoped is not bad.

We lay on the roads around this city till 10 A. M., that day, and then got ready for the charge. That was a seeming desperate idea—two regiments to charge across an open field and up a height, in the face of a sweeping cross fire, where the celebrated Irish Brigade had been three times repulsed in the first battle of Fredericksburg; but the boys threw off their haversacks, knapsacks and canteens, and started. The 61st Penn. had the advance. The fire from the different batteries was terrific; and it was a grand and sublime sight to see those two regiments move across, in the face of shot and shell, to *victory or death*. * * * *

The lamented Capt. Lodge at this instant fell, knocked down by a piece of shell, which struck him on the sword belt, and at the same time our brave Colonel fell, completely exhausted. This seemed to give the regiment a check, but Lieut. Col. Wilson and Major Fryer rallied the regiment again, and Col. Baker and Capt. Lodge, who had only had the breath knocked out of his body, sprang into their places again.

Now commenced an exciting race between the gallant 6th Maine, 6th Wisconsin, and our regiment, to see which should get their colors in first. The brave 6th Maine were the first to plant their colors in the fort on the left of us; scarcely had their standard touched the ground, ere Captain Lodge sprang up the ramparts, and planted our colors on the redoubt which we had stormed and carried. Then cheer after cheer was echoed and re-echoed from our regiments on the rebels forts to the batteries on the hills in front of them. * * * *

The following are extracts from a letter written by the same person two weeks after the battle:

* * * As you are aware ere now, we have had some very hard fighting lately, in and around Fredericksburg, and our Light Division has been most disgracefully used, after doing the hard part of the fighting. We have not been even mentioned in the papers for it. We did all the fighting, and the 6th Corps got all the honor.

Ask any man who was engaged in those seven days' fighting what division charged and carried

at the point of the bayonet those heights, from which the celebrated Irish Brigade was three times repulsed? Before which three divisions were uselessly butchered in a vain attempt to carry; and the answer is the Light Division; and that Division numbered 2,200 men.

You will understand the greatness of that charge when I tell you that the Irish Brigade numbered, when the charge was made, as much as 3,000 men, and the three divisions which charged after the Irish Brigade numbered full 6,000 men each.

We had first to take the caps off the guns, so that the men should not fire, for on the bayonet alone were they to depend. Then to move across a large open field, and up a hill some fifty feet high, in the face of a terrible cross fire of solid shot, shell, grape, canister and musketry, after which to drive the rebels, who numbered some 5,000, out of rifle pits and forts, which they considered as impossible to be taken. We fairly astounded them, and before they recovered from their astonishment at seeing a handful of men spring in among them, the bayonet and butt of the gun were doing their terrible work.

The first man on the redoubt was the lamented Capt. Lodge, who now rests in peace; "he has gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns." May his soul rest in heaven. He forms one of that holy band who died for their country. May their blood cement the Union stronger in the bonds of love. He died beloved

by all his men, and there was not a dry eye in the company when they heard he was no more. I stayed with him till he died. He was the first on the ramparts, and planted our colors five minutes after the heights were in our possession; and the Stars and Stripes waved triumphantly over another hard-fought field. *

COMPANY F, FOURTH REGIMENT.—The subjoined is a correct list of the killed, wounded and missing, in Company F, (Captain Wm. Wallace) 43d, in the recent battle at Fredericksburgh:

Killed.—Jacob R. Shinkle, Timothy Kelly.

Wounded.—John Hoffman, (since dead) Henry Ewald, David Connolly, Patrick Boyle, John McGowan.

Prisoners.—Captain Wm. Wallace, Lieut. Wm. Hastings, Orderly Sergeant Wm. Blaisie, Sergeant's Wm. Hill, Henry Gunther; Corporals Michael Brown, Dennis Kerr, Frederick Brooke, Martin L. Carroll, Charles McGuire, William T. Rockefeller; Privates David Griffiths, James George, James McNamara, James Maloy, James T. Slingerland, John Thompson, Joseph Girnen, James Padden, John Kelley, Wm. Dalton, Chas. H. Grant, Wm. Chewes, Josiah Stanton, John McCormick, Lewis Boyer.

RETURNED HOME.—Lieut. William Hastings, of the 43d Regiment, who was taken prisoner at the storming of the heights of Fredericksburg, and sent to Richmond, where he was confined in Libby Prison for five days, when he was paroled and sent to Annapolis, returned to this city yesterday morning. The Lieutenant is enjoying excellent health, and looks exceedingly hale and hearty. He will remain here until he is exchanged, when he will return to his regiment.

The Casualties in the 43d Regiment.

Correspondence of the Evening Journal.

CAMP, NEAR FALMOUTH, May 22.

At the request of parties in Albany, I enclose you a list of the killed, wounded and missing of the 43d Regiment. The list is copied from the records of the Regiment, and is as nearly

accurate as it is possible to make it.

Yours, very respectfully,

C. OSBORN, Chaplain 43d N. Y. V.

KILLED.

- Capt. Douglas Lodge, Co. A, May 4.
- Sergt. John Henderson, Co. A, May 3.
- Private Willis Helsinger, Co. A, May 3.
- Private Patrick Rooney, Co. B, May 3.
- Private Henry Doyle, Co. B, May 4.
- Capt. H. B. Knickerbocker, Co. D, May 3.
- First Lieut. Geo. H. Koons, Co. D, May 3.
- Private Geo. Lord, Co. D, May 3.
- Private John Caldwell, Co. E, May 3.
- Private John Farrell, Co. E, May 3.
- Private Timothy Kelly, Co. F, May 3.
- Private Jacob R. Skenke, Co. F, May 3.
- Private Phillip Severence, Co. H, May 3.
- Private Daniel McGee, Co. I, May 3.
- Private Andrew Liddle, Co. I, May 3.

WOUNDED.

- Lieut. Robert Russell, Co. A, side, May 3.
- Sergt. John Slavin, Co. A, hand.
- Corp. Wm. Lindsay, Co. A, arm.
- Corp. Thos. Bertey, Co. A, leg.
- Private Frederick Busche, Co. A, foot.
- Private Hugh Guyson, Co. A, shoulder.
- Private Phillip Müller, Co. A, neck.
- Private John Rumph, Co. A, leg.
- Private John Wilson, Co. A, leg.
- Private Alex. Thompson, Co. B, hand.
- Private Michael O'Herron, Co. B, leg.
- Private James Larkins, Co. B, arm.
- Sergt. Wm. Russell, Co. C, arm.
- Corp. Michael Doyle, Co. C, hip.
- Private E. Rose, Co. C, head.
- Private J. McDonald, Co. C, testicles.
- Private Albert Graves, Co. C, hand.
- Private J. McCawley, Co. C, head.
- Sergt. James L. Hughes, Co. D, shoulder.
- Private Chas. Drake, Co. E, side.
- Private Frank Miller, Co. E, leg.
- Private Wm. Hadley, Co. E, hand.
- Private Patrick Boyle, Co. F, hand.
- Private David Connelly, Co. F, foot.
- Private Henry Ewald, Co. F, leg.
- Private John McGowan, Co. F, hand.
- Private Henry Ewald, Co. F, leg.
- Sergt. John Hoffman, Co. F, back, since died.
- Sergt. Richard Castle, Co. G, leg.
- Private George Brown, Co. G, hand.
- Private W. Flemming, Co. G, foot.
- Private J. H. Johnson, Co. G, hand.
- Private H. C. Reid, Co. G, arm.
- Corp. Lenard Lasher, Co. H, head and arm.
- Corp. Fred. Swab, Co. H, leg.
- Private Barney Fitzpatrick, Co. H, arm.
- Private George England, Co. H, arm.
- Private John Van Sternburg, Co. H, leg.
- Private Alfred Gebean, Co. H, hand.
- Capt. John L. Newman, Co. I, thigh.
- Corp. Cyrus O. Smith, Co. I, leg.
- Private Thos. Donnelly, Co. I, side.
- Private James Kelly, Co. I, hand.
- Private Dennis McGinty, Co. I, hand.
- Private John Moore, Co. I, hand.
- Private John L. Tift, Co. I, thigh.
- Corp. Edward C. Lowth, Co. K, leg.
- Private Patrick O'Brien, Co. K, hand.
- Private John Hays, Co. K, ankle.
- Private John Stanford, Co. K, ear.
- Private Alex. Morrison, Co. K, abdomen.
- Private James Lyms, Co. K, back.
- Private James Donlon, Co. K, head.

MISSING—MAY 4.

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| <i>Company A.</i> | A. Moyer, |
| Corp. H. J. Stocking, | David Johnson. |
| John D. Betts, | <i>Company F.</i> |
| Thos. Gleason, | Capt. Wm. Wallace, |
| Henry H. Halbert, | Lieut. Wm. Hastings, |
| Henry I. Weaver, | 1st Sergt. Wm. Blaire, |
| John Hoy, | Sergt. Henry Gunther, |
| Robert D. Heady, | Sergt. William Hill, |
| George Heady, | Corp. Michael Brown, |
| John Hoy, | Corp. Fred'k Brooks, |
| Charles Houghtaling, | Corp. Martin Carroll, |
| Henry Long, | Corp. Dennis Kerr, |
| Richard H. Lawrence, | Chas. McGuire, |
| Orville Wolcott, | Corp. Wm. Rockfeller, |