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posted. At length they advanced a line of dismounted carbineers who made a desperate attack on the loosely deployed infantry. Cromwell who had been placed in command of the skirmishers, at once saw the danger and how to meet it.

It seemed that our line must give way before the superiority of numbers and weapons, the enemy being armed with breech-loading rifles which could be fired with great rapidity, while those who used them lay concealed in the tall grass not more than thirty paces distant. Several of our men had already fallen, and at one point the line was actually driven back, when the Major, ordering the men to fix bayonets, and regardless of what seemed certain death, rode along the front, almost trampling the carbineers beneath his feet, and cheered his men to a charge. Roused by his gallantry, the skirmishers rushed forward and some of the enemy were actually bayoneted, and having no weapons with which to meet so unexpected an attack, their carbines being without bayonets, and their sabres left with their horses, the enemy had again to run for their lives, hotly pursued for nearly half a mile by the brave Major with his riflemen, and leaving numbers dead and wounded in the hands of the victorious infantry. The line was held during the remainder of the day without molestation except from artillery.

After this exploit, which made the Major the hero of the whole brigade, the regiment performed picket duty for a few days along the river in the vicinity of Rappahannock Station, the Rebel videttes occupying the opposite bank of the river. Here he was charged with the construction of rifle pits extending for half a mile along the stream near the ford, and with about two hundred men the work was done within six hours, during a hot summer's afternoon, interrupted by thunder showers.

From this place the regiment, now attached to the First Division of the Third Corps, marched with the rest of the army to Bull Run and Centreville. The forced marches under the scorching, blinding sun were terrible, and strong men fell dead by the wayside. But here, as ever, the Major by word and deed sustained those whose souls or bodies fainted by the way. This and his eagerness again to meet the enemy were characteristic of him throughout the long and rapid march before the battle of Gettysburgh.

Arriving at Gettysburgh on the evening of the first day's fight, the Regiment on the 2d of July, as part of Ward's Brigade, occupied a position on a small rocky hill at the extreme left of the line.— Here they remained quietly until the afternoon, when a battery of Parrotts being placed in front of them the Rebels opened a fire of shell, and an artillery duel was kept up for an hour or more, in which the infantry were as much exposed as the cannoniers. At length the enemy appeared in a heavy column of battalions advancing upon us from the opposite woods. As we held the position by a single line of battle unsupported, the enemy's superiority in numbers, as seen at a glance, seemed overwhelming. As they approached they deployed in four distinct lines of battle, and came resolutely on

under a rapid fire from our batteries. All seemed lost, but in the steady lines of the Third Corps not a man flinched, and among them all none were more ready for the fierce encounter than Major Cromwell.

As the enemy drew near, he and Colonel Ellis had their horses brought up, and mounted. Some of the officers remonstrated against their so exposing themselves. The Major's reply was that "the men must see us to-day," telling them to have their men ready for a charge. The men were ordered to lie down and keep concealed, with fixed bayonets, the Major taking his post at the left of the regiment, and the Colonel in the center. The enemy, with fierce yells, commenced to ascend the hill in front. As they came up Cromwell repeatedly asked the Colonel's permission to charge them. At length, when they were within fifty paces, the Colonel ordered the men to rise and fire, and as the volley was poured in he simply nodded his head to the Major as an order to charge. Springing fiercely to the front the Major flashed his sabre and cheered his men, who rushed after him with ready bayonets. The Colonel looked at him a moment in proud admiration of his officer as he led the foremost, and then dashed with him into the thickest of the fight. The enemy's first line of battle, unable to withstand the onset, broke and fled in headlong terror; but the second line advancing in their rear, opened at once a heavy fire. Flushed with victory and with the smile of triumph on his lips, the Major's fearless heart was pierced by a Rebel bullet, and he fell slowly backward from the saddle, while his horse rushed forward into the enemy's lines. A few moments later Colonel Ellis was struck through the brain, and the men bore their bodies sadly from the field. Thus dying as best becomes a man, fell side by side two as brave as ever wore a sword.

It is needless to say that the men who had followed them to death, fought long and fiercely to avenge their loss; but no victory could restore the voice that used to ring out so clearly the thrilling words of command, and the Major, as tender hearted as brave, was mourned for by every private in the ranks as if he had lost his best loved friend, and tears stole down brown cheeks from eyes more used to flash the fires of battle. The hero needs no eulogy. The simple record of his life is suffi-

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**FROM THE 124th REGIMENT.**

**Letter from Captain Travis, Company I.**

NEAR TODD'S TAVERNS, May 8, 1864.

DEAR FATHER:—

I thought I would write you, as I have a chance to send. We have been fighting for the last three days. My regiment has been engaged twenty-four hours. I have had eight men wounded in the company. I have come out all right so far. Expect to go in again soon. I will give you the names of the boys wounded, and you can have it published:— Sergeants Smith and Vanderlyn, Corporals Hanna and Terwilliger, Privates R. D. Beard, John Gordon, Wm. Milligan.

H. F. TRAVIS.

In a subsequent letter, dated the ninth, Capt. Travis says Col. Cummings was shot through the leg, and he fears it will go hard with him.

**LETTER FROM A MEMBER OF CO. I.**

FREDERICKSBURG, May 11th and 12th.

I wrote you a long letter last Saturday, 7th, by a man who was going to Washington that day, but I rather think the man, with a good many others, never got to Washington, but was taken prisoner and sent to Richmond, and this being my opinion I will state briefly what I said in the said letter. We broke camp on Tuesday night, May 3d, at 10 o'clock, and marched till next day at noon, when we halted on the old Chancellorsville battleground. We remained there until Thursday morning at 5 o'clock, when we marched till 9, then halted till noon, then marched back the same road we had come until 3 o'clock, when we got into a fight and kept it up till after dark. We lay in front of the enemy all night and at daylight commenced to fight again. At 7 o'clock I gave out and was ordered to the rear. I went to the hospital and have not seen the regiment since.

On Saturday afternoon the hospital was taken up and all the wounded that could walk were started off on foot. Those that could be provided with a seat in ambulances rode, while a goodly number who could get off by neither of these ways were left and are still there I suppose. I footed and left hospital in the Wilderness about dark on Saturday night. After many ups and downs I got to the city on Monday morning about 7 o'clock, and here I have been ever since. A great many of the wounded were sent away yesterday and to-day to Washington; the rest will probably be sent away as soon as possible.

It is possible that I may from here find some way to join my regiment.

Up to the time I left the regiment our loss in killed and wounded was about sixty. I think the only officer seriously wounded was Col. Cummings—he was shot through the thigh.

He is now in the same house with me.

Finnegan got a slight wound in the breast, but although his right arm was paralyzed in consequence, he would not leave the regiment.

Charley Estabrook's brother was shot through the head shortly after the action commenced.

Billy Milligan is wounded in the leg—not seriously. There are no more Newburgh men hurt that I know of. Jo Allwood sprained his ankle and was sent to Washington yesterday.

It is likely before you get this you will see a full account in the papers. Captain Bush of our regiment is my chum here; he is lame from an old wound. We sleep together on the floor in the hall at the head of the

stairs. The inhabitants of this place are secesh to the backbone, as a general thing.

Over two hundred our wounded who were smartest, got in ahead of the guard or escort, and the result was that they were first relieved of their greenbacks and other valuables and then toted off to Richmond.

Some of the participators of this cruel act were found out and they have paid well for all they took from our men, their houses and stores have been gutted from top to bottom. Many of the boys have a supply of tobacco that would last them a year, if they could only carry it with them. I have visited our battle-ground at Chancellorsville; the dead are not half buried; we found the skeletons of several we knew.

I also went over the fighting ground here, it gave me a sort of melancholy pleasure to visit these places. There is a prospect of us having to leave, last night we were ordered to be ready to leave at any time. When we came here our rations were exhausted and none to be had anywhere. Captain Bush heard he could get supplies at the house where afterwards slept, so he and I went up and got a cup of coffee and some corn bread for which they charged us one dollar a piece.

They then asked the Captain if he would sleep in the house as a protection to save them from being plundered by our men; he agreed to do so.

Then they had a neighbor, a very nice man, who was afraid his house would also be sacked, as it had been threatened, and asked me if I would make my headquarters there. I agreed to do so, and was glad I did, for I found them nice folks—had a good bed in a nice room and got breakfast next morning for nothing.

I have not heard from the regiment since Sunday morning. Captain Travis was well then. I don't think our brigade has fought any since that time.

THURSDAY MORNING, May 12.

I have just got up, and hear that a mail is to be sent from here this morning by the Sanitary Commission. It is cool and stormy to-day, and we have heard a good deal of cannonading since day-light. I see a good many fresh wounded men coming in from the front, so I think it is likely I will join the regiment from this place in a few days.

Since yesterday I feel pretty smart.—Marching in the hot sun bothers me more than anything else. We are supplied now with provisions from our own Commissary and from the Sanitary Commission for two days we had nothing.

**Letter from the 124th Regiment.**

The following is an extract from a letter from a member of Co. K, 124th:

April, 1864.

"In two or three weeks you will probably hear of the Army of the Potomac being in motion, and it cannot move far without finding the 'Johnnys,' and then I believe the decisive battle will be fought. Whichever side gets whipped will be badly beaten.

"The Rebel army is stronger now than it ever will be again, and I should not be surprised if it is as strong as it ever has been, for their sweeping conscription has forced every one into the army capable of bearing arms. I believe

they will make a most desperate effort to hold out until after the Presidential election, hoping one of their Northern friends will be elected, who will be willing to give them peace on their own terms. But I think they will have to hold out a great while longer than they have already before such an event takes place. I believe Lincoln will be the Union candidate and will be elected by an overwhelming majority. There is certainly no Union man who will run against him, and none but a true Union man can stand the least chance of success, judging from the late elections in the Eastern States.

"I have the fullest confidence in Gen. Grant, and if he will be allowed to carry out his own plans undisturbed by the authorities in Washington, he will be but a short time in conquering an honorable peace. Every one knows he has an able General to contend with, but Lee has been whipped and Grant never has, and I pray and believe he never will be.

"It is indeed unpleasant to look forward to the coming campaign—to think of the suffering that will be caused, and the many lives sacrificed. But is the sacrifice not well worth making, when the great end to be obtained is kept in view—the rescuing of our country from the rule of a band of traitors, murderers and slave-drivers?

"I would like to return home: I know I am needed there, but I believe I am needed more here, and if God spares my life I will fight till this cruel war is over. So if it should not be ended by next Fall, you must not be surprised to hear of my reënlisting. But God alone knows the uncertain future, and in Him must our trust be placed. 'He doeth all things well.'"  
H. R. M.

**THE 124th REGIMENT, N. Y. S. VOL.**

The position in the Army of the Potomac, which has uniformly been assigned to this brave body of our former fellow citizens, the front, has thinned its numbers to such an extent that little more than a full company is now left, fit for duty. As our readers will remember, but a few days elapsed after it reached Washington in the late summer of 1862, with much less time and opportunity for drilling than it is customary to allow to raw recruits, the regiment was added to the Army of the Potomac, and brought face to face with the veterans of the Rebel Army at Fredericksburgh. From that time on, and up to and including the late desperate contests of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, etc. in Virginia, this regiment has uniformly been placed where the fighting was the most desperate—where determined bravery and unflinching courage could alone withstand the terrible onslaughts of their traitor foes. And nobly have our brave sons and brothers fulfilled their mission—freely have they offered themselves a sacrifice upon the altar of their country, until, (alas that we should be com-

pelled to write it) hardly a tenth of the original number are in a situation to respond at muster call. We knew when they marched forth from this village on that pleasant September afternoon nearly two years ago, what their record would be in the future. We knew they were inspired by the loftiest patriotism—that they were going forth in defense of their beloved country, each one resolved to avoid no danger nor shirk any duty devolving upon them. We realized that their pathway would be thickly strewn with the fallen and the wounded, and our heart was deeply saddened as we contemplated the necessity which called them forth, and as we bade them adieu on that September day. As a regiment, we shall probably hear but little more of them in future actions. The "Orange Blossoms" as a distinctive organization, unless indeed, it should be recruited up to the necessary standard from other regiments equally reduced, has fought its last battle.— But it will have a name in history, inscribed high upon the roll of honor, and the descendants of the brave men who filled its ranks of those who commanded it, will point, with pardonable pride, to its glorious record.

The following officers are reported wounded, but none of them mortally:

- Col. F. M. Cummings, shot wound in leg.
- Lieut.-Col. Weygant.
- Captain Benedict, Company D.
- " Mapes, " B.
- " Wood, " A.
- Lieutenant Camack.
- " Houston, Company D.

We glean the following names of the privates wounded, from the lists already printed.

- V. H. Gray, J. Raymond, S. M. Weeden, Musician.
- John H. Blair, Co. C., Campbell Hospital.
- G. W. Decker, (foot) Co. D., do.
- Wm. T. Quackenbush, Co. D., Lincoln do.
- W. W. Rich, Co. B, do do.
- Joseph Bross, Co. B, do do.
- H. McShane, Co. B, do do.
- S. Carr, Co. E, do do.
- James McGrath, Co. H, do do.
- J. Lewis, Co. B, do do.
- John McGrath, Co. H, do do.
- Daniel Pine, Co. C, do do.
- Thos. Morgan.
- Newton Goetchius, Co. A.; Henry Trainer, Co. G.; John Trainer do.; Harvey Bach, do.; D. Carman, Co. H.; C. Ackerman, Co. E; H. Tinney, Co. G.

**LIST OF CASUALTIES**

IN THE

One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Regiment.

Lieutenant Colonel Weygant arrived home this morning. His regiment was among those which led the famous charge by Hancock on the morning of the 12th, and the Colonel was wounded in the calf of the leg while mounting the second line of

the enemy's works. The wound will not permanently disable him, and he looks forward to a return to duty in a few weeks. He furnishes us with the following list of casualties, so far as he could obtain them at the time he left. All but Companies I and K are tolerably complete.

#### OFFICERS WOUNDED.

Colonel F. M. Cummins, thigh, severe.  
Lieutenant Colonel C. H. Weygant, leg, below knee, will be about in a few weeks.  
Captain J. W. Benedict, through hips, severe.  
Captain Chas. B. Wood, right thigh, severe.  
Lieutenant Houston, jaw, severe.  
Lieutenant Cormick, arm and side, severe.  
Lieutenant Mapes, head, slight.  
Captain Finnegan, breast, slight.  
Sergeant Major Thomas Mabie, head slight.  
Surgeon Thompson is a prisoner.

Company A.—Sergeant S. T. Rollings; Corporal Robert Hunt, breast; Robert Ashmun, thigh, severe; Joseph Brownlee, killed; Wm. Carpenter, hand; F. B. Gallow, hip; C. H. Gallow, left hand amputated, arm and side; James McGrath, hand; John McGrath, hand; Richard Rollings, arm and side; Jabez Odell, leg; L. L. Jackson, arm; Jacob Wilson, neck; Joseph Simpson, thigh; William Sanders, foot.

Company B.—Sergeant Cor. L. Reeves, prisoner; Corporal Bellows; Andrew Messenger, left arm; Samuel Sherman, body, mortally; Patrick Leech, hand; George Boone, killed; Mathew Crawley, leg; James Lewis, back; Martin Everett, head; E. W. Carpenter, foot; J. Morgan, leg; T. Morgan, neck; John Payne, hand; J. H. Birdsall, hand.

Company C.—Corporal J. Owen, side; Corporal John Finch, breast; Corporal James Moller, side; John Blair, side; Andrew Boyd, missing; Daniel Pine, missing.

Company D.—Orderly Sergeant Holbert, neck; W. H. Deyo, shoulder; George W. Decker, foot; Garret Decker; Jeremiah Dolson; Benjamin Gray; Norman Sly, head; Daniel P. Dugan; O. Weymer, leg; Charles Hoffman, leg; S. W. Garrison, foot; Daniel D. Barrett, killed; Wm. H. Gordon, neck; John Degraw, hand; W. H. Morgan, foot; James H. Clark; Michael McMorris, foot and side; John Raymond, hand.

Company E.—Sergeant T. Dolson, side; Corporal W. H. Howell, breast; Corporal Miller, arm and bowels; Wm. H. Wheeler, hand; H. M. Howell, leg; A. Freeman, face; S. Sweet, hand; Lewis Baxter, severe; Joseph H. Johnson, hip, mortal.

Company F.—Orderly Sergeant, back; Sergeant H. Hammond, shoulder; Samuel T. Crawford, head, slight; Jonathan Crawford, arm and side; A. J. McCartney, left hand; Eli Coddington and Thomas Cullington, missing.

Company G.—Sergeant Estabrook, head; Sergeant Jo Cole, hand, slight; Sergeant Demy, missing; G. R. Fitzgerald; Harvey Brock, leg; John Trainor, arm; John J. Taylor, leg; Gilbert Peet, missing.

Company H.—Orderly Sergeant T. Bradley, left arm; J. Dolson, hand; — Carman, both hands; Fairchild, leg; Wm. Brown, arm, slight; Corporal Benjamin Dutcher, killed.

Company I.—Orderly Sergeant Wm. W. Smith, slight; Sergeant Vanilderly; Joseph Hanna; Wm. Milligan; Whitmore Terwilliger; R. D. Baird; Mathew Manny; John Gordon; J. Smith; J. N.

Knapp, missing; Jed. Millsbaugh, missing.  
Company K.—Orderly Sergeant W. W. Parsons, leg, amputated; Sergeant Rich, slightly; Michael Cullen; C. Chans; George Colby and G. W. Parks, missing.

## Goshen Democrat

Goshen, Thursday Morning, May 26, 1864.

### CASUALTIES in the 124th REGIMENT,

Lieut-Colonel Weygant of the 124th Regiment, N. Y. Vols., who was among the wounded in the battles of the Wilderness, has returned to his home near Newburgh, and furnishes the Newburgh *Journal* with a list of names wounded in our Regiment, additional to those we published last week. We annex them, together with such others as we glean from the lists of killed and wounded published in the city papers:

Capt. Finnegan, breast, slight.

Sergt. Major Thos. Mabie, head, slight.

Company A—Sergt S T Rollings; Corpl Robert Hunt, Breast; Robert Ashmun, thigh, severe; Joseph Brownlee, killed; Wm Carpenter, hand; F B. Gallow, hip; C H Gallow, left hand amputated, arm and side; James McGrath, hand; Richard Rollings, arm and side; Jabez Odell, leg; L L Jackson, arm; Jacob Wilson, neck; Joseph Simpson, thigh; Wm Sanders, foot; John McGrath, right hand; John H. Warford, foot; Corporal Henry Arcularius, missing.

Company B—Corpl Bellows; Andrew Messenger, left arm; Samuel Sherman, body, mortally, dead; Patrick Leech, hand; Geo. Boone, killed; Mathew Crawley, leg; James Lewis, back; Martin Everett, head; E W Carpenter, foot; J Morgan, leg; T Morgan, neck; John Payne, hand; J H Birdsall, hand; Joseph Bross, face; Moses Rumsey, shoulder; Sergeant Chas. A. Wheeler, missing.

Company C—Corpl J Owen, side; Corpl J Finch, breast; Corpl James Moller, side; Jno Blair, side; Andrew Boyd, missing; Daniel Pine, missing; Wm. H. H. Rhodes, head, slight; Chas. P. F. Fisher, missing.

Company D—Ordly Sergt Holbert, neck; W H Deyo, shoulder; Geo W Decker, foot; Garret Decker; Jeremiah Dolson; Benj Gray; Norman Sly, head; Daniel P Dugan; O Weymer, leg; Charles Hoffman, leg; S W Garrison, foot; Daniel D Barrett, killed; Wm H Gordon, neck; John Degraw, hand; W H Morgan, foot; James H Clark; Michael McMorris, foot and side; John Raymond, hand; Wm. H. Dill, breast; Stephen Garrison, thigh; Joseph Quackenbush, thigh; John Edwards, hand; Sergt. Wm. E. Hyatt, missing.

Company E—Sergt T. Dolson, side; Corpl W H Howell, breast; Corpl Miller, arm and bowels; Wm H Wheeler, hand; H M Howell, leg; A Freeman, face; S Sweet, hand; Lewis Baxter, killed; Joseph H. Johnson, hip, mortal; John J. Scott, killed; Horace Wheeler, both hands.

Company F—Orderly Sergt E M B Peck, slight; Sergt H Hammond, shoulder; Sam'l T. Crawford, head, slight; Jonathan Crawford, arm and side; A J McCartney, left hand; Eli





ceived authority from Governor Seymour to recruit a new company for the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Regiment. The company will be organized in the town of Wallkill, though men enlisting from any other town may join it. There can be but little doubt but that the company will be filled in a few days. It is to be regretted that some one in Newburgh does not take the matter in hand of sending a new company to the gallant regiment from this town.

# The Daily Journal

Newburgh, N. Y.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 16, 1864.

From the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Regiment.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH N. Y. V.,  
August 8, 1864.

To the Editor of the Newburgh Journal:

Looking over the columns of your valuable paper I noticed an article in relation to raising a new regiment in order, as it says, to be the quickest and best way to fill the quota of Newburgh. Now then, my dear sir, let me tell you one thing: in the month of September, 1862, the County of Orange sent to the field of war the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth New York Volunteers commanded by the brave Colonel Ellis, numbering in all 960 enlisted men and 30 officers. It has to-day only 420 men present and absent—140 men and 12 officers present for duty. I will not attempt to give you a history of the regiment; that is already known to yourself and readers. Do you not think it would be well for the county to fill up this regiment? Would it not be just—nearly every town in the county is represented by a company—would it not be right for each town to fill up the company from their town, and thus fill up a regiment which has a claim on your generosity. I have no more to say. I am sure the subject need only be mentioned to the good citizens of old Orange.

A MEMBER OF THE 124TH N. Y. V.

— We learn that 1st Lieut. John W. Houston, of Co. D, 124th Regt., N. Y. V., has been honorably discharged from the service, on account of a wound received in the battle at Spotsylvania Court House, Va., from which he is now suffering. His discharge is dated August 10th, 1864.

— We are sorry to learn that Capt. Mapes, of Co. B, 124th Regt., N. Y. S. V., was again wounded in the recent engagement at Deep Bottom, Va., and that the wound is of a very serious nature. He was struck by a Minnie Ball, in his right thigh, which shattered the bone so that it was found necessary to amputate the limb about four inches above the knee. The operation was successfully performed by Dr. Thompson, surgeon of the Regiment, and at last accounts he was doing well, although it will be a long time before he can be removed to his home.

## Death of Colonel Silliman.

We this morning received the following letter from the Lieutenant Colonel of the Twenty-Sixth U. S. C. T., imparting intelligence of the death of the Colonel from the effect of the wound to which we referred a few days ago. His body, we suppose, arrived in the *Arage*, at New York, yesterday:

CAMP FORT DUANE, NEAR BEAUFORT, S. C.,  
December 20th, 1864.

Colonel Silliman is dead. He was wounded on the 9th, in an attempt to cut the Charleston and Savannah Railroad near Pocotaligo. The first line of the attack, deployed as skirmishers, and consisting of the Marine Battalion, and the One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh New York Volunteers, was commanded by Colonel Silliman. His dispositions were skilfully made and the line pushed rapidly and gallantly forward, and there is no question but that the object would have been effected but for the untoward accident of the Colonel's wound. This caused delay until the new commander could receive instructions, and the golden opportunity was lost. The Colonel was struck by a bullet above the right knee. The Surgeon who amputated the leg asserts that the missile was an "explosive bullet." The wound was received about nine a. m., the amputation performed at the boat three and a half miles to the rear, at three p. m., and the Colonel reached Beaufort and was removed to quarters about three a. m. of the next day. He was very much exhausted, but rallied rapidly and got along so well that no doubts were entertained of his final recovery. On the seventeenth he went to sleep as usual about noon, after a very comfortable morning, and never woke from it. His body will be sent home by first boat. He was very much respected and loved, and will be missed more than most who have died in this accursed war. He was a worthy pupil of Colonel Ellis, and a worthy friend of Major Cromwells. He will probably be carried to Cornwall for burial, and the Newburgh folks should turn out to do him honor.

We get no news here, but suppose that Sherman has or soon will have Savannah. The Confederacy is reeling and staggering to its last ditch now, and we are all eager to help bury it. I will try and write again before the steamer leaves.

In haste, yours,  
W. B. GUERNSEY.

— Captain J. W. Benedict, 124th Regiment, N. Y. V., arrived at home and is doing well of his wounds. First Lieut. E. H. Holbert, formerly Orderly Sergeant, of Captain Benedict's Company, returned to the front Aug. 1st.

— Lieut. Charles Stewart, of the 124th Regt., has written a letter from Richmond where he is a prisoner. The letter is dated June 5th. He was taken while on picket, with five others whose names he gives as follows: James Crist, Co. H, (Walden,) Duncan Boyd, and Fred Dezenorf, Co. C, Pat Cuneen and Samuel B. Tidd, Co. K.

— The remains of Capt. Jackson, 124th Regiment N. Y. Volunteers, arrived in this village on Friday last. The funeral services were held at the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Mr. Hepburn, in Hamptonburgh on Sunday.

**One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Regiment.**

HEADQUARTERS 124TH REGIMENT, N. Y. V.,  
January 27, 1865.

To the Editor of the Journal:

At a meeting of the officers of the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth N. Y. V., January 24, 1865, in view of the departure of our late Adjutant, a committee of three was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. Their report which here follows was adopted, and it was further resolved that a copy be presented to the Adjutant, and also forwarded to the principal papers of Orange County with a request for publication.

Whereas, Constrained by the dealings of Providence in regard to members of his family, Wm. B. Van Houten, late Adjutant of the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth N. Y. V., has tendered his resignation, and has, in accordance with Special Orders No. 22, Headquarters Army of the Potomac, been honorably discharged the service of the United States.

Whereas, We desire as members of the regiment to give some expression of our sentiments on his departure from us. Therefore

Resolved, That it is with no ordinary emotion and regret that we part with an old comrade in arms. It affords us the highest pleasure to review his past record as a member of the regiment, and to accord him a well deserved place in its glorious history. Coming out in ranks as Sergeant in Company D, at the first organization of the Regiment, September 5, 1862, promoted successively to the offices of Sergeant Major, First Lieutenant of Company I, and Adjutant, on the ground of merit alone; for the period of more than two years and four months he has faithfully shared its toils and dangers. Although present at his post of duty and danger, with the Regiment in its every engagement, battle, skirmishes or raid, numbering upwards of twenty, he has yet been shielded by the hand of God from a single wound.

Resolved, That by his urbanity of manner, his genial temperament, his modest deportment, the efficiency in the discharge of duty, he has won the warm and enduring friendship of all, both officers and privates, and has proved worthy of the confidence reposed in him and the honors conferred on him.

Resolved, That in his transfer from the field of war to that of civil life, our best wishes and warmest sympathies will follow him. While looking with pride at his past record in his county's service, we also look forward with hope and pleasure to his future career. Our regiment, in parting with him, is mingled with pleasant anticipations of meeting him again in the peaceful scenes of home. And thus hoping the time may soon come, when with the close of this wicked Rebellion, we shall exchange the camp fire with its sad and pleasant memories, for the old and loved firesides of home, with the parting hand we bid him God speed.

T. SCOTT BRADNER, Chaplain 124th N. Y. V.,  
R. V. K. MUNTFORT, Ass. Surg. " " } Com.  
JOHN S. KING, 1st Lieut., Co. K. " " }

On Monday evening, the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, and a detachment of the One Hundred and Forty-sixth, (Zouaves,) New-York Volunteer Regiments, arrived at the Battery Barracks, where they were furnished quarters during the night, and were yesterday transferred to Hart's Island to await being paid off and mustered out.

The One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Regiment returns with 393 men, after having experienced three years' hard service. It took the field in September, 1862, nearly 1,000 strong. Since that time it has received over 300 recruits, making a total of 1,300 men that have belonged to the organization. Two hundred and twenty-five of the men who took the field with the regiment have passed with it through all the battles of the Army of the Potomac since that time, and return with the organization. Only three of the original officers retain commands in the regiment.

The following is a list of the officers: Lieutenant-Colonel commanding, C. H. WEGANT; Acting Major, James W. Benedict; Acting Adjutant, A. P. Francisco; Chaplain, J. Scott Bradner; Surgeon, R. V. K. Mont-

fort; Assistant Surgeon, E. C. Fox; Quartermaster, Ellis Post. Co. A—Captain, John C. Wood. Co. B—Captain, Thomas Bradley; Lieutenant, David U. Quick. Co. C—Captain, Thomas Tall. Co. D—Lieutenant, Ebenezer Holbert; Second Lieutenant, Thos. G. Mabey. Co. E—Captain, Daniel Sayer; First Lieutenant, W. H. Bryan. Co. F—Lieutenant, Thomas Hart. Co. G—Captain, Thomas J. Quick; Second Lieutenant, J. G. Shultz. Co. H—Captain, M. Robinson; Lieutenant, S. Dawson. Co. I—Captain, Henry F. Tracy. Co. K—Captain, Robert A. Malon; Lieutenant, Woodward W. Ogden.

The One Hundred and Twenty-fourth was recruited at Goshen. It is not yet known when it will be disbanded.

*N. Y. Times  
June 7, 1865*

**A Case of Disinterested Patriotism.**

To the Editor of the Journal:

Some three years ago there may have been seen walking from Liberty Street down town, a young man of some nineteen years, son of a gentleman who had retired on ample means from the farm, to spend the rest of his days in our village. The family consisted of the father, mother, and this, their only child, who had been brought up by them more an equal in the family than is usual. They were company for each other; a kind and cheerful disposition in the boy assisted the parents in bringing up a fine young man.

At the breaking out of the war, Thomas felt it his duty to go to the battle-field. The persuasions of his many personal friends kept him back for a while, but after a few months he began to make his declarations more positive. "I am going"—he did go—and, as yet, has not returned. At one time a friend said to him, "I think you are very unwise to go to the war, situated as you are. You get no bounty; your pay will be \$13 per month to fight, and go through all the hardships of war, when you have the means to live well under any form of government that may come up." He replied, "I will go, if I never get a cent."

On a time his father was asked if his son expected to enlist. He replied, "Yes. It is very hard for me, and for his mother still worse—but some one must go;" and further said, "one who is not willing to fight when necessary for the maintenance of his liberties, is unworthy of being free."

The young man earnestly said, "I want to go; father is willing, but the hardship for me is to leave my mother." But he went. You may to some extent imagine the anxiety before an engagement, and the dull suspense after it, to these parents, waiting for a letter; but it always came, with the cheering words, "I am all right, God is my protector, don't fear for me." This soldier is one of the very few left of the original One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Regiment, Company I, New York State Volunteers. For the first time since that regiment moved from Newburgh, in a day or two he will set his foot again on our shore. We don't hear of his name in the papers, but when the glorious One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth left he was there—when they come back he will be there with them. On the march, with them at the camp, when the bloody strife of battle came, Tom was there "all right." He will soon be here. His friends will greet him, his father will embrace him; his mother, that one whom he so reluctantly left for his country, she will never again embrace her son on earth.

Yours,  
C. S. L.

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# WEEKLY JOURNAL

NEWBURGH N. Y.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1865.

## THE 124th HOME AGAIN.

They Arrived Last Evening by the  
Mary Powell.

ALL NEWBURGH WELCOMES THEM

TRIUMPHAL MARCH THROUGH  
THE STREETS.

Ten Thousand People at Washington's  
Headquarters.

JUDGE TAYLOR'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

COLONEL WEYGANT'S RESPONSE.

SUPPER IN THE UNION LEAGUE ROOM.

### INCIDENTS, &c.

The long looked for and impatiently expected One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Regiment have arrived at last. They left Hart's Island—which is situated about sixteen miles from New York up the East River—at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, June 13th, and arrived at the Desbrosses street pier in New York at about 11 o'clock the same morning. They were transferred during the afternoon to the *Mary Powell*, whose noble-hearted commander, Captain Anderson, had proffered to the "Orange Blossoms" a free passage to Newburgh. The men were all furnished with arms, two-thirds of them having become possessors of their muskets by the payment to the Government of the nominal sum of six dollars each, and the remainder of the regiment being supplied through the kind forethought of Colonel Weygant; from the armories of the Newburgh militia companies. In fact the Colonel has always seemed to care more for the welfare and comfort of his men than for his own, and it is no wonder that the boys almost idolize him.

When we stepped on board the *Powell* at Cozzens' we found most of the boys crowded on the forward deck, seeming to enjoy themselves hugely in chatting and laughing and pointing out to each other the familiar features of the scenery along the river. Yet amid the general hilarity reigning on those bronzed and weather beaten faces, the look of sadness and the tear of regret were occasionally seen—tokens of sorrow for the loss of brave comrades who had fallen in battle, and of distress at the thought of meeting their bereaved relatives.

Some of the boys were lying at full length on the deck, taking their ease and adapting themselves to surrounding circumstances in true soldier-like style. Going around among the veterans we found the accomplished Surgeon of the regiment, Dr. R. V. K.

Montfort, who is every inch a man, and a master of his profession—Captain Travis, the hearty, whole-souled, intrepid "Hank"—the indefatigable Colonel who was everywhere at once and personally superintending everything, his presence acting like oil on the troubled waters—Privates Alwood, Post, Sagar, etc., etc.

When the *Powell* reached the Cornwall dock the enthusiasm of the boys began to be stirred up afresh; the land looked unmistakably like that of Orange County. They now formed on each side of the boat, preparatory to the march on reaching Newburgh. When the cannon on the long dock began to roar the boys involuntarily set up a shout of delight, as if they had recognized the tones of an old friend. But the belching, bellowing tube sent out no missiles of death among them this time; nothing but the notes of a glorious welcome. The sight that greeted the eyes of those who were on the *Powell* as she neared our village can hardly ever be forgotten by them. Every place which commanded a view of the river, seemed to be crowded with eager spectators. Flags were flying, bells ringing, cannon booming, innumerable handkerchiefs waving and the whole village seemed bent on making itself seen and heard. The boys looked on all this display with undisguised delight, and gave vent to their feelings in repeated cheers. They were marched to the corner of First and Front streets, through the immense throng which had assembled to do them honor, and between open files of the firemen and Union League, who stood with heads uncovered. The procession was then formed in the following order: First the firemen; then the Trustees of the village and distinguished citizens; then the Union League accompanied by Eastman's splendid band, of Poughkeepsie; then came the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth. The procession then moved as follows: up First street to Water; up Water to South; up South to Grand; down Grand to Western Avenue; up Western Avenue to Liberty; down Liberty to Washington's Headquarters. Every flag was out all along the route, and the sight of the bullet-torn battle-flag of the regiment seemed to be regarded with intense interest. Before the boys got around the route they were tolerably well furnished with bouquets from the hands of the fair ladies of Newburgh. Every soldier had a bouquet in the muzzle of his musket. What a change! Where for the past three years had been issuing the death-dealing bullet, now decorated with the floral tribute of victory and peace! By way of parenthesis, we might say here that "Chronicles"—who seems to have entirely recovered from the "bilious" symptoms of last fall's campaign—was seen to receive from a fair damsel on the corner of Hudson Terrace, a beautiful bouquet, for which he returned an equivalent in the shape of—well we will say for short, an osculatory smack. Long may he live to wield his graphic pen in the interests of freedom!

The firemen and Leaguers on reaching the Headquarters formed in front of the stand in a hollow square, into which the regiment marched. The crowd on the ground was immense, entirely covering the lawn from the house to the eastern limits. There could not have been less than ten thousand persons on the ground; many having come in from the country, from the opposite side of the river, etc. The "oldest inhabitant" solemnly averred