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diately assigned to duty in the corps of Topographical Engineers, and served with distinction on the general staff, during the operations which led to the reduction of Fort Pulaski. When the 140th Regiment was raised here, an application was made to have him detailed from the regular service to become its commander. The request was granted, and he came north soon after the regiment reached the seat of war. During a portion of last winter, he commanded a brigade, as senior colonel.

The deceased was not only a brave and capable officer, but a gentleman of courteous manner and genial spirit, as well. He was universally beloved and respected by officers and soldiers.

Col. O'Rorke married, a few months since, a daughter of Mr. Edward Bishop, of this city, who, we believe, is now in Washington. His mother, and we believe also a brother, reside here.

JUL

The Late Col. O'Rorke.

The funeral of this distinguished officer took place yesterday forenoon, from St. Bridget's Church, and was attended by a very large concourse of people. The Rev. Father O'Brien officiated. The 54th Regiment were in the procession and accompanied the remains to the cemetery, where the usual military honors were observed. The following tribute to the deceased is from the pen of one of his early schoolmates in District No. 9:

Editor Democrat and American:

From quite an intimate acquaintance with Col. O'Rorke in his more youthful days, I have deemed it proper to make public a few thoughts which his death suggests. I am impelled to this by a high regard for him—a regard fostered by years of intercourse, and constantly increased by ever-renewed indications of real worth. I speak of him mostly as a boy. After all, this is the seed of the man. If good it will produce good fruit, and by its fruit we judge it. When LaFayette was in America he called on the mother of Washington at Fredericksburg, Va. In conversation with her he took occasion to highly compliment her son's military ability, moral qualities and strict honesty; to which she replied, "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a good boy." As Patrick's character developed, I have not wondered, but admired. It would have been strange to me if he had not been great. He was a bud, in which were wrapped up blossoms needing only to burst into being to scatter fragrance, beauty and health all about. I have joined him in many boyhood sports. I love to recall those scenes, for there always appears one form which I can never look on only with pleasure—even the boy O'Rorke—palish, somewhat slender, and always wearing a most bewitching smile.—If I could but go back to old No. 9 campus and enjoy with him one more game of ball, or other youthful sport, I would be truly a happy mortal. He was a rare companion, and all who have enjoyed association with him have been blessed.

It may seem a trifle to mention but I certainly dare say, it is but two or three of the early associates of my life, and of none in the same degree as of Patrick O'Rorke—that I never knew him once to swear, to tell a falsehood—he

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unkind or ungenerous—or to indulge in any bad habit. As said Father O'Brien of the Catholic Church, that it is very sparing of panegyric, so I feel that it should be; but here is a case where eulogy is not flattery to the dead or mere compliment to the living. On the contrary it the outstretching of the conscientious heart to arrive at truth—the effort to set forth the noble qualities of the faithful man and Christian soldier.

I have been to funerals where I have deemed it sinful to heap such terms of praise on the dead. All knew they were undeserving, if not actual falsehoods. In the case before us I know it was different. I sympathized with Father O'Brien. Language was too feeble and emotions too intense to speak fittingly, and the whole truth, on the occasion. We all felt that the speaker had not flattered, or eulogized beyond truth. Though he spoke highly, touchingly and eloquently of the Colonel we felt that his remarks were not beyond but actually wanting in reaching the truth of the deceased.

We have attempted in this article to show the elements of character on which were based the excellent public qualities of the departed. Our journals all over the land speak forth his military abilities—the regiment, over which he presided declare his kindness as a man and his bravery as a soldier—our city feels and mourns his loss. As a representative of Public School No. 9, where he received his early education, I am led to declare from a heart feeling and knowing the truth of what I say, that I never, we never, knew his like. I know of no boy of my youthful days so loved and universally cherished as Patrick O'Rorke, and I am not surprised that as Colonel he is so lamented. Though a Protestant I will say a word as to the loyalty of the Catholic Church. Every one who heard Father O'Brien cannot but be convinced he is a sincere, earnest patriot. Of our flag, of our country, of our customs, of our superiority among the nations of the world as to freedom and other respects—he spoke only as a true, thorough and noble-hearted citizen and clergyman could.

ORANGE.

THE EVENING EXPRESS.

The City and Vicinity.

Death of Col. P. H. O'Rorke.

The report of the death of Colonel O'Rorke, of the 140th Regiment, is confirmed. He was struck by a bullet in the battle of Thursday evening at Gettysburg, while at the head of his regiment cheering on his men. His death brings sorrow and mourning to a very large circle of friends and acquaintances here. Col. O'Rorke resided in this city from his earliest boyhood, and was beloved and respected by all who knew him.

He made his way in the world by his own exertions, and was always remarkable for his studious habits. He attracted attention while a pupil in our free public schools by the progress he made in his studies, and graduated from the Free Academy (then the Rochester High School) with the highest distinction, being one of the three pupils of the Public Schools selected that year as free scholars to the University. His filial love stood in the way of his acceptance of the opportunity for a classical education, and he turned aside to a mechanical pursuit in order to support the declining years of his mother.

His appointment to a cadet ship at West Point was procured through the influence of the late Samuel G. Andrews, who regarded his instrumentality in the advancement of his young protegee as a particularly bright spot in his long and useful life. To West Point young O'Rourke carried his fixed habits of attention to his studies, and the business which engaged his time, and he graduated as first in his class in 1861.— He was appointed a Lieutenant in the topographical engineers, and served with credit in the department of the South, taking an active part in the operations which led to the reduction of Port Pulaski.

He was appointed to the command of the 140th Regiment, raised in this city, on the application of the War Committee, and he took command soon after the regiment was sent to the seat of war, now nearly a year since. He has proved himself a brave and capable officer, and won the esteem and love of the officers and men of his regiment. He leaves a young wife, daughter of Mr. Edward Bishop, of this city. She has been in Washington for several days, her anxiety for her husband's safety attracting her as near as possible to the scene of the expected conflict in Pennsylvania. She will receive the sympathies of a large circle of warm friends in her heavy bereavement.

The New York Herald notices Col. O'Rourke's death as follows:

Few men have made a more brilliant reputation in this affair than Col. O'Rourke, One Hundred and Fortieth New York. Mounted on a rock, he was cheering on his men when a bullet struck him. He knew no fear, his fearlessness made him rash. It was at the reduction of Fort Pulaski, where he behaved with a gallantry known to everybody. It has been so in every engagement in which he participated. Like many of our officers lost in the present battle, Colonel O'Rourke was a young man, being only twenty-five years old. He graduated at West Point in 1861, standing first in his class. A good portion of the last year he commanded a brigade in the division of regulars. He possessed military talent of a high order, and was eminently prepossessing and courteous to a fault. He had indeed all those shining qualities of heart and intellect that so richly adorn a man, and vouchsafe place, power and love to their possessor.

FROM THE 140TH REGIMENT.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, Va.,
140TH N. VOLS, April 20th, 1863.

DEAR UNION:—It has been a long time since I have troubled you with a letter, detailing the incidents and accidents attending the career of the 140th Regiment, and from present indications it may be some time before I may have an opportunity again, or at least it may be the last one from this camp. Everything around us, aside from orders, indicates that we are to leave this spot where, during the past five months, we have whiled many happy hours away. But all the hours have not been happy. We have had the bitter with the sweet. Many sad memories will linger on our minds in the future, if we are spared—memories of cold winter blasts, where cotton houses alone have protected our heads from the storm—memories of our companions in arms, who have, day after day, and week after week, laid in these houses, racked with pain and disease; and of many of them whose sands of life have in the morning of their day run out, and whose mortal frames have been laid in the dust, far from home, from friends and kindred.

All our extra clothing and baggage accumulated during the winter, has been packed and sent to Washington to be stored during the summer. Lieut. Buckley has been detailed and gone to Washington with them to get a suitable

place. Our wagons are loaded with provisions, and the men have eight days rations in their haversacks, and we are expecting to march to-morrow morning. Our men are not to be encumbered with so much extra loading on their backs as in the past. We have recently been called out quite often to be reviewed, accounts of which you have probably had ere this. The President reviewed our Corps on the 7th inst. by Brigades. He passed along our lines the same as with other Brigades, but afterwards he stopped with us sometime, while the 5th N. Y. Zouaves went through their favorite bayonet exercise. It was a splendid sight, and Mr. Lincoln expressed himself very much pleased with it. The next day was the grand review, when the President, his wife and son were present attended by a very numerous suite. Last Sunday the troops and camps of this Corps were inspected by a Swiss General, accompanied by Generals Meade and Sykes. I do not know the name, but his uniform and fixings denoted him an officer of high rank. Yesterday our Division was reviewed again by Gen. Meade. All these reviews and inspections are pretty sure signs of a move. Our good rations of soft bread and potatoes, and onions, &c., will be cut off now, and we must come down again to soldier's fare, that is hard tack, pork and coffee.

Another lot of furlough men have just got back, and another lot are anxiously waiting for their chance. Furloughs will be continued as a permanent institution for the present, to all regiments where good order and discipline is carried out. Our regiment has just been paid four months pay, or up to March 1st, which of course makes us feel much better. Our Chaplain is back with the regiment again, and our medical staff has been filled up to the maximum number. We have a Dr. Dean in the place of Dr. Hall. He is a young man, has been Assistant Surgeon in the 57th N. Y. Vols. He has been here but a few days, and I cannot say yet as to how he will be liked by the boys, but we hope he may meet the wants and wishes both of us and our friends at home. If he does, all's well. We have an Assistant Surgeon, Geo. L. Menzie, in place of Dr. Paine. He is a young man, and a first-rate fellow. I think he will be well liked by the regiment, and will do well for us.

Dr. Lord is here and doing well, and the sick reports of the regiment are diminishing. We have ten men in the Regimental Hospital, and thirteen in Division Hospital at present. If we move some will have to go to General Hospital—fifteen have already been selected for that purpose. Of the future I cannot speak; suffice it to say if we leave here warm work is to be done somewhere, and we shall probably get a chance for our share of it; but I believe we are ready to do the work we bargained for when we joined this grand army.

The two years' men, among them the old 13th, are quite jubilant over the prospect of going home; but if all such regiments are sent away, Uncle Sam must fill up soon with some new ones. There are plenty of them left behind who the boys would like to see down here.

Smith, the razor strop man, is back doing duty in the hospital, same as in Pleasant Valley, Md., where we left him with some sick last Fall. He is just the man for a nurse, infusing new life as it were to the sick and weary soldier. His genial good nature stands out in bold relief all the time. I have thrown together a few disconnected items, and fearing if I put more I spoil the first, I close. IRONSIDES.

From the Officers of the 140th.

HEADQUARTERS 140TH REGIMENT }
N. Y. V., April 24th, 1863. }

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROCHESTER UNION AND ADVERTISER:—Dear Sir:—In your paper of the 16th inst. there appears a report of the proceedings of a public meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Greece, held for the purpose of taking into consideration *the military conduct* of Mr. Addison N. Whiting, late a First Lieutenant in this regiment. At this meeting a preamble and resolutions were adopted, which are exceedingly unjust to Mr. Whiting, and calculated to injure him seriously in the estimation of the citizens of Monroe county. It is but simple justice to him that we, so lately associated with him as officers in the same regiment, and who have had an opportunity of watching his military conduct, should give our testimony as to his military character, and make it as public as the charges against him have been made.

It is stated in the first resolution that Lieut. Whiting resigned his commission and left his company in sight of the enemy, thus giving the impression that he left his command while in the immediate presence of the rebel forces. The facts are, that Lieut. Whiting was honorably discharged from the service in consequence of a wound accidentally received near Falmouth. At the time of his discharge the regiment was lying quietly in camp, without any immediate prospect of meeting the enemy.

In consequence of the illness of Captain Wm. F. Campbell, Lieut. Whiting was in command of his company from its arrival at Sandy Hook, Md., until he received the wound which caused his resignation. During this time he discharged his duties faithfully, and to the satisfaction of his superior officers. Scores of officers have been discharged honorably from our armies for similar causes during the past winter without any blame attaching itself to them, and there is no reason why Lieut. Whiting should be made an exception. Respectfully yours,

P. H. O'RORKE, Colonel.
LOUIS ERNST, Lieut. Colonel.
I. F. FORCE, Major.

FROM THE 140TH REGIMENT.

Interesting Account of the Movement—
But Two Killed and Eight Wounded
in the Regiment.—Letter from True
Blue.

BIVOUAC CAMP OF THE 140TH REGIMENT, }
Six Miles from Frederickburg, }
April 30th, 1863. }

Dear Express:—After three days' hard marching I find myself in possession of a few leisure moments, and it being "mighty unsartin" when I can again write you, and thinking that our little experience of the past three days will be of some interest to you, you can have it for what it is worth. In the first place—let me inform you that my writing desk is not such as I would wish it to be in addressing you—it being an inverted frying-pan, resting on one knee, a desk that comes in good play about meal times.

We received marching orders Monday morning, April 27th, and by 10 o'clock a. m. we were under way with eight days' rations in our haversacks and knapsacks—marched about four miles from camp and halted at Cedar Grove for the purpose of giving the 11th and 12th Army Corps an opportunity to pass us. After they had filed by we started in their rear. The roads were so blocked up with the number of troops and artillery that our progress was very slow—halted for the night at Harewood Church, only eight miles from camp. The day was warm and

beautiful, and the roads were in a fair condition.

Tuesday morning we again started on our journey—had not gone far before it commenced raining, making the roads bad for us poor pedestrians. We kept on our journey until half-past 9 that evening, and would have continued still later if the men could have held out; but it was almost impossible for them as they had marched so fast all day that when we did halt some of them were so exhausted that they dropped upon the ground without even covering themselves with a blanket or eating any supper. The ground was very wet and some of them caught severe colds.

Wednesday morning we were up early, not feeling much like marching. Before we started there was an order read to us, to the effect that the Commanding General of our Corps was thankful to the men for their patience and endurance of the previous day, and that he wished to inform them that it was necessary that they should make a long and rapid march on that day. Before taking up our line of march we could hear our artillery at work shelling the woods on the opposite side of the river, probably feeling around for the Rebs on that side.—We arrived at Kelly's Ford at five o'clock, and were delayed some time by the vast number of troops that were awaiting their chance to cross the pontoon bridge. It was a grand sight to witness, and on our arrival we had a splendid view of the troops. Upon either side of the Ford is a large flat piece of land, sloping gradually to quite an elevation from the bed of the river. At this point assembled the 5th, 11th, and 12th Army Corps, with all their artillery and quite a force of cavalry, all moving,—some in one direction and some in another, but all pointing in the same destination, and what was better, in the best of spirits. About two miles farther, we came to Ellis' Ford. They can afford to call this a Ford, for we were compelled to plunge right in, which we did regardless of cost, but it was no very pleasant job, as the water was cold and up to our waists. It was laughable to see the boys plunge in. After crossing we were allowed about fifteen minutes to pull off our shoes and for the purpose of giving them a squeeze. Again we resumed our journey, and about eight o'clock that evening arrived at the Rapidan, we were delayed at this point some time, and were informed that we could also have the pleasure of fording that stream. This seemed rather a damper on the boys, as the evening was wet, and we would be obliged to retire with our clothing soaking wet, but it was necessary and so we went. We were not long in making the necessary preparations, and were then ordered to advance on the river each man having every garment that he had on him, tied up and fastened on his shoulders. It was a gay old sight. I would have given a ten dollar greenback if the Express Corps could have seen that crossing. Just imagine 15 or 20 thousand men fording that river, all looking very greek slavish in water up to their necks. The river is pretty wide, the water cold and shoulders deep, and the current quite swift. The men were compelled to be very careful to avoid capsization. In fact there were a few unfortunate cases but they were readily rescued by their comrades. Had Ann been there and caught one glimpse she would have been a Rapid Ann.

Our object in taking that Ford was for the purpose of assisting General Couch's corps who were coming in an opposite direction to form a junction with us. I am sure that the

to mention to you the manner in which we had our artillery taken across the Rapadan. We had two pontoons, on them was erected a platform large enough to carry one piece of artillery across the river. At either side were ropes attached to the pontoons and by this means they were drawn from one side to the other. Before crossing, our cavalry came along with thirty prisoners, Rebs that they had captured at Ellis' Ford. They came upon them unawares. They were a fine looking lot of men, and seemed indifferent as to their situation. From the Rapidan we marched rapidly and arrived at the United States Ford which was in possession of a division of Rebel troops. On our approach they skedaddled, but our cavalry captured three companies of them. From there we retraced our steps towards Fredericksburg.

BATTLE FIELD NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, }
May 2, 1863. }

I wrote you after crossing the Rapidan, but doubtless ere this reaches you, you will have heard of our movements, but as I am aware of the interest and anxiety that our friends at home have regard to the movements of the 140th, I will post you to the best of my knowledge. Thursday night, April 30th, we encamped about one mile from the camp of the enemy and remained undisturbed throughout the night. It was a beautiful night and it seemed as though fortune was smiling upon us and our country.

Half past eleven found us under the fire of the enemy. Gradually advancing, both artillery and infantry, with our division on the advance and our brigade in the second line of battle. In this position we we marched about one half mile when we again struck in the woods. Here the enemy got a splendid range of our brigade, sending shell and shot over our heads at a fearful rate. This position was rather hot for us and we fled out in the main road. Here we had one man wounded and one killed. Capt. Leaper, of Co. E, was wounded in the face, but it is not a dangerous affair, and he will be all right in a few days.

Walton Gardner was almost instantly killed. He was a member of Co. E. From this point we passed another piece of open ground, gradually driving the enemy before us, until we came to another piece of woods. Here we remained for about one hour, changing directions first one way and then another. We were then ordered to fall back gradually, which we did in good style, in line of battle, until ordered into the road; we then returned to the camp occupied the previous night, and immediately deployed our skirmishers to the right of us, into the woods. They had not been long in position before they discovered the enemy advancing upon us in pretty strong force. Firing commenced immediately, and our pickets were driven back four times in succession; the last time the enemy advancing in line of battle, seeming very confident of bagging us. When our pickets had all got into our lines, we opened a destructive fire upon the enemy, causing them to fly in confusion through the woods. Our boys captured several prisoners, who informed us that there was a "right smart" force of them advancing in this sally. After that they did not attempt to advance, although firing continued all night between our pickets. I was on picket, and could plainly hear them giving commands most all night, and seemingly they were moving about in pretty strong force, probably changing their position.

This is a great country to fight in. it is so in-

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tersected by woods. Our men would prefer an open field.

In the last engagement, Patrick O'Brien, a private in Co. C, was instantly killed, and James White, of Co. K, received a slight wound in the upper lip. As previously anticipated, our boys behaved splendidly, and settled down to their work like veterans. Col. O'Rourke commanded the brigade, and he proved himself all that we supposed him to be—a brave and cool command-

er. This morning Gen. Sykes complimented our brigade for their gallantry. It is now about noon, Saturday, May 2d, and we are in waiting for the rebels, who we expect to come out every moment.

SUNDAY MORNING, May 3rd.

The ball opened as we anticipated it would, at an early hour, consequently our troops worked all of Saturday night strengthening their position, every axe and spade that could be raised was used and to very good advantage. The commanding General, "Old Joe," could be seen at all hours of the day and night riding, directing the movements of troops, and to all appearances evidently well pleased with his position, and the good behavior of his troops. From day to day as battle progressed, the men could be heard expressing their confidence in him. And Sunday afternoon after the terrible fighting of that day subsided, he came riding along the lines as smiling as ever. All along the line he was greeted with loud and tremendous cheering. The troops have become greatly attached to him. About 5 o'clock in the morning, Sunday's battle commenced, and continued until about eleven o'clock A. M. Old veterans say that they never heard such terrible musketry. At times the tide of battle would be first on one side and then on the other, at times the Reds could be seen advancing out of the edge of the woods into an open field where our batteries were planted, they would advance in large numbers but in no order whatever. Our batteries would then open on them with grape and canister, and the slaughter would be terrible. Several times did our men fall back from their intrenchments for the purpose of drawing them out under the fire of our batteries, and they would follow every time, thinking that they had certainly driven us back, they would rush forward shouting with demonic yells, but our batteries were a stopping place of death for them. And they would retreat in great confusion, our men following them, capturing and killing a great number.

They would attack our centre and press it very hard for about one half hour, working from our centre to our left, feeling for a weak spot in our lines; but Old Joe moved his troops a little too fast to give them a chance to flank us. After going to the left they would then throw their entire force back on our centre with great energy. They maneuvered several times in this way and finally captured 13 pieces of our artillery on the left, but we charged them and succeeded in recapturing five pieces. Sunday afternoon all firing ceased with the exception of that going on between our pickets and theirs.—About four o'clock we could hear the booming of cannon in the direction of Fredericksburg.—This was Gen. Sedgwick working his way up with the Sixth Army Corps.

Last night (Sunday) our supplies commenced arriving, and I assure you it was a gratifying sight to see them, as the boys had run short of

back:—This is our eighth day out, and never have troops borne the hardships that we have with more patience. How are you utter demoralization? or. How are you copperheads?—There is "no such person" in this army at present.

It is now about 10 o'clock Monday morning, and everything is quiet and working lovely.

It is now raining very hard. So far there has been two killed in our regiment, and eight wounded—all slightly with the exception of Barton Pegrige, who will have to have his leg amputated.

Patrick Scully and John Swindell, of Capt. Clark's company, who were on the outposts, were taken prisoners.

If this rain continues it will raise the river so as to endanger our supplies. In that event we shall have to recross, satisfied with the havoc already done to the enemy. I will write more to-morrow. Yours, &c., TRUE BLUE.

140TH REGIMENT, N. Y. V., Co. D. }
Monday, May 4th, 1863. }

Dear Parents:—We are now on a reserve back of the battle line of our camp, in the rear of Fredericksburg. Our Regiment has been in the action but were not much engaged. We lost two killed and about thirty wounded and missing. The boys stood well and repulsed the rebels who were attempting to flank us. The army have got the better of the rebels this time and all accounts seem to be favorable to our side.

A. S. BOSTWICK.

Letter from Major Force, 140th Regiment.

The following letter from Major I. F. Force, of the 140th Regiment, came to hand last evening. It was very hastily penned, but narrates the first day's experience of Col. O'Rourke's gallant regiment on the south side of the Rappahannock. It appears that they behaved credibly, but what the brave fellows have since had to encounter we have yet to learn. The letter is dated

IN WOODS NEAR CHANCELLORVILLE, }
ON PICKET, May 2d, 1863. }

I presume you have been in very great suspense during the last few days, knowing the army are in front of, and have been engaged with the enemy. But I am pleased to announce to you that we have passed through quite a battle. I have been under heavy fire and am still safe and quite well. Yesterday about 9 o'clock we were ordered to attack the enemy, and drive them back if possible. I should have said our division, were ordered to do it. We were quite close to the rebels at the time, and had not moved far before the enemy opened fire on us with artillery and sharpshooters. We had to pass through a terrible shelling for quite a distance, and finally halted in a little grove, and then fearfully the shells came in upon us. The first one burst directly over my head and the pieces fell all around me; still I am unharmed. We were not long in counter-marching and coming into the road; not, however, until one poor fellow in Co. E, named Gardiner, had his jaw knocked off and died instantly, and a Captain was knocked senseless by the explosion of one of these missiles. He is, however, better, but is quite flighty. The next regiment to us had five killed and wounded before we could get out. I was surprised that more of us were not killed, as the tops of the trees were torn off, and fell among us. I am proud to say that our men and officers behaved creditably. I need not tell you that when the order came for us to

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advance from that place, double quick, on the rebels, we were not long in responding to it. We had not gone far before we had another of our men, a fine fellow, shot through the thigh, who has since had his leg amputated. We remained, more or less, under fire for two hours. Our batteries did good execution. We drove the enemy back about a mile, into their strongholds. We had accomplished our object—found their position and strength; then we gradually retreated, hoping to draw them out, so as to flank them, but they were too cunning. Another division then relieved us, and we fell back to our previous camp, which is near the picket lines, and scarcely had we formed divisions and just about to break ranks, when very close to us in the roads, a sharp fire opened on us. They made such a yelling as they came on, we did not know what to make of it. They came so suddenly, and were so close before they commenced shooting. But there was no time to be lost. In the twinkling of an eye, we had our line deployed, when out came a lot of fellows running from the woods. Our men were just going to fire on them, when I and two others cried out, "For God's sake hold on, they are our men."—They were our pickets retreating from before a sharp fire of the rebels, who were close behind them, yelling and shouting. I motioned to our men to hurry to the right of them. Such a fire as we opened on the rebels was fearful; it sent them back howling, not, however, without one of our men being killed, and three wounded.—None of the pickets were killed, but several were taken prisoners—we also took two of the grey backs. We have lost in all, two killed, six wounded, and ten missing. There is now very heavy musketry firing just in front and on our right.

Fall in, is the word. We have formed in line of battle, and are waiting orders. Since writing the above, the firing was very heavy for a time, but I think the rebels are driven back. The firing receded, and has now almost ceased. Our Surgeons have been sent for to attend to the wounded, who are now being brought in. We think we have the rebels where we want them; they must either fight in our position, or fall back. They appear terribly exasperated at us, and have attacked us several times to-day. Early this morning they tried to take a battery of ours, but were repulsed with heavy loss. They tried to take the same battery twice last night. The firing has commenced on the right, and oh how they are going it.—The band is playing Yankee Doodle. Our men are cheering. What a din. We are bound to whip them. A big battle is raging, and I must close. I am informed the mail is stopped, but I will try to send this to Falmouth, hoping you may receive it soon.

Democrat & American.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 16.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the 140th Regiment.

CAMP OF THE 140th REGIMENT N. Y. V.,
NEAR FALMOUTH VA., May 9, 1863.

By the heading of this, you will perceive we are back in almost the same spot we started