

taken to the railroad station nearest 150th. From thence, a friend of the regiment will see to their farther transportation and delivery. Though no longer standing in any official relation to the regiment, yet I cannot forbear in their name, returning the most cordial thanks to the noble friends at home for these practical and acceptable tokens of their kind remembrance. Never were they

more needed than just now, not even after the late battle, for there is quite a large number on the list of sick, and all that government pretends to furnish is what is absolutely necessary—delicacies it cannot undertake to supply. Many a sick soldier will silently bless their benefactors, while being helped from out their stores.

And now having kept the readers of the TIMES for ten months, posted with reference to the movements of the Dutchess county boys—their glad hours and sad ones, their easy times and their hardships, their undertakings and achievements, leave them to win other victories, enhancing their reputation already gained, and lay down my pen as your Army Correspondent. T. E. V.

REMARKS

Of Rev. T. E. VASSAR, at a Union Prayer Meeting, held by the Christian Commission on the night of the National Fast, April 30, 1863, in Light-street M. E. Church, Baltimore. After prayers and singing and remarks by the Chairman, Mr. G. S. GRIFFITH, Rev. Dr. DICKSON, and Rev. T. SEWALL, the Chairman introduced Rev. T. E. VASSAR, of the Baptist Church, Chaplain of the 150th Regt. N. Y. S. V., who said:

It is said that when Ethelred, the Saxon King of Northumberland, invaded Wales, he saw at a distance a body of unarmed men, apparently upon their knees, and upon inquiring who they were, and at what engaged, was told that they were monks of Bangor praying for the success of their countrymen. Then, said the far seeing monarch, attack them first, for they have begun the fight against us. Heathen though the sovereign and warrior was, he had sagacity enough to recognize in earnest prayer a downright, sturdy, positive power; a vital agency; a real, effective force. It might be well for some of us to go back and sit at the pagan's feet, and in this particular be learners, for I suspect that just here lies the defect in much of the piety of the present day. We have too little faith in prayer, because we have too little faith in God.

We believe in the God of the Bible; the God of our fathers, and the God of ages ago, but very rarely do we find a man who thoroughly believes that God *now* is on the right side in all affairs of time; that he stands between falsehood and truth, between justice and unrighteousness, between corrupt principles and a holy cause, and hears the pleadings of his people, and interferes in their behalf as really as centuries ago, when prayer sealed up the heavens through months and years and then as readily opened them, drew back the bolts on an apostle's prison doors, called forth from the tomb a Lazarus, and brought down upon a waiting church the visitation of Pentecost.

It is a great calamity, when, in times of nation-

at conflict or peril, a people come to lose confidence in themselves, or their properly constituted authorities; but it is a calamity vastly greater when, to the slightest extent, there is any faltering of faith in God. It is well just now to have great confidence in armies and navies, in bullets and bayonets, but not unless that confidence is based on and buttressed up by an unshaken trust in God. It is well to regard the administration with its powerful military arm as the tower of our strength, but back of it, over all councils and cabinets, we want to see the Governor of Worlds calmly sitting, ordering all events, and in the collisions and discord and convulsions of time we need devoutly to recognize the liftings of the treadle and the clank of the loom by which the Most High is weaving the fabric of earth's history.

Once upon a time, in ancient Israel, a conspiracy was formed to wrest away the government from its divinely appointed head, and what was saddest of all we hear the gray haired king say "Behold my son that came forth of my bowels seeketh my life," and it was even so. A youth who had grown up at court becomes the leader of the rebel band, and sets up his rival government in Hebron. By blandishments and plausible representations many are seduced into allegiance to the usurper, and the powers that be dealing meanwhile too leniently, the whole land is soon turned upside down.

At length necessity drives the sovereign to do something for the retention of his kingdom and his crown. With the rebels is a sagacious counselor named Ahithophel, whose sound advice if heeded by Absalom will be likely to result in David's complete overthrow. The first effort of the dethroned king therefore is to destroy the influence of this veteran at court, and shrewdly he works for the accomplishment of that end. But does he rest here? Nay, verily. He looks now to that Almighty One who has been his helper from the sheep fold up. Weeping bitterly, with covered head and unsandaled feet the fugitive goes by the way, and this is his cry, "O Lord I beseech thee turn the counsels of Ahithophel into foolishness." These efforts backed up by such a petition prevail; Absalom spurns with contempt the old man's counsels; as a consequence the rebel host in action is utterly routed, thousands are slain, and the leading traitor without the help of hangman or halter swings from the branches of an oak by the way. These later times have multiplied candidates for a like distinction, and other oaks may yet bear such fruit. There are many lessons for us here, but this one chief—the importance of coupling earnest effort with believing prayer. It is not good that either should stand alone; and so while our government is acting with vigorous hand, I am glad that from the capital of the land such a call has sounded out as that which has summoned thousands to the courts of the Lord today. I have seemed, while these hours have rolled, to see the answer to the prayer offered recently by a brother minister not far hence, "O that God would bring this nation to its knees." And we have had enough to bring us there since this struggle commenced. Have not days and months

dragged wearily away with a sickening record, made up largely of delays, drawn battles, or defeats? Have not troubles thickened upon us, and trooped in from unexpected quarters? Have not disasters unlooked for frustrated the most prudent schemes, and rendered useless the most laborious and expensive preparations? Have not faint hearted friends unmasked themselves? Has not sympathy that had been relied upon all been thrown the other way? Have not enemies abroad taken courage to do what in other circumstances they would not have dared, and insultingly smitten us in the face, when, in the hour of sore trial, we looked for an approving smile? Have not our wisest counselors and wariest chieftains been utterly at loss what to recommend or do? And yet we can say with Paul "we are troubled on every side, yet not distressed, perplexed, but not in despair, persecuted, but not forsaken, cast down, but not destroyed." Dull of apprehension that man must be who, as he remembers the ordeal through which the Eternal has passed us, does not behold the indications of a purpose on the Almighty's part to do these two things, first, effectually to chasten the nation and at the same time keep it alive. Happy for us if under the visitation we feel to respond as Luther when in his personal experience smitten by the rod, "Strike Lord, strike, but don't forsake me.

While this struggle must be regarded as a scourge, I believe it will prove a blessing too. Terribly affrighted were the disciples during that night storm of Galilee, when their frail boat, no longer manageable, becomes the sport of surly winds and angry waves, but when Christ strode from billow to billow, finding solid footing, and the surging waves crouched down and smoothed out at his bidding they doubtless looked back

thankful even for that tempest since it had brought the Saviour near, and furnished them new proof of his almighty power.

And so dear Christian friends we may yet recur to these agitated stormy times, when the clouds shall have been lifted up. Sorrows, sufferings, losses, pains, can hardly be accounted as misfortunes if they only bring us toward immortal purity. No grief that strengthens holier aspirations, and develops a nobler life are calamities. Falling tears and wounded affections are blessed if through them we are only led to clasp in our weakness the unwasting, unwearying hand. Happy the people that even at a such a cost is brought nearer to its God.

This anxious night of watching, waiting, hoping, will tick itself away, and in the light of that morning whose glimmers even now streak the dusky skies we shall see that the discipline employed by our Heavenly Father was to the nation only a refining fire, and from the saintly inheritance on a head we shall remember with gratitude and gladness that the lowering clouds of war were to us, individually, big with mercy, and broke with blessings on our heads.

OUR CAMP CORRESPONDENCE.

HEADQUARTERS 150TH REG'T N. Y. S. V., }
Belger Barracks, Baltimore, June 1st, 1863. }

Friend Dutcher—Fortress Monroe, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Gosport Navy Yard—are all names that during the two past eventful years have been made perfectly familiar to every reader of the TIMES. To some, however, it may be the name only that has become familiar, the places they may never have looked upon, and possibly never have seen described. Let such imagine themselves included in the little company that has just returned from a trip in those regions, and perhaps they will get an idea of the locality tolerably distinct or clear. Our "passes" having been procured, we step on board the steamer *Adelaide*—a very comfortable craft—and two hours before the sundown of a charming day in May, cables are slipped loose, and we go drifting out toward the bay. At the mouth of the harbor sufficiently elevated to sweep for miles around, Forts Marshall and Federal Hill—one on the east side of the Patapsco, and the other on the west—loom up, showing their ugly looking sets of teeth, teeth that would chew up the city and everything approaching it terribly quick should such an order be given. Both have been built since the present war began, and would interpose a stubborn obstacle to further progress by water, even should vessels succeed in running up so far. A mile or two further down, as the river widens, we sail past Fort McHenry, erected at a time when foes without, rather than within, disturbed the country's peace. It suffered bombardment during the war of 1812—15, and the visitor passing through it now will be shown balls that were thrown in during the siege. It is not impossible that they may yet be returned to their original owner with interest. It was during this engagement, as you doubtless remember, that Key wrote the "Star Spangled Banner,"—a melody never more popular than now. Three miles further down, "Fort Carroll" is beginning to rise up from the surrounding waste of waters. It was commenced by Government about four years ago, and will probably take half that length of time longer to complete it. It has already cost considerably more than a million of dollars, as an artificial island had first to be constructed, and this alone is no small undertaking where it is necessary to fill in to such a depth. A little further on, and we glide out into the bay. Do you see that projecting point to the left with the light-house on it? Well, that is "North Point," where, one September day, in 1814, British and American blood flowed together till that sandy beach was red. In front of Barnum's Hotel, on Calvert St., a fine monument has been reared to commemorate the event, covered over with the names of the heroes that in their country's service at that time fell. Dusk is now creeping over the waters, and the moonlight as it strikes them gives a violet hue that deepens as night comes on more fully, to an inky black, save where the vessel leaves in its wake a luminous trail. But sight seeing is the order of the day for to-morrow, so lovely as it is on deck, we seek our state rooms and turn in

At four o'clock we are astir, and find ourselves at about the widest point in the bay, the Chesapeake here stretching some fifteen miles across. On either side you see a faint dusky line of land, but when the sun comes up it looks like a rich red globe of fire emerging direct from the waters. Soon after, Fortress Monroe heaves in sight. We dispatch an early breakfast, and by six o'clock are alongside the wharf, ready to go ashore.

Fortress Monroe is built upon a neck of land which is washed upon one side by the waves of the Chesapeake, and on the other by the Elizabeth and James Rivers, which empty here together, and through a common channel flow into the deep. On the parapet and in the casemates it will mount about eight hundred guns, more than two hundred of which are now in place. As we approach the walls in passing up from the landing, they appear much higher than when seen from the boat. Around them stretches a moat with a bridge at the main entrance. This moat is perhaps twenty feet across, and from six to twelve feet deep. The walls are faced with stone, and rise probably about fifteen feet above the water in the moat. They are thirty feet deep, or thereabouts, but not solid, as the officers have their quarters here. The space inclosed I can only estimate by the length of time consumed in walking round upon the parapet. Although we stepped by no means slow, between twenty-five and thirty minutes were consumed in making a circuit of the walls; from which I infer that the distance is from a mile and a half to two miles around. Entering through the sallyport into the Fort, we find ourselves at once in a small village, looking as though it had been set down right in some old orchard. The grounds are covered with trees of a species that we grow in our green-houses at the North, but never in the open air. Under the cool shade seats are ranged, on which we will take a moment's rest while waiting for the "guard mount," that takes place at eight o'clock. The band discourses stirring music, and roses opening in profusion all around scent the morning air. Near the headquarters of Gen. Dix there is mounted upon the parapet the monster "Union gun," that throws a ball of four hundred pounds. Think of being struck by one of them! Now look over to the right across that little arm of water which sets in. There stood Hampton, which old drunken Magruder burned. That fine building—about the only one remaining—with a cupola upon it, was once a noted Female Seminary, but is known as the "Chesapeake General Hospital." That odd looking pile of stone rising from the waters a mile or two out bears a name terrible to the ears of evil doers in our army—the "Rip Raps"—a sort of Sing Sing to the disorderly. But we cannot linger here all day, passes have been procured for Norfolk, and at ten o'clock we start on the *Croton* for that place. Keep your eyes open now, for every mile is full of interest. That bend to the right, where the James river comes in, is Newport News; and here occurred the famous engagement between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*. Look in near the shore and you will discover the tips of several spars rising from the waters, these are ves-

tiges of the sunken *Cumberland*. On the other side, where the Elizabeth river finds an outlet, you notice a long line of water batteries thrown up, that is Sewall's Point, where the rebels lay intrenched so long; and these are fortification which they built. Further along is Craney Island, over which the Stars and Stripes once more float, and just below, a bit of an old mast with a small flag attached, marks the spot where the *Merrimac*, after her heyday career, went down. But while looking at all these objects of interest, we have run our fifteen miles up the Elizabeth, and are putting in to Norfolk. Land-

ing, we find the city wears a deserted look. Before the breaking out of the rebellion it contained from fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants, but a large part of the males are in the Southern army, and many of the families have deserted their homes since the occupancy of the place by the Federal troops. Everything wears a Sunday look. A sprinkling of the blue coated boys and negroes redeemed the streets from utter loneliness. At the first glance, you would have thought that the houses were all unoccupied, or else, that death had entered them, for nearly every window was darkened, and scarce a face at any one of them appeared. The city is bitterly, intensely, rebel, perhaps more entirely so than any other point of territory in Secessiondom that we hold. The sun is streaming down with mid-day glare, and being weary we will step into the "Atlantic House" and rest. The National flag floats over it, and once doubtless it was a popular resort, being built in very good style, and almost new. But its reading-room is empty now; its billiard and bar-rooms quiet as a graveyard vault, and its parlors look as though they did not open often for a guest. While dinner is preparing we stroll out around the markets, to get some strawberries for carrying home. Our baskets are soon filled, and while part of the company goes back to the hotel, declaring that they have seen enough, two or three others of us, whose curiosity overcomes weariness, step on board the ferry, and after a sail of about a mile, land at Portsmouth, on the other side. The place is hardly as large as Norfolk, yet from some cause or other there seems more life. There is a larger military force here, which perhaps may account for it. But all that we are particularly anxious to see here, is the Gosport Navy Yard, in the outskirts of the city; and toward that we steer. A mile or less brings us there; but what a scene of desolation! Here stand the bare blackened walls of from thirty to fifty splendid buildings, many of which are two hundred feet long. If standing in a continuous row, they would reach probably from one to two miles. The harbor is full of sunken hulks; the splendid stone piers are cracked and splintered by the fire, and alongside the wharf lies the wreck of the old line of battle ship, the *United States*, charred down to the water's edge. Ten millions of Government property was here sacrificed in a single night; and that when there was no occasion for it whatsoever. I judge that there is a little more of loyal feeling here, as I saw posted notices for several Un-

meetings, and we were not followed by the silent stares and insulting looks that were very common on the other side. I asked the shrewd negro woman in the market, of whom we purchased our berries, whether greenbacks were readily taken in the stores there, "yes, yes, massa"—was her reply—"dey like de greenbacks well enough, but not de greenback men." They need such a man as Gen. Schenck here, whom the *Express* and *World* characterize as a tyrant, a despot, arbitrary and cruel. Honest words and pleasant smiles are not the remedies for rebellion.

Returning to Fortress Monroe, we take the evening boat for Baltimore, after a day spent amid scenes that stamped themselves ineffaceably upon the mind, as they in the future will upon the page of history. T. E. V.

At a meeting of Company F. 150th Regt. N. Y. S. V. held in the field near Marietta, Georgia, June 17th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to take from us Henry Sigler and Cornelius Sparks, it is

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to this expression of the Divine will, we will ever remember the genial and manly characters that made our comrades more than friends, and their memories shall urge us on to a more careful and more earnest performance of our various duties.

Resolved, That while we cannot make this bereavement any less sad by our words, we cheerfully tender our warmest sympathies to the relatives and friends of the departed, and we sincerely trust that they may find some consolation in the fact that our deceased brothers died in defense of their country, their government and their homes.

Resolved, That as this is the only opportunity allowed us in the field of evincing our respect for the departed, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the families of the departed, and published in the county papers.

J. S. Green, Capt. Co. F.

Charles R. Barlow, 2d Lt. Co. E.

John M. Gill, Acting Orderly.

PERSONAL.—Capt. Joseph H. Cogswell, of the 150th N. Y. V., arrived here yesterday from the Southwest. He leaves to-day for Poughkeepsie, upon recruiting service for his regiment, which is now stationed at Normandy.

Major Starks of the 140th Regiment, Adjutant Van Dusen of the 8th Cavalry, and Captain Ellerbeck of the 22d Cavalry, are at home on leave of absence.

Jeremiah Cutler, Deputy County Clerk, is reported to be seriously ill.

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THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH REGIMENT.—The following facts regarding the One Hundred and Fiftieth regiment we learn from Rev. E. O. Bartlett, of this city, who has just returned from a visit to Colonel Ketcham's regiment: The regiment is now encamped (or was on Monday last) near Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock. Their camp is located on a hill overlooking the whole division. It occupies a knoll in front of woods, by the side of a spring of pure water. The officers' tents are handsomely decorated with evergreens, and the whole camp presents a fine appearance.

The regiment is attached to the First brigade, First division, Twelfth army corps, the brigade under the command of General Williams, and the corps under General Slocum. The regiment numbers over five hundred men on duty. Twenty convalescents returned to it last week. The general health is better than that of any other regiment in the brigade. This is accounted for by the healthy location of the camp, and the efforts of Surgeon Campbell.—The surgeon is a great favorite, and the sick speak in the highest terms of praise of his kindness and endeavors to alleviate their sufferings.

During Saturday night and Sunday two orders were received for the regiment to hold itself in readiness to march at a moment's notice. Kilpatrick's cavalry passed the encampment on Saturday night, and on Sunday crossed Kelly's Ford, which was guarded by the pickets of the One Hundred and Fiftieth. The guard saw the cavalry capture three rebel pickets. During divine service on Sunday the cannonading on the opposite side of the river was distinctly heard, the sound indicating that our forces were driving the enemy.

On Monday our informant saw a large number of rebel prisoners passing over the railroad from the front. They belonged mostly to a Baltimore battery. They numbered some four hundred, had no coats, and the rest of their clothing was very ragged. Many of the men were from Baltimore, and expressed their determination to fight against us as long as the war lasts. He also saw five car-loads of wounded union soldiers. These were, with a few exceptions, in good spirits, and enthusiastic in their praises of General Kilpatrick, remarking that they would go anywhere "Old Kil." would lead them.

The One Hundred and Fiftieth has a regimental band, the only one in the brigade. It is composed of members of the regiment, the instruments having been furnished by the officers at a cost of one thousand dollars. The band played during religious service on Sunday, and discoursed very eloquent music.—The appearance of the regiment on dress parade was remarkably fine, and for discipline and soldierly bearing it is surpassed by no regiment in its division. Colonel Ketcham is a strict disciplinarian, and takes a commendable pride in having his command appear well. The moral character of the regiment is also highly spoken of by Mr. Bartlett, little or no profanity being heard in camp. John

Vassar, the colporteur, has been laboring in the regiment, and has accomplished much good. The men fare very well, having fresh bread, fresh meat and vegetables daily.

Major Smith had been sick but has recovered, and is in the best of health and spirits. His enthusiasm makes him a good and efficient officer.

Captains Wickes and Thorn were on duty as members of a court martial.

Sergeant James Wickes, until recently orderly in Captain E. Wickes' company, has been promoted to a captaincy in a Maryland colored regiment. This is a well-deserved recognition of the fine abilities and soldierly qualities of a rising young man, which cannot fail to be gratifying to his family and many friends in this city.

Colonel Ketcham, while in conversation with our informant, remarked that it was the general opinion in the army that the war would not last longer than three or six months more. He thinks, and justly too, that conscripts ought to join their home regiment. As they have a choice in the matter, he advises them by all means to attach themselves to the veteran "Dutchess Legion," than which there is no better regiment in service.

From Mr. Bartlett we also obtain the following items:

Captain John R. Leslie, of the Twentieth regiment, is provost-marshal at Bealton, the last station on the railroad running from Alexandria to the army. He has the appointment of major in the One Hundred and Forty-fifth regiment, commanded by Colonel E. Livingston Price.

Doctor Robert K. Tuthill, surgeon of the Twentieth regiment, has been appointed brigade-surgeon. A well-deserved promotion.

Colonel George D. Ruggles is assistant adjutant general in the war department at Washington, and is highly spoken of by competent military critics as an officer of rare military genius.

From the 150th.

NEAR DALLAS, GA.,
Friday, May 27, 1864. }

To the Editor of *The Poughkeepsian*:

We are having a severe battle in this vicinity. It is raging fiercely this morning (27th), the third day of the fight, but we are driving the enemy. The 150th has suffered severely, charging gallantly upon the enemy's breastworks. I send the names of the killed, wounded and missing.

Company A—A Dutcher, wounded; Corp J Palmer, wounded, foot; W Chamberlain, missing.

Company B—Corp Osborn, (W); Private Welch, (W); T C and A Jones, (W), slight; Phillips, (M).

Company C—Lieut Mabbet, (W), slight; Sergt P Story, killed; J Hicks, (W), hand; N J Whitely, (W); Perlie Hoag, (W), slight; H Williams, (M); A Wagner, (M); O Husted, (M).

Company D—Corp Bell, (W); M Clum, (W); McManus, (M); Hermance, (M).

Company E—Jas Elliot, killed; Sergeant Blauvelt, (W), mortally; Corp Myers, killed; Thomas Burns, (W); A Sherman, (W); Cosgrove, (W); W Hening, (W); George Brown, (M); D Myers, (M).

Company F—D Huff, (W), slight; V Group, (M); McGowen, (M); Corp I Smith, (W); T Kalihan, (W), slight.

Company G—Provost, (W); Private Wiel, (M).

Company H—J Grade, killed; C Cummings, (W); J German, (M).

Company I—Corp Levi King, (W), severe; Chas Leclair, (W); Thos Nestor, (W), slight; Wm Pottenger, (M); Max Leibeler, (M); Wm Palmatier, (W), foot; Sergt John Miller, (M); E Houghtaling, (M).

This includes all up to this morning. Lieut. Mabbett was the only officer hit. Some of the missing are probably killed.

E. O. BARTLETT, Chaplain 150th N. Y. V.

[A correspondent of the Poughkeepsie Eagle under date of June 23, after giving a glowing account of the operations of the 150th during the severe fighting of several days, concludes his article thus:—]

I wish we could stop here, and add nothing more to this line of victory. Success has again crowned our old storm riddled flag, but when the evening Roll Call was heard, one name was followed by that solemn silence which we too well knew meant death, and every lip quivered, and every eye was moist, as the report went through the ranks that Lieut. Henry Gridley was killed. After the action commenced, I saw him standing just behind his company, urging the men to work lively, and pointing out where they could get the best range, and as the rebel line advanced he asked John Gaulenbeck, of Company A, to try a large color-bearer; Gaulenbeck fired, the color bearer fell, and Lieut. Gridley clapped his hands, complimenting the man for his good shot—and just then a bullet struck him in the heart; he staggered back, fell into Lieut. Wattles' arms, and was dead before he struck the ground. Quiet and reserved, but at all times so pleasant in his intercourse with the people he met, and brave as a lion he was respected by every man in the 150th, and loved as a brother by those who were fortunate in being his intimate friends. With excellent natural abilities, perfected by a liberal education, it is seldom one finds a more thorough scholar than he was; and while he was associated with me last winter at Tullahoma on a court-marshal, I had a good opportunity to see what a strong, vigorous mind he was blessed with, and how carefully he had improved every advantage.

Just upon the threshold of manhood, with everything bright before him, he has fallen another victim upon his country's altar. Just as his feet were turning from the dreams of youth to the realities of life, the poor boy laid his bleeding heart upon his country's flag, and sank down with those

The fame of whose endeavor,
Time and change shall not discover,
From the nation's heart forever!

The following is a list of casualties:

Company A—First Lieut. Henry Gridley, killed; Sergt. W. A. Bartlet, wounded in the hand.

Company B—T. C. Jones, wounded in the hand.

Company D—Sergt. W. B. Hayes, wounded in the hand; James Todd, wounded in the leg; H. M. Ackert, slightly wounded.

Company E—Sergt. J. P. Sweetman, mortally wounded; J. C. Davidson, severely wounded.

Company F—J. Simmons, wounded severely.

Company G—Corp. B. A. Harp, severely wounded.

Company I—Corp. P. C. Curtis, slightly wounded; Corp. J. W. Holdon, severely wounded; Patrick Towhey, slightly wounded, slightly wounded.

While we were building breastworks on Saturday, June 11th, a shell exploded in front of Company A, killing Corporal Stone, of New York city, and severely wounding Henry Winans.

On Wednesday, June 15th, while my Company was on the skirmish line, privates Daniel Glaucy, James E. Myers, and Patrick McManus, were wounded. Glancy died the same night, and the next night privates Henry Snyder and Cornelius Sparks were killed on the same line.

150TH REG. CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP 150TH N. Y., IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA, }
September 3d, 1864. }

Editors Poughkeepsie Eagle:

Gentlemen:—The oriental afternoon dreams, the romantic twilight musings, and the fascinating piscatorial pursuits, in which the 150th were indulging by the waters of the low murmuring Chattahoochee, were slightly interfered with yesterday, as the Brigade had marching orders at three o'clock; and, in half an hour afterwards, the 3d Wisconsin and the 150th N. Y. were approaching the defences of Atlanta on a gentle dog-trot, "terrible as an army with banners," but as jolly as so many festive aldermen starting for a Long Island clam bake. The day was terribly warm, and the dust, rising in regular clouds, whitened every capillary attraction, (I refer to heads,) clouded every blue uniform an inch thick, and darkened every Eagle eye; but the boys marched fast from the start, and kept steadily at it, over our old breastworks, beyond which no intruding foot had pressed, beyond the rebel forts from which so many showers of merciless lead had fallen around patriotic breastworks, through seven lines of formidable earthworks comfortably supplied with strong abattis, into Atlanta, and through the town. We went, drums beating, colors flying, and the Brigade Band playing the Federal Doodle, until the place was completely filled with Yankee Doodle, Star Spangled Banner, Hail Columbia, and Abraham Lincoln! Taking possession in the name of the great flanker, Gen. Sherman, and by the authority of a Government which has not been recognized "to any considerable extent," (as Col. Maltby, an old friend of ours, on the Gettysburgh campaign, would profoundly remark,) for some time past in these parts, we gracefully received the welcomes of the citizens who swarmed to greet us, (and very probably were just as fast to damn us two days before,) crossed the railroad wreck at

the lower end of the town, and encamped in the early hours of the day by enthusiastic Johnnies as slaughter-pans for "mudsills," but which, in the mutations of this changeable existence, have been turned into dirt-monuments of secession failures, and clay-warnings to all future traitors.

The Richmond Examiner of August 21st contains an elaborate article upon Atlanta, in which it is clearly foreseen that if Sherman captures the place he will not be able to hold it; it will ruin him by extending his communications: and if he does not succeed in capturing the place, Hood will so ruin his army, while peripatetic guerrillas cut into his rear, that nothing but a disastrous retreat will follow. In either case you notice the result is rather rough upon Mr. Sherman, and not at all hard upon Mr. Hood. The "Southern Confederacy," published in Atlanta, September 1st, copies these remarks from the Richmond paper, and makes the following comment; "The whole of the foregoing is the most arrant justian and boast. Who does not know that the capture of Atlanta would be the making of Sherman? His ruin, indeed! It would PROSTRATE THE PEACE MEN; it would counterbalance Grant's losses; and it would continue the war indefinitely. As to holding Atlanta, there is no doubt of it! Haven't they held Nashville with a long line of railway through Kentucky, and a river channel only in the winter? Haven't they held Chattanooga with a long line through Tennessee? Haven't they held their position outside here for two months? And yet the Richmond writer, (who doubtless has penned many an article headed "No Cause for Despondency," would cheer up the country by insulting the common sense, by whispering the fall of Atlanta down the wind as a trifling matter after all, the very worst luck which could befall Sherman.— If this is really so Gen. Hood had better give it up to him at once. Let us loose Atlanta, and the bottom falls from our hope, and we shall look for the re-election of Lincoln, and another four years of blood! Only, we don't expect to loose Atlanta! The soldiers out in the trenches assure us, daily that they appreciate fully the heavy responsibility pressing upon them, and that they will stand by Hood to the death, in the defense of the city. We have Sherman confused. We have forced him to change front, and alter his base. The next order he issues will be one involving a right about face, and a double-quick towards the classic boys of Dalton."

I have been thus lengthy in my quotation, to let you see how rebel eyes viewed the matter, and how liable they are to be mistaken. Before the ink on that paper of Thursday was dry, Sherman had cut Hood's army in two; the rebels skedaddled out of the city, burning eighty car loads of ammunition, and an arsenal which is still smoking, and General Slocum's advance was within sight of the city. If this is the way the Johnnies intend "to confuse Sherman," and if this is the way he gives the order "to right-about-face for the classic boys of Dalton," I have only to remark that Sherman is a peculiarly "hunkey boy," and I trust he will keep up this style of doing things until Fall, and by that time the confederacy will have him so completely "confused," and so ever-lastingly right-about-faced, that there will not be a single rebel foot-hold in the South-West, and we can return to the bosoms of our families because "there is nothing more to do!"

Atlanta is a very pleasant city, built upon two hills, with the Railroad running between them, and from the appearance of the stores in the business portion of the place must have enjoyed a large trade before the war broke out. The outskirts are well supplied with cosy cottages, and imposing mansions generally of the approved north river style, and the drives about the town prove that the Atlantains were sound upon the horse question. Colonel Ketcham has his Head-Quarters in one of the coolest and neatest little houses we have seen upon the campaign. Brigade Head-Quarters are in a "corner house" with a stucco front— Division Head-Quarters are in a mansion that would do credit to Washington-Heights, and Gen. Slocum's flag waves in front of the most fashionable residence in the city. Where the former dwellers in these home-castles are now it is impossible to state, but the supposition is that they have skedaddled with the rebel army, and in the deep bosom of the south are now agitatingly awaiting the next movement of the "confused" Yankees. One very pretty cottage, with a beautiful lawn in front, was evidently at one time the property of a Government contractor, in as much as we find upon the walls the following remarks written with a lead pencil: "as yeu mad the muny with wich yew bilt this ere vent on the Government, I am jest glad yew had sew leve it durn your ize," therefore you perceive that the great army of Government peeches at the north has a close parallel in the south, and the shoddy of New York have shoddy relations in Georgia. Judging from the effect of the rebel batteries upon us, we did not suppose that our cannonading had injured the city very much, but a ride through the place this morning tells a terrible story of life here since our guns opened. But very few houses have escaped, and in Marietta street every house has been hit several times, and nearly all of the public buildings have a ragged hole to show where a solid shot had been traveling. Those citizens who remained constructed bomb-proofs in their yards, and even these in a few instances failed to protect them. Over one hundred citizens have been wounded, and over twenty killed by our shells, and the city has been in a blaze a dozen times, but the well organized Fire

Department comprised of "Exempts" have managed to put the fire out after each accident.

We have heard but once from the main army since leaving the Chattanooga, and this was good news. Hood was badly whipped near Jonesboro on the 2d, and our forces were following up the victory as rapidly as possible.

In view of the foregoing facts it strikes us that matters in this department are succeeding as well as the most exacting patriot can ask, and we feel rather proud to be able to tell our friends at home that the 150th was with the first body of troops entering the stronghold which the rebels swore should never be polluted by a Yankee foot. If Dutchess County appreciate our labors and is satisfied with the regiment, let her show it by sending on all the recruits possible. I do not wish to cast reflections upon new regiments, but every military man will tell you that a recruit in an old regiment is worth three recruits in a new one, for the reason that in an old regiment the new man learns much sooner as much more easily how to provide for his

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self; he acquires the drill more rapidly, as he has right at his elbow the experience of old soldiers to assist him in every emergency. New regiments very often go into the field and behave splendidly, but before they learn the sanitary principles common among veterans, many a good man is lost and the service is so much the poorer. We have plenty of room for more representatives from old Dutchess, and if they will put in an appearance we promise to give them a hearty welcome, and as good fare as we can possibly procure. Recruits certainly cannot find a better corps than the twentieth or a better Commander than Major-General Slocum. Can they find a better regiment than the 150th N. Y.? I blush for a reply!

Yours Modestly,
W. R. W.

Colonel Ketcham and His Soldiers.

"CAMP 150TH N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS, }
ATLANTA, Ga., September 26, 1864. }

"To the Editors of the Evening Post:

"I take the liberty of forwarding the enclosed resolutions to you for publication, and if you will be kind enough to give them a place in your paper it will confer a favor upon all of the officers in the regiment.

"We have followed Colonel Ketcham for two years in the old Army of the Potomac and in the military division of the Mississippi, and we are very anxious that he should represent Dutchess and Columbia counties in the next Congress, because we believe that much of the good accomplished through suffering and death in the field has been made of little account by men in high places, who have no more love for the Union than the rebels. If the people will but do their duty at the polls you will not be compelled to endure another draft, for Grant in the East and Sherman in the West are pushing the Confederacy rather hard.

"The news from Sheridan is very cheering, the new recruits are daily coming in, and are really excellent men; this army, from its rest, is again in splendid condition, and as Sherman promises a fine winter campaign, we hope, sooner or later, to give you an account of our doings, as full of victories as the history of our advance from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

"Very respectfully yours,

"WM. R. WOODIN,
"Captain Co. D, 150th New York."

"At a meeting of the officers of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment, New York state volunteers, held in Atlanta, Georgia, September 24, 1864, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That, as far as the suppression of the rebellion is concerned, as much depends upon the loyalty and firmness of the patriot citizen in the coming elections as upon the devotion and endurance of the patriot soldier in the field, and that if honest and capable men are elected to places of trust and responsibility, we believe that an honorable and enduring peace can readily be achieved by Union arms.

"Resolved, That in the nomination of Colonel John H. Ketcham for Congress, both citizens and soldiers, animated by a common sentiment, and aiming at a common object, to sustain the government in quelling the rebellion and in bringing traitors to punishment, by their votes have the opportunity of placing a responsible man in a responsible position, and one who has been tried by years of service at home and in the field, and has not yet been found wanting.

"Resolved, That to our congratulations upon this well-deserved honor we respectfully add our appreciation of the services we have seen Colonel Ketcham render his country and his government; of the earnest loyalty with which he has remained at his post through the past two years of suffering and danger, and of the kindness and constant care which has characterized his relations with every officer and man in the regiment.

"Resolved, That while we heartily approve and applaud the nomination of one who has tested his patriotism, as well as his ability, upon so many fields, we call upon our friends at home to give their warmest support to Colonel Ketcham, believing that inasmuch as he has deemed no exertions unnecessary for the comfort and welfare of his command, and no sacrifice too great in behalf of the Union, the constitution and the enforcement of the laws, the same spirit will follow him to Congressional halls, and render him even more useful and beneficial to the common cause.

"Resolved, That as evidence of our unanimity of feeling, and as testimony of our affection and respect for the man who has led us successfully through so many trying scenes, that each of us, comprising all of the officers present with the regiment, attach our names to these resolutions, and improve this opportunity of ex-

pressing how willingly, and how cheerfully, we pledge to him our unqualified support.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be given to Colonel Ketcham, with our kindest wishes for his success, and that copies be forwarded to the Dutchess and Columbia county papers for publication.

"A. B. Smith, Major One Hundred and Fiftieth New York Volunteers; C. N. Campbell, Surgeon do.; E. O. Bartlett, Chaplain do.; S. G. Cook, Assistant-Surgeon do.; H. C. Smith, Lieutenant and Quartermaster do.; W. Wattles, Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant do.; Captains—J. H. Cogswell, Company A; R. McConnell, Co. B; H. A. Gildersleeve, Co. C; W. R. Woodin, Co. D; O. Wheeler, Co. E; John L. Green, Co. F; E. A. Wickes, Co. G; P. M. Thorne, Co. H; R. Titus, Co. I; J. S. Scofield, Co. K. First Lieutenants—R. C. Tripp, Co. B; J. P. Mabbett, Co. C; P. W. Chapman, Co. E; D. C. Underwood, Co. G; D. B. Sleight, Co. I; W. H. Steenburgh, Co. K. Second Lieutenants—A. J. Osborn, Co. B; J. B. Fury, Co. C; Frank Mallory, Co. D; C. P. Barlow, Co. E; S. H. Paulding, Co. F; John Fitzgerald, Co. H; S. Humiston, Co. I.

"J. S. SCOFIELD, Capt. Co. K, 150th N. Y., Chairman
"H. A. GILDERSLEEVE, Capt. Co. C., 150th N. Y., Sec."

New York Soldiers in Georgia.

Col. J. H. Ketcham, and his Dutchess County (150th) Regiment are doing glorious service for the Union cause under Genl. Sherman in Georgia. The Poughkeepsie *Eagle* publishes an army letter giving the following account of the part taken by this regiment in one of the recent battles with the Rebels under Johnson:

"We were advanced on Sunday's fight until we were almost upon the rebel works, and then halted. Colonel Ketcham at once suggested breastworks to General Ruger, and the order was immediately given to build them, and the way we flew around after rails, and the way the rails went up in front of us was a caution. The slight protection was scarcely up before our skirmishers were driven in, and the storm commenced, and for three-quarters of an hour the rebels made such fierce assaults upon us, as we were the extreme left, that the troops not engaged supposed we were completely demolished. At almost the first volley Lieutenant S. V. R. Cruger, our Adjutant, fell, shot through the chest; and a braver soldier, a more efficient officer, and a better boy, never dropped in front of an enemy. It seemed as if the One Hundred and Fiftieth were paralysed for a few moments, for Cruger was respected and loved by every officer and man to such an extent that we could hardly stand the thought of having him wounded, but as he painfully crawled back to the surgeon the boys went in like devils, as if to avenge poor Cruger's wound, and such fighting has not been seen by the western army lately. The rebels knew that unless they turned our left they could not stand before us long, and they moved regiments after regiments and sent them upon our line, only to fall back in disorder, until the Twenty-seventh Indiana on our right charged, captured the Colonel of the Thirty-eighth Alabama and the regimental colors, and the rebels ran like small streaks of greased lightning.

"Adjutant Cruger at the last account was considered out of danger. The other wounded men are but slightly hurt, and I have not time to find out their names because this is the first chance I have had to write; and I would not have had this but the column is delayed while the troops are crossing the Coosawatie River. We expect to find the 'Johnnies' between here and Atlanta, and have more glorious news to send. The reports from Virginia make the boys anxious to do likewise in this Department.