

c . It was after the battle of Gettysburg  
a where our 126th Regiment had flung of  
d its unjust jeer of "Harper's Ferry Cowards"  
e by their grand charge and seizure of vic-  
t tory for our loyal forces, that every soul of  
y us in our quiet homes, flung ourselves to  
f an agony of suspense, into the lists of killed  
d and wounded, following so terribly after.

y The battle had been a Union victory and  
f Col. SMERRILL and the now memorable  
d 126th had turned for God and liberty, the  
d victory of the day, by their unparalleled  
d heroism. We breathed hard; for we knew  
d the gap must be deep in our brave little  
d regiment, and so it was. The hardy band  
d that left us cheering so lustily for freedom  
d was broken. It was but a fearful and  
d scathed remnant, that left that scarlet  
d field of blood. They should return to us  
d no more together.

a And with these brave, unknown heroes,  
l giving their lives for liberty, was a noble  
t hero; one whom the world should know,  
y and whose name would be a patriotic tal-  
l isman forever. Col. SMERRILL was dead.  
l Killed when opposing armies clashed for  
l decisive victory. Riding in the foremost  
l of the ranks, a brave Chieftain, on his  
s white charger, when the rebel hordes came  
s thundering on like incarnate devils, charg-  
l ed to the death, with hell—he with his  
l brave, impatient soldiers, met them as  
s sturdily and as full of solid zeal and fire.

s The enemy fell back howling and infu-  
r iate, slain and crushed to destruction—and  
d defeat, like a huge blood bird, flapped  
d over their disloyal banner-rag. We had  
d gained the victory—and triumph wheeled  
d and circled around the proud forehead of  
d our venerable old Flag. But there were  
d piles of dead and dying, offered in a sea  
d of blood that day, as the redemption price  
d of this Union victory.

d And there were many homes made deso-  
l ate, and many eyes were sprung to an  
l eternal ocean of tears; and all errors, and  
t woes after war, and all given for this con-  
y quering which should raise the nation still  
l farther out of its slough of treason and  
l dishonor. The Eternal God bless all hero  
s martyrs—and those who nobly yield these  
s martyrs up to the Great Cause.

s There was the stain of dishonor upon  
l our brave boys as they went in, but they  
t came out, the scarred, blasted remnant did, et  
y with this contumely fearfully washed out  
l in blood. They should no longer be called  
l "Harper's Ferry Cowards"—but should  
s henceforth be known through the land as  
s the "gallant 126th"; and through all the  
d breadth of war-time, and the after-time of  
d peace, should their sublime daring and he-  
d roism be known; for it came at a time  
d like a balancing motor of new energy and  
d hope, when our land was dark, and our  
d souls were sad as ever souls could be.

d But a white steed went riderless that  
d day, and many a death-spent bullet went  
d deathless as the fearful price of this battle  
d vantage.

d We were all smothered here at home  
d with thoughts of blood and bullets, and  
d fierce, death-brimmed cannon—and we  
d were sadly right in this; for many of our  
d brave boys, and he who stood proudly as  
d their leader, weltered in gore and carnage,  
d and all battle horrors on the field, that  
d terrible day. They had given up their  
d lives and we our future gladness; and it  
d had been well. For the nation needed it  
d all, and her sanctuaries which were bent

down with unutterable woe, should rise through such sacrifices as these, sublime and christian-like in hope and fulfillment.

There was a fearful gap left in our regiment; but into it we filed ourselves, taking up lovingly and with mournful tenderness, the bodies, and lives of our dead heroes, and shringing them forever more in our sacred beings. They, enshrined in us, we stood before the world, heroic and deathly calm, filling up the gap in the band of our brave men. The regiment was again complete;—but walking forever more through past tracks of blood, and bullets that had drank the kindred lives of us—and over a sod which should always in the future, round up with graves. So we felt in our sacrifices.

Col. SHERRILL came home. It was a solemn pageant that conducted him to his last resting place—narrower and nakeder than the household home, where smiles and tears of loved ones kept silently telling him that he was in a loving, living world.

The streets were thronged with sad, curious faces, and martial dirges filled the air, and the slow, muffled clatter of hoofs, and the long mournful lines of carriages, and the march of soldiers, who had passed unharmed through the death they were now following, and the riderless horse, slowly stepping just back of its dead rider, sleeping under the grand Stars and Stripes. And besides, there were wounded heroes in the train, who should wear the scars of war through life, as long as life was left to color them, for ensigns of their country's glory.

It was a noble tribute, all this, and we were proud and yet sad for the dead hero who deserved it all.

Then the solemn church with its throng of subdued faces, and the processions, slowly pacing up the aisles, majestically bowed with sorrow. The coffin bearing the man of so much promise and rich unfruitful of honor and hope, and laden with an unborn multitude of unfulfilled deeds, mighty in their scope—and over all, the proud free Flag, under which this body of hero-made, fell, and proved to the world its sublime legitimacy. And God pity them, the mourners, who could hardly find in the blackness of crape, a mournfulness, deep as their hearts required—and who should, through life yearn with unutterable hopelessness, and yearn ever vainly and bitterly, for the strong heart and great rich love, and protection, lost forever in the pall of that long silent box of death. God pity the mourners, with all god-like depths of pity, for there was a vacancy in their future lives, and by their hearth-stone always which should never, never be filled again. Mourning hopelessly and without rest, the widow for her husband; and the children for their father. And then the soldiers filing in martially and quietly, and the bodies of grave, honorable men, and ministers, and the honored pall bearers, bearing themselves nobly, both civic and military, and all else which we know, kept up the funeral pageant in its splendor.— Then all the while the organ dirge, which had seemed to flow out from the martial death march, kept melting us to tears, and subdued spasms of mourning. We felt drawn in its melody to the infinitude of a grief, which compassed sublimely the coffined hero, and which soared up to "The Mystery," where *his* soul must float star-

like forever and ever. We were all submerged into the organ-dirge; and we seemed sublimed in vision;—and through tears for what death had taken, and a strange uprising of pride, that it was so noble for death to take, we saw an heroic angel, girded with the invincible, panoply of immortal honor; and he reached mountain-like—a warrior-saint, carrying the motor of patriotism and angelic bravery, which should unhouse many a heroic soul from the cramped arches of slavishness and cowardice. This was Col. SHERRILL's soul; a shadow of it; and his spirit-influence which we know should bend yearningly and protectingly over the nation, until the nation should no longer live—and all of us proud Americans should worship, and know of a truth, the living of this man's valorous deeds. This was what the superhuman organ-music told us.

Then the eloquent sermonal tribute to our Colonel's bravery—a glorious master-piece of conception and sublime christian hope, and honor' from the eloquent soul of one of God's chosen ministers. This was the church pageant: the pomp of religious rites.

Then the slow march to the grave—and the men with reversed muskets, and the stately steeds up and down the road, and the cemetery and the niches of the procession, flecked with people, and the martial dirge still telling us how triumph was won through death,—and the three volleys of musketry over the beloved grave, which its honored inmate should hear no more—and oh! they were noble musket volleys, breathing in sacred and glorious flame and smoke, a sort of strange, entheal bewitchment for war & daring, and battle triumphs, and all victories which fire the inner soul of one, even to quench it again in death. And yet there was an unearthly funeral echo in those volleys, sounding and resounding, mournfully, through the City of tombstones,

The grave was left alone, and the band marched back with what might be a wedding march. We had paid our last honors to Col. Sherrill's body, but we should do honor to his still living soul, and to his immortal deeds, until our narrow homes held us as silently as it did him.

Col. SHERRILL is dead, but his memory lives. We have lost a brave man, but saved a master-piece of glory from his past life. We are sad and yet proud:—Bow'd down, yet risen hopefully up.

God, in mercy and love, guard and protect the mourners who have given us such a sacred dead and such a memorable memory of nobleness and grandeur. God, rest this bereavement lightly on them, and Time with his lethean touch, unfold a higher spirit than mere mourning for the dead, and a spirit which shall pillow on its triumphant bosom, the great and eternal Good risen up from the ashes of this yearned-for dead. God bless them.

Peace to thy ashes, brave hero, and rest eternally for thy soul! And village tribute, and nation-honor, immortally exalt thy daring deeds and honored name!—Peace to thee eternally, brave martyr-Hero! Peace forever and ever! A glorious monument for thee, on Earth, and a more enduring monument, one everlasting, for thee in heaven. Peace! Peace! Peace for evermore.

Geneva, July, 1863.

### From the 126th Regiment.

We find the following letter, giving the particulars of their route from Chicago after they were exchanged, to their present location, in the Rochester Democrat. It will be read with interest by those having friends in that Regiment:

CAMP NEAR UNION MILLS, Va., }  
January 10, 1863. }

Since my last letter written to my friends, and to those interested in the welfare of the 126th regiment, many things have transpired, which would interest them. When I last wrote, we were prisoners of war, penned up in mean, miserable, filthy barracks in Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill.; but happily our stay was of short duration. Toward the latter part of October it was whispered we were exchanged, and soon the order from the Secretary of War came to us through Brig. Gen. Tyler. The countenances of all seemed to brighten; glorious news was received, we were no longer prisoners of war, but free American soldiers, eager for the fray, longing for a chance to pay back the rebels for their insolence exhibited at Harper's Ferry, where we were surrendered to the enemies of our beloved country by one, of whom, 'tis said, his sympathies were with the South.

November 24th, we left Camp Douglas and marched to the cars of the Southern Michigan & Northern Indiana Railroad. At 3 1/2 P. M., we bid adieu to Camp Douglas, and started on our journey Dixie-ward, rejoicing. After traveling all night, we arrived at Toledo at daybreak, and partook of a sumptuous breakfast, kindly provided by the Railroad Company.

After resting a few hours, at 8 A. M., boarded the cars, and away to Pittsburg. On our way, passed through Cleveland and many smaller places of minor importance. At 10 1/2 P. M., we arrived at the Iron City. Here we were kindly treated by the "Ladies' Relief Association." Weary with riding, it seemed as if angelic hands had anticipated the wants of the soldier. May the blessings of the God of Battles ever rest upon the noble ladies of Pittsburg, and may they ever continue their kindness to others, as they did to the 126th N. Y. Volunteers, both upon going to, and returning from Chicago.

At 4 A. M., we left Pittsburg via Pennsylvania Central RR., for Washington, D. C. This is a fine road to travel over; the scenery is magnificent. At one time you rush over high embankments; at another, through deep cuts at another, along the side of high mountains, awful even to look at; and again, dash under the Alleghanies, &c. In short, the trip is grand, the scenery superb. Passing Altoona, the city upon the mountains, night soon shrouded the lofty hills in darkness. Weary and worn, we sought rest, which we obtained to some extent.

The morning of the 27th of November found us near the capital of Pennsylvania—Harrisburg. Onward did the iron horse rush with his load of patriots, rushing forward to defend the honor and dignity of the "dear old flag," the Constitution and the laws.

At 2 P. M. we arrived at the monumental city—Baltimore. Here again were we entertained by the Relief Association, and let me say that the latter city has many true and devoted friends engaged in the cause of "Union and Liberty."—At 5 P. M. we again found ourselves on board the cars, and at 8 we arrived in Washington.—There we remained over night, sleeping upon the floor. Although our bed was hard, we arose in the morning greatly refreshed, and eager to cross into the land of Dixie. We were soon gratified. At 12 M. the line of march was taken up. We crossed the long bridge, and escaped for the night on Arlington Heights, at Camp Chase.—Without tents we lay upon the bosom of mother

Earth, our covering, the sky, and slept soundly. There we remained for five days. In the meantime we received our tents and our arms, the latter the latest and best improved Springfield rifled muskets. All seemed well pleased to receive the little "Springfield pets," with which to drive back the invader.

December 2d, we struck our tents and marched to Alexandria, where we arrived at 11 A. M., and immediately took cars bound for "Union Mills, Va.," expecting to see at least a mill and some vestige left of habitation; but upon nearing the place we were very agreeably surprised to see nothing but the remains of an old frame of what was once a small "mill." Glad to escape from the cars we soon were on *terra firma*, and formed in column, marched about one mile N. E. and encamped on the plain above overlooking the old Bull Run battle field—the history of which is familiar to all. To-day, rainy as it is, finds us in the same place.

We are in the 3rd Brigade, Casey's Division.—Heintzleman's reserves, 3rd army corps for the defense of Washington, Brig-Gen. Alex. Hays, commanding Brigade. Vice Col. F. G. d'Utassy 39th N. Y. Volunteers, removed. Our duty has been, and is now, picketing, principally along Bull-Run, the field of which, location, &c., I shall speak of in another letter. The weather has been very fine, until this morning, when it began to rain, with every indication of continuing some time, at least we look for it.

The Paymaster is anxiously looked for with his or Uncle Sam's Green-backs; when he arrives, he will be cordially received, and treated as hospitably as our situation in this place will admit of. The boys are in fine spirits and anxious for a brush. More anon.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN H. BROUGH,

Capt. Co. E. 126th Reg't, N. Y. Vols.

**The Wounded at Fort Schuyler—Incidents, Accidents and Reflections.**

U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, FORT SCHUYLER, N. Y., July 31, '63.

MR. EDITOR:—Having at present a plenty of spare time during the long and warm days of July and August, I know of no better way than to while away some of the dreary hours by penning a few lines to the columns of your paper, which is so widely circulated among the many friends of the troops in the field, and also at present in the U. S. Hospitals. And, as usual, I wish to communicate to the friends of members of Regiments herein mentioned. And now, taking the above statement for the foundation of this letter, I will state that I received a letter from the 126th Regiment, N. Y. V., bearing date the 28th inst., from a member of the same, Geo. J. Rose, a former resident of Victor, Ontario Co., New York. The substance of it as regards the regiment, is as follows:

We have been moving south as fast as circumstances would permit. We have passed Harper's Ferry and so on through Loudon Valley; but have now halted for a short time near Warrenton. He farther says that the company (D) is now commanded by Lieut. S. F. Lincoln, in the absence of Capt. Charles A. Richardson. He also states, we have had a very hard time during this long and tedious march, and when near Harper's Ferry we came dum, (or some other word composed nearly of the same letters) nigh starving. And concludes by adding, that most of the boys stood it well, and are all in good spirits.

In regard to those who are here as patients,

leave of absence, and as they meet with some encouragement, this gives the patient joy as it would to the thousands of others who are denied the privilege for the present. But they all live in hopes, and in this respect many live in vain and by it are sadly disappointed. By it they are brought to realize how strong the ties are with which they are bound.

As to the members of the 108th who are here, there are four from Co. F, who are doing well and appear to enjoy hospital life with the air of true soldiers, obedient and patient.

And now as to the affairs at the hospital in charge of Dr. Barthlon. Everything up to yesterday appeared to be well regulated for the care of the wounded brought from Gettysburg. Competent and kind surgeons ready to perform the difficult operations which are always necessary after every battle, especially the one referred to above; good nurses on hand to meet the many wants of the patients; rations issued regularly, and also clothes provided in abundance.

Previous to July 30th the dull monotony of our ward was once in a while broken by the remarks of our friend P. G., a native of Ireland. And as "a little fun now and then is relished by the wisest men," I will mention them in order to break the monotony of a letter from an inmate of a hospital. A discussion took place here as to what was the best thing a man could have been before enlisting, provided he lost his left arm. The native spoken of took the side of a "rale, ginuine fiddler." "Well," says another, "how is he going to hold his fiddle?" "Wid his chin, to be shure,—the same as any other." Up speaks another and wishes to know how he can finger and tune it. "And shure," says P., "and couldn't he git one already tuned?"

As the conversation here often turns upon the way men are used as compared with officers, and as P. G. has a hand generally in all talks of this kind, he said he did not know but what officers were always considered men until he went once to buy some tobacco of a sutler on a Sunday morning. He stated: "I went to the sutler and asked him if he had any tabackay." He told me had. I asked him to give me two plugs. He speaks up very short, and says, I don't sell any to men. Don't sell any to men, says I; and sure, says I, you don't sell any to women. No, says he, I don't sell only to officers. And why says I, and ain't officers men. And faith and he tells that the "don't view themselves in that light." Ha, ha, says I. Says P. G., I see what ye are. You try to pass me beat some time when I am on guard and I will make ye mark time at the point of the bayonet, until the officer of the guard comes to your rescue.

But now our attention is called from remarks of this kind to the whistle of the boat, which is about to land here with wounded soldiers, who were taken prisoners and paroled at Charleston by the rebels, and sent to Hilton Head and thence to this place for treatment. Three of them are now in our ward. They are all badly wounded and only one of them can live but a few days from all appearances. I find one wounded in the thigh and right elbow joint; another with one foot off and the other waiting for the saw and knife as soon as he is able, and also his right arm; but I fear death will close the operation soon. The third one has a ball through his right lung. I find by conversation with them

are from the New-England States. The Rochester man is the best off, as he has good spirits, and has money, which is always convenient in hard and needy times. He states that no doubt Charleston will soon fall into our hands; and may this prove true.

But now we hear music, and on looking out of the door notice that a detachment of soldiers, headed by a band of music, are marching in rear of the hospital to the fort to camp awhile. The men looked nearly tired out with fatigue, and were not closed up in very good military style. You would notice among the number a few small boys, seemingly not more than ten years old, carrying a drum and knapsack, which would weigh as much as half their heads and all their body. Along with the same troops you would notice a few of the colored gentry soldiers, but mind you, they were large and healthy looking men, and having but a small load on his back compared with the rest, unless it was a large haversack to hold rations. It is a very common thing, when on a long and weary march, to notice a boy of about 17 years old trudging along with a gun and all the accoutrements, besides the 60 rounds of cartridges, each weighing over an ounce, besides haversack, canteen, and above all, the lung-cramping knapsack. In contrast with this you will also notice the darkey seated on a fine horse, worth, perhaps, \$200 or more in greenbacks. The reason of this, perhaps, may be that it is owing to the constitution of the colored race, they being unable to bear the fatigue of the many long and weary marches necessary to be made in the hottest season of the year.

The 103th regiment has awful dislike for darkeys. Why it is I will leave it for them to say. Some of the above race came here for protection during the riot in New York city, but they were not frightened so as to change their color, for which I attach no blame to them for being black. But to that party which is so worried as to the condition of the negro race previous to the breaking out of the present rebellion, I do attach the cause in a great measure of our present trouble. I will not enter into a splurge about political parties. But I would like to see how a government knapsack and other war utensils furnished free for a time for the benefit of a man in the United States service, would fit on the backs of such men as Greeley, Beecher, and many others of the same stamp. I think they would find a vast difference between shoving the pen and handling a musket and the accoutrements for the same. I have tried both, and I profess to know. As Smith, the famous razor strop man says, a member of the 140th N. Y. Vols. he has sold razor strops, and handled a musket, and he prefers the former when he can have one more left for only 25 cents. A queer chap (like many others in the army) this Smith is. He saw a man from Monroe county gazing around in the woods, where the hospital was established, at the deadly effects caused by war, he calls out as he was devouring a mammoth Pennsylvania custard pie: "Hallo, Old Brockport, come up here and see a fellow!" Up steps the man. He says: "You need'nt think I am cheating the government out of this—for I am not; I bought it with my own money, saved by selling honest razor strops." I conclude this Smith must be some relation to the famous John Smith we hear so much about. I notice in looking over the N. Y. Times that seven lawyers of Canan-gaigua have been drafted, and a few of them with whom I am acquainted. But I am aware that the little \$300 clause will keep them safely out for a time. But God knows I

pity their next client after they pay it, unless he is one of the rank of abolitionists of the past and present time. And now I would ask, have we no reason to lay a part of the blame on this class of individuals just mentioned? I believe we have, and a pretty strong one, too. Having taken the opportunity to converse with the rebels when a chance was open, I came in contact with an aid of General Trimble of the rebel army, who was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Gettysburgh; and I can state that this is a fellow of good education and well informed upon all subjects connected with the present tumult of the U. S. of America, having been in the service since the first crack on Fort Sumter. He says John Brown was looked upon as a sample of many at the North; what they would do, only give them a chance; and this until the present time seems to be thoroughly instilled into the minds of both officers and men in the Southern army. But some of them said, be this as it may, we may have to come under, as you fellows fight like devils, and we have found out that you can fight if you have the right kind of leaders. But, say they, you change commanders too often. We have always dreaded General George B. McClellan, and this Meade more than all the rest that was ever connected with the Army of the Potomac. He farther states that McClellan was always feared by our generals, and most of them have no fear; and this government should have learned by this time to hold that which is good, and discard that which is false or incompetent for the position in which it is placed.

But now once more music breaks upon my ear, but of a mournful sound, and I find on looking out again, that soldiers are being conveyed to their final resting place with the flag for which we are contending wrapped around them. I learn on making inquiry, that of the number brought here from Hilton Head eight died last night. When a soldier dies here he is taken to the dead house, laid out, and placed in a suitable coffin and sent to New York city for burial.

And as long as this rebellion continues, the result of a battle, when viewed with the naked eye, will ever present scenes too horrible to be placed upon paper. On the battlefield, in every tent, over acres of ground sufficient for a good farm, are sights awful beyond description;—dead unburied, the air filled with effluvia of human and equine bodies, hundreds of decaying bodies all over the battle ground two miles in width by six in length, graves in every field, by the roadsides, in gardens, lanes, meadows, groves and almost everywhere, many so superficially covered that a hand or foot protrudes, and in some cases the eyes, forehead and nose visible. And then in every church and house near by, there are scores of wounded and vast numbers of dying men.

This being the case, the drafted men of Monroe and Ontario counties will be met with a strong welcome in the field by the side of those who have gone before them. That they will see new scenes and behold many strange sights, I am already aware. And many a farmer's boy will be made to think of daddy's best cow and mother's large milkpans.

But as paper is high, and there being no discount on postage stamps, I must bring this to a close.

In conclusion I will state that I have had of late a present from the government, and it is a splendid headed cane; but mind you the word gold, used in the sense of an adjective, does not precede the word headed; but it answers the purpose for which it was intended in and

under all circumstances. And may it continue to do so until it becomes useless for want of a person to use it from necessity.

But I must close, earnestly trusting that this once proud Union may be restored, and that too before the cold winds of autumn approach, and the sorrow and dread now existing be removed from the many aching hearts, and which are so plainly stamped on many a countenance, never more to be revived.

W. R. O.  
Co. D, 126th N. Y. V.

**MONTHLY Report of the sick and wounded, 126th N. Y. S. Vols., for the month ending Dec. 31st., 1863:**

Mean average strength of command present during the month :

Commissioned Officers.....	17
Enlisted Men.....	230
Total.....	247

Remaining Sick at last Report.....	8
Taken Sick during the Month.....	36
Total Sick during the month.....	44

Changes during the Month :

Returned to Duty.....	33
Remaining Sick.....	11
Total.....	44

Commissioned Officers Sick.....	7
Enlisted Men Sick.....	29
Total.....	36

Daily average Sick during the Month :

In Hospital.....	8
In Quarters.....	7
Total.....	15

Average sick daily, same ratio, 1000 men present.....	40
---	----

Reference to the above Report shows but little variation from that of the last month, in the number, character and result of the diseases treated. Yet if we compare it with some of the months in the early history of the Regiment, the difference will be more marked. The daily average of sickness for the present month, amounts to a fraction under four per cent., a rate lower than is often obtained in the army. In organizations that are new, the daily ratio of sickness usually amounts to eight or ten per cent., and not unfrequently, twelve or fourteen per cent. It was thus with this Regiment. Examination of the records for October and November, 1862, while at Chicago, Illinois, and for December, January and February following, shows a daily average sick of full ten per cent., and, a portion of the time, even a higher rate. It should be borne in mind, however, that the most of the time during the months above referred to, Small Pox and measles were prevalent in the Regiment, adding much to the amount of sickness. Since February last the rate of sickness has gradually declined, and now, probably, does not equal the amount occurring in the same number of persons in civil life. The present month has been a favorable one to the health of the army. During most of the time the air has been cool and dry, but little rain has fallen, and but few sudden atmospheric changes have occurred. The arduous duties of the army, in the campaign across the Rapidan, terminating on the 2d inst., would have led one to expect an increased amount of sickness to follow; but such has not been the case so far as this command is concerned. The sanitary condition of the Regiment was never better than at this date. No accidents have occurred during the month requiring medical or surgical treatment, nor have any surgical operations been performed. The sick have all been treated within the command—none being sent to General Hospital, nor have any deaths occurred.

The Regiment went into camp at this point on Monday, Dec. 7th. Since that date officers and men have been busily engaged in preparing and fitting up suitable quarters for the Winter. The ground occupied is high and rolling, and at the time it was taken possession of, heavily wooded. This has served the double purpose of furnishing fuel, and sufficient timber for building houses.—Substantial stockades have been erected, covered with the ordinary shelter tents, warmed by fire-places, and are really comfortable. These stockades are generally built so as to accommodate four persons; occasionally they were put up so that six persons may live in them comfortably. Several springs near camp furnish sufficient excellent water for drinking and cooking purposes, and no surface or brook water is used.

The sick of the Regiment are treated in hospital or quarters. Of the thirty-six taken sick during the month, eight have been treated in hospital and twenty-eight in quarters. One ordinary hospital tent is used for the hospital; but the food for the sick is prepared in the cook-house adjoining. This tent has been floored, is warmed by a fire-place, and the ordinary wooden bunk, with bed-sacks, filled with straw, is used for beds. Thus far one tent has been quite sufficient to accommodate all the sick requiring more attention than can be given in quarters, and I trust will be amply so during the Winter, unless the Regiment should be filled by volunteers or conscripts, in which case more accommodations may become necessary. Recent receipts of supplies on account of the hospital fund of the Corps, and private donations from home and from Sanitary Commissions, has done much for the comfort of the sick, and due care is being exercised that these supplies be properly distributed, not only to those in hospital, but to the sick in quarters. The hospital is now supplied with Lemons, Dried Fruits, Butter, Eggs, and a variety of Vegetables in abundance.

Special care has been observed in the inspection of the rations issued to the men during the month. Without exception it has been of good quality, abundant, and regularly issued. The cooking is done by the men, in small messes—those occupying a stockade usually joining in one mess. With the ration, and abundance of delicacies received by express from home, the tables of all are well supplied.

In concluding this communication, we cannot better do so than by congratulating officers and men on the favorable manner in which they are situated, and with the assurance on the part of the medical staff of the command, that no effort will be spared to raise the Regiment to the highest point of efficiency, by raising, to the highest possible standard, the health of those composing it.

CHARLES S. HOYT,  
Ass't Surgeon 126th N. Y. S. V.

**Correspondence of the Democrat.  
From the Army of the Potomac.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25, '64.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Yesterday I returned from the Army of the Potomac; my stay with the army was short but very pleasant. I stopped with the 126th Regiment, a regiment literally of veterans—a glorious war-seared regiment which has done good and effective service—reduced in numbers, yet they are indomitable in spirit; cheerful, contented, and ready for any duty that may be demanded of them—the Army of the Potomac has no braver set of men than the veterans of the 126th. So much for the 126th, and now a word as to their whereabouts: They are on the extreme front, a very little the nearest infantry regiment to the rebels;

occupying the right of the 3d Brigade, and on a gentle elevation, overlooking one of the most commanding and beautiful landscape views imaginable. On the west and north, the Blue Ridge, some 16 or 20 miles away, stretches itself away as far as the eye can reach; on either hand of the camp is a plain of good looking country, which in the days of its glory and prosperity, when old Virginia was the pride of the land, must have been one of unexampled fertility and beauty. But alas, the iron hand of war has passed over these plains, and while the landscape with its beauty remains, the works of culture, and the adornments of art, taste and cultivation are gone; fences have disappeared; dwellings are razed to the earth; trees and shrubs are gone, and the whole vast outspread of land is one scene of waste and desolation. The armies, both Union and Confederate, have moved over it and fought over it time and again, and there is no trace left of vegetation and culture—nor will there be this season. How this part of Virginia is to regain landmarks or find the boundry lines of farms and plantations, is more than I can tell, they are certainly obliterated now. Here then, on this fine prospect hill, is the 126th Regiment, all comfortably housed, and enjoying themselves; with none sick among them, and all looking well and hearty. Their houses are small but clean, dry and warm, and are built of logs about 10 feet by 12, four or five feet high, with the tent for a roof, and all with fireplaces. They have cleared up the forest in which they originally located—indeed the timber of this part of old Virginia is fast disappearing before these live Yankee soldiers—they use it for fires, wood for houses, railroads, ties and timber, and for corduroy roads. First the dry rails and fence boards are burned, and then the green wood; the occupancy of any territory by an army, even for a short time, makes it desolate.

Just on the Rapidan, in front of the 2d Corps, of which the 126th is a part, and not over four or five miles away, is the Rebel army. We could see the smoke of their camps, and from the lookout on Pony Mountain just a little way off, could see the tents and company grounds of Gen Lee's army. These armies are literally confronting each other; their pickets in sight of each other and both watching closely the movement of the other. Culpepper village or Court House is in plain sight of the camping place of the 126th Regiment, some five miles away on the plain, which is as far as the cars run, it is a small village and about sixty miles from Washington. We left the cars at Brandy Station four miles from Culpepper, which is near Gen. Meade's headquarters, and I suppose near the centre of the Army of the Potomac as it lies encamped in winter quarters. The 21 Corps is some four miles toward the front or nearer

rebellion; and still further on about a mile is Gen. Kilpatrick's head-quarters, and about him are the Cavalry Corps which occupy the extreme front and picket up to the Rapidan.

I arrived at the front on the 22d of February about four o'clock in the afternoon; left Washington about ten o'clock on Sunday, and had a delightful ride on a good railroad in good cars with a fine load of ladies and gentleman, who were going to the front, mainly to attend the general ball of the 2d Corps, and to see the army, etc.—The ball came off and was a very grand and splendid affair, it was at Gen. Warren's head-quarters and was largely attended by the General officers, and was graced by the presence of some hundred and fifty ladies, some of them dressed in the height of fashion. From our own regiment and locality was Mr. Capt. Coleman, Mrs. Co. Baird, Mrs. Lieut. Stanton, and Miss Louisa Ogden. Among the notables present was Generals Meade, Sedgwick, Warren, Hays, Owen, Pleasonton, Kilpatrick, Vice President Hamlin, Gov. Sprague, etc., etc. Of the 126th regiment, Lieut. Colonel Baird, now in command of the regiment, Major Brown and Lieut. Lawrence were in attendance. The ball room was decorated with flags old and new, and presented a very gay and fine appearance; the music was excellent; the supper table elegant; and as a whole it was a complete success. This grand ball was within a few miles of the Rebel army, in the very heart of old Virginia, and very well illustrated the feeling and spirit of the army as a whole; the officers present (and there was three or four hundred of them,) were as fine, intelligent and gentlemanly looking men as would be found anywhere in the country. The dancing was good, consisting of Quadrills, Lancers, Gallops, Waltzes, Schottisches, &c., &c., and the light fantastic toe was tripped till the small hours of the morning.

On the 23d there was a grand review of the 2d army Corps, at which I had the good fortune to be present. It was a grand and imposing sight; the day was beautiful, the air balmy, the sun shining bright and the review ground a vast plain where the whole movement could be seen from any point. As the various divisions of infantry marched on the ground and took position, and the cavalry with the light batteries came by themselves in another direction, the scene to one who had never seen such a sight, was in the highest degree exciting and imposing—the orderly tread and stately movements of the infantry, and the more rapid but well trained movements of the mounted men and their horses—all was truly grand and splendid. When all was nearly in line, the cavalry with the artillery on the right and the whole line spreading over two miles in length, Gen. Meade made his appearance

and was joined by Gen. Warren and other General officers and some ten or fifteen ladies on horseback, and away went the gay calvacade some hundred strong, on full gallop, to make the grand review. It was a gay sight, reminding one of the days of Chivalry and of the gay scenes when gallant knights and fair ladies joined in the parade over the plain; and up the lines rode the grand cavalcade, and then, after the whole lines were passed the reviewing party came to a halt in the center, and the whole Corps, cavalry and infantry, some twelve thousand strong passed in review before the Generals, and they appeared soldierly and hardy, and no doubt are as good if not the best fighting men in the brave Army of the Potomac.

The review occupied some four hours, and was terminated by a grand cavalry charge by two or three companies of Kilpatrick's best men, and it was exciting in the extreme — one can hardly realize what war is until he looks upon an army thus prepared for war and ready for deadly strife. The grand review was within three or four miles of the Rebel camp, and probably in plain view from their signal stations and lookouts. They could see and note every movement for the day was very clear and fine. What can tell how soon this review will be turned into the fierce charge and the actual maneuvering on the battle field? But come when it may, be assured that the 21 Corps, yea the whole of the Potomac army, will be ready for the fray and will give a good account of themselves. It is a noble army, receiving now large accessions daily, and by Spring will be a very strong and effective army. The men are well fed and cared for, and are in very comfortable winter quarters, are in good spirits and so inured to war and hardships that in the next campaign they will be able to give the rebellion a strong, and I trust a finishing blow.

I visited the Hospital of the 21 Corps, it is located in the woods and is really a very pleasant place; it is laid off into divisions, and the soldiers have decorated it with evergreens and made plank walks, and it really made one feel glad to see how mild and carefully the sick soldier even in the field is taken care of. The Hospital tents are large and comfortable, and I am satisfied that everything is done for the comfort and care of sick and wounded soldiers of the Army of the Potomac that can be.

On the morning of the 24th, the weather being still fine, we returned to Brandy Station, and the sight there presented was a very busy, active, stirring one. Here is the place from whence most of the supplies for the army are drawn, and the number of army wagons are innumerable and moving here, there and everywhere. Here were officers, soldiers, citizens, orderlies, aid-camps, and all the stir and bustle of a great

camp and army. How long this army will stay here is quite uncertain, the roads are now getting good, and the weather fine, and if it continues much longer a movement may be looked for; a few days of rain however will make the whole plain a vast mud-hole where the army cannot move, but when the frost is out of the ground it don't take long to settle the roads. At 10 o'clock we took cars for Washington, and at 3 p. m. were landed in the city.

Yours, D. A. O.

Testimonials to Col. Bull.

Head-quarters 126th N. Y. V., }  
Camp near Strausburgh, Va., }  
April 30th, 1864. }

N. J. MILLIKEN, Editor Ontario Co. Times.

DEAR SIR :—I am directed by the officers of this Regiment to hand you the enclosed copies of communications, the originals of which are now in possession of Col BULL, and request that you will publish the same. It is due to Col. BULL that I should state that this request is made without his knowledge. In giving publicity to these testimonials, we do but simple justice to a brave and efficient officer, and I am happy in being the medium of their communication.

Respectfully yours,  
SPENCER F. LINCOLN.

Headquarters 2d Brigade, }  
2d Division, 2d Corps. }  
April 29th, 1864. }

Col. James M. Bull, commanding 126th N. Y. Vol's, attached to my Brigade, by his uniform prompt obedience to orders, and intelligent administration of regimental affairs, possessed my entire confidence and respect.

He distinguished himself, and his command won for itself a name imperishable, at the battle of Auburn, Oct. 14th, 1863, where I detailed his regiment to act as skirmishers to clear the road for the advance of my column in the direction of Catlet's Station. A regiment of cavalry and a section of artillery attacked the head of the column. Col. Bull displayed much personal bravery in the management of his troops and in finally dislodging the enemy from his position.

I regret very much the necessity of Col. Bull's retiring from the service, and hope his improvement in health will soon enable him to join his companions in arms.

JOSHUA T. OWEN,  
Brig-Gen'l Vols.

Head-quarters 126th, N. Y. V., }  
Camp near Strausburgh, Va., }  
April 23d, 1864. }

To James M. Bull, late Col. 126th N. Y. V.  
DEAR SIR :—The undersigned commis-



sioned officers, 126th N. Y. V., having learned of the acceptance of your resignation as commanding officer of this regiment, take the occasion before your departure from among us, to bear cheerful testimony as to your worth as an officer and man.

We have served under you for most of the time since the organization of the regiment, and, as Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel, in camp, on the march, and in the field you have discharged your duties fearlessly and with fidelity to all under your command. We regret that declining health has compelled you to resign, and as you go from among us you carry our best wishes for your future welfare and happiness.

In taking leave of you we express the hope, that the new field upon which you are about to enter may prove the path to promotion and continued distinction.

Very truly your friends,

Wm. H. Baird, Lieut. Col., 126th N. Y. V.  
 J. Smith Brown, Major, "  
 F. M. Hammond, Surgeon, "  
 Chas. S. Hoyt, Asst. Surgeon, "  
 Spencer F. Lincoln, Adjutant, "  
 John C. Stainton, Lt. and A. Q. M., "  
 T. Spencer Harrison, "  
 Winfield Scott, Capt. Co. C., "  
 Ira Munson, Capt. Co. F., "  
 Henry B. Owen, Capt. Co. H., "  
 Sandford H. Platt, Capt. Co. G., "  
 Morris Brown, Jr., Capt. Co. A., "  
 J. A. Seamens, Capt. Co. K., "  
 R. A. Bassett, Capt. Co. B., "  
 M. V. Stanton, 1st Lieut. Co. G., "  
 Geo. A. Sherman, 1st Lieut. Co. K., "  
 A. Huntoon, Jr., 1st Lt. Co. H. & A. D. C.  
 John B. Geddis, 1st Lt. Co. D., 126th N. Y.  
 John McDonald, 1st Lt. Co. I., "  
 M. H. Lawrence, 1st Lt. Co. B. & A. D. C.  
 T. G. Munson, 1st Lt. Co. F., 126th N. Y. V.  
 John F. Randolph, 2d Lt. Co. E., "

**THE 126TH REGIMENT N. Y. V.**—In the late reconnoissance upon the Rapidan, the 126th Regiment performed most gallant service, receiving the unqualified commendation of the General in command, and reflecting the highest credit upon both officers and men. It seems that after our forces had crossed the river by fording it where the water was waist deep, that the 39th and 126th New York Regiments were deployed as skirmishers at right angles with the river; the right wing being commanded by Col. Bull of the 126th, and the left wing by Lieut. Col. Wm. H. Baird of the same Regiment. The detachment under Col. Baird then steadily advanced upon the enemy who resisted their progress with determination. Furious skirmishing then ensued, in which it is stated the forces under Col. Baird lost one-fourth of their number in killed and wounded, after driving the enemy and occupying their position.—Col. B. received high encomiums for the coolness and intrepidity of his conduct. Our entire loss in killed, wounded and missing is put down at 200. We notice the following among the casualties of the 126th:

**KILLED**—Corporal Chestnut, Co. C.  
**WOUNDED**—Adjt. Spencer F. Lincoln, Corp. Thos. Lowe, Co. H, arm; Andrew Kellieker, Co. I, neck; Byron Fields, Co. G, knee; Ed-

ward M'Comb, Co. -F, thigh; Nicholas Ketter, Co. H, thigh; Corp. John R. W. Chase, Co. B, shoulder and ribs; Corp. Chas. Benedict, Co. G, leg; Sergt. C. Alliger, Co. I, arm.

The 126th Regiment.

HEAD-QUARTERS 126th N. Y. V., }  
 CAMP IN THE FIELD, }  
 May, 2nd, 1864. }

*Editor Yates County Chronicle:*

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed I hand you copy of testimonial to Capt. William A. Coleman, the original of which is now in his possession, and I am instructed by the officers whose signatures are attached, to request of you its publication.

In justice to Capt. Coleman, permit me to state, this request is made without his knowledge.

Happy in being the medium of transmitting a communication reflecting so much credit upon one of the citizens of our own county, I am truly,

Your obdt. servant,

CHAS. S. HOYT,  
 Asst. Surgeon 126th N. Y. V.

(COPY.)

HEAD-QUARTERS N. Y. V., }  
 CAMP NEAR STEVENSBURGH, VA., }  
 March 24th, 1864. }

TO WILLIAM A. COLEMAN,  
 LATE CAPT. CO. B, 126th N. Y. V. }

DEAR SIR—Having learned of the acceptance of your resignation as Captain of Co. B, 126th N. Y. Vols., we desire to express to you our approval of your conduct and bearing, as an officer and man, on all occasions during the time in which you have been so intimately connected with us.

In the early organization of the regiment, during the many months in which we were being drilled, trained, and fitted for active duties; on the long and weary marches which subsequently followed; amidst the strife and carnage of the battle field, and as commanding officer of the regiment, (in the absence of the field officers) you have ever shown yourself worthy of our confidence, and by your devotion to the cause in which we are engaged, have merited and won our esteem.

By your resignation we have lost a faithful companion, your company an efficient commander, and the service one of its best officers.

You go from us with our best wishes, and in taking leave of you we do so with the hope that you may soon recover from your illness, and again enroll yourself among the defenders of

our common country, its honor, its flag, and its nationality.

Truly your friends,

- JAMES M. BULL, Col. 126th N. Y. V.
- WM. H. BAIRD, Lieut.-Col. 126 N. Y. V.
- J. SMITH BROWN, Major 126th N. Y. V.
- F. M. HAMMOND, Surgeon 126 N. Y. V.
- CHAS. S. HOYT, Asst. Surgeon 126th N. Y. V.
- SPENCER F. LINCOLN, Adjt. 126th N. Y. V.
- IRA C. STANTON, Lieut. and A. Q. M. 126th.
- T. S. HARRISON, Chaplain 126th N. Y. V.
- WINFIELD SCOTT, Capt. Co. C, 126th.
- MORRIS BROWN, " A, " "
- SANDFORD H. PLATT, " G, " "
- HENRY B. OWEN, " H, " "
- J. A. SEAMAM, " K, " "
- IRA MUNSON, " F, " "
- R. A. BASSETT, " B, " "
- M. V. STANTON, 1st Lieut. Co. G. 126.
- JOHN B. GEDDES, " D, " "
- T. E. MUNSON, " F, " "
- JOHN A. M'DONALD, " I, " "
- GEO. A. SHEARMAN, " K, " "
- A. HUNTOON, " H, " "
- M. H. LAWRENCE, " B, " "
- JOHN F. RANDOLPH, 2nd Lieut. Co. E.

**From the 126th.**

**Correct List of Killed, Wounded and Missing.**

Below we give our readers a correct list of the killed, wounded and missing of the 126th N. Y. V. up to May 13th as reported by their Hospital Steward, GEO. W. BEGLER.

**COMPANY A.**

Wounded—Capt. Morris Brown, Serg'ts Jas Henderson, Smith Fuller, and Phineas Tyler, Corp. A. C. Shepherd, Privates Frank Pool, Levi Cole, John Garrison, P. F. Parris, A. C. Oids, W. Leaman, Geo. Bunch, J. N. Suthy, L. L. Lawrence, J. H. Garrison.

**COMPANY B.**

Killed—Corpl's. H. F. Ellis, G. Chapman. Privates W. Casson, Obed J. Potter. Chris. Houghtailing.

Wounded—Lieut. H M Lawrence, Serg't O C. Squier, Corps. W. H. Armstrong, H. S. Nichols. Privates Charles Hyatt, A. Potter, C. Hazlett, O. B. Smith, S. C. Purdy, J. H. Lathey, O. J. Potter.

Missing—E. G. Hopkins, Asa Sherwood, W. Casson.

**COMPANY C.**

Killed—Private J. B. Huff.

Wounded—Capt. W. Scott, Serg't W. H. Cole, Privates C. W. Dev, F. M. Haynes. A. E. Wyckoff, J. Bond, A. Moulton.

**COMPANY D.**

Killed—Private E. H. Dewey.

Wounded—Privates John Monroe, Fred. Ebert, Geo. Johnson, Barber Eldridge, John Dwyer, Geo. Stark, John Dutzour, J. F. Denver, N. McMillan.

Missing—Corp. J. B. Sabin, A. Murdock.

**COMPANY E.**

Killed—Wm Clark, J. Olf.

Wounded—Lieut. J. F. Randolph, Serg't G. T. Kelley, F. Green, Corp. B. W. Scott, A. Bedell, Privates W. H. Pinch, J. Fountain, J. Galivau, W. Clark, J. Morse, A. J. Davenport.

Missing—Private A. Bogart.

**COMPANY F.**

Wounded—Capt. Ira Munson, Serg't H. B.

Ferguson, Corps. Chas. Prouditt, C. Turbush, E. R. Hazlit, Lyman Loomis, Privates F. Edgerton, S. Rafter, J. Sheehan, S. V. Tomphius, J. Snelling.

Missing—N. J. Davenport, J. Coleman, E. Dubois, J. P. Fulton, F. Wilcox,

**COMPANY G.**

Killed—Corp. Chas. Benedict.

Wounded—Lieut. M. N. Stanton, Corp. J.S. Hollenbeck, Sergt. S. Hughes, T. Cayton, Privates J. Dunnigan, J. Southard, J. Barron, M. Rogers.

Missing—Private G. Hill.

**COMPANY H.**

Killed—Capt H. B. Owen.

Wounded—Sergt. W. H. Chillson, Privates Geo. Currier, F. Spray, O McGinty, E. Ka-rouse, T. Shears, Charles Love, W. M. Brown, A. Algerney, J. Garnson, Ed Adsit.

Missing—Lieut. A. Huntoon, Corp. E. Jones, Privates U. Osgood.

**COMPANY I.**

Killed—Capt W Newbury

Wounded—Sergt. D. Berger, Corpl's B. F. Kime, and G. Ackerman, Privates L. Toombs, P. Garnett, J. Short, C. Burch.

**COMPANY K.**

Killed—Corp. Jerome Parks.

Wounded—Lieut. J. Hurlburt, Serg'ts. R. Crippen, L. Clark, and J. Barrenger, Privates M. Benjamin, P. Kanaly, W. Seamans, F. Barnes, J. Nuthent, R. Kumb, M. C. Loi, Fred. K. Geiger, Serg't W. Chrisraden.

Missing—Lieut G A Sherman, Private Jno Cochran.

**FROM THE 126th REGIMENT.**

The Geneva Gazette of last week publishes the following letter written by Dr. Hoyt to Judge Folger, from the field 12 miles from Richmond, under date of June 1, 1864:

HON. CHAS. J. FOLGER,

*My Dear Sir:—*We left the North Anna River on Friday morning last, crossed the Pamunkey River near Hanover Town on Saturday noon, advanced about four miles from the river Sunday afternoon, found the enemy, and have been fighting here ever since. They fight like devils, but cannot stand the wild, desperate charges of our boys.

To-day completes the 29th of the campaign. It has been a desperate one, and thus far successful. Grant strikes his hard blows first in front, and before Lee is aware, shows himself on the enemy's flank. In this way we have pushed him almost to the wall, and a few days must end the conflict. There is to be no failure. All are confident of success, and every man works with a right good will.

The fighting here has been desperate, and the enemy are reported falling back; all is quiet to-day. The battle takes the name of Polopotomy. Below I hand you a list of casualties in the 126th, since I wrote you last:

**KILLED.**

Charles Wheeler, Co. E.

**WOUNDED:**

Geo. Tyler, Co. B, shoulder; Gilbert Smith, Co. C, bowels; Chas. Finger, Co. G, hand; P. Bulger, Co. G, foot; A. J. Cady, Co. K, arm.

Smith is severely wounded, and his recovery quite doubtful. The other cases are severe, yet all will probably recover.

Young Wheeler is the son of Capt. Wheeler of your place. He was a brave little fellow, and met death with his face to the enemy; he had been in all the fights, and borne himself like the true soldier. A grateful country will