

provided with a metallic coffin, and everything to prevent difficulty, it might be that special leave could be procured in some cases, but I cannot vouch for even this. Some officers have been embalmed and sent home immediately after their decease, though not from this Department (Gen. Butler's) that I am aware. Every assistance in our power will be cheerfully given. I state the facts thus plainly, to apprise the friends of our dead of the existing state of orders on the subject.

We are having a little rest just now, and the health of the regiment is much improved. Major Brower is pretty well, and Capt. Clapp has returned much better. Most of the officers are in good health, and I am nearly as well as ever.

Truly yours, A. W. DWIGHT, Lieut. Col. Commanding.

**The 123d Regiment - The Raid on the Petersburg and Weldon R. R. - How the Fourth was Observed.**

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal. CAMP OF THE 123d REGIMENT, N. Y. V., FOUR MILES SOUTH OF PETERSBURG, Va., July 5, 1864.

We are encamped as when and where I last wrote, and nothing has disturbed the harmony of the scene or the state of affairs. While the enemy is about three miles in our immediate front, and our pickets more than half way, and close to his, on our right our lines and those of the enemy are in close contiguity, as we were at Cold Harbor. Here a shot is now and then exchanged—there it is a continual pop—pop—pop—zip—zip—zip—whiz—bang; and every now and then the deep-mouthed roar of a gun puts in a most thoroughly bass diapason to the concert.

The musketry is distinctly audible here, and the guns still more so; and when along with the three-inch Parrotts, the 32's and siege guns put in their occasional roar, we are fully satisfied that "our flag is still there"—and the rebels, too.

Since our raid at Ream's Station, on the 2d, we have not had any matter of startling importance just here. We came near having a hot time of it there, for the rebels started eighteen regiments of infantry down parallel with us to whip us off the route. Whether they could have handled the old Sixth or not, could have been told by trying us on. We have whipped more than that, and perhaps could again; but as soon as they started our Eighteenth Corps got up and charged the place they had just weakened, and took the line of pits—drove the Johnnies half a mile, when the valiant eighteen came back on a double-quick to the rescue and to the demolition of the Eighteenth Corps, which they did not accomplish, for they couldn't drive them a foot, and the Eighteenth Corps hold their position now, while we went on and tore up their railroads without molestation.

The Fourth was celebrated yesterday in very quiet style. Mysterious rumors were afloat that a mine was run under the main rebel battery, and that at sunrise the redan was to go up, as an offering to the American Eagle; that Grant was going to open at sunrise with ever so many guns on Petersburg, &c., &c.; but the morning came, and save the pop—pop—of the skirmishers, and the occasional bang! of a gun, all was quiet; in fact every thing was as usual. The sun was warm—ice was scarce, and the procession did not pass this way, so we kept as still as we could. A few of the men put in motion the unknown and incomprehensible machinery they have for getting hold of a few canteens of whiskey of the "bust-head" variety, and got somewhat celebratory, and some of the staff officers got out their white gloves, perfumery and narrow neck-ties, and such other nice things as had withstood "the wreck of

matter and the crash of worlds" in this campaign, and the wreck of champaign and the crash of gingerbread in Sandusky, and went visiting. But one department of the army was in full blast and heavy movement,—the army bands. From every quarter they began early, and for want of other excitement, kept up pretty much all day, and well into the night.

"Hear me, Norma," came softly swelling up from some shady grove to meet with "Go to the Devil and Shake Yourself," from another.—"Come where My Love lies Dreaming" was informed that "My Johnny was a Shoemaker."—"Hallelujah Chorus" marched side by side with "Away down South in Dixie." "Bully Boy with a Glass Eye," waltzed through the front with "Hail Columbia." An inquiry after the prosperity of the "Star Spangled Banner" was assured that "No Irish need apply," and "Old Hundred," with its majestic peal, ushered in "Linkum's Gunboats" or the "Day of Jubilo." "Flow gently sweet Afton," was responded to by "Where did you come from, Knock a nigger down," and "Yankee Doodle" rode without saddle or bridle on the "Carnival of Venice." "Gen. Grant's Grand March" was pronounced "Bully for you," and "Do they think of me at home," was responded to by an admonition to "Get out of the Wilderness." The "Prison Song" rolled out plaintive and sweet, and "Home, sweet home" illustrated the locality. "Softly they slumber," told of some one's heart ache, and the "Devil's Dream" kept it company. As the gleams of night fell around us and "Sleep on thy pillow, happy and light," rose, we were also advised to "Stop dat knockin'." "When the swallows homeward flying" fled in dismay before "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," was chorussed "In a Hog's eye," and "Auld Lang Syne" ran into a grand snarl among an imitation of the sounds of a Scotch bagpipe.

Night fell, and the "shank of the evening" came, and as the bands died away the chorus of the "bust-head" demonstrations rolled out amid the most vociferous cheers for McClellan, but not even "bust-head" could get up a cheer on the "Fourth" for John C. Fremont, and when the valiant few, who had got rid of their money at an awful figure, and their superfluous patriotism by getting drunk with the mercury at 110 deg. were dragged off and laid down to gentle slumbers and a woful headache for this morning, quiet dwelt without, and as Artemus Ward says, "nary zeffer disturbed the cam silens of the seen."

Our status is not changed. The Lieutenant Colonel is on a General Court Martial, of which he is President, and Major Brower is in command, and right well he does it.

We to-day got a large lot of anti-scorbutics and little traps from the Sanitary Commission, which are most acceptable. Our mails come regularly. Let all our friends write often to all the boys in the regiment. A letter is the shortest link between here and home.

Truly yours, D.

**The 123d Regiment Transferred to Col. Bidwell's Brigade—The Old Brigade Scattered.**  
HEADQUARTERS 123d N. Y. V., July 7th, 1864.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal. We have not been engaged or suffered any casualties since my last. I got a military dispensation has fallen upon us that has been met with much regret. Our Old Brigade, (the oldest in the Army of the Potomac,) has been broken up, by an order breaking up all the fourth brigades, and our old associations are gone to the winds. The 65th

N. Y. have gone to the 2d Brigade of Gen. Upton, (2d Brigade, 1st Division;) while the 122d have gone to the 3d Brigade, 2d Division, Col. Bidwell. We reported this morning, and are among strangers. You can hardly understand our position. It is much like getting dismissed by an old sweetheart, and having the whole thing to go through with a new one. But the service would demand some such thing before long, for all the regiments in our old Brigade go out of the service in the course of two months, except ours. The expiration of the term of service of so many of the old regiments, will render necessary a general consolidation of fragments, and a reorganization.

Yours truly,

D.

Letter from the 122d Regiment.

CAMP 122d REGT. N. Y. V. }  
JULY 8th, 1864.

DEAR STANDARD:—We have been making some changes since I wrote you last, and the old 4th Brigade of the 1st Division has been broken up. The 122d regiment is assigned to the 3d Brigade of the 2d Division; so you see we still belong to the glorious old 6th Corps.

We shall have a very pleasant camp when we get fixed up a little more, if we stay here long enough. But above all we have plenty of water here in our camp, and that the very best, which is a perfect God-send to both officers and men.

The general health of the regiment was never better. It is remarkable how well the men stand the almost constant duty through this terrible hot weather. I have nothing more of interest to write this time.

It will be well for those who have friends in the 122d, to direct their letters for the future to "122d Regt. N. Y. V. 3d Brigade, 2d Division, 6th Corps."

Yours, &c.

A. B. P.

The 122d Regiment—Change of Brigade—Incidents in Camp.\*

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal.

CAMP 122d REGIMENT N. Y. V. }  
July 9, 1864.

We have been *dissolated*—not become dissolute, and a late edict of George the Meade has filled us with disgust in a quiet way, though we of course cheerfully acquiesce.

It has been deemed proper to break up all the fourth brigades in the various divisions, and hence our 4th Brigade, 1st Division, has gone asunder. The 65th and remnants of the 67th have gone to the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, the 82d and 23d Pa. have gone to the 3d Brigade, 1st Division, and the 122d has gone to the 3d Brigade, 2d Division, so that we now wear the white cross of the 2d Division, having in succession worn the blue and red. We do not like the change much, it breaks up all our old associations, and we must form them anew, as far as it may be done.

Our commander now is Col. Bidwell, of the 49th N. Y. V., which was raised in Buffalo. He has been in command of the brigade by seniority for some time, and is a fine general officer.

Capt. Smith and Lester still remain on the staff: the first as commissary of musters of the 3d Division, and the second as ordnance officer of the 1st Division, but the change gives us a few of our detailed men back to the regiment.

There is very little change here. The weather is quite warm, painfully so; and yet not so insupportable as in the very first of the month. The drought still hangs on, and the bosom of the sa-

cred soil, anywhere out of the woods, is a sea of powder, which by the slightest agitation is converted into a cloud of dust. If a man rides at full gallop, when no air is stirring, you can generally see him ahead of the dust he kicks up. If he goes slowly, you can discern something moving in the inside of a tremendous smudge. If he rides towards the wind, very well, provided nobody is within half a mile to leeward; but if he rides with the wind, you see a huge column of dust going somewhere, that seems to mizzle about as if animated.

We are in the woods, and it is more pleasant, except that the utmost care must be taken that fire does not spread and get going; for it runs through these pine woods and over the parched ground like a whirlwind.

The health of the regiment is very good. The anti-scorbutics so freely given by the Sanitary and Christian Commissions and sent out by the Commissary Department, have helped the army wonderfully, and but little of the prevailing camp difficulty now exists.

Yours truly,

D.

\*This letter was held at Washington several days, while communication with the North was interrupted, which accounts for its late publication.

The 122d Regiment Transferred from Before Petersburg to Maryland.

HEADQUARTERS 122d N. Y. V. }  
ON BOARD TRANSPORT "GUIDE," POTOMAC RIVER. }  
Fifty Miles South of Washington, July 11.

To the Editor of the Syracuse Journal:

The Sixth Corps are en route for Washington, and thence most likely to Harper's Ferry. What for? I don't know, but perhaps you do, by the rattling among the dry bones we have heard from the Potomac border. Regiment all on board, and well and comfortable, except one man, tied up for stealing.

We left City Point yesterday morning, and shall probably go to Washington in about four hours, or two o'clock P. M.

I see you had me killed in the Syracuse papers. Much obliged, or rather I should be if the usual discovery had been made that I was a "taurine youth with a vitreous optic." But as the boy reported Webster's last words, "I ain't dead yet," and I hope not to be till "this cruel war is over," the rebellion smashed, and the Copperheads looking for the hole the tories of the revolution crawled into and pulled in after them.

Yours truly,

D.

The Battle Near Washington—Casualties in the 122d Regiment.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal.

CAMP OF 122d N. Y. V., WASHINGTON, D. C. }  
July 13th, 1864.

In an engagement with the enemy yesterday, our regiment lost in killed and wounded as follows:

KILLED.

David Hogeboom, Co. E, John Kennedy, Co. C, Henry P. B. Chandler, Co. C.

WOUNDED.

Capt. Davis Cossitt, Co. D, in side of foot, not serious.

Sergt. James Goodfellow, Co. C, flesh wound, right thigh, severe.

Sergt. Ruel P. Buzzel, Co. C, ball went in at the lower jaw, and came out near shoulder, jaw fractured, very severe if not dangerous.

James Davidson, Co. K, right shoulder, not severe.

Sergt. L. Adkins, Co. B, severe, in left side, but not dangerous.

Sergt. M. C. Smith, Co. K, in nose, severe but not dangerous.

Caius Weaver, Co. B, right arm fractured and amputated.

Peter Stebbins, Co. H, right hand, rather severe.

Thomas H. Scott, Co. B, slight contusion of right elbow.

John Laupenthal, Co. C., contusion of shoul-

der, slight.

John Preston, Co. I, in right hip, very severe.  
Miles J. McGough, Co. G, left shoulder, slight.  
Alonzo Traydenburg, Co. A, left ankle, slight.  
Wm. Thompson, Co. K., flesh wound in right thigh.

Sergt. T. G. Dallman, Co. I, in left shoulder, severe.

Sergt. Wm. Swartz, Co. I, in left shoulder, not severe.

Charles Snediker, Co. F, in leg, severe.  
Geo. H. Richardson, Co. C, through neck and right shoulder, very severe.

Thomas Thornton, Co. D, contusion of right wrist, slight.

Alanson Mosier, Co. C.

Charles Landphier, Co. G, contusion in abdomen, slight.

#### MISSING.

Albert Dickey, Co. A; Edward Mehan.

The regiment and brigade did splendidly. I have no time to write details.

Yours truly, L. M. NICKERSON, Chaplain.

#### Letter from the 122d Regiment.

CAMP NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C., }  
July 12th, 1864. }

DEAR STANDARD:—We left the breastworks of Petersburg the night of the 9th, marched to City Point, took steamer the morning of the 10th, and arrived in Washington at two o'clock yesterday—disembarked and marched direct for the enemy, about four miles distant, near Forts Massachusetts and Stephens, where the fight was going on. The First Brigade of the 2d Division (that is our Division) were out in the skirmishing line when we arrived. Our Brigade, the 3d, camped in the rear of the 1st Brigade, where we lay now, at half-past six.

We may be engaged before noon, as there is every indication of a big fight to-day.—There is very brisk picket firing now while I am writing.

The Forts are throwing shell at the rebs at short intervals.

We have sufficient force here now to whip the Johnnys, and we shall do it, too.

I saw Sydney Ketchum last night—he was out to our camp. He looks well, and just as natural as ever.

The health of our regiment is good. The boys are in the best of spirits, and ready for the fight. The Rebs will get enough of it this time, I think.

Capt. Dwight was here last night to see us; also, Col. Titus. We had a light shower of rain yesterday, but it was very hot after it.—The four miles march out here was the hardest we have had—it was so hot.

Yours, for subjugation, A. R. P.

#### The Attack on Washington—The Defence—Part Taken by the 122d.

CAMP 122D N. Y. V., POOLESVILLE, MD., }  
July 15th, 1864. }

To the Editor of the Syracuse Journal:

I wrote you a short note on board the steam transport Guide. We arrived in Washington at 2 P. M. of the 11th, and marched immediately through the city, on Seventh street, and out on the Seventh street road. At Fort Stevens, at least four miles from Pennsylvania avenue, we found the front, and troops of citizens in greater or less degrees of "demoralization," were getting to the rear as rapidly as possible. The rebels were said to be "just out thar," and the skirmish line within five hundred yards of Fort Stevens, the zip! of rebel bullets into, and over the Fort, and the wounded going back, showed that they were in-

deed "thar."

Washington was beleaguered by Early's Corps, within rifled cannon shot of the Capital, and the whole town was in a huge sweat. Had there been any mode of egress a grand hegira would probably have taken place, but the rumors flew thick and fast that the rebels were between Washington and Baltimore, and had been between Baltimore and Philadelphia.

The elongated visages of the Union people shortened up some, and many of them grinned very heartily, and suggested the propriety of "takin' somethin'," as the Sixth swept through, with their bands playing, and the old tattered, riddled flags thrown out to the breeze, while the physiognomies of the rebs underwent a corresponding change from grinatorial to scowlatorial. Union women smiled their sweetest smiles, offered us water, and said, "we are glad to see you." Seccesh women scowled through their curtained windows like very disappointed people. Well, we reached the front and laid down. The next day our brigade was sent up to advance the skirmish line and feel the enemy.

We formed about 6 P. M., and after a few shots to clear the rebels from some houses, charged their line. The fight was sharp and severe, but the enemy were driven about a third of a mile, and the crest they had held was gained. They brought a brigade down and made a furious and determined charge on our lines, but could not move it an inch, and were repulsed with heavy loss. Some firing was kept up for two hours, when it died away, except an occasional shot.—Our loss was somewhat severe—five men killed, one officer and nineteen men wounded. The Chaplain has sent you a complete list.

The regiment deployed forward on the centre as skirmishers, and held a very important point. At one time they got out of ammunition, and had to wait a few minutes for it to come up, but they held their place in the line with fixed bayonets, and when the ammunition came, very soon sent the enemy back, as they had begun to be a little too familiar. Our Lieutenant-Colonel was in command of the entire picket line of our Corps' front at the time, and Maj. Brower fought the regiment, and splendidly he did it.

During the fight the President, Mrs. Lincoln, and a number of other notables, were looking on from Fort Stevens, and report saith that Abraham remarked, when our brigade sent them firing, "Bully for the Third Brigade." We are expecting very soon to each receive a commission as "Gigadler Brindle," and to be transferred to the "Mackarel Brigade" of Orpheus C. Kerr.

At daylight of the 13th it was evident that the enemy were gone. Their dead lay thickly in their position of the night before, and many of their wounded had been left. Our cavalry went out, and all day squads of prisoners kept coming in, while of course Washington took a long breath, came out in all variety of vehicles and anxiously enquired if it was perfectly safe to go out on the road.

We moved at 3 P. M. of the 13th through Tenallytown to Orfutt's Cross Roads—the place where we were brigaded when we first entered the service, and encamped on precisely the same spot.

Yesterday, at 4:30 A. M., we were under weigh, and we reached this place about 5 P. M., after a hard march.

Our regiment and the 61st Pennsylvania volunteers were sent, under command of our senior officer, on a reconnoissance towards the river to co-operate with some cavalry and artillery; and we got up to their rear and shelled them, but

they ran like white-needs and got across the river, and we got back at 11 o'clock last night very tired, and bunked gladly on the ground.

The invasion seems to be over, but no one can tell positively. That Washington could have been taken by them had they assaulted it on the morning of the 11th, is the opinion of very many, but they let slip the golden opportunity, and at night it was too late. Their prisoners say they did not intend to attack it, but this may be believed by those who like.

Their other purposes were to raise the siege of Richmond and to steal horses. In the first they have failed; in the second they have been eminently successful, for they drove them off by thousands.

Truly yours, D.

#### The 122d Regiment in the Fight at Fort Stevens.

The following is a copy of a private letter from a member of Co. E, 122d regiment, giving an account of the defence of Washington against the late rebel attack, written under date of the 13th inst.:

Saturday afternoon we were ordered out with the rest of the brigade, as we supposed, to relieve the first brigade, that were on picket, but we had a different work to do. We advanced along the 7th avenue road, and massed the brigade on the right of the road, just behind the picket-line.—The Seventh Maine was ordered to charge up the hill, and take some houses that were occupied by the rebs. They piled their knapsacks, and started in splendid order. As soon as they came in sight of the rebel skirmishers, the latter "skedaddled" as fast as they could, leaving everything in the pits. We were ordered up immediately after, on the double quick, and deployed as skirmishers.—As we advanced our Company (E) was the first company on the right of the road, (their place always being on the right,) and the rest of the regiment deployed on the left. When we got up on the hill we found the Seventh had taken the houses, and we were advanced further than any other part of the line. The firing now became very heavy and the rest of the regiment moved to the left and got separated from us.—They halted before they got to the houses, but we kept on, not knowing that they had stopped, passed the houses, and over an open field, to a wood, twenty rods from the houses.—There we got shelter behind the fence and stumps, halted and looked around to see the condition of things, and it was there we found we were far in advance of the rest of the line, but the rebs did not seem to be in much force in front of us. We remained there some time, until we feared they had a cross-fire on both flanks, then the First Sergeant ordered us to fall back to the house, (we have no commissioned officers.) We

and we found they had a cross-fire on us did go, laid low and held our ground until still, but we were relieved. We had one man shot.

The rest of the regiment had more lively times. When they got to the top of the hill, they found the enemy in heavy force, so they could not advance as far as we did, but got behind a fence and opened on the enemy a destructive fire. In a short time the rebs moved to the left to try to flank us, but we moved after them. Other regiments coming up, prolonged the line. In a short time the rebs formed in two lines of battle, and charged us, but it was "no go;" such destructive volleys were poured into them, they could not stand it. They broke and ran, but rallied again and came up as before. Our regiment (122d) got out of ammunition, but held their ground for twenty

minutes. We then fell back, rallied again, charged them without ammunition and drove them back again. We were then supplied, and we gave them all they wanted. The fire was kept up until nine o'clock, when the rebs fell back, and this morning were not to be found, but the field is strewn with dead and wounded.—We had no light artillery with us, only the heavy guns in the fort, and they were miserably worked. The President was in one of the forts, watching the progress of the battle, and every hill-top that could be reached by the citizens was crowded. I suppose they think it was a splendid sight, but we poor fellows could not see much fun in it.—The regiment lost four killed, one captain and two privates wounded—twenty-five in all.

Yours, G.

#### Promotions in the 123d Regiment.

BALDWINSVILLE, Aug. 13, 1864.

To the Editor of the Syracuse Journal:  
Will you allow me to call your attention to a mistake that occurred in your issue of last evening? In referring to the recent promotions which have taken place in the 122d regiment, you state that C. B. Clark and John Sims received commissions as Second Lieutenants. I presume your information was derived from the *Daily Standard* of Friday morning, in which was the following paragraph:

Robert Moses, our Sergeant-Major, received his commission last night as 1st Lieutenant; also, 2d Lieuts. C. B. Clark and John Sims.

As Mr. Clark has held a Second Lieutenant's commission nearly a year, I think the design of the above paragraph was to state that he had received in connection with Mr. Moses and Mr. Sims a First Lieutenant's commission—at least, such seems to be the natural inference from the language.

Yours &c., J. M. CLARK.

#### LETTERS FROM ONONDAGA SOLDIERS.

##### The 123d in Shenandoah Valley—Under Artillery Fire—Two Men Wounded—Promotions.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal.  
CAMP 123D N. Y. V., NEAR BOLIVAR HEIGHTS, Md., August 23, 1864.

We have been up the Valley of the Shenandoah as far as Strasburg and have returned to this point. The regiment has not been engaged in a musketry fight, though it was under a heavy artillery fire near Charlestown for several hours. Two of our boys among the sharpshooters were wounded.

Cornelius Mahair, "G" Co., severely in the abdomen. Charles Hickox, "E" Co., slightly, in the head.

They are two of our bravest and best men. Hickox was severely wounded at Gettysburg. I hear Mahair will not recover.

The general health of the regiment is good, and it is in fine condition when the labors of the summer are considered.

I see that you have misunderstood the late promotions among us. Second Lieutenants Clark, Sims and Shirley were promoted to First Lieutenants. Sergeant-Major R. H. Moses was promoted to First Lieutenant for "gallant and meritorious conduct and distinguished bravery on the battle-fields of the wilderness."

These promotions, like all others here, were *regimental*; that is the senior officer of one grade has the first vacancy in the next higher grade. The only exception was that of Sergeant Major Moses, who was promoted over one Second Lieutenant, whose record requires clearing up be-

fore he can be conscientiously recommended for advancement, and who will be promptly advanced when it is so cleared up.

Lieut. Shirley joined us last night and was duly mustered in to-day. He is looking finely.

You may want some guesses as to our future, but the only man whose guesses are worth anything *won't tell*. Meantime the 122sters will try to do their duty. The papers come regularly and are next to "Love's young dream," the sweetest thing in army life.

Yours, D.

### The 122d in the Shenandoah Valley-- The Sixth Corps Confronts the Stone- Wall Brigade.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal.

CAMP OF 122D N. Y. V.,  
NEAR CHARLESTOWN, VA., Aug. 31, 1864.

We broke camp at Halltown on the morning of the 28th, and followed up the rebels, who were reported falling back, proceeding to our old position here, that we occupied before we withdrew. Yesterday about noon the cavalry in our front began to fall back before a heavy line of rebels, afterwards learned to be Rhodes's and Gordon's divisions, and some light guns. The seven-shooters of our dismounted cavalry made many of them bite the dust, but a line of bayonets drives any cavalry, and they retired, losing somewhat heavily, as they fought obstinately. As they crossed our picket lines, our guns opened on the John Henrys, and the fighting Sixth moved out to give them a fight, if they were after one. But they were not; they left on the elongated double-quick when they found our main lines were moving for them, and the cavalry, sent right out, only saw glimpses of horizontal grey coat-tails. They were sound in this, for we very much outnumbered them, and they could not expect to win the fight, if they made one.

We have the old Corps of Stonewall Jackson before us, the same that we fought at Salem Heights, Gettysburg and the Wilderness, and there is no discount on their fighting qualities or courage, but they fight carefully up here, for the men lost cannot be replaced.

We have got into our third year of service. The boys feel joyous over it and so would any one who has done as much as they have. The health of our men is splendid and pluck ditto.

Yours truly, D.

### The 122d Regiment--Letter from Lieut. Col. Dwight.

HEADQUARTERS 122D N. Y. VOL.,  
NEAR BERRYVILLE, VA., Sept. 8, 1864.

To the Editor of the Syracuse Journal:

We are still in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and have not been engaged since my last. Our wounded of the Wilderness and the campaign following, begin to return, so that our numbers are a little on the increase. The regiment is in good health and spirits. We have lost Adjutant Tracy. He has been detailed as Division Inspector of the Third Division. He has richly won all the advancement that can come to him.

I am often applied to for certificates of death or disability in an official form, by friends of the regiment or person. General orders from the War Department peremptorily forbid any officer to give any certificate or other paper, upon which a claim can be founded. Any information or aid that can be given consistently with existing orders, will be gladly and cheerfully forwarded. Of course it is well known that the accounts of every man deceased or discharged are made up at the War Department, and that his legal representatives will have no trouble in obtaining whatever may be due.

The newspapers come along with regular irregu-

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larity, that is, we get them all, but in lots now and then, as our mail is as uncertain, as constant, changing and one Moseby can make it. We are glad enough to get them at any time.

Very truly yours, A. W. DWIGHT,  
Lieut.-Col. Com. 122d N. Y. V.

### Letter from the 122d Regiment.

CAMP NEAR BERRYVILLE, VA.,  
Sept. 14th, 1864.

DEAR STANDARD:--The Second Division of the Sixth Corps made a reconnoissance yesterday, out as far as the Opequan, in order to see if there was any considerable force of the enemy here yet. We found them at the Opequan in strong force; we had a right smart, lively time for an hour or so.

Capt. Cowen, of Cowen's Battery, was wounded through the right thigh by a Minie ball, while sighting one of his pieces.

Two men of the 122d were wounded. Albert Monroe, Company C, left arm off by shell; Charles Dean, Company I, contusion of right thigh, by shell, slight. A. B. P.

### LETTERS FROM ONONDAGA SOLDIERS.

#### The Late Affair on the Opequan--The 122d Engaged--Capture of a Whole South Carolina Regiment--How it was Done--Mosby's Movements.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal.

CAMP 122D REGIMENT, N. Y. V., NEAR  
BERRYVILLE, VA., Sept. 19, 1864.

We are encamped where we have been for some two days, but our experience has been increased by a brush with the enemy. On the 13th inst. we moved at 6 o'clock A. M., leaving the drum corps and unarmed men, with those good men who had worn the bottoms out of their shoes, and hence were not considered fit for the roads hereabouts, as camp-guard, and our Division (the 2d) struck across the country on a "reconnoissance in force."

We moved about four miles and went into line about three quarters of a mile from the Opequan Creek, the rebel skirmishers having shown themselves. They soon fell back across the creek, and our skirmish line pushed them back close to their main line. The Division massed in a piece of woods out of sight of the enemy, and a brigade of cavalry was sent on our left flank, when Cowan's Battery, (1st N. Y. Independent,) took position and opened. For some time no reply was elicited, and some curiosity was entertained as to the whereabouts of the John Henrys. But about 2 P. M. our fire got so annoying that the enemy put twelve guns rapidly into position and opened upon us with shell and spherical case. Their shots went over our guns, but we happened to be in range, and it was a pretty warm section of the country for a few minutes. They soon got the range of our battery, and it limbered up and went to the left on a gallop, the enemy training their guns on it, but giving us the benefit of their fire, as the range became high the instant it was changed. In this way their fire swept from the right to the left of our whole division, cutting great antics, and raining fragments of shell, case, splinters and limbs among us. The losses were, however, very slight, when the severity of the fire is considered. In our regiment they were as follows:

Albert C. Monroe, "C" Co., right arm shattered by a fragment of shell, and amputated above the elbow--doing well.

Charles Drew, "F" Co., bruised on the hip by a splinter thrown from a tree in which a shell burst--not dangerous, and doing well.

Meantime our sharpshooters had been thrown

across the creek, and had deployed and were troubling the enemy severely. A detachment of grey-backs was sent on their flank, and they charged our fellows, causing a very rapid rally of our chaps on our side of the stream. This was effected without loss, and the rattle of the skirmishers was kept steadily going. Soon after the Orderly Sergeant of the sharpshooters was struck through the breast and instantly killed. He was from the 98th Pennsylvania.

The enemy now conceived the brilliant idea of sending a regiment out on the flank of our skirmish line and charging it, and as we formed the arc of a circle, this move would bring the charging party back nearer to their own side, but they went, and the commander of our cavalry on the flank, seeing the move, let them go on, keeping his command massed and hidden in some woods. Just before they got all ready, he quietly swept around them in column, and dashed up, coolly ordering their commander to "Surrender if you please." The rebel Colonel started and looked for a place to make a dash, but he only saw a double line of seven-shooters ready to open all around him, and he did what any sensible man would do under the circumstances, he handed over his sword and command. They proved to be the 8th South Carolina regiment, and were taken entire, colors, field-staff and all. The regiment was an old one and only numbered 250 men—about the size of ours, you will see. Our cavalry on the right also took some prisoners. I do not know how many. At dark we withdrew, having fully accomplished all we were sent out for. The rebels followed our skirmishers as soon as they left, but if the Johnnies are not governed by Scripture in their treatment of prisoners, they imitate Peter in one respect—they follow afar off—when they chase the fighting Sixth; they did not come within range nor fire a shot, and we had no trouble with them, but reached camp about nine P. M. Our loss in the Division was one man killed, two officers and six men wounded, and the battery had one officer wounded—Captain Cowan, a sharp-shooter hitting him through the point of the hip at a distance of about three-fourths of a mile, but inflicting only a flesh wound, not at all dangerous. The rebel Colonel of the regiment taken said he was sorry to be taken, "But," said he, "I'll tell you, gentlemen, this Southern Confederacy is about played out. We have got our last man into the field, and there seems to be no end of yours."

Matters are much the same in the Valley. The guerrillas hang around, and the gallant Chevalier Bayard of Southern Maidens, Mosby, continues to dash out upon sutlers, when he can find them unguarded or broken down, and he generally takes them without the loss of a man. Now and then an ambulance or two, full of sick men, is taken by him without loss, and he has been known to surround a load of hats and boots, and a nigger driving the team, and storm the position with all the bravery and recklessness of a Knight-errant of the olden time, storming the enchanted castle in which dwelt the imprisoned form of his "ladye-fayre." But with such vulgar things as infantry escorts and squadrons of Union cavalry the chevalier disdains to meddle. His retainers, too, are the "honest farmers" of this and other vicinities, who come to you with such dolorous complaints, and want a "ge-ue-ard," (I can't spell *guard* as they pronounce it, but that is a little like it) the moment your lines are established, produce their certified oath of allegiance; and swear they are Union men; and who produce an old shot-gun, or a carbine the moment you leave, and stand ready to rob trains

and murder stragglers at the nod of their high-toned leader.

The north part of Loudon county, and parts of this Valley, have been exempted from the rebel conscription, because the men are "Mosby's men," and the results are that a party cannot be sent a mile away for forage without an escort, unless with danger of capture by the very men who claim your protection and swear allegiance. Still this has no bad effect—we simply look out for them, and take proper precautions against them. The government is certainly long-suffering and slow to anger in their cases, but then a sweeping course would involve women (who are just as bad rebels,) and little children who are innocent, in much suffering and misery; so that the merciful way is the true way.

The recent political news, taken with the military and naval successes at the South, is very gratifying and encouraging. To any man of reflection it must be evident that the only way to end the war, suppress the rebellion, and restore the country to a peace which will amount to anything but a renewal of the war with tenfold vigor and bitterness, is to continue the present administration and *suppress the rebels*.

The rebel prisoners say that Early is going to invade Pennsylvania before our election "at all hazards." Perhaps he will, but if he does, few will go back than come over, or I am mistaken.

We are much cheered by the signs of the time and the readiness with which the late call for troops has been filled. The rebels can hardly believe or understand that we are not going to have a draft at all at the North, upon which they have counted for a row and a general demonstration on the part of their allies there.

Fill up the ranks and put the rebellion where Winslow put the Alabama.

Yours truly, D.

FROM THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND.

### The Battle Near Winchester--An All Day's Fight and a Glorious Victory--Casualties in the 122d--Condition of Wounded.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal.

WINCHESTER, Sept. 20, 1864.

We have been again engaged. Yesterday morning we attacked the enemy in their position, and after a hard fight, lasting all day, he was defeated at all points and driven in the greatest confusion from the field. We took all his wounded, six guns, and several thousand prisoners. About 4,000 prisoners are here, and I hear we have taken several thousand others, but do not know.

The enemy fled in the utmost confusion, throwing away everything in very many cases. Our army is in hot pursuit, and is near Strasburg, as I hear, with no enemy in front. The regiment behaved in the most magnificent manner, and lost very heavily. I write from the hospital and cannot give a correct list, as the regiment is up the Valley with the Corps, and our Surgeon and Chaplain are with it. I append the list of casualties so far as I know:

#### KILLED.

First Lieut. John V. Simms.  
George Loop, A. Co.  
John Geisel, B. Co.  
Charles L. Hiltz, C. Co.  
Morris Harrington, H. Co.  
William Hazel, I. Co.  
Corporal — Ostrander, K. Co.

#### WOUNDED.

First Lieut. Charles B. Clark, severe flesh wound in thigh—not dangerous.  
Captain M. L. Marks, scalp wound—not dangerous.  
First Lieut. Dudley G. Shirley, left arm fractured—not dangerous.

Lieut.-Col. A. W. Dwight, severe contusion of right thigh—not dangerous.

Sergeant Nathan Buck, flesh wound in thigh—not dangerous.

Corporal George Fisher, bullet through the nose—not dangerous.

Christ Henry, left arm fractured—not dangerous.

Daniel W. Smith, thigh—slight.

Charles Lathrop, arm, not bad.

Benjamin Sanders, breast, probably mortal.

Sergeant David A. Munro, right leg, in calf, flesh wound, not dangerous.

Sergeant Webster Vosseller, in thigh, very severe.

Sergeant Isaac B. Merriam, arm fractured, not dangerous.

Benjamin F. Bingham, arm, not dangerous.

Leander Nelson, arm, slight.

Thomas Edds, shoulder, not dangerous.

Stephen Rogers, slight.

Corporal Philip Drake, head, not dangerous.

Corporal Christie A. Youngs, leg, slight.

Corporal Asa Rich, leg, severe.

Miles McGraw, shoulder, not dangerous.

Chas. H. Sidman, leg, not dangerous.

Norman Fox, not dangerous.

John Twinam, shoulder, severe.

Edward Mehan, hand, slight.

Albert S. Smith, leg, slight.

Menzies Stebbins, slight.

Albert Thompson, bruised on breast, not severe.

I remember no others, but think there are some wounded. Will send a complete list at the first possible moment.

We fought the enemy's whole force—and they had a fine position—on the centre, and oft we had to charge more than half a mile across an open field, in the face of a heavy line of troops in the edge of the woods beyond, and about thirty guns playing on us from earthworks in the rear. We forced their centre and the cavalry charged at the same time on both their flanks, our infantry and artillery at the same time pressing forward. They fought stubbornly, but about five P. M. our whole army charged and scattered them like a whirlwind.

We lost Gen. Russell, killed, and Gen. Upton, wounded—not dangerous. Gen. McIntosh was also killed.

The rebel Gen. Rhodes was killed, and Gens. Gordon and Ransom were both wounded.

Gen. Sheridan fought the army splendidly, going in with the line on the charge. In spite of their advantage in our front, their losses were three or four to our one, and their loss was very heavy throughout.

The total loss of our army must be between 3,000 and 4,000, I think; but, though it is severe, we have gained a decisive victory and struck a vital blow into the internal rebellion, on the right road to peace.

Our wounded are being cared for, as far and as well as possible.

Lieut.-Col. Dwight and Capt. Marks hope to be on duty again in a few days; the other officers and most of the men wounded will go North very soon.

I need not say that we are jubilant over the result, while sad for those who have fallen. Gen. Early said, a few days ago, (so his men say,) that he wanted to fight the Sixth Corps in an open field. He has had his wish, and the "fighting Sixth" has sustained its old reputation. But all did well.

Yours truly,  
D. W. Dwight

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Leander Nelson, arm, slight.

Thomas Edds, shoulder, not dangerous.

Stephen Rogers, slight.

Corporal Philip Drake, head, not dangerous.

Corporal Christie A. Youngs, leg, slight.

Corporal Asa Rich, leg, severe.

Miles McGraw, shoulder, not dangerous.

Chas. H. Sidman, leg, not dangerous.

Norman Fox, not dangerous.

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Yours truly, D.

#### **The Death of Lieut. Sims--Letter from Lieut.-Col. Dwight.**

The following is the letter of Lieut.-Col. Dwight, of the 122d regiment, to Jacob Sims, Esq., of Belleisle, informing him of the death of his son, Lieut. John V. Sims, of that regiment:—

U. S. GEN. HOSPITAL, WINCHESTER, VA.,  
Sept. 23d, 1864.

Jacob Sims, Esq., Belleisle, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—You have no doubt heard the sad news of the death of your son, Lieut. John V. Sims. He was instantly killed on the morning of the 19th inst., while most gallantly doing his duty and engaging the enemy. A minnie ball passed entirely through his head, from one side to the other. His effects have all been saved, and will be sent home whenever opportunity offers. I made an effort to send his body to Harper's Ferry and have it embalmed and sent home, but all conveyances were so occupied with transportation of the wounded that it was impossible. He was, however, buried and his grave marked in a spot where it can readily be found, when any who are prepared to take it, shall wish his disinterment.

Lieut. Sims was a most valuable officer, and his loss is severely felt in a military and personal view.

I know I cannot alleviate the severity of the calamity to you, but beg you to accept my deepest sympathies in your affliction, and believe me

Truly yours,  
A. W. DWIGHT,  
Lieut. Col. 122d N. Y. V.

#### **Letter From the 122d.**

Mr. P. L. Perine, of Baldwinsville, sends us the following extracts from a private letter received by him yesterday from Capt. Clapp. The vein in which it runs distinctly marks the feelings of our gallant soldiers when marching to victory. They rise in pride as the enemies of the Union flee. And well may the men of our own gallant 122d be proud of the part they have borne in this bloody conflict—their friends at home sympathize in their afflictions, and glory in their deeds of valor.

CAMP AT WOODSTOCK, Va. }  
Sept. 23, 1864. }

FRIEND PERINE:—We had a fight on the 19th at Winchester, and won a glorious victory. You have of course seen the particulars. Our regiment was engaged all day and did splendidly. We lost 43 including six killed, Lieut. Sims, was killed, Lieut's. Clark and Shirley, severely, and Capt. Marks and Lieut. Col. Dwight, slightly wounded. On the 20th, we went to Stras-

burg, on the 21st were on the skirmish line, and had six men wounded. Yesterday we attacked the rebels at Strasburg, and how we did rout them. I don't know how many prisoners we captured, or how many we killed or wounded. We got eighteen guns at least, and utterly demoralized all of Early's army. We followed them to this place, where we arrived at daylight and met no opposition; they abandoned and burnt part of their train along the road. We expect to move every moment. Prisoners are coming in all the time. I doubt whether Early has so much as one regiment organized and in good shape to fight. Prisoners do not think he will make a stand till he gets help from Richmond. The 122d has taken prominent and active part in each day's work, and it never did better. Yesterday our flag was the first on the rebel works at their strongest point. Our men took several guns. The whole thing is too glorious to be described. Uriah Turner and Lewis Banning, are both severely wounded.—Both distinguished themselves, Banning losing a leg by one of our shells. He was one of the first in the works, following the rebels so closely that our artillerists did not know that our men were there. I wish you could experience for a moment the feelings of our men, when five minutes after we gained the works, we looked down on the plain below and saw 10,000 or 15,000 routed rebels in utter confusion, running like sheep without the least order, guns and caissons overturning on the mountain side, entangling horses and riders. Down the hill we went and captured a large number of prisoners, but most of them were too fleet to be caught, as they had abandoned their arms and every thing that would impede their flight.

In haste, yours,

A. R. CLAPP.

#### **Letter from the 122d.**

CAMP AT CEDAR CREEK, Va., }  
Sept. 24, 1864. }

DEAR STANDARD: We have had another battle, in which the 122d participated. We moved out of camp near Burr Mills on the 19th, and went on the double-quick towards Winchester, until we crossed the Opequan, about two miles, where we found our cavalry. Passed by the enemy on the right. The 122d led the army. We arrived on the field about 6 o'clock, and immediately formed in line and engaged the enemy, under a severe shelling.

Lieut. John V. Sims was killed before we got in line, while gallantly leading his men up.

Lieut.-Col. Dwight was wounded early in the fight, and refused to leave the field until his wound became too painful to bear. He then went to the field hospital and had it dressed, and soon returned to his command, and remained with it until the final charge—about 4 o'clock in the afternoon—when he was unable to keep up with the regiment, and was compelled to go back to the hospital.

It was a hard fought battle, lasting from six o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening. The 122d suffered severely, but she sustained her reputation for bravery. General Bidwell, our brigade commander, complimented

the 122d very highly. The officers and men all did nobly.

Our cavalry pursued the fleeing foe all night, our infantry keeping as close to them as possible, the enemy blowing up their caissons along the road to keep them from falling into our hands..

We pursued them to Strasburg, where they have strong fortifications. We arrived in front of their fortified works at Strasburg about 2 o'clock the 20th. The troops were given time to rest through the night. On the 21st we attacked them again. There is a sharp skirmish fight now going on. The 122d is on the skirmish line; some three or four of our boys wounded. 122d relieved in the night of 21st.

Sept. 22d.

Some heavy skirmish firing this morning, and severe cannonading on the right and left.

Every one is confident we shall whip them here, if not capture their whole force.

I will now give you a list of the casualties of the 122d on the 19th, at or near Winchester:

KILLED.

First Lieut. John V. Simms, Co. H.  
George Loop, Co. A.  
John Geisel, Co. B.  
Charles L. Hiltz, Co. C.  
Morris Harrington, Co. H.  
William Hazel, Co. I.  
Corporal John H. Ostrander, Co. K.

WOUNDED.

Lieut. Col. A. W. Dwight, severe contusion of right thigh—not dangerous.

Co. A.

Sergeant Nathan Buck, flesh wound in thigh—not dangerous.

Corporal George Fisher, bullet through the nose—not dangerous.

John Twinam, shoulder—severe.

Edward Mehan, hand—slight.

Stephen Rogers, slight.

Co. B.

Captain M. L. Marks, scalp wound—not dangerous.

Christ Henry, left arm fractured—not dangerous.

Co. D.

First Lieut. Charles B. Clark, severe flesh wound in thigh—not dangerous.

Co. E.

First Lieut. Dudley G. Shirley, left arm fractured—not dangerous.

Charles G. Lathrop, arm—not bad.

Phillip Vrooman, severe.

Co. F.

Thomas Edds, shoulder—not dangerous.

Corporal Christie A. Youngs, leg—slight.

Co. G.

Corporal Philip Drake, head—not dangerous.

Miles J. McGough, shoulder—not dangerous.

Corporal Asa Rich, leg—severe.

Co. H.

Benjamin F. Bingham, arm—not dangerous.

Chas. H. Sidman, leg—not dangerous.

Benjamin Sanders, breast—probably mortal.

Sergeant David A. Munro, right leg, in calf, flesh wound—not dangerous.

Sergeant Webster Vosseller, in thigh—very severe.

Co. I.

Sergeant Isaac B. Merriam, arm fractured—not dangerous.

Co. K.

Menzies Stebbins, slight.

Miles Thompson, bruised on breast—not severe.

Albert I. Smith, leg—slight.

Norman Fox, not dangerous.

Leander Nelson, arm—slight.

Dantel W. Smith, thigh—slight.

Wounded on the 21st: Uriah Turner, Co. A,

severe; George Sheely, Co. B, severe; Lyman Suin, Co. G, slight; Frederick Leach, Co. K, slight.  
Yours, &c. A. B. P.

FROM THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY SECOND.

Casualties in the Battles Near Fisher's Hill.

CAMP 122D N. Y. V. NEAR HARRISONBURG, VA.,  
Sept. 23, 1864. }

My last was written from the hospital in Winchester. On the 24th I started after the regiment and came up yesterday at this point. The regiment lost at Fisher's Hill, near Strasburg, on the skirmish line, on the 21st, and in the charge upon and capture of the enemy's works, on the 23d, as follows:

KILLED.

Luther D. Hale, "D" Co.

WOUNDED.

Lewis Banning, "A," leg amputated above the knee; doing well.

Uriah Turner, "A," neck and shoulder; severe, but not dangerous.

Lorenzo Scott, "B," hip and lower part of abdomen; dangerous.

James Butler, "J," right knee and foot; severe, but not dangerous.

George Sherly, arm and side; severe, but will probably recover.

Cassius W. Murray, badly burned on face and hands by explosion of one of the enemy's caissons after we had taken the guns.

Edward Baker, "F," slight in foot; on duty.

William Moss, "F," slight in hand; on duty.

Lyman Swain, "G," leg, flesh wound, not dangerous.

Frederick Leitch, "K," slight, in hand.

Justus Fox, "K," finger, slight.

Phineas Stebbins, arm, severe but not dangerous.

Yours truly,

D.

A private letter from George C. Bates, of the 122d, to S. N. Holmes, Esq., dated "Near Harrisonburg, Sept. 27th," states as follows:—

"On the morning of the 19th we broke camp, at Berryville, and marched to Winchester, where we found the rebels. We formed in line-of-battle and attacked them. We made two charges that day and drove the Johnnies out of Winchester that night. They retreated to Strasburg and we followed them the next day. On the 21st the 122d was sent on the skirmish line, where we had quite a brush. At night we were relieved. On the 22d the whole line was ordered to make a charge, and our regiment was in the second line-of-battle. As soon as we got near the rebel works, our men made a grand rush, and the flag of the 122d was the first that mounted the works. The rebel lines broke, and every man of them took to his heels, each one for himself, and they have not stopped running yet."

From the 122d Regiment.

CAMP NEAR FRONT ROYAL, VA.,  
October 13, 1864. }

DEAR STANDARD,—I wrote you last from Harrisonburg. We left that place several days ago, on our way back to Strasburg, after accomplishing all that was necessary. The night before we reached Edenburg the enemy had burned the bridge that spanned the Shenandoah River at that place. While burning it the guerrilla chief, McNeil, was wounded by one of our cavalry, and died while we were crossing the river the next day; so you see he got his just

deserts. The enemy intended to capture our train, but Gen. Custer was too smart by half—to be caught. He laid a trap for them, which they ran right into, and Custer captured eleven guns and five hundred prisoners,—so much for Johnnies capture of our train.

On the 10th the Sixth Corps marched from Strasburg to this place, where we now lie encamped, watching what is called Brown's Gap, near Front Royal. It is said the 6th Corps will be stationed here. A part of the Corps are at work on the Rail Road; they expect soon to have it in running order from Washington to this point.

In regard to that scurrilous article in the *Courier* about Col. Dwight, I have to say there is not a word of truth in it. Col. Dwight never has been arrested for the abuse of whiskey, or power. All there was of the affair grew out of red-tape. Every petty officer of the Regular Army considers it his privilege to insult a Volunteer, and because Col. Dwight would not submit to be insulted by a little fop of a Lieutenant in the Regular Army, but acting Colonel of Volunteers, he was put under arrest. The day will soon come when you will know the whole truth in regard to it. Col. Dwight was not to blame in the matter—whiskey had nothing to do with it. The article was written by a miserable "dead beat," who was never in a fight, and one of those miserable Peace-at-any-Price Copperheads, who would sooner sell his birth-right, country and all, than have another battle. He is well known here, and goes by the name of "dead-beat."

As for the yarn about the soldiers being down on the Administration, it is false. The great majority of the soldiers are for "Old Abe."—The tickets came to the regiment the 9th, and you will see a goodly number sent home for "Old Abe."

We are having lots of good things to eat just now, for the boys *forage* every day. We have butter, honey, sweet potatoes, apples, peaches, pears, plums, mutton, fresh pork, turkey, chickens, geese, ducks, and all the goodies that we wish for.

I saw Capt. H. S. Ketchum on the 9th; he was a little unwell; also David King. They will both be right in a few days. The general health of the regiment is good.

Yours, for Subjugation, A. B. P.

#### Letter from the 122d Regiment.

CAMP NEAR MIDDLETOWN, VA., }  
Oct. 15, 1864. }

DEAR STANDARD:—The morning of the 13th we received orders to report to Alexandria as soon as possible, and take steamboat for City Point. At 6 o'clock we started and marched to within three miles of Ashby's Gap, where we received orders to report back to Newtown as soon as possible; so turned about, and here we are back, ready for Longstreet or any other General that Lee feels disposed to send against us. It is reported that Longstreet confronts us with 60,000 veterans. Let him come—we are ready for him—he will find it the hardest job that he ever undertook to get into Maryland or Pennsylvania.

The general health of the regiment is good.

I saw Capt. Ketchum and David King to-day; they are in good spirits and feeling well physically. Gov. Seymour is sending tickets to every officer he has commissioned, but I don't think very many of them will be used. There are no items with which our regiment is connected, since my last, of importance.

Yours, for subjugation, A. B. P.

## CITY ITEMS.

Monday Morning, Oct. 31, 1864.

**FUNERAL OF MAJ. BROWER.**—At two o'clock yesterday afternoon, the appointed hour for the funeral services of the late Major J. Mosher Brower, of the 122d Regiment, at St. James' Church, a large crowd had gathered there, only a portion of whom could gain admittance. The seats bordering on the centre aisle were kept clear for the bearers, relatives and military, but the balance of the church was densely packed.

The funeral procession left the residence of Mr. Geo. Babcock, on West Washington street, promptly on time, and arrived at the church at about half-past 2, Ghem's Band playing an appropriate dirge on the route. The military in line, under command of Maj. A. G. Cook, was the Union Guards, Capt. Bennett, McClellan Guards, Capt. Bandall, the Comstock Guards, Capt. Simons, and Davis Light Guard, Capt. Hamilton, as escort, and the Citizens' Corps, Lt. J. W. Sherman, as guard of honor. The Hearse, containing the remains, was appropriately adorned, and the coffin was covered with the National Flag. Following came the riderless horse led by a groom, and surrounding was the guard of honor. Then came in carriages the relatives, military officers, Mayor and Common Council, and citizens, making a large and imposing spectacle.

As the bearers, (old comrades of deceased belonging to the Citizens' Corps) came to the church door with the coffin, it was met by the Rector of the church, Rev. Joseph M. Clarke, who proceeded up the aisle repeating the solemn sentences in the Episcopal burial service, commencing, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord." The coffin was deposited in front of the chancel, and upon it a beautiful cross of evergreens and white flowers and the sword and sash of the fallen Major. The relatives and immediate friends, and the Mayor and Council were seated on one side of the centre aisle; the bearers on the other side, and behind these Col. Hawley and staff, Lt. Col. Fellows, and Major Welch, of the 51st Regiment; army officers and ex-officers, among whom we recognized Capt. Andrew J. Smith, and Lt. C. W. Ostrander (with but one leg,) of the 122d, Capts. Estes and Drake, of the old 12th, (with which Major B. first went out), Capt. Church, of both the 12th and 122d, and now of the Invalid Corps; then Brig. Gen. Green and staff,—in full uniform. Every seat was full, and the aisles.

When the audience was settled, the choir chanted in minor strain and very effectively the Psalm beginning, "Lord let me know my end, and the number of my days," and the Rector