

for we have made the rounds of the city of magnificent distances together, and have seen and made ourselves on easy terms with many men of wonderful notes there. Our friend Gardner, however, was on a sorrowful business here, viz. to procure the remains of Lieut. Loft Bloomfield, his wife's brother, who was killed at the late battle of Fredericksburgh while sustaining a battery. No one, however, is allowed for the present to enter the enemy's lines, and he will not succeed in procuring it. This is the second brother Mrs. G. has lost in this war, the first having been killed at the Williamsburg battle about a year ago. We are both very anxious to get down to the Rappahannock to see our mutual friend, Col. Crocker, but we fear we shall not succeed. Judging from northern papers and those from there, the feeling is more depressed than it is here. It is not here considered a defeat. I saw a number of rebel prisoners brought here, and about fifty contrabands. The rebels looked sober, while the contrabands laughed. In reply to the enquiry where they were from, they said 'yah! yah! right from Richmond.' Many of the rebels say they are tired of the war and are anxious to have it closed.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp in the Field near Boonsboro, Md.
July 9th, 1863.

Mrs. H. WOODWARD, Poulney, Vt.,

Madam: I regret that it becomes my painful duty to send you the sad intelligence of the death of your son Nelson. He was shot at Gettysburg, on the morning of July 2d, the ball entering his right temple. We buried him and marked his grave. There he rests on the hillside, a noble sacrifice on the altar of his country. He was a son to be proud of. He possessed qualities which won my highest regard, and I deeply mourn his loss.

I sincerely sympathize with you in this great trial. He was a true soldier and a true man. True in principle to God and his country. I trust you know where to look for that consolation which will alone sustain you in this sorrow.

Please accept my hearty condolence, and I remain

Your truly,

H. O. WILEY, Capt.,
Co. K., 123d Reg't N. Y. S. Vol.

DEATH OF LIEUTENANT NORTON.

Our readers will learn with profound regret the death of this brave officer. Hopes were entertained of his recovery but only to be blasted by subsequent events. His wound proved to be mortal in its character, and our gallant Lieut. Col.,—the pride of the Regt.—the admirer of all who knew him, has gone to receive the reward of the "faithful."

77. 123.

CORRECTION.—A short time since we notice the awarding of Medals of Honor to privates David W. Rogers and Geo. Osborn, of Co. K. 123d Reg't N. Y. V. for their bravery at the battle of Gettysburgh. It should have read Chancellorsville instead.

From the 123d Regiment.

Kelly's Ford, Va. Aug 15, 1863.

Friend Crocker!—You doubtless long ere this have come to the conclusion that I had forgotten the promise I made you to write you before leaving home; but this is not the case, for I have often thought of it, but have never been situated before so that I could, for I assure you that the 123d has never let the grass grow under their feet since they came out. When in camp, we always have plenty of picket duty and drilling to attend to, and the remainder of the time we have been on the road, on the battle field, or some equally fatiguing place. This is the excuse I have to offer for not writing before.

You are well aware that we have just completed the severest campaign of the war, and I doubt if Napoleon's campaign before Moscow was much harder, and certainly McClellan's campaign before Richmond does not commence with it. But we are amply paid for all the hardships attending it by the glorious victory to our arms. I think "Johnny Reb" found a man who was in earnest when they found George G. Meade—at least, I think so. I further believe that when we meet the enemy again we will beat them or lose a good many men. All we ask is to meet them again on as fair a field as that at Gettysburg, and we will whip them so quick that they won't know whether they are in Pennsylvania or Virginia, and have ample time to tend to those copperheads before time to go into winter quarters. But I am afraid that we shant always

have as good ground, neither can we expect it in ways, especially when we go on their soil.

I can hardly imagine what the campaign for next fall will be. It is talked that we are to have sixty or seventy thousand men from all the Western armies thrown across Tennessee by the Nashville railroad into Western Virginia on Gen. Lee's flank, while we make a slight ~~force~~ in the front, (just to keep him from running over us,) which I think will serve to pretty effectually blot out all the ~~old~~ ~~glories~~ of our glory. This army once thoroughly rooted out, the rest will be forthcoming I expect before long to hear of the fall of Charleston, and this morning the rumor is current that Fort Waggoner has fallen with a thousand prisoners.

There is nothing particularly exciting in camp just now, except the presence of the paymaster's ~~office~~ ~~office~~. Like an oasis in the barren desert, we now and then have a copy of your welcome paper to cheer us up, for I tell you it is a treat to us to read the home affairs. I earnestly hope there will be none of those copperhead demonstrations in our pretty little village. If they will lend a willing hand and help us a little just now, we will sweep secession and the boasted Southern chivalry before us like chaff before the wind; but if they don't feel disposed to do their duty to their country, but still enjoy the privileges of it, I hope they will be forced to do so. I wish the government will exercise the full power of the law and fetch enough of them down here to completely overwhelm them with numbers without fighting any more. I understand the loyal citizens of your place are arming themselves in case of any disturbance arising from the draft. I hope if it is necessary they will use them as they ought. But I will close, hoping to hear from you soon, while I remain

Yours truly,

DE ROY W. ELDRIDGE

Co. I, 123d Regt. N. Y. Volys

Hd. Qrs. 123d N. Y. V. ~~Volys~~
NEAR STAFFORD C. H. VA., May 7, 1863.

To the Editor of the Sandy-Hill Herald:

DEAR SIR—Last night the army of the Potomac was all back in its old quarters, having re-crossed the Rappahannock at United States Ford, yesterday morning, and knowing how anxious a large num-

ber of your readers will be to learn the fate of their relatives and friends in the regiment, I enclose you a correct list of our casualties, in the engagements of May 1st, 2d and 3d, without stopping to give you, as I would wish to do had I time, a detailed account of our part in the different battles. Suffice it for the present, to say, that the 123d has done honor to itself and its friends at home, and that its praises are on the lips of all, who were witnesses of, or have heard of its gallantry. In the great fight at Chancellorville, Sunday, May 3d, it was in the front line, its right resting on the plank-road, up which Jackson's corps advanced to the attack and there under the most terrific fire of Artillery and Infantry that the enginery of war ever poured upon men, with shells from our own batteries, massed on the hill behind us, and the enemies in front crashing and splintering the trees, and tearing the ground all around it, and bursting in its ranks, and with mine balls like the swarming of bees sweeping thro' and about it, the regiment coolly stood its ground, as though all this were an every day exercise; and the air were not crowded with the missiles of death, and the moments fraught with the destinies of a nation, and laden with the dying gasps of countless of her bravest sons.

The regiment was put into position at 3 A. M., and immediately, with what tools it could get, it commenced constructing a kind of defense along its front of fallen trees and brush, which was not by any means finished, when at sunrise the battle began, and twice in the heat of the contest did the Rebels with fiendish yells charge in solid columns directly up upon this breastwork. But the storm of grape and canister and bursting shells from our batteries, which plowed the ground along our front, and the murderous volleys from the muskets of our men, nothing mortal could withstand. And soon besides a number of prisoners and the heaps of dead and wounded, scattered greybacks running for dear life, through the woods to the rear, was all that was left of those compact columns that come so dauntlessly up to the assault. But driven back not conquered from a supply that seemed inexhaustible, fresh columns were pushed upon us, to suffer the fate of those that preceded them.

And so the battle waged till past 9 o'clock with the advantage all on our side, but about that time, the troops on the

right being hotly pressed, began to give way. Our regiment, however, still maintained its position until the Rebels had got possession of one of our batteries, stationed at a little distance on our left, and turned its fire upon us. While at the same time, their infantry had passed us on the right. Then with the enemy on three sides of us, it fell back and formed again near the Chancellorville brick house, which at the time was being torn in pieces by rebel shells. Had other portions of the line held their ground as well as our regiment, the result of the action would have been very different. The shameful rout of the 11th Corps, the night before however, disconcerted all of Hooker's plans, and gave the enemy every advantage in the battle of Sunday.

It is said that the army swore terribly in Flanders, but I fear that within a few days that hitherto undisputed maxim of military profanity has been eclipsed by bitterer curses, that were poured down upon the half-breed corps—the Crescent is the badge of the 11th, as the Star is of the 12th, when the crest of the army saw and felt how its cowardly Dutchman had snatched ingloriously from the army of the Potomac its well-earned and otherwise assured victory. The 11th is the largest corps in the service, numbering nearly thirty thousand men, and especially did one experience a feeling of disgust at their cowardice or something more bitter, when as in the early grey of yesterday morning with its whole army repulsed and falling back on their account, assembled at United States Ford, waiting the slow delivery of the positions, we watched these chattering Dutchmen, in numbers (nothing else) an army in themselves, as with flaunting banners which they had disgraced and show of tactical art which had not delayed their flight, they ployed along the green bottoms at the river's edge and crowded by us, eager to cross.

By nine A. M. the whole army was over and marching towards its old quarters. It had rained all night, and it poured down in torrents all day, so that in crossing the creeks on the road, the men had to wade through water up to their waists. But by dark all the star corps had reached its old camp at Stafford C. House, and was making itself as

little missable as circumstances would permit.

I would I had time, and perhaps by and-by will have, to describe to you all the wealth of incident and anecdote contained in the last ten days. The crossing at Kelly's Ford, the brilliant cavalry dash at Germania, by which 120 rebels were surprised and captured—the building of the bridge across the Rapidan by the 123d—the bee-hive scene and the engagement on Friday, May 1st, in which the 123d opened the ball at Chancellorville, and in which Lt. Col. Norton fell dangerously wounded, at the first volley. His fall was a sad blow to us all, and especially at that time, since we were thereby deprived of his valuable services, through all the desperate scenes which followed. I am happy to be able to state, that he is now in the Army Hospital at Washington, doing well, and likely to recover.

Lt. Corbit, of Co. C, was killed in the heat of the battle of Sunday, while gallantly cheering on his men. He died a true soldier's death, the ball passed directly through his heart, and he fell forward on his face without a groan. He was a brave and zealous officer, and long will his loss be mourned in the regiment, and the remembrance of his fresh young life so gallantly ended, keep green his place in our hearts.

Lt's Beadle and Shylard, of Co. I, were both badly wounded. They are in the Douglass Hospital at Washington.

We have just received marching orders again, with three days cooked rations in haversacks, and perhaps before this reaches you, we shall be again at work.

Yours &c., J. C. R.

List of the killed, wounded and missing in the 123d Regt., N. Y. S. Vol's in the battles of Chancellorville, May 1st, 2nd and 3d.

Greenwick: Wm. J. Harrison, sergt., killed, Wm. Bertlett, pr., do. Oscar Baumer, do. J. R. Hyde, pr., wounded in abdomen, Kate Butler, pr., in abdomen, Wm. Manning, Corp. leg, James Billings, pr., in head slight, Oscar Sparhawk, leg slight, Henry Lampman, abdomen fatal, George Hay, arm severely, Leary Wright, head, Palmer K. Clark, leg, Caleb B. Teft, heel slight, Martin Sheaver, back slight, Joseph Safford Bergt., Alexander Dobin.

Sandy Hill: Leander Pelott, Edwin Pearson
Glen's Fall: George E. Storer, heel slight, Austin Hozleton.

Warrensburg: Seymour Bennett, pr., in cheek slightly.

Whitehall: John C. Corbett 2d Lieut., Leonard J. Gillett Bergt., William Holt, pr., George Leonard, David H. Sager, Frank Cull, Nathan Thompson, through leg, Franklin Moor, shot through knee missing, George Horton, body,

George Wright, Corp. arm, Richard W. Sarwell, Sergt., head slight, Wm. P. Lamb, pr., arm, James W. East, through body, Hiram T. Blanchard, shoulder, George Wells, Corp., killed by shell, Hiram Taff, Jr., pr., in ankle, Andrew son Taff, wounded unknown, Henry N. Taff, Orville Manville, Corp., side by shell, James W. Sherman, pr., head slight, James Kilgallon, through wrist, Geo. R. Black, head, John Carr, John Douglas, shoulder, Pascal P. Cook, Henry T. Johnson, leg, James Crault, leg, Nathan Leonard, James Herbert.

Fort Ann. Jerry Finch, Henry Sartwell, Sergt., arm, Isaac Moffatt, pr., groin, Rice C. Bull, Corp., throat, Geo. W. Patterson, slightly in hip by shell, John Hall, pr., shoulder, Geo. Chase, slightly by shell, Alex. Malanahin, Amos Walker, Dresden, hip.

Hartford. James A. Norton, Corp., Byron Briggs, Pr., Norman F. West, Capt., slightly, Joseph Teller, Corp., severely, Dennis Baker, pr., slightly, Wm. Murphy, Seymour Tanner, seriously left on the field, James McMurry, Sidney E. West, Sergt., slightly.

Hudson. John Moor, Amos Rhodes, seriously left on the field, Aaron Loughland, Daniel Wilds, William Brady, arm, Chas. E. Wood, face severely, Edward S. Tenner, Amos Rhodes, A. Argyle, William Wood, Jacob Williams, Sergt., hand and leg, Wm. H. Smith, back, George McBibben, leg, Duncan R. McDougall, shoulder, George L. Taylor, pr., hip severely, Russell Pellerton Corp., temple, Wm. Lackey, Garner Baker, groin, Peter B. Robins, abdomen.

Jackson. Clarence L. Coalter, Corp., John A. Stevenson, Corp., thigh, Hiram A. Brown, hip, Jerome B. Rice, Sergt., Sylvester R. Warner, James Moore, pr.

Salem. William L. Rich, pr., Alvah Street, er, arm severely, John S. Doig, face jawbroken, Chas. Marshall, thigh shattered, Archibald Johnson, side & arm by shell severely, Edward Gleason, finger slightly, John A. Perkins, thigh, Garret W. Briggs, Corp., thigh slightly, Wm. H. Dennison, Sergt., shot through body, Wm. J. Cruikshank, Corp., both thighs rifle ball, Wm. H. Stewart, in arm by shell severely, Mitchell McFarland, pr., through neck, Chas. A. Shepard, John A. Mads, Corp.

Cambridge. Boswell K. Bishop, Daniel M. McAllen, cheek, Albert Shiland, 2d. Lieut., ankle, Lehdal Skinner, Corp., side, Wm. H. Phelps, back, Wm. Hagerty, back, Thomas Henley, Robt. W. Skellic, thigh, John Kelchum, side, John A. Larmen, musician, unknown, Jas. A. Bassett, pr., Rufus Galloway, John Hoter.

Granville. Hiram T. Young, in leg & neck, A. W. Cook, back slightly, Albert W. Doane, lost leg by shell, David L. Humphrey, heel, Birill Rogery, finger, Edward Tanner, both legs by shell probably dead, Fayette Wilber, hand, Samuel Wright, hand, Horace E. Howard Sergt., Wm. H. Fooley, Corp. Geo. H. Cowen, pr. Jas. A. Wright, John P. Williams.

Easton. Marcus Beadle, 1st Lieut., in back, James P. Wickes, pr., back, Josiah Fletcher, head, Lewis H. Phelps, hand, John H. Cobb, ankle, George L. Dennis, Sergt.

White Creek. Alexander Ellis, in foot.

Since the above was received we learn that Lt. Col. Norton died of his wounds, and that his remains have been sent to his friends.

The One Hundred and Twenty-third New York Volunteer Infantry.

To the Editors of the Albany Evening Journal.

This fine regiment was raised eighteen months since in Washington county, and is made up almost entirely of the sons of wealthy farmers of that section. It has in its ranks today, as privates, numbers of college graduates and men worth from twenty to eighty thousand dollars, while its officers are composed of young men, who were selected on account of their eminent fitness by a War Committee appointed for the purpose.

Thus constituted, the regiment went forth with an *esprit du corps*, which it has never lost. At Chancellorsville, it fought with such unyielding determination and valor, that it attracted the attention and praise of the Commanding General. It lost in that battle one hundred and fifty-seven men. It also distinguished itself at Gettysburgh, and afterwards under Gen. Hooker in the West, proving upon all occasions that, in our volunteer army, at least, the better the men the better the soldiers. It is now stationed at Alisonia, in Middle Tennessee.

Col. McDougall, who went out in command of the Regiment, has been for six months in charge of a Brigade of six regiments, and is soon to receive the commission belonging to such a command, Corps, Division and Brigade commanders having all united in recommending his promotion. Lieut. Col. Rogers, (son of Hon. Chas. Rogers, ex-member of Congress,) who has been in the service since the breaking out of the Rebellion, succeeds to the Colonelcy. Col. R. arrived at his home not long since in charge of a large recruiting party, having been ordered north by Gen. Thomas to recruit his regiment, now numbering about seven hundred, up to a thousand men. His appeal to the county is being responded to in the most gratifying manner.

At a town meeting held at Sandy Hill, on the 22d instant, the following resolution was passed without a dissenting voice, viz:—

Resolved, That a bounty of \$300 be paid by the town of Kingsbury to each volunteer credited upon the quota of said town under the last call for 200,000 additional men, dated March 16th, 1864, and \$50 additional to each volunteer so credited who shall enlist and be mustered into the One Hundred and Twenty-third N. Y. S. Vol.—our County Regiment—the money to be raised as provided by the Board of Supervisors of the County, at a special meeting held at Argyle, on the 11th day of March inst.

After the passage of the resolution, a number of the wealthy men of the place stepped forward and united in signing a note for the whole sum required, and the First National Bank immediately advanced the money. The other towns are taking similar action. In fact, there is no county in the State which has poured out its blood and treasure in support of the country more freely than Old Washington.

Col. R. has also been specially authorized to recruit a Band for his Regiment. Mr. A. PATTEN, Leader of SULLIVAN'S BAND, of Troy, has been engaged as Leader, and is now busy in selecting the other members.

Whitehall Chronicle.

FRIEDAY MORNING, JAN. 15, 1864.

A Letter from the 123d Regiment.

BRIDGEPORT, Ala., Dec. 10, 1863.

DEAR PARENTS:

I received your kind letter of the 29th, yesterday the 9th. You said you have written three letters and have not received an answer from them. I think I have received all the letters you sent me, and I have answered every one of them. I have received postage stamps twice. You say you have got to make out a circular.

I will try and give a little account of my soldiering.

We left Camp Williams, Stafford Court House the 27th of April with eight days' rations, and marched towards the rear of Fredericksburg. The 28th we crossed the Rappahannock, and met with opposition at Kelly's Ford. The 29th the rebels undertook to fire on our moving column from a high knoll on the side of the road. One regiment was sent up to drive them off, and found the 28th P. V. there, who had a smart skirmish with the rebels and drove them farther into the woods. They threw a few shells at us as we were advancing, but no damage was done, and we heard nothing more from them. We waited until our train had passed and then joined our brigade.

Previous to this we crossed the Rapidan, but not until our advanced guard had skirmished with and captured about fifty or sixty rebels, who were building a bridge across the river. We finally reached the town of Chancellorville without losing any men or in good spirits. May 1st, all the forces were on the move, and were skirmishing all day.

Towards evening our regiment received a most bitter fire from forces concealed in the woods near our pickets, and the gallant Lieut. Colonel was mortally wounded. The firing being too warm, they changed our order in great numbers, and the artillery we finally retired to the woods.

Towards night, on Saturday the 2d, we began to move again, and gave the rebels battle, and then fell back into our abatis which had been constructed during the day. We soon moved to the edge of a piece of woods where there were no obstructions, and went to work throwing up another abatis. We lay there all night, and by day light Sunday the third, firing commenced. I will not attempt to picture a battle-field, but we stood the bitter fire from the enemy, and then fell back to the woods in our rear.

None can imagine the scenes that are enacted on the bloody field of battle. Many of my brave companions fell to rise no more; among them Lieut. Corbet, and Sergeant Gillet.

We remained near Chancellorville Monday, 4th, and Tuesday, 5th, strongly fortified,

and on Wednesday, 6th, we marched back to our old encampment at Stafford Court House. Saturday we were relieved by Gens. Slocum and Williams. We remained in camp until Saturday, the 13th of June. We were waked up long before daylight with orders to be ready by 6 o'clock to march. We were in line by that time, and by 6 o'clock we were in front of Gen. Williams' headquarters, where we found the brigade.

The day was hot and dusty, but our road being mostly through woods, and by marching slow, we arrived within about two miles of Brook Station without being much fatigued. We commenced fixing up our quarters in good style, expecting to stay some time; but our expectations were soon to be blasted; for by the time we got things in some kind of shape, orders came for us to pack up and be ready to march the same day by 5 o'clock. We marched all that night and reached Dumfries by 8 o'clock next morning. We remained there all day and until next morning at 3 o'clock, when we took up our march for Fairfax Court House, which we reached about 9 o'clock in the evening. It was dreadful hot and dusty; we were heavily loaded and marched hard; a large number of the brigade fell out—some died on the road side; but I stuck it through. Some call it 18 and some 25 miles from Dumfries to Fairfax C. H. We marched over some of the road that we had marched five times before.

Wednesday we left Fairfax C. H. and encamped on Prospect Hill for the night.

Tuesday we marched on again, and finally reached Leesburg. The country on this route is far better than any that I have seen in Virginia. Leesburg is a much larger and prettier town than I had any idea of when we passed through it some six months ago; but it is a most rabid secession town.

Wednesday, 19th, both divisions were formed into a hollow square to witness the shooting of three deserters; two from a Pennsylvania Regiment, the other from a Jersey regiment. After the square was formed the prisoners rode up to their graves—a baggage wagon preceded them with their coffins. They were blindfolded and their hands tied behind them before they were erected from the ambulances and seated on their coffins. After prayer they were shot dead. It was a sad sight. After they were put into their coffins the division was marched around, and gave one look at their lifeless forms.

June 26 we crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, into Maryland, and camped for the night.

June 27th, after a hasty breakfast, we again proceeded on our march. We first crossed the Monocacy Aqueduct, which is a magnificent construction. The Monocacy empties into the Potomac at this point. We arrived at Point of Rocks about noon; then up the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal a few miles, and finally crossed under the canal.

June 28, we made another early start,

going back on the same road we came, some three miles, and taking the Frederick city road. We passed Centerville, a small town, and also passed the Village and Peter'sville, and encamped about two miles from Frederick City.

June 30, we commenced our march as usual, at three o'clock. We passed through some small towns, the names of which I do not remember. And soon after we got into Pennsylvania. We discovered a combination for the advance of us, and learned that our cavalry had encountered a body of rebel cavalry. We came to a halt just outside the little town and presently the Artillery came dashing by at full speed. Soon we started and went through the town on a dead run. I felt like exclaiming to the ladies of this town, "God bless you." A large collection of the fair sex was congregated on a piazza, singing patriotic songs, while others were standing on the walks with plates and baskets of eatables, and others were placing glasses of water on the different stoops; old men were holding pails of water for the weary and exhausted soldiers. As I hurriedly glanced around upon the multitudes in our flight through the town, I could discern tears trickling down the cheeks of some of the ladies. We also camped about one mile outside of the town.

I must relate one incident. One of the citizens volunteered to show our cavalry where the rebels were; they came upon them, and the old man went into the fight with them; he came to a hand conflict with a rebel, and choked and conquered him. Such is the spirit shown in Pennsylvania.

July 2d, we left Littlestown, went back a mile, and took the road leading to Gettysburg. We went but a short distance on the road when we heard cannonading. We soon found that our advance forces were engaging the rebels near Gettysburg. We hurried as near the town as to be a reserve, expecting to be engaged every moment. We were marched hither and thither until we were nearly wearied out.

On the night of the 2d of July, the contest raged fiercely on the left of the line. We left our position on the right, and went to the left leaving our breastworks. We then started for the right again. Things looking suspicious before we arrived there we sent out skirmishers up to the breastworks, and they found the enemy occupying them. They took a Lieutenant by stratagem. Our regiment raised up to fall back on a hill, and the enemy gave us a volley, and it being dark the regiment behind fired a volley into us. We rested for the night near by in a corn field.

July 3d, as we lay in the corn field, the firing commenced early and continued all day, with terrific execution. We lay under one battery, and one of its guns fell short several several times, killing one man in our regiment and three or four in the brigade.

In the afternoon we relieved the 20th Connecticut which had stood nobly against the enemy for several hours. We then

proceeded to the woods leading to the breastworks, threw out our skirmishers, and advanced. The rebels left, and regained the breastworks which we had constructed the afternoon before, and which had been for twenty four hours hotly contested. The rebels lay thick, and it was perfectly sickening to view the scene inside the works. Our artillery made sad havoc among the enemy's ranks. Soon the battle raged fearfully on the left, centre, the shells fell in among us, but no damage was done; after a while we started for the left centre, but the battle there had ceased before we arrived, and the enemy completely repulsed. We came back to our breastworks.

July 4th, nothing was seen or heard of the enemy. In the afternoon our regiment with three or four others went out to support cavalry and artillery on a scouting expedition in search of the enemy. We took a circuit of about eight miles, and coming up through the town of Gettysburg and into the breastworks again without seeing anything of the enemy. We remained there the rest of the day and night. I took a stroll around the field, and such sights as my eyes beheld I hope will never be my lot to behold again. The rebel dead lay around in all manner of shapes; and over the breastworks the ground was literally covered. I saw several officers, among the slain, and one officer whom they said was Gen. Swell's Assistant Adjutant General. His horse was full of bullet holes. Our Corps (the 12th) buried 1500 dead rebels.

I would say more concerning the battle-field, but cannot bring it up in its proper place, and will therefore refrain from saying more.

July 5th we left about noon and marched down to Littlestown, and encamped for the night.

July 29th, Captain Tanner takes his place as Major.

July 31st, we arrived at Kelly's Ford; we stopped and pitched our tents on a large field.

August 6th, we are still here and nothing to do but to rest; and if any soldiers ever needed rest, we do.

We have fresh bread to-day for the first time in two months; we enjoy ourselves well, nothing to do but cook, eat and drink. Gen. Knipe commands our brigade.

Aug. 29th, just at the edge of evening some of the 150th N. Y. boys had a prayer meeting in one of the company streets; soon a large crowd of eager listeners were gathered around, and prayer was offered by one of the strangers. I believe that good may result from it.

The boys enjoyed a good thing the other day at the expense of one of the conscripts. One of these was seen coming along with a shoe in his hand, and coming up to a group of old soldiers, inquired if there was a shoe maker around. The boys answered that there was one by the name of Knipe; over in that large tent, (pointing over to Gen. Knipe's headquarters.) Conscript started for the tent; was halted by the

guard. Conscript said he wanted to see Kuiper, the guard let him pass. Conscript goes up to the tent where the General sits reading. Conscript says he wants to see Kuiper. The General says, I am the man. Conscript says he wants to see the shoemaker Kuiper. The General rises up angrily and tells Conscript to go back to his regiment and not let the old soldiers fool him again. (The General is a shoemaker by trade.)

Sept. 15th, we left Kelly's Ford at daybreak, and after a severe march we reached Stevensburg about 1 o'clock where we halted and stayed overnight. Gen. Lee's headquarters was at this place no long ago.

Sept. 17th, we started again at daybreak and marched in the direction of Raccoon Ford which we reached after several hours of hot marching, we filed into the wood and halted for rest. We were marching and counting marching all day and finally halted in the wood and pitched our tents. The pickets kept up firing all the while.

Sept. 20th, yesterday, nothing of importance occurred. Towards night we heard some skirmishing, and soon we were ordered to fall in, but the order was countermanded about as soon as it came.

Sept. 24th, we left Raccoon Ford, passing Stevensburg, we arrived at Brandy Station.

Saturday morning, the 26th, we took the cars and started for lands then unknown. We reached Alexandria in the afternoon; arrived at Washington towards night; we then took the cars on the Baltimore & Ohio rail road, passing the Relay House, Harper's Ferry.

Sept. 28th, we passed through several tunnels, one of them three fourths of a mile long. We crossed the Ohio River into Ohio about four miles below Wheeling, Va.

Sept. 30th, we passed a number of small towns, among which was Newark, a very nice place. We passed through Columbus, the Capitol of Ohio, about dark, where we stopped to get bread and coffee. It is a splendid place.

We changed cars at Indianapolis, the Capitol of Indiana, where we got a good dinner at the Soldiers Home.

We passed several towns, and finally arrived at Jeffersonville, in the night. We took a ferry boat, crossed the Ohio into Louisville, Ky.

Oct. 2d, we passed Nashville, Tenn., in the night.

Oct. 3d, we arrived at Bridgeport, Alabama, where we left the cars and pitched our tents. This is no town, but the Tennessee River is close by. The rebels have burned the rail road bridge at this point, but it is fast being repaired.

They are pushing rations on to the front now at a great rate. There are 3 boats now running between here and Knoxville, and another one almost finished. The cars will be running soon.

I have written all that I think of. I have been writing ever since morning, and it is now 5 o'clock. I am in good health.

I will close by wishing you a Merry Christmas.

Your affectionate

Whitehall Chronicle

FRIDAY MORNING, APR. 1, 1864.

From the 123d.

ALLSONIA

March 1, 1864.

BRO HUNT

Last Thursday, about 5 o'clock, our company was called upon to go and relieve company E, which was stationed at the Water Tank about a mile up the track, to go in search of some of their boys who went out on patrol at 1 o'clock, and had not returned. At half past 5 we had relieved them, and they (Co. E) had just thrown out a few skirmishers to feel along the road to see whether there were any of the enemy concealed; but not finding any, they pushed on farther without seeing any signs of the enemy. They had not proceeded a great distance when a volley of musketry was heard not very far in advance. The Capt. then ordered the company to double-quick; they did so, and in a few moments they reached the scene of excitement, which was caused by 150 Rebel cavalry, who had run the train off, burnt three cars, shot two negroes, and an engineer who was shot through the thigh. A quartermaster was robbed of \$600, and a Captain of a Conn. Regiment of \$300. There were a number of company G boys who were returning from Tullahoma on the same train; their overcoats were taken including their money and jack-knives; and also relieved the patrol of their overcoats and money, and were in the act of taking them to the rear, when company E came up with a yell, and one volley caused the "Rebs" to retreat in hot haste, killing two and wounding one; not one of company E were hurt.

No more news at present. Everything is all quiet along the road.

Your brother,

CHARLIE.