

notice. The following is—

THE SCORE.		H. L. R.		H. L. R.	
108th N. Y. Vols.	3	8th N. Y. Cav.	3	108th N. Y. Vols.	3
C. B. Dickson, c.	3	Bliss, c.	3	C. B. Dickson, c.	3
P. C. Kavanaugh, p.	3	Moore, p.	3	P. C. Kavanaugh, p.	3
A. T. Wells, ss.	3	E. B. Parsons, ss.	3	A. T. Wells, ss.	3
H. Edwards, 1st b.	3	Playford, 1st b.	3	H. Edwards, 1st b.	3
S. Porter, 2d b.	3	Clayford, 2d b.	3	S. Porter, 2d b.	3
T. E. Parsons, 3d b.	3	Bannister, 3d b.	3	T. E. Parsons, 3d b.	3
S. P. Howard, r. f.	3	Bliss, r. f.	3	S. P. Howard, r. f.	3
T. Haley, c. f.	3	Carr, c. f.	3	T. Haley, c. f.	3
J. McMannia, l. f.	3	Malvern, l. f.	3	J. McMannia, l. f.	3

Total	10	Total	14
Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
108th N. Y.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	108th N. Y.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
8th Cav.	0 0 2 3 1 8 2 1 3	8th Cav.	0 0 2 3 1 8 2 1 3

Home Run, Kavanaugh and Dickson, 108th N. Y. Vols.

Scorer 8th N. Y. Cav.—Sergt. M. Reid.

108th N. Y. Vols.—Sergt. F. M. Thrasher.

Umpire—Col. Chas. J. Powers, 108th N. Y. Vols.

You see we can play ball some, if not more.—

Everything is lovely with us. We are all ready

for a move, which must be near at hand. The

8th are about a mile from us, in comfortable

camp. Col. Benjamin is in command; all are

in superb condition. The "little" 108th are

as tough and wiry as ever—hard to beat. I hurry

this off by the evening mail, wishing to be kind-

ly remembered to mutual friends, and remain-

ing, Yours, sincerely, ADJUTANT.

From the 108th.

BATTLEFIELD NEAR SPOTTSYLVANIA,
May 16, 1864.

EDITORS EXPRESS:—Knowing that many anxiously await the tidings from the front, and that your telegraphic reports are uncertain, I hasten at this, my first opportunity, to lay before the readers of your journal a correct statement of the casualties of our regiment. To describe the battle itself is something that neither the soldier nor historian can do. Those who lived through the battle can tell what happened in their immediate vicinity, but from actual observation, no more. The whole ten days' fighting was done mostly in the woods, and that, too, when the ground was covered with a very extensive growth of small shrubbery and underbrush.

The army broke camp on the night of the 3d inst., and with few exceptions, were on the move until the middle of the afternoon following. The Sixth Corps commenced the battle on the morning of the fifth. But very few shots were fired by the artillery and those only to "feel" where the enemy was, and from the moment the battle commenced until after dark, there was one incessant roar of musketry, and if the noise was mitigated at all during the day, it was only for a few moments, and then it would burst forth again with redoubled force and effect.

General Grant, I understand, wanted to engage the enemy somewhat above and back of Todd's Tavern, on the Orange Court House road, and sent the 2d Corps up there for that purpose, but General Lee did not agree with him, and the result was, the fight opened near Chancellorsville, some of our troops occupying the ground the rebels held in the battle of the above name; consequently our corps, (the 2d) had to return over four miles. Our brigade—the third of the 2d Division—was thrown in on the right center about 4 P. M.

As night closed in around us, thus shutting out from view these two vast contending armies, but little ground had been gained by the federals. The firing gradually ceased, and by 10 P. M. all was quiet.

Occasionally, however, during the night, a volley from some regiment, either Confederate or Federal,—caused by some advancing skirmishers—would cause our men to spring up from the ground and grasp their pieces, ready for any emergency.

Shortly after 4 o'clock, the morning of the sixth, the battle again opened, and our forces succeeded in driving the enemy back somewhat more than a mile. At this point they opened on us with a battery, but without success, for we still advanced.

Between six and seven o'clock Lee received reinforcements. General Longstreet came up and throwing his fresh troops against our right, we were compelled to fall back. It was at this where Col. Powers received his wound, which came near being fatal. Col. Pierce, Capt. Porter, Adjutant Parsons, Lieuts. Wells and Howard, were also wounded here.

Our troops fell back but a short distance, when meeting re-inforcements, they rallied, and moving more to the right, engaged the enemy once more. Our men fought bravely, and stuck to it heroically, but overpowering numbers compelled them at last to give way.

Orders were given to fall back slowly, and keep firing. But it soon became a stampede, and every one was on the double quick. Gen. Hancock, with great foresight, had ordered breastworks thrown up on the cross roads, or rather on the one crossing the Fredericksburg and Orange Court House plank-road. At this point those falling back in such disorder, stopped, reformed, and were sent to the right and left. Longstreet did not follow as far. During the forenoon the woods south-east of the cross roads took fire, and all the troops for a mile and a half lay in their breast-works for four or five hours, almost suffocated by the smoke. In the afternoon men were sent out to squelch the flames, and succeeded. At 3 o'clock the enemy advanced, and charged on the works. They outnumbered us three to one, but our "boys" held on to their position with a pertinacity truly surprising.

Three times were they repulsed, but those remaining from the former advancing lines, rallied to their last line, and made a desperate attempt to force us from our position. At one point near the cross roads they succeeded in reaching the works, and walked right over them amongst our men. There and then those few remaining gave way, fell back to our second line, rallied, and, with a yell of defiance, charged back on the enemy, drove them from the works, and followed them down to the woods. There it was the one long wild shout of victory went up, and was echoed and re-echoed back by the whole of our forces in line. And there too did Gen. Hancock send an aid to Grant, saying that the third brigade had saved the Army of the Potomac from complete rout.

I have neither the space nor time to describe our day's fight. However, I may mention a few of the principal events.

Fighting has been going on constantly at different points along our line. On the 7th, the Fifth Corps had a "right smart" engagement near Spottsylvania, with Stewart's Cavalry, and some infantry here, the 140th N. Y., suffered badly. In fact, I learn from their boys that they have lost about two-thirds of their regiment during the ten days.

The 8th and 6th Cavalry have also suffered very severely, and I regret, exceedingly, that I can not send a true account of their casualties, but my source of information is rather limited.

On the 9th, the 108th was out as flankers and skirmishers all day. The 10th we moved a few miles to the left, entered the woods, and after supporting another line for some time, our brigade made a bayonet charge on the rebel for-

fications, which our troops had tried in vain to take half a dozen times. The movement was a failure, as was another of the same kind made some time afterwards. They were insurmountable, and almost impregnable. They next day we were still under fire, and threw up a new line of breast-works.

Towards night a heavy rain set in and has continued up to the present time almost without ceasing. Yesterday was pleasant, but it rained again last night.

At midnight of the 12th we left our position and moved through the rain and mud about four miles to the left. At five o'clock we advanced in line through the woods, down hill and up again, across ditches, &c., for about a mile, when we came upon the enemy's first line of fortifications, just taken by part of our corps, with nearly all the troops therein, amounting to some thousands, and a few pieces of artillery. We charged over them and drove the "Johnnies" through the woods nearly a mile, to their next line of works, taking many prisoners on the way.

Hearing rather heavy musketry on our left and rear, the brigade fell back slowly to the first line, without being immediately followed. We threw some shell over us here, but little damage was done as they "flew high."

The pieces captured, and two of our own batteries, were got in position and opened heavily on them, and soon succeeded in silencing their guns. Reinforcements came up and were thrown in front of the works, which served as well as would new ones; and then charge after charge was made by the enemy, but they were futile; and their men lay piled in heaps.

That you may have some idea of the severity of our fire, I will mention that an oak tree nearly a foot in diameter, was cut down by our musket and rifle balls. Those who were unfortunate enough to be wounded, suffered untold agonies, for a cold rain prevailed all the time. Those who were wounded in the first three day fight were lucky indeed, i. e., in being hurt before the storm. All the troops suffered from exposure to the inclement weather—lack of sleep, fatigue, &c., &c. Yet but few were discouraged, for they look forward to bright prospects and a speedy end of the rebellion.

Gen. Burnside has done a great deal and accomplished much, bringing all his available force to use against the enemy, leaving his colored troops to guard the trains.

I learn that over 20,000 of our wounded have been sent to Fredericksburg and to Washington.

May 19th—Having sent out no mail since the above, I open it to add a few more interesting items.

Yesterday, Wednesday, the army had another severe engagement near our right center. During the time our forces were engaged the weather was intensely hot, and the troops suffered a great deal. Pretty much of the 2d Corps were in the charge made upon the enemy's works. At this point the rebels had got their batteries in position; when the advance was made they poured a most murderous fire of shot and shell, grape and canister into our ranks. When the pieces first opened, our lines were for a moment staggered by the shower of deadly missiles

thus thrown into their ranks, but 'twas only for a moment, for as the cry of "Forward" rang in their ears, a loud cheer issued from the throats of all, and then the lines pushed forward again, still hopeful and bravely encountering the storm

of bullets from behind the rebel earthworks.—On, still on! This line of long-tried veterans still advance. They reach the works, a few got to the top, more follow, the rebels give way, our men push them hard and follow them close, sending their bullets after the retreating foe, who reach the second line of fortifications, rally for a few moments, but again retreat before the fast flying bullets of the Yankees.

Many brave men fell here, but their death was avenged almost on the spot.

With Gen. Grant at their head, I think the Army of the Potomac will fight to the last man. All have confidence in his ability and judgment, and feel certain of his success in this great undertaking.

Yours, &c., H.

From the 108th Regiment.

MARY'S HEIGHTS, FREDERICKSBURG, Va., May 21, 1864.

The greatest struggle for supremacy that has ever occurred in the modern history of the world is now transpiring. This county, Spottsylvania, will be one vast hecatomb of dead men's bones. In its limits have occurred the battles of the first and second Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Mine Run, and the awful contest now daily going on. Entire brigades have been annihilated. Regiments have but few survivors, and officers and privates by thousands lie in their final resting places in the wild jungles of Virginia. Throughout the terrible ordeal thus far, the 108th has sustained its part with unblemished courage and honor. Engaged in the heat of the deadliest conflicts, and its ranks sadly riven and shocked, yet the surviving band of Spartans are as ready to rally and battle to the death, as upon the day the struggle commenced.

About 9 o'clock on the evening of the 3d inst., in compliance with orders received, the regiment left winter quarters near Morton's Ford, to join the balance of our (Carroll's) brigade, near Stevensburg, which was effected near midnight. The division (Gibbons'), in conjunction with the other divisions of the old Second Corps, then pushed for Ely's Ford on the Rapidan, which was crossed without opposition from the rebels, although formidable earthworks were thrown up. The immense labor that had been expended upon works at Morton's Ford, Clark Mountain, &c., by them during the winter, had thus been brought to naught. The troops advanced cautiously till about noon of the 5th, when the terrific struggle commenced. The musketry was the heaviest ever heard, and continued incessantly.—Mingled with the rapid roll of musketry could be heard the loud battle charge, shrieks and groans, which were agonizing and thrilling beyond the power of description. Thousands of wounded were being brought in maimed in every shocking manner. The fighting raged unceasingly on the 6th. The 108th had suffered heavily. Eight of twelve officers who went into battle were wounded or badly injured. While Col. Powers was gallantly leading his command onward, a ball struck him near the right shoulder, passing through his back, and produced a wound of serious character. Lt. Col. Pierce, who had just returned to us on the 1st inst., was wounded in the right hand. Adjutant Parsons, upon the chin; Capt. Porter, Lieuts. Wells, Howard and Englehart were also wounded. Lieut. Ostrander was severely bruised, but resumed command of his company again. He was badly wounded on the 12th and obliged to leave the 14th. Lt. Col. Pierce remained on duty till the 18th, when his wound,

which had assumed a serious appearance, obliged him to leave reluctantly. The loss of men was also large—the greater number being wounded. The fighting waged hot and heavy daily. The heat was very oppressive. The wounded were accumulating in hosts, and suffering for care. For several days great difficulty was experienced on account of guerrillas in getting them away for conveyance to Washington, and they were obliged to lie in ambulances and army wagons. The glad news finally was received that Fredericksburg was ours, which place at once became a vast hospital.

On the morning of the 12th, one of the most brilliant affairs of this engagement thus far occurred, in which our (Carroll's) Brigade were prominent participants. On the previous day, several desperate charges had been made by other troops, upon very formidable rifle pits of the rebels, and repulsed. About four A. M., on the morning mentioned, while a heavy mist was prevailing, the line being formed, the boys crept up to the works undiscovered, when with a loud battle cheer they rushed onward, and quickly carried three lines of rifle pits, bagged several thousand prisoners, and captured a number of officers of artillery.

With that job accomplished the boys enjoyed their morning meal of hard tack and coffee with good zest. The most terrific cannonading and musketry prevailed during the day, that has so far occurred. The rebels were slaughtered by legions, and the pressure upon them was evidently too heavy for endurance; that they were badly worsted was confirmed by the prisoners.

We have camped and passed over the old battle ground of Chancellorsville. The walls of the Chancellorsville House, remain standing as a relic of the fierce conflict waged there one year ago. Graves and mounds are numerous, dead men's bones lie strewn around, and every thing indicates war's desolation. Nature strives to hide from our view such scenes of woe, but they are too indelibly impressed to be speedily effaced.

Frequent showers have of late occurred, which have been of great relief to the troops, and also of infinite advantage in checking conflagrations in the woods, caused by bursting shells, suffocating and burning many of the wounded and dead. On Sunday afternoon, the army wagon train reached Fredericksburg. It has been harrassed continually by guerrillas, watching their opportunity for plunder, but strict vigilance foiled them in their designs. Stragglers, if permitted to live, generally come in pretty effectually fleeced. We now occupy Mary's Heights in the rear of Fredericksburg, rendered memorable on account of the terrible slaughter of our troops in previous conflicts. The examination of the earth-works, the study of the plain below, over which our troops moved, and were cut down, is full of deep interest, particularly to those who participated in and witnessed the struggles.

A costly monument of white marble, erected to Mary, mother of Washington, stands upon a rise of ground below the Heights. The structure is about eight feet square, and twelve or fourteen feet in height. It is a shameful fact to state, that it has been badly disfigured by those who to gratify a morbid, heathenish propensity have chipped off pieces of marble for curiosity's sake. The back face reveals numerous indentations of balls that have struck it in battles.

More or less fighting occurs daily at the front.

Up to the 18th the casualties in the 108th footed up 102—9 killed and the balance wounded and missing—about 80 remain—they fully realize the duty devolving upon them. Notwithstanding the labor and fatigue of continued engagements, they evince the same firm determination, to stand their ground fearlessly, that has ever characterized them heretofore in action. The loss of their commanding officers and comrades is much deplored. Cap't Deverell is in command. The remaining officers on duty are Lieut's Kavanagh, Dutton and Locke. Being unable to obtain a full list of casualties, I defer sending any, presuming that the same has already been forwarded. Col. Powers, is cheerful notwithstanding the severity of his wound. Lieut F. B. Hutchinson, is efficiently fulfilling his duties as Quarter Master. Various rumors prevail relative to movements, but the mass are unbelieving, and require official facts to confirm statements.

The wounded of our regiment have been mostly sent to Washington. I forward you a

list of the wounded remaining here, as far as ascertained:

Col. Powers and Adj't. Parsons; Sergt. O. A. Chillson, Corpl. Jonathan Reynolds, right arm amputated; Jacob Bowman, badly wounded; H. Hartman, A. G. Newton, John Shepler, Peter Oliver, arm amputated; Corpl. V. P. Kelley, leg amputated; Andrew Darrer, ankle amputated; David Stairs, John Nelson, Wm. Wirtz, August Heldenschmidt, Corpl. Robt. P. Ambrose and Geo. Pullen, dead.

The struggle continues. The fighting is in dense woods and underbrush, which renders the conflict more destructive and obstinate.

TRUMB.

—"Trumb's" letter contains nothing with reference to general army movements that has not appeared before, but it is interesting nevertheless as giving some idea of the part taken in the struggle by one of our local regiments.

[Ed. Dem.]

Interesting Letters from 108th.

A private letter from the 108th says:

* * * "On Friday night the rebels attacked us and were repulsed with severe loss. Our little band lost 19—during the day's fighting—three of them killed. Lt. J. L. Kinleyside was killed in the morning; he had but just returned to the Regiment after an absence of two or months on detached duty. When we made the advance, he handed his sword to one of the boys, and taking a gun, went up to the front and began firing. About half an hour afterwards, a bullet pierced his heart, and he fell without uttering a word, and expired almost instantly. Always cool and self possessed in action, he knew no fear, and as an officer and gentleman he was loved and esteemed by the entire regiment, and his loss is sadly felt by all. James Skinner, of Co. G., and Sergt. Wood, of Co. A., were killed in the afternoon of Friday. Cap't Deverell was wounded during the attack in the evening (Sunday, 5th); the rebels opened on us rather heavily, but we are prepared so let 'em come. Gen. Grant still has the confidence of the troops, and there are no signs of dissatisfaction with him. One thing is certain, instead of having a train so large that it takes half the army to guard it, and filled with ammunitions, tents and baggage, he has dispensed with anything of the kind, and a small train with

ammunition and supplies is the extent. The result is that the army is fed as they should be, no waiting for rations to come up. The soldiers have plenty to eat, and all the extra baggage has been sent back to Washington, and I have seen Major Generals sleeping under a fly, (or tent cover.) C. L. H."

The Union of yesterday published a letter from Capt. Deverell, giving a list of casualties in the 108th, prepared after his arrival at Field Hospital:

June 1st—Sergt J Brodie, Co G, wounded in leg, severely.

Private J Kederlie, Co G, wounded in face and breast, slightly.

Private H Edwards, Co F, leg.

KILLED JUNE 2D.

Lieut J Kinleyside, E.

Sergt J Wood, A.

Private I Fellows, A.

Private D E Skinner, G.

WOUNDED JUNE 3D.

Sergt J Taylor, A, left arm, severely.

Private S Robbins, A, right arm, amputated.

Private S Stedman, A, arm.

Private John Shepler, B, arm and side, severely.

Private J Wiegert, C, leg.

Private J Plunkett, D, arm, severely.

*Stager, D.

Corp G Brokaw, H, face and shoulder.

Private P Cook, H, foot.

Sergt C Traugott, I, thigh, slightly.

Sergt G Rice, I, face, slightly.

Capt J Deverell, K, hip, severely.

Private F Raubadon, K, hip, severely.

Private H Niles, K, hip, slightly.

*This man was serving with Brigade pioneers, and I did not learn the nature of his wound.

Capt. Andrews and Lieut. Parsons were with the wagon train yesterday, and on their way to the regiment.

Lieut. Kavanaugh commands in the meantime.

J. DEVERELL, Capt. 108th N. Y. V.

From the 108th Regiment—Casualties.

Correspondence of the Democrat.

GAINES HILL BATTLE GROUND, VA., }
June 4th, 1864. }

I have the melancholy duty to inform you of the death of Lieut. John S. Kinleyside. He was killed on the skirmish line yesterday morning. Taking a gun and cartridges from one of the men he stepped outside of the defenses, and while in the act of firing, fell a victim to the unerring aim of a rebel sharpshooter. One ball entered his mouth, tearing his tongue to atoms. A ball passed through or into his heart. He was a brave and courageous officer, and had only rejoined the regiment, from recruiting duty, on the 24th ult. In a charge made by our troops early in the morning, a rebel officer was shot by Private Michael Ryan, of Co. F, who secured his sword and belt. Lieut. Kinleyside had but just buckled it on when he went out and fell. Appended please find a list of recent casualties in the 108th:

May 30—Private Chas. E. Allen, Co. E, flesh wound hand; Private Michael Ryan, Co. I, slight wound leg, still on duty.

May 31—Sergeant Jas. Brodie, Co. G, leg bad; Private Jas. Grindler, F, head grazed by ball, still on duty.

June 1—Private Harry Edwards, F, flesh wound leg; Jacob Kederlie, G, nose, still on duty.

June 3—Sergeant Newton Z. Wood, A, killed by a ball through the throat; Private Silas J. Robbins, A, left arm, amputated; Jas. R. P. Taylor, A, left arm severe; Jerome B. Fellows, A, groin, bad, reported dead; James Plunkett, D, left wrist, bad; Darwin E. Skin-

ner, G, killed, ball through head; Patrick Cook, H, ankle; Sergeant Chris. Fraugott, I, left thigh, flesh wound; Sergeant Geo. Rice, I, lip; Captain Deverell, K, leg; Francis Rubadon, K, leg.

About sunset the rebels made a furious charge on our breastworks, but were repulsed with severe loss. Capt. Deverell was wounded during this assault. The command of the regiment now devolves upon Lieut. P. C. Kavanaugh. Lieut. Kinleyside, Sergts. Wood and Skinner are buried side by side. The fighting is terrific, the breastworks of the forces being within 200 hundred yards of each other. The air most of the time is lively with whistling balls and frequent bursting of shells. Several have been killed and a number wounded by them.

Sunday, June 5th.—The day has been wet, and constant firing is going on. It is the fourth day and night our men have been constantly on duty, skirmishing. Private William H. Smith, of Co. G, killed by a ball hitting him in the left shoulder and passing downward through his heart. He was buried by the side of his above mentioned deceased comrades, this P. M.

In my communication dated May 21st, from the names of wounded referred to in Fredericksburg at that time, the inference would be drawn that more were dead than report intends. The dead to report at that time were Corporal Ambrose and Private Geo. Pullen. To this is added Corporal Henry Wilson, of Co. G, who died at hospital in the Wilderness. TRUME.

We have also the following from Capt. Deverell of the 108th:

WHITE HOUSE LANDING, June 5, 1864.

I send you a list of casualties of the 108th N. Y. V., which was prepared at the Field Hospital after I arrived there wounded.

WOUNDED.

June 1st—Private J. Kederlie, face and breast slightly.

June 3d—Private T. Stedman, Co. A, arm; Private John Shepler B, arm and side severely; Private J. Wiegert, Co. C, leg; Private Stager, Co. D; Corporal G. Brokaw, Co. H, face and shoulder severely; Sergeant G. Rice, Co. I, face slightly; Captain J. Deverell, Co. K, thigh severely; Private H. Niles, Co. K, slightly. Private Stager, was serving as brigade pioneer and I have not learned the nature of his wound; Captain Andrews and Lieut. Parsons were with the wagon train yesterday, on their way to the front. Lieut. Kavanaugh commands in the mean time.

J. DEVERELL, Capt. 108th N. Y. V.

Later from the One Hundred and Eighth.

NEAR PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, }
Monday, June 20th. }

EDS. EXPRESS:—Having a little leisure I improve it by addressing you a few lines. Grant is still hammering away at Petersburg. Some of the Sixth Corps lay within half a mile of the doomed city, and will undoubtedly enter the place ere long. One thing is certain, General Hancock made a sad mistake in not following up the attack and successful movement of "Baldy" Smith on the night of the 15th; or even had he (Hancock) charged their works early the morning of the 16th, Petersburg would now be in the hands of the Federalists. I learn from prisoners who were taken the morning following our arrival, as also from some of them captured since, that Beauregard had but a very few men—one line and those mostly "raws" at that time. The

Fifth Corps being left across the James River at Malvern Hill and Drury's Bluff, Lee supposed that the larger part of the army was there, and that Grant would make a stand at that point. This accounts for the lack of a strong rebel force here upon our arrival. The line at present is rather crooked; but, on the whole, forms a kind of semicircle. The right has done scarcely any fighting as yet,—all the charges and advances being made by the left and center. The extreme right lays near or across the Appomattox River, and part of that wing on the north-east side, but parallel with it. The river runs through the suburbs of the city and takes a southerly direction. Our centre lays a mile and a half, and the left wing some two or two and a half miles from the place.

Since our arrival the left has gained over a mile, while the centre has advanced about half the distance. It seems that Grant wants to swing his left round so that it will face north instead of southwest, as it does at this present time. That U. S. will have the place ere long is beyond doubt. The army coincide perfectly with Mrs. Grant in that the General "is a very obstinate man." If his plow has struck a stump this time, why he can back up and go round it; hence, if he does not succeed on the present line, he will probably move a couple of corps to the left and take Lee on the flank or rear. It is, indeed, a pity that our Generals cannot foresee how "things stand." This movement, like Sheridan's and Butler's, had it been followed up at first, would have resulted in inestimable loss to the enemy and a decided and glorious victory to us. Positions would have been gained that will now cost us thousands of men, millions of money, and much hard labor. We not only get this from rebel journals and prisoners of war, but can see it for ourselves.

There is but little need of my giving detailed accounts of the different battles, for they will reach you by telegraph long before my letter could. Our Brigade (the 3d of 2d Division, 2d Corps), has suffered considerable loss here, though it has not been actually engaged, having been, for the first time, on the support. It is now in the front again, however, and will probably remain there. The men lost the past three days, have all been hit with balls from rebel sharpshooters' guns. The Brigade have strong earth-works thrown up in front of them, and entrenchments to walk along in. A "right smart" amount of our artillery is with us on our line, and it worries the "Johnnies" and others "muchly;" furthermore, they are a decided acquisition in case of an attack, for canister can then be poured into the enemy, without endangering the lives of our own men.

We have lost many men since the rebellion broke out, by the carelessness of artillery officers, who planted their batteries so far in our rear, that the shell exploded inside our own lines; and though this great carelessness has been in a great degree mitigated, it is not entirely done away with yet; for only yesterday, I heard a surgeon remark that he had dressed the wounds of over twenty men, all caused by a battery a little to the right and rear of the 3d Brigade.

We are now in quite as close proximity to the Confederates as we were at Cold Harbor—within speaking distance. We have some twenty thousand colored troops here, and a more patriotic set of men I never saw. Better men to fight you cannot find. I have never, until this campaign, had a very high opinion of colored

troops—I. e., as fighting men—but what I see I must believe. It may be truly said that they fight for their own lives. That the enemy fear them more than our men, I know, for I have had many opportunities, the past few days, of conversing with rebel prisoners, and they state that "the confounded niggers fight better than white men, and we fear them more, because they take no prisoners, but kill us as fast as captured." "But," said I, to one of them, "you do the same by the darkies, do you not?"—"Yes," said he, "but we are ordered to do so by our officers."

The regiment, as well as the army generally, keep up their spirits finely, and having great confidence in Grant, believe that the rebellion will be put down this summer, or, at least, before sixty-five. Our casualties are slight, yet severe for the few of us who are left:

June 18th—David Carter, Co. D, ball through wrist.

Teddy Keefe, Co. K, ball passed through shoulder, and came out of his neck, under the chin.

Corp. Harvey Patterson, hand; lost middle finger.

June 19th—Lieut. Dutton, Co. D, left breast—seriously.

John Bailey, Co. F, abdomen—died this morning.

From the 108th Regiment.

IN THE FIELD NEAR PETERSBURG, VA.,
June 20th, 1864.

Since my communication of yesterday, Private John W. Bailey, Co. F, died of his wound. About four o'clock on the evening of the 19th instant, 1st Lt. Wm. Dutton, of Co. D, was seriously wounded, by a ball striking him in the back and coming out of his right breast. His critical condition causes sorrow, as he was much esteemed and regarded as one of our bravest officers. He was ever ready to do his duty fearlessly, in whatever position placed.—Not quite a week since a company of sharpshooters for the brigade was formed from the regiments composing it, of which Lt. Dutton was selected as one of the officers. It was while on duty on the line that he was hit. He is from Honeoye Falls, and was mainly instrumental in raising Co. D of this regiment. He was in the Mexican War.

Lt. Col. Pierce has returned, which affords great satisfaction to the men, who in their bronzed and war-worn appearance, gladly welcome returning comrades. 1st Lt. S. P. Howard has also returned.

Cannonading and skirmishing is continued day and night. People at home have no idea of the taxation of the energies and strength, and the perils the men endure. What sleep the soldiers get is amid the whistling of bullets and the roar of artillery. It is rest, however, and they arise to deal back again to the foe the leaden missiles. The weather continues dry, causing clouds of dust to fly.

JUNE 21.—Private Jacob Kaderli, Co. G, bone of left leg bruised by ball, between knee and ankle. His nose was split by a ball two weeks since. We are on the march again.

TRUME.

The Army Before Petersburg—Movements of Battery L:

NEAR PETERSBURG, VA.
June 22d, 1864.

The Army of the Potomac is not in Peters.

burg, as has been extensively reported by the Northern press, based on an "official" announcement, but near the town—about two miles distant—between the inner and outer lines of intrenchments, which seem to surround the place. Its church spires and steeples, and some of the buildings are visible; but the city is not ours, though it lies at the mercy of our cannon, exposed to a furious rain of shot and shell, and rumor has it that Gen. Grant has ordered all the non-combatants to leave the town, as it is his purpose to shell it. I doubt this, however, as the destruction of the place—of its buildings, factories, &c., would not necessarily oblige Lee to evacuate it, and as long as the rebel general holds possession of Petersburg, no particular object is to be gained in the mere destruction of the place. It may be that, if it is taken at all, it will have to be done by a siege. The inner works in front of the city are said to be much stronger than the first or outer line; and I can bear witness that these are of the most formidable nature, consisting of redoubts, salients, traverses, &c., of the greatest thickness, made of sand and clay, and so constructed and covered as to admit of the passage of artillery in and out of them without being seen, and, of course, a protection to the men. And these works, built, I should think, one or two years ago, were taken with comparative ease, and with little loss of life, considering the brilliant achievement accomplished. I have interested myself to learn how it was that they were carried so easily, and the truth, as near as I can ascertain, is that they were taken by a sudden flank movement, encountering not a very stubborn opposition, for the enemy had but a small force behind the works to withstand the superior numbers of Smith's gallant men. And this force, or at least that portion of it attacked by the colored troops, was composed of a great many boys and old men, what we might denominate at the North as home guards, known as the "Wise Legion." They did not exceed five regiments, and taking almost unawares, the colored troops, led by their officers, rushed upon them, capturing, not them, however, but six guns which the enemy abandoned. The Wise Legion escaped. Let us give all due credit to the black soldier for his fighting qualities, but this rendering to Caesar the things that don't honestly belong to Caesar, and extolling Pompey above the white soldier, for courage and dash, valor, bravery and endurance, may delight some of the devoted worshippers of the ebony idol, but we fail to "see it" ourself. No objection to our darkly-hued "comrades in arms," assaulting the heaviest works, and rushing into the hottest places of attack,—rather he would than not, but don't seek to make him the superior of the American soldier of American or European descent.

The easy and successful capture of the first line of works in front of Petersburg, shows pretty conclusively that Lee was unprepared for Grant's army at this point, otherwise he would have had a much larger force, if not the greater part of his army. The sudden movement to the south side of the James, really appears to have been a surprise to Lee, and in it, I think we may truthfully say, Lee was brilliantly out-generalled by Grant. It was surely a most rapid and brilliant movement, attended with complete success, executed right in the face of Lee's veteran army, almost without a particle of serious molestation. The passage of the army across the James, was a magnificent sight, with its heavy columns of infantry, its trains of artillery, white-covered supply and baggage wagons,

ambulances and everything pertaining to an immense and mighty war-host. The pontoon bridges over which the army crossed, were probably the longest ever constructed during the rebellion, being a mile, or nearly that, in length.

By 9 o'clock, on Thursday morning of last week, we had crossed the James, and after going into camp at 11 a. m., we began moving towards Petersburg. Our route was over excellent roads, very dry, and too dusty for comfort—through a wooded country, though not without many open and clear fields. The soil in this vicinity is sandy, and has not the appearance of being very rich. Our march was a rapid one, continuing all night, with a rest of one hour. Cannonading could be heard in our front nearly all the way. At 5 p. m. on Friday, we had reached within a mile or two of the rebel works, a portion of which they still held, and hotly contended for against the attack of our troops. About noon we were ordered to advance with our battery, and took position on the extreme left of the 5th corps, which constituted the left of the army's line. We soon became engaged with a rebel battery, posted behind a most formidable and well built fort or redoubt, with every advantage on the enemy's side. We fired at different intervals for two or three hours, sustaining no injury, and very likely inflicting none, though we could see the missiles from our guns strike the enemy's works. Part of the time we were engaged in firing at some buildings, to rid them of sharpshooters, who were badly damaging our troops.

On Saturday morning it was discovered that the rebels had evacuated the fort and intrenchments in front of us, and fallen back to the second line of works thus giving our army possession of the entire first. On the discovery of this fact, the 5th corps was pushed forward, Battery L advancing with Gen. Cutler's division, and again becoming engaged with the enemy's guns. We took position at a trot, under fire, in an open field and had a pretty sharp artillery duel. Our troops gradually advanced to the front and left, other batteries taking position, and with our own advancing by section and battery and firing while advancing. Some six or eight batteries, numbering about thirty guns, were thus in action, and as they approached nearer and nearer the rebel works flinging their iron projectiles in hot profusion at them, the occasion was not a little exciting. Our infantry drew closer and closer to the works, preparatory to making a charge. Battery L was getting out of ammunition and no more of the kind we used could be obtained then, and so after the expenditure of a few more rounds we had to retire. The charge was made after we left the field and repulsed, though the ground was held that had been gained, a little beyond the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad which is now in our front. In this engagement we were fortunate again in escaping without harm, except in one instance, a member of Battery B attached to our company, James Reynolds, was wounded by one of our own guns, he very carelessly passing in front of it just as it was fired off. It was a severe flesh wound from which he will doubtless recover.

In my last, I stated that Battery L was in the reserve artillery of the corps. More properly it has been in the advance since we crossed the James, as it was the first to be in action on Friday and Saturday last. Twenty-two of its men, including a part of battery E, men and two non-commissioned officers have been detailed to serve some Cohorn guns under command of Lieut. Hazleton of our regiment. The number of mortars is six, but there are men enough to

serve only two at present. These mortars are brass, with a bore of five and a half inches in diameter and carry a twenty-four pound shell. They are carried in wagons or carts, and have been used several times during the campaign, with more or less success. Properly worked, they will drop a shell very accurately in the enemy's forts or intrenchments, and must prove demoralizing if not destructive. They are made after the pattern of larger mortars and loaded and fired similarly. Between the serving of 3 inch rifle guns, and 5 1-2 inch mortars, battery L may be said to be doing its share towards the capture of Richmond. The mortars have to be posted in close proximity to the skirmish line where there is generally uninterrupted music of the zipping of bullets.

Another movement is being made by the "left flank" as I now write. The 2nd corps moved yesterday in a northeasterly direction, followed by the 6th corps last night. The army appears to be swinging around to the west of Petersburg, and probably an attack will be made on that side, above the city, and if successful, will effect every purpose as the capture of Petersburg, so far as severing railroad communication with the rebel capital is concerned. But this movement, I venture to say, is fully known to the enemy, for they could not help seeing our troops in motion from the position they occupy, and then the clouds of dust signaled the moving of heavy columns of troops. A brisk skirmish or picket firing is going on in our front, with now and then the report of cannon.

The losses of our army since it began operating against Petersburg, have been quite heavy, not far from four or five thousand in killed and wounded. The 5th corps has lost about fifteen hundred, and the 2nd corps suffered badly in the engagement of Thursday or Friday last, and was pretty severely handled by General's troops.

Two officers in the artillery brigade of our corps, have been killed and wounded here, Lieut. Blake, of a Mass. battery, being killed by a shaft

shooter on Sunday last, and Lieut. Riddenhouse of Battery D, 5th U. S. Artillery, being severely wounded on the same day by one of their unerring riflemen. This makes fifteen or sixteen officers out of twelve batteries constituting the brigade, who have been killed and wounded since the commencement of the campaign; almost fifty per cent.

Were I to state the total loss of the army up to the time the change of base was made to the north side of the James river, as reported from headquarters of the Provost Marshal General of the army of the Potomac, the statement would certainly appal my readers. The true figures will come to light one of these days. I doesn't become us to indulge in any comments but we can't well avoid keeping up a "terrible thinking."

The weather continues very pleasant. Occasionally we have the full benefit of Sol's hot test rays, but the temperature is remarkably mild at this season, for this southern clime. I heard an officer remark the other night, who was in McClellan's Richmond campaign, that this campaign as compared with that in point of weather, roads, &c. had been one continual holiday, a real picnic excursion, over beautiful country, through the magnificent country, under a smiling sun, and attended with what fighting, what strife, and carnage, and bloodshed! May the ultimate achievements of the campaign prove commensurate with its cost.

President Lincoln, it is reported, is visiting the army. An officer jocosely remarked to your correspondent that the President had come down to look after the "Copperheads" in the army, of whom there is a large sprinkling, in the thousands of commands, both small and great, composing the army of the Potomac and fighting, and ready to fight till the "bitter death,"—paradoxically as it may appear to the real "fanatics" of the land—for the not forgotten "object" which first called them to the field, the Union, the Constitution and the laws, in all their original purity and integrity.

From the 108th Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS 108TH REGIMENT,
Some-where-in Virginia, Aug. 7, 1864.

DEAR EXPRESS:—Again we are settled down to quiet. Quiet reigns supreme; dull monotonous quiet; hot, sultry quiet; quiet that drives poor "Yanks" to the verge of despair, and poor Generals to the brink of imbecility; quiet that frightens the enemy into more rigid watchfulness, and drives the ever hopeful faith from the hearts of Northern friends. It is also very quiet, every body and every thing, except the flies, and they are so thick that collisions are constantly taking place between themselves. The same as Niagara keeps up its roar, so do these "birds,"—who have outgrown the name of insect—keep up one continual buzz; nor night nor day, nor rain nor shine, nor heat or cold, for a moment, deters them from their confounded buzz. No rest here for the wicked, and the righteous need none. Flies of all descriptions; all sizes, all colors; all shapes; all mixed in one conglomerous mass. They blacken the ground and keep down the dust; blacken the air and keep the fierce scorching rays of old Sol from melting us down. Semi-occasionally, however, some poor fellow does go down, unknown, unhonored and unsung, but for the flies, aye! the flies—gentle, kind flies, who with knowing, generous anticipation, rise en masse, and present a barrier to the victims floating away in a delightfully greasy mist. Magnanimous flies, noble, generous, but awfully troublesome flies, black flies, brown flies, little fly, big fly, horse fly, and last, but not least, blue-tailed Virginia flies. Here let us "paws."

We have spoken briefly of the great quiet which prevails, and the flies which abound. Shall we, or shall we not, mention that little commodity,—if I may be allowed the expression—with which we are furnished regardless of expense? I have reference to the beautiful, warm, gushing, cheering sunshine, or rather that which derives its source from the same fountain head;—the heat, the intolerable, scorching heat; heat which burns, bakes; heat under which any ordinary mortal would sizzle, fry, melt, run down to be slipped in; heat which dries up all nature, and is a sure-preventative of all "charges;" heat which turns men's minds, aye, even Generals, (they are men,) and causes their angry passions to rise so high, that they descend from the alarming height to which their conceit has elevated them, and blow some body or bodies up; heat which is attractive, because there is no alternative, irresistible heat which places men—not that man, but that other man—in serious, yet comical predicament, where they find it impossible to visit the sutler or spit over their shirt collar. Shall I speak on that subject that newspaper correspondents have so often mentioned in their letters, to wit, the heat? I think I had better not; but what shall I say? Nothing! I've said it, so I'll "dry up." When received,

the papers are read. At present, joy too great for expression fills our hearts. We notice with pride that our native city has sent forth a son, not that son, but that "other son,"—we mean the 54th. Noble, brave, patriotic 54th! How willingly that son "girds on his armor," and goes forth at his country's call, to the post of danger, where he will meet the foes of right and justice—barbarians, Southern raiders, men who know no fear (?) and will fight fiercely, savagely, will resist to the bitter end (?) God bless the brave 54th!

"I had a brother once—a noble youth, one on whose face the beard of manhood had hardly sprouted yet," and he went forth brave of heart and firm of step to share the toils and perils—endure the privations—to suffer even death (?) for his country at—Elmira! Guardian angels protect him from commissary missiles, and return him in safety to his "papa," old Monroe, "with bright laurels on his brow."

We "simmer." ORPHANT.

From the 108th Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS 108TH REG'T, N. Y. S. VOLTS,
NEAR DEEP BOTTOM, NORTH SIDE OF JAMES
RIVER, VA., August 19th, 1861.

The past week has been one of thunder, "thunder of the skies," and thunder of artillery have prevailed night and day. The daily publication of "usual quietness prevails in front of Petersburg" has been broken, and salvos of artillery along a line of 20 miles have caused a great shaking up. The thunder of the skies and vivid lightning has been accompanied by copious showers, which are joyfully welcomed by the soldiers after an unparalleled "heated term."

On the afternoon of the 12th inst., orders were received "to pack up &c.," and move immediately; which being complied with we arrived at City Point, twelve miles, in the evening. Anticipations ran high and a rumor was firmly believed that the 2d corps were bound for Washington. All were highly elated, and jocosely remarked, "What a gay time we'll have after the Johnnies in Maryland." &c.—On Saturday the embarkation of troops commenced, and at sunset the 2d corps was afloat on the James. As each steamer and propeller received its cargo of human beings they dropped down the river several miles and anchored. About 10 P. M., one by one, the boats headed about and proceeded up stream. There were twelve boats heavily laden, and as they moved silently along, the sight was grand and thrilling. About midnight, rising from my couch, (the top of a water cask,) and looking out, precipitous banks that had a familiar appearance were visible. It was a fixed fact that the 2d corps were at Deep Bottom and Strawberry Plains, the scene of their operations three weeks since, when the distance, twenty miles, was marched in one night.

Sunday morning (14th) the troops were landed, and immediately proceeded to the various positions assigned. The heat was intense and several men were sun-struck and overcome. Of the terrific fighting that has since occurred you will have the particulars ere this reaches you. The troops of the 2d and 10th corps, and cavalry, have withstood the fierce assaults of the enemy, and gave them back "their full change." The 108th, although several times under heavy fire, has thus far fortunately suffered no casualties. We are so near Richmond and present such a threatening attitude to Fort Darling that the rebels are

very desperate in their attacks. The huge winnows of their dead left, attesting the fact.

The health of the regiment is excellent, notwithstanding the excessive heat that has prevailed, and the liability of malarial disease arising from the vast marshes along the James and Appomattox rivers in this section. It will be recollected that the yellow fever nearly depopulated Petersburg several years since. The rancorous subjects there now, are undoubtedly aware of the cause of the present depopulation, which strongly savors of "cannon on the brain."

Two years ago this day the 168th left Rochester. The scene is fresh in the memory of the men. They sit in circles, earnestly relating their experience, and ardently wishing that they may be home one year hence. The only casualty in the regiment to report since my last, is that of private Hugh Craig of Co. B, whose right thumb was shattered by a ball from the rebels while the regiment was on fatigue duty on the night of the 8th inst. Lt. Col. Pierce commands our (3d) brigade—Capt. Andrews the regiment.

Casualties in the 108th.—"Trume," the Democrat's correspondent, gives the following list of casualties in the 108th N. Y. Volunteers, at Reams Station, Va., Aug. 25, 1861:

Co. A—Private Warren T. Card.

Co. B—1st Serg't Thomas H. Downing, Serg't O. A. Chilson, Private L. Davis, wounded and in hospital.

Co. C—1st Serg't Thos. B. Finch, Serg't Geo. W. Provost, Corp'l Jno. W. Fassett, Private Sylvester Lynn.

Co. D—1st Serg't John D. Jennings, killed; jugular vein severed by ball.

Co. E—Private Nehemiah Billings, Wm. McDonald.

Co. F—1st Serg't F. M. Thrasher, Corporal Chauncey L. Harris, wounded, Private Fred. Frye.

Co. G—Privates Edward T. Ambrose, George Van Schuyver.

Co. H—Privates S. Boughton, Joseph Hinds, Benj. Godwin.

Co. I—Lieut. C. Englehart, badly wounded in shoulder, in hospital—Privates Charles Reiff, Conrad Now.

Co. K—Serg't Henry Buffon, Privates James Wilson, — Thornton, (recruit.)

NOTE.—All that are not spoken of otherwise, are noted as missing.

From the 108th.

We are permitted to print the following extract from a private letter from Lieut. Porter, of the 108th Regiment, who has recently returned to his regiment, having recovered from his wound:

CAMP 108TH, Aug. 31, '64.

* * * I found the regiment in good condition, and in proportion to its numbers, as effective as at any time during the campaign.

The operations of the last two weeks have been very severe, and the battle of the 20th materially diminished the forces, both of the Regiment and corps, but neither the one nor the other has lost its spirit or that perfect confidence in its own ability, which goes so far towards securing success.

In reference to the fight at Ream's Station, there will doubtless a good deal said, and possibly blame thrown upon Hancock and his corps, but in my opinion the determined manner in which they resisted the repeated attacks of more than double their numbers, and these composed

of Lee's best troops, reflects credit upon both commander and men; and instead of blaming them for the large loss suffered, I think we should praise them that it is not greater.

Our regimental loss is one killed, three wounded and twenty-one missing—a large number for so small a regiment to lose.

John Jennings, of Co. D, was killed. Some few of his things which were taken from his body will be sent home as soon as opportunity permits.

Three of my men are missing, and they were among the very best I had,—Thrasher, Frey and Harris. Harris is known to be wounded in the shoulder, and it is thought that the others may have been taken while helping him from the field.

Died of his Wounds.—News has been received of the death of Corp. Henry Wilson, of Co. G, 108th regiment N. Y. V., who was wounded in the recent battle of the Wilderness, his right leg being shot off, besides a severe wound in the left leg. The deceased was a member of Capt. Yale's company, and was home on furlough five weeks ago.

A JUST TRIBUTE TO THE LATE MAJOR SULLIVAN.—Col. Powers of the 108th N. Y. Vols., in a private letter to Judge Buel, refers to the late Jerry Sullivan in the following language. Col. P., it will be recollected, went to the field with him at the commencement of the Rebellion in the Old 13th, and had ample opportunity to know the man. He says: "The death of Major Sullivan was a sad thing. Rochester has not lost a man, nor the service a soldier any braver or more upright or promising than he. I have been with him for nearly three years, all time in the service and always ready for duty; and if the people of Rochester wish to choose from among the many brave soldiers they have had constantly in the front during the Rebellion, one more distinguished than the rest, let him be the man, for he was the best that Rochester ever furnished. And such notice should be paid his death that his memory will not soon be erased from the minds of those youths who should be emulated to follow in his footsteps. He was emphatically a 'Rochester boy,' and made his own record."

DEATH OF REV. JAMES NICHOLS.—It is with regret that we announce the death of the Rev. James Nichols of this city. He expired last night after an illness of long duration. Mr. N. went out as Chaplain of the 108th Regiment, a short time before the battle of Antietam, and contracted by exposure the illness which proved fatal. He was attached to the army about eight months, but was compelled by ill health to resign. He was Principal of the Rochester Female Academy before his departure for the war and retained that position till he died. Mrs. Nichols conducted the school during his absence and illness.

Mr. Nichols was a clergyman of the Presbyterian order, and a man much esteemed for his real worth. We have not at hand any data from which to make other than this general notice of deceased.

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DEATH OF LIEUT. HOLMES.—Truman Abrams, of the 108th, has addressed to Ald. Holmes a letter, giving the particulars of the death of his nephew, Lt. Holmes, from which we are permitted to extract the following:

"Robert died a brave man. While gallantly waving his sword and cheering his men on in front of his company, he uttered the words 'Come boys, come on!' when a ball struck him about the middle of the right jaw, shattering it and his throat so badly that he lived but a short time, unconscious of his injuries. I assisted in bearing him off the field during the battle and laid him as circumstances permitted at the time. Robert, during his short connection with the company had won the esteem and respect of each man. This estimation of his military knowledge and experience was well founded. His gentlemanly demeanor won the respect and confidence of all his men. The company mourn his loss deeply, and it is almost an hourly expression from some of the members that it is too bad that Lieut. Holmes was killed."

"Owing to the rapid decomposition of the bodies Major Force and Lieuts. Holmes and Tarbox were interred side by side by the commissioned officers of the companies."

Mr. Abrams requests that a notice be made of the death of Wm. F. De Forrest, of Co. G, who was wounded in battle. He has friends in the 7th and 12th Wards, and was married only a fortnight before he left Rochester.

CONDITION OF COLONEL PIERCE.—The injury received by Lieut. Col. Pierce of the 108th Regiment, in the recent action on the Rapidan, is more severe than at first reported, and fears are entertained for his safety. A letter received by Louis Chapin, Esq., from Sergeant Jewell of the same regiment, states that Col. P. was struck by a minie ball, which entered his left temple, about an inch from the eye, forcing it nearly out of the socket, and of course destroying the sight. The ball has not been extracted, although no alarming symptoms are yet presented, a fatal result is not improbable. His cousin, Capt. S. C. Pierce of the 3d cavalry, who was in Rochester at the time of the casualty, has gone to attend him.

Lieut. Col. Pierce went out as Captain of Co. F, and was made Major for his cool and heroic behavior at Antietam, succeeding the lamented Major Force. Afterward, on the resignation of Col. Palmer, he was promoted Lieut. Colonel. No officer in the 108th has enjoyed in a greater degree the respect and confidence of the men, or has proved more worthy of their attachment. We believe he has shared every engagement in which the regiment has participated, and notwithstanding his serious and protracted ill health, which seemed to render his resignation imperative, he steadily persisted in remaining at the post of duty and accompanying the regiment in its last advance. We sincerely trust he may survive his terrible misfortune, but in common with all his friends shall await further tidings with anxiety.

In another place will be found a letter from our correspondent "Trume," giving particulars of the disaster.

PERSONAL.—We had the pleasure yesterday of meeting Lieut. Col. F. E. Pierce, of the 108th Regiment, who returns on a twenty days' leave of absence. He is suffering from serious ill health and, as his appearance indicates, will not soon be in a condition to return to active service.

LIEUT. COL. PIERCE AT HOME.—Our citizens will be pleased to learn that Lieut. Col. Pierce of the 108th arrived home by the Genesee Valley train on Saturday evening, in a much more comfortable condition than might have been expected. Indeed, he seems to consider his wound a comparatively trifling one.—As to that, people will judge for themselves when they know its character. Col. Pierce was shot below the left temple, the ball passing under the eye and lodging beneath the bridge of the nose. The missile was extracted a few minutes after the wound was received. Of course, the sight of the eye is destroyed permanently, and we understand that a surgical operation will probably be necessary to reduce a protrusion of the now useless organ. The fortitude of Col. Pierce may enable him to consider the injury he has received a slight one, but we should call it rather serious. He has reason, however, to be thankful that his life is spared, and that the symptoms of his case are so favorable. Others will rejoice with him in those respects.

The Colonel left the regiment on Friday morning, making the journey home in about sixty-six hours. He traveled entirely alone.—His cousin, Capt. Pierce of the 3d Cavalry, who started for Washington on Friday morning, must have met him on the way, and gone on, unconscious of the fact. Col. Pierce is able to talk about, but was, of course, considerably fatigued on reaching home. He has a host of friends who would be glad to see him, but they will readily understand that entire quiet is for the present indispensable to his improvement.

LIEUT.-COL. PIERCE.—It will be seen by a letter from a Washington correspondent that Lieut.-Col. Pierce has rejoined his regiment, the 108th, notwithstanding his wound, which would have readily obtained him a furlough. He went to the field before he had fully recovered from his first severe wound which deprived him of an eye, and against the advice of friends, and was shortly wounded again. After less than a week of rest, he rejoined his command and is now ready to go in against the rebels again when Gen. Grant shall give the word. Surely none will question the purpose of the Lt.-Col. to fight whenever he can get a chance. He has shown a zeal in this respect that outdoes discretion if he has a regard for his physical condition.

LETTER FROM CAPT. CUTLER.—The friends of Capt. Cutler, of the 108th, have a letter from him written since the battle, descriptive of the part his regiment took in the affair of Wednesday. His description of the movements of the regiment is similar to that given by others whose letters have been published. He says the 130th Penn. and 4th Delaware marched up the hill and retired when they received the fire of the enemy. Just then a General rode up and swinging his sword, shouted, "Forward, 108th, your place is in front!" The boys gave a deafening yell and rushed forward and found a rifle pit full of rebels who poured into them a deadly fire from a distance of no more than 150 feet. The 108th returned over the hill after having a few killed, including Major Force, Lieuts. Holmes and Tarbox. The regiment after a time fixed bayonets and charged on the rifle pit and cleared it, taking two stands of colors from the rebels and 100 prisoners. The charge was made after the 108th had been ordered to withdraw from the field. The 69th followed them in the charge. Gen. McClellan complimented the regiment by saying that he never saw raw troops fight so in his life. Corporal Frank Johnson, of Capt. Cutler's company, was killed within three feet of him on his right, and one of Capt. Fuller's men was killed within four feet of him on the left.

Capt. Cutler says his company suffered most. He had 52 men in the fight, of which 21 were wounded and two killed.

The 108th could only muster 94 men the night after the fight, and has only 500 now.

To the Memory of

WM. H. SMITH, CO. G, 108TH REG'T, N. Y. S. V., KILLED AT COLD HARBOR, JUNE 5, 1864.

BY LILLIAN TREVOR.

For the Evening Express.

Down by far Potomac's river,
Mid the noble fallen brave,
All unmindful of the conflict
Raging fiercely o'er his grave:
Softly sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
Heart all cold and pulses still;
In a soldier's grave they laid him,
Merry hearted, loving Will.
Hearts are aching—hearts are breaking:
All in bitter anguish lost,
For the sleep which knows no waking:
For the loved, and early lost;
Father, Mother, loving Sisters
Waiting—waiting—all in vain,
Longing still for darling Willie,
Sleeping on the battle plain.
Comes no more his bounding footsteps,
Up the walk and through the door;
Rings no more the merry laughter
Of the voice so loved of yore;
No more watching, little sisters,
For the absent one to come,
Striving each the first to welcome
Darling brother Willie home.
No more letters, loving Mother,
Where thou read'st with tearful joy,
"Don't forget to pray, dear Mother,
For your absent soldier boy."
We shall miss him—ever miss him—
Gone in all his bright young prime,
By the glowing winter fire-side,
Through the pleasant summer time.
On the far off field of battle,
Sweetly sleeps, beloved one;
O'er thee brightly beams the glory
Of the early setting sun.
Toll and conflict all are over;
Rest and peace to thee have come;
Loudly swells the angel chorus,
Sounding WILLIE'S welcome home.

JULY 21, 1864.