

From the 116th Regiment.

CAMP BEFORE PORT HUDSON, }  
June 24, 1863. }

EDITORS COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER:

I am considerably riled this afternoon, and in consequence of this, and of the fact that no movements have been made since my last, I shall write you a very different letter from any of my previous ones.

I have just seen a late N. Y. *Herald*, and in it I see that Vallandigham has been nominated for Governor of Ohio. Is it because he is a rebel? I am at a loss to understand. Now, there are thousands of young men in the army, who have left splendid chances of success in life—who have left home and friends, and for what? To put down this rebellion. When we see men, who can as well leave their homes as we—whose lives are no more dear to them than ours, not only refusing to endanger their *precious* lives, but putting every obstacle in the way of our Government that they can—when we see this, what do you suppose we think? I can tell you what I think, and it is, that there is altogether too much freedom in our country.—We have heard a great deal of Freedom of Speech, and Freedom of the Press, and in times of peace, it will all do well enough; but in times of war, when the very existence of this Freedom is at stake, can we not submit to its curtailment in some measure, in order that we may not lose it entirely?

What do you suppose we in the army have done? We have submitted to the loss of this freedom of speech entirely. Not a word of praise or censure of the acts of our superiors is permitted—and this, too, in addition to the loss of every comfort of life. Cannot these “stay-at-homes” submit to anything? Must they be permitted to growl at this, or grumble at that—to find fault with everything that our government does? I hope not, Mr. Editor; and I trust that should this man Vallandigham ever return to Ohio, he may be imprisoned, to say the least, and I don’t know but a little hemp, used in an approved manner, might have a good effect.

Another thing that has excited my ire, is to see, quite often, in such papers as we get, that “such a man attacked an enrolling officer while in the discharge of his duty.” What do you propose to do with such miscreants—men who were “unable to enlist,” but who would, as soon as their country *really* needed them, fly to arms at once—men who delight to honor a poor returned soldier, and who would share their last crust of bread with him. I tell you, I should like to be Provost Marshal of old Erie County, and have the pleasure of sending to the support of our army the broken-winded, weak-kneed citizens of our glorious country, who can vote, and talk, and wonder that our armies are not more successful, but who prefer “attacking an enrolling officer” to helping us to be successful, by attacking such places as Port Hudson. Mr. Editor, their time is coming. So sure as the sun rises, just so sure are we of ultimately conquering these rebels, and then—and then, what will be the place assigned these brawling fault-finders?

I know—you know; and if they don’t know,

they will then. I know, and could give the names of men, old and young, in Buffalo, who, unless they change their "tactics," will ever regret that they were born. What an unenviable reputation has always been that of a "tory." What a name of reproach; and think you that "copperhead" will be any the more desirable? I think not; and rather than suffer the reproach that will surely attach to all such as in any way interfere in this war, I would prefer to die tomorrow.

I would not have your readers think that I approve every act that our Executive does, for I know that to "err is human," and therefore do not expect everything to prove a success, or all his acts to be without a fault. When these fault-finders will show me a more honest, or more well-intentioned man than Abraham Lincoln, or will agree to furnish him

with better advisers than now surround him, I will willingly acknowledge it. Until that time, let them spend their energy in supporting, instead of annoying those in authority—in assisting, instead of assaulting enrolling officers; and if drafted, willingly shoulder their muskets, and pay us a visit. Then their continued boasting of "support" will really amount to something.

Having now relieved myself of my wrath, I acknowledge that I feel much better. As I have intimated, everything since our attack of the 14th inst., has remained as quiet as could be expected, when two armies are so near each other as ours are. We are, nevertheless, at work, digging trenches, mounting guns and on the right, I understand, they are mining the works. Another storming party is now organizing, and, before long, we shall try our hand again. We are now confident of success, and I hope and trust our confidence is not misplaced.

Entirely omitted in my former communications to make any mention of the flag presented to our regiment when we left Buffalo. In the fight of the 21st, one single bullet had the courage to enter its sacred folds. On the 27th many more dared to do so, and before it was brought from the field, a shell struck it, tearing it to pieces. This has not destroyed its value to us, for we shall carry what remains of it with a great deal of pride.

I now desire to say a word in reference to our late color-bearer, Sergeant Kern. Few men are born with more courageous hearts than beat within the breast of poor Kern. In the fights of the 21st and 27th, no man was more conspicuous than he, in bravely carrying the flag of his country. He succeeded in getting as near the works as almost any other one, when he was singled out by some human devil, and sent to his long home. If he has friends, and they see this, let me assure them that he fell as they would wish him to, with his face to the foe, and with one single purpose, and that was, to plant upon the walls of Port Hudson, that dearly loved emblem of Liberty, the "Star Spangled Banner."

As events transpire, and the spirit moves, I shall take the liberty of addressing you again.

Yours, &c.,

C. C. L.

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FROM THE 116TH.—We have received the following from an occasional correspondent, who is known to many in our midst, and from whom we shall always be pleased to hear. As anything and everything relating to the doings and experiences of our several bands of heroes who are doing their country service and our city honor by their trials and privations on the "tented field," are sought for and perused with eager avidity, we are sure this will be read with more than ordinary interest:

CAMP OF 116TH, N. Y. V., NEW IBERIA, LA., }  
December 26, 1863. }

EDS. COMMERCIAL:—It is now some time since I have permitted myself the pleasure of writing you, for a reason which you well know and which it would hardly be prudent for me to mention, inasmuch as I desire to remain *in cog*.

Nothing of importance has transpired since my last communication, which, if I remember aright, was from Donaldsonville. Of our Sabine Pass expedition, and its glorious results, you have no doubt been made acquainted, and from such stray *Commercial*s as find their way here, I see you have been kept posted in regard to our march Texas-wards, so I will spare you any reflections which might relate to it, and fill my sheet with that which pertains solely to our regiment.

Many, very many changes have taken place among our officers since our Port Hudson experience, most of which your readers are doubtless aware of. We have been deprived of Col. Love's services during this and the Sabine Pass Expedition, which would have been much more severely felt had we not found our new Major, Sizer, a trump in every particular; prompt and energetic, he is quick to see and ready to perform any duty whatever. His tasks have been very arduous during all this time, and I think too much praise cannot be awarded him.

A week ago tonight we were all ~~very~~ much surprised at the arrival from the North of Lieut. Col. Higgins, and Lieut. Clark, both of whom, if we are to judge from their appearance, were well treated while with you. You are no doubt aware of the object of their visit North, and, I presume, equally so of their success. We had hoped to extend the right hand of fellowship to some 300 of our old Buffalo friends, but Uncle Sam has decided otherwise, and we must make a virtue of necessity and submit with as good a grace as may be.

Perhaps you would like to know how strong in numbers the regiment is at present, and the number is so large in comparison with regiments all around us, that I am only too happy to inform you. The number now borne on our rolls I am unable to give you exactly, but think it not far from 600, and the number reported for duty every day, including Co. "F" on duty at Corps Headquarters, is about 480. This we consider a very good show indeed, as the 174th N. Y. V., in our Brigade, I should judge from their Dress Parades, could hardly muster 150 men for duty. The health of the regiment is excellent, and I am sure were we only of the number of those regiments which, having served two years are permitted to re-enlist as veteran volunteers nearly all would do so at once. The fact is, Messrs. Editors, we are soldiers now, and although we often think of loved ones at home, are much better contented with our lot than we ever expected to be.

Well, yesterday was Christmas, that dear old holiday so dear to us all, and as it dawned upon our camp, I could not keep my thoughts from wandering to old Buffalo, and picturing the scenes of happiness and joy which I knew so well were being enacted in many happy homes, nor did I wish to interrupt my thoughts, for I love to dream of home and all its endearments, and always find myself a better man from their effects.

Many of our friends were wishing, I have no doubt, that a portion of their bounty could be spread for their soldier boys, and we wish it might have been, but knowing how impossible it would be, we thank them kindly, and "take the wish for the deed." However, the officers of our regiment, thinking, I presume, that Christmas came but once a year, determined, in council assembled, to have a "dinner." Accordingly, two or three large tents were put up facing one another, which, when all were thrown into one, made a large hall of perhaps 100 feet in length. A long table was

built through nearly its entire length, and the whole interior decorated in the most approved style. A number of mottoes were painted and displayed around the walls, among which were, "Plain Store;" our first fight, "Port Hudson;" and last, but not least, "Remember Chapin."

A most bountiful supply of the good things of earth, consisting of turkeys, ducks, chickens, and a fine roast pig, graced the table.

At its head, as President, was seen the beaming countenance of Capt. James S. McGowan, supported on his right by Col. Love and Major Sizer, and on his left by Lieut.-Col. Higgins and Dr. Hutchins. After ample justice had been done to the edibles, the cloth was removed (as you at home would say, but inasmuch as our cloth consisted of shelter tents, it was hardly considered necessary), Capt. Ferris announced the first regular toast—

Our Country—May this bright constellation of stars never be dimmed or broken.

Which was responded to by Capt. McGowan in a neat speech. Next came—

The President of the United States.

To which Col. Love responded. Then—

Our Army and Navy—

was given, and Lieut. Jacob C. Newton replied.

Our Friends at Home—

were next toasted, in response to which Lieut. Geo. N. Brown answered. And then followed—

To the memory of Brig.-Gen. Edward P. Chapin—May it ever be cherished by the officers and men of the 116th.

To which Lieut. Orton S. Clark replied. Lieut. Wm. J. Morgan responded to the last regular toast, which was—

To our gallant Colonel, Geo. M. Love—May he soon see stars.

Intermingled with all this were songs by our silver-voiced Lieut. Woehnert, and music by our band, etc. The evening passed away most pleasantly, and all were perfectly satisfied with our success.

We have remained here now over six weeks and all feel anxious for a move of some kind, and from all we can learn, our anxiety will, in all probability, soon be gratified, as orders are expected before many days to move to Franklin, some 30 miles nearer New Orleans, from which place you will next hear from me. In the meantime, allow me to remain

Yours, etc.,

C. C. L.

#### From the One Hundred and Sixteenth Regiment.

#### AN APPEAL TO OUR CITIZENS, FOR JUSTICE TO A BUFFALO BOY.

It gives us great pleasure to publish the following touching appeal signed by all the officers of our gallant One Hundred and Sixteenth Regiment, except Capt. Carpenter who is on duty at Elmira, N. Y. There is a melancholy significance in the smallness of their number. Battles and disease have made sad havoc among our brave boys, and their services and sacrifices have given them a right to call upon us for justice. The veterans feel that they have not been treated with equality of consideration, in regard to their officers or recruits, by "the folks at home."

They are fearful that the hearts of our citizens are not large enough to embrace all their defenders in the field, and it is natural that they should turn their eyes back to us with a feeling, almost amounting to jealousy, toward any stranger who shall come between them and us, in that loving remembrance and reward, which they so much crave.

We have had reason to be very proud of our brave soldiers, and we believe that the generous action of our citizens will be found adequate to that pride, and the rare deservings of all, whether they be on the Potomac, in front of Charleston, or in the far Southwest. Compar-

isons, or preferences are odious at all times, but especially when exercised toward our own sons; and a generous chivalry will prompt us to an exact equality of treatment toward an adopted son. Holding ourselves entirely aloof from that portion of the following appeal which may be construed as invidious to Col. Dandy, we commend it, and the subject it urges, to the prompt consideration, and action of our citizens:

CAMP "EMORY," FRANKLIN, LA.  
March 2, 1864.

Editors Commercial Advertiser:

Having noticed in a copy of your valuable journal, a few days since, some resolutions adopted by the Buffalo Board of Trade, calling the attention of those in authority to Col. Geo. B. Dandy of the 100th N. Y. V., and praying for his nomination as a Brigadier-General, we must respectfully ask the attention of the people of Buffalo to the following appeal, feeling assured that their sense of justice will acquit us of doing anything more than our duty to one for whom we have the highest regard.

We of course know nothing of Col. Dandy's fitness for the position sought for him by the Board of Trade, nor do we deem it necessary that we should. One thing we do know, he is not a Buffalo man, and therefore ought not to receive *as such* the appointment of a Brigadier-General, especially while there are those equally as fit for the position, to say the least, as he is, and who were born and reared in old Buffalo, and whose every interest is identified with it and its future prosperity.

What honor will it be to Buffalo, Messrs. Editors, that Colonel Dandy, a non-resident, and in no wise connected with our city, receives his commission as a Brigadier-General? We look at this thing from another standpoint. We ask the citizens of Buffalo if it is right that George M. Love, a Buffalo boy, a soldier, every inch of him, who led the 116th into its first battle, and to whom, with our honored dead, (Col. Chapin), belongs the credit of its present high standing in this department, as one of the best drilled, best disciplined regiments here, should be overlooked?

He entered the ranks as a private in the 21st New York volunteers; was made first sergoant of Company D; then Sergeant-Major, which position he held until promoted to a first lieutenancy in Company A, 44th New York volunteers; subsequently he received the appointment of captain in the same company and regiment, and with them was engaged in the Peninsula campaign, and in the seven days battles. On the organization of the 116th he was commissioned as a Major, and his labors in perfecting us in drill and discipline, while we were unskilled in the art of war, and so much needed them, were second only to those of the lamented Chapin.

When Colonel Chapin was placed in command of our brigade, circumstances which it is unnecessary to mention, devolved the whole responsibility of the regiment on Colonel Love. Of his military ability, we in the regiment have had ample proof. His bravery in the hour of battle, at Plain Store and Port Hudson, has been shown to us in such a manner as to give all, both officers and men, the utmost confidence in him.

The fortunes of war, on the fatal 27th day of May, 1863, deprived us forever of our gallant Colonel Chapin; but in George M. Love we have found a worthy successor. He was placed in command of our brigade July 24, 1863, which command he has ever since held; and during our last march through this country he led the advance with his brigade, and no officer in General Weitzel's Division possessed so entirely his confidence and esteem as Colonel Love.

It may seem out of place in the eyes of some of the good people of Buffalo for us to offer our opinion unasked on such a question. We know that we are "only soldiers," and as such are deemed, by some at least, as having surrendered all our rights as citizens, and thus lost our right to even vote in your elections. But, Messrs. Editors, we know Col. Love. We know of no man in the 116th but would follow him any where, and we have had evidence of his being perfectly willing to lead. Knowing this, when we see influential citizens of Buffalo pressing forward the name of a man in no way a Buffalonian, we presume thus to express our opinion, trusting that it will not only be read, but heeded and acted upon.

In conclusion we desire your readers to know that this appeal has been written, and is now sent to you for publication without either the knowledge or consent of Col. Love, simply as a mark of the esteem in which he is held by us, with an earnest desire that justice may be done him.

JOHN HIGGINS, Lieut. Col. 116th N. Y. V.  
JNO. M. SIZER, Major 116th N. Y. V.  
W. T. FERRIS, Captain Co. K.  
W. H. GRAY, Captain Co. B.  
ORTON S. CLARK, 1st Lieut. Co. A.  
WM. J. MORGAN, 1st Lieut. Co. I.  
C. B. HUTCHINS, Surgeon 116th N. Y. V.  
RICHARD C. KINNEY, Captain Co. E.  
JAMES S. MCGOWAN, Captain Co. G.  
E. W. SEYMOUR, Captain Co. D.  
JOHN COVENTRY, Assistant Surgeon.  
JOHN C. NEAL, 1st Lieut. and Acting Adjt.  
GEO. N. BROWN, 1st Lieut. Co. C.  
JOHN G. WOERNERT, 1st Lieut. Co. H.  
HENRY A. C. SWARTZ, 2d Lieut. Co. E.  
G. H. SHEPARD, 2d Lieut. Co. K.  
JOHN H. ROHAN, 1st Lieut. Co. D.  
J. C. NEWTON, 2d Lieut. Co. A.  
G. W. MILLER, 2d Lieut. Co. D.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE 116TH.—The following letter, written by an officer of the regiment gives some further particulars in relation to the part taken by the 116th, in the recent battles in Louisiana:

GRAND ECORE LANDING, La.,  
April 12, 1864.

We left Natchitoches, April 5th, on the Texas road, which leads to Shreveport. Every thing went as quiet as usual until the 8th. On the night of the 7th we camped at Pleasant Hill, a small village 35 miles from Natchitoches. Our cavalry, under Gen. Lee, had a skirmish with the rebels there, and drove them 8 or 10 miles, with but slight loss. On the 8th, our cavalry in the advance skirmished all the way with the rebels, and our boys advancing very slow. After marching about 8 miles our division halted and went into bivouac. The position of our forces was this: The Cavalry Division 12 miles in front of us at the village of Mansfield, and the 13th Corps (3d and 4th Divisions) 8 miles in our front, 16th Corps 12 miles in our rear. Between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon we were ordered to fall in with two days' rations, and march to the front.

We marched 8 miles without rest and double quicked part of the way. We formed line at Sabine Cross-roads, 4 miles from the village of Mansfield. As we were forming line the 13th Corps (what remained of them) and the cavalry were falling back in the utmost confusion. Our Brigade was drawn up behind a rail fence; in front of us was an open field, and beyond

that a large wood. The road running through the open field and into the woods beyond.

In a few moments the rebels appeared from the woods in our front and charged our line, but were gallantly repulsed and driven back. They next attacked our right flank. Our regiment had the right of our line, and for a few moments it looked rather blue, but our right wing swung around so as to form a new line at right angles with our first line, and gave the rebels such a fire that they had to fall back. They then charged with cavalry and infantry on our front, but were again repulsed, and might put an end to the battle.

It was a sad day for us. The 13th Corps were almost annihilated before our Division came up. The fight began at Mansfield. The rebels attacked our cavalry and the 13th Corps with overwhelming numbers, driving them back, capturing 22 pieces of artillery and the cavalry train, consisting of 150 wagons. Our Division saved the train of the 13th Corps, and in fact saved the whole army from defeat and capture. The loss in our Division was small, but the 13th Corps and the cavalry lost very heavily. Gen. Ransom, commanding 13th Corps, was badly wounded, and Major General Franklin had 2 horses shot under him.

The rebels charged desperately right up to our line. Our regiment took a rebel Lieutenant and one private prisoners. It was nearly dark, and they charged so far that they could not get back again. At 12 o'clock at night we were ordered to retreat. We fell back sixteen miles to Pleasant Hill where we found the 16th corps, or rather a portion of them—arriving there about eight o'clock in the morning.

When our division arrived at Pleasant Hill, on the morning of the 9th, we were ordered to form in line. Our forces were drawn up in a good position, and we waited anxiously for the rebels to attack, feeling confident that we could whip them if they should dare to attack us. About five o'clock in the afternoon the ball commenced. The rebels opened on us with artillery and charged our whole line.

Our regiment was on the extreme right of our line, and the rebels tried to flank us as they did the day before, but did not succeed. We were behind a low breastwork of logs and rails, so that our men could load and fire without exposing themselves much to the fire of the enemy. The first time, I think, that our regiment ever were favored with a good position. The enemy charged us repeatedly, and were every time repulsed, until nine o'clock, when they withdrew, and the firing ceased.

The loss in our regiment was small in both engagements—about 35 killed, wounded and missing, as near as I can learn. My company lost 5 wounded and 1 missing (supposed to have been taken prisoner after the last fight.)

At two o'clock on the morning of the 10th we fell back twenty miles; resumed the march the next day, arriving here the night of the 11th.

In six days our regiment marched 104 miles and fought two battles. Since March 15th up to April 11th we have marched 336 miles.

On the 9th over 500 prisoners were taken and one rebel flag. None of the boys from East Hamburg were hurt in either fight.

I do not know how heavily our army lost; but, as near as I can learn, the 13th corps was almost cut to pieces the first day; and the opinion seems to be that on the 9th we lost between 4,000 and 5,000 men, and about 1,000 of 1,200 on the 9th.

The enemy must have lost very heavily on the 9th, as they were the attacking party, and we had a good position. I think they must have lost at least two to our one the last day.

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FROM THE 116TH REGIMENT.—The Springville *Chronicle* of Saturday has two letters from the 116th. The latest letter contains some interesting particulars which we reproduce for the gratification of those having friends and relatives in the regiment:

BIVOUAC AT GRAND ECORE, La.,  
On the Red River, half way between Alexandria  
and Shreveport, April 15th, 1864.

When I last wrote you we were at Alexandria. We left there the 28th. Nothing of importance transpired after we left there until we arrived at Natchitoches. There we stayed two days recruiting our supply train, etc. We left there the 6th; the 13th corps had the advantage; the 7th they arrived at Pleasant Hill, where they had a light battle, which resulted in a complete rout of the enemy. On the 8th the march was resumed: the 13th corps marched 17 miles, where the rebels again attacked them, as they had received heavy reinforcements; there had been skirmishing all day, but about 3 P. M. the Rebs made a charge on our men and drove them back. The 19th corps was seven miles behind the 13th, and was ordered to the front, where we reached about 4½ o'clock P. M. Our band played for the regiment to march up until we were within a few rods of where line of battle was formed. The rebels had driven our men about two miles and were capturing men and wagons and artillery, and were about to gobble the whole corps. As soon as the 13th were through our lines, we opened upon the rebels and gave them a warm reception, and held our ground till dark. There was heavy firing on both sides until dark, though only cavalry and infantry were engaged after the 19th came up. The rebels captured some 20 pieces of artillery and a great portion of the 13th's wagon train, and a large number of prisoners. The men lay on their arms in line of battle until 12 P. M., when we received orders to fall back immediately to Pleasant Hill, which was fifteen miles distant, and the place from whence we started that morning.

We arrived at Pleasant Hill at 9 A. M. On the 9th, and immediately formed in line of battle, as the rebels were following close in our rear. We lay in line of battle all day. Skirmishing commenced at 11 A. M., and continued very brisk until 4 P. M., when the rebels made another attack. I forgot to say that when we arrived at Pleasant Hill the 16th corps reinforced us, and they formed a line in front of the 19th; the 13th was held in reserve. A heavy battle ensued, as the field was large and a large force was engaged. Artillery was used on both sides for some time. The 16th corps held their line for a while, then the rebels began to drive them. They fell back slowly to our line, which was about fifty rods in the rear. Our corps was ready, and as soon as the rebels advanced in sight opened on them, which checked their advance. Our regiment and brigade occupied the extreme right of the line. The enemy made several charges along the lines, but were repulsed each time by the terrible fire they received. They also attempted to flank us on the right and left, but without success. We took a large number of prisoners at one of the charges which they made on the left. The firing ceased at dark, and we threw out a line of skirmishers and found that the rebels had fallen back. The loss in our regiment in killed and wounded in both day's battles is 37. Col. F. was with Maj. Gen. Franklin's wagon train, consequently were not in any engagement.

The men lay today with their belts on ready to march at a moment's notice. The names of the two battles are Plum Orchard and Pleasant Hill. In the battle of the 9th, Col. Benedict, who had command of the 3d Brigade, was killed, and as Major Sizer was on Gen. Emory's Staff, as Inspector of the 1st Division, Emory gave him command of the 3d Brigade, which was on the extreme left. Major Sizer made the charge in which so many prisoners were taken.

#### From the One Hundred and Sixteenth Regiment.

##### LETTER FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

The following excellent letter from our special correspondent has been unaccountably delayed, but at will not have lost its interest to our readers:

BIVOUAC 116th N. Y. V.,  
GRAND ECORE, La., April 17, 1864.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—My last letter was written from Franklin, which by reference to your map, you will find is "many a weary mile" from this place. The inference then is, that we have been on the move, a fact which sore feet and a general willingness to acknowledge myself about used up, gives me no desire to deny, and presuming that an account of our march, with such incidents as time will permit me to give, as well as the story of two battles in which we have been engaged, would interest your many readers, I will to the best of my ability give it.

For some time previous to the 15th of March,

it became evident to all that a movement of some kind was decided upon, and many were the speculations as to where we were going, &c., &c., questions which it was as utterly useless for us to ask, as it would have been to seek to pry into the future, but soldiers will talk, however well they may know it to be useless. Soon after the inauguration of Gov. Hahn on the 4th of March, at New Orleans, the cavalry which for months had been organizing there, was ordered up to Franklin, and with it the 13th army corps, or a portion of it. These, with our Division (1st) of the 19th Army Corps, composed our force until we reached Alexandria, where we found the 16th Army Corps.—Our force consisted of cavalry, 9,000, two divisions of the 13th Army Corps, 5,000, 1st division, 19th Army Corps, 7,000. Total 21,000 men. The cavalry was commanded by Brig. Gen. Lee, and was composed in a great measure of mounted infantry, which is or has so far proved worse than none at all, having spoiled good infantry regiments, who had earned a reputation as such, and made, to say the best, but indifferent cavalry. The 13th Corps, or the two small divisions which accompanied us, were under the command of Brig. Gen. Ransom, while our division was commanded by Brig. Gen. Emory, the whole being directed by Major Gen. Franklin. As I wrote you in my last, Brig. Gen. Dwight had been assigned to the command of our brigade, but owing to either sickness or a preference for a steamboat ride to a march of 180 miles, he did not make his appearance until we reached Alexandria, thus leaving Col. Love in command.

All things then being in readiness, at seven o'clock on the morning of March 15th we left behind us our beautiful camp at Franklin, from which, however, none of the ornaments had been taken. It was with mingled feelings of sadness that we were forced to leave so pleasant a place, and gladness that excitement of some kind was without doubt in store for us, a feeling which, strange as it may seem, even the dangers which we knew would attend our way, could not prevent the soldier from experiencing. We started on a spring campaign of no mean magnitude. A daily march of from fourteen to twenty miles for five days brought us to Washington, which, like New Iberia and Opelousas, through which we passed, seemed only to exist in name. Here we struck the Bayou Caurteurler, and remained one day to rest and have a general clean up. It was improved, I can assure you, and was of much benefit to the men. The next morning, bright and early, we were on the move again, but owing to a heavy rain during the night we found it rather difficult to proceed, our wagon train being troubled very much with the heavy condition of the roads. Two days' severe marching brought us to Holmesville, a place on the Upper Bayou Bocuff, which we would have been unable to discover had it not been for some old niggers who informed us that we were at Holmesville, there being but about a dozen houses. Another day's march brought us to the village of Cheeneyville, a place of much larger size than most which we had passed, although its size would hardly entitle it to a name with you at home. For two or three days back our march had been through the most magnificent country that I ever saw. It

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is rather more rolling than that in the more southern part of the State, and exceedingly fertile. Sugar and cotton have been the crops raised here mostly, although since the war began immense quantities of corn have been raised. Many and many a field of six hundred and eight hundred acres, all in one enclosure, and under cultivation, were to be seen, and a number of from fifteen hundred to two thousand acres, were occasionally met with. On all these were sugar houses, fitted up in the most approved style, with machinery, very extensive and costly, and which you will almost invariably find came from some Northern foundry. In all of them were hundreds of hog-heads of the very finest sugar, which our rather unexpected advance had given the owners no time to remove. As a matter of course, it ought to pay tribute to Uncle Sam, and our boys, thinking it might escape, levied upon it and generally succeeded in getting enough for all their immediate wants.

All along our route we had passed the smouldering ruins of buildings which the old darkies around informed us had contained cotton, and which Gen. Dick Taylor, who we knew was in our front, had burned as he retreated. The amount so destroyed we have no means of knowing, but it must have been immense, and I should suppose would injure their cause among the people more than it possibly could were it to fall into our hands.

After leaving Washington, we found all the planters gone, and upon enquiry found that they had collected their slaves, and, leaving such as were too old or too young to be of much use, had driven the balance before them into Texas, knowing that were they to remain on their plantations none would be left after our advent in their midst.

Between Holmesville and Cheeneyville we passed the plantation upon which Solomon Northrup was twelve years a slave. It is owned by a Mr. Epps; the same, if I remember right, who owned it when Northrup was here. I saw two or three old darkies who knew Solomon "right well," and who averred that Sol. was a "right smart niggab," &c., &c.

But to resume our march: We started from Cheeneyville at 6 A. M., and that day's march and the one following, placed our weary feet in Alexandria, a place of considerable size, on the Red River, and before the war of a good deal of importance in a commercial point of view. Its condition now is, like all Southern cities, terrible to look upon. No business is done there; stores all closed; houses seem almost uninhabited; the streets almost entirely deserted, and all the result of this "cruel war."

You people at the North know nothing as yet of the evils of this war, and my prayer is that you may not. Your cities and villages are still busy with the hum of trade; your people are free from any care regarding the advance of the enemy on your cities; your children are still permitted to attend your schools unmolested, and, except in the hearts of some father or mother who cannot forget their sons who are, perhaps, in scenes of danger, your city is as in times of peace. So may God grant it may continue!

On our arrival here Gen. Dwight assumed command of the brigade, thus relieving Col.

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Love, who for eight months had commanded the 1st brigade. With him came our Lieuts. Goslin and Clark, who had for a long time been on his staff. This increases our force of officers, and, with the exception of Major Sizer and Dr. Hutchins, both on General Emory's staff, gives us all our officers back. We had now marched at least 160 miles in ten days, through a well watered country, but during some of the time rain had rendered the roads almost impassable, while the dust at other times was almost suffocating. A rumor that we were to remain a few days in Alexandria was cheering to us all, especially as the pleasant faces of the ever welcome paymasters informed us that we were to receive some of Uncle Sam's greenbacks, the need of which had been felt by both officers and men. The 26th and 27th were spent in camp at Alexandria, and on the morning of the 28th we were once more advanced. A new country opened to us, as until now no force of ours, except a small one under Gen. Weitzel a year ago, had ever penetrated it. We found it very different from that we had already seen, it being very hilly, and some stones, the first we had met with since coming to this Department, greeted our eyes.

On the 29th we entered the great Piney woods, through which we picked our way for two long and weary days, and after three days more of severe marching, during which time we crossed the Cane River, a stream of considerable size, twice, we arrived at "Natchitoches," the oldest town in the state, and one in which we found more handsome dwellings than in any other one which I have ever visited. It is some 80 miles from Alexandria and about the same distance from Shreveport, and only 50 miles from Texas in a direct westerly line. We had now advanced 240 miles, right into the heart of the enemy's country, and except the capture of Fort De Russey by the 16th Army Corps, we had seen no rebels. It is therefore no wonder that we began to consider ourselves too strong for them to resist, and to expect no resistance to our advance; but not many more days were to pass by without teaching us our error in a manner that could not, and I may say did not fail to show us our weakness.

I should have informed you that on our arrival at Alexandria we found detachments from the 16th and 17th Army Corps, numbering some 10,000 men, under the command of Brig. Gen. A. J. Smith, who had come down from Vicksburg on transports, to the mouth of Red River, and who had gallantly captured Fort De Russey, before our arrival.

Our forces there on leaving Alexandria may be stated as follows, and also that we marched in the order in which they are mentioned: cavalry, 9,000; 13th corps, 5,000; 19th corps, 7,000; 16th and 17th corps, 10,000. Total 31,000 men.

With this number of good efficient men, well handled, and the different corps or parts of corps kept within supporting distance, success might, and all of us feel confident would have crowned our efforts. But miles were allowed to intervene between these different corps, thus giving the enemy a fair opportunity to whip us by detail.



We remained at Natchitoches the 3d, 4th and 5th of April, and on the 6th got once more under way. On the 7th we camped on Pleasant Hill; on the 8th marched eight miles beyond, and having received orders, our Division (or all of the 19th corps who are here) went into bivouac. We had hardly got nicely settled down, when orders came for us to move to the support of the cavalry and 13th corps who were engaged with a large force of the enemy, some eight miles in advance of us.— We were soon ready, and in an hour and a half had made the eight miles, and found ourselves just in time, the cavalry were rushing to the rear in great disorder, and as we filed to the right to take up our position behind a rail fence on the crest of a hill, they dashed through our regiment, cutting it right in two. They soon got out of our way, and we, with the balance of the Division, were placed in good position, and soon the rebels could be seen advancing in line upon us. This was about 4 o'clock P. M., and from that time until dark our volleys were well delivered, driving them back. Our regiment was upon the extreme right of the line, and soon a line of greybacks was seen advancing on our right flank. These of course must be driven from us, or the day was lost. In order to accomplish this, three companies of our regiment were thrown to the right and rear, and thus we defended not only our front but our flank. Darkness soon put an end to the fighting, and we remained under arms until 12 midnight, when we started for Pleasant Hill, where you will please remember the 16th and 17th corps were, they not having advanced any farther. This was some 16 miles in our rear. We reached there about 7 o'clock in the morning, weary, foot-sore and short of rations. Hardly had we got there before the rebel cavalry dashed in on our rear guard. They were handsomely repulsed, and we at once were placed in position to receive them. They however made no attack until 2 o'clock P. M., when the ball was opened right lively, and kept up until dark. I never wish to hear such musketry as I listened to that afternoon.

We had only our division (7,000) and the 16th and 17th corps (10,000), 17,000 in all, while they had a force of at least 25,000. The ground was contested, every inch of it, and at one time I expected that they would make prisoners of us all. They evidently thought they had us entirely surrounded, but our men fought desperately, and drove them back, with a terrible loss on their side, and no mean one on our own.

Our regiment was once more on the extreme right of the line, and again they attempted to flank us, but we once more succeeded in defeating their object. Your 116th never fought better. They held, on both occasions, the ground upon which they first formed, and did as good execution as ever was done. On both occasions we were under a very severe fire, and why our loss is so very small I am unable to say; but, in both fights, we lost but 3 killed and 28 wounded. Most of those wounded are very slight. For this we are all thankful. That we fairly whipped them in this last engagement no one can doubt.

Again we were forced—this time on account

of rations—to fall back, which, I suppose, gives them the victory. We accordingly fell back to this place.

What our entire loss is I cannot inform you exactly. The first day we lost 150 wagons, loaded with all kinds of stores, 23 pieces of artillery, and the loss of our corps (the 19th) and the 13th is 2,524 killed, wounded and missing, Cavalry 532 killed, wounded and missing.

I have done. You will hear that General Banks has fallen back, for prudential reasons, no doubt, but that he has not been defeated; and, whatever others may think, I am of the opinion that he has been. At any rate, the above is a correct statement of the whole affair. Come to your own conclusions, and believe me

\*Yours,

S. C. L.

#### From the One Hundred and sixteenth.

CAMP "EMORY," FRANKLIN, LA. }  
Feb. 26, 1864.

MESSRS. EDITORS: You and your readers have all, no doubt, heard much of the "sunny south" and its beauties; but owing to evil reports which have from time to time found their way to you, I fear, like myself, you have become rather skeptical about it, and have made up your minds that there is no foundation for such reports, as we cold-blooded northerners have always heard. I confess that I had come to this conclusion myself, and I don't know that I am entirely convinced of my error yet.

Were you here now, or had you been here for the last four or five weeks, I am certain you would have been partially convinced of the truth of the report. We have had during that time, some of the most delightful weather imaginable. Not so warm as to be uncomfortable, but just enough so as to clothe everything in its most beautiful garments, and show to us all the beauties of dame nature.

The nights, too, are so lovely, with a clear bracing air, which gives new life to all that breathe or feel it, and a round graceful moon, which looks down on this distracted part of our country, and seems to give the lie direct to any who might assert that we were engaged in a cruel war. Even the little "twinkling stars," so small compared with this moon, are quite ready to back her up in whatever she might say. Indeed this has been a most delightful spring, and had our experience of last year been equal to it, we might have full faith in the "Sunny South."

I believe I have already written you in reference to the natural beauties of our "Camp Emory," and now a few lines shall be devoted to the artificial adornments, which have sprung into existence, almost like "Jonas' gourd," in a night. The most attractive, and by far the most appropriate one, is a small earthwork or fortification which Company I has built between the company tents and officers' quarters. It is some twelve or fourteen feet square, with sally-port, curtain and ditch complete, mounts four guns (of what calibre I have been unable to learn,) and is pronounced by all who have seen it a very good specimen of engineering skill, indeed. Next on the left, Company E, under the supervision of their Captain (Kinney), have succeeded in giving us a very good

Monitor. I shall not be able to give her dimensions exactly, not knowing her length from stem to stern, her depth of hold or breadth of beam, nor her tonnage; but presume her length to be twelve feet, and am confident she will "hold" all the boys can put into her, as that can't be much. She sports a smoke-stack, a turret in which are four guns, and which, like all well behaved turrets, revolves, and was duly christened, the other night, as the "Faugh-a-ballagh," which, being interpreted (it's Irish), means, "Lave the way." Company G have erected a tower, or, as chess-players would term it, a castle. Resembling, as it does, that article used in the game, its appearance is not very prepossessing just yet, but should we remain here long enough for the grass to grow on its surface, it will make one of the finest ornaments in our camp. This company have also put up a very fine arch over the front of their street, which bears upon it the name "Glen-Gowan," after their Captain, McGowan.

All the other companies have erected ornaments of some kind, some of which are very tasty, and reflect much credit on those who planned and executed them.

This may all seem rather foolish when we reflect that we may, at almost any moment, get orders to leave them all and take up our line of march for parts, perhaps, unknown. But those who think so are very much mistaken. It keeps the mind busy, relieving it of unpleasant thoughts which are apt to crowd upon it at times, and takes the place of the monotony of camp life which none but those who have experienced it can fully appreciate.

A large flag-staff is to-day being prepared, from whose top we hope in a day or two to unfurl the Star Spangled Banner to the breeze.—It will gladden our eyes, be an eye-sore to rebels around us—of which there are a goodly number, both male and female, hereabouts—and show to any who may see it, the site of Camp Emory.

We have always been in the 1st brigade, at least since our advent into this department, and although a simple number amounts to nothing, we have become considerably attached to it, and would have been pleased to have retained it, but a reorganization of the forces here has been made and we now find ourselves in the 3rd brigade, 1st division, 19th army corps, commanded by Col. Benedict.

There were two Divisions here, the 1st, commanded by Gen. Emory, and the 3d by Gen. Grover. The latter has been transferred to the command of the forces now at Madisonville, on Lake Pontchartrain, and his division here consolidated with Gen. Emory's, making one good sized division.

Our old brigade has been assigned to Brig. Gen. Dwight, but as he is not here just now, Col. Love still retains command. When he arrives, however, we shall once more have our gallant Colonel to command us; and although on some accounts we would like to see him commanding a Brigade, we shall hail his return with joy, and tell the rebels to "Lave the way" when he leads us.

You would like to know, I presume, when we are to move and where, but I am as ignorant of the time of our departure or the

place of our destination, as you are, and with all the rest of the regiment, I am like Micawber, "waiting for something to turn up," and when that something does turn up, you may hear again from

Yours

## MORNING EXPRESS

Army Correspondence—From the 116th Regiment.

We have received the following letter from an officer of the 116th, giving many interesting details of the two battles recently fought in Louisiana, which have not heretofore been published:

Two bloody fights have been fought in Louisiana, with alternate disaster, and victory to our arms. On the morning of April 8th our forces were situated as follows: Our cavalry division, about 8,000 strong, with some flying artillery, under General Lee, was in the advance, about 8 miles beyond Pleasant Hill and the same distance from Mansfield. Two divisions of the 13th army corps, under Generals Ransom and Cameron, took the advance of the infantry. The 1st division of the 19th army corps, under Generals Franklin and Emory, took up the line of march, about six miles in rear of the 13th corps. General A. J. Smith, commanding the 16th army corps, was about 20 miles from Pleasant Hill. On the morning of the 8th General Banks passed on to the front, and as soon as he arrived, heavy skirmishing commenced. The cavalry advanced steadily, shelling the woods as they passed on, the enemy falling back without much resistance. In sight of Mansfield, however, he made a stand, having here massed his infantry support. Our artillery, consisting in part of Nim's Boston Battery, Chicago Mercantile Battery, Battery G, 1st U. S. Artillery, and some Missouri Mountain Howitzers, opened a terrific fire as the enemy charged with his cavalry, but his infantry support was close at hand, and overwhelming masses were rapidly pushed forward, completely surrounding and capturing 22 pieces of artillery, and routing our whole cavalry force. An enormous train of ammunition and supplies belonging to this division—and which, by the way, has been the cause of much annoyance and delay ever since we left Alexandria—was a rich and easy capture. To us it is a heavy loss, they were entirely new, and contained nearly all our medical stores for the campaign.

At the time of this attack the 13th A. C. were about three miles in the rear, but at once advanced to support. Scarcely had they got in line, when the cavalry, in precipitous haste, broke through them, throwing them into confusion, from which they had not time to recover when the enemy charged upon them with numbers 10 to 1. Another route was the result, and they in turn fled in all directions. To add to the unfortunate position in which this corps was placed, Gen. Ransom was wounded in the thigh, in the very first of the engagement. He was the very soul of his command; a thousand of the enemies bullets could not have inflicted a more fatal blow. The ammunition and supply train of this command was now the enemies. Mark, they knew its whereabouts, and instructions were given to every officers to press on with his men regardless of life and take possession of the prize, and well nigh was the purpose accomplished, but for the timely arrival of the 1st Division of the 19th corps.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon Gen. Emory was ordered to bivouac in a small clearing about eight miles from where they were afterwards engaged, and where the cavalry were camped the previous night. They had been there scarcely an hour when they were ordered to the front. Soon the booming of cannon and rolling of musketry



low with all possible dispatch, and capture them if it were possible. Our very first experience as a regiment nearly two years since, was a trip to Gettysburg after Stuart, who made a great raid about that time, and that little affair gave me but little hope that we should succeed now.

Our corps could not of course reach their destination all at the same time, and the consequence was our brigade (1st Brigade, 1st Division,) with a part of the Second were all the troops there ready to start after them. The balance of the corps as they arrived were sent to City Point, which accounts for your having seen mention of the presence of the 19th corps in the late fight north of the James River. They have been sent back, and are now here completing the corps.

An account of our march from day to day would hardly be interesting enough to your readers to compensate for the trouble of writing it. I will not, therefore, attempt it, but will simply give a general account of the said march. We started early on the morning of the 14th July, in the direction of Edward's Ferry, and on the 16th forded the Potomac at White's Ford, some distance above the Ferry bivouacing near Leesburg. On the 18th we passed through the Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap, and found the enemy across the Shenandoah River ready to dispute our crossing. Before our arrival a division had attempted the passage but were driven back, with heavy loss. It belonged to Hunter's corps (8th,) and was not supported as it should have been.

The 19th was spent quietly in bivouac, but early the next morning we moved down to the river, crossed without opposition, and proceeded about a mile beyond, where we remained until about 8 in the evening, when we took the back track, understanding that we were to make a forced march of forty-eight hours, and from that time until 11 the next forenoon, we kept steadily at work. We then bivouaced for the night. At 9 the next morning we were again on the move, and towards night on the 23d crossed the Chain Bridge, and were once more "near Washington," where we remained until the 26th. At 11 A. M. in accordance with orders, we started once more, this time in the direction of Harper's Ferry. After a severe march of four days, we had the pleasure (if you please to call it so) of seeing where poor old John Brown, like many another man, showed the soft spot in his head; and without an exception, I think it is the filthiest, dirtiest place I ever saw. The ruins of the old government buildings burned by the rebels when they captured the place from Colonel Miles, seem to speak words of warning, and stand a monument either to his incapacity or disloyalty.

Again, at 2 P. M., next day, 30th, we moved right back again as far as Frederick City, Md. This is one of the handsomest places I ever remember to have seen. Its streets are paved, wide and, above all, clean. The people are, or appear, perfectly loyal, and were helping the boys to water, etc., as we passed through. It was visited by Early on his raid, and made to pay a tribute of \$200,000. Here we remained until Aug. 2d, when we moved to Monocacy, the place where Gen. Wallace was so badly whipped by Early some five or six weeks since. Evidences of the fight, in the

shape of old broken muskets, cartridge boxes, bayonet scabbards, etc., were quite numerous, and gave sure evidence of a severe and well-contested field. We rested here until the night of the 4th, and then returned, this time by rail, to Harper's Ferry, or rather to Maryland Heights, which we climbed and remained upon until the morning of the 6th. We then descended from our commanding position, crossed the Potomac and went into our present bivouac, some three miles beyond Harper's Ferry. It is the identical ground occupied by us on the 30th of July, and as we saw no enemy on our march back to Monocacy, we are inclined to consider our present movements very "Potomac-y," and to ask why we might not have remained here instead of tramping around this country in this fearfully hot weather to no purpose whatever.

You people at home will read of our marching from this place to that, and from that back again to this, without for one moment realizing the real meaning of it, and I know of no way to bring them to a realizing sense of it except for them to try the following experiment: Get from some militia friend a musket and set of equipments—the cartridge-box containing at least fifty rounds of cartridges—take a tablecloth or something in place of a soldier's shelter tent, a rubber blanket, and roll up in them a change of under-clothing, and if you think you can, put in a woolen blanket. Tie this up and sling it over one shoulder, then get a small rag and put in it what you think you will need to eat for four days, and start for Attica, Wyoming county, understanding that you must get there before you sleep that night.—Your load will weigh just about seventy-five pounds, and is, with some slight variation, what every soldier carries.

The distance from Buffalo to Attica is, if I remember right, about twenty-five miles, and this is perhaps rather more than the average daily march, although we did make on our Red river campaign forty miles in about eighteen hours, marching time. In this manner you can all have a taste of real soldiering, if you want to. You should never rest more than ten minutes in every hour, and it might be well to march all night occasionally, and wait until the sun gets out nicely in the morning before you start, for the heat will make it so much more pleasant.

Well, are there any rebels about here? I am unable to tell you, for I presume you know more about it than I do. We seem to be getting ready for a movement down the Valley, and, if so, we shall know soon after we start where they are, I imagine.

The health of the regiment is not as good as when we were in the Gulf Department, and I think the feeling is very general among us that we would prefer to be down there. The fact of the matter is, we are entirely played out.—We have now been campaigning since the 15th of last March, excepting the few days we remained at Morgansia, and are about used up. But we live in hopes of a better time coming, and that it may come speedily, we all hope and pray.

I remain, yours,

C. C. L.

told that a desperate conflict was going on, and a step but little short of double-quick was kept up till he arrived at the scene of action.

The whole country is an almost unbroken pine thicket through which troops can only advance in single file, except by the crooked road, which, though it has been travelled for nearly a hundred years, is in a miserable condition, and so narrow that two wagons can barely pass.

Arriving at a small clearing, called Sabine Cross-roads, and where the 13th corps train was left we were rushed into line of battle on the east side of the clearing. In less than five minutes the enemy appeared on the opposite side. Not aware of our arrival, and catching sight of the train, they rushed in thousands out of the woods, but staggered as volley after volley were steadily poured into them. Their killed and wounded must have been immense. They now tried first to turn and then to flank our right, but in both attempts they were signally repulsed. Darkness at last closed the bloody scene, both armies lying down on their arms within half a mile of each other. The 161st N. Y. was the only regiment in the 1st Division that charged the enemy, consequently their loss was the heaviest. The rebel General Mouton was shot in the early part of the action.

At 12 P. M. a retreat was ordered to Pleasant hill, at which place the cavalry and 13th N. C. were directed to re-organize. For want of transportation a great number of our wounded were left in the enemy's hands.

At 10 o'clock on the 9th we reached Pleasant Hill—the Saratoga of Louisiana—the resort of those who can not afford a more expensive summer residence. Here we were reinforced by General Smith with the 16th N. C.

It was now our turn to select our position, and well was it chosen and maintained. The enemy followed up our retreat cautiously, but steadily; and at 4 P. M. another battle was fairly begun, which will mark a shining page in the history of the battles of the Union. Taylor had been reinforced by Price, of Missouri. Couple this fact with his immense success of the previous day, and you can imagine how much enthusiasm the rebels had to fire and urge them on to further victory. All day long an almost uninterrupted fire was kept up on the picket line, but they were now driven in, and a brigade of the enemy charged upon Battery L, U. S. Artillery. One brigade of the 16th corps was supporting this battery, and resisted the first attack, but gave way on the second charge, and 2 of the guns were captured. The enemy now directed his whole force on our left wing, evidently with the intention of turning it and getting in our rear. The 3d Brigade of the 1st Div. of the 19th corps held this position, but gave way and retreated in very bad order. Col. Benedict, of the 162d New York, was commanding the brigade, but fell early in the action. The enemy seeing that he was gaining ground, now rushed furiously forward, but was sternly met by the 1st and 2d Brigades of the 19th corps, and the 4th Division of the 16th corps. All the batteries now opened. A tropical thunderstorm is a calm to such a peal as burst forth, and continued without intermission for at least an hour. Charge after charge was made on both sides, and repulsed in turn. We recaptured the two pieces of Battery L, besides 19 of the pieces we lost yesterday.

Our mistake of yesterday was the enemies mistake of to-day. Yesterday we did not know that Price had formed a junction with Taylor. Taylor was ignorant of the fact that Smith had joined Banks to-day. Some effort was made to turn our right, but the advantage of our position enabled us to hold this, and at the same time remain in comparative security. When night closed upon the scene of carnage we had driven the enemy entirely from the field. Thus ended one of the most obstinately contested battles of the war. The rebel forces con-

sisted principally of Texans, but there were also troops from Arkansas and Missouri, as well as Louisiana. The 15th Missouri, loyal, met the 15th Missouri, rebel, steel to steel. Owing to the loss of our wagon train on the first day, our supplies and ammunition were all but exhausted. But for this, our course was now to follow up the enemy. They too had nothing upon which to subsist an army, and consequently by 2 o'clock on the morning of the 10th both armies were on the retreat in directly opposite directions. About 500 of our wounded were left at Pleasant Hill for want of ambulances to transport them.

Estimates of our loss differ widely. As near as can be ascertained, ours in killed and wounded in both fights is 1,000; missing—probably all prisoners without wounds—2,000. I can almost vouch for the correctness of these figures.

The enemy admit, through a flag of truce, to having 1,500 killed and wounded. We have taken about 1,000 prisoners. It is

rumored to-day (April 16th) that they are to be exchanged.

Comment on the disposition of our forces, or the distances at which they were kept apart, would be improper. At no distant day perhaps, the Committee on the conduct of the war will express an opinion. It is told by prisoners that were taken the second day, that Taylor made a speech to our men the night of the first fight. He said that they would be well treated, but perhaps they would find it hard to grub on their fare after the slick living Uncle Sam gave them, but that he had just made a requisition to Gen. Banks for some commissary supplies, which would be dealt out to them in small quantities as long as they lasted.

We are now under cover of the gunboats at Grand Ecore. Grover has arrived with two brigades, and more troops are daily expected. A messenger has reached here from Steel's command. Every hour the plot thickens. At present we are the party in check. When we get out of it, and how we can do it, will be the subject of my next letter.

#### LETTER FROM THE 116TH REGIMENT.

The Springville Chronicle publishes interesting letters, received from the 116th Regiment, since the recent battles in Louisiana. The following is an extract from one of them:

We arrived at Pleasant Hill at 9 A. M., on the 9th, and immediately formed in line of battle, as the rebels were following close in our rear. We lay in line of battle all day. Skirmishing commenced at 11 A. M., and continued very brisk until 4 P. M., when the rebels made another attack. I forgot to say that when we arrived at Pleasant Hill the 16th corps reinforced us and they formed a line in front of the 19th; the 13th was held in reserve. A heavy battle ensued, as the field was large and a large force engaged. Artillery was used on both sides for some time. The 16th corps held their line for a while, then the rebels began to drive them. They fell back slowly to our line, which was about fifty rods in the rear. Our corps was ready and as soon as the rebels advanced in sight opened on them, which checked their advance. Our regiment and brigade occupied the extreme right of the line. The enemy made several charges along the lines, but were repulsed each time by the terrible fire they received. They also attempted to flank us on the right and left, but without success. We took a large number of prisoners at one of the charges which the rebels made on the left. The firing ceased at dark, and we threw out a line of skirmishers, and found that the rebels had fallen back. A great many deserters came into our lines last evening; deserters and prisoners amounted that day to nearly two thousand.

The loss in our regiment in killed and

50 51

wounded, in both day's battle, is 37. Only four or five were killed. The band lost one Charles Lederer, of Co. C. He is missing, and a man of the 13th corps told us that he saw a bandsman that was shot that said he belonged to the 116th Regiment, and that he died before he left him. Sergt. Dingman, of Co. A, was slightly wounded in both legs. Co. K had five wounded. Sergt. Smith, Corp. Crawford, privates Griffith, Butler and Hill, are all slightly wounded. Co. F was with Major General Franklin's wagon train, and consequently were not in any engagement.

FROM NEW ORLEANS.—The following letter from an army officer at New Orleans was received this morning:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT GULF, }  
NEW ORLEANS, LA., July 5, 1864. }

EDITORS COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER:—I take pleasure in giving you the general news of this department which at present is quite plentiful. General Reynolds late Provost Marshal of this city, has been ordered to take command of the 19th Army Corps, which left Morganza Bend on the 1st of July, by transport, and thence to this city. They are now lying on board said boats, which are to carry them to some distant point across water. They have drawn twelve days' rations and it is generally supposed their destination is Fortress Monroe, thence to the army of the Potomac. A Major, who made me a visit today, confirms what I have stated. They all seem very anxious to depart from this torrid climate.

The 116th N. Y. V. were the first to arrive in this place. Col. Love is in command of his regiment. They are in fine condition for a campaign, all eager for a battle under any General that will show them the least sight for victory. Col. Love is well and in the best of spirits; also, all other officers belonging to the regiment. There is not one case of sickness among them. As near as I can ascertain, the soldiers are in better health than they have been since they first stepped upon the soil of Louisiana.

One thing is plain to be seen—each and every one of the "braves" plainly shows that they have been subjected to the torrid sun of the South. Their faces, as well as their actions, represent the true American's. It is supposed they will take their departure within four days. All who have kept themselves posted as to true fighting material regret to have this regiment leave the department. May the honor and glory that has followed this department never cease to accompany it.

## Commercial Advertiser.

Tuesday Evening, August 16, 1864.

From the One Hundred and Sixteenth Regiment.

Correspondence of the Commercial Advertiser.

BIVOUAC 116TH N. Y. S. VOL., }  
Near Harper's Ferry, Va., Aug. 8, 1864. }

MESSRS EDITORS: You and your readers are doubtless aware of our "change of base" from the Louisiana Lowlands, to what we in our disgust have been unable to find a name for. However, should there be any ignorant of the fact, they will please understand that such is the case, and for further particulars enquire within.

The heat had become very intense at Morgansia, where you will remember we were encamped after our Red River tramp; but we needed rest very much, and it mattered very little to us where we got it. Alas! for all our desires and hopes. We had hardly got settled in camp before orders were received for the infantry of both the 1st and 2d divisions of our corps to proceed at once to New Orleans. And now what was in store for us? Had "Johnny Reb" threatened the "Crescent City," and were we needed there, to keep him

at a respectful distance? No, that we were confident was not the trouble.

Next, the probability of an attack on Mobile was canvassed, and it was generally conceded that this must be the point we were soon to visit. Some few were sure that we would see Fortress Monroe before we did Mobile, but being in the minority little attention was paid to their ravings, and a few of the wiser heads knew we were going somewhere, and would bet on it. So the matter stood when, on the morning of the 3d of July, we reached New Orleans. Here we found no one any wiser than ourselves, but nearly all were confident that Mobile was the point now. We lay all day, the 3d and 4th, in the city. There was some kind of a celebration in honor our Independence Day, but not much enthusiasm manifested, and, with the exception of an increase of swelled heads, black eyes and broken noses the next morning, it passed about as other days do. On the morning of the 5th we went on board the steamer Mississippi, with the 90th New York Volunteers and 30th Massachusetts Volunteers, in all about 1100 men. We were badly crowded, and expected to suffer considerably, especially should we have a rough passage; but the season was favorable for an easy, quick trip, and we must make the best of it. About 2 o'clock P. M. of the 5th we reached the bar, but unfortunately grounded and were obliged to remain there for thirty-six hours.

We had sealed orders as to our destination, to be opened when the Pilot left us, and to be kept in suspense thirty-six hours simply because we were aground, was not conducive to good temper by any means. However, early in the morning of the 7th we swung clear, and steamed out, our Pilot left us, and the secret was one no longer. Fortress Monroe was our destination, which implied "Potomac," "Petersburg," "City Point," but more especially "Grant," for we knew wherever he wanted us there we must go.

The idea of leaving our old Department was to some a pleasant one, at least I heard expressions of gladness from more lips than one; but to me there was nothing to please about it. I had become acclimated, had always enjoyed the very best of health, and taking all things into consideration my choice would have been to have remained there. To be sure, our last campaign was not very satisfactory, to any one I know of, without it be Dick Taylor, and the hardships we had to endure were not pleasant to think about, but I very much doubted how we would be bettered in this country of mountains, hills and stones. Our trip proved a remarkably quiet one.

On the 12th we arrived at Fortress Monroe and were ordered to proceed at once to Washington and report to General Halleck chief-of-staff. A sail of some twelve or fifteen hours landed us in the city of "magnificent distances."

We landed on the dock about seven P. M., on the 13th, and lay there until midnight, when orders were received to proceed at once to Tenallytown some seven miles from the city. Here we learned of the raid into Maryland, and of the skirmish at Fort Stevens. We were informed that the 6th corps was already in pursuit of the invaders, and that we were to fol-