

regiment, cheered by their intrepid leaders.— Their sixty rounds of ammunition was exhausted upon the rebels, when the Long Island regiment advanced to relieve them. As the muskets of the latter were raised the entire body of the rebels in the pits rose up with white flags and surrendered. There were between three and four hundred of them in the breast works, and all preferred capture to a repetition of the regimental fire they had just received.

Among all the incidents of the battle mentioned in the full correspondence of the New York papers, we see none where the fire of a single regiment compelled the surrender of so large a body of rebels as that of the 122d mentioned in the above extract.

But their gallant deeds were not accomplished without heavy loss. The following partial list of casualties is published. It was forwarded by Adjutant Tracy and is complete:

KILLED.

Sergeant Hiram G. Hiltz, Co. G.
Corporal John Travers, Co. G.
Corporal Wm. Whitworth, Co. K.
Patrick Fanning, Co. C.
James Wickham, Co. E.
John Sidham, Co. H.

WOUNDED.

Major J. B. Davis, jaw broken.
Lieut. Wm H. LaRue, hip.
Sergeant Hiram Agar, arm.
" Chas. W. Ostrander, Co. E, thigh, [slightly].
" Chas. H. Eldridge, Co. E, chin.
Corporal Hudson C. Marsh, Co. B, thigh.
" Loriston Adkins, Co. B, hand, [slightly].
" Chas. Williams, Co. C, neck.
" Daniel Casey, Co. B, head.
" Hiram G. Woolsey, Co. G, eye.
" Geo S. Parker, Co. H, breast.
" Morris Harrington, Co. H, badly.
Stephen Blake, Co. B, breast.
George L. Loof, Co. B, leg.
Wm VanEtta, Co. B, foot.
James Miller, Co. C, head.
F. A. Phillips, Co. E, face.
Reno T. Griffin, Co. E, hand.
Chas. Hiccox, Co. E, eye.
Wm. N. Ashfield, Co. E, hand.
Chas. H. Weismore, Co. E, head.
Edward H. Pease, Co. G, hip.
Carlton Sanders, Co. H, abdomen.
James H. Mills, Co. H, shoulder.
Homer Peck, Co. H, cheek.
Darius Bowman, Co. H, cheek, slightly.
Benj. Sharp, Co. H, right hand.
George H. Lathrop, Co. I, hand.
Nathan Johnson, Co. K, hip.
Dennis McCarthy, Co. K, right arm.
John Cain, Co. K, neck.
George Edwards, Co. K, right arm.
Simeon S. Button, Co. K, leg.
C. Wilson, Co. G, eye.

A letter from Adjutant O. V. Tracy to his mother has just been received, dated July 4th, from which we extract the following:

We arrived at Manchester, Md., on the night of the 1st; laid still on the 2d, until about 5 o'clock when we received orders to march. We marched all night and the next day until about four P. M., making in all about thirty miles. During the night I was so sleepy I had to get off my horse and walk to keep awake. After our arrival near Gettysburg we laid quiet for about an hour and then were ordered up to the front and there remained all night. The next morning (Friday) our brigade was detached and ordered to report to General Slocum. We were not behind.

12

breast work of logs, with the rebels behind a stone wall about 200 yards in front. I happened to be with the left wing when the 1st Maryland who were in front of us, got out of ammunition and came running in. As soon as we learned the state of the case, the left six companies advanced and took position behind the front breast works. I tell you the bullets whistled some. We kept our position and finally drove the rebels from theirs. Soon after we took possession of the works, a regiment came up and relieved the regiment on our left; and judge of our surprise and pleasure on finding it was the 149th. Was it not remarkable that the first time the two regiments from Onondaga met should be fighting behind the same breastworks?

Captain Doran was wounded near us, and Lieutenant Colonel Randall had but just left me when he was hit.

After the rebels were driven away we were exposed to quite a severe shelling. At 4 o'clock we were ordered to move back to the left to our present position. In making the charge we were also exposed to a sharp shelling.

Our wounded, have all been conveyed to hospitals some distance in the rear.

I have just heard from Major Davis, he is doing well. His jaw is believed to be broken. Lieutenant La Rue is also doing well.

FROM THE 122D.

122D N. Y. V. ON THE MARCH,
June 14th, 1863.

DEAR STANDARD:— On the 7th we moved from our camp at Franklin's old crossing, and the bridges having been laid and the crossing secured the day before, we crossed and took possession on the south bank. The crossing was effected without serious loss, and we took three officers and sixty-seven men prisoners. The advance of our brigade was quiet and peaceable, the enemy having retired to their stronghold at the foot and on the slopes of the hills.

As soon as we had thrown out our picket line it became evident that the harmony heretofore existing between them and the enemy was not to continue, for on the right half of our front and all the way around our right wing the rebels threw out sharpshooters that acted close up to Paddy's rule at a fair, "when you see a head hit it." For two days we stood this, hoping that the murderous practice of picket firing would be discontinued by them, if not replied to, but on the third day the patience of our General had "give out," and early in the morning a squad of Andrews' sharpshooters, a set of glorious true blue, cool-headed Bay State men, were deployed to commence the opening of the ball. It came, and the Sharp's rifles and long heavy telescopic rifles of fearful range and accuracy of our yankees' spoke in reply. Their orders were not to fire unless the enemy did, but the sharp ring of their rifles tolled the knell of many a foe. This continued for several days, but the morning of the 13th, the rebels had killed one man and wounded five of our men—none seriously, while we had killed and wounded thirty-eight of the enemy known to us and probably

several others—one Colonel, shot dead off his horse. Besides eighteen of the enemy were killed by a shell thrown to dislodge skirmishers but which burst in a column hidden beyond. On the morning of the 13th, one of the rebels boldly came up to our lines without arms, and his hands held up, and said "Boys, we'll quit if you will." "Agreed" said our boys, and the sharpshooters did not go out.— But about 9 A. M., the crack of a rifle and the whizz of a bullet from an old barn, showed the value of rebel faith, and also sent out the sharpshooters. Two men seemed to be in the barn, and as they came up to shoot one after another, a ball was sent at each from a long deadly telescope rifle, and one of the riflemen soon after coming in, remarked very quietly, "they have shot none from there since." Those riflemen are a peculiar arm of the service. All of them are quiet, reserved men, gentlemanly in manner, and very unostentatious in regard to their own doings, though very obliging and communicative when approached on any other subject. Most of them are brawny, strong men, and some of them are very highly cultivated and educated. They go out in column but deploy each in his own way and select their positions with great care and skill. A keen-eyed man might pass within a few feet of one of their places and see nothing, so carefully and yet so naturally do they hide.

Their orders were not to fire unless the enemy did and then to return the fire as soon as practicable once or twice, and stop till the enemy fired again, thus giving him a hint that it was a game he could have stopped by simply stopping himself. Hence the sharpshooters would frequently lie with a bead drawn on a reb for several minutes, to see if he fired. If he did not he was not harmed, but if he did, the unostentatious return crack generally stopped his firing.

On one occasion I had crawled as was necessary alone on the bosom of mother earth, to the point where two of them were lying hidden (they always hunt in couples) and took a look through one of the tubes at the grey-back cut-throats. They had not fired in some time and so the riflemen did not, though they could plainly see them. One of them was describing their position and said I've got a dead bead on two men, but he made no movement to fire. Suddenly down they all popped, and crack! went a rifle at one of my men, a picket, a few feet off. The rifleman never stirred a muscle, but quietly said, I don't see 'em now, there now, an officer, now up: best to give it to him? He's of more consequence I reckon than the man that fired, at the same time cocking his piece. A close sight and man and gun lay still as carved marble; then, crack! but still no movement. The smoke cleared, and the marksman very quietly said, their ain't nobody on the horse now, he is going off by himself; and modestly added, may be he jumped off for fear some one else would shoot.

A man with a powerful glass on our earth-works saw the man fall when the shot was fired, and a deserter that night reported a rebel Colonel killed from his horse at that hour, at the time the shot was fired.

The rebels had many hunting rifles, and made some very close shots, but can by no means equal ours, and the most of ours killed, and seriously wounded, received their injuries from chance shots.

One of those fellows fired at Colonel Titus and another officer, who were riding towards the picket line, the ball passing very closely above their heads and causing them instantly to duck, as every man does when a bullet whistles close to his cranium, albeit he well knows that when you hear the whistle the ball has got by.

By the way, the facile pen of my esteemed friend friend, Mr. G. H. Osborne, Herald correspondent, made of this occurrence a "volley of English lead," he having been "stuffed" to that extent by a waggish aid at head-quarters—a shocking instance of the depravity of human nature, as the showman remarked on the hyena's habit of devouring defenceless children.

But a resume of our trip across. We lay in the work (a strong rifle-pit and entrenchment, half a mile long, the ends on the river,) from the 7th to the 13th constantly on duty, and never changing our clothes; sleeping on the ground, and ever ready for a call, and doing our share of the picket duty. The bullets from the enemy's picket line whizzed over the work and among us quite freely, and yet struck but one of our men, Lieut. M. L. Wilson, of company A, receiving a slight wound on the knee; but very many, including your correspondent, had very close shaves.

On the 10th inst. two hundred and fifty of our men went on picket, and as they deployed out the rebels rained a perfect torrent of bullets at them, severely but not dangerously wounding three men, as follows:

John F. Conner, Co. B, struck by a round ball from a hunting rifle, in the right thigh, the ball passing diagonally through and coming out just above the knee. A severe and painful but not dangerous flesh wound.

Charles Everingham, Co. C, minnie ball through the right arm. Severe flesh wound, ~~ball entering by the elbow joint, and not~~ breaking the bone. A singular and fortunate case.

Dwight S. Hall, Co. K, a round ball from a hunting rifle, in the outside of the right heel, in the hollow just above the ball, and coming out under the instep, on the inside of the foot. The bones, curiously enough, are uninjured. The wound is painful but by no means dangerous.

It is wonderful that no more casualties occurred, for a perfect rain of balls was kept up for several minutes, while they moved up and took cover. They are all doing well.

All this time the pickets on the left half of the line—some three-fourths of a mile—were on the best terms with each other, and not a shot was fired. It was evident that our move was a mere reconnoissance, and the looked-for order to return came in the midst of a heavy rain, after dark, on the night of the 13th.—We got ready and quietly vanished, and then our pickets came in so still that the enemy

15
never knew of our departure till daylight.—
Not a shot was fired, and our bridges were
safely removed.

This morning we marched to Stafford Court
House, where we are now encamped, but of
our destination, plans or number, I, of course,
know nothing, and make no guesses, though
I have some pretty strong opinions.

The health of the regiment is very good.—
Capt. Walpole is off duty and somewhat ill,
—moving in an ambulance,—but I think it is
nothing serious.

It is gratifying that not an officer or a man
has flinched or wavered during the arduous
and dangerous duties of our seven days across
the river, and a matter of deep gratification
that we escaped so cheaply. With forty guns
bearing on us, and nearly or quite 100,000
men opposed to us, and a continued picket
line, the position of our troops there was try-
ing, but the prestige of that locality was
with the enemy, and I firmly believe that all
felt relieved, when the evacuation was effected.
Truly yours,

THE ONONDAGAS IN BATTLE.—Our readers
will feel anxious to know what part the Onon-
daga regiments took in the recent battles, and
we are proud to have it in our power to pre-
sent in their behalf so clear and honorable a
record of bravery and daring. A letter has
been received from the gallant Col. Silas Titus,
commanding the 122d Regiment, which has
been kindly placed at our disposal, and we
take from it the following interesting extracts:

BATTLE-FIELD OF GETTYSBURG, }
July 4, 1863. }

Thank God we have overtaken the enemy
and had a terrible battle, decidedly in our fa-
vor. My regiment had a hard fight, but be-
haved nobly. We captured a strong position,
fired over 2,200 rounds, drove the enemy from
our front, and received special thanks, from
Generals Slocum, Newton, Geary, Shaler,
Wheaton, and two others, names not remem-
bered. Every officer and man did his duty in
the most gallant manner; not one faltered or
hesitated for a moment. The only difficulty of
the field officers was to keep them from firing
so fast, the guns getting so hot that many of
them became useless, but were readily sup-
plied from the great number of arms strewn
over the field. I think at least one half of the
Enfield rifles we took into action were left,
and yet, when we mustered and inspected
arms and ammunition on the field, every man
had a first rate gun, embracing a great variety
of manufactures. Each man went in with sixty
rounds. I sent to Gen. Shaler for more ammu-
nition; he offered to relieve us with a fresh reg-
iment but the *offer was declined*. He could not
immediately supply the ammunition, and we
had recourse to the cartridge boxes of the
dead and wounded scattered around us. We
had worked our way up to a good and strong
position, and to fall back would have cost us
many lives, and like good soldiers we took the
surest and safest course to stand fire, which
proved our safety and success. The rapid and
correct firing drove the rebels entirely out of
sight and range at least. Five hundred to six

hundred muskets were abandoned within twenty yards of our line. We opened fire at 9 a. m. after a rapid march of two miles from left to right. At 2 p. m., when all was quiet, we gave up to a fresh regiment to guard the spot, and we fell back and rested until 4 p. m., and then hurried back to the left to take part in a desperate assault there by Longstreet. On this march shot and shell screamed over and fell around us, but we fortunately escaped by taking advantage of the broken ground, but our work was done for the day, as Longstreet and the division he led was annihilated, as several of his officers now prisoners, assured us, that his division was all killed or captured. Please say to my friend C. T. Longstreet, that my promise for his donation of one thousand dollars to give to his namesake two thousand rounds, has been redeemed. I send you the mournful list of casualties, which we deeply deplore, but are truly grateful that we escaped so well—we sincerely mourn with the friends of the fallen brave. Every possible attention will be given to the wounded. In fact, I have been acting as surgeon all day to-day; many a wounded man has called me Doctor and begged my assistance, and vast numbers of rebels have been dressed and cared for by my officers and men with as hearty a good will as they yesterday fought their enemy. Many thanks they gave us, and are most grateful for the unexpected attention. We fought side by side with our brothers of the 149th, and in fact, Lieutenant Colonel Randal and Captain Doran were both wounded at the moment of recognition, in the midst of the fray. Old Onondaga may well be proud of her soldier sons. I will not attempt to give farther detail as the papers will be ahead of me in that. This is written in great haste in the loft of an old barn riddled by shot and shell, the floor covered with wounded, and in the midst of a heavy rain which always follows a heavy battle.

COL. SILAS TITUS,

122d Reg't. N. Y. Vols.

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED IN 122d.

Killed.

Serg't Hiram G. Hilts,	Co. C.
Corp. John Travers,	G.
" Wm. Whitworth,	K.
Private, Patrick Fannon,	C.
" John Sidnam,	H.
" Michael McHale,	H.
" James Wicham,	E.

Wounded.

Corp. Hudson A. Marsh, thigh, badly.
 " Loriston Adkins, ham, slightly.
 Private, Stephen C. Blake, left breast, badly.
 " George L. Loop, leg, slightly.
 " Wm. Van Etten, foot.
 " Wm. C. Kennett, arm.

COMPANY "C."

Sergeant Hiram Agan, arm, badly.
 Private Chas. Williams, neck, "
 " James Miles, head.

COMPANY "E."

Sergeant Chas. W. Ostrander, thigh, slightly.
 " Charles Elridge, chin, slightly.
 Private F. A. Phillips, face.
 " Chas. Hickox, eye, badly.

" Wm. H. Ashfield, right hand.
 " Chas. H. Weismore, head.
 " Zeno T. Griffin.
 COMPANY "G."
 Corp. Daniel Carey, mortally, in head.
 " Hiram G. Woolsey, left eye.
 Edward H. Pierce, right hip, slightly.
 COMPANY "H."
 Corp. Geo. S. Parker, breast, mortally.
 " Morris Harrington, head.
 Private Carlton Sander, abdomen, mortally.
 " James H. Miller, shoulder, severely.
 " Homer Peck, cheek, slightly.
 " Darius Bowman, cheek, slightly.
 " Benjamin Sharp, right hand, severely.
 COMPANY "I."
 Private George Lathrop, right hand, slightly.
 COMPANY "K."
 Private Nathan Johnson, hip, badly.
 " Dennis McCarthy, right arm, badly.
 " John Cain, neck, "
 " George Edwards, right arm "
 " Simeon S. Button, leg.

FROM THE 122D.

BOONSBORO, MARYLAND, }
 July 9th, 1863. }

DEAR STANDARD:—A brief stop just announced, enables me to write for the first time since the battle of Gettysburg.

On the first of July, we marched at nine P. M., from Manchester, Maryland, and kept the road all night and all day of the second, arriving near Gettysburg at four P. M.. After resting for almost two hours, our (division) moved over to the extreme left and front, and the Third brigade immediately moved into the fight to help the Third corps who were hotly engaged. We lay on our arms all that night, a stream of wounded being borne through our lines all the time. On the morning of the third, our brigade was sent to support the Twelfth corps, on the extreme right, who were hotly pressed, and who had lost a portion of breastwork early in the morning.

About 8½ A. M., we arrived on the ground, and our regiment was ordered to go in and retake the breastworks.—marching for some distance under fire, we passed into a ravine and formed a line of battle, and there engaged the enemy. The four right companies were well protected behind a natural wall of rock and had a fine sweep at the right of the enemy, but the left six companies pushed forward to a breastwork in front, and were more exposed (the ravine running out) but were in full sight of the enemy's whole line. The whole position was a good one, the best that could be got, but the rebs were in heavy force in front and making a vigorous attack.

Never did a regiment show more gallantry than ours. Early in the fight Major Davis was badly wounded, and the Lieutenant-Colonel took command of the right, the place of that officer being ordinarily on the right wing. For over an hour the fight was kept up with unabated vigor, when the one hundred and forty-ninth N. Y. S. V., came dashing in on our left

to relieve the First Maryland. You may be sure that the greetings and gripping were hearty and warm, while the fire was not slackened.

Soon after Captain Doran was struck in the wrist, and in an instant after Lieutenant Colonel Randall in the side. Soon after this the cry of white flag was raised and the men were ordered to cease firing, and about seventy rebels and two officers from the rebel right marched into our lines and surrendered. They did not dare to retreat under our murderous fire and were whipped. All this time the rebel left was blazing away, and as soon as our prisoners were safe we paid back with interest, the Lieutenant Colonel having ordered every piece to be re-loaded, and the route was soon reduced to the average rate. Our boys fired with a terrible range and piled the dead behind the rebel works, ceasing firing twice at command, to let squads of rebel prisoners come in. We got out of ammunition and sent back and got a fresh supply, fired it away and took all we could get from the boxes of the killed and wounded, and our muskets got so hot that the hand could not be borne upon them, and there was great danger of premature discharges, when the enemy precipitately fled or surrendered, and we had done the work we were sent to do.

The earthworks and positions were ours, not another regiment in our brigade had fired a shot but supported us, and we breathed long and asked who's hurt?

Seven of our gallant boys lay dead and twenty-eight were wounded. The lists have been given in the *New York Herald* and of course re-published in your paper. Corporal Steele, company B, not reported, was wounded in the face, but it is thought not mortally. Later in the day, while moving to support the left, Charles Weismore was wounded in the scalp, and Oscar Penoyer, in the hand, by a piece of shell, neither fatally. Both of these are of company E. Simeon S. Button, of company K, was slightly wounded about the same time.

At 1 P. M. the grand action for the field and the campaign began on the left. The result you have given. The foe were whipped as they never were whipped before.

We moved across under a shower of shell to support our left, and as we took position, the long strings of rebel prisoners began to pour by, and the shouts of our boys as flag after flag and regiment after regiment went down and were taken or repulsed, told that the day was ours.

Our stretcher bearers worked all night bringing the wounded, and the next day, through a hard rain and the fire of the rebel pickets.

The rebel wounded were brought in as fast as found, and soon they were the only ones coming in. They numbered by thousands, and very many officers. Col. Fry, commanding an Alabama brigade, Col. Williams, commanding a Virginia brigade, Col. Magruder, a cousin of the General, and Lieut. Geo. H. Geiger, of Gen. Kemper's staff, all helped to take care of them, as well as many others.

19

The details of our pursuit have been given much more fully than I can, in the New York papers.

Our regiment done nobly,—none could do better,—for they did all they were told to do, and not a man flinched.

We have since had some of the worst marching I ever saw, and are now at this place in the front line ready to do our duty.

A big supply of *Standards* and *Journals* came to-day, which gave us much pleasure.

Truly yours,

Letter From the 122d Regiment.

Correspondence of the Journal.

CAMP 122D N. Y. S. V., NEAR FUNKSTOWN, MD.,
July 13th, 1863.

I wrote you briefly to let you know of my continued unpunctured existence immediately after the skirmish at Gettysburg. We moved on the 3d, and have progressed to this point, closely upon the heels of the enemy. Our *parish* is about two miles from Hagerstown, and six from Williamsport, a little south of east from the former place. Last night our brigade had a sharp skirmish with the rebel pickets, and drove them about half a mile. We had one man wounded (not in our regiment) and hit a number of the enemy, and took 150 men and two officers prisoners.

To-day all is pretty quiet and raining—just such a day as drives the chickens under an old cart and the cows under the trees at the corner of the pasture at home, and makes a lawyer wonder every time the door opens, if any client *has* strayed around through the moisture. We are making our lines strong and watching the enemy, who is very strongly posted. By this time you are posted as to the great fight. You will have seen maps of the ground in the Herald, which are very correct.

The fight was heavy, protracted and fierce. At our position the rebels tried three times to form for a charge on our line, but our fire was too heavy and they couldn't stand it.

And, by the way, a close heavy fight is a queer mix, too. The troops get their position, and the command is given "Commence firing." A rattling volley ensues, and then every man loads and fires as fast as he can.—If well trained and cool, each man takes good aim. The officers shout their instructions, and the men yell and cheer as the enemy's fire slackens, or as they fall back.—Soon a man drops. "Where is he hit?" "Right through the head, sir!" "Pitch into them, my men." "Fire away, Jones."—"Can't, sir;" and he holds up a shattered arm. "Go to the rear, my brave fellow." "Tom, you load and I'll fire. I've got a good place to plug 'em." "Captain, this man is shot right through the heart; can we do anything for him?" "Put his knapsack under his head, and give him a drop of water if he can drink." "Captain, the lock is shot off my musket." "Pitch it away and take some wounded man's, and pop away lively, Fat." "Are you much hurt, Blake?" "Badly, through the hip, sir." "Two of you help

Blake to the rear, and come back right off." Up steps a Captain, "Colonel, my cartridges are running low." "Just sent for a fresh supply, sir. Here they come." "White flag! white flag!" "Cease firing! *cease firing!*!" **CEASE FIRING!!!** Let those prisoners come in, and don't hurt them. Every man load his piece. "Hurry up there, confederates; your misguided brethren keep up their fire on us on the right." "**COMMENCE FIRING!**" and away goes the fight again, to the end.

Some men and officers laugh—some knit their brows and look stern and earnest—some look pale and some flush up—and some of the worst men in the regiment step up and fight like heroes and cool as cucumbers, and respect themselves and are respected all the more for it. The fire dies away and stops. All look around, relieved, and the wounded are taken care of, the dead laid carefully side by side, and their names and regiments written on pieces of paper and pinned on their breasts, and the wounded of the army are looked after, and orders awaited.

The ground is surveyed, ploughed by bullets—single trees bear the marks of dozens of balls right in the range of our line, and one thought strikes all, "how did any of us escape?" But of the thousands of bullets fired not more than fifty have taken effect, and you first begin to realize that it *does* take hundreds of bullets to kill a man.

Well, you perhaps have got a faint idea, but you want to see it. We are now in front of the Johnnys; the boys in fine spirits. I am well and hearty, and profoundly ignorant of the programme, as are all, I reckon, but the Commander-in-Chief.

Hope we shall smash 'em.

How are you and all old Syracusans?

Yours truly,

D.

Wm. Rowell, Co. G, was recovering from a fever.

James H. Mills, Co. H, had a ball pass through his shoulder. The wound is closing fast.

Wm. Abbott, Co. F, had been sun struck, but was nearly well.

James Miles, Co. C, was recovering from a considerable bruise over the eye.

Edward H. Pease, Co. G, had a contusion of the side and was getting along without trouble.

Chas. M. Williams, of Manlius, had a slight scratch on his neck made by a Minie ball, which afterwards struck Corporal Parker in the breast. Parker died on the 8th inst.

Dennis McCarthy, Co. K, had his arm amputated at the shoulder joint and died on the 6th inst.

John Cain, Co. K, was shot through the face and neck and died on the 10th.

Carlton Sanders, Co. H, was shot through the left breast and died on the 6th.

We saw A. W. Hancock, the faithful and efficient Hospital Steward of the 122d, Theodore R. Stevens, of Elbridge, and Charles M. Williams, of Manlius. They were well.