

We learned from Homer Peck that Michael McCail, Co. H, was killed July 3d, by a ball which entered his breast. His name is not on the list furnished by the Adjutant, but Mr. Peck said he was standing by McCail's side and saw him fall.

The remainder of the sick and wounded of the 122d have either gone home, to their regiments or to the general hospitals.

SPIRIT OF THE MEN.

All the boys of both regiments were glad to see us. They had not seen a face, nor a letter, nor a newspaper from Syracuse since the battle. The general inquiry was, "what did they say at home about our fighting?"—Of course we assured them that everybody was proud of them, and that we knew all the time they would fight equal to the best soldiers in the world, if they were properly led. They all felt that for once at least, they had thoroughly whipped the enemy. One of the boys, who had lost a limb, was so delighted with the result of the fight, that he said he would have lost his other leg rather than have been kept out of the battle. Not a murmur did we hear from any one. In one tent where every soldier had lost an arm or a leg, we heard the boys discussing, in a friendly way, the comparative value of the missing limbs. Instead of whining and trying to elicit sympathy by magnifying their afflictions, each one argued that his loss was not equal to that of the others. The plucky, armless boys claimed that it was much worse to have a leg amputated than an upper extremity; while the brave fellows who could wear but one stocking contended stoutly that an arm is better than a leg anyhow. The only complaint we heard was concerning the enemy in the rear, who aid the more manly enemy in front, by opposing the war and the draft, and by inciting mobs to commit murder and robbery and arson. Everywhere we heard soldiers wishing they could be summoned to New York to aid in suppressing that fiendish riot. They said they thought it was tough for them to be down there exposing their lives to save a country which seems so little to appreciate their services.

CLOTHING AND DELICACIES.

The large box of clothing and delicacies prepared and collected by the Ladies' Loyal League, we divided into two equal parts and left one in each hospital. Col. Randall took charge of the portion left for the 149th, and Mr. Hancock, the good hospital steward of the 122d, consented to distribute the other part. The men expressed their gratitude in the warmest terms for being so kindly remembered by the ladies.

At present there is a liberal supply of comforts and delicacies, furnished by those excellent commissions, the Sanitary and the Christian.

SANITARY AND CHRISTIAN COMMISSIONS.

The agents of these associations visited the battle field immediately after the fight, and furnished, with an unsparing hand, hospital stores and food for the wounded. Had it not been for their early and faithful and un-

22

tiring labors and benefactions, hundreds of our soldiers must have died from neglect and starvation. Too much praise cannot be accorded to them for their work of love, and the L. L. L. and our citizens generally may rest assured that all contributions which are sent to them, are judiciously, as well as faithfully applied. Although there is an abundance at present, it should be remembered that there is still in the vicinity of Gettysburg an army of wounded Union and rebel soldiers, who are treated precisely alike, and who will continue to need help for weeks to come.

STATE AGENTS.

We met Col. Seymour, brother to the Governor, Mr. F. McClosky and Dr. Babcock, agents of the State to look after our soldiers. They were industriously searching out and caring for New York boys, and we are under obligations to them for many favors.

We brought some trophies from the field. Among others two rebel caps, canes and bullets from the tree against which Lieut. Col. Randall was leaning when wounded, pieces of shell, &c. But this letter is intolerably long already, and I close.

Yours,

H. D.

The Visit of the Agents of the Ladies' Loyal League to the Hospitals at Gettysburg.

DETAILED STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED OF THE 122D AND 149TH.

WASHINGTON, July 22d, 1863.

Editor of the Syracuse Journal:

We reached Gettysburg on the 14th inst., at midnight, after a lengthy but gay ride on the cattle and freight cars. We found the hotels pretty well filled with visitors, but were furnished with an airy lodging place on the floor of the "Eagle" piazza. The next day we were joined by George A. P., and after much fruitless inquiry and search we found the Twelfth Corps Hospital, about four miles out of town, not far from the Baltimore turnpike. Here were the most severely wounded of the 149th; those with slight wounds having been removed to Baltimore, Philadelphia, &c.

TWELFTH CORPS HOSPITAL.

The first man we met was Lieut. Col. Randall, walking about very slowly, with his arm in a sling. He was wounded in the shoulder and arm. He is getting along finely. His wife arrived the next day after our visit, and they expect to leave soon for Massachusetts.

Capt. Doran was wounded in the right arm half way between the elbow and wrist while swinging his hand and cheering on the boys. The bones were extensively fractured. He exhibited five pieces of bone which had been driven through the flesh and which he found in his shirt-sleeve after the engagement. The wound is healing rapidly, and the Captain hopes to come home soon.

Lieut. Westcott, Co. A, was very severely

wounded. The ball entered about an inch below the left eye and came out back of the left angle of the right jaw below the ear.—The jaw was badly fractured and the wound has a very unpromising look. His recovery is doubtful. His brother had just arrived and is nursing him very attentively.

Wm. F. Hubbard, Co. D, had his right arm, below the elbow, shattered by a ball, which lodged in the right hip, where it still remains beyond the reach of the probe.—The ball was flattened when it struck the bone of the arm, and it made a very severe gash when it entered the hip. He will recover, but will be lame for some time. His father is taking care of him.

Lewis Nelty, Co. D, was struck on the head by a ball which produced a slight fracture of the skull and temporary paralysis of the left leg. He is improving rapidly and walks about the camp without difficulty.

After Root, Co. D, had his right thigh fractured just above the knee. The wound is quite painful, but is healing as rapidly as can be expected.

Wm. Sharp, Co. I, was wounded in the fleshy part of the right thigh. The ball had been extracted and he was doing well.

Charles Holmes, Co. K, had a hole made by a Minie through the left cheek to the right side of his neck. He is getting along nicely, although his drink still comes out through the cheek. He was going to the general hospital very soon.

Daniel McCord, Co. G, from Skaneateles, had his left thigh amputated. He was lying in the tent smoking his pipe when we entered. The wound is healing very rapidly.

Lieut. Coville, Co. E, was quite ill with typhoid fever. He was able to converse, but was by no means out of danger. His nurse was George Birch, Co. E.

Edward Hopkins, Co. E, was convalescent from typhoid fever.

Philip Pelton, Co. K, was walking about minus his right arm, which was amputated shortly after the battle. The wound is healing favorably.

Charles Bausinger, Co. B, was so severely wounded in the upper part of the arm as to require the removal of a portion of the bone. The flow of blood was very great and he was much weakened by it, but he is now picking up "right smart."

James M. Smith, Co. G, was wounded in the side near the left hip. The wound is nearly healed and he is able to walk around the camp.

John Gippard, Co. B, had his thigh so severely fractured as to make the operation of resection necessary and the removal of about six inches of the bone. He is doing well and will probably recover.

Michael McManus, Co. G, was wounded through the shoulder. He is in excellent spirits, and his wound has a favorable look.

Perry Norton, Co. I, was wounded in the right thigh. The ball still remains and cannot be found. The wound is healing. He said that "the enemy flanked u

turned around, gave them fits and drove them out."

Henry Moore, Co. I, of Cicero, was wounded in the right lung, died and was buried the day before our arrival.

These were all the sick and wounded of the 149th remaining in the field hospital.—The rest, who were progressing finely, had been sent to the general hospitals. The Twelfth Corps hospital is under the care of Dr. Goodman, and is a model of neatness.—Dr. G. is an experienced, skillful and attentive Surgeon.

SIXTH CORPS HOSPITAL.

The Sixth Corps hospital, in which are the wounded of the 122d, is about a mile distant from that of the Twelfth.

Here we found Stephen Blake, Co. B 122d regiment, who received a gunshot wound through the lungs. He could not be prevented from talking to us, although every breath pained him. His respiration was rapid and difficult, and his face had a dusky look which was very unpromising. His recovery is more than doubtful.

Charles Steele, Co. B, had a ball strike his upper lip and pass through the jaw into his shoulder. He seems to be recovering speedily.

Hudson C. Marsh, Co. B, formerly a clerk at Wynkoops', had an ugly flesh wound through the middle of the right thigh. He has the best of pluck and spirits and his wound is healing.

Homer Peck, Co. H, of Van Buren, was walking about with a bandage over a wound of the scalp on the left side of his head. He looked as if he had been in a street fight and had come off second best, but he claimed to be all right.

Morris Harrington, Co. H, was wounded in the forehead. It was a loud call for Morris, but it did not cool his courage. The wound is healing nicely, and he is able to be about.

Thomas H. Scott, Co. B, had his knee bruised, but he was nearly well and expects to rejoin his regiment soon.

Aaron Gaylord, Co. F, was quite ill, but not dangerously so, with chronic diarrhoea.

FROM THE 122D.

CAMP OF THE 122D N. Y. V.,
NEAR WARRENTON, Va. }
July 28, 1863.

Our progress to this point has not been marked with any startling occurrence, such as sometimes takes place, and as we used to think constantly happened to a soldier—so far as our regiment and brigade are concerned.

We crossed the Potomac on Monday, July 20th, at Berlin; the same place where we crossed last fall, after the rebels were driven out of "My Maryland" before, and took the same general course down the Cumberland Valley, though not by exactly the same route.

Last Thursday (23d) a sharp fight took place at Manassas Gap, and we pushed on to support the troops engaged; but after a tedious march we arrived there.

ing, to find the enemy beaten and gone. We encamped at the beginning of the Gap, and saw our troops returning. The columns came, worn, tired, dirty and battle-stained, but firm and cheerful, colors flying, every face resolute, as troops are apt to feel after a victory.

As they moved past, a long gap of dim butternut color varied the dark blue of the column, and the word "there go the prisoners," was passed from mouth to mouth, as several hundred captured rebels passed by, with dejected air; but not a soul cheered, for brave men respect misfortune in such devils to fight as they are, though it is in the worst cause under heaven.

A few of them walked straight, with defiant look, but almost all looked guilty and ashamed of their position, and it reminded me of a mortally wounded rebel at Gettysburg, who, after he was told by the Surgeon that nothing could be done for him, kept moaning, "Oh, God! let me live, and I'll never fight against the Union no more!" till death sealed his lips.

From Manassas Gap we came to this point, about two miles northwest of Warrenton, reaching here on Saturday last, and we have remained here ever since. What, where, or how, next, of course, no one but the commander and authorities know, and it is not probable they would tell if I should ask them.

The whole army has been somewhat chagrined and pretty well enraged at the active co-operation in the city of New York with the rebels in their kind efforts to cut our throats or lodge us in the Hotel de Libby, and I heard the wish expressed scores of times that Shaler's Brigade and Butler's Battery of six light twelves could be allowed to reason with the mob after their peculiar manner awhile, on the subject of rebellion against the laws of the land.

From the impressive style in which they lectured on this subject to a party of gentlemen at Antietam, Williamsport, Fredericksburg, Marie's Heights, Salem Heights, Gettysburg, and several other places within my observation, I think they would have made a telling impression on the mob; but happily the necessity or desirability is now removed.

The one feeble taper of hope for the rebels which they saw in the New York mob, has vanished.

Vicksburg has fallen on the heel of the prediction in the Thunderer that it could not fall. Port Hudson has followed. Lee goes reeling and shattered back towards Richmond; Rosecrans has smashed Bragg; Sherman has routed his enemy; Morgan's marauders are bagged, and the rebel papers confess that the knees of the Confederacy are knocking in fear of the fall of Charleston, and an anxious search seems to be going on again for the "last ditch."

We feel a great deal encouraged. Now is the time to redouble our efforts, and to fill up our ranks and finish the war. Give us the men.

26

... let the people see and feel and act
that the right to enjoy the blessings and
emunities of a government, and the duty to
maintain it are coequal and concurrent, and
we shall not be very long in returning peace
to our borders and prosperity to our land.
Our boys are in good spirits and health.—
Till the next time.
Yours,

Letter from the 122d Regiment.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Daily Journal.
CAMP 122D N. Y. V., NEAR WARRENTON, Vt.,
July 29th, 1863.

When we used to read in Charles O'Malley, of the serried line of steel, the tramp of the men, the slow winding column, the rumble of the artillery, the rattle of the wagons, the shouts of the drivers, the hoarse orders of the officers, the glittering General and Staff sweeping by, the curvetting cavalryman, the champing of the bit, the clank of the sabre and the pretty vivandiere dealing out wine to the men, did not our hearts tingle with admiration of the life, and aspiration to share in it? Well, we have had it all with some slight variation, for which we have *not* been very thankful, for the last six weeks, and to our heart's content. Still the variations have not been entirely unpleasant, or devoid of fun.

The column and rumble spoken of have been in constant attendance, and so has been an internal cloud of dust, when it did not rain, which was nearly a third of the time. The serried steel has been along too, in the shape of the boy's muskets and sundry frying pans and coffee-pots slung on to them for ease of carriage, while some ill-natured people might make the remark that something sounding very much like *steel* might be recognized in occasional strings of chickens, onions, &c., dangling from the aforesaid muskets as they were carried at a "right shoulder shift."

We have also the shouts of the drivers, but the less said on that head the better, for if a Neophyte were to answer the question from observation, "What is the motive power of army trains?" he would at once answer, "Profanity and black whip." Then we have, "clank," "clank," "sabre," and all that *ad nauseam*, and we have our vivandiere too—not the time-booted, pretty Minette, who broke her heart with love for a Colonel, and broke the heart of the biggest grenadier of France with love for her, but a modernized pattern of Virginia mould, in the shape of a big nigger wench at every cabin door, selling corn cakes made without yeast or salt, at twenty-five cents a piece. Plenty of flags waving, and music too, some of it peculiar. For instance, one morning we formed line early after a hard march the day before, and pushed into the road. It was raining, and dark, and the boys' rations had nearly run out, and the necessity of great celerity was imminent. They understood it all, and as they filed out and started, they struck up in full chorus, to an old familiar camp-meeting tune, as follows:

"We are going down ;
We are going down ;
We are going down to Harrisburg.
If you get there before I do,
Just tell Old Abe I'm coming too :
We are going down," &c.

We passed our division General sitting silent, thoughtful and troubled, but as the words and melody (?) struck his ear, he grinned audibly till he came near falling from his horse.

But there is one thing we have, *not* in the bills spoken of—i. e., a Virginia yield of blackberries. I never saw such a profusion of this delicious fruit. Acres after acres and field after field are literally covered with the two kinds—the trailing blackberry, and the high bush blackberry. The other day our brigade had the lead, and while the men were not allowed to straggle out to pick berries, Gen. Shaler always found that the men needed rest where the berries were the thickest. The brigade would halt, stack arms and the command "rest" would be followed by somebody bawling out, "Pick blackberries," which would be right speedily obeyed. I have often seen two quarts gathered in a rest of fifteen minutes by a single individual.—They have exerted a most salutary influence upon the men in the prevailing diseases in the army, and are still doing so.

I am entirely ignorant as to our future movement, as usual. Our boys are in fine condition and spirits.

The 122d at Warrenton—Guerrilla Warfare.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal.

CAMP 122D REGIMENT, N. Y. V.,
NEAR WARRENTON, VA., Aug. 6th, 1863.

The mercury is up near 100, skirmishing around and causing a pretty lively circulation. Hot weather, guerrillas and blackberries are the three principal points of production hereabouts. The blackberries are going, the hot weather coming, and the guerrillas fast occupying a sort of intermediate snspensatory condition. You see that these last are a sort of "honest farmers" who have taken the oath of allegiance a few times and got passes and safeguards from the Government.—Well, they start out and arm themselves with anything that comes handy—pistols, sabres, carbines, shotguns, &c., and being mounted and in citizen's clothes, proceed to lay in wait for some poor devil of a blue jacket.—If they can catch a few after berries, without arms, their valor shines—they take 'em and kill them on the spot, or run them off and wait for a fresh lot. Sometimes they get one or two men that are armed by cutting off a retreat. But if a body of troops come upon them they plunge into a piece of woods, hide their arms, and "dig" for some house, dismount and turn out the horses and go to work putting up fence, picking up stone, or something of that kind, the biggest kind of "honest" farmers, ready to mount and after you as soon as you leave and pop at you from behind a tree. Ask them any questions and out comes a safeguard, and "whoever shall force a safeguard shall suffer death,"

SAINT THE ARTICLES OF WAR.

Day before yesterday a detachment of cavalry was sent to scour the country for guerrillas, and the order was given *not* to bring in any prisoners of that sort. Well, soon they came slap upon a squad of them, and they ran, of course, but a fleet fellow cut through and headed them off, and before they could take a fresh departure the Philistines were upon them, and six of them surrendered, because resistance was certain death. The Captain thought of his orders, —he is a stern, stiff-necked chap,—and he said to the six gray-backed cut-throats, "Boys, I'll have to leave you where you are; it's against orders to take you along." Secesh began to prick up their ears; "but," turning to his own men, "boys, for fear they will 'hemselfs thrashing around, we'll put 'em feet a few inches from the ground;" and in five minutes they hung dangling where they were the next morning, when some fellows benevolently dug a hole, cut the ropes and let them tumble into it, and *diverged 'em up*.

Warrenton is a pretty place—very pretty at a distance, and the best I ever saw in Virginia, anyhow; but the women are secesh all over. Over half of them are in mourning for somebody killed in the war, and the rest for the dilapidated state of the Southern Confederacy. They are the most venomous little she rebels you ever saw. At first they could hardly keep their faces from scowling when they looked at us, but now they are some better. One of them the other day came to our Adjutant-General and said, "Colonel, can't I get a pass to go to Richmond?" "Oh, certainly," quoth he. "When do you think I can get it?" "Oh, we are going there in a few days, and I'll take you right along." "No," yelped the lady, "you ain't going."

Warrenton is a very old place, the newest thing being a grave-yard of large dimensions, and filled very closely with graves from the first and second Bull Run and other fights around here.

D.

JUST IN TIME TO DO GOOD SERVICE.—Capt. M. Dwight, of the 122d, reached Washington the other day just in time to be of excellent service in the defence of the Capital. He had been at home for several weeks, on account of the wound he received in the Wilderness, and was on his way to rejoin his regiment. He had scarcely registered his name at a hotel in Washington, when he was waited upon by an officer of the Provost Guard, with orders to take command of a company of the Veteran Reserve troops, for the defence of the city. He was speedily at the head of a company of one hundred and fourteen veterans, and he and his command did first-rate service in the repulse given the rebel assailants. Capt. Dwight was not fully recovered from his wound, and this episode has served somewhat to retard his recovery. But he had the pleasure of contributing to the handsome repulse of the rebel attacking forces, and this is full compensation for his personal discomfiture.

CAPTURED MEMBERS OF THE 122D TAKEN SOUTH.—Col. Titus writes to the *Standard* that Sergeant Manzer, who arrived in Washington last Friday direct from the rebel hospital in the Wilderness, informs him that two weeks ago the rebels removed about four hundred of the Union prisoners from the Wilderness to Lynchburg, or some other place further South, and that Lieuts. Ostrander and Luther, Serg't F. E. Whaley, Isaac Clements, Holland Twinnam, Corporal Hubbs, John Rosenbaum, Jackson (of Co. E.) Corporal Goodale, Jake Houser and Corporal Smith and Peter Pilger, all of the 122d, were sent off South. He says Ostrander and Luther were both looking well and in good spirits, and all the others were doing well, and were considered out of danger from their wounds.

The Soldiers' Thanksgiving Present to Father Waldo.

From the Syracuse Journal.

We yesterday briefly referred to the Thanksgiving present of one hundred dollars to Father Waldo by the officers of the 122d regiment. The following is the correspondence on this occasion, between Lieut. Col. Dwight, commanding that regiment and Father Waldo:—

Lieut. Colonel Dwight's Letter.

HEADQUARTERS 122D REGT. N. Y. VOLS.,
CAMP SEDGWICK, NEAR
BRANDY STATION, VA., NOV. 19, 1863.

Rec. Daniel Waldo, Syracuse, N. Y.:

MY DEAR SIR—I have this day sent to Washington, for transmission thence by Express to Syracuse, a package containing a little Thanksgiving present to you from the officers of this regiment, of which they respectfully ask your acceptance.

The amount (\$100) is an appropriate index of your venerable years, and is a slight token of our esteem for the crowning glory they are to you, through a century of life, as a Christian, a man, and a gentleman.

In behalf of the officers, I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. W. DWIGHT, Lieut. Col. Com'g.

Father Waldo's Response.

SYRACUSE, NOV. 27, 1863.

My Dear Respected Friend and Officers of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Regiment:

Permit me through my amanuensis to tender to you my most sincere gratitude for your noble and generous "Thanksgiving present," which reached me last evening—not the less acceptable because so unexpected. May the hands never lack the means of gratifying the desires of such noble and generous hearts. May you and your associates in arms be successful in perpetuating that liberty for which I hazarded my life more than eighty years ago. There was then left a sprig of ivy at the root of the tree of liberty which nearly covered it, when its tendrils burst at Fort Sumter. May your arms speedily put an end to that prayer which Gov. Berkly, of Virginia, made in 1671, viz: That he thanked God that they had no free schools nor printing presses to publish scandal, and that they might not have for one hundred years to come.

Again let me thank you for the happiness you have given me, and be assured that my prayers daily and hourly ascend to God that the lives of our gallant sons may not all be sacrificed upon the battle-field, and that this terrible conflict may soon end victoriously. I trust that my life may be spared to see its close. Nevertheless not my will, but Thine be done, O God.

Please accept, my dear Sir, the enclosed "semblance" of your aged friend,

DANIEL WALDO.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

The 122d Regiment, Col. TITUS, from Onondaga, arrived last evening at 6 o'clock—a sturdy, stalwart body of men. They partook of refreshments, and proceeded to New York on the Hudson River Rail Road. The following is the

LIST OF OFFICERS.

Colonel—Silas Titus.
Lieut. Colonel—A. W. Dwight.
Major—J. B. Davis.
Adjutant—Andrew J. Smith.
Quartermaster—Frank Lester.
Surgeon—Dr. N. R. Tefft.
Chaplain—L. M. Nickerson.
Sergeant Major—Osgood V. Tracy.
Quartermaster Sergeant—Theodore L. Poole.
Commissary Sergeant—G. J. Goetches.
Company A.—Captain, J. M. Brower; First Lieutenant, A. H. Clapp; Second Lieutenant, H. S. Wells.
Company B.—Captain, W. R. Chamberlin; First Lieutenant, Charles G. Nye; Second Lieutenant, Wm. J. Webb.
Company C.—Captain, Alfred Nims; First Lieutenant, Joseph C. Cameron; Second Lieutenant, Arthur J. Mead.
Company D.—Captain, Cornell Crysler; First Lieutenant, Davis Cossit; Second Lieutenant, Edward P. Luther.
Company E.—Captain, Horace H. Walpole; First Lieutenant, Jacob Brand; Second Lieutenant, Henry H. Hoyt.
Company F.—Captain, Lucius Moses; First Lieutenant, Geo. W. Platt; Second Lieutenant, James Burton.
Company G.—Captain, Harrison Gilson; First Lieutenant, Drayton Eno; Second Lieutenant, Peter Blossom.
Company H.—Captain, James M. Gere; First Lieutenant, Morton L. Marks; Second Lieutenant, Oscar F. Swift.
Company I.—Captain, J. M. Dwight; First Lieutenant, M. H. Church; Second Lieutenant, L. A. Dillingham.
Company K.—Captain, N. B. Kent; First Lieutenant, Justin Howard; Second Lieutenant, F. M. Wooster.

CARD FROM COL. TITUS.

ALBANY, August 31, 1862.

Editors Albany Evening Journal:

Through the columns of your widely circulated paper, I desire to express to the citizens of Albany my sincere thanks and the hearty gratitude of my command for the substantial and most acceptable collation served to the 122d Regiment N. Y. V., on their arrival at this place this afternoon.

Very respectfully, yours,

SILAS TITUS,

Col. Commanding 122d Regiment N. Y. V.

The 122d in the Battle at Rappahannock Station.

Our correspondent D, writes us from the Camp of the 122d regiment, at Camp Sedgwick, near Brandy Station, under date of the 17th inst., as follows:

"We engaged the enemy about 2 P. M., Cos. "A," Lieut. Clapp, "G," Lieut. Wooster, and "I," Capt. J. M. Dwight, being engaged as skirmishers, and the rest in close support. Our skirmishers drove in the enemy's in the most gallant style, firing one volley at them and charging with the

bayonet, and each of the above officers distinguished himself very highly. Our skirmishers took a position within close rifle shot of the rebel works and held it through the above fight, under a heavy fire, inflicting severe damage on the enemy. The rest of the regiment supported Ayre's Battery, and the whole regiment behaved with the most determined bravery.

"While we were lying close down behind the battery, a shell struck right in our ranks and exploded, killing Sergt. Philo E. Ruggles, Sergt. James B. Spurlock, and private Patrick Kelly, of Co. 'B,' and mortally wounding private Michael Cooney, and slightly wounding Lieut. G. H. Gilbert, and private Peter Brett, also of Co. 'B.' It was a percussion shell, and several more followed in close succession, a little higher, but our brave ambulance helpers carried off our wounded, assisted by some of our own men, who came right back, under a heavy fire, all except George S. Goodrich, of Co. 'K,' who basely deserted at the time, in spite of his obligations and a promise he gave the Lieutenant Colonel to come right back, when sent to the hospital with our helpless brave fellows.—With this exception, every man in the regiment behaved in the finest possible manner.

"Our Paymaster paid us off yesterday, (the 16th,) and the allotments will soon be along."

The 122d Regiment at Sandusky, O.

There are now fifteen hundred troops from the Army of the Potomac,—embracing the whole of the First Brigade of the Third Division of the Sixth Corps, under command of Brig.-Gen. H. D. Terry,—at Sandusky City and Johnson's Island, near that city. Among these troops are several of the best regiments from the Empire State, including the 65th (First U. S. Chasseurs,) Col. Jos. E. Hamblin; 67th (First Long Island,) under command of Major Belden; 122d, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Dwight, with the 23d and 82d Pennsylvania Volunteers. Jan. 23, 1864

A Sandusky correspondent writes as follows of the reception of these veteran troops:

"The ladies of Sandusky, who had been anxiously awaiting the arrival of the veterans several days, were on hand to extend a cordial and most hospitable greeting, and it was a beautiful picture of woman's nobleness and gratitude to witness their exertions to supply with their generous hands the wants of each soldier. The troops were marched into comfortable halls, where bevy of beautiful bright-eyed ladies dispensed hot coffee, tea and other substantial refreshments.—Such a gathering of lovely Florence Nightingales I have seldom beheld. Each one endeavored to surpass each other in attending to the hungry and fatigued men, whose bronzed countenances and service-worn uniforms presented a strong contrast to the delicate but roseate creatures dispensing the luxuries in the various halls. The men were grateful and somewhat astonished at the reception, for the whole affair was a complete surprise."

A general order issued by Gen. Terry, states that he assumes command of Sandusky and Johnson's Island; he assigns the 122d N. Y. V.'s to quarters in Sandusky, and the other regiments to quarters on the Island; and he prescribes the regulations necessary to the present situations of the troops.

Among the incidents of the stay of the 122d in Sandusky, is the entertainment given to Co. G, (the Elbridge part of the regiment,) by Mr. John T. Woolsey, formerly of Jordan. They were escorted to his house by martial music, were most cordially welcomed, and partook of a most bountiful supper, prepared expressly for them. Everything was in the most perfect order and admirably conducted. The company were greatly pleased with this agreeable occurrence.

Letter from a Soldier of the 122d Regiment.

BRANDY STATION, VA.,
March 29, 1864.

EDITOR STANDARD:—It is a long time since I wrote to you, for the very good reason that I have had no news to write, but now business begins to look more brisk, and perhaps we shall have something to write; I hope so at least. Everything looks like a hard summer's work; the army is reorganized, and everything is nearly ready for business, and you can bet that Uncle Sam Grant will do it right up to the handle. The army has unbounded confidence in him, and you as well as we, know that he is no idler.

The 3d brigade, from Harper's Ferry, returned here yesterday, with the exception of the 13th and 62d New York, they being home on furlough. We are expecting our brigade back in a few days; our brigade is assigned to the 1st division—so is the 4th brigade. The troops are in excellent condition, and ready for the fray; you never saw a better feeling lot of men than those who compose this army; the old vets are nearly all back, waiting for Uncle Sam Grant to give the order forward, to the tune of the Union as it ought to be—not as it was. Old Abe stands A, No. 1 with the army, and if your street and parlor soldiers will do for him as much as the field soldiers, he will be elected the next President by the largest majority since Harrison's time. We shall wipe out this rebellion this summer, and then Old Abe will have four years of peace, which the soldiers mean he shall have.

While writing this the cannon have commenced belching forth thunder a few miles to our left, but I expect it is saluting Uncle Sam Grant. Look out for stirring news soon.

For God's sake put forth every exertion to fill up the 122d and 149th regiments; don't let them be consolidated into any other organization for the want of numbers; take right hold of the business at once; let every man, woman and child in Syracuse and Onondaga county get a recruit for these two regiments, and then when their time is out they can come home a distinct organization, without a blemish on their banners or name, and come back, too, with honors won which old Onondaga will be proud to boast of for all coming time.

Yours for the Union, A. B. P.

April The 122d Regiment, 29/1864
THE ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON AND ALEXANDRIA
—ORDERED TO THE FRONT.

A private letter from Mr. Clarence A. Robertson, to his father, Mr. John A. Robertson, gives us the whereabouts of the 122d regiment. The regiment left Sandusky, O., on the afternoon of the 13th inst., just three months from the day it reached there. The extreme kindness and marked hospitality of the people of that city, manifested on every occasion, made the departure a sad affair for the soldiers, who from an experience of a year and a half in the more active service of the field knew what was involved in the

sundering of these pleasant relations and the return to the Army of the Potomac, now about to enter upon its grandest and most important campaign.

The regiment reached Washington on the evening of the 16th, and the following morning (Sunday last) was sent to Alexandria, from which place it was understood it would move to the front in twenty-four hours.

The 122d is to take its place in the Fourth Brigade of the First Division of the Sixth Corps, which is understood to be at Culpepper, engaged in the construction of fortifications necessary to the making of that place a secure depot for army supplies.

Two Pennsylvania regiments were left on Johnson's Island, to look after the rebel prisoners confined there. It was understood that they would soon be ordered back to the field, a part of the Reserve Corps being assigned to the discharge of guard duty at that post.

The 122d in the Battle of the Wilderness.

Col. Titus, who was at Washington on Wednesday, writes to the *Standard* what he could learn there of the part taken by the 122d in the severe battle of Friday, the 6th inst. The regiment was on the extreme right, greatly exposed and suffered severely. Our boys were surrounded on three sides by the rebels, and in falling back they made a sturdy resistance to the enemy who crowded in upon them. Of the officers, Lieut. Col. Dwight, Capts. H. H. Walpole and A. H. Clapp, and Lieuts. Wells, Hall, Wooster, Pool, Sims, Wilkins and Q. M. Lieut. J. S. Corne, were alone left for duty. These, together with the remnant of the regiment, joined the advance of our army against Spotsylvania Court House.

Maj. Brower, Capts. Smith, Lester, Cossitt and Marks, were on Wednesday at Washington, waiting for an opportunity to go to the front.

Col. Titus sends the *Standard* a partial list of the casualties in the 122d, procured from Lieuts. Willman and Clark, who had reached Washington. This list contains less than two-thirds of the names published by us yesterday. The list sent to us by Chaplain Nickerson was made up by himself and Col. Dwight on the night after the battle, and so far as it goes may be considered reliable.

Col. Titus reports the following among the killed and missing:

Killed—Sergeants Trusdall, Co. K; Robert J. Donahue, Co. I; Michael Donovan, Co. A; Jas. Traganza, Co. E; Oscar Austin, Co. D; Frank E. Whaley, Co. D.

Missing—Lieuts. H. H. Hoyt, C. W. Ostrander, E. P. Luther; Orderly Sergeants S. S. Northway, David Donaldson; Privates John Drindle, Peter Pilger.

The following wounded are also reported, in addition to our list of yesterday: Capt. G. W. Platt, in leg, slight; Corp. Richard Nichols, Co. D, in back; Corp. Frank Putnam, Co. D, in back; Privates Cook, Co. D, in arm, George Lusk, Co. A, in neck, Phillip Cryslar, Co. F, in head, David Jarnhard, Co. G, in hand, John Killer, Co. G, in leg, and Leonard Gensiver, Co. F, slight.

Wounded of the 122d in Hospital.

Col. Titus writes to the *Standard* from Washington, under date of the 14th, that he has found the following members of the 122d regiment, in the hospitals at that city: *Friday, 1864*

COLUMBUS HOSPITAL.

Elias L. Sloat, Co. B, slight wound, buck shot through right hand, and bruise by a shell.
James H. Noble, Co. I, slight wound in leg, but walking about.
George H. Lusk, Co. A, slight wound in neck, doing well.