

Whitthall Chronicle
June 10, 1864

For the Chronicle.

From the 123d

Headquarters 123d Regt. N.Y.S. Vol.
 Cassville, Georgia, May 20, 1864.

I gave you some encouragement to expect an occasional note for the "Chronicle," from me, when I should reach the Regiment; and though I have not been able as yet to perform, I have not forgotten my promise.

The paper on which I write is Confederate paper, and was taken from the breast pocket of a dead Rebel after the late battle of Resacca, perforated, as you see, by a death-dealing Yankee bullet. This may give the letter a war-like interest to you.—The 123d had no part in that battle until Sunday afternoon, when they were ordered to the "front," and responded to the order at the double quick, in splendid style.—They were soon under fire in the most trying situation for the courage of a soldier.—They were exposed to a murderous fire from a rebel battery, and forbidden to reply. They endured it with true heroism until they were relieved, having lost but one man, by the explosion of a shell, and several wounded. They were afterward engaged and did good execution, with no loss. The "Rebs" were strongly fortified with every advantage of position, having taken time to intrench themselves, and secure the best possible place to meet our forces. But they met both superior generalship and superior numbers, and were handsomely whipped in the place of their own choice. The extent of carnage to them is not known here, but must have been very heavy, both in men and material. The battle at our end of the line was brought to a close by a charge during the night and Monday morning, when a Rebel battery of four brass twelve-pounders was captured and brought into camp with many prisoners.

Early on Monday morning we learned that there was no enemy in front, and immediately started in pursuit of them. The pursuit has been continued with cautious vigor until yesterday, when we discovered signs that we were in their vicinity.

Our pickets soon found their intrenchments and drove them to Cassville, Cass county, where they made a stand, but after a brief engagement they were dispersed, with small loss on either side.

Cassville is the county seat of Cass Co., Georgia, and is really a fine village for this section of country. It has been the seat of an educational institution, under the patronage of the Methodist Church, known by the name of the Cassville Female College. The buildings and grounds indicate that the institution has formerly enjoyed considerable prosperity, but at the present time, like every other interest of this unfortunate country, it is in a state of ruin.

Rebel soldiers have made the building their barracks, and the Yankees, who now have possession, have not improved it.

It is enough to sicken the heart of one who appreciates the benefits of civilization, and the blessings of a refined taste, to see the ruin, the wreck, the desolation left by an army on the march. Houses, furniture, poultry, swine, cows, horses, everything is considered lawful plunder by a marching soldier, and often a spirit of mischief manifests itself, in the destruction of property, that can be of no benefit to the army or any individual.

I desire to say for the 123d that my brief acquaintance with them, has led me to the conclusion, that they will not suffer in comparison with any other regiment in this department, in reference to efficiency in any thing that pertains to the character of soldiers. They are kind and courteous in their intercourse with each other, and with their officers. They are cool and prompt in action, and will never do dishonor to old Washington County. Their officers are men who understand and appreciate the objects for which they contend, and confidently trust in the patriotic valor of their men.

Yours, W.

Whitthall Chronicle

For the Chronicle.

From the 123d Regiment.

Camp near Dallas, Ga.,
 May 31, 1864.

Does anybody in the outside world know where we are going? We have marched now most of the time for six weeks through—or in the woods of Georgia something as Abraham left his country and kindred, "not knowing whither he went."

We overtook and engaged Johnson's army at Resacca and routed them a few days, the First Brigade being engaged on-

about six hours. They fell again and we engaged them at Cassville on the 20th and they retreated after a few hours fighting and we saw no more of them until our advance ran into their lines and were exposed to the terrible fire of a six gun battery on the 23rd inst. In this engagement our division suffered severely, from 1,000 to 2,000 killed and wounded, and among them our gallant Colonel McDougal, who was severely wounded by a musket ball through his leg shattering his knee joint so that amputation became necessary. Thus the service is robbed of a noble officer, a man untried for life, and a family in affliction.

Here for the first time on this march the enemy seems to have made a decided stand, and here our generals are preparing to give them another lesson on the wickedness and folly of treason.

They made a night attack upon our lines on Saturday night at 11 o'clock, evidently hoping to find our men unprepared, but were disappointed, for though their solid columns were allowed to march undisturbed until they reached a point some thirty rods from our line, they then learned by the discharge of 12 and 20-pounders, double shotted with grape and canister, that Yankees were not asleep. The slaughter was frightful, and what was left of them, after receiving a full volley of musketry from our breastworks, retired to their own fastnesses and were quiet for the balance of the night.

Fighting has been continued with greater or less activity all along our line of battle, some eight or ten miles, to the present time, and while I write I hear with different degrees of distinctness the discharge of cannon and musketry, the whistling of shell and all the terrible sounds of war. Army wagons are driven to and from, ambulances are going in and out, officers are riding rapidly, &c., &c. Such is war. When will it be over?

The wounded have been very numerous in this engagement—arms and shoulders have suffered terribly. I saw one poor fellow, a German, who had been wounded by a ball through his right lung so that he breathed through the wound, but after three days had a fair prospect of recovery; but the weather is very warm, and no rail road near, so the poor fellow must suffer badly.

More anon.

W.

From the 123d.

We are informed by Mr. Walter of Cambridge, that his son Robert, member of Co. "I," Capt. Hall's, of the 123d Regiment was killed in the battle of the 25th, at Altoona Pass, Georgia.

Wm. Tigue, son of Charles Tigue, of this village, a member of the 4th Heavy Artillery, army of the Potomac, was killed in the battle of the 4th inst.

Peter Crombie and George Clark members of the 123d, reported wounded since die.

Killed in Co. G on the 15th of May, at Resaca, private Wm. Martin, shot in the bowels. Wounded, Montrevill Hart, shot in the face,

May 25th, wounded, Capt. James Clark, shot in the face; private Peter Crombie, right arm shot off; Capt. Henry Gray, wounded slightly in the leg; private Peter Henry, in leg; Robert Skellie Co. I, shot through the head, killed instantly.

Whitehall Chronicle.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 8, 1864.

From the 123d Regt., N. Y. V.

NEAR MARIETTA, GEORGIA, June 23d, 1864.

EDITOR CHRONICLE—Dear Sir:

Seated under a large oak tree in an open field, I will endeavor to pen you a few lines in regard to the proceedings of our Regiment during the past two months, that is, if the rebels, who are opposite me in the woods, will allow me to do so.

While I write the skirmishers are firing quite briskly, and now and then a bullet from the enemy's skirmishers comes whizzing over this way.

I should like to give you a strict account of our proceedings during this campaign, but for fear I shall tax your patience I will simply give you a brief account; and should like very much to give you a description of the country from Elk River to Chattanooga, which is very romantic, but time will not permit.

We left Elk River the 27th of April, and reached the vicinity of Chattanooga the 3d of May, without anything remarkable occurring. The 7th we marched in the direction of Dalton, Ga. Gen. Kippatrick's Cavalry skirmishing with the Rebels and driving them. The 10th we marched to the top of Chattanooga Mountain and threw up breastworks. The 11th we were met by

the Mountain into Snake Creek Gap. The 12th we marched about five miles through the Gap. The 13th we moved about five miles towards Resaca, took a position and built breastworks—some skirmishing on our right. The 14th our Division moved about four miles to the left wing, and arrived just in time to save the line of the Fourth Corps. The object of the Rebels was, it seemed, all the latter part of the day, to break our line, but we arrived just in time to save it, as the Fourth Corps was giving way to a charge of the Rebels who were closed in mass. The 15th we advanced about one mile, and found the enemy in a strong line of breastworks. Our Regiment's position was on a hill about forty rods from the enemy's breastworks. They opened a gun on us, killing one, and wounding several, some of whom have since died. Hooker,—"Old Joe," as we call him,—displayed great bravery here, being in the thickest of the fight. After dark we threw up breastworks, and lay down in anticipation of a hard fight on the morrow. But the morning of the 16th found the Rebels gone, and many of their dead left on the field. The 16th, 17th and 18th we followed in pursuit. The 19th we found them at Cassville. We moved forward on the "double quick" to support a battery. The artillery played in briskly, and was returned likewise by the enemy's batteries. One man in our Regiment was wounded.

We remained in Cassville three days.—The 23d we again started after the Rebels, and on the 25th came up with them. About 5 o'clock P. M., after rapid marching, we came up to Gen. Geary's position. He had been attacked unawares, on Alatoona Ridge, along the road leading to Dallas. As soon as possible our Division formed in line of battle, and advanced in brigade lines very near the enemy's position. After the first line had fired away their ammunition we relieved them, laying flat on the ground, without much firing, but under a terrific fire of grape and cannister, which very fortunately passed mostly over our heads. In advancing, our Colonel was wounded in the leg, and Major Tanner slightly, but the Major kept the field until we were relieved. The fighting was kept up until darkness and a thunder shower closed the bloody scene. We were relieved about 4 o'clock on the morning of the 26th. Our loss was 1 killed and 17 wounded—some have since died. It is reported our Division lost 1,800

in killed and wounded. We retired a short distance back in the woods, where we remained six days without taking any part in the conflict, which was more or less skirmishing. The Rebels attempted to break our line several times, but were repulsed each time handsomely.

June 1st, we were relieved by the 15th Corps, when we marched about four miles toward the left of the line to support the Corps. The 2d we marched further toward the left, supporting the 23d Corps, which was turning the enemy's flank. We built breastworks and lay behind them all night. The 23d Corps moved towards the left leaving us in front. The 5th we moved towards the left about four miles and halted for the night. The 6th we moved about three miles and acted as support for the other two brigades of our Division. We remained in this position four days. The 11th we moved about one mile and formed a line on the left of the 3d Division of our Corps. The 12th we built breastworks on

the line which we formed the day before.—There was skirmishing in front and an attack was expected on the right of the 4th Corps which joined our left. We remained in this position until the 15th, when we moved again towards the enemy. There was some hard fighting, but we were not engaged, although we lay exposed to the bullets and shells of the enemy, expecting every moment to be called upon. The 16th we moved to another position, built breastworks, and lay in them awaiting the movements of the enemy. The 17th we found the enemy had fallen back. We advanced about two miles and found the rebels entrenched on a ridge running south from the Kennerly Mountains and about eight miles from Marietta. They threw a few shells into us as we were advancing, wounding two Lieutenants in our regiment, slightly. Soon a battery passed us, headed by "Old Joe," and the rebel battery was soon silenced.—On the 19th the enemy had fallen back.—We advanced about two miles and threw up breastworks on the picket line; the bullets flew around us pretty thick, but we soon threw up good works, and lay down on our arms to get as much rest as possible. The 20th we were relieved by the 4th Corps, and moved about three miles toward the left, acting as a support to the 2d and 3d Brigades, who threw up breastworks in our front. The 22d we took the front line.—

Our Regiment was deployed as skirmishers. Soon after we were deployed an advance was ordered. We advanced steadily about half a mile, driving the rebel skirmishers before us, until they got on a ridge from which we could not drive them very easily. They made a charge on us and we were compelled to fall back some distance, when we rallied and advanced again steadily, where we held them until about 5 o'clock, when they made another charge on us with a whole Division. We were again compelled to fall back, but not until we had given them a few rounds of lead. Our Brigade opened upon them, and after a short time of hot fighting we repulsed them handsomely. Our artillery mowed them down in large numbers. Our loss was 4 killed, 27 wounded and about 14 missing. Edward Crow was the only one wounded in our Company.

You will perceive that the last two months have been those of active field service, fraught with hardships and dangers. The Regiment is ever ready to respond to any call, and when ordered to the front, advances with that coolness and courage which characterize good and brave soldiers. The Regiment holds an honored position in the 20th Corps. We feel confident of success, and are determined to meet Grant at the heart of the rebellion, and have a hand in striking the last blow at the nearly exhausted so-called Southern Confederacy.

The life of a soldier is tedious and monotonous at best, but it is not all dark and repulsive in the army. There are green spots in this moral desert.

One of the greatest comforts a soldier has is that of letters written to him by loved ones at home. Letters coming to the soldier from those whom he esteems and loves, exhorting him to virtue, valor and patience amid the toils, hardships and dangers of war, are to him sacred things—safeguards to virtue—stimulants to noble deeds.

In writing to the soldier do not descend on the pleasure his presence in the home circle would afford you; do not lament the toils, hardships and dangers he has to encounter ere this "cruel war" will be over; do not count the long days and months and years that he must thus suffer, and wish him back to the happy associations and circumstances of days gone by; but tell him to do his whole duty to his country and to God; exhort him to come home to your embrace

—If Divine Providence be, he is spared—
an honored and brave soldier.

I fear I have already taxed your patience too much. We are now awaiting the movements of the enemy, and cannot tell what an hour may bring forth.

With respect, I remain

Yours, &c.

VOLUME 2

Whitehall Chronicle.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 5, 1864.

From the 123d Regiment.

Field Hospital, near Atlanta, Ga.,
July 23d, 1864.

I snatch a few moments from attentions to the wounded and dying, to relieve your anxiety.

Our whole line was attacked by the enemy on the afternoon of the 20th, and suffered terribly. The First Brigade sustained their reputation. The enemy was repulsed after a vigorous fight of two hours or more. Our Regiment reports the following disasters:

Adjutant Seth C. Carey, leg.

Co. A—Leroy Wright, killed; Corp. Joseph Lappint, face; James Livingston, missing, (3).

Co. B—1st Sergeant Joseph Middleton, wrist; Corp. James B. Taylor, arm; Wm. O. Atkin, breast; Geo. W. Harrington, hand; Wm. Martindale, missing; (2).

Co. C—Color Sergeant Wm. Hutton, mortally, since dead; Wm. E. Allen, body, since dead; Frank Johnson, missing; (3).

Co. D—Corp'l Daniel R. Williamson, neck; Barney Shanley, shoulder; Joel Harvey, side; (3).

Co. E—1st Lieut. John H. Daicy, head, since dead; Corp'l Robert C. McEachron, thigh; George Donley, killed; Alvin Gray, thigh; Sam'l Stiles, leg; Daniel Brown, right hand; (6).

Co. F—Serg't John R. McMillen, arm; Corp'l Russell Fullerton, body; Corp'l Andrew H. McWhorter, arm; Eleazer Kinney, arm; Taylor A. Hopkins, body; Geo. H. Robinson, arm; Jas. M. Stow, arm and breast; Joseph McMurry, arm; John Burns, arm; W. H. Smith, face; (10).

Co. G—Corp'l Henry Arnold, head; Henry Welch, killed; Clark, head; Henry Colter, arm; Peter Cowell, arm; Martin Bennet, missing; (6).

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Co. H—Michael Hiley, killed; drummer Henry Danforth, leg; Francis Brennan, head; Chester Orcut, leg; Crandal Johnson, missing; (5)

Co. I—Corp'l Frederick Slocum, breast; Jacob Hermon, head; Thomas Henley, arm; Henry Chapman, killed; Geo. Higby, face; James Springer, missing; Edward K. pf, missing; Jas. Pelott, missing; (3).

Co. K—Captain Henry O. Wiley, killed; Corp'l Chauncey L. Guilford, arm and side; Corp'l Henry Welch, hand; Thos. Donah, shoulder; Jas. A. Wright, missing; (5).

This is copied from the official report, but may, perhaps, be altered in some of its details.

We are now in easy range of the doomed city, and while I write, I hear the heavy cannonading, which, I learn, awakens no response from the enemy. Our forces will probably take the city within a few days.

Yours,

M. WHITE.

* Has since come in.

Whitehall Chronicle.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 19, 1864.

From the 123d Regt., N. Y. V.

RIFLE FIRMS IN FRONT OF ATLANTA,
GEORGIA, August 2d, 1864.

EDITOR CHRONICLE—Dear Sir:

Can this be a siege? The people North, or any who were never engaged in this sort of business, have a very faint idea of the labor, the danger, and the unceasing fatigue attending this operation. Men seated in their easy arm-chairs, sipping their iced toddy, and enjoying their "Havanas," can easily exclaim, "Why don't the armies move, &c. This is all very fine to talk about, but let those same individuals be placed in the same position we are, their tone of remarks will be somewhat changed. I wonder how they would like to run the gauntlet of Sharpshooters as we have had to do the past week?

We have been in our present position ten days. We left the scene of our last conflict the 22d of July,—the enemy having evacuated—and taking the Atlanta road, passing their huge breastworks, proceeded about two miles, and found them stationed in their last ditch, on the outskirts of Atlanta. We moved up and took our position in sight of their doomed city, and not over half a mile from the enemy's entrench-

ments which are dotted with forts. We commenced throwing up works under quite a heavy artillery fire from the said forts.—We demolished an old mill near by, and with shovels and picks soon had up good works, unmindful of the missiles of death which were flying thick and fast all round us. The audacity of the thing undoubtedly astonished the Rebels—our marching up in plain sight of their massive works, and under the very mouth of their cannon, and all unmindful of their shot and shell which they threw at us with a vengeance, throw-up works seemingly as cool as one would be at home digging a ditch or carving a turkey. (But I could not vouch for my coolness in performing the latter.)

Nothing of importance has transpired in our immediate front, with the exception of an advance of the picket line. The morning of the 30th, we were roused up from our visions of roast beef, oysters, and pretty girls, and the boom of an old 20-pounder soon made us realize our situation and we crawled into our pits. The pickets soon advanced stealthily up towards the rebel pickets, and, with a yell, were onto them before they were aware of any movement whatever on our part. They had no time to offer any resistance, and were compelled to surrender. Our division skirmishers captured about two hundred of the enemy's picket, with several officers. Our boys advanced steadily up to within a few yards of one of their forts, and, by firing through their port holes, kept their guns silenced for several hours, until the rebels opened their artillery upon them from other directions. Battery "I" opened upon the rebel guns and very quickly "dried up" one or two of them. Our skirmishers were compelled to fall back a very little, where they threw up works. In our regiment one in company D was slightly wounded, and Albert Potter, of company A, was killed.

Several days ago heavy firing was heard on the left—McPherson's command—and report says that our forces captured some seven or eight hundred prisoners and four hundred negroes, with their trenching tools. We heard heavy firing on the right a few days ago, and we also learn from the same source that we drove the enemy about two miles, they leaving their killed and wounded on the field, and we capturing some several hundred prisoners. So the work goes bravely on.—We are gaining little by little every day.

Fighting Joe Hooker has left us, and there is not a soldier who was under him but what regrets his leaving. Ever in battle we could see his noble form among us to cheer and encourage us on to deeds of valor and glory. The boys had studied him so closely that they could always tell when things were progressing finely, or when they were going contrary to his wishes.— At the battle of Resaca, and before the fight commenced, Joe. was riding along the line seeing that everything was all right. The boys raised their hats, and were in the act of giving him a cheer, when Joe. said, "Keep cool, boys, keep cool, there's a hen on!" Of course the boys were *whist*, for they knew something was up. We have seen him where the battle raged the hottest, on the skirmish line, and in fact he was everywhere. He knew by personal examination where every regiment in his Corps lay. He complimented our regiment very highly for its conduct on the skirmish line the 22d of June.

The view from our breastworks is a beautiful one. In the distance we can see the steeples looming up above the little forest

which separates us from the doomed city, as if defying the "Yankee horde" who are hovering around its borders. Near the enemy's earthworks are several very beautiful residences. One large stone mansion is just opposite us, in which our guns have made several very ragged looking holes.— Back of us is a dense forest, broken now and then by plantations, which reaches hundreds of miles back.

The shelling presents a very beautiful sight at night, and reminds one of the 4th of July fireworks in by-gone days; but the enjoyment, under the circumstances, is not the same.

H. O. Warren is now our Captain, and by his courtesy to all, he has become a general favorite with the company.

The weather for a few days past has been quite cool, interspersed now and then with a shower, which operates on the boys something as a refreshing shower does on a young cabbage plant; but, I do not wish you to infer that I call the boys cabbage-heads.

I wonder how it would seem to be out of bearing of a gun for twenty-four hours; and I suppose you wonder how it would seem to be within hearing of these guns for the same length of time.

My partner has just brought in a rail of

beans, and I will see if I cannot do some to a few of them. Dick is "just gone" on getting up a meal, and if any one does not believe it, let him come down here and see a soldier and judge for himself.

With respect, I remain

Yours, &c.,

VOLUNTEER

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp of the 123d N. Y. S. V.,
Kelley's Ford, Va.,
April 13th, 1863.

FRIEND MORRIS:—It is a rainy, dull day, just such a one, as if we were at home we would go fishing, and have warmed our beans and roast pork for dinner, for we never eat fish which we catch ourselves, for the reason that we don't know how to dress them, and our amiable little wife won't. But we are not at home, so we shall not go fishing, etc., etc. So we will write to somebody, and that somebody is: no one but yourself, (please draw no inferences.)

The last few months have been stirring times, down here at least. This army has fought two of the greatest battles ever fought on this continent—Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. At the first we were badly beaten, but at the second the enemy were terribly punished. We whipped them at every point with great slaughter. Still we paid dear for that victory. The country lost many men it could ill afford to spare. Among them, not the least in worth, was Capt. Norman F. Weir, of Hartford. All we need to say of him is what we can well say, that he was a true man in every spot and place. I mourn his loss as a personal and valued friend. I have stood and talked with him amid the smoke and roar of battle, and when surrounded with friends in old New York, and he knew no more fear in one place than the other. He was a hero.

Old Washington County, if you have tears left, shed them for such men as he. The sacrifice of such lives makes sacred the soil that nurtured them.

The army is now comparatively inactive, though by no means idle. Our division is just now guarding this Ford.— Our picket line runs along the Rappahannock, while the rebels are just the other side of the Rapidan, leaving a space of ten or fifteen miles as scouting ground for the two armies. There seems to be no immediate prospect of battle, though we shall probably have another great fight by the first of October, and if

the north does its duty, that can just as well be the last battle as not. All we want is proper re-enforcements at the proper time. The men are in good spirits and confident. There never was an army better officered than this, as a general thing. Of course there are exceptions, and officers never led better men than this very army of the Potomac.— There are no copperheads there—no not one. Not that we all believe the policy of the Administration is entirely what it should be. I do not myself, but we do believe that of all times, now is not the one to stop and discuss that policy. The Government at Washington is all that stands between us and national ruin, and until that Government is changed in the lawful and ordinary way, it must be sustained.

This army is not fighting for conquest or to gratify ambition, but for the supremacy of Constitutional law, to perpetuate the most liberal institutions and the most equitable Government mortal man ever lived under. And it will fight for this just as readily in Vermont as in South Carolina, in New York as in Virginia. Copperheads all over the country should remember this, that the army of the Union is a power, and that that power is a unit in sustaining Abraham Lincoln while he remains the constitutional and legal President of these United States.

Yours truly, H. O. W.

Middle Granville, Aug. 15.

FRANK MORRIS:—While visiting at a friend's house and inquiring of her in regard to her husband now in the army, he read to me a letter just received, of which I begged a copy, and now offer it to you for publication, if you consider it worthy. Yours truly, E.

Army of the Potomac, 123d Reg't,
1st Brig., 2d Div., 12th Corps,
Barnett's Ford, Va., Aug. 9th.

DEAR WIFE:—How vividly comes up before me today my wife and child, and the comforts of that little northern home. The year has passed quickly yet wearily away, since I engaged in this cause—to uphold Liberty and Free Institutions, leaving those I hold most dear on earth—wife and child, parents, brothers and sisters, all the pleasures and comforts of home—offering my life to my country, and the greatest blessing bestowed by God—Human Liberty. The cause is from God, and those that attempt to overthrow it will not succeed any more than Hell can prevail over Heaven. In

many instances it has seemed as though it was lost. Yet 'twas but the darkness that heralded the coming dawn. I doubt not but God may have given the atle to the oppressor, in order to punish us as a nation for our sins, and also to show us how much we depend on His all-powerful aid, and that their final overthrow may be the more signal and complete.

At last there comes from all the Union armies the cheering notes of victory; on all sides are the enemies of Liberty put to flight. The dawning of the day has begun. Soon will come the brightness of the day of Peace.

For us soldiers that bear the burdens and endure privations and hardships numberless, how welcome the dawning. The soldier sighs for freedom—not that he dislikes the cause in which he is engaged, for he knows it is an holy one—to its defense he freely offers up his life. But all the attractions of home and the loved ones there serve but to make him chafe under the restraint imposed upon him here. Yes, indeed, will it be a welcome day that Liberty maintained and peace reigning, he may return to his quiet home and beloved friends, free, proud of success and the honors he has dearly won.

It is a very beautiful Sabbath day.— All is quiet about the camps. A soft breeze from the south keeps us cool just now, but most of the time we have very hot weather. The sun fairly seems to burn into ones flesh. We have been in this camp since the second of August, and are getting rested pretty well after the very severe marches and battles we have had since the 13th of June. We are now under the command of Brig. Gen. Knipps again, who makes us drill two hours every day, morning and evening, in order that we may not become emoralized or get rusty by inaction.— We are anxiously looking for the conscripts. We need them, and will give them a hearty welcome.

We all dislike the \$300 act by which they all get clear. We feel very hopeful for the next draft, which we hope

Whitehall Chronicle

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 4, 1863.

FROM THE 123D.

CAMP #123 123d REGIMENT N. Y. S. V.
Near Kelly's Ford, Va., Aug. 24, 1863.

EDITOR CHRONICLE—Dear Sir:

After a silence of a few months I again intrude on your presence. I would that I were capable of giving you an account of our proceedings during the past few months, but undoubtedly you are posted on all the movements of the Army of the Potomac, and the history of said army is the history of the 123d, for we help swell the ranks of this grand army.

I will say but little about our journey into Maryland and Pennsylvania—of our meeting Lee and driving him from our soil—but will say we have "fetched around," about as I expected, into the old bone yard—Virginia—again.

We left Stafford Court House the 13th of last June, and arrived at this place the 31st of July. During this period we experienced a tough time; days in succession we had hardly time to boil our porridge. We were kept on the move from daylight until dark, and a great many times at night. But now we are encamped on the beautiful banks of the Rappahannock, and have basked in the sunshine of the sunny South for the past three weeks with the greatest pleasure imaginable, for our tedious campaign had nearly "used us up."

We have been furnished with rations in great abundance, and are now ready to be "up and off" again at a moment's notice.

The health of the Regiment is as good, if not better, than it ever was. All are in good cheer, and I think that if Lee should now meet us, he would find a stubborn set to deal with.

We have received from private sources the names of the "lucky" ones selected to shoulder the musket or "fork over." We will welcome them with, "how are you, conscripts," and endeavor to make time pass off pleasantly, and initiate them in the "mysteries" of camp life. Our Captain (Tamm) has been promoted; he is now Major, and he deserves the promotion, for a braver or more devoted man in the Regiment.

Such pleasant weather as we are now enjoying—bright, cloudless summer days and beautiful moon-light evenings—tends to draw the soldier's mind back to other days, when the cry of war was unknown to us, and the pleasant home-circle was unbroken. But the dark clouds are breaking, and we believe the day is not far distant when we shall see peace dictated on our own terms. We believe that He who doeth all things well will put an end to this unholy rebellion in His own good time.

We are waiting our pay to-morrow for the musket on one side of the Rappahan-

nock and the rebels on the other. Their congressional votes are not as brilliant as they were before their raid into Pennsylvania and Maryland.

Yours truly,

VOLUNTEER.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE 123D REGIMENT.

Kelly's Ford, Aug. 16, 1863.

DEAR SIR:—My country never wanted men more than it does at the present time, and if I was at home, with the knowledge that I had the necessities of my country for me, I should not stay so long, but as it was the duty of every able bodied man that can leave, to answer to the call of the President until the quota is made up. I think if the men who have been called for were furnished without delay, that the Rebellion would be crushed in three months at farthest, and most likely in sixty days. But it makes me sad when I look over the news in regard to the delay, and see how little patriotism is manifested by the people of my native State, and as for that matter, by the people of the North generally, for it is a fact that should be understood, that three hundred thousand men at this time would be worth three times that number six months from this, for the idea of a winter campaign has been demonstrated to be impracticable in this section; and if the men are withheld until it is too late to make a move this fall, it must be done next summer. I wish the people could see the necessity of driving this war ahead, for the harder it is pressed the less time and money it will take. These are facts that should be pressed home on every friend of his country.

Respectfully yours,

L. S. ALLEN

Co. H, 123d Regt. N. Y. S. V.

Whitehall Chronicle

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 2, 1864.

From the 123d Regt., N. Y. V.

J. B. Rice, acting Adjutant of the 123d, sent a letter received by Col. Rogers from Lieut. Martin, who was taken prisoner on the 22d of June, to the *S. H. Herald*, giving a list of our boys who were taken prisoners at the same time: R. Durham, John Decker, B. F. Smith, B. A. Duel, O. H. Smith, Patrick Malone, John Luddy, David O. Lambert, M. Moneghan, James Morrissey, W. H. Butler, D. R. Ross, J. Cenway, Wm Welch. I. Kearsing, Co. H., was wounded and died in the confederate hospital. Others are prisoners, but he couldn't learn their names.

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Whitchell Chronicle
Nov. 11, 1864

From the 123d Regt., N. Y. V.

CAMP OF THE 123D REGIMENT,
ATLANTA, GA., Oct. 24, '64.

EDITOR CHRONICLE—Dear Sir:

Having just returned from a foraging expedition, and wishing to while away a few moments before roll-call, I will take the opportunity of informing you of our proceedings during the last four days.

The 21st inst., our Brigade with three others, and two batteries of Artillery, accompanied a train of *eight hundred wagons* out on a foraging expedition in the vicinity of Stone Mountain, a distance of about twenty-five miles. This completed our first day's labor, with the exception of simply confiscating five pigs and some sweet potatoes which were near by.

The morning of the 22d we commenced loading wagons with ears of corn, after which, stalks were piled on top and bound on as we bind on a load of hay, North.—The wagons were nearly all loaded, and what were not, were completed by noon of the 23d. In the meantime the boys foraged pretty heavily on their own hook, bringing in pigs, sheep, cows, goats, hens, potatoes, honey, molasses, and in fact everything in the eating line; but nothing was disturbed which was not essential to our own use.—If Hood tampers with our *cracker line*, (Nashville, Chattanooga and Atlanta R. R.) the Confederacy must suffer the consequence.

This section of country in which we have been foraging is about the richest I have seen. Hundreds of acres of corn are seen all over the country, and a regiment of men can very soon fill a number of wagons.—The teams drive into the corn-field, and the men follow by the side and fill as the wagon moves on. The country abounds in sweet potatoes, (the only kind I have seen) chestnuts, walnuts, peanuts, pecanmons, and mandrills, and I assure you the boys all came in loaded. I wonder what our old farmers up North would say to see a train of eight hundred wagons being filled from their farms, and the boys confiscating their pigs, hens, &c. I think they would practice the guerrilla warfare more extensively than was carried on here, for in that respect we were not troubled, seeing no guerrillas at all.

The R. R. from Atlanta to Decatur was torn up by McPherson in a most splendid style, the rails being twisted and bent in all shapes. Decatur is a small town about as large as Granville, with one tavern, church, and court-house, and a number of dwellings.

In the afternoon of the 23d, we started from Snap Finger Creek towards Atlanta. The report reached us that the Rebels had a division of cavalry for the purpose of cutting us off. Such disposition was made of the troops as would most effectually guard the train, and we moved off, but very slowly, for our train was about *ten miles long*! We finally reached Atlanta, this afternoon, without meeting any opposition, and every wagon heavily loaded, to say nothing of private rigs well stocked with potatoes and meats. It was in all a most successful expedition, and I believe will prove more disastrous to the rebel cause than a battle.—The corn was planted by the Rebel government on land hired for the purpose from old planters.

The country is very thinly settled. We saw but very few men; we captured some four or five, supposed to be guerrillas.

Perhaps you would like to hear from the election in our Regiment. I will give you the vote, and you may judge by our Regiment how the soldiers in the Army will vote:

For Abe and Andy. 344
For McClellan and Pendleton. 30

I suppose a great many in Washington county will be surprised at the vote, but could they expect us to vote otherwise than for the good of our country? We are not blind! We cannot support a party who have called us "dogs" for coming down here to defend our country in its hour of peril. We have nothing to influence us here but love of country. Could they expect us to vote for an armistice? and at the very time when it needs but the united support of the people at home, co-operating with the soldiers in the field, to crush the last remaining hope of the Confederacy.—An armistice would be everything to the South, and the utter ruin of the Union.

* * * * *

We acknowledge the receipt of some Albany Journals from Fred Barthel. Papers are ever welcomed by the soldier.

I am, respectfully,

Yours, &c.
VOLUNTEER.

The New-York Times.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1885.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

RETURNING REGIMENTS.

Arrival and Reception of the One Hundred and Thirty-third New-York (Second Metropolitan)—Grand Turn-out of Police—Enthusiastic Greeting to the Veterans by the People—Other Regiments and Commands Arriving.

Yesterday afternoon, the first regular reception of the many returning regiments passing through the streets of our city took place. To the Metropolitan Police force, the credit of thus inaugurating a better state of things belongs.

About 2 o'clock the One Hundred and Thirty-third New-York Volunteers arrived at Jersey City by the afternoon train, where they were met and taken in custody by Inspector CARPENTRA and Mr. HANBROCK. A platoon of police were in readiness at the foot of Cortlandt-street, to escort the regiment to the Battery. A short half-hour sufficed for the gallant One Hundred and Thirty-third to cross the Hudson, which they had crossed nearly three years ago, to battle for their country and the right. Forming quickly into line, the command marched in column by the flank up Cortlandt-street down Broadway, where they entered the barracks, and stacking arms, the regiment were provided with a substantial dinner. Meanwhile, Mr. CARPENTRA entertained the officers at the Washington Hotel.

After dinner General Superintendent JOHN A. KENNY visited the command, and greeted such of the officers and men as he knew, or who were former members of the police force. News arriving that the special escorts provided by the commissioners were on their way to meet the regiment, the command fell in and took its line of march up Broadway, the men leaving their knapsacks behind, to be conveyed by carts to the boat.

The regiment presented a fine appearance, and numbered 481 musketeers and 29 commissioned officers. As the men moved up Broadway their sunburnt faces and travel-stained appearance betokened long and arduous service in their country's defence.

At Fulton-street the regiment was met by the special escort, and as soon as Broadway could be cleared properly the reviewing ceremony was gone through with. The escort consisted of one battalion of police, under the immediate command of Capt. CORLEND, numbering 1,200 men. As the police battalion formed up and came to the "rear open order," the "musketeers" were to great advantage, performing the customary manoeuvres with celerity and precision. The battalion was composed of twenty men and two sergeants from each precinct. Nearly all the captains were also present.

As soon as the reviewing ceremony had been accomplished, the regiment marched up Broadway to Twenty-sixth-street, at the foot of which lay the boat which was to convey the regiment to Hart's Island. All along the line of marching, cheering regiments were heartily received by the people that lined the sidewalks or filled the windows. After cheer rang out upon the air, the troops were embraced by the waving clouds of cambric, and the breeze by the fair hands of the ladies.

Going up Broadway, from the Park to Bond-street, the reception was of the most brilliant character. Seldom has a regiment, so little heralded as was the One Hundred and Thirty-third, been received with such warmth and heartiness.

Every one knows the history of the famous Metropolitan Brigade, raised as it was under the auspices and through the exertions of the policemen of this city, during the Summer and Fall of 1862. That brigade has always performed good and efficient service, as will be seen by the record of the One Hundred and Thirty-third. This regiment, known familiarly as the "Second Metropolitan," was organized at Staten Island, New-York Harbor, August, 1862, and was mustered into the United States service April 15, 1863, by Capt. MORRIS, U. S. A.

On the falling out of the Southern Expedition under Gen. BAXTER, the One Hundred and Thirty-third was assigned to that General as a part of his command, and accompanied him to New-Orleans, when the Expedition sailed from the Harbor of New-York in October, 1862. The following compiled list comprises the complete record of this regiment.

CAMPAIGNS.

March 1863. Port Hudson, La., March 1863. 2d Campaign—Battles of Eads, April 1863. 1863. Campaign—Battles of Eads, April 1863. Occupation of Alexandria, La., May 1863. Port Hudson Campaign—Port Hudson, Louisiana, May

27 and 28 Feb. 1863. Port Hudson invested May 25; surrendered July 8.

2d Campaign—Vermillion Bayou, (Mississippi) October 4. Carrion Crow, October 12. Vermillion Plains, November 11.

Red River Campaign—Alexandria, La., May 1. Mansura Plains, May 16.

Relief of Washington, D. C., July 13. 1864. Snicker's Gap, (Virginia), July 19, 1864. Sheridan's Campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah. Bunker Hill, Va., October 23, 1864.

EXPEDITIONS.

Occupation of Baton Rouge, La., Dec. 17, 1862; Indian Village, Feb. 1863; Rosedale, La., Feb. 1863; Bayou Grosse Tête, Feb. 1863; Bayou Plaquemine Bridge, west of Opelousa, La., April 26 and 27; Sabine Pass, Sept. 5 and 13.

The regiment was also specially commended by Brig.-Gen. HALBERT E. PAINE for assault on Port Hudson, La., June 14, 1863, and by Admiral PORTER, in dispatches to the Secretary of the Navy, for assisting in building a dam on Red River, near Alexandria, La., to enable the iron-clad fleet to pass the rapids, May 20, 1864.

The following is the complete list of officers present with the regiment:

Adjutants and Staff Officers.—Col. L. DONALD H. CUNNINGHAM, Sept. 24, 1862; Lieut.-Col. Anthony V. ALLAIRE, promoted Dec. 24, 1864; Major George Washburn, promoted Dec. 24, 1864; Adj. Deatur W. Fyaly, promoted Sept. 11, 1864; Surgeon Robert Watts, Sept. 16, 1862; Asst. Surgeon Solomon E. HANBROCK, Dec. 2, 1864; Quartermaster Frank J. JAMES, promoted Nov. 9, 1862.

Non-commissioned Staff.—Sergeant-Major, George Hudson; Quartermaster-Sergeant, Charles E. Van Dusen; Commissary-Sergeant, Wm. M. Sandford; Hospital Steward, M. Smith Hawkins; Principal Musician, Andrew Gilligan.

Line Officers.—Co. A.—Capt. Patrick O'NEAL, promoted Sept. 11, 1864; First Lieut. John A. SCHMIDT, promoted Sept. 11, 1864; Second Lieut. Thomas C. FARMER, promoted Feb. 25, 1865. Co. B.—Capt. George D. WISEBURN, promoted Jan. 2, 1864; First Lieut. John Haythorn, promoted Aug. 4, 1864. Co. C.—Capt. John H. McKee, promoted April 5, 1865; Second Lieut. Frederick Van Amburgh, promoted April 7, 1865. Co. D.—Capt. Richard W. Buttle, promoted Jan. 6, 1864; First Lieut. Arthur S. Gladwin, promoted Feb. 4, 1864. Co. E.—Capt. James Hasenburgh, promoted May 27, 1865; First Lieut. Myers Lancelotti, promoted May 27, 1865. Co. F.—Capt. George H. Simpson, promoted Jan. 1, 1864; First Lieut. Bartholomew Grimm, promoted March 2, 1865. Co. G.—Capt. John J. Fitzgerald, promoted Feb. 12, 1864; First Lieut. John Woods, promoted Sept. 3, 1864. Co. H.—Capt. William J. Stewart, promoted Sept. 11, 1864; First Lieut. George Gish, promoted Sept. 11, 1864. Co. I.—Capt. John H. Greer, promoted Jan. 5, 1865; First Lieut. Stephen S. David, promoted Jan. 6, 1865; Second Lieut. James J. Fielding, promoted Jan. 1, 1864. Co. K.—Capt. Wm. T. Swift, promoted Feb. 27, 1865; First Lieut. Henry Burnet, promoted April 6, 1865.

Deaths.—Lieut.-Col. James A. P. Hopkins, died Nov. 19, 1864; First Lieut. Benj. F. Denton, killed in action at Port Hudson, La., June 14, 1863; First Lieut. Geo. D. DeValen, died of wounds April 26, 1863, received in action at the battle of Eads, La. Col. CUNNINGHAM is one of the few Colonels from this city who returns with his regiment, just as he went, with the eagles on his shoulder. Despite the seeming fact that he was neglected, Col. CUNNINGHAM remained in the

service and was for some time Acting-Brigadier-General of his brigade. While in the Shenandoah Valley the brigade was assigned the honorable post of guarding transverse supply trains necessary for the sustenance of Gen. Sheridan's army, but while faithfully performing this dangerous duty, their more fortunate companions in arms were winning glorious laurels upon the fields of Winchester and Cedar Creek. Those two battles brought in a rich harvest of brevet appointments, but none came for CUNNINGHAM's brigade, although they richly deserved a share of the reward. Col. CUNNINGHAM won golden opinions from leading officers in the Army of the Potomac, for the manner in which he handled his brigade at Deep Bottom, in July, 1864, and has always ranked high as a tactician. The Colonel at one time held a field officer's commission in the British army.

A detachment of 325 men from the Sixty-ninth, Sixty-third, Eighty-second and Eighty-eighth Regiments, New-York Volunteers, under the command of Capt. MERVIN W. WALL, of the Sixty-third Regiment, arrived at the Battery Barracks yesterday morning, and proceeded to Hart's Island during the afternoon. This detachment is all that remains of the gallant old Irish Brigade that left this city in 1801 under Mervin Wall, forming a part of the famous old "Keegan Division." The brigade went into its first fight at Williamsburgh, and as a component part of the Second and Third Corps, has seen most of the great battles during the war.