

From the 121st Regiment.

Capt. Casler, of the 121st N. Y. Volunteers, writes to the Herkimer Journal from camp near Warrenton, under date of July 29. He says:

"I have just eaten a hearty dinner of Quails, Stewed Apples, Quail Soup and Hard-tack. We live on the fat of the land now. Quails come right in front of our tents, like chickens around a barn, and with my little pistol I can soon have a mess. They don't fly more than two or three rods after one shoots at them, and we can approach to within 10 feet of them. We get plenty of apples to stew, in the orchards in this vicinity. Our cracker-box table, with a newspaper for a tablecloth and four sticks driven perpendicularly in the ground for legs to support, holds a good large dish of sweetened blackberries at breakfast, dinner and supper.—The chairs we sit on are a mess box, and stool made from a cracker box, four blankets folded and piled up. As this makes the third chair, so the fourth person can either sit on his thumbs or knees, or stand as the Paddy's "smart childer" did in the door. But be patient to-night. Hard bread rations will be issued to the men again, and then our "cabinet jour" will make us another chair or two. The whole army is well supplied with fresh beef. In addition to what we had on hand, our forces, while we lay at White Plains, captured 15,000 head of fat cattle from the Rebs. near Chester Gap, so that they cannot have much left of what they drove from Pennsylvania. This will supply the army for the next five months, unless it is augmented in numbers by the "hungry" conscripts from the "Northern Wilderness."

What sheep are found belong to us by right of discovery, and whole families of swine are killed, so that they will "stop squealing and not keep us awake at night." It wout answer to leave those bee-hives, for some one else might go too near them and get badly stung! So to prevent fu-

ture harm, we take care of them for the present. Milk is sold here for twenty-five cents per canteen full, that is, about ten cents per pint. But we cannot buy it more than once. The cows leak all the milk sometimes and then the gray-backed farmer, who likes greenbacks better than "his wife," don't have any to sell. They like to exchange anything they have for coffee and sugar. The men sometimes save their coffee and sell it at \$1.50 to \$2 per pound, and their sugar for 6 shillings or \$1 per pound. Vinegar sells at \$4 per gallon, and flour \$27 per barrel. No wonder they wish this war may end soon, for although rich, they have been deprived of all the luxuries a southern man so much appreciates."

THREE MORE REGIMENTS (121st, 125th AND 122d) ON THE WAY.

The 121st Regiment, from the Otsego and Herkimer District, Col. FRANCHOT, reached this city Saturday evening soon after five o'clock. Its ranks were full. It is a splendid Regiment. After partaking of Refreshments at the Committee Room, the companies were marched to the New World and embarked for New York. *Arrived, Sept. 1, 1862*

The following is a complete

LIST OF THE OFFICERS.

Colonel—Richard Franchot.
Lieut. Colonel—Charles H. Clark.
Major—Egbert Olcott.
Adjutant—Alonzo Ferguson.
Surgeon—William Bassett.
1st Assistant Surgeon—S. B. Valentine.
2d Assistant Surgeon—Holt.
Quarter-Master—Albert Story.
Chaplain—J. R. Sage.
Sergeant Major—O. M. Bradt.
Quarter Master Sergt.—S. J. Cook.
Commissary Sergeant—G. H. Snell.
Hospital Steward—O. F. Chatfield.
Drum Major—R. A. Jackson.
Pfeife Major—I. B. Barney.
Company A—Captain, H. M. Galpin; First Lieutenant, J. Burrell; Second Lieutenant, G. W. Davis.
Company B—Captain, J. Holcomb; First Lieutenant, H. C. Keith; Second Lieutenant, G. W. May.
Company C—Captain, C. A. Moon; First Lieutenant, T. S. Arnold; Second Lieutenant, A. Cameron.
Company D—Captain, J. D. Fish; First Lieutenant, D. W. Kenyon; Second Lieutenant, C. H. Sterling.
Company E—Captain, D. Campbell; First Lieutenant, F. Sternberg; Second Lieutenant, H. Van Horn.
Company F—Captain, N. O. Wendell; First Lieutenant, B. F. Park; Second Lieutenant, F. G. Bolles.
Company G—Captain, E. Clark; First Lieutenant, J. D. Clyde; Second Lieutenant, C. F. Ferguson.
Company H—Captain, J. Ramsey; First Lieutenant, U. F. Doubleday; Second Lieutenant, M. K. Casler.
Company I—Captain, J. S. Kiddar; 1st Lieutenant, J. D. P. Douw; Second Lieutenant, D. Bates.
Company K—Captain, S. M. Olin; First Lieutenant, A. E. Mather; Second Lieutenant, F. Gorton.

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From the 121st.

Our readers have already become somewhat familiar with the excellent letters written home by Capt. M. R. CASLER, of the 121st regiment. We are permitted to make extracts from two more, the first dated July 27th, as follows :—

“To all appearances, this Rebellion has received its death-wound, the Rebel Army knows hardly what direction to turn. They are cut off from all the world and with despair upon their visages, they look back to their homes and families, but dare not go. Their families are poorly supplied with the necessaries of life, judging from the many letters we have picked up. Women praying that this war might end, saying they know not how to live the coming winter. Food is very scarce. The army dares not go South neither can they safely go North. We have an army in their front and rear, and we flank them on the west. Neither can they go eastward. The ocean, bearing our gunboats and iron-clads proudly upon its ruffled bosom is not inviting to them—they cannot cross the seas.— Would it not be the best policy for them to concentrate their force, and make a last endeavor to break through Maryland and Pennsylvania and New York, gaining additions to their ranks. Although this plan looks feasible in theory, still the task would prove a difficult one for them. But have they any other resource left than this of reaching Canada; or to make a dash southward, attempt to force their way through the barriers with which we would oppose them and go to Mexico, in order to save their necks from the rope that is already manufactured to hang them? They will be compelled to do one or the other of these or very soon lay down their arms and beg for quarter and mercy, from the “mudsills” they pretend to hate. I tell you that this time through Virginia we will show them no leniency. Their sheep and swine, and whatever would give them aid, should we move in another direction, are seized and consumed, or put in such a shape that they will be of no use to any person, after we have done with them.— But there is one thing more we should do. We should force their women and children to go to their friends in the South that they might the sooner consume the scanty amount of provisions they have on hand. Then let them all beg for mercy together, and if they should still be obstinate, let them all starve together.

If this war had been commenced with the terrible earnestness that is necessary to put down a mob of such gigantic proportions, we should ere now have forced them into a submission, and the prime mover in this act of treason would have been suspended between the earth and skies a year ago. We are getting to be in earnest now and see the result? They move at our mercy now. Where will they be three months from now?

We had

... had quite a thunder storm again this P. M., But to night (it is now 9 o'clock) the moon shines brightly, the stars twinkle with as much modesty as ever, and all around us looks like a city, vast in circumference, all its streets lit up with thousands of candles, and the contented inmates of its tented houses sleeping, laughing, joking, telling stories, or talking over for the hundredth time the events of the last four weeks. How pleased we are that Morgan has been caught! So will all soon be caught when they least expect it!"

Again from camp near Warrenton under date of July 29th, he says:—

I have just eaten a hearty dinner of Quails, Stewed Apples, Quail Soup and Hard-tack. We live on the fat of the land now. Quails come right in front of our tents, like chickens around a barn, and with my little pistol I can soon have a mess. They don't fly more than two or three rods after one shoots at them, and we can approach to within 10 feet of them. We get plenty of apples to stew in the orchards in this vicinity. Our cracker-box table, with a newspaper for table-cloth and four sticks driven perpendicularly in the ground for legs to support holds a good large dish of sweetened blackberries at breakfast, dinner and supper.— The chairs we sit on are a mess box, and stool made from a cracker box, four blankets folded and piled up. As this makes the third chair, so the fourth person can either sit on his thumbs or knees, or stand as the Paddy's "smart childer" did in the door. But be patient to-night. Hard bread rations will be issued to the men again, and then our "cabinet jour" will make us another chair or two. The whole army is well supplied with fresh beef. In addition to what we had on hand, our forces, while we lay at White Plains, captured 15,000 head of fat cattle from the Rebs near Chester Gap, so that they can not have much left of what they drove from Pennsylvania. This will supply the army for the next five months, unless it is augmented in numbers by the "hungry conscripts from the Northern Wilderness."

What sheep are found belong to us by right of discovery, and whole families of swine are killed, so that they will "stop squealing and no longer wake us at night." It wont answer to leave those bee-hives for some one else might go too near them and get badly stung! So to prevent future harm, we take care of them for the present. Milk is sold here for twenty-five cents per canteen full, that is, about ten cents per pint. But we cannot buy it more than once. The cows leak all the milk sometimes and then the gray-backed farmer, who likes greenbacks better than "his wife," don't have any to sell.— They like to exchange anything they have for coffee and sugar. The men sometimes save their coffee and sell it at \$1 1-2 to 2 dollars per pound, and their sugar for 6 shillings or \$1 per pound. Vinegar sells at \$4 dollars per gallon and flour for \$27

per barrel. No wonder they wish that this war may end soon, for although rich they have been deprived of all the luxuries a southern man so much appreciates.

The weather is cool to-day, the sky cloudy. I often think how differently I go dressed here from what I did at home. During the hot weather I wore linen pants, went without coat and vest and supposed that the thinner my clothing was the cooler it would be. Here we wear coats daily, and woolen pants and drawers and I think I can bear the heat just as well with such clothing as with that which is lighter and thinner.

Then again since the nights are so cool woolen is far preferable. We are taking the world "just as easy," as none but soldiers know how, after long and weary marches and hard campaigns. The friend at home will get letters more frequently. Go through our camp and you will see 7 men out of every 10, writing letters. All my Reports are made out and my Company matters all straight. All I have to do now is to await orders, write home, and wait for your letters. The mail goes out and comes in daily."

CAMP OF 121st N. Y. V., ON THE SURBER OF
HARRINGTON, VA., July 29th, 1862.

Friend Stebbins:

It is a long time since I have written you by reason of not having time. We have been on the trot ever since we left the old Slaughter Pen at Fredericksburg, and are about ready to call on that doomed height again; but never mind, we are thankful for the late victory over LEE's army, and may, too, the Almighty so order

that this time we cross the Rappahannock we may not come back until Peace is Restored to this once happy Land.

But, Stebb., we are in hopes and look forward for that day when we shall have them on full retreat, and so follow them up, that the last traces of this accursed rebellion shall be buried with them in that "last ditch" in which we hope to cover them. Our boys are bringing in a great many prisoners every day—guerillas as they call themselves, those who harass and pick at our wagon trains—scoundrels who ought to suffer the severest penalties of their treachery and wickedness. The weather is rather stormy at present. The boys are looking out for Capt. GALTIN with those conscripts.

How are you Home Guards? I just came up from CHAS. HAMMAN'S and JIM SMITH'S mansion. Of course the usual routine there. They sat with Geo. SNELL levouring a quarter of lamb, for of course, we all live high since we came in Virginia. I expect my boys in every minute, but is PETE EHMEL, CHAS'S SNELL, BEN JOVEL and BILLY HOUSE, with a couple of sheep or turkeys.

Truly,
"BIG JOE."

Colonel J. W. Harcourt and the 121st Regiment.

The following correspondence between the officers of the 121st Regiment and Col. J. W. Harcourt will explain itself:

HEADQUARTERS 121st REGIMENT N. Y. S. V.,
New York, August 31st, 1862.
To COL. HARCOURT—Sir: We, the undersigned, commissioned officers of the 121st Regiment N. Y. S. V., in behalf of the men under command, as well as ourselves, return our heartfelt thanks for the many kind attentions shown to us on our trip from Albany to New York, in your splendid steamer.

R. Franchoet, Colonel; Chas. H. Clark, Lieutenant-Colonel; Egbert Olcott, Major; John D. Fish, Captain Co. D; S. M. Olin, Captain Co. K; James D. Clyde, 1st Lieut., Co. G; Frank G. Bolles, 2d Lieut., Co. F; A. E. Mather, 1st Lieut., Co. K; D. Bates, 2d Lieut., Co. I; J. R. Sage, Chaplain; D. Campbell, Captain, Co. E; J. D. P. Donw, 1st Lieut., Co. I; C. T. Ferguson, 2d Lieut., Co. G; M. R. Casler, 2d Lieut., Co. H; J. Burrell, 1st Lieut., Co. A; Albert Story, Quartermaster; W. F. Doubleday, 1st Lieut.; and others.

ALBANY, September 2, 1862.
COL. RICHARD FRANCHOET and Officers of the 121st Regiment N. Y. S. V.—Gentlemen: Your very kind letter is at hand. You are pleased to allude, in complimentary terms, to the care and attention your regiment received at my hands, on the occasion of its transportation to New York by the steamer New World, Aug. 30, 1862. Permit me, in acknowledging your courtesy, to say that I do not deem myself entitled to special praise, for I merely discharged my duty, and to have gained your approbation is all that I can desire. It was a pride and pleasure to witness so noble a body of young men comfortably taken care of while on their way to those stirring scenes now enacting near our National Capital. Judging from the vigor and soldierly deportment of your command, you will certainly be closely identified therewith.

Permit me to renew my assurance of high respect, and to express the hope for your future welfare and success.

Yours, respectfully,
J. W. HARCOURT.

From the 121st.

Letter from Capt. M. R. Casler--The History of the Regiment to July 8th--The 121st not in the Fight--Heavy Marching, &c., &c.

A very interesting private letter from Capt. CASLER, gives the following history of the recent operations of the 121st regiment :

BATTLE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG, PA.

" I write this morning from the battle field of Thursday and Friday, July 2d and 3d. We left Germantown on Wednesday evening last, at 9 P. M., and marched all night, and arrived at Gettysburg at 3 P. M. of Thursday, having marched nineteen hours and made thirty-three miles in all. Heavy cannonading commenced at 4 P. M. The Pennsylvania reserves and Bucktail of the 5th corps were on the left, the 1st division of the 6th corps in the center supporting batteries and forming part of the third line of battle. Our troops advanced in splendid order, driving rebels before them, like chaff before the wind, retaking for the fourth time, a very prominent position from which the rebels had repeatedly repulsed our troops. But there is no such thing as keeping the 1st division of the 6th corps back. They carried the hill on the double quick. Night coming on, the firing ceased on both sides. Friday morning we all awoke at the same time, from the same cause, viz: the heavy firing between our pickets. We had slept on our arms all night, without blankets under or over us, suffering nothing, as we were very tired and could have slept well anywhere. On Friday morning at 8 o'clock the heavy thunder of the artillery commenced and was kept up incessantly for the greater part of the day. The 12th corps was on our right, and sustained and repelled the shock of 25,000 rebels, and in the P. M. our troops made a charge and took 6000 prisoners. It was a splendid sight to see our men advance--our batteries pouring their iron hail and shell among the rebel ranks, leaving great gaps, and blowing up their caissons, killing their horses and putting all to route. The batteries kept firing along the whole line, but not so steadily as on the right. It was indeed a perfect thunder. Shortly after our skirmishers advanced, and a couple of regiments supporting them drove the rebels directly in our front more than two miles, taking a great many prisoners, from the appearance this morning, by hundreds. In some places the rebels lost 100 to 1 of ours, and in others one might count 25 of our dead to 1 rebel, where the scamps had taken protection behind walls, &c., and fired upon our troops as they steadily advanced. The citizens in this vicinity cried for joy when our army came up. I must now close as our division is ordered out on a reconnoissance.

CAMP NEAR MIDDLETON, MD., }

Wednesday, July 8th, 1863. }

You may perhaps have thought me dead, for the reason I did not write as usual, but I can assure you, this is the first opportunity I have had to write since I commenced this on July 4th. Last 4th of July was the most quiet Independence Day I ever witnessed. All the hard fighting was done on the 2d and 3d, and all the fighting and great battles of former history bear no comparison to this. I cannot describe the awful thunder of the 160 guns on the part of the rebels and about 30 on our side. One would have thought the heavens were about to burst with the tremendous peals. How lucky that the 6th corps was not in this battle! Still the artillery of our brigade did the enemy the most damage. The enemy threw shells and solid shot among us (that is our regiment,) but thank God, no one was injured. Whole divisions of them were put to rout by our artillery and infantry—every time our batteries sent a shell among them they would leave a vacant place in their ranks. They fought with desperation, but *freemen* can hold their own against these myriads of liberty-trampers, and their defeat was certain and they retreated in confusion. Such cheers as we sent forth when they retreated and were pursued you can imagine better than I can describe. A whole brigade numbering 6000 threw down their arms and surrendered. What a glorious day for us was that 3d day of July! It saved the nation and killed rebellion. Lee's army is demoralized. On Sunday last our corps chased up the retreating rebels—and what a sight we saw—wagon after wagon of ammunition and arms were destroyed by them. All their killed were left unburied, and I can assure you the ground was covered in places with them. I have kept a perfect diary of all the events which I will read you when I next see you; so I will now give you but an imperfect sketch of events as they transpired. The barns and buildings near the Pennsylvania line, are completely filled with their wounded and dying. I saw this with my own eyes. The barns and houses for 5 miles around their rear, are filled with them. We found in our chase after them, 5000 wounded in one place—in barns and houses and large hospital tents. And such a sight I never want to witness again. Wounded men, imploring death to relieve them from their sufferings—praying for the care of nurses and physicians and surgeons whom the rebel Generals, in their inhumanity, neglected to leave them, wounded in every part of the body. We took a great many prisoners in our chase, and came upon them at Fairfield, Pennsylvania, firing shells among them and making them skeddaddle at double quick.

My health is tip-top, but I can assure you never were more severe hardships endured by any men, then we endured during our march from the Rappahannock to Pennsylvania. All the Little Falls boys are well and safe."

Local Record.

THURSDAY, May 14.--12 o'clock, M.

Under our present system of mailing, the date to which each subscriber has paid, appears on the printed slip attached to his paper. Those who make payments will be credited on the next paper.

The 131st Regiment.

This Regiment fought most nobly in the recent engagements on the Rappahannock, and has suffered terribly in killed and wounded. Many of the brave boys from the county have sealed their devotion to the old flag with their blood. Among the noblest of the slain is Lt. Doubleday, of this town, and a host of others are among the wounded. Sheriff Mather's two sons are wounded—Capt. A. E. Mather in the shoulder and E. O. Mather in the arm. Robt. Caldwell, of this village, who had won a reputation as a brave, prompt and gallant soldier, was killed. We subjoin the following imperfect list of killed and wounded.

Elliot Barnea and Willis Ceperly, Co. K, killed; Orlando Walden, J. Williams, J. G. Sheldon, A. T. Cowne, J. M. Denton, Co. K; David Merrihew, Wm. Edwards, Sergeant L. Terry, Co. I; A. J. Stevens, E. C. Irons, D. W. Bailey, G. J. Quackenbush, N. Martin, A. Davison, Co. E; H. E. Palmer, Thos. McGowan, A. N. Cook, P. C. Sharp, B. Gifford, Co. H; Jas. W. Chapman, Sergeant John D. Gray, Co. A; W. Mickel, Fred. Albright, W. D. Ackerman, St. J. S. Scott, Co. F; W. H. Craine, Co. G; W. J. Applegate, W. H. Chapman, W. Chapman, Co. B; D. A. Putnam, J. P. Kenyon, Sergeant D. W. Green, Co. C;—wounded.

Col. Upton had two horses shot under him, and a piece of shell through his hat; Capt. N. O. Wendall, badly wounded and a prisoner; Major Olcott left a sick bunk and fought gallantly. Adj't. Morse had a shot through his boot.

In addition to the above, H. Whitford, Thos. Emons, — Hoag, and Corporal Fitch, all of New Lisbon, are reported killed.

The following list has also come to hand:—Orderly Sergeant E. C. Master, K; J. Shepard, H; U. R. Bruce, J. Sherman, C. Butterfield, S. W. Wilson, G; J. P. Woolsey, I; P. Simons, J. C. Jacob, G; B. Winebecker, D; M. Barr, H; Corporal J. O. Modler, C; William Dismann, William A. Renglio, H; Sergeant T. Gray, A; W. H. Whitehead, C; W. Chauncey, B; P. A. Perkins, H; L. W. Williams, I; Meushere, I; 1st Sergeant Andrew Dawson, E; J. Diefenback, E; A. H. Fuller, R. Bennett, I; Corporal A. H. Clarke, A; Corporal P. C. Sharp, H; Sergeant Ely Oaks, G; Sergeant Thomas M. Kernal, H; S. Wermuth, A; O. Gifford, K; Corporal C. C. Peck, F; W. Oady, T. Mamyard, O; Corporal O. Waldsey, K; Corp. N. A. Lamphere, H; O. Clark, B; S. Carter, C; C. Thompkins, H; Geo. Richardson, I.

Death of Lieutenant Doubleday.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., May 4, 1863.

Mr. DOUBLEDAY, Dear Sir:—With much regret I write you on this occasion.

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We left camp, (at White Oak Church,) the 28th, and marched to Fredericksburg. Was ordered to cross the river at 11 o'clock P. M. The 16th New York crossed first in boats, forty-five in each boat. The 121st was the next to cross.

The fire upon us was pretty sharp, but not many of our men were injured. We skirmished until the 2d of May. We were ordered to take Fredericksburg and the heights, which we did with perfect success. The fire was a continual ring of cannon and musketry. We succeeded in scaling the heights at 1 o'clock, P. M., on the 3d. Then we marched on, the 121st in advance, with the supporters of a line of skirmishers. We approached a long line of woodland and shrubbery, and the enemy commenced firing again on us. We were ordered to charge while a heavy fire was opened upon us through the lines, throughout the whole battalion. On the second volley our Captain, T. S. Arnold, was killed. The third, Lieutenant Doubleday was shot through the head, the ball piercing his forehead, and coming out upon the back side of his head. He fell instantly, and exclaimed to his company, "Go on boys, you are driving them." He stood at his post until the last moment—had his sword drawn and was urging on his men. He has died for his country; has done his duty as a soldier and an officer. He was beloved by his company and regiment.

To-day has been a sad time to the 121st. We approached the battlefield with fifty-seven men in Co. H, and came out with twenty-one—had five killed, and the rest were wounded and missing. Some of the other companies were cut up worse than ours. The battle is still going on, and the shells are flying all around us. We are relieved for to-day, as we were in the advance ever since the 29th ult. Our officers were badly cut up. Capt. Wendall is missing. The ground we were fighting on the enemy now have possession of. As we are liable to be called upon any moment, I must close. I will write you of what success we have if I live to see it through. I remain yours,

Sergt. R. G. FIRMAN,
Co. H, 121st Reg., N. Y. V.

P. S. I have Lieut. Doubleday's sword in my possession. I will send it to you as soon as I get a chance. As we started to retreat I seized his sword, belt and cap. Coming through the thick brush I lost his cap. R. G. F.

CAMP OF 121ST REG'T, N. Y. VOLTS.,
Near Kelley's Ford, Va., May 7, 1863.

MRS. CALDWELL:—It becomes my duty to inform you of the death of your husband, Robert Caldwell, who was killed while defending his flag, at the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., Sunday night, May 3d, 1863. He was a noble and brave soldier, and his loss is lamented by all who knew him, as a prompt and energetic soldier. He was shot through the head by a rifle ball, and died soon after. He was buried on the field.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES W. CRONKHITE,
1st Lt. Comd'g. Co. E, 121st Reg't.

From the 121st.

May 25th, 1862.

Friend Stebbins :

I am able to-day to set up for a short time and so thought to write a few lines in regard to the late battle. I am not able to write much as I cannot sit up very long and I have only the use of one arm. I will not give you any description previous to the engagement as Capt. Galpin has done so. I was one of the unfortunate ones and was wounded as well as taken prisoner. I did not hear the order to fall back, and upon gazing around, I saw no one near me and upon turning to see where they were I was hit in the center of the back of the neck. The ball came out just in front of my left ear. After I fell, as the force of the ball knocked me down, I suddenly recovered and found I was in a very dangerous place, as the balls and pieces of shell were falling all around me. I got up on my knees and, upon looking in front of me, I saw Lt. Ford. I looked at him a few moments, but from some cause could not speak; so I crawled on a little further and then got upon my feet. When looking around I saw several of our boys lying dead and dying upon the ground from where our Regiment had retreated.— I was going up to speak with some of them when a rebel came up and said I had better go with him. I told him, if he would give me some water and lead me I would go, for I had bled so much I was quite faint and the blood dried upon my face and I could scarcely see, so he unclasped my cartridge belt for me and relieved me of my knapsack. It was but a short distance to where the rebels had established a hospital. To this place they took me, where I lay until about 8 o'clock when the prisoners who were not wounded began to come in. I remained there until morning when I was removed with others to their General Hospital about three miles from the battle field. I stayed there two days, when I was removed to what is called Salem Church. It rained the day I went to the Church, and the next day, but the 3d day after I went out to look after the dead as they had not yet been buried. Among the dead I found Warren D. Spencer, U. H. Harrington, Oliver C. Gransbury, Frederick Starring and John Brasamby, all of Co. A. I also recognized Lt. F. E. Ford, our Correspondent, and upon farther search, found Capt. N. O. Wendell, Co. F

There were many others, but I cannot know their names. On Thursday the rebels buried all of our dead. Sergt. Geo. Huertson died in the Church, wounded. On Thursday we were all paroled. Our treatment while over in the rebel lines was of the best—that is they did all they could.

for us, after we were in the Hospital, but they took every thing most of the boys had, not even leaving them their clothes. The wounded from our Regiment here in the Hospital are doing very well. They, the boys, who have visited us from the Regiment say they are all doing well and are in good spirits.

Respectfully Yours,
DING.

From the 121st.

CAMP NEAR WHITE OAK CHURCH, VA., }
May 29th, 1863. }

Friend Stebbins:—

Dear Sir: Having subscribed for your paper for my family, and being a reader of its valuable contents while here in the gallant 121st, I often wished myself capable of contributing a few lines, suitable for the perusal of its readers. But I feel incapable. However, I shall write a few lines and present them at your disposal for publication.

The health of the regiment is unusually well, I believe, as well or better than if we were all at home at our various occupations. Yesterday we just returned from three days' picketing at our left, on a line extending from the Rappahannock to the Potomac line about six miles above King George Court House, in the most broken section of country I ever saw either in New York or Virginia. We generally enjoy ourselves better on picket than in any other part of our warfare. We occasionally come in contact with citizens and servants (principally the weaker sex) and if we can engage in conversation with them it is quite interesting to us soldiers. I visited two or three plantations in the vicinity of our lines. The first was owned by an old man named Randall. His family consists of a wife and two daughters, apparently 23 and 25 years old. Also five grown contrabands, and two litters of groups of small ones of 5 or 6 in each group and of nearly the same age. This old gentleman and family once enjoyed the pleasures of quite a large estate. But how changed! All seem depressed with sadness and gloom, brought on by this wicked rebellion. No steps seem to be taken even to cultivate a few vegetables. For the old man has given up in despair and can be seen wandering, crying, "I am a ruined man" as all advocates of treason eventually will exclaim. And I believe it the beginning of a judgment pronounced against them for the oppression of the colored race and the poorer class of whites in their midst, who are now rising high above their once aristocratic rulers, in worldly happiness. Previous to my...

ment, I was neutral in regard to slavery, but my short experience here, I confess, has made me an abolitionist, (if you may term it so). In the first place, slavery is morally unjust. It has been the great hindrance to civilization and cultivation of a great portion of the fertile soil of the south, held so by the ruling or slave power. The poorer class of whites, who are the majority in the country, are inferior in capabilities to the blacks. I will not say much in regard to the treatment of slaves here. But, what I have been told both by whites and blacks, confirms what has already been said.

Some of your readers might naturally ask what is the writer's opinion in regard to soldiering and a prospect of peace.—Soldiering in the Union army is very honorable and just in the sight of both men and God. And it is the duty of every man who seeks protection under the Government to do all in his power to resist treason either in the north or south while his health or money lasts. I felt it my duty. Therefore I sacrificed the society of wife and child, parents and friends, to fight as a private in defence of a free government—the best on earth, and because it is just, it is not hard for me; while many complain, I am not deceived in war nor do I wish to complain, for I think I weighed well the sacrifices and hardships incident to war. But I do say too much lenity is shown to traitors when passing by their property about to engage them face to face. I believe in shelling every place of shelter, whether house or barn and shatter it to ruins, where so many secrets and pour volleys of shot into us as we advance. Take a man's dairy of cows away and he has to look out for another and perhaps loses the avails of his farm for one year. So if we destroy the property of traitors and deprive their families of shelter, they will soon come to their relief and the rebellion is ended and many lives saved on both sides.

I presume you have the full particulars of the late battle at Wilderness Church where the 121st displayed great heroism.

Our men did nobly and some who always did their duty like veterans, won, by cool and determined bravery, names worthy of praise. But such I find do not at all times gain the honors due them. I remember and will speak of the case of a Sergeant who fought bravely in front, unconcerned of what was transpiring around him and after receiving a slight wound in the leg, when all fell back, he did not rush by the flag as many did who had not even a scratch, but was one of the 50 or 80 to stand by the flag and fought until his gun was useless and when nearly exhausted fell to the rear to ascertain the nature of his wound. While he was gone the names were taken of those present. But this one arrived just too late. However he told his officer, but we saw no mention of it with the rest so well spoken of through your paper. Although we soldiers are contented and make the best of everything, we notice such things. And now I speak of it more