

infantry of the enemy, who dismount the moment that they come within range of our men, and immediately deploy as skirmishers. In this manner they act just as effective as regular infantry, as they have the choice of ground, and can also shelter themselves behind fences and trees. Our cavalry have made several very fine charges, which resulted in capturing quite a number of prisoners, yet they say that it is with great loss of life that they do it, and all admit that they can not compete with the enemy unless they are equipped in the same manner. They also pronounce it a very effective branch of the service and recommend it highly. Yesterday three hundred of the enemy passed by our camp, and were taken prisoners by our cavalry. Our outposts on the turnpike are now in advance of us for about six miles towards Leesburgh. Occasionally we hear some pretty sharp firing in the direction of Snicker's Gap. There are no troops stationed here with our corps, and we are perfectly ignorant of the whereabouts of the remainder of our army. Some say that the army of the Potomac is lost, and that a very large reward should be offered to learn its whereabouts. In this vicinity the country is somewhat mountainous, and affords good protection to guerillas and it seems that the rebel Captain Moseby has adopted it for his field of operation in which he is assisted to some extent by the inhabitants of this locality. We had not been here 48 hours, when we learned that this notorious fiend was endeavoring to penetrate our lines. Consequently on Monday night a detachment of the 14th regular infantry and a squadron of cavalry were sent out to see if they could not capture him. They were led by a guide who does not live over a thousand miles from here, and whose name I will not give for his own special benefit, for they would certainly murder him if ever they learned that he assisted the Yankees in any manner. The aforesaid party passed through the Picket line of the 140th about one o'clock Monday night and travelled about four miles when the guide informed them that they should conceal themselves on the edge of the woods, and there remain until Moseby passed, which as he said would be at an early hour in the morning, and true enough, about daylight, Moseby and his band was seen approaching, and all seemed confident that they would either kill or capture him. They waited patiently until he came right opposite to them. The order was given to fire and every piece was discharged at the Rebels, but not one man was unsaddled or captured but they claim to have wounded several. Moseby himself fired one shot, killing Sergeant Hall of the Fourteenth Infantry. They immediately put spurs to their horses and rode off, and thus ended the affair with but very little credit to the party engaged. Last evening another party went out to intercept him but what the result has been I am not aware of at present. The inhabitants about here are the bitterest kind of secessionist that I have yet come across; they make no hesitation in expressing their sympathy with the south, yet they are very kind to our soldiers and treat them with the greatest respect. Mrs. Hickson who now resides upon the Lacy Farm, seems to be the favorite with the soldiers, probably on account of her hospitality, or it may be on account of her two beautiful daughters who are also very kind to the boys. I have had a great many arguments with them about the war, but they cannot be convinced otherwise that the south is right.— They have a father and two brothers in the rebel

service, one of the sons is with Moseby, The oldest of the two girls boasts of being the first lady to make and hoist the confederate flag in this country; she said she did it in presence of the black horse cavalry, and that they had a grand time over it. She seems to think that we would never subjugate the south, and said if we did that they would carry on a guerilla warfare, and that she herself would don a bloomer costume and shoulder her gun. I told her that after we had them all completely whipped out, that we would place a corporal's guard at every door step in the south, and when the southern ladies or gentleman wished to go out on a visit or have a walk, that they would be compelled to do so with a bayonet pointed at them from the sentinal in the rear.

Our conversation was interrupted by an invitation from the old lady to dine, which we readily accepted, and in a few moments we were busily engaged in replenishing our appetites. The old lady very kindly tendered us the hospitality of her house as long as we chose to remain.— They all express a wish that the war will soon end, but hope that the North and the South will be two separate powers, as they think we can then live far more peaceably than if they should be compelled to return to the Union.

The health of the regiment is very good, considering the hardships that the men have lately passed through.

Yours truly, TRUE BLUE.  
P. S.—There is some talk of consolidating the remaining companies of the 13th with our Regiment, but I cannot say whether it will be done.  
T. B.

**Resignation of Chaplain Machin**

It will be seen by the following testimonial which has been sent home for publication in the papers of this city, that the Rev. Chas. Machin has resigned the Chaplaincy of the 140th Regiment:

140TH REGT. N. Y. VOLS., CAMP NEAR ALDIE, VA., June 24th, 1863.

The Rev. Chas. Machin having been the Chaplain of our Regiment since its organization in September last to the present time, and having resigned his position in consequence of serious illness, we embrace the present opportunity to testify to his worth and efficiency in the discharge of the peculiar and delicate duties which devolve upon a regimental chaplain—to his bravery and worth upon the field of battle in aiding and relieving the wounded, administering to both their spiritual and bodily comforts, and in every way possible alleviating their sufferings. Since the commencement of our associations he has become endeared to us by the memory of many interesting incidents, and we exceedingly regret to be compelled to sever a connection at once so pleasing and so beneficial.

Should he in the future desire the post of hospital chaplain—a position in which he would not be subjected to the exposure incident to an active campaign, and which his impaired health would permit him to accept—we take great pleasure in asserting that he has the requisite abilities and the right temporal zeal.

P. H. O'Rorke, Col. Commanding; Louis Ernst, Lieut. Col. 140th Regiment; I. F. Force, Major 140th Regiment; Elwell S. Otis, Capt. 140th N. Y. V.; Henry C. Dean, Surgeon 140th N. Y. Vol.; B. F. Harman, Capt. 13th N. Y. V.; J. H. Pool, Jr., Lieut. Co. D.; P. H. Sullivan, Capt. 140th Regiment; W. H. Crennell, R. Q. M.; 140th N. Y. V.; A. H. McLeod, 1st. Lieut. 140th N. Y. V., and A. A. G.; W. S. Grant.

synn, Capt.; J. H. Suggestt, 1st Lieut.; J. H. Knox, 1st Lieut. Co. F., 140th N. Y. V.; B. Crowley, 1st Lieut. Co. C.; A. S. Grover, 2d Lieut. Co. F.; Hugh McGraw, 1st Lieut. Co. K.; Henry Allen, 2d Lieut. Co. A.; Geo. LeRoy Menzie, Asst. Surg. 140th; M. L. Starks, Co. A., 140th N. Y. G.; Chas. P. Klein, 1st Lieut. Co. L.; Capt. Leiper, Co. E., 140th N. Y. S. V.; H. B. Hoyt, Capt. 140th N. Y. V.; W. J. Clark, Capt. 140th Regt. N. Y. S. Vols.; Jas. H. Bishop, 2d Lieut. Co. G.; P. B. Sibley, Capt. 140th N. Y. Vols.; Porter Farley, Lieut. and Actg. Adjt. 140th N. Y. V.; M. L. Lord, Asst. Surg. 140th N. Y. V.; P. A. McMullin, Lieut. Co. E., 140th Regt. N. Y. V.; C. Speis, Capt. Co. B.; Frederick Bauer, 2d Lieut. Co. B.; August Myer, 1st Lieut. Co. B.; John Buckley, 2d Lieut. Co. C.

**The 140th in the Late Fight.**

[We are permitted to copy the following interesting letter written by a member of the 140th.]

IN LINE OF BATTLE NEAR GETTYSBURG,  
PA., July 3d, 1863.

DEAR FATHER:—Since you last heard from me we have gone through great scenes of soldiers' life. From camp near Falmouth we have marched every day almost without ceasing until to day, when we are compelled to halt in consequence of the proximity of the Rebels on our front. Our army has been fighting ever since day before yesterday, with decided success as far as gaining ground is concerned. The Rebels are in front of us in force. Yesterday Gen. Weed, our Brigadier, obtained permission to allow his Brigade to go out to the front, and we started about 5 P. M. We marched directly to the front, but as we got there Old General Warren, our former Brigadier, rode up and commanded our Brigade to move by the flank and follow him.— We did so on the double-quick. He led us up a steep, rocky cliff, and did not halt until, out of breath, we reached the top, where the bullets flew around us like hail. We had not much time for reflection however, for very soon the Rebels were nearly to the top of the hill before us. If they should get there before us, we are lost, as well as the day, for on that movement depended the success of our day's work. We reached there just in time to front them, and show them the muzzles of our guns. But here was a sad mistake committed. Our Generals did not take the precaution to have our men load before we came into the contest, and so we were delayed a few moments in loading. Gen. Warren then called out to Colonel O'Rourke to bring his regiment to the front of a ledge of rocks, and to cut off the last regiment and send them around take off the Rebels. They did so, and the consequence was that our regiment obtained a great many prisoners. It was about this time that Col. O'Rourke, cheering on his men and acting as he always does, like a brave and good man, fell, pierced through the neck by Rebel bullet. He died almost instantly. You had ought to have seen our boys fight after that—nothing could exceed their bravery. They charged and re-charged, never being in any instance repulsed. Gen. Weed was shot also, and Garrard took command of the Brigade. In this fight we had enlisted men—84 wounded and 25 killed; officers, 5 wounded and one killed.— Among the enlisted men killed was John Evans, son of Evan Evans, who lived across the Square. Quartermaster and myself were the only men from the Regiment who were at the burial of Col. O'Rourke and Gen. Weed. We marked the spot, so that if the folks would like to have the bodies sent home they can easily find them.—

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The Regiment which we drove back was the 5th Texas. After the fight a Lieutenant of our Regiment came to me and told me that a Rochester boy (a prisoner taken by us when we charged) wanted to see me. I thought this kind of strange, but in the afternoon, having a little time, I went down to see my pretended acquaintance, and who should I meet but Ben. Simpson. He was very glad to see me. He says he will try and get paroled, and go home and see the folks, and then join the Rebels again; but I think if he gets home he can be induced to stay. We took his Colonel and a great number of his Regiment prisoners. He says, and his Colonel confirms it, that we are the only Regiment that ever defeated them. He hopes that our Regiment may never meet his again, but that if it does he will turn over and fire the other way. He looks well. We went into the fight 456 strong, and came out 341. It was a dear victory for our Regiment, but it has won us a name among the other Regiments of this army to be coveted. Gens. Warren and Sykes both say that we won the day. I am uninjured, for which I am indebted to God, who has and will watch over us all, if we trust in Him.

J. R. C.

**Y 13, 1863.**

**Letter from Lieutenant Klein, 140th Regiment.**

We are in receipt of a letter dated July 4th, from our old correspondent, Lieut. C. P. Klein, of the 140th Regiment. He was severely wounded at Gettysburg, and at the time of writing was an inmate of the division hospital near that place. He writes that Capt. Speis was dangerously wounded in the breast, Capt. Starks was shot in four different places, Capt. Sibley in both thighs, and Lieut. McGraw would have to suffer the amputation of a leg. The last named has since died.

Lieut. Klein sends us a list of the killed and wounded so far as he could ascertain their names by personal inquiry. The list contains the following names additional to those reported by Sergeant Munn, and published in the DEMOCRAT of Friday:

COMPANY B.—Zelmas Schmidt, ball through length of leg; Anton Paul, five or six fingers gone; Frank Heiltgensetzer, side, slight; Geo. Weidner, under left arm, slight.

COMPANY C.—Michael Burns, leg; Henry Helfriger, left hand.

COMPANY D.—Phillip Davis (previously reported missing), thumb off.

COMPANY F.—M. Grogan, three fingers off.

COMPANY G.—George Chapman, calf of leg; Andrew Snyder, flesh wound, arm; Capt. Ogden, shoulder; Sergt. Rohn, arm bruised; Geo. Stripp, side and hand; Asa W. Deale, shoulder and leg.

COMPANY H.—J. Larouche, head, dangerous; Robert Russell, side, slight.

Lieut. Klein was himself struck by a rifle bullet, which entered his right thigh about six inches from the knee, and came out on his left side. The wound is not considered dangerous. He stated that Robert Russell, who is reported wounded, afterward found a bullet buried in his Bible, which he carried in his blouse pocket.

Capt. Sibley and Starks are both said to be doing remarkably well.

The total number of killed, wounded and missing is set down at 100.

**From the 140th Regiment.**

The following letter from Henry Brown, son of Dr. James Brown of this city, to his wife, gives some information in regard to the casualties in the 140th Regiment:

IN HOSPITAL NEAR GETTYSBURG, PA., }  
July 5, 1863.

Once more I have cause to be thankful that I am spared in another fight. The battle of Gettysburg has been fought and won, though at a fearful loss of life to both sides. The battle occupied three days. Our regiment suffered severely. Up to last night, 190 was our loss in killed, wounded and missing.

Our Colonel (O'Rorke) was shot dead at the commencement of the engagement. Captains Sibley, Starks and Spies are wounded—Spies seriously. Lieutenants Klein and McGraw are wounded. McGraw is my Lieutenant. He has had one of his legs amputated above the knee. He is weak, but doing well, I think. I am taking care of him by order of Capt. Sullivan.

About an hour from the commencement of the fight, I was kneeling down, loading, when I was struck on top of the head by a musket ball, which made me senseless. It did not break the skin, but raised a large lump, that is all. I went to the hospital. The next morning I went to the front again, but after staying about two hours the Captain sent me to the rear again, my head being so dizzy that I could hardly stand. I am all right again now, except a headache. I am very lucky in being detailed to take care of the Lieutenant.

Out of 70 men of the 13th who joined the 140th, about 18 are killed and 18 or 20 wounded. It suffered more in proportion than the 140th.

We have succeeded in whipping the rebels, driving them from Gettysburg toward Maryland. Our army is following them up, and although we have suffered awfully, still the rebel army will have a hard time in getting back to Virginia.

I must close this, as the Doctor is coming to the Lieutenant. I will write more fully shortly.

*Rocky*

**DAILY UNION & ADVERTISER.**

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 8, 1863.

**LOCAL MATTERS.**

**The Killed and Wounded.**

Every mail brings us additional reports of killed and wounded from regiments which went from this city and vicinity. We hope the worst is already known, and that we may be spared the record of any more casualties than those now reported, but there is little ground for such a hope. The New York papers of yesterday bring the following reports:

**ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTH REGIMENT.**

Lieutenant Colonel Pierce, slight; Lieut. McDonald, slight—he has been reported killed; Lieut. Dutton, slight; — Skinner, Co. F; — McVetey, Co. F, thigh; Lieut. Amiet, killed; Capt. Fellman, both legs shot away, dangerous; Lieut. Graham, head, dangerous; Sergeant Welch, killed; Fitzner, Co. F, killed; Meeker, Co. F, severe; Schout, Co. F, slight.

**ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH REGIMENT.**

B. McCormick, arm; A. McCumber, Co. D, ankle; Sergt. F. O. Messenger, Co. I.

**REYNOLDS' BATTERY.**

It was known that Battery L of the 1st New York Artillery was engaged in the Great Battle, but not until last night did we receive any re-

more information as to the part it took. Capt. Gilbert H. Reynolds arrived here wounded and gives us interesting information. His Battery was at Gettysburg when the rebels attacked and took the place. It retired with the rest of the army, and continued in the fight that followed not far distant to the end. Capt. Reynolds was wounded by a shell, a piece of which struck the top of his nose and destroyed his left eye as it glanced away. He was also struck in the side by a fragment, but there he was only bruised. He with others wounded were put into buildings at Gettysburg, and when the rebels took the town they were nominally prisoners. Subsequently the rebels retreated and they fell into the Union lines. They were not paroled. The Battery went under command of Lieut. Breck as soon as Capt. Reynolds was wounded, and it was not captured as stated by the Democrat. Only the few wounded men were left at Gettysburg as stated above.

Capt. Reynolds saw Lieut. Breck on Saturday after the battle and received a favorable report of his command after he left them. The officers and men stood up bravely to the work and repelled some terrible assaults of the rebels. Battery L was one of five in a brigade upon which the rebels made repeated charges. In one instance they came so near as to spike a gun in a Pennsylvania battery. One of the gunners killed a rebel with a rammer and another used the bayonet with like result. Reynolds Battery lost 18 horses in this battle, an indication of the nature of the work.

The following is the list of casualties so far Capt. R. could learn them:

Capt. Reynolds, wounded in left eye, and sick slightly; Edward Costello, killed; John Vole, Oswego, shot in heel; John P. Conn, badly injured head; Amos Gibbs, through the wrist; Cranble, (detailed from a Pennsylvania regiment,) injured side; Edward Foster, Rochester, slightly; Sergeant Chas. A. Rooney, of Rochester, and Patrick Gray, of Oswego, missing.

Lieut. Wilber had a horse shot under him but was not injured.

Major Reynolds is reported safe.

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**DAILY UNION & ADVERTISER.**

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THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 9, 1863.

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**LOCAL MATTERS.**

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**Killed and Wounded of the 140th Regiment.**

A letter was received last night by Mrs. Cooling, of this city, from her husband, M. Cooling, of the 140th Regiment, giving a partial list of the casualties in the regiment.

We are permitted to copy the list. It is a sad picture to work upon, and we hope that it contains all the names, but Mr. C. says there are others than those he reports. His letter was written on the 3d:

The fight was going on when this letter was written, but the list relates to those who fell on the day previous.

Col. O'Rorke, killed.

COMPANY A.

Capt. Starks, shot in both arms.

Theodore Whipple, left breast—dead.

Kenzie Stottle, left breast.

Hulbert C. Taylor, dead.

Geo. B. Steele and David Allen, dead.

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Geo. Hoyt, wounded in bowels.  
Oscar P. Colby, in leg—flesh wound.  
John Haley, wrist.  
Aaron Hamil, wrist.  
John Mansler, hip—flesh wound.

COMPANY G.

Capt. Sibley, wounded in both legs, flesh wounds.  
Frederick Doe, sholder.  
Jacob Berger, thigh.  
John B. Snyder, leg.  
Sanford Webb, head, dead.  
Jas. McIntyre, wrist.  
John Harps, head.  
Mathew McFarlin, leg.  
Jessie Evarts, shoulder.

COMPANY E.

Wm. Doran, finger.  
D. Rockwell, below the knee.  
James Corrigan, thigh.  
Jos. Segar, thigh.  
—— Huver, wrist.  
Roswell Thomas, dead.  
William Marsh, wounded.  
John Ashdown, do.  
—— Banta, breast.  
Robt. Baker, hand and breast.  
Sergt. Ross, hand.  
Valentine Degar, hip.  
Jacob Haller, groin.  
Stephen Carceck, bowels.  
Wm. Warner, bowels.

COMPANY H.

Sergt. Haslip, back.  
Geo. Beaty, leg.  
C. Hewitt, arm.  
—— Klanch, hip.  
John Frider, leg.  
—— Kriess, wounded.  
—— Lanick, dead.  
—— Meing, wounded.  
Jacob Phieffler, dead.  
R. Russell, side.  
Hiram Russell, kneec.  
—— Kleinbass, dead.

COMPANY F.

Frederick Leight, dead.  
Keron Feehery, breast and side.  
Walter Cherry, head.  
Peter Agin, leg.  
James Whitley, wrist.  
Jos. Katzenstein, neck.  
Thos. Whitley, both arms.

CO. B.

Capt. Spiess, wounded in bowels.

CO. D.

—— Sabin, in finger.  
John Evans—dead.  
H. Smith, (razor strop man,) leg.  
Robt. Blair, dead.  
P. Buckner, dead.  
—— Eisenburgh, dead.  
C. Spiesburger, dead.  
A. Bostwick, wounded.  
A. Macomber, wounded.  
J. Hall, wounded.  
Valentine Gerling, wounded.  
Michael Furlong, leg.

COMPANY C.

Robert Shields, dead.  
John Allen, "  
John Hindle, "  
Mathew Gaffrey, wrist.  
Jas. Develin, arm.  
Michael Burns, wounded.  
Geo. Yost, hand.

COMPANY I.

Lieut. Klein, leg.  
J. Hardy, head.

Woodruff Brown, wounded.  
Hall Clark, wounded.

COMPANY K.

Lieut. McGraw, leg.

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### FROM THE 140TH.

**The Late Fight---A Rochester Rebel---  
Neglect of the Wounded---Bare-foot  
March to Antietam, &c., &c.**

From Our Own Correspondent.

BIVOUACED CAMP 140TH N. Y. V.,  
BETWEEN SOUTH MOUNTAIN AND ANTIETAM,  
July 10th, 1863.

DEAR EXPRESS:—Our total loss in killed and wounded in the late fight at Gettysburg, will amount to 111. This is pretty severe upon us for the time that we were engaged. Those who were opposed to us caught it with the greatest severity, and their dead and wounded lay in heaps. As soon as circumstances would permit we took charge of their wounded and had them properly cared for.

With their wounded we found a Rochester boy, who has been in the rebel service for some time past, and I am ashamed to say thinks it an honor to him to be fighting for *Southern Rights!* (Have traitors any rights?) I am glad that the number of Rochester boys so lost to all self respect is remarkably small. His name is Benjamin Simpson, and he belonged to the 5th Texas Regiment. He was impressed in the service at Galveston, and has since become, by association, thoroughly saturated with secesh. He feels proud of the brigade to which he was attached, and says they never failed to carry any point they were ordered to. The only point they gained at Gettysburg was the point of the bayonet. The 5th Texas were located at Suffolk, Va., previous to this fight, where they claimed to have won great distinction for bravery. The following incident, which I can vouch for the truth of, is a specimen of their bravery and chivalric honor, or in other words, their fiendish cruelty:

After the first days fight the dead and wounded of the enemy lay in heaps in the piece of woods at Round Top Point. We were within hearing, and the cries and groans of the wounded were almost unendurable. One poor fellow—a rebel—moaned so piteously, that some of the men belonging to the Pennsylvania Reserves told him that if he would instruct their pickets not to shoot, that they would bring him inside of our lines and have his wounds dressed and properly cared for. The wounded man appealed to his comrades, and they promised faithfully that if our boys would have him brought in and cared for, they would not fire. Upon this assurance a Sergeant belonging to the Reserves started to bring in the wounded rebel, and while in the act of picking up his fallen foe, he was shot through the face by a barbarian ensconced behind a tree. The savage paid the penalty of his inhuman act by his life; for the Sergeant's companion "drew bead" and killed him upon the spot. The wound received by the Sergeant will disfigure him for life—if he recovers.

These are the kind of soldiers that this Simpson boasts of for gallantry and bravery, and it is with these men and their cause that a portion—small though it is—of Northerners sympathize. Simpson has the satisfaction of knowing that his own schoolmates and former companions assisted in giving these vaunted heroes such a sound thrashing. He says that he will

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go back again and fight for the South. Poor fellow—I am really sorry for him, as my sympathy towards such fellows is mighty large—about as large as a piece of Hemp—with a traitor on the end of it.

It is unnecessary for me to give you any further particulars concerning the great battle of Gettysburg, as you are better posted on that point than I am. Before leaving there I visited the sick several times, and found them in a horrible condition, with no care whatever taken of them. They were removed about two miles from the battle-field, into a piece of woods, with no shelter of any kind. A few were fortunate enough to have their shelter tents along with them, which served to shield them from the two days' rain storm that we had after the first day's engagement. Those who had no tents were compelled to lie out on the wet ground, without anything under or over them; and what is still worse, there wounds were not even dressed. There those brave fellows lay for three days—some of them four—and when I came away, on the fourth day, some of them were not taken care of then. Now some one must be to blame for this, and I don't believe in letting up on any person that neglects such an important duty as caring for the sick and wounded. We have surgeons enough, if they are properly managed, to care for our wounded; but it seems they are not properly detailed; the fault must certainly lie with our division surgeon—he of course being chief butcher, and all the young butchers are under his charge, and must do as he directs during an engagement. We had our three surgeons with us, and they of course, could not see to the wounded that were constantly coming to the rear; consequently they were picked up and sent to the nearest hospital, and the three aforesaid surgeons had nothing whatever to do but await the arrival of the next poor unfortunate victim, and send him to the rear. Now if those surgeons were properly detailed, at least two of them should be sent to the hospital, where our wounded were constantly arriving; for it was evident to every person in the regiment that one surgeon was sufficient to leave with us on the field, and at times, (in fact the two last days) we could have spared the three of them. We started last Sunday afternoon in pursuit of the retreating rebels. Our cavalry were constantly harrassing them, and capturing many of their stragglers, giving them battle at every opportunity. We are in full pursuit, and are in hopes that we will catch up to them before they cross the river. Prisoners report them as being in a deplorable condition.—The weather has been very unfavorable for moving, as it has rained almost constantly since the battles, making the roads almost impassible. Our men are suffering considerably from the want of clothing, more particularly shoes. A great many are barefoot and have marched from Gettysburg through the Blue Ridge and South Mountains without a shoe to their foot. The boys keep up with us without a murmer, knowing that as soon as we locate in camp their wants will be provided for. We also run short of rations, but last night our division trains arrived from Fredrick City, and we were again gladdened with the sight of provender. Haversacks were filled and we started on our way rejoicing. The country about here is beautiful and from the mountain top the scenery is magnificent, presenting a most picturesque and delightful view. The fields are waving with beautiful harvests. Oats and wheat being in abundance.

Our camp is at the present writing between South Mountain and Antietam.

Yours, &c. TRUE BLUE.

From the 140th.

HEADQUARTERS 140TH REGIMENT, NEAR  
ANTIETAM CREEK, July 11th.

DEAR EXPRESS:— We are here anxiously awaiting our move on the enemy or their move upon us, I cannot exactly conceive which. Yesterday morning we took up our line of march from Bivouac Camp, near South Mountain. Before starting one of the Regimental wagons arrived with shoes for the shoeless, issued for their benefit. The men started on much better pleased.

As we proceeded through Washington County, Md., the inhabitants appeared to be much delighted at our approach, and expressed the wish that we would be successful in driving the invaders back to Rebeldom. They tell sorrowful tales of the depredations committed by the Rebs as they passed through that section of the country. They say that the Rebs would walk into the houses and plunder and abuse the occupants when said occupants did not bring forth whatever the hungry fiends would ask for, and in a great many instances they were just polite enough not to ask for anything, but would go and take it, telling the people that it was nothing in comparison to what the Federal army had done when they were in Virginia— that we would take the rings from the ladies' fingers, and such other acts as were only fit for the d—n Yanks to perpetrate. All this was credited to us by the hungry hounds, but I am proud to be able to state that I have never known one instance where any of our men have obtained any articles of any kind that they did not pay for, and that too at exorbitant prices.

We arrived here about 3 o'clock p. m. yesterday, and bivouacked for the night on the banks of Antietam Creek, and this morning at eight o'clock we moved forward very cautiously for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, deployed in line of battle, with our skirmishers thrown out about three quarters of a mile in advance. We went forward very cautiously, but to all appearances did not discover the enemy; at least there were no demonstration of any kind made, as no exchanges of civilities passed between the skirmishers on either side. On our left a party belonging to the second corps, captured eight of the enemy's mounted infantrymen. They were mounted on mules and seemed evidently well satisfied at their capture, for they are perfectly disgusted with Lee's late movements. It is now about 5 o'clock p. m., and there has been no demonstration of any kind that would lead us to the supposition that we were to be engaged to-day.

This morning the strength of our regiment was taken and we numbered 317 men rank and file, but what we have left you can depend on are all bricks and will fight to the last. It is a grand sight to see the columns of infantry as they advance through the meadows and wheat fields, with bayonets glistening in the sun. The country through which we are now passing is very open, having but little timber on it, and affords good facilities for a battle field. The land is somewhat rolling, but void of such hills and mountains as we have lately been accustomed to fighting in.

We have now bivouacked for the night in a splendid wheat field, which, to all appearances, is of no value, as it is trampled under foot by soldiers without any regard to the amount of damage done.

News has just reached here of the death of Lieut. McGraw, of this Regiment, who died two days after our leaving Gettysburg. It took us by surprise, as there was not the slightest doubt but that he