

11995-1475
NB
No 1-3

From the 140th Regiment.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 23, 1863.

ED. DEMOCRAT:—Here we are in possession of what is called the Washington Depot. We arrived here yesterday morning at the Baltimore and Harrisburgh depot, and marched, headed by Perkins' Band, to the Union Relief Association Buildings, situated at the Washington depot, and partook of a hearty breakfast, having had nothing to eat since we left Rochester. The men did justice to the food, which was good and plenty. The rations which were prepared for us at Camp Porter were unfit to eat, having become spoiled. After refreshing ourselves we were marched to the depot, and a guard placed around the building, where we are to remain until cars can be provided for our transportation.

The depot not being large enough to accommodate a regiment, many of the men were required to sleep on the bare ground, with nothing but their blankets for protection. The night was not cold, and the men slept, as they termed it this morning, "bully." Little rest could be obtained the night before in the cars, and the men were glad to lay down anywhere.

It is not yet certain when we leave here. No cars can be obtained at present, all means of transportation having been used for the transferring of Confederate prisoners. Some fourteen hundred left the city last Saturday for Fort Delaware. They were captured during the recent engagements in Western Maryland, and were guarded by three companies of the 14th New Jersey Infantry.

No accident has befallen any member of the regiment worthy of notice, with the exception of Sergeant Falls, of Capt. Hollister's company, who came near breaking his arm in alighting from a car, near Williamsport. He is compelled to wear it in a sling, but thinks to have the use of it in a few days. Wm. Gering, of Capt. Spies' company, also had the misfortune to cut his hand badly with a pocket knife, between Rochester and Canandaigua. The wound was sewed up, and it is thought the hand will be ready for the rebels in a few days. Also, a member of Capt. Harmon's company, whose name I could not learn, it is not reported, was knocked from the top of a car while the train was passing over a bridge, near York, in Pennsylvania. His injuries are not serious, though he is not able to attend to duty.

We received our arms at Elmira, ninety rifles only being allowed to a company. Those companies who have 101 men are short of the weapon, much to the dissatisfaction of those who are to go without them.

Change is very scarce here. Dealers refuse to take postage stamps and bank notes of any kind, consequently the soldiers are obliged to exchange the notes for treasury bills, losing fifteen and twenty cents on the dollar.

We expect to leave here to-day, much to the satisfaction of the men. Breakfast is ready at the "Relief," and I must "fall in." More anon.
C. P. K.

— Besides the above we have two other letters from the 140th, giving in great part the same details furnished above. One of them states that about six miles from Harrisburgh a man named John Cass, belonging to Capt. Clark's company, fell down between two cars, but was not much hurt. He may be the same person referred to in the letter above, and whom our correspondent supposes to belong to Capt.

Harmon's company. A man named McCormick or McCormac, belonging to Company H, was prostrated by sun stroke while marching through the streets of Baltimore.

The regiment suffered for food on the way from Elmira to Baltimore, as the rations put up for the men here, spoiled. Quartermaster Ellis being ill, Quartermaster Sergeant Munn was sent forward to Harrisburgh with a requisition for food, but was unable to procure any at that place. He left a note for Lieut. Col. Ernst, stating the fact, and hastened forward to Baltimore, where he arrived early in the morning. He immediately applied at the office of the U. S. Quartermaster, Col. Bulger, but Col. Bulger could not be disturbed before 9 o'clock, whether the soldiers went hungry or not. Mr. Munn then went to the Soldiers' Retreat and after a long negotiation succeeded in making arrangements to have the regiment fed in the afternoon. The boys were in condition to do justice to the meal before the time arrived.

One of our correspondents met Capt. T. B. Yale, of the 108th Regiment, in Baltimore. The Captain was on his way to Washington to place himself under the care of a physician. He appeared to be quite ill, and was suffering from an affection of the eyes. He was in the battle of the 17th, with his company, and says his men and the regiment generally behaved splendidly. That is, in fact, the testimony of all who witnessed the conduct of our boys of the 108th. The 140th will no doubt emulate the heroism of the 108th and the 13th.

SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.—The remains of Mr. Aug. Hendricks, of the 140th Regiment, arrived last evening at 5:20. The funeral will take place this (Saturday) morning at 9 o'clock, from the residence of his father on North St. Paul street, and from the German St. Paul's Church, Fitzhugh street, at 10 o'clock.

SMITH, the razor strop man, now in the 140th (Rochester) Regiment, was badly wounded in the leg at Gettysburg. But he has "just one more left."

SMITH, THE RAZOR STROP MAN.—A gentleman just from Gettysburg reports that he saw Smith, the razor strop man, lying in the hospital there. He complained somewhat of the quality of the food given to the sick, but was otherwise satisfied and in very good spirits. The gentleman was informed that Smith had suffered amputation of his wounded limb, but of that he was not certain, as he did not converse with him on that subject.

ARRIVAL OF COL. O'ROURKE'S REMAINS.—The remains of Col. O'Rourke arrived this morning at ten o'clock via the N. Y. and Erie railroad. There was no escort and they were conveyed to the residence by the undertaker.—Last evening an escort consisting of a large number of citizens, a band and the Union Blues went to the Depot in expectation of receiving the remains there, but they failed to arrive.

—Since writing the above we learn that the funeral services will be held at the house of his father-in-law, Mr. Edward Bishop, on Ward Street, at 9 o'clock to-morrow. The 54th Regiment will attend in a body if not called elsewhere.

140
Hon. Aquila Walsh, of Simcoe, C. W., and M. P. P. for the county of Norfolk, is at Congress Hall. The object of his visit is connected with the settlement of his claims to property in the towns of Greece and Hamlin.

Lieut. Pool, of the 140th Regt., is here on leave of absence.

From the 140th Regiment.

CENTREVILLE, June 17, 1863.

We started from the Junction (Manassas) about 3 o'clock this morning, and are now resting in front of the works at Centreville. We will undoubtedly follow the 11th and 1st corps, which passed here last night—probably to cut off Lee.

I wrote of our terrible march day before yesterday. It had a bad effect upon the health of many. These are forced marches, but we will stand them if our object is only successful.

Gen. Weed, of the Weed Battery, has been assigned to this brigade.

Col. O'Rourke is again with us. C. P. K.

THE FALLEN BRAVE.—The remains of Lieut. Hugh McGraw arrived on this morning's train, from Elmira. Lieut. McGraw was struck in the knee by a shell at the battle of Gettysburg, and died soon after amputation. He was a brave fellow, and continued in the service, though being in ill health. He has many friends in this city, who mourn his loss deeply. 140

6

FROM THE 140TH.

CAMP OF THE 140TH REG'T, BEVERLY
FORD, ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK,
August 7th, 1863.

Dear Express:—In my last letter, written near Warrenton, Va., I intimated to you that we were about going into camp, where, we were informed by the knowing ones, we would undoubtedly remain for at least one month.— This was, of course, joyful news for the boys.— In the meantime our good General was busily engaged in selecting a fitting place for us to encamp in. The ground selected was a beautiful piece of woods about one mile from Warrenton. Early next morning we immediately set to work erecting our tents, with instructions that they should be built at least six feet from the ground, in order to admit a sufficient quantity of pure air to keep us from suffocating in this 93° weather. About fifteen minutes after our arrival on the new ground the camp presented a very lively appearance. Every man set to work eagerly erecting his own "frail structure" according to his own taste. There seemed to be quite a rivalry existing between them as to who would erect the neatest and most comfortable tent.

Towards evening the work was, with a few exceptions, completed, and the boys collected together in groups discussing the merits and demerits of certain prominent individuals known as paymasters, whose appearance in camp would have been very acceptable, as we were at leisure and fully prepared to receive them.— But how uncertain is a soldier's lot? We had not been engaged in the above mentioned conversation over ten minutes when the bugler sounded the call to strike tents. For a few moments the utmost silence reigned supreme, and we stood eyeing each other in astonishment, wondering if that was actually a fact. So it proved. The order was issued and must be obeyed. Some took it for a joke, while others looked down. After being assured, all hands gave three cheers, set to work, and in a few moments those "Beautiful Summer Bowers" were all nipped in the bud, no canvass taken down, rolled up and strapped on the backs of the owners to be transported wherever Uncle Samuel directed. About half past seven we were in line and started at 8 o'clock. We marched until about two o'clock next morning when we halted, and were allowed to remain until 9 o'clock a. m. of the same day. Another camp ground was selected for us, and we went to work as eagerly as in the first instance, but only to be subjected to the same disappointment. Fortunately, a heavy rain storm came on, and the order was countermanded after the boys had pulled down their tents. I say fortunate, because it is very fortunate for one of us to sleep on a good bed. I was among those who had erected a splendid one, and I tell you that after the order to strike tents came I looked at that bed a long time, and I felt rejoiced when the order was countermanded.

The next morning, at three o'clock, we were ordered to move, which we did, and arrived here about nine o'clock a. m. of the same day. We are now in camp in a beautiful grove, about two hundred yards from the banks of the Rappahannock, where we intend to remain until the bugler again sounds that disagreeable call of "Strike Tents." The country from here to Warrenton is almost entirely destitute of any kind

7

inhabitants can procure means of subsistence, and most of them live on our army altogether, when we are in the vicinity.

A large force of our cavalry are on the south side of the Rapahannock, watching the movements of the enemy, and when an occasion presents itself, they annoy him considerably. They are supported by a column of infantry. The health of the regiment is remarkably good at present, and the boys are in good spirits and fast recovering from their wearisome marches.

Lieut. Knox, who has been ill for some time past, was sent from Warrenton to Washington for medical treatment. He accompanied the regiment during its long and tedious marches, and was present at the battle of Gettysburg, where he acquitted himself with credit. He deserves great praise, as he was unwell during the whole time.

It is with the deepest feeling of regret that I also have to announce to you that our kind and obliging Quartermaster, Lieut. Wm. H. Crennell, who has shared with us the trials and hardships that we have undergone since entering the service, has, through protracted ill health, been compelled to tender his resignation. In losing him we all feel that we have lost a kind and devoted friend—one who exerted himself to his utmost in advancing the interest of this regiment, and leaving no stone unturned, whereby he could make us comfortable and happy. At the battle of Gettysburg he acted as aid to Gen. Weed, and conducted himself with marked credit. In taking leave of him yesterday, we felt that we were losing not only a brave officer, but a gentleman and a kind friend, and our best wishes accompany him for his future welfare and happiness. Yours, &c., TRUE BLUE.

PERSONAL.—Captain Hoyt, and Lieut. McMullen, of the 140th Regt., with six privates, have been detailed for special service at Elmira, in connection with the draft, and are temporarily stopping in Rochester.

In Memoriam.

HERBERT C. TAYLOR,* (died on the field of victory at Gettysburg, July 2d, 1863, aged 20 years.)

For the Democrat and American.

Oh, that is ever a cruel blow,
However it falls in the strife,
Which stops the beat of a manly heart
And the hopes of an honest life.

"But oh for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!"
There's many a heart in this sorrowing land
These longing words will thrill.

The wished for step, that comes not back
To be heard on the threshold more—
The vacant chair, the unanswered name,
Are waits for the echoless shore.

Brother, oh Brother! the time that is dead
Can never come back to me,
For an honored name, through my trembling tears,
Is all that returns of thee!

An honored name! for that death-bearing day
Brought victory's smile with its tears;
On the darkest cloud of many a storm
The *Boo* of the Promise appears. JOSEPH GILL.
Holley, July 24th, 1863.

*The deceased was a member of the 140th Regiment and was a resident of Holley, where his relative reside.— He was an estimable member of the community, and few who have fallen in the cause of the Union will be more sincerely regretted.

NEW COLONEL FOR THE 140TH.—It is said that Capt. Geo. Ryan has been appointed Colonel of the 140th N. Y. V. Col. Ryan is a native of Massachusetts and entered West Point from Connecticut. He graduated in 1857 and was appointed 2d Lieutenant in the 6th infantry. He has since been promoted and acted as Adjutant on Gen. Syke's staff. He is popular in the army and his appointment will no doubt be satisfactory to the regiment.

A NEW COLONEL FOR THE 140TH REGIMENT.—Lieut. Col. Ernst, who since the battle of Gettysburg and the death of the gallant Col. O'Rourke, has been in command of the 140th regiment, returned home on Thursday evening last, having resigned his commission. The regiment was left temporarily in charge of Maj. Force, but Capt. Geo. Ryan, of the 7th U. S. Infantry, had received the appointment of Colonel, and was expected to take command immediately. Col. Ryan is a graduate of West Point, class of 1857, and has been serving for a considerable period as Asst. Adjutant General on the Staff of Gen. Sykes, in whose division and corps the 140th has been serving ever since it went into the field. The boys know their new Colonel very well, therefore, and we understand his appointment is very satisfactory to them.

Arrival of Lieut. Col. Ernst, of the 140th.

Col. Ernst, of the 140th, arrived home last evening, having resigned his commission for reason that his family and business cares needed his attention in this city. When the 140th regiment was organized, Col. Ernst was offered the Lieut. Colonelcy, which he accepted, leaving business and his other relations for the field. He had command of the regiment sometime before Colonel O'Rourke was ready to assume the command. He has proved himself a capable, modest and efficient officer, and is held in high regard by the officers of the regiment, who at a recent meeting, complimented him by a tender of the Colonelcy, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of O'Rourke. Col. Ernst is still Alderman of the 11th Ward, and his brother members of the Board will be glad to meet him in council again.

Capt. Ryan, of the 7th Regulars, has been appointed to the command of the regiment, and the selection has been endorsed by the officers of the 140th. Capt. R. is a graduate of West Point, (class of '56) and an able soldier.

The Late Col. O'Rourke.

The officers of the 140th Regiment adopted a series of resolutions in relation to the death of their commander, Col. O'Rourke, which were brought here for publication by Capt. Hoyt. They are given below, together with a series relating to Lieut. McGraw:

HEADQUARTERS 140TH N. Y. VOLS., }
July 15, 1863.

The following resolution was adopted by the officers of the 140th N. Y. Vols. on the day of the above date:

Whereas, Our Colonel, P. H. O'Rourke, was killed on the 2d day of July last at the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., while gallantly leading his regiment into action; therefore

Resolved, That in the death of our Colonel this regiment has sustained an irreparable loss, and the service one of its most devoted and accomplished officers. He came to us a comparative stranger, but by his distinguished military bearing, the firm and decided character he displayed in the performance of duty, and by the continued exhibition of those qualities which make the thorough gentleman, which arouse esteem and beget friendship, he immediately won our respect, which soon ripened into unbounded confidence, love and devotion. As a soldier he was the pride and glory of the regiment. At the battle of Chancellorsville, while in command of the brigade, he seemed to choose the most exposed position as a point of observation, and by a remarkable display of bravery he nerved and strengthened us all. And when his clear and musical voice came down that battle line, every man obeyed the command with an alacrity which confidence in and devotion to their leader could alone effect.

And we shall ever remember his conduct on the fatal field of Gettysburg, when plunging forward into the thickest of the battle he called upon his command to follow. Such noble daring, such heroic action as he then exhibited, must linger in the memory of every observer, and fill with admiration all true and loyal breasts.

Aside from those military virtues which have so won our regard, he possessed qualities which attracted all who were thrown into his society. His uniform courtesy, his modesty of demeanor were marked by all who knew him. And that practical knowledge which was so surprising in one so young, expressed with a peculiar richness of language, made him our acknowledged head in every particular.

When off duty, he formed the centre and attraction of our social circle; and when, after the fatigues of a wearisome march, we gathered in the dusk of evening around his camp fire, we were ever confident of a hearty reception, ever sure of a happy meeting. We lament then, the death of him who was not only a brave and efficient officer, but our mutual friend and companion.

No nobler sacrifice has been made upon our country's altar, and "while the tree of freedom puts forth a single shoot, to his name a garland we shall weave," and keep green his memory in our hearts forever.

CAMP OF THE 140TH N. Y. V., }
July 15th, 1863. }

At a meeting of the officers of the 140th Regt. N. Y. V., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our late companion and associate Lieut. Hugh McGraw, who died of wounds received at the late battle of Gettysburg, Pa., while in the faithful performance of his duty; therefore,

Resolved, That while we bow in submission to the Divine Will of our Heavenly Father, we deeply and earnestly deplore the loss of one who, from his social qualities, his gentlemanly bearing, and the faithful manner in which he performed the arduous duty imposed upon him, has won the respect and admiration of both officers and men of this regiment, and his loss to us is an irreparable one.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathise with his aged and widowed mother in her declining years, and most earnestly pray that God will shield and protect her in this her hour of sorrow and bereavement, and aid her to bear up under the sad loss which she has sustained by the death of a noble and dutiful son.

COAT OF ARMS

FROM THE 140TH.

Interesting Particulars of the Late Fight --The March to the Battle Field--The Death of Col. O'Rourke--The Enemy Make Five Separate Charges Against the 5th Corps and are Repulsed--The Killed and Wounded in the 140th Regiment.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CAMP OF THE 140TH REGIMENT, NEAR }
HANOVER, Pa., July 1st, 1863. }

EDS. EXPRESS--After more than two weeks of constant marching, in which the Army of the Potomac has undergone more trials and hardships than any other army has undergone since the commencement of this rebellion, we have at last arrived in the land of civilization, and I have no doubt but that you will be waiting "to hear from the boys." You shall not be kept in suspense long, for, no sooner had we the order to practice squatter sovereignty than your humble correspondent could be found busily engaged, with pen in hand, getting up for you the latest news from our army, or at least that portion of it that comes under his own immediate observation.

We took up our line of march Tuesday, June 30, from Frederick, Md. The day was sultry and the marching was disagreeable on account of the

rain storm of the previous night. As we proceeded on our journey through Maryland, the loyalty of the inhabitants all along our line of march, developed itself more and more, until at last we considered ourselves among our friends, and out of the reach, or at least out of the midst of our enemies. Along the turnpike, between this and Frederick, the country is pretty thickly inhabited, and reminds one of home more than anything else, by the small villages between two and three miles apart. At the principal one—Unionville—there are some five or six thousand inhabitants. Here we passed the second corps, in which is the 108th Regiment. The boys are looking and feeling well, considering the hard marching. Before reaching the above mentioned place, permit me to state that an incident occurred which is worthy of note, especially to us, as it is a long time since we have had the pleasure of witnessing anything of the kind. At a small village, named Muttonville (very appropriately named I should judge from the number of sheep in the vicinity) were congregated together upon the portico of a neat little cottage, about a dozen beautiful young ladies, who had assembled to witness the passage of our troops through the town. As the large column moved "steadily and with stately tread" before the groups of young ladies, they were greeted with that song, which to us is as the Marseillaise to the French—I mean the Star Spangled Banner—which they sang splendidly. As each regiment moved by they gave three hearty cheers for the Maryland girls, and had we "bellows" enough left we would have remained there cheering them until now. Bully for the gals. I am thinking very strongly of purchasing a small log cabin "not far about here."

We continued our march until 7 o'clock, and encamped in the evening at a small village called Louzatown, about four miles from the Pennsylvania and Maryland line. Four hours previous to our arrival there our cavalry had a brisk skirmish with the enemy's cavalry and succeeded in routing them from the village.— They followed them to this point, when the enemy received reinforcements, and a brisk engagement was the result. Quite a number were killed and wounded on both sides, but the enemy were placed *Horace! du combat.*

BATTLE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG, }
July 3d, 1863. }

Through the mercies of an all wise Providence, I have passed safely through the terrible ordeal of the past two days, and knowing the anxiety of many friends at home, I hasten to pen you a few lines in regard to our movements. In order to do so I must go back as far as July the 1st.

We made a forced march of about 28 miles and arrived at Hanover, Pa., where we supposed we were to remain a few days. We had partly pitched our tents when we received an order that there would be an inspection of arms in one hour after our arrival. At the appointed time we formed in line, and no sooner was it done than the Buglersounded his horn to strike tents. This was rather unexpected, but immediately complied with. Before starting, our gallant little Colonel addressed his men in a few and touching words; informing them that they were to make a forced march of 12 miles to the battle-field; that the hour had now arrived when it was expected that we would annihilate the rebel army, and he expected every man to perform his duty faithfully and honorably. He also called upon the officers to urge

their men to the utmost in the performance of their duty. We were, physically, as worn out a set of men as I have ever seen, but in heart, we were strong, and how could we help being so? for all along from Hanover to the battle field we received the greatest kindness from the inhabitants. We passed through two small villages, and at every gate and doorway stood men, women and children with arms full of bread, milk, water, pies, and in fact everything that was refreshing for the men. In many instances women would rush out and ask the officers if they would have time to bake some more bread for the men, and when informed that they would not, they were very much disappointed, and excused themselves for not having more on hand. Occasionally I saw elder persons shedding tears, while the young ladies encouraged us with their smiles. A great difference Dear Express from being in an enemy's country. Our boys cheered them all along the route, and finally wound up by singing songs. So we were at the end of our journey before we were aware of it. We marched until 10 o'clock next morning, and were given two hours to rest in—this was Thursday, July 2d.

THE BATTLE.

We started about daybreak and arrived at or near Gettysburg, and immediately formed line of battle—changed our position several times, and finally advanced about one mile and a half, heavy firing going on in our front. As we neared the battle field, shot and shell came flying thick and fast around us—were met by General Warren, who informed the Colonel that our services were needed immediately on the extreme left, where the enemy were endeavoring to flank us; started on a double-quick, led by General Warren, to our position, which was on the summit of the highest hill in this vicinity. Arriving at the top, we discovered the Rebs ascending the south side of the hill in solid columns. Our Colonel immediately moved us forward, he himself leading the way—descended the south and west side, towards which the enemy were advancing. The hill is covered with large rocks, which gave our men great protection. We had not been long in position when it was discovered that the Rebs were getting the best of us on the south side. The Colonel now moved the right wing of the regiment to that point. Fortunately a portion of the First Division of our Corps now came to the rescue, and the Rebs were compelled to leave, losing very heavily.—Here our brave and gallant Colonel received his death wound, while bravely urging the men forward. He died almost instantly. It was not made known to the men until after the firing had ceased. The announcement of his death fell like a weight on our men, and many a tear was shed for the young hero. He was the idol of our Regiment, and the pride of our Brigade.

It was not known by the officers or men of the left wing that the right wing had been deployed, so thick were the rocks on the hill.—The Rebs were now retreating, and the left wing descended the hill, following the enemy, but were halted about the centre of the hill. Here my brave Lieutenant (McGraw) was dangerously wounded. He was by my side urging the men forward, when he was struck in the knee with a piece of shell. He caught hold of me, and told me that he was hurt. I took him in my arms and carried him to the brow of the hill where I left him in charge of some of the men. From this time to the cessation of hostilities our regiment lost men very fast, particularly the right

12

wing. I returned again to the regiment and seated myself near Captain Spies. At this time the whole regiment was laying down and had ceased firing. I sat in front of him but a little to his right when he was shot through the arm, the ball passing through his breast and lodging in his abdomen. We removed him immediately to the rear, but he seemed to be in great agony. The regiment was engaged about two hours, and behaved splendidly. On taking our position General Warren and Sykes informed us that we

should hold this point at all hazards, as it was the key of the whole position, and if they were allowed to get possession of it our cause was hopeless. Yesterday they both allowed that we were the means of winning the day. On the highest point of the hill Griffin's old battery was placed in position, and well did they maintain it. From this point they could shell the whole valley, and as the rebels advanced in line of battle they would mow them down in large numbers. Yesterday the battle raged furiously, the cannonading being the most terrible that I have ever heard, it extended the whole length of the line, probably about six miles. It ceased somewhat about noon and then the enemy advanced in line of battle. It was a handsome sight to see them from this point; they came up splendidly, but it was a still greater spectacle to see them retreat in confusion, their line all broken up. They would fall back into the woods and form line again and again advance. Five times did they repeat this and each time they were repulsed with heavy loss. In one instance five brigades advanced in line, and the brigade on the right threw down their arms and ran into our lines. It was at this time that the Rebel General Longstreet was said to have been taken prisoner. I came near forgetting to let you know that immediately after Col. O'Rourke fell, General Weed, our Brigadier, was shot from his horse. He did not live long after being wounded.

The three last days have been very severe on us as we have not once been relieved from this position, but this morning (4th) we have orders to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

Democrat & American.

TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 12.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

From the 140th Regiment.

We have been kindly permitted to copy for publication, a few extracts from the daily journal kept by Adjutant Clark, of the 140th Regiment N. Y. V., for his sisters. These extracts cover a portion of the march and battles of the late campaign of Gen. Hooker:

CHANCELLORVILLE, Va.,
Thursday, April 30, 1863.

You see I change my heading almost every page. It rained this morning, but we had to plod at 6 A. M. After going a couple of miles we were drawn up in line of battle, loaded and primed ready for action, and then turned off to the left toward U. S. Ford, where we understood the enemy were in force to oppose the crossing of some other corps which were to meet us there. We passed along a road through the woods for three or four miles, and so unexpectedly that we "gobbled" the enemy's pickets. They were

making preparations to drive us back from Ely's Ford, and had we been one day later, we never would have seen this road. They were throwing up fortifications there when we pounced upon them. We found no grey-backs at the Ford, for they ran so precipitately that in one camp their tents were standing and their fires burning. Their tents were built of logs, similar to our own. I rode into one. The Adjutant had left his desk standing, with blanks scattered all around on the ground. Beans and flour barrels furnished a proof of the extreme starvation (?) of our lean foes. A graveyard also testified that the rebels are mortal as well as we. After halting an hour, we countermarched back. Passed a long rifle-pit across the open field, which was thrown up to oppose the advance of our troops from the direction of U. S. Ford. So rapid and curious have been all our movements, that the wary Southerners even are utterly confused. Our boys tore a rebel house all to pieces. It had been abandoned, the fires burning, and dough ready to bake in the kitchen. At five o'clock we reached Chancellorville, where we are to concentrate. Found the 11th and 12th corps already in. We passed them and moved down the Fredericksburg road, and camped in a wood a mile from a large brick house, where Gen. Hooker makes it his headquarters. Tomorrow we expect a battle.

FRIDAY, May 1st.—At 11 o'clock we received orders to move. Our little division was to take the lead—1st and 2d brigade ahead, and ours behind. The enemy are said to be massed in the open country, with a front 16 miles through on their left, and the river on their right. So Sykes must break through the confederacy. We had gone about a mile when "whew!" went the rebel guns, and shells fell and burst all around us, furiously. I never saw such a fire. We fled into a piece of woods, when the terrible missiles came into us, but strange to say we had only one man (A. Gardner, Co. E,) killed; and an officer (Capt. Lieper) wounded in the head. We could not stay there, so out we marched in perfect range of the enemy's batteries. It seemed impossible that but many of us must be torn to pieces, but some strange fatality seems to attend these shells, they never kill many. We formed in three lines of battles, the two regular brigades in front, our regiment on the left of our line. We kept advancing, under fire, about a mile, when we found out the enemy was flanking us on the right—we fell back in good order to our old camp. Hardly had we sat down, when a whole division of rebels came into our brigade pell mell; but we poured volley after volley into them, and drove them back. Our regiment was complimented on this the sharpest and first close fight. They stood up handsomely, every man. We had six wounded and three killed.

SATURDAY, May 2d.—Yesterday was an exciting May day for us, but it was the best possible thing for the regiment. The beautiful manner in which we repulsed so large a force (three heavy lines coming down the hill opposite) has encouraged and cheered us up. It was almost impossible to stop their firing even after the rebels ran. I passed up and down the line, and stopped twice. The rebels ran up to within a quarter of a mile of us, and began shelling.—The shells tore down the woods, but none struck nearer us than the sand at our side. We lay under arms until two o'clock without sleep, when we marched past the Chancellor House, and took up a position in the woods, (in fact there is nothing else here,) and waited until after daylight. We went to work