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

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

SPIRIT OF THE MEN.

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

CLOTHING AND DELICACIES.

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

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

SANITARY AND CHRISTIAN COMMISSIONS.

The agents of these associations visited the battle field immediately after the fight, and furnished, with an unsparing hand, hospital stores and food for the wounded. Had it not been for their early and faithful and un-
tiring labors and benefactions, hundreds of our soldiers must have died from neglect and starvation. Too much praise cannot be accorded to them for their work of love, and the L. L. L. and our citizens generally may rest assured that all contributions which are sent to them, are judiciously, as well as faithfully applied. Although there is an abundance at present, it should be remembered that there is still in the vicinity of Gettysburg an army of wounded Union and rebel soldiers, who are treated precisely alike, and who will continue to need help for weeks to come.

STATE AGENTS.

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

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

Yours,

H. D.

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

WASHINGTON, July 22d, 1863.

Editor of the Syracuse Journal:

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

TWELFTH CORPS HOSPITAL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Perry Norton, Co. I, was wounded in the right thigh. The ball still remains and cannot be found. The wound is healing.
Henry Moore, Co. I, of Cicero, was wounded in the right lung, died and was buried the day before our arrival.

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

Sixth Corps Hospital.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FROM THE 122D.

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

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

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

Last Thursday (23d) a sharp fight took place at Manassas Gap, and we pushed on to support the troops engaged; but after a tedious march, we arrived too late.
ing, to find the enemy beaten and gone. We
encamped at the beginning of the Gap, and
saw our troops returning. The columns
came, worn, tired, dirty and battle-stained,
but firm and cheerful, colors flying, every face
resolute, as troops are apt to feel after a vic-
tory.

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

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

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

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

From the impressive style in which they
lectured on this subject to a party of gentle-
mens at Antietam, Williamsport, Fredericks-
burg, Marie's Heights, Salem Heights, Get-
tysburg, and several other places within my
observation, I think they would have made a
telling impression on the mob; but hap-
pily the necessity or desirability is now re-
moved.

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

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

We feel a great deal encouraged. Now is
the time to redouble our efforts, and to fill
up our ranks and finish the war. Give us the
Letter from the 122d Regiment.
Correspondence of the Syracuse Daily Journal.
CAMP 122D N. Y. V., NEAR WARRENTON, VA.,
July 29th, 1863.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The 122d at Warrenton—Guerrilla Warfare.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal.

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

The mercury is up near 100, skirmishing around and causing a pretty lively circulation. Hot weather, guerrillas and blackberries are the three principal points of production heretofore. The blackberries are going, the hot weather coming, and the guerrillas fast occupying a sort of intermediate suspensory condition. You see that these last are a sort of "honest farmers" who have taken the oath of allegiance a few times and got passes and safeguards from the Government.—Well, they start out and arm themselves with anything that comes handy—pistols, sabres, carbines, shotguns, &c., and being mounted and in citizen's clothes, proceed to lay in wait for some poor devil of a blue jacket.—If they can catch a few after berries, without arms, their valor shines—they take 'em and kill them on the spot, or run them off and wait for a fresh lot. Sometimes they get one or two men that are armed by cutting off a retreat. But if a body of troops come upon them they plunge into a piece of woods, hide their arms, and "dig" for some house, dismount and turn out the horses and go to work putting up fence, picking up stone, or something of that kind, the biggest kind of "honest" farmers, ready to mount and after you as soon as you leave and pop at you from behind a tree. Ask them any questions and out comes a safeguard, and "whoever shall force a safeguard shall suffer death,"
Day before yesterday a detachment of cavalry was sent to scour the country for guerrillas, and the order was given not to bring in any prisoners of that sort. Well, soon they came upon a squad of them, and they ran, of course, but a few fellow cut-throats and headed them off, and before they could take a fresh departure the Philistines were upon them, and six of them surrendered, because resistance was certain death. The Captain thought of his orders,—he is a stern, stiff-necked chap,—and he said to the six gray-backed cut-throats, "Boys, I'll have to leave you where you are; it's against orders to take you along." Secesh began to prick up their ears; "but," turning his own men, "boys, for fear they will hurt themselves thrashing around, we'll put their feet a few inches from the ground;" and in five minutes they hung dangling there were the next morning, when some fellows benevolently dug a hole, cut he ropes and let them tumble into it, and deserted 'em up.

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

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

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

The Soldiers' Thanksgiving Present to Father Waldo.

From the Syracuse Journal.

We yesterday briefly referred to the Thanksgiving present of one hundred dollars to Father Waldo by the officers of the 123d regiment.

The following is the correspondence on this occasion, between Lieutenant Col. Dwight, commanding that regiment and Father Waldo—

LIEUT. COL. DWIGHT'S LETTER.

HEADQUARTERS 123D REGT. N. Y. VOLS., CAMP SEDGWICK, NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA., Nov. 19, 1863.

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

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

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

In behalf of the officers, I am, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,


FATHER WALDO'S LETTER.

SYRACUSE, Nov. 27, 1863.

My dear respected friend and officers of the first hundred and twenty-second regiment:

Permit me through my amanuensis to tender to you my most sincere gratitude for your noble and generous "Thanksgiving present," which reached me last evening—not the less acceptable because so unexpected. May the hands never lack the means of gratifying the desires of such noble and generous hearts. May you and your associates in arms be successful in perpetuating that liberty for which I hazarded my life more than eighty years ago.

There was then left a sprig of ivy at the root of the tree of liberty which nearly covered it, when its tendrils burst at Fort Sumter. May your arms speedily put an end to that prayer which Gov. Berkly, of Virginia, made in 1671, viz: That he thanked God that they had no free schools nor printing presses to publish scandal, and that they might not have for one hundred years to come.

Again let me thank you for the happiness you have given me, and be assured that my prayers daily and hourly ascend to God that the lives of our gallant sons may not all be sacrificed upon the battle-field, and that this terrible conflict may soon end victoriously.

I trust that my life may be spared to see its close. Nevertheless not my will, but Thine be done, O God.

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

Daniel Waldo.
The ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

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

Colonel—Silas Titus.
Lieut. Colonel—A. W. Dwight.
Major—J. B. Davis.
Adjutant—Andrew J. Smith.
Quartermaster—Frank Lester.
Surgeon—Dr. N. R. Tefft.
Chaplain—L. M. Nickerson.
Sergeant Major—Ugoold V. Tracy.
Quartermaster Sergeant—Theodore L. Poole.
Commissionary Sergeant—G. J. Goetches.

Company A.—Captain, J. M. Brower; First Lieutenant, A. H. Clapp; Second Lieutenant, II. S. Wells.
Company B.—Captain, W. R. Chamberlin; First Lieutenant, Charles G. Nye; Second Lieutenant, Wm. J. Webb.
Company C.—Captain, Alfred Nina; First Lieutenant, Joseph C. Cameron; Second Lieutenant, Archibald J. Moses.
Company D.—Captain, Cornwell Crayston; First Lieutenant, Davis Cooset; Second Lieutenant, Edward P. Luther.
Company E.—Captain, Horace H. Walpole; First Lieutenant, Jacob Brand; Second Lieutenant, Henry H. Hoyt.
Company F.—Captain, Lucas Moses; First Lieutenant, Geo. W. Platt; Second Lieutenant, James Burton.
Company G.—Captain, Harrison Gideon; First Lieutenant, Drayton Eno; Second Lieutenant, Peter Blossom.
Company H.—Captain, James M. Gere; First Lieutenant, Morton L. Marks; Second Lieutenant, Oscar F. Swift.
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CAUD FROM COL. TITUS.

ALBANY, August 31, 1862.

Editors Albany Evening Journal:

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

Very respectfully yours,

SILAS TITUS,
Col. Commanding 122d Regiment N. Y. V.

THE 123d REGIMENT AT SANDUSKY, O.

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

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

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

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

Among the incidents of the stay of the 122d in Sandusky, is the entertainment given to Co. G, (the rifle-ridge part of the regiment,) by Mr. John T. Woolsey, formerly of Jordan. They were escorted to his house by martial music, were most cordially welcomed, and partook of a most bountiful supper, prepared expressly for them. Everything was in the most perfect order and admirably conducted. The company were greatly pleased with this agreeable occurrence.
The 122d is to take its place in the Fourth Brigade of the First Division of the Sixth Corps, which is understood to be at Culpeper, engaged in the construction of fortifications necessary to the making of that place a secure depot for army supplies.

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

The 122d in the Battle of the Wilderness.

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

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

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

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

**Killed**—Sergeants Trusdall, Co. K; Robert J. Donahue, Co. I; Michael Donavan, Co. A; Jas. Traganza, Co. E; Oscar Auster, Co. D; Frank W. Whaley, Co. D.

**Missing**—Lieuts. H. H. Hoyt, C. W. Ostrander, E. F. Luther; Ordinary Sergeants S. S. Northway, David Donaldson; Privates John Drindle, Peter Pliger.

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

**Wounded of the 122d in Hospital.**

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

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