provided with a metallic coffin, and everything to embalm and send home immediately after their decease, though not from this Department (Gen. Butler's) that I am aware. Every assistance in our power will be cheerfully given. I state the facts thus plainly, to apprise the friends of our dead of the existing state of orders on the subject.

We are having a little rest just now, and the health of the regiment is much improved.

Major Brower is pretty well, and Capt. Clapp has returned much better. Most of the officers are in good health, and I am nearly as well as ever.

Truly yours,
A. W. DWIGHT,
Lieut. Col. Commanding.

The 122d Regiment—The Raid on the Petersburg and Weldon R. R.—How Fourth was Observed.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal.

MILES SOUTH OF PETERSBURG, VA., July 5, 1864.

We are encamped as when and where I last wrote, and nothing has disturbed the harmony of the scene or the state of affairs. While the enemy is about three miles in our immediate front, and our pickets more than half way, and close to this, on our right our lines and those of the enemy are in close contiguity, as we were at Cold Harbor. Here a shot is now and then exchanged—there it is a continual pop—pop—zip—zip—whiz—bang; and every now and then the thorough bass diapas on to the concert. The musketry is distinctly audible here, and the guns still more so; and when along with the three-inch Parrotts, the 32's and siege guns put in their occasional roar, we are fully satisfied that “our flag is still there”—and the rebels, too.

Since our raid at Ream's Station, on the 2d, we have had no matter of startling importance just here. We came near having a hot time of it there, for the rebels started eighteen regiments of infantry down parallel with us to whip us off the route. Whether they could have handled the old Sixth or not, could have been told by trying us on. We have whipped more than that, and perhaps could again; but as soon as they started our Eighteenth Corps got up and charged the place they had just weakened, and took the line of pits—drove the Johnnies half a mile, when the valiant eighteen came back on a double-quick and right well he does it.

The Fourth was celebrated yesterday in very select style. Mysterious rumors were afloat that a mine was run under the main rebel battery, and that at sunrise the rebel honor was to go up, as an offering to the American Eagle; that Grant was going to open at sunrise with ever so many guns on Petersburg, &c., &c.; but the morning came, and save the pop—pop—of the skirmishers, and the occasional bang: of a gun, all was quiet; in fact every thing was as usual. The sun was warmth: was scarce, and the procession did not pass this way, so we kept as still as we could. A few of the men put in motion the unknown and incomprehensible machinery they have for getting hold of a few canteens of whiskey of the “best-head” variety, and got somewhat celebratory, and some of the staff officers got out their white gloves, perfunctory and narrow neck-ties, and such other nice things as had withstood “the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds” in this campaign, and the wreck of champaign and the crash of grogteread in Sandysky, and went visiting. But one department of the army was in full blast and heavy movement—the army bands. From every quarter they began early, and for want of other excitement, kept up pretty much all day, and well into the night.

“Hear me, Norma,” came softly swelling up from some shady grove to meet with “Go to the Devil and Shaka Yourself,” from another—“Come where My Love lies Dreaming” was informed that “My Johnny was a Shoemaker”—“Hallelujah Chorus” marched side by side with “Away down South in Dixie.” “Bully Boy with a Glass Eye,” walked through the front with “Hall Columbia.” As an inquiry after the prosperity of the “Star Spangled Banner” was assured that “No Irish need apply,” and “Old Hundred,” with its majestic peal, ushered in “Linkum's Gunboats” or the “Day of Jubilo.” “Flow gently sweet Aton,” was responded to by “Where did you come from, Knock a nigger down,” and “Yankee Doodle” rode without saddle or bridle on the “Carneval of Venice.” “Gen. Grant's Grand March” was pronounced “Bully for you,” and “Do they think of me at home,” was responded to by an admonition to “Get out of the Wilderness.” The “Prison Song” rolled out plaintive and sweet, and “Home, sweet home” illustrated the locality. “Softly they slumber,” told of some one’s heart ache, and the “Devil’s Dream” kept company. As the gleams of night fell around us and “Sleep on thy pillow, happy and light,” rose, we were also advised to “Stop dat knockin’.” “When the swallows homeward flying” fled in dismay before “St. Patrick’s Day in the Morning.” “Rally Round the Flag, Boys,” was chorused “In a Hog’s eye,” and “Auld Lang Syne” ran into a grand snarl among an imitation of the sounds of a Scotch bagpipe.

Night fell, and the “shank of the evening” came, and as the bands faded away the chorus of the “best-head” demonstrations rolled out amid the most vociferous cheers for McClellan, but not even “best-head” could get up a cheer on the “Fourth” for John C. Fremont, and when the valiant few, who had got rid of their money at an awful figure, and their superfluous patriotism by getting drunk with the mercury at 110 deg. were dragged off and laid down to gentle slumbers and a woful headache for this morning, quiet dwelt without, and as Artemus Ward says, “nary zeffer disturbed the cam silens of the seen.”

Our status is not changed. The Lieutenant Colonel is on a General Court Martial, of which he is President, and Major Brower is in command, and right well he does it.

We today got a large lot of anti-scrobutics and little traps from the Sanitary Commission, which are most acceptable. Our mails come regularly.

The 122d Regiment Transferred to Col. Bidwell's Brigade—The Old Brigade Scattered.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal.

The 122d Regiment—Transferred to Col. Bidwell's Brigade—The Old Brigade Scattered.

July 7th, 1864.
The 122d Regiment—Change of Brigade—Incidents in Camp.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal.

CAMP 122D REGT. N. Y. V.

We have been dissolved—not become dissolute, and a late edict of George the Meade has filled us with disgust in a quiet way, though we of course have gone to the 3d Brigade, 2d Division, and fourth brigades in the various divisions, and hence the term of service of many of the old regiments will render necessary a general consolida-

The general health of the regiment was never better. It is remarkable how well the men stand the almost constant duty through this terrible hot weather. I have nothing more of interest to write this time.

It will be well for those who have friends in the 122d, to direct their letters for the future to "122d Regt. N. Y. V., 3d Brigade, 2d Division, 6th Corps."

Yours truly, D.

A. B. P.

The 122d Regiment—Change of Brigades—Incidents in Camp.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal, July 9, 1864.

We have been dissoluted—not become dissolute, and a late edict of George the Meade has filled us with disgust in a quiet way, though we of course cheerfully acquiesce.

It has been deemed proper to break up all the fourth brigades in the various divisions, and hence our 4th Brigade, 1st Division, has gone adrift. The 63d and remnants of the 67th have gone to the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, the 83d and 273d, have gone to the 3d Brigade, 1st Division, and the 123d has gone to the 3d Brigade, 2d Division, so that we now wear the white cross of the 2d Division, having in succession worn the blue and red. We do not like the change much, it breaks us up all our old associations, and we must form them anew, as far as it may be done.

Our commander now is Col. Bidwell, of the 49th N. Y. V., which was raised in Buffalo. He has been in command of the brigade by seniority for some time, and is a fine general officer.

Capt. Smith and Lester still remain on the staff: the first as commissary of masters of the 3d Division, and the second as ordnance officer of the 1st Division, but the change gives us a few of our detailed men back to the regiment.

There is very little change here. The weather is quite warm, painfully so; and yet not so insupportable as in the very first of the month. The drought still hangs on, and the bosom of the eastward soil, anywhere out of the woods, is a sea of powder, which by the slightest agitation is converted into a cloud of dust. If a man rides at full gallop, when no air is stirring, you can generally see him ahead of the dust he kicks up. If he goes slowly, you can discern something moving in the inside of a tremendous smudge. If he rides towards the wind, very well, provided nobody is within half a mile to leeward; but if the rides with the wind, you see a huge column of dust going somewhere, that seems to mixle about as if animated.

We are in the woods, and it is more pleasant, except that the utmost care must be taken that fire does not spread and get going; for it runs through these pine woods and over the parched ground like a whirlwind.

The health of the regiment is very good. The anti-scrobutics so freely given by the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and the aid of the Sanitary Department, have helped the army wonderfully, and but little of the prevailing camp difficulty now exists.

Yours truly, D.

*This letter was held at Washington several days, while mail communication with the North was interrupted, which accounts for its late publication.

The 122d Regiment Transferred from Before Petersburg to Maryland.

HEADQUARTERS 122D N. Y. V.,

ON BOARD TRANSPORT "GUIDE," POTOMAC RIVER.

July 11, 1864.

To the Editor of the Syracuse Journal:

The Sixth Corps are en route for Washington, and thence most likely to Harper's Ferry. What for? I don't know, but perhaps you do; by the rattling among the dry bones we have heard from the Potomac border. Regiment all on board, and well and comfortable, except one man, tied up for stealing.

We left City Point yesterday morning, and shall probably go to Washington in about four hours, or two o'clock P. M.

I see you had me killed in the Syracuse papers. Much obliged, or rather I should be if the usual discovery had been made that I was a "taurine youth with a vitreous optic." But as the boy reported Webster's last words, "I ain't dead yet, and I hope not to be till this cursed war is over," the rebellion smashed, and the Copperheads look like we will turn our regiment lost in killed and wounded as follows:

KILLED:

Capt. Davis Coslatt, Co. D, in side of foot, not serious.

Sergt. James Goodfellow, Co. C, flesh wound, right thigh, severe.

Sergt. Buel P. Brunol, Co. C, ball went in at the lower jaw, and came out near shoulder, jaw fractured, very severe. If not dangerous.

Capt. C. M. Smith, Co. K, in nose, severe but not dangerous.

Sergt. C. C. Smith, Co. K, right shoulder, not severe.

Capt. Ruel P. Buzzel, Co. C, ball went in at the lower jaw, and came out near shoulder, jaw fractured, very severe. If not dangerous.

Sergt. L. Atkins, Co. B, severe. In left side, but not dangerous.


Capt. M. C. Martin, Co. K, in nose, severe but not dangerous.


Wounded:

Buck Davis Coslatt, Co. D, in side of foot, not serious.

Sergt. Ruel P. Buzzel, Co. C, ball went in at the lower jaw, and came out near shoulder, jaw fractured, very severe. If not dangerous.

Sergt. C. C. Smith, Co. K, right shoulder, not severe.

Sergt. L. Atkins, Co. B, severe. In left side, but not dangerous.


Capt. H. B. Chandler, Co. C, right arm fractured and amputated.

Capt. C. M. Smith, Co. K, right arm fractured and amputated.

Peter Stoddart, Co. H, right hand, rather severe.

Thomas H. Scott, Co. B, slight contusion of right elbow.
CAMP NEAR WASHINGTON, D.C.,

The regiment did splendidly. I have no time to write details.

Yours truly,

L. M. NICKERSON, Chaplain.

MISSING.

Sergt. T. G. Dallman, Co. I, in left shoulder, slight.

Sergt. Wm. Swartz, Co. I, in left shoulder, not severe.

Charles Snedker, Co. C, in leg, severe.

Geo. H. Richardson, Co. C, through neck and right shoulder, very severe.

Thomas Thornton, Co. D, contusion of right wrist, slight.

Alanson Mosier, Co. C.

Charles Landphier, Co. G, contusion in abdomen, slight.

MISSING.

Albert Dickey, Co. A; Edward Mohan.

The regiment and brigade did splendidly. I have no time to write details.

Yours truly,

L. M. NICKERSON, Chaplain.
They ran across the river and we got back at 11 o'clock last night very tired, and bunched gladly on the ground.

The invasion seems to be over, but no one can tell positively. That Washington could have been taken by them had they assaulted it on the morning of the 11th, is the opinion of very many, but they let slip the golden opportunity, and at night it was too late. Their prisoners say they did not intend to attack it, but this may be believed by those who like.

Their other purposes were to raise the siege of Richmond and to steal horses. In the first, they have failed; in the second they have been eminently successful, for they drove them off by hundreds.

Truly yours, D.

The 122d Regiment in the Fight at Fort Stevens.

The following is a copy of a private letter from a member of Co. E, 122d regiment, giving an account of the defense of Washington against the late rebel attack, written under date of the 13th inst.

Saturday afternoon we were ordered out with the rest of the brigade, as we supposed, to relieve the first brigade, that were on picket, but we had a different work to do. We advanced along the 7th avenue road, and massed the brigade on the right of the road, just behind the picket-line.—The Seventh Maine was ordered to charge up the hill, and take some houses that were occupied by the rebels. They piled their knapsacks, and started in splendid order. As soon as they came in sight of the rebel skirmishers, the latter skedaddled as fast as they could, leaving everything in the pito. We were ordered up immediately after, on the double quick, and deployed as skirmishers.

As we advanced our Company (E) was the first company on the right of the road, (their place always being on the right,) and the rest of the regiment deployed on the left. When we got up on the hill we found the Seventh had taken the houses, and we were advanced further than any other part of the line. The firing now became very heavy and the rest of the regiment moved to the left and got separated from us.—They halted before they got to the houses, but we kept on, not knowing that they had stopped, passed the houses, and over an open field, to a wood, twenty rods from the houses.—There we got shelter behind the fence and stumps, halted and looked around to see the condition of things, and it was there we found we were far in advance of the rest of the line, but the rebels did not seem to be in much force in front of us. We remained there some time, until we feared they had a cross-fire on both flanks, then the First Sergeant ordered us to fall back to the line, (we have no commissioned officers.) We drew up and found they had a cross-fire on us, laid low and held our ground until 2 o'clock, and we had one man shot. We were relieved.

The rest of the regiment, of the hill, they found the cross-fire on the top could not advance enemy in heavy force, so they made a tentative advance as far as we did, but got behind a hill. In a short time the rebels moved to the left to try to flank us, but we moved after them. Other regiments coming up, prolonged the line. In a short time the rebels formed in two lines of battle, and charged us, but it was no go; such destructive volleys were poured into them, they could not stand it. They broke and ran, but rallied again and came up as before. Our regiment (122d) got out of ammunition, but held their ground for twenty minutes. We then fell back, rallied again, charged them without ammunition and drove them back again. We were then supplied, and we gave them all they wanted. The fire was kept up until nine o'clock, when the rebels fell back, and this morning were not to be found, but were sternly strung with dead and wounded.—We had no light artillery with us, only the heavy guns in the fort, and they were miserably worked.

The President was in one of the forts, watching the progress of the battle, and every hill-top that could be reached by the citizens was crowded. I suppose they thought it was a splendid sight, but we poor fellows could not see much fun.

The regiment lost four killed, one captain and two privates wounded—twenty-five in all.

Yours.

G.

Promotions in the 122d Regiment.

To the Editor of the Syracuse Journal:

Will you also allow me to call your attention to an occurrence that occurred in your issue of last evening? In referring to the recent promotions which have taken place in the 122d regiment, you state that C. B. Clark and John Sims received commissions as Second Lieutenants. I presume your information was derived from the Daily Standard of Friday morning, in which was the following paragraph:

Robert Moses, our Sergeant-Major, received his commission last night as 1st Lieutenant; also, 24 Lieuts. C. B. Clark and John Sims.

As Mr. Clark has held a Second Lieutenant's commission nearly a year, I think the design of the above paragraph was to state that he had received in connection with Mr. Moses and Mr. Sims a First Lieutenant's commission at least; such seems to be the natural inference from the language.

Yours truly,

J. M. Clark.

NEAR BERRYVILLE, VA., Sept. 8, 1864.

The 122d in the Shenandoah Valley—when it is so cleared up.

The 122d in the Shenandoah Valley—position here, that we occupied before we withdrew. We were reported falling back, proceeding to our old front, and began to fall back before a heavy line of the 28th, and followed up the rebels, who afterwards learned to be Rhodes’s and Gordon’s divisions, and some light guns. The seven-shooters of our dismounted cavalry made many of them bite the dust, but a line of bayonets drives any cavalry, and they retired, losing heavily, as they fought obstinately. As they crossed our picket lines, our guns opened on the John Henrys, and the fighting Sixth moved out to give them a fight, if they were after one. But they were not; they left on the elongated double-quick when they found our main lines were moving for them, and the cavalry, sent right out, only saw glimpses of horizontal grey coat-tails. They were sound in this, for we very much outnumbered them, and they could not expect to win the fight, if they made one.

We have the old Corps of Stonewall Jackson before us, the same that we fought at Salem Heights, Gettysburg and the Wilderness, and there is no discount on their fighting qualities or courage, but they fight carefully up here, for the men lost cannot be replaced.

We have got into our third year of service. The boys feel joyous over it and so would any one who has done as much as they have. The health of our men is splendid and quick ditto.

Yours truly, D.


NEAR BERRYVILLE, VA., Sept. 8, 1864.

We broke camp at Halltown on the morning of the 28th, and followed up the rebels, who were reported falling back, proceeding to our old position here, that we occupied before we withdrew. Yesterday about noon the cavalry in our front began to fall back before a heavy line of rebels, afterwards learned to be Rhodes’s and Gordon’s divisions, and some light guns. The seven-shooters of our dismounted cavalry made many of them bite the dust, but a line of bayonets drives any cavalry, and they retired, losing heavily, as they fought obstinately. As they crossed our picket lines, our guns opened on the John Henrys, and the fighting Sixth moved out to give them a fight, if they were after one. But they were not; they left on the elongated double-quick when they found our main lines were moving for them, and the cavalry, sent right out, only saw glimpses of horizontal grey coat-tails. They were sound in this, for we very much outnumbered them, and they could not expect to win the fight, if they made one.

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Yours truly, D.

Letter from the 122d Regiment.

CAMP NEAR BERRYVILLE, VA., Sept. 10, 1864.

DEAR STANDARD:—The Second Division of the Sixth Corps made a reconnoissance yesterday, out as far as the Opequan, in order to see if there was any considerable force of the enemy here yet. We found them at the Opequan in strong force; we had a right smart lively time for an hour or so.

Capt. Cowen, of Cowen’s Battery, was wounded through the right thigh by a Minie ball, while sighting one of his pieces.

Two men of the 122d were wounded. Albert Monroe, Company C, left arm off by shell; Charles Dean, Company I, contusion of right thigh, by shell, slight.

A. B. P.

LETTERS FROM ONONDAGA SOLDIERS.

The Late Affair on the Opequan—The 122d Engaged—Capture of a Whole South Carolina Regiment—How It Was Done—Mosby’s Movements.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal.

We are encamped where we have been for some two days, but our experience has been increased by a brush with the enemy. On the 13th inst. we moved at 6 o’clock A. M., leaving the drum corps and unarmed men, with those good men who had worn the bottoms out of their shoes, and hence were not considered fit for the roads heretofore, as camp-guard, and our Division (the 2d) struck across the country on a reconnoissance in force.

We moved about four miles and went into line about three quarters of a mile from the Opequan Creek, the rebel skirrmishers having shown themselves. They soon fell back across the creek, and our skirmish line pushed them back close to their main line. The Division massed in a piece of woods out of sight of the enemy, and a brigade of cavalry was sent on our left flank, when Cowen’s Battery, (1st N. Y. Independent,) took position and opened. For some time no reply was elicited, and some curiosity was entertained as to the whereabouts of the John Henries. But about 2 P. M. our fire got so annoying that the enemy put twelve guns rapidly into position and opened upon us with shell and spherical case. Their shots went over our guns, but we happened to be in range, and it was a pretty warm section of the country for a few minutes. They soon got the range of our battery, and it limbered up and went to the left on a gallop, the enemy training their guns on it, but giving us the benefit of their fire, as the range became high the instant it was changed. In this way their fire swept from the right to the left of our whole division, cutting great antics, and raising fragments of shell, case, splinters and limbs among us. The losses were, however, very slight, when the severity of the fire is considered. In our regiment they were as follows: Albert C. Monroe, “C” Co., right arm shattered by a fragment of shell, and amputated above the elbow—doing well.

Charles Drew, “A” Co., bruised on the hip by a splinter thrown from a tree in which a shell bursted—not dangerous, and doing well.

Meanwhile our sharp-shooters had been thrown...
across the creek, and had deployed and were troubling the enemy severely. A detachment of grey-backs was sent on their flank, and they charged on, causing a very rapid rally of our chaps on our side of the stream. This was effected without loss, and the rattle of the skirmishers was kept steadily going. Soon after the Orderly Sergeant of the sharp-shooters was struck through the breast and instantly killed. He was from the 98th Pennsylvania.

The enemy now conceived the brilliant idea of sending a regiment out on the flank of our skirmish line and charging it, and as we formed the arc of a circle, this move would bring the charging party back nearer to their own side, but they went, and the commander of our cavalry on the flank, seeing the move, let them go on, keeping his command massed and hidden in some woods. Just before they got all ready, he quietly swept around them in column, and dashed up, actively ordering their commander to “Surrender if you please.” The rebel Colonel started and looked for a place to make a dash, but he only saw a double line of seven-shooters ready to open all around him, and he did what any sensible man would do under the circumstances, he handed over his sword and command. They proved to be the 8th South Carolina regiment, and were taken entire, colors, field-staff and all. The regiment was an old one and only numbered 250 men—about the size of ours, you will see. Our cavalry on the right also took some prisoners. I do not know how many. At dark we withdrew, having fully accomplished all we were sent out for. The rebels followed our skirmishers as soon as they left, but if the Johnnies are not governed by Scripture in their treatment of prisoners, they imitate Peter in one respect—they follow after—when they chase the fighting Sixth; they did not come within range nor fire a shot, and we had no trouble with them, but reached camp about nine P. M. Our loss in the Division was one man killed, two officers and six men wounded, and the battery and one officer wounded—Captain Cowan, a sharp-shooter hitting him through the point of the hip at a distance of about three-fourths of a mile, but inflicting only a flesh wound, not at all dangerous. The rebel Colonel of the regiment taken said he was sorry to be taken, “But,” said he, “I'll tell you, gentlemen, this Southern Confederacy is about played out. We have got our last man into the field, and there seems to be no end of yours.”

Matters are much the same in the Valley. The guerrillas hang around, and the gallant Chevalier Bayard of Southern Maidens, Mosby, continues to dash out upon stragglers, when he can find them unguarded or broken down, and he generally takes them without the loss of a man. Now and then an ambulance or two, full of sick men, is taken by him without loss, and he has been known to surround a load of hats and boots, and a nigger driving the team, and storm the position with all the bravery and recklessness of a Knight-errant of the olden time, storming the enchanted castle in which dwelt the imprisoned gentleman; and swear they are Union men; and other vicinities, who come to you with such dolorous complaints, and want a “go-ahead,” (I can't spell guard as they pronounce it, but that is a little like it) the moment your lines are established, produce their ordox oath of allegiance; and swear they are Union men; and who produce an old shot-gun, or a carbine the moment you leave, and stand ready to rob trains and murder stragglers at the nod of their high-toned ladye-fayre. The north part of Loudon county, and parts of this Valley, have been exempted from the rebel conscription, because the men are “Mosby's men,” and the results are that a party cannot be sent a mile away for forage without an escort, unless with danger of capture by the very men who claim your protection and swear allegiance. Still this has no bad effect—we simply look out for them, and take proper precautions against them. The government is certainly long-suffering and slow to anger in their cases, but then a sweeping course would involve women (who are just as bad rebels,) and little children who are innocent, in much suffering and misery; so that the merciful way is the true way.

The recent political news, taken with the military and naval successes at the South, is very gratifying and encouraging. To any man of reflection it must be evident that the only way to end the war, suppress the rebellion, and restore the country to a peace which will amount to anything but a renewal of the war with tenfold vigor and bitterness, is to continue the present administration and suppress the rebels.

The rebel prisoners say that Early is going to invade Pennsylvania before our election “at all hazards.” Perhaps he will, but if he does, few will go back than come over, or I am mistaken.

We are much cheered by the signs of the time and the readiness with which the late call for troops has been filled. The rebels can hardly believe or understand that we are not going to have a draft at all at the North, upon which we have counted for a row and a general demonstration on the part of their allies there.

Fill up the ranks and put the rebellion when Winslow put the Alabama. Yours truly, D.

FROM THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND.

The Battle Near Winchester--An All Day's Fight and a Glorious Victory--Casualties in the 122d--Condition of Wounded.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal.

WINCHESTER, Sept. 20, 1864.

We have been again engaged. Yesterday morning we attacked the enemy in their position, and after a hard fight, lasting all day, he was defeated at all points and driven in the greatest confusion from the field. We took all his wounded, six guns, and several thousand prisoners. About 4,000 prisoners are here, and I hear we have taken several thousand others, but do not know.

The enemy fled in the utmost confusion, throwing away everything in very many cases. Our army is in hot pursuit, and is near Strasburg, as I hear, with no enemy in front. The regiment behaved in the most magnificent manner, and lost very heavily. I write from the hospital and cannot give a correct list, as the regiment is up the Valley with the Corps, and our Surgeon and Chaplain are with it. I append the list of casualties so far as I know:

KILLED.

First Lieut. John V. Simms.
George Loop, A, Co.
John Geisel, B, Co.
Charles L. Hiltz, C, Co.
Morris Harrington, H, Co.
William Hazel, I, Co.
First Lieut. Dudley G. Shirley, left arm fractured—not dangerous.

WOUNDED.

First Lieut. Charles B. Clark, severed flesh wound in thigh—not dangerous.

Captain M. L. Marks, scalp wound—not dangerous.

First Lieut. Dudley G. Shirley, left arm fractured—not dangerous.
The Battle Near Winchester—An All Day's Fight and a Glorious Victory—Casualties in the 122d—Condition of Wounded.

The rebel Gen. Rhodes was killed, and Gen. Gordon and Ransom were both wounded.

Gen. Sheridan fought the army splendidly, going in with the line on the charge. In spite of their advantage in our front, their losses were three or four to one, and their loss was very heavy throughout.

The total loss of our army must be between 3,000 and 4,000, I think; but, though it is severe, we have gained a decisive victory and struck a vital blow into the internal rebellion, on the right road to peace.

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George Loop, A, Co.
John Geisel, B, Co.
Charles L. Hiltz, C, Co.
Morris Harrington, H, Co.
William Hazel, I, Co.
Corporal Ostrander, K, Co.

WOUNDED.

First Lieut. Charles B. Clark, severe flesh wound in thigh—not dangerous.
Captain M. L. Marks, scalp wound—not dangerous.
First Lieut. Dudley G. Shirley, left arm fractured—not dangerous.
Lieut.-Col. A. W. Dwight, severe contusion of right thigh—not dangerous.
Sergeant Nathan Buck, flesh wound in thigh—not dangerous.
Lieut.-Col. A. W. Dwight, severe contusion of right thigh—not dangerous.
Sergeant David A. Munro, right leg, in calf, flesh wound, not dangerous.
Sergeant Webster Vosseller, in thigh, very severe.
Sergeant Isaac B. Merriam, arm fractured, not dangerous.
Benjamin F. Bingham, arm, not dangerous.
Leander Nelson, arm, slight.
Benjamin Sanders, breast, probably mortal.
Sergeant Albert S. Smith, leg, slight.
Albert S. Smith, left arm fractured—not dangerous.
Captain M. L. Marks, scalp wound—not dangerous.
First Lieut. Dudley G. Shirley, left arm fractured—not dangerous.
Lieut.-Col. A. W. Dwight, severe contusion of right thigh—not dangerous.
Sergeant Nathan Buck, flesh wound in thigh—not dangerous.
Corporal George Fisher, bullet through the nose—not dangerous.
Chas. H. Sidman, left arm fractured—not dangerous.
Daniel W. Smith, thigh—slight.
Charles Lathrop, arm, not bad.
Benjamin Sanders, breast, probably mortal.
Sergeant David A. Munro, right leg, in calf, flesh wound, not dangerous.
Sergeant Webster Vosseller, in thigh, very severe.
Sergeant Isaac B. Merriam, arm fractured, not dangerous.
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FROM THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND.
three or four to our one, and their loss was very heavy throughout.

The total loss of our army must be between 2,000 and 4,000, I think; but, though it is severe, we have gained a decisive victory and struck a vital blow into the internal rebellion, on the right road to peace.

Our wounded are being cared for, as far as and as well as possible.

Lieut.-Col. Dwight and Capt. Marks hope to be on duty again in a few days; the other officers and most of the men wounded, will go North very soon.

I need not say that we are jubilant over the result, while sad for those who have fallen. Gen. Early said, a few days ago, (so his men say,) that he wanted to fight the Sixth Corps in an open field. He has had his wish, and the "fighting Sixth" has sustained its old reputation. But all did well.

Yours truly,

D.

The Death of Lieut. Sims—Letter from Lieut.-Col. Dwight.

The following is the letter of Lieut.-Col. Dwight, of the 123d regiment, to Jacob Sims, Esq., of Belleisle, informing him of the death of his son, Lieut. John V. Sims, of that regiment:

U. S. Gen. Hospital, Winchester, Va., Sept. 23d, 1864.

Jacob Sims, Esq., Belleisle, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—You have no doubt heard the sad news of the death of your son, Lieut. John V. Sims. He was instantly killed on the morning of the 19th inst., while most gallantly doing his duty and engaging the enemy. A minute ball passed entirely through his head, from one side to the other; his effects have all been saved, and will be sent home whenever opportunity offers. I made an effort to send his body to Harper's Ferry and have it embalmed and sent home, but all conveyances were occupied with transportation of the wounded that it was impossible.

He was, however, buried and his grave marked in a spot where it can readily be found, when any who are prepared to take it, shall wish his disinterment.

Lieut. Sims was a most valuable officer, and his loss is severely felt in a military and personal view.

I know I cannot adequately express the severity of the calamity to you, but beg you to accept my deepest sympathies in your affliction, and believe me,

Truly yours,

A. W. Dwight,
Lieut.-Col. 123d N. Y. V.

Letter from the 122d.

Mr. P. L. Perine, of Baldwinsville, sends us the following extracts from a private letter received by him yesterday from Capt. Clapp. The vein in which it runs distinctly marks the feelings of our gallant soldiers when marching to victory. They rise in pride as the enemies of the Union flee. And well may the men of our own gallant 122d be proud of the part they have borne in this bloody conflict— their friends at home sympathize in their afflictions, and glory in their deeds of valor.

CAMP AT WOODSTOCK, Va., Sept. 23, 1864.

FRIEND PERINE:—We had a fight on the 19th at Winchester, and won a glorious victory. You have of course seen the particulars. Our regiment was engaged all day and did splendidly. We lost 43 including six killed, Lieut. Sims, was killed, Lieut. Clark and Shirley, severely, and Capt. Marks and Lieut. Col. Dwight, slightly wounded. On the 20th, we went to Stras-
the 122d very highly. The officers and men all did nobly.

Our cavalry pursued the fleeing foe all night, our infantry keeping as close to them as possible, the enemy blowing up their caissons along the road to keep them from falling into our hands.

We pursued them to Strasburg, where they have strong fortifications. We arrived in front of their fortified works at Strasburg about 2 o’clock the 20th. The troops were given time to rest through the night. On the 21st we attacked them again. There is a sharp skirmish right now going on. The 122d is on the skirmish line; some three or four of our boys wounded. 122d relieved in the night of 21st.

Sept. 22d.

Some heavy skirmish firing this morning, and severe cannonading on the right and left. Every one is confident we shall whip them here, if not capture their whole force.

I will now give you a list of the casualties of the 122d on the 19th, at or near Winchester:

**Killed.**
- First Lieut. John V. Simms, Co. H.
- George Loop, Co. A.
- John Geisel, Co. B.
- Charles L. Hiltz, Co. C.
- Morris Harrington, Co. H.
- William Hazel, Co. I.
- Corporal John H. Ostrander, Co. K.

**Wounded.**
- Lieut. Col. A. W. Dwight, severe contusion of right thigh—not dangerous.
- Sergeant Nathan Buck, flesh wound in thigh—not dangerous.
- Corporal George Fisher, bullet through the nose—not dangerous.
- John Twining, shoulder—severe.
- Edward Mehan, hand—slight.
- Stephen Rogers, slight.
- Captain M. L. Marks, scalp wound—not dangerous.
- Christ Henry, left arm fractured—not dangerous.
- First Lieut. Charles B. Clark, severe flesh wound in thigh—not dangerous.
- First Lieut. Dudley G. Shirley, left arm fractured—not dangerous.
- Charles G. Lathrop, arm—not bad.
- Phillip Vrooman, severe.
- Thomas Edds, shoulder—not dangerous.
- Corporal Christie A. Youngs, leg—slight.
- Corporal Philip Brate, head—not dangerous.
- Miles J. McDougall, shoulder—not dangerous.
- Corporal Asa Rich, leg—severe.
- Benjamin F. Bingham, arm—not dangerous.
- Charles S. Sitton, leg—not dangerous.
- Benjamin Sanders, breast—probably mortal.
- Sergeant David A. Munro, right leg, in calf, flesh wound—not dangerous.
- Sergeant Webster Vosseller, in thigh—very severe.

**From the One Hundred and Twenty-second.**

Camp near Front Royal, Va., Oct. 13, 1864.

Dear Standard,—I wrote you last from Harrisonburg. We left that place several days ago, on our way back to Strasburg, after accomplishing all that was necessary. The night before we reached Edenburg the enemy had burned the bridge that spanned the Shenandoah River at that place. While burning it the guerrilla chief, McColl, was wounded by one of our cavalry, and died while we were crossing the river the next day; so you see he got his just
deserts. The enemy intended to capture our train, but Gen. Custer was too smart by half—to be caught. He hid a trap for them, which they ran right into, and Custer captured eleven guns and five hundred prisoners—so much for Johnnies capture of our train.

On the 10th the Sixth Corps marched from Strasburg to this place, where we now lie encamped, watching what is called Brown's Gap, near Front Royal. It is said the 6th Corps will be stationed here. A part of the Corps are at work on the Rail Road; they expect soon to have it in running order from Washington to this point.

In regard to that scurrilous article in the Courier about Col. Dwight, I have to say there is not a word of truth in it. Col. Dwight never has been arrested for the abuse of whiskey, or power. All there was of the affair grew out of red-tape. Every petty officer of the Regular Army considers it his privilege to insult a Volunteer, and because Col. Dwight would not submit to be insulted by a little fog of a Lieutenant in the Regular Army, but acting Colonel of Volunteers, he was put under arrest. The day will soon come when you will know the whole truth in regard to it. Col. Dwight was not to blame in the matter—whiskey had nothing to do with it. The article was written by a miserable "dead beat," who was never in a fight, and one of those miserable Peace-at-any-Price Copperheads, who would sooner sell his birth-right, country and all, than have another battle. He is well known here, and goes by the name of "dead-beat."

As for the yarn about the soldiers being down on the Administration, it is false. The great majority of the soldiers are for "Old Abe."—The tickets came to the regiment the 9th, and you will see a goodly number sent home for "Old Abe."

We are having lots of good things to eat just now, for the boys forage every day. We have butter, honey, sweet potatoes, apples, peaches, pears, plums, mutton, fresh pork, turkey, chickens, geese, ducks, and all the goodies that we wish for.

I saw Capt. H. S. Ketchum on the 9th; he was a little unwell; also David King. They will both be right in a few days. The general health of the regiment is good.

Yours, for subjugation,
A. B. P.

Letter from the 122d Regiment.

CAMP NEAR MIDDLETOWN, VA., Oct. 15, 1864.

DEAR STANDARD:—The morning of the 15th we received orders to report to Alexandria as soon as possible, and take steamboat for City Point. At 6 o'clock we started and marched to within three miles of Ashby's Gap, where we received orders to report back to Newtown as soon as possible; so turned about, and here we are back, ready for Longstreet or any other General that Lee feels disposed to send against us. It is reported that Longstreet confronts us with 60,000 veterans. Let him come—we are ready for him—he will find it the hardest job that he ever undertook to get into Maryland or Pennsylvania.

The general health of the regiment is good.

I saw Capt. Ketchum and David King to-day; they are in good spirits and feeling well physically. Gov. Seymour is sending tickets to every officer he has commissioned, but I don't think very many of them will be used. There are no items with which our regiment is connected, since my last, of importance.

Yours, for subjugation.
A. B. P.

CITY ITEMS.

Monday Morning, Oct. 31, 1864.

FUNERAL OF MAJ. BROWER.—At two o'clock yesterday afternoon, the appointed hour for the funeral services of the late Major J. Mosher Brower, of the 122d Regiment, at St. James' Church, a large crowd had gathered there, only a portion of whom could gain admittance. The seats bordering on the centre aisle were kept clear for the bearers, relatives, and military, but the balance of the church was densely packed.

The funeral procession left the residence of Mr. Geo. Babcock, on West Washington street, promptly on time, and arrived at the church at about half-past 2, Gen. R. E. Lee playing an appropriate dirge on the organ. The military in line, under command of Maj. A. G. Cook, was the Union Guards, Capt. Bennett, McClellan Guards, Capt. Randall, the Countou Guards, Capt. Simons, and Davis Light Guard, Capt. Hamilton, as escort, and the Citizens' Corps, Lt. J. W. Sherman, as guard of honor. The Hearse, containing the remains, was appropriately adorned, and the coffin was covered with the National Flag. Following came the riderless horse led by a groomsman, and surrounding was the guard of honor. Then came in carriages the relatives, military officers, Mayor and Common Council, and citizens, making a large and imposing spectacle.

As for the yarn about the soldiers being down on the Administration, it is false. The great majority of the soldiers are for "Old Abe."—The tickets came to the regiment the 9th, and you will see a goodly number sent home for "Old Abe."

We are having lots of good things to eat just now, for the boys forage every day. We have butter, honey, sweet potatoes, apples, peaches, pears, plums, mutton, fresh pork, turkey, chickens, geese, ducks, and all the goodies that we wish for.

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