

The 123d.—A letter in the Salem Press, giving an account of the late battle at Fredericksburg, alludes as follows to the men of the 123d, and their gallant Col. A. L. McDougall, who has proved himself in all respects qualified for the position which he holds:

About 3 o'clock our regiment was ordered down a hill, near a piece of woods. As we were going down the rebels would come out in squads and fire on us and lodge back; we were ordered to lie down on the ground; the rebels kept working that way for half an hour, the balls going over and around us—at last about a regiment came out and began to fire into us. We were ordered up into line and exchanged a few shots with them. At that three brigades came out and began to fire into us. It was awful. The Lieut. Col. was then in command. Col. McDougall had got hurt by a mule kicking him. He was back a short distance sitting on his horse—his hand in a sling. As the Lieut. Col. fell, Col. McDougall jumped from his horse and took command. We had orders from Gen. Hobbet to hold our ground to the last as our artillery was coming to support us, the bullets came so thick and fast that we began to all back. Col. McDougall jumped upon a log and waving his sword shouted, "For God's sake, boys stand your ground! Don't let it be said the boys of Washington Co. ran," and we did stand our ground for one hour till we were ordered to fall back to the woods. Then our artillery opened on them, and theirs on us, and it was like one constant peal of thunder till night. We worked all night digging side pits.

PROVOST MARCHAL'S OFFICE,
ALEXANDRIA, Va., June 3th, 1863.

Editor Glen's Falls Messenger—Sir: I notice in your paper of the 29th ult. a paragraph notice of the wounding of Gen. F. Foster and Austin Hazelton of the 123d Regt. N. Y. Vols. in the late battle at Chancellorsville. If this Hazelton is the son of Charley Hazelton employed in Vermillion's Meat Market, I have to correct the statement, and I do so in the hope of relieving the minds of his friends at home, they have not heard from him. Hazelton was taken prisoner and paroled, and is now in the convalescent camp in the neighborhood. He was one of about 2000 that I took from the landing here to the camp, about three weeks ago. He was then quite well, as I saw him and conversed with him. By inserting this notice in your paper you will much oblige

Your Obedt. Servt.,
FREDK. J. CHITTY,
Capt. and Provost Marshal,
Alexandria, Va.

To the Friends of the 123d Regiment.

We presume the public generally have not as perfect an understanding of the changes made in the regulations of the 1st of July last as is desirable, and for the information of all concerned, publish the following from the Assistant Post Master General, in reply to an enquiry in relation to the proper charge to be made upon packages sent to soldiers through the mail:

P. O. Department, Appointment Office, }
Washington, Dec. 11, 1863. }

SIR: In answer to yours of the 10th inst., I have to say, that "articles of clothing or dress," are not mailable matter, and when sent in the mails are subject to letter rates of postage, viz: Three cents for each half ounce—to be prepaid by stamps. The same law applies to boots, tobacco, &c.

Respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

ALEX. W. RANDALL,

Assistant P. M. Gen.

Please publish in your county papers.
P. McGrawville, Washington County, N. Y.

We will here say that the postage on "letter rates" upon small packages, is less than express companies are charging—to our Regiment, the 123d.

H. O. WILEY, Capt. Co. K., 123d N. Y. Volunteers, has been appointed Provost Marshal of Bridgport, Alabama. We have received from him a copy of the oath of allegiance taken by one James [redacted] of Bridgport, Alabama, who, like the majority of the southern clergy, as we are informed, do not know how to write their own name.

LT. QUINN.—We regret to learn that Lt. Quinn, of Co. D, 123 Regt., was seriously wounded in a recent engagement. He had two inches of his jaw shot away, but his wound, we are happy to learn, is not considered dangerous. We also learn that a son of Mr. Rowen, of Argyle, a most excellent young man and a brave soldier, was shot through the body at the same time, the ball entering one side and passing out at the other. It is feared that he cannot recover.

COMPLIMENTARY.—A. H. Tanner, late Captain of Co. C., 123d N. Y. V., has been promoted to the position of Major, and to which he is worthily entitled by every qualification necessary to a good officer. At present he is acting Colonel of the Regiment. His friends hereabouts being desirous of giving him some tangible token of their regard, have purchased a fine dark bay horse, which is to be presented to him by J. W. Ingalls, on the field. Mr. Ingalls left Tuesday afternoon for Washington.—*Whitehall Chronicle.*

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AGAIN PROMOTED.—Major James C. Rogers, of this place, has been appointed Lieut. Col. of the 123d Regiment, in place of the lamented Norton, who fell at the battle of Fredericksburg. After the death of Norton, Mr. Rogers acted in his place, and distinguished himself by his bravery and heroism. Indeed, Washington county has reason to be proud of her representatives in the army of the Potomac, for one and all have proved themselves good soldiers, ready to face any danger with a calm and steady front.

Lieut.-Col. of the 123d Regiment.
We understand that Major James C. Rogers, (son of Hon. Chas. Rogers of Sandy Hill,) has been promoted to the Lieut. Colonelcy of the 123d Regiment, made vacant by the death of Lieut.-Col. Norton. He is spoken of as a young officer of fine promise, a worthy successor of the gallant and lamented Norton.

We are informed that David Rogers, a fighting Quaker, and George Osborn, privates in Co. K., 123d N. Y. V., from this town, have been awarded medals of honor for acts of heroism at the battle of Gettysburgh. In the second days' fight, as we are informed, the two above named, when the rebels had broken our line and was driving our men from the field, were the last to leave, and waived their hats to the retiring soldiers, and entreated them to return and wipe out the enemies of their country. But it was of no use, and they, too, had to leave.

FUNERAL OF LIEUT.-COL. NORTON.—The funeral of Lieut.-Col. Norton, of the 123d regiment, whose remains passed through this city, some days ago, took place at Greenwich, Washington county, on Monday last, and was very largely attended. The returned volunteers, preceded by the Fort Edward Band, Fire Companies from Salem, Schuylerville and Union villages, the Fraternity of Masons, the relatives of the deceased, members of the County War Committee, invited guests, Committee of Arrangements, and citizens, formed in procession and accompanied the body from the residence of the father of the deceased officer to the R. F. D. Church, and from thence to the grave. The exercises at the grave were conducted by the Masons in accordance with their ritual.

IN MEMORIAM.—At a meeting of the Officers of the One Hundred and Twenty-third Regiment New York Volunteers Infantry, held July 13th, 1861, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—
Whereas, in the Providence of God our commanding officer, Colonel A. S. McDougall, has been removed from us by death, from wounds received in action at Fairfax Springs, on the 31st day of May, 1861—as an expression of our respect and esteem for his memory,
Resolved, That we do solemnly deplore in his loss a warm friend, a genial companion, a trusty comrade, an ardent patriot, a brave soldier and skillful officer, an example to all the soldiers of his regiment. At the enjoyments of peaceful life, and the honors and profits of civil office and a just and honorable profession to endure the hardships and face the perils which confront the soldier in the field; and during the term of his service he met them all with a patient fortitude worthy of all praise, struck down in the midst of his career by the furies of war while leading his men against the enemy, he endured the blow with a cheerful and heroic resignation.
Resolved, That his memory will be cherished among us as one of the most deserving of that class of warriors who have already borne testimony with their lives to the heroic resolve of the soldiers of the American army, that our National existence shall be preserved, and that the blessings of free government and civil order shall be perpetuated throughout all our borders, at whatever cost of blood and treasure; We confidently believe that his example will inspire us with a fresh determination to do our noblest efforts in the discharge of our duties.
Resolved, That we tender to his wife and children and other kindred our warmest sympathies; they have a large and large claim upon their country's pity. They are aided to that multitude of widows and orphans whose prayers and daily conversation bear testimony that peace can never be established upon a secure foundation of blood and regicide upon the soil of our country.
Resolved, That these resolutions be read in the newspapers of this regiment and published in the newspapers of Washington county and in the Albany Evening Journal, and that a copy thereof be sent by the Chairman and Secretary to each of the widows of the deceased.
JAMES C. ROGERS, Lieut. Col., 123d N. Y. V., Pres.
S. W. C. CANTY, Adjutant, 123d N. Y. V., Pres.

COL. McDUGALL'S FUNERAL.—The funeral of the late Col. A. L. McDougall, of the One Hundred and Twenty-third regiment, took place at Salem, Washington county, on Saturday. It was very largely attended, and the procession to the grave was a mile and a half long. The pall-bearers consisted of the members of the bar of the county and the war committee. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Davis, of the Episcopal Church. The oration was delivered by Rev. Mr. Gordon, late Chaplain of the One Hundred and Twenty-third. Col. McDougall's loss occasions much sorrow among his neighbors and friends, and the public feeling was fully attested at the funeral.

FUNERAL OF COL. McDUGALL.—Col. A. L. McDougall, of the 123d N. Y. died of wounds received in battle, and was buried at Salem, Washington Co. on Saturday last.
Col. McDougall was a high-minded honorable and brave man, and it is painful to reflect that his career is closed. But he has laid down his life in the noblest cause for which man ever died—to save his country, and to preserve nationality and freedom.

PERSONAL.—Yesterday morning Dr. J. Chapman, Surgeon of the 123d New York Volunteers, was at Congress Hall. Dr. C. was formerly Assistant Surgeon of the 8th New York Cavalry. His regiment is now at Bridgeport, Alabama. Since leaving the 8th, he has passed through the battles of Chancellorville, Gettysburgh and Mission Ridge.

In a letter to Rev. H. Brown, from John L. Marshall, of Co. G, 123d regt N. Y. Vols. in speaking of the battle near Chancellorville house, the following statements are made concerning the Captain and Lieutenant of said Co. — "Capt. Gray has won high encomiums from all who saw him on that Sabbath day, as he was cool and steady, and not only did his duty and gave orders in his usual firm and decided manner, but with musket in hand, he called on those near him for cartridges and caps, and they laid a lot of them on the ground, and he did a power of good shooting. Then when the rebels came up to our breastworks on the right, he discharged his seven barrel revolver into their ranks with cool and deliberate aim, and then loading it again he gave them seven more. Then when ordered to go over the breastworks, he immediately sprang over, and with his usual steady nerve, he formed us in line, and had we been ordered on, he would have been the foremost head man instead of taking his place in the rear. Lieut. Hill too did not forget that a musket is a useful tool at such a time, and he likewise must have done the rebels a good deal of damage. These are the kind of officers to have, and when they call on Co. G. they will find they are ready to follow them."

For the Washington Co. People's Journal.
Attention Salem!

A citizen of Washington County, a noble and patriotic soldier, a brave and accomplished officer, and at the time, the commander of the Washington County Regiment, fell upon the bloody field of Chancellorville. His body was brought to this his native town for interment, and a committee of citizens who were chosen to superintend the obsequies, invited the members of Masonic Lodges and Fire Departments of this and other towns to attend and take part in the funeral pageant on the 18th of May. There was a large attendance of course; everything passed off decently and in order, and no intelligent person present would suppose that any one had just cause for com-

plaint at the manner in which the affair was conducted by the Committee. But some hungry mortal in the ranks of the Salem Fire Company, (a person whom the Union Village Firemen cannot believe to be what he pretends, a member of the Company at whose hands they received such courteous and gentlemanly treatment last Fourth of July); somebody who had doubtless for two or three days previous to the funeral been saving his appetite in anticipation of a Funeral Dinner! an individual ambitious for literary fame, or rather, burning for notoriety which he hoped to purchase cheaply at the expense of Union Village Firemen, seemed to think otherwise; and has accordingly, by a mighty effort, under the billious inspiration of a voracious and disappointed stomach, conceived an extremely witty series of sarcastic and ironical compliments leveled at Union Fire Company No. 1, of this Village, which after boiling and seething and foaming for about a week pent up within the narrow limits of the author's brain, at last found vent and came to light in the columns of the Salem Press one day last week. It appears from the article in question, that the writer thereof believed Fire Co. No 1. of Union Village to be so ignorant of the common rules of propriety and the ordinary usages of civilized society, so destitute of proper respect, or genuine sorrow for the lamented dead, and so utterly regardless of the feelings of his bereaved family and friends, as to be capable of endeavoring to convert the solemn occasion of the 18th of May into a sort of holiday, a time for feasting, revelry and mirth. It seems that he was insensible of the fact that he was attending a funeral, that the immense concourse of people who that day assembled in Union Village, came not on an excursion of pleasure, not to celebrate some glorious or pleasing event, not to make the day one of rejoicing and festivity, but to mourn

around the bier of a noble, patriotic, and distinguished officer who had recently fallen for the honor of our flag at the head of a regiment of Washington County men, a regiment of our own brothers and friends, an officer whom Salem should delight to honor no less than Greenwich. It seems that no intelligent friend ever informed him that a funeral is a serious affair; and that it is customary in this age of the world for the assembly to disperse quietly after the solemn rites of burial are performed and retire to their homes in sadness and silence. It affords me great pleasure to enlighten his benighted intellect with the information that he is at least three or four hundred years behind the times, that although during a portion of the darkest period of the Middle Ages it was the custom of some of the most barbarous Nations of the world to feast and revel over the bodies of the dead; the practice, like many other medieval absurdities and barbarities has become extinct under the enlightened civilization of the 19th century. The only thing of modern times that even approximates to it is a custom which travellers tell us is still somewhat prevalent among the bogs of "Swate Erin," called by the Irish peasantry "wake-ing the dead." Mr. Fireman was beyond doubt greatly disappointed in not enjoying his anticipated luxury of a good dinner, but he should find no fault with the "Boys of No. 1"; the fault was his, not theirs; he should not come to the "house of mourning" in the expectation that it would prove to be a "house of feasting."

It is sincerely hoped that some charitable person will provide Mr. Fireman with a sufficient quantity of wholesome food to fill his empty stomach, smooth his ruffled temper and repair his well-nigh exhausted energies that suffered so terribly under the fearful mental strain necessary to produce the requisite amount of sarcasm, irony and gas for his brilliant squib of last week.

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With this parting kick, I have the pleasure of wishing Mr. Fireman an affectionate farewell.

It is true that Fire Co. No. 1. of this place was very handsomely entertained last year by No. 1. of Salem, and they always have intended and still do intend at the earliest opportunity to testify in a way more substantial than with empty words their high appreciation of the courtesy and kindness extended to them on that occasion; but the Union Village Firemen are gentlemen; they believed their Salem friends to be gentlemen, and therefore did not insult them with an invitation to "eat, drink and be merry," at the funeral of Lieut. Col. Norton. E.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp 123d Regt. N. Y. S. Vols.,
Near Stafford Court House,
April 8th. 1863. }

Fellow Citizens of Granville—

The past two weeks has been an eventful period to the company raised in your midst, and probably a period of great anxiety to yourselves. Believing that a recital of the scenes we have passed through would be of interest to you and as it was impossible for me to address you all, personally, I have taken the liberty to speak to you through the medium most open to you all.

We started from this place on Monday morning the 27th ult., at 4 o'clock, and marched, without anything of importance occurring until Wednesday afternoon, when we arrived at the New Store Ford on the Rapidan River, there the 2d Mass, in advance of us, found about 100 rebs in rifle pits and took them prisoners, the sight of these put the men in high fighting spirits.

We found the Rapidan waist deep, and the current very rapid, and the men were ordered to wade it, which one brigade did, but when our regiment came up Col. McDougal—who is always looking out for the interest of his men—got permission for our regiment to throw a bridge across, and in about three hours we had a bridge which served for the whole army to cross on. So the 123d in a few hours rendered a service to the army that was invaluable.

We did not get our tents up that night

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until some time after dark, but we had
crossed over the river dry shod. Next
morning we started about 8 o'clock, and
about noon came to a place where the
enemy had a battery planted to shell our
column. Our regiment was ordered up.

to the woods to hold the place until the
train passed. We were shelled as we
advanced but no one was hurt. Part of
the regiment, among them 20 men of our
company, under Lieut. Brown, were sent
forward as skirmishers. The enemy
perceiving the movement withdrew. So
after remaining the appointed time we
marched on, overtook the army and camp-
ed on the battlefield of Sunday.

Friday morning we heard cannonad-
ing towards and a little above the U. S.
Ford, and we were ordered to move in
that direction. Our division making a
feint some ways above the Ford, draw-
ing the enemy's attention towards us,
while other troops moved on to the Ford
and took it. The enemy shelled us but
without damage. Our mission there be-
ing accomplished we returned to the old
field, when our regiment was sent out on
picket duty. This was about 4 o'clock
P. M.

Company "D" was sent out as skirm-
ishers, and they were soon engaged with
a like party sent out by the Greybacks.
The regiment was advanced to the brow
of the hill commanding a view of the
action, and Company "A" was sent out
to support Co. "I." Co.'s G and K be-
ing thrown a little in advance and to the
left of the regiment, the enemy having
been considerably re-enforced, the firing
became quite sharp. The rebs evident-
ly had the largest force, and besides were
concealed by the woods, whilst we were
in the open field.

Major Rogers went to Gen. Williams
for some artillery, but it was refused.—
Our situation now was quite perilous,
but we had no notion of giving up, and
were just forming to advance once more
when Lieut. Col. Norton fell dangerous-
ly wounded. This threw us into some
confusion, but it was only momentary.
We rallied again, but it was too late, the
enemy had brought on artillery and we
were compelled to retire across the field
into the woods, which we did in good
order.

I do not know what our loss was, in

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this engagement, but it was heavy, as it included Lieut. Col. Norton, and Sergt. Harrison of Co. A. Henry Welch of my company was slightly wounded in the hand. We reached the old ground again, where we lay about an hour. I was then detailed as officer of the picket, and between 10 and 11 at night I formed the Brigade Picket Line in front of the enemy. Lieut. Baker and myself remained on the line all night.

The next day, Saturday, we threw up breastworks along our front, and otherwise prepared for the impending conflict. All day there was more or less cannonading, and all sorts of rumors. That evening we advanced to flank the enemy, but our Generals did not seem to know the position of things, and our regiment came within an ace of being bagged in a body. We retired as hastily as possible to our old position, but on our way witnessed some of the most splendid cannonading it has ever been my fortune to witness.

We lay behind our breastworks about an hour, when our position was changed about a quarter of a mile to the right, where we worked the rest of the night building a new breastwork.

About four o'clock Sunday morning, May 3d, the ball opened in earnest, and for some three hours such cannonading and musketry I never heard before, and may I never again. A real battle field is something that cannot be described.—

Victor Hugo comes the nearest to it in his description of Waterloo in 'Les Miserables,' but I confess my poor pen unequal to the task.

It is confessed that our Division done the fighting that day, and no regiment fought better than ours. In fact, it may be said that the 1st Wis., 2d Mass., and the 123d New York, done the fighting that day. Perhaps I might add the 20th Conn. of our brigade. Thrice did we drive the enemy, and thrice were we driven back for want of support. There was no generalship displayed. If the operations had been conducted by Maj. Rogers of our regiment, we sho'd have held our position. Never was there a cooler, braver man, but his advice was overruled and we lost the field, and had to leave the noble fallen to the tender mercies of the enemy.

I will only give you the casualties in our company. Which, as near as I can get at them are as follows :

Edward Tanner, Killed. Horace E. Howard and Albert W. Doane, dangerously, but it is thought not fatally wounded. Samuel Wright, David J. Humphrey, Bazile Rognay, Fayette Wilbur, A. W. Cook and Jas A. Wright wounded and in the hospital doing well. John P. Williams, George H. Cowan and W. A. Tooley, missing. Lawrence Ostrander was wounded slightly in the head, but is with the company.

Our fighting was over as we were drawn from the field, but our hardships had just begun. We were kept marching and building breastworks all the time night and day, until Wednesday night, after a march of twenty-five miles through a drenching rain and mud ankle deep we arrived at the old starting point of ten days before.

What was accomplished by this movement I leave for history to tell. I need not add more. The simple recital of these events is enough. But, I cannot close without bearing my testimony to the gallant bravery, patient endurance, and noble bearing of the sons of Old Granville. Fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters and wives. You have reason to be proud of your relationship. The historian has yet to write a parallel to the cool determination of your friends on the field of battle. A soldier is tried as no other men are tried. Your husbands, sons and brothers have been tried in this severe ordeal and have not been found wanting.

Remember them often and tenderly, but proudly bear them in your inner hearts, for they are more precious than jewels. Whether our cause is successful or unsuccessful, they have shed their blood gallantly and nobly in its behalf.

Let their welfare be the incense of your prayers. And that I may be worthy of commanding such a company is my highest aspiration.

Very truly yours,
 H. O. WILEY, Captain,
 Co. K., 123d Regt. N. Y. S. Vols.

From the 123d Regiment.

Kelly's Ford, Va., Aug. 16, 1863.

Friend Crocker:— You doubtless long ere this have come to the conclusion that I had forgotten the promise made you to write you before leaving home, but this is not the case for I have often thought of it, but have never been situated before so that I could, for I assure you that the 123d has never let

the grass grow under their feet since they came out. When in camp we always have plenty of picket duty and drilling to attend to, and the remainder of the time we have been on the road on the field of some equally fatiguing place. This is the excuse I have to offer for not writing before.

You are well aware that we have just completed the severest campaign of the war, and I doubt if Napoleon's campaign before Moscow was much harder, and certainly McClellan's campaign before Richmond does not compare with it. But we are amply paid for all the hardships attending it by the glorious victory to our arms. I think "Johnny Reb" found a man who was in earnest when they found George G. Meade—at least, I think so. I further believe that when we meet the enemy again we will beat them or lose a good many men. All we ask is to meet them again on as fair a field as that at Gettysburg, and we will whip them so quick that they won't know whether they are in Pennsylvania or Virginia, and have ample time to tend to those "copperheads" before time to go into winter quarters. But I am afraid that we shall always have as good ground, neither can we expect it always, especially when we go on their soil.

I can hardly imagine what the campaign for next fall will be. It is talked that we are to have sixty or seventy thousand men from all the Western armies thrown across Tennessee by the Nashville railroad into Western Virginia on Gen. Lee's flank, while we make a slight noise in the front, (just to keep him from running over us,) which I think will serve to greatly actually blot out all of Robert's previous glory. This army once thoroughly rooted out, the rest will be forthcoming. I expect before long to hear of the fall of Charleston, and this morning the rumor is current that Fort Waggoner has fallen with a thousand prisoners.

There is nothing particularly exciting in camp just now, except the presence of the paymaster among us. Like an oasis in the barren desert, we now and then have a copy of your welcome paper to cheer us up, for I tell you it is a treat to us to read the home affairs. I earnestly hope there will be none of those copperhead demonstrations in our pretty little village. If they