

The drummer for thought of the long summer
 When he played with his comrades
 On the rebel's side.

The Captain, stern with the fight of the war,
 Matched bravely on—who would care if he died?

Hurray! they have captured the guns!—the rebels are
 flying!

Afar down the lines the old flag is unfurled!
 It brightens with joy the dim eyes of the dying,
 And back in confusion the rebels are hurled.

"Where are the supports?" the brave Colonel said,
 And backward he looked o'er the red battle field,
 A rush through the smoke—on, on, the rebels are led,
 Our men fight bravely, but, overpowered, they yield.

"Boys, have I not done my duty?" the dying Colonel said,
 "Far away my Mother lives, her hair is white as
 snow."

"Take her my flying words!"—the Colonel spoke and was
 dead,
 And they bore as his dying message—the fall, faceward
 to the foe!

Hudson, June 24th, 1863. CHARLES G. TAYLOR

Captain Arthur De Wint
 Killed at Fort Hudson in the attack on its fortifications, Capt. Arthur De Wint, of the 122nd New York Volunteers.

Capt. De Wint was the grandson of John Peter De Wint, one of the largest land owners in the Hudson and on the western side was a great grandson of John Adams. Filled with the enthusiasm for the maintenance of this great Republic and its free institutions which he inherited from his grandfather, he was interested in the cause of Anti-Slavery from its first beginning in Kansas, and when it was fairly inaugurated by the passage at Sumner, he was among the first to volunteer, entering the 14th Regiment, N. Y. S. V., Col. Thomas E. Davis, as Quartermaster, and serving in Reinzelman's Division of the Iron Bull Run. He joined soon after the Harris' Light Cavalry Co., Mansfield Davis, and after long exposure to the Virginia miasmas, he returned home to suffer for some time from the operation of low typhoid fever, which, however, he recovered. He succeeded in raising a company for the 122nd New York State Volunteers, of which he was made Captain, and left under Gen. Banks for New Orleans, where, after enduring under long inactivity, he was at last permitted to take part in the storming of the fortifications at Fort Hudson, where he fell fighting bravely at the head of his men.

Only a few weeks ago he wrote to a sister: "I shall take no other method to gain promotion but that which lies in the path of duty and bravery."

The Great Commander has indeed promoted him to higher and more immortal honors than this world can offer, and another honorable name is added to that long list of heroes and self-sacrificing souls who have found their eternal reward in perishing all for Freedom, Justice, and Humanity.

Capt. De Wint leaves a young wife and a little boy six years old.

FUNERAL OBSEQUES
 OF
COL. DAVID S. COWLES

In Memoriam.

Where waved thick ranks of gleaming steel,
 Like harvest ears when summer winds play,
 Where swept a host like a summer cloud,
 There, passed a soldier from battle away,
 It's shout the last sound of his falling ear,
 His last sigh left in its deadly blast,
 On the foe and the fray—his uniformed,
 On his gallant men his aying look cast,
 Breathing these words from his closing lips:
 "Tell my Mother I've not fought in vain,
 With face to my Country's foe I fell,
 A soldier I die—tell my Mother beloved!"

With drooping banner and dirge, O Earth,
 We give thee to-day, a sacred trust,
 That soldier's form, now mantled in death,
 That manhood true, now yel'd in the dust,
 Rest thee there, Soldier, Patriot, Friend,
 Green be the turf to thy honored grave,
 It needs no marble to tell us thy worth,
 No proud stone to mark where thy grave is,
 To thy hush'd presence our tribute we bring,
 These hopes, these tears, are but for a day,
 Yet memory a pure and fadeless wreath,
 On the altar of grateful hearts will lay.

The funeral of the lamented Colonel
DAVID S. COWLES, of the 122nd Regt
 ment, took place in this city yesterday after

noon, and was one of the largest and most imposing that has ever occurred in this city and vicinity. Every street through which the procession moved was so densely crowded with spectators that it was extremely difficult to find a passage. The escort to the carriages, made up of Citizens, Masons, Firemen and Military, was very imposing (the Military features were less conspicuous than those of the Masons, Firemen and Firemen) while the people who were looking on were to be numbered by thousands. The religious services were held in the Presbyterian Church and were conducted by Rev. Mr. Folger, Rev. Mr. S. B. Smith and Rev. Dr. Demarest. The object of this march furnishing some solemn and impressive music. The gallery was filled over flowing with people and the church was reserved for the Legal Fraternity, Citizens and Soldiers, from a broad Masonic Fraternity, Firemen, and Christian Cadets. Not one quarter of the immense crowd of people could get access to the church.

After the reading of the Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Folger and music by the choir, Hon. John H. Reynolds of Albany delivered the following:

As we are about to commit to the kindred dust, all that remains on earth of those we loved, we may pause a moment before the last scene is over, and reflect upon the life now before us in death, and on all occasions, when we are taking a final leave of the remains of those who, for a time, have been our companions in the journey of life, our thoughts instinctively turn to the irrevocable past, and memory is thus with mournful recollections of the friend who has departed. When, as on this day, we gather around the graves of those who have been very near and very dear to us, and whose life was beautiful and whose death heroic, who has, in his life, like himself, in the conditions of a complete character, there is a melancholy pleasure in recalling the incidents of such a life and such a death, and in doing honor to the memory of such a man. It is not often that the garments of the grave have in their keeping a form that, in life, illustrated so many manly virtues as this friend we mourn, who, from infancy to manhood followed with unflinching uprightness, his path of duty to himself, to his kindred, to his country, and his God. Struck down in early manhood on the field of battle, while bravely struggling to uphold the honor of his country, we have the sad duty to perform of placing the cypress wreath upon his grave when much more dear would have been the grateful office of crowning his living brow with laurels, and of bestowing upon living merit the just eulogy of praise.

Colonel DAVID SMITH COWLES, whose honored remains now lie before us, awaiting the last rites of sepulture, was born in Canaan, Connecticut, on the 26th of February, 1817, and at the time of his lamented death was in the 47th year of his age. His father was the reverend Pitkin Cowles, a clergyman of the Congregational church, and his mother, to whom his thoughts turned for the last time, amid the din of battle, was Fanny Smith Cowles, who still lingers among the

living, and is now a venerable man of 79 years. His maternal grandfather, Captain Ebenezer Smith, of New Marlboro, Massachusetts, served with great distinction in the army of the revolution, from the battle of Lexington until our liberties were achieved, and the Father of his country took final leave of his companions-in-arms at Newburg in 1783. The patriotic spirit which animated the ancestor was transmitted to his descendant; and, when an endangered country again demanded the services of her best and bravest sons, he laid aside the pursuits of peace and freely gave his life in her defence. Nurtured in infancy and childhood with the tenderest affection, instructed early in the great truths of a holy religion, his after life gave enduring evidence of his youthful training, and, while faithful to all the obligations that rested upon

him here, he was ever mindful of the life that was to come. He received his education at Yale College, and on leaving that institution in 1839 commenced the study of the law in the office of Powers & Day, in Catskill, and completed them in the office of his brother, Edward P. Cowles, in this city, in 1843, after which he commenced practice and continued it with marked distinction and success until he entered the military service of his country. During the period of his professional life he held for three years the office of District Attorney of the County of Columbia, and performed its duties as he performed every duty, with firmness and fidelity. In the summer of 1861 he felt it his duty to take up the profession of arms, and at once recruited from among the young men of the county of Columbia, whose confidence he enjoyed, several companies, to engage in the fearful struggle which has wickedly been forced upon our bleeding and unhappy country. In the exigencies of the public service the soldiers he had enlisted were consolidated with and formed the 91st Regiment of Volunteers, the command of which being given to another, he declined to share its fortunes in the field. After the disasters before Richmond, upon the call of the President for 300,000 men, under the auspices of a committee for the District composing the counties of Dutchess and Columbia, a regiment, filled with the flower of the youth of these two counties, was organized as the 128th Regiment of N. Y. Volunteers, and, by unanimous consent, Colonel Cowles was commissioned by the Governor as its commander; and upon none could this honor and responsibility have been more worthily bestowed.

The 30th day of August, 1862, will long be remembered by the citizens of the counties of Dutchess and Columbia. On that day were gathered in this city, the fathers, the mothers, the wives and the sisters of the gallant band who were about to commit themselves to the fortunes of war, under the leadership of their chosen Commander. There were gathered there of every age and condition, an earnest and patriotic throng - to witness the interesting ceremonies, by which two magnificent standards, upon whose silken folds, fair hands had emblazoned the stars of glory, were confided to the keeping of the young and brave who were to bear them aloft and the storm of battle. These splendid emblems of confidence and pride, were received by the manly heroes that then stood forth, as the fit representative of your noble sons who had left their bones and hearthstones to feel in deadly strife the enemies of their country and of mankind, and in their name, be promised, by the recollection of

the homes and firesides they were about to leave—by the memory of the mothers, who cherished their infancy—by the sires, whose manhood they desire to emulate—by the love and devotion which all brave men bear to their sweet hearts and wives—by their attachment to the institutions, which a heroic ancestry, have handed down for preservation—by the memory of the great names which people so gloriously the past history of our country—by that holy religion which which they had been taught—by all these, and by that great God whom all reverently worship, be promised for himself and comrades, that those stainless banners should never be returned in dishonor; and he told you, if it should be the destiny of some to fall, that you might with truth write upon the marble monument that should mark the last resting place of each, "He lived as mothers wish their sons to live, and died as fathers wished their sons to die." Bearing these precious symbols of patriotic confidence and affection, with the prayers and blessings of thousands of loving hearts, these gallant children of Dutchess and Columbia, on the 5th of September, 1862, left the city of Hudson for the theatre of actual war. They proceeded to the city of Baltimore—remained there several weeks, and early in December embarked for the city of New Orleans, with the expedition under Major-General Banks; where, or in its vicinity, they remained until the 21st of May, 1863. During this interval of time, by unflinching devotion to the efficiency and welfare of his command, Col. Cowles had brought it to that state of discipline and perfection, in military art, as to entitle it to the broad distinction of being pronounced by the Division Commander, the brave Gen. Sherman, as one of the best Regiments in that Military Department. In various expeditions into the interior of Louisiana, with other troops, although not encountering any considerable numbers of the enemy, their behavior was such as to command the confidence and admiration of their Commander-in-Chief, and placed them in the front rank of the brave men who there sustain the honor of our flag. On the 21st of May, Col. Cowles embarked with his command at New Orleans in the expedition for the reduction of Fort Hudson. Upon his arrival near the stronghold to be assailed, the confidence of his superior officers, in his military skill and ability, and in the men under his command, was shown in his having confided to him and his Regiment the important duty of reconnoitering the enemy's works, preparatory to the contemplated assault, which occurred on the 27th of May, where he fell, gallantly leading his men to heroic deeds.

We know but little of the details of the conflict on that bloody day, but enough to know that our gallant friend bore a conspicuous part in the strife, and dearly illustrated the heroism of a true soldier. His regiment had the post of honor and the post of danger. The orders of his Division and Brigade commanders, show the dangerous and desperate service he was expected to perform. In the early part of the action he was ordered by Gen. Dow to detail a captain and lieutenant and 50 reliable men, who were expected to carry a portion of the enemy's works by storm, and a little later he was directed to hold his whole command in readiness for an assault; at a later hour he was directed by Gen. Sherman to send portions of his men to the support of hard pressed batteries, and to quickly hurl the balance in the face of the foe; at half past 10 o'clock he received the last order from his superior in command giv-

ing directions as to the service of his guns and that on no account should he withdraw from the post of danger. These orders dated on the field and found upon his person, show that su

he was in the hottest of the fight and was counted upon for dangerous service; no one need doubt but they were obeyed. Gens. Sherman and Dow both having been disabled and carried from the field, it is believed that the command of the 1st Brigade devolved upon him, and that he assumed it with the certainty that that day would end his life. But duty and honor called, and he was prompt in his obedience. There was no time or inclination to calculate upon dangers to himself for the conflict was raging with untold activity. His comrades in arms were struggling hand to hand with the enemy and he was eager to share with them the fortunes of the day. Placing himself conspicuously in front and while with a clear voice—heard above the tumult—he was encouraging and leading his men to the assault, he was struck down and in an hour his intrepid spirit returned to God. Wounded and bleeding, he refused to be carried from the field, but amid the smoke and din of battle he divided the last hour of his life between words of command and encouragement to his struggling companions and messages of affection to loved ones at home. He was conscious that he had received a fatal wound, yet his great heart was in the battle until it ceased to beat.

A christian soldier, he fought and fell in a holy cause, and when life was fast ebbing, he thought of her who had nurtured him in infancy and said "Tell my mother I died with my face to the enemy." He then with eyes reverently turned towards Heaven, murmured "Christ Jesus receive my spirit." In a few seconds with an effort he opened his closing eyes and turning to the faithful Sergeant, in whose arms he lay, faintly whispered, "I have done my duty to the regiment as a man and a soldier," and thus sublimely closed the mortal career of David S. Cowles. It did not need this last message to his venerable mother to assure her that her noble boy had died loyal to honor and to duty, and that he fell with his face to the field and his feet to the foe.

This rapid and imperfect sketch of a model life and a heroic death is all that the limits of this solemn occasion will allow. Brief though it be, there is a mournful pleasure in dwelling for a moment upon the perfection of that character which finds illustration in these simple and affecting details. It was my privilege to have known him, whose early death has cast gloom over so many hearts. Intimately and well. For nearly twenty years he was my most intimate companion and friend. In the pursuits of professional life—in the hours of social enjoyment—in the association which binds men in the strongest ties of brotherhood, I have learned to respect his character and love the many nameless qualities that adorned his noble nature. In his professional life he was marked by every characteristic that distinguishes a true lawyer. Courteous and kind to all, he won the affection and commanded the respect of his brethren at the bar and upon the bench. Endowed with rare intellectual gifts, with a cultivated taste, quick judgment, correct legal learning, an exalted sense of justice and a just pride in the dignity of his profession, he was moving onward with steady steps to its highest honors. He was of modest deportment and without personal ambition. He was one of those gentle natures that shrink from public

observation, yet bear themselves in all the dignity of conscious power. He was a quiet, but devoted student, a serious and an earnest man. He was a close observer, and measured men and events with an accurate and cultivated judgment. He was genial and gentle in all his intercourse with his fellows, but firm and unyielding in his devotion to right principles and correct conduct. No temptations could seduce him from the path of rectitude or beguile him from the grave and serious contemplations that marked the manner of his life. With a heart sensitive to every generous impulse, and open to every right impression, he was a faithful and devoted friend. Take him in all and all he was the model of a christian gentleman.

If there was any one characteristic, which more than any other, marked his character, it was his enthusiastic love and devotion to his country. He was a diligent student of our revolutionary history, and had made himself familiar with every spot, which great events had commemorated, and particularly the fields where those of his ancestral blood had shared the dangers of the battle. He had a special reverence for the memory of the brave, who have died in their country's defence. In seeking military service, he was not actuated by military glory, but actuated by an abiding conviction of patriotic duty. No motive of personal ambition prompted him to encounter the privations and perils of a soldier's life; he was moved by purer, higher and higher impulses. With "God and the rights" graven upon the hilt of his sword, it was to be drawn only in a cause that had the approval of heaven, and the arm that wielded it was nerve'd by an undying devotion to the flag of our country, whose stars shall glitter and whose folds fly in triumph over the head of the brave.

Imbued with a fervent patriotism, the whole heart and soul of the heroic dead, was in the contest for the restoration of our national sovereignty. That he possessed in an eminent degree the qualities of a brave and successful soldier his brief but glorious career sufficiently demonstrates. By patient attention, he made his regiment a model of efficiency and discipline. Fearless by nature, his example made heroes of the soldiers, who idolized him. Cautious and accurate in his judgment, he commanded the confidence and respect of his superiors, *in rank*—he had no superiors in all the qualities of manhood. He died a soldier's death. His eyes closed on the first battle-field, under the folds of that flag he had sworn to protect with his life, and none will say that it may not be written upon the marble that shall mark the place of his repose. He lived as mothers wish their sons to live, and died as fathers wish their sons to die.

Thus in early manhood, a heroic spirit has gone to rest—another victim to unholly rebellion. We will preserve the memory of his virtues, and lament his early death. Let us strive to emulate the example of his stainless life, and if our country demands it, follow him to an honored grave rather than surrender to accursed traitors one foot of soil

consecrated by the blood of a glorious ancestor.

Of him, and of all, who have fallen or may fall, in the holy cause of our country, it will hereafter be truthfully said:

They fell to cover, but not to die;
Their very names shall give new vigour;
The waters murmur of their names,
The woods are peopled with their fame,
The silent hills lone fill with their names.

Chains that fall with their sacred clay,
Their spirits wrap the dusky mountains,
Their memory sparkles o'er the mountains,
The highest fall—the mightiest river,
Rolling along with their fame forever.

After singing by the Choir Rev. Wm. E. Leavitt then delivered the following

Address:

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places:
How are the mighty fallen!"

We have assembled to transact no formal ceremony. Our grief is honest. Our mourning is from the heart. We have left our homes and our employments from one impulse of sadness, and with the emblems and voices of mourning all around us, we have come in to this hallowed place, to pay the last tribute of respect to him whose remains lie enshrouded—as they should—beneath that sacred flag. Taking up the echoes of the grief uttered by ten thousand brave hearts that saw him fall amid the thunder and shock of battle, we have come to say in the words with which David began his lament for Jonathan and Saul: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places: How are the mighty fallen."

We have come to say, one to another, "He has died like a hero; bury him with loyal hands, at his own home, where he wished to lie; where familiar faces shall gather about his coffin; where those who loved and trusted him shall do the last honors to his memory; and where the winds that play around his grave, if they be chill and laden with winter snows, are yet full of the freedom which he loved, and to whose battle he consecrated his life." We have come as christian people, to tell our common grief to the God and Father of all, and to seek for christian consolation in the bereavement which falls not only upon the kindred of the deceased, but upon us all; and while we mourn that the fates of war should have cut down in his prime one so full of life and manliness—destroying so many precious hopes—we say to that Father, who in his wisdom and mercy appoints all our calamities, and determines the number of our days, and without whose providence even a parrow falleth not to the ground—"Thy will be done."

We mourn for him because he was one of our neighbors—our friends—whose many form and bearing we shall not look upon again; whose courteous words and sympathizing heart we shall miss. Not only the bereaved family, but our city also has given of that which was most precious to it as a sacrifice for the nation's life. We mourn for him as the leader of our sons and brothers, of our friends and kindred, to whose care we trusted them; under whose command we sent them forth; and with whom we had hoped to see them return proudly and bravely, as on the day of their departure when we thronged the streets, with tears and farewells and silent prayer for the blessings and protection of God. They still remain in the field, though with thinned ranks, covering themselves with honor; but he, the chosen and trusted leader, rides no longer at their head, and no longer cheers them onward in the fight. With them we mourn to-day. We mourn too, the nation's loss; for it is a time when the nation needs every brave and noble spirit—every true and earnest heart—and in this conflict of the age, when the question is being settled in the field of battle, whether freedom of slavery shall overspread the land, or whether slavery and order, intelligence and true religion shall be the nation's glory; and whether or whether oppression, barbarism, degradation, anarchy shall cover it with a night of horror and shame—whether

this flag, which is daily growing dearer to our hearts with the price we pay for its salvation, shall be buried forever in the grave of our beloved ones who have fallen as martyrs in its cause, or whether, sanctified and made more precious by their blood, it shall wave in triumph over a redeemed, purified, and united land;—in such a time; and when such questions are being decided, the nation knows not how to spare a spirit wise in counsel, chivalrous in courage, earnest in a patriotism founded upon principle, true and unflinching amid the death-showers of the battle, like that spirit which from these mortal remains has returned to the God who gave it.

And yet we sorrow not without consolation. The cause in which he fell throws a portion of its own sacredness around his death; and the sad memories are sweetened by the thought, "he died for his country." We do not, we cannot feel that a life thus laid down, however prematurely as it may seem, is lost; and we think how many a life of four-score years had not in all its weary length so much of true manhood and self-sacrifice; so much of noble being and doing as were concentrated in the few hours of that fatal day. Can we in our secret thoughts avoid finding a comfort in these sacred words: "Whosoever will lose his life shall save it?" And do we not feel that there clings to his last utterances the fragrance of a comfort and hope, which prepared him for the end of earth? Whence but from a soul calm and trustful amid those dying agonies, could come those words, breathed out with his expiring strength to the heart, which through all his life had been nearest and dearest to his own;—those words, which are enshrined in our memories, and which will live in history itself—
"Tell my mother that I died with my face to the enemy?" My friends, it is true—we all perhaps have marked it in the history of this war—that a consolation comes to the earnestly loyal and patriotic in their bereavements, which others know not of. God's own mercy brings a balm to the wounded heart, and enables it to trust in His holy keeping the beloved ones who have fallen in defence of the nation's life; and the sympathies of Jesus, who himself died for us all, are with the friends and kindred of those who die in a just and righteous cause. Here, then, to Jesus—to him who hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows—let us bring the burden that is so heavy upon our hearts. He will not leave us comfortless. He who from

the Cross spoke words of consolation to His own mother, tortured with the agonies of her dying son, will comfort the mother who mourns to-day. He will strengthen the faith of all the kindred of the deceased in the mercy of God, real and changeless, whatever clouds and darkness may hide it. The nation's cause shall be not less, but more sacred in our eyes for this fresh sacrifice it has cost us; for who can be base enough to come as a mourner here, and then go and plot or sympathize with the vile spirits that have robbed us of this precious life?

And now, with prayer to the God of all grace and consolation, that he will give the promised blessing to them that mourn, and that he will make us all more true, more brave, more earnest; following in the steps of him who has proved so well his truth and courage, and who feared not in his last moments to appeal to his faithful men:—"Have I not done my duty as a man and a soldier?"—let us bear all that was mortal of our brother to his final rest. And there—close by the

home to which his thoughts returned from that distant field of death—there, where no sound of battle disturbs the sacred stillness of the grave—there, with his noblest and most enduring monument, in our memories and grateful love—peaceful be his sleep.

After the exercises in the church were concluded, the procession was formed in the following order and marched to the Cemetery:

- ORDER OF PROCESSION.**
- Marshall—Cornelius Borman; and Aids: J. W. Hoysradt, P. Bogardus, Norman Crapser, Jas. M. Funderson.
 - Schrieber's Band.
 - Masonic Fraternity.
 - Clergy in Carriages.
 - Bearers.
 - Hearse.
 - Flanked by returned Soldiers of 14th Regiment, as Guard of Honor.
 - Colonel's body Servant, leading Horse, with Trappings.
 - Officers of 21st Regiment and others, in full uniform.
 - Civvick Cadets.
 - Carriages with Relatives and Friends.
 - Members of the Legal Profession.
 - Mayor and Common Council and Supreme Judges in carriages.
 - Strangers from abroad, in carriages.
 - Chatham Corner Band, E. Lee, leader.
 - Chief Engineer and Assistants, and the Fire Department, with bells.
 - Chief Engineer and Engine Co. No. 6, of Poughkeepsie.
 - Citizens in Carriages.

The ceremonies at the grave were conducted by the Masonic Order, of which the Colonel was a worthy and respected member. He was interred in the new plot of ground just appropriated by the Common Council as a burial place for all resident officers and soldiers who have or may hereafter die in the service of the United States during the present rebellion. It is a fine lot, 64 by 32 feet, at the southern extremity of Vault Avenue.

The head of the coffin bore the following inscription in raised letters:

Col. DAVID S. COWLES,
128th Regiment N. Y. S. Volunteers,
Died on the field of battle,
May 27, 1863.

The day was very universally observed, places of business generally closed in the afternoon, flags at half-mast, and several places draped in mourning. Among the buildings that attracted universal attention was the Daily Star office, and C. E. Butler's Jewelry store underneath, which was draped in mourning and decorated with the stars and stripes.

There were many incidents connected with the doings of the day which we have not space for in to-day's issue, or time to write out.

THE 128TH REGIMENT.—We have just received a letter from Surgeon Palmer J. Cole, of the 128th Regiment, too late for to-day's issue, which we shall publish in our next, giving a full list of the killed and wounded of this Regiment in the battle of the 27th of May last.

THE LATE COL. COWLES, 128TH N. Y. VOLUNTEERS.—The loss of this brave officer who was killed while leading his men against the Rebel works at Port Hudson, is mourned by all who knew him. Lieut. Col. Smith has issued an appropriate order relative to the death of the soldier, and a series of resolutions have been adopted by the officers of the regiment, one of which reads as follows:—

Resolved, That in the private character, and the professional and military career of Col. Cowles, we recognize all the virtues, the ability, and every element of a pure, tall, noble character, that the devotedness of his

entered into the Revolution as a soldier, and his death was repeated in his career, in a cause not less sacred; that as in life he exemplified the principles and energy which should animate the patriot soldier, so in the gallantry which distinguished his fall he taught us how to die. In death and life, without fear and without reproach.

Col. Cowles was a resident of the city of Hudson, New York.

Colonel David S. Cowles.

We perform this week, a most melancholy duty in announcing to our readers the death of Col. DAVID S. COWLES, of the 128th Regiment, New-York Volunteers. He was killed in the attack made by Gen. Banks' forces upon Port Hudson on the 27th of May 1863. He died gloriously in the discharge of his duty, in the conflict of battle and with his face to the foe. An account of the affair in as much detail as our present advices enable us to give, will be found in our columns. The enemy's works were attempted to be taken by storm—it was a hand to hand contest—and our lamented friend lost his life, pierced by a bayonet.

We would gladly give an extended notice of the life and career of Col. Cowles, but we have not the materials at hand for such a purpose. He was the son of a respected pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Canaan, Connecticut, and was born we believe, at that place.—He was about 45 years of age at the time of his death. He enjoyed, as most New England boys do, the advantages of a liberal education and we believe graduated or spent some time at Yale College. Some fifteen years ago—perhaps more, he came here to reside, pursuing the profession of the law with his brother E. P. Cowles, (now Ex-Judge Cowles, of New-York,) who had preceded him to this place. The brothers maintained a respectable position and lucrative practice here until some six or eight years since Judge Cowles removed to the city of New-York. His brother, (the late Colonel,) remained in this place and continued to reside in Hudson until his death. He was honorably distinguished and pecuniarily successful in the practice of the law. Possessed of a vigorous and discriminating mind, and of much energy of character, he found no difficulty in winning his way to a respectable place in his profession. Having a fine personal appearance, much dignity and at the same time amenity of manners, a noble and manly spirit, and much generosity of heart, he drew to himself many warm and attached friends, and the respect and confidence of the community. He was distinguished for personal integrity, for exalted honor, for manly courage, and for a high degree of cultivation of mind and heart. On the breaking out of this unhappy, but to us necessary war, he at once took high and manly ground on the side of his country. He entered into the feelings and questions involved in the contest with all the ardor of his nature and with the spirit of a true patriot. At an early stage of the war he took vigorous measures to raise a regiment in this county. He partially succeeded but failing to make up the full number necessary to complete a regiment, his men were consolidated with those of an Albany regiment and