

Camp Life.

CAMP FRANKLIN, near
Alexandria, Va., Nov., 1861.

To the Editor of the UTOIA DAILY OBSERVER:—

Few can realize the real character of camp life, until they have tried its stern realities—until they forsake their brick and wooden walls for those of cotton. At home, where men only hear the roar of the storm as its tones are muffled by the comfortable protections around them, and know of the rain only as it patters on the window panes, they can realize very little what it is to have the walls and roof of their dwelling shake, and quiver, and crack, like the report of musketry, and not only hear the cold blast without, but feel it creeping in at many openings it is quite impossible to close. At home, locks and bars keep away intruders, and we lie down and sleep in stillness and safety. In camp, our locks are made of rope, and no other means are needed to open our doors than to untie a knot. Here, wake at what hour you may, and you hear the dull tread of the sentry, or are startled by the sharp challenge which he gives to some luckless wight, whose necessities have called him abroad at an unseasonable hour. At home, the wakeful cock, or speaking bell from the neighboring steeple, tells you of the early dawn, and that the time has come to begin the duties of the rising day. Here, the sharp twang and roll of the martial drum start you into wakefulness, and make you feel the full reality of the strange and awful scenes which have been pressed upon the land by this most unnatural rebellion. At our fireside we hear only the peaceful hum of agriculture, or the arts, but here none of those things are seen or heard; their place is taken by the shrill tones of the fife, the stirring notes of the bugle, as its blasts reverberate among the hills, the almost constant roll of the drum, the firing of musketry, and the roar of cannon.—These, with the long ranks of martial men passing from point to point, the tread of horsemen, and the sharp, quick voice of those in command, are scenes all new and strange to our land of peace and thrifful enterprise. All these are scenes most intimately connected with camp life.

Every plain is covered with tents, nearly every eminence with fortifications, bristling with cannon. An evening or two since, we saw several regiments on their respective grounds, at what is styled "dress parade;" the day had been cloudy; just at this moment the sun looked brightly through a rift in the clouds, and threw a flood of brightness over the scene. Each regiment was formed in two lines, drawn with military precision; as the light fell upon their thousand glittering bayonets, they presented above their heads a line of the most spotless white; then, as they changed the position of the weapon to a charge, the line changed from above the dark mass of men to their front, the rays of the sun in the meantime glancing from each weapon, and quivering in the quarter of a circle formed in the movement, until it settled again into one long, bright line of spotless white, the whole forming one of the most fairy scenes on which the eye

could rest. One finds it hard to believe that such a scene, so much like the moving of the wing of that angel who is clothed in light, is really the solemn waving of the wing of the angel of death.

When leaving home, some of our friends said to us, "tell us of the camp, and how you live there." There is some difficulty in doing this. If our friends were at our elbow, asking us questions about what they were curious to know, then we could answer them; as it is, we will do the best we can to meet their wishes.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE CAMP.

Every camp should have a parade ground. This forms the front. Beginning with this and going backwards, you have the tents of the men, each company having their tents arranged in lines facing on a street where the Company forms preparatory to marching on to the parade ground and where they also meet for roll call, which occurs three times each day—at sunrise, at sunset and at eight in the evening. Next after the tents of the men, come those of the commissioned officers of the Companies. These face on a street which runs at right angles with the Company streets. In this broad aisle the men do their cooking, and have their company fires. Here they meet of evenings to smoke, and talk, and sing. Still back of these are the tents of the Colonel and staff. This is composed of the Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, Major, Adjutant, Quarter Master, Chaplain, and Surgeons, the tent of the Colonel forming the centre. The flag is at the edge of the parade ground, immediately in front of the Colonel's tent. In the rear of the whole may be found the Quarter Master, Commissary, and Sutler's departments.

PITCHING TENTS.

When the ground has been marked off, the men proceed to pitch their tents, which, when raised and spread, are fastened to their places by cords and stakes; then a shallow trench is usually dug around each, to carry away the water which may drip from the roof. The dirt from this trench is sometimes thrown into the middle of the tent to raise the ground, thus avoiding the collection of water under the cloth.—When this is done, the occupant gets some boards for a floor, if he can; if this cannot be, he uses the ground. He makes his bed by putting some stakes in the ground, on which he makes a platform, spreads it over with some boughs of evergreen or straw, rolls himself in his blanket and sleeps sweetly, dreaming it may be, of home and glory.

PREPARING FOOD.

The soldier generally cooks his rations in the open air. Then sitting in his tent, or under the shade of some neighboring tree, with his plate upon his lap, he enjoys with a soldier's zest, his frugal meal.

RETIRING AND RISING.

The signal for retiring is given by the drum, the ever present drum. And when the morning breaks, again the roll of the stirring drum shakes sleep from his drowsy eyelids, and calls him forth with his musket and his belt, to duty and to drill.

SENTRIES.

Each day the Colonel selects an officer, who is styled the officer of the day. He is known by his wearing his sash over his shoulder, the ordinary way of wearing it being around the waist. He has charge of

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The guard and the pounce of the camp. The guard is detailed for twenty-four hours, by the Adjutant, each sentry being changed once in two hours. The guard entirely surrounds the camp, so that no one can leave, or come on the ground without their permission. Then when you retire to rest, you may be assured that these men are encamped round about you, and that they will be faithful, for if found asleep on his post, the sentry may be shot, or such other penalty as the court-martial may inflict.

Such is the camp life of our noble soldiery. Near half a million of our fellow citizens are daily meeting these fatigues for the weal of our nation. Let the whole Church pray for them.

DEPARTURE OF A PART OF COL. CHRISTIAN'S REGIMENT.—After so long a season of rest and inactivity in the barracks here, a part of Col. CHRISTIAN'S Regiment has at length moved.—Perhaps inactivity is not exactly the term to use in connection with Col. CHRISTIAN and his men, for every available moment has been put to the best use in instruction and exercises, so that now the men are as well prepared and drilled, as if they had seen an equal period of actual warlike service. On the instant of the receipt of the President's Proclamation, Col. CHRISTIAN set to work to raise an effective regiment, and from that time to this he has worked under many disadvantages, but with an energy and perseverance which has not belied his previous reputation. Long since, he had men enough enrolled to be received as a regiment, but the military red-tapists at Albany insisted that his companies must be full before they would be received.

Finally receiving the welcome orders, Col. CHRISTIAN yesterday dispatched Co. A, Capt. COSSLEMAN, and Co. B, Capt. BLACKWELL, together numbering 156 men, to the rendezvous at Elmira, under charge of Maj. RICHARDSON. City Hall, which has for some time been used as a military camp, presented an animated appearance, previous to their departure. Men in gorgeous uniform, men in serviceable blouse; men with polished swords, and men with no side arms save plethoric carpet-bags; policemen, women, children and dogs, filled the spacious hall to its utmost capacity. A one-eyed guard was stationed at the door to prevent egress, but as considerable leniency was exercised towards people wishing to come in, in a short time the Hall had the appearance of a gigantic fly-trap—the effect of which was heightened by the smell of provender from the commissary department. Attempts were made to exercise the men in military evolutions, but as the tables were close at hand, and the tastes of the men run rather to beef-bones and coffee-bowls, they were of no particular avail. There was juu in the eye of every soldier, and joyousness beamed from the countenance of each at the prospect of moving, which had come at last.

At 2 o'clock, the companies marched out, and went down Genesee street, led by the City Band, and attended by a crowd but little inferior in point of numbers to those of former occasions.

Little boys shouted, "Bully for the Sepoys;" "There go the chaps who will fight;" the band played "Dixie's Land," as a delicate intimation that the brave men were bound for that delightful country, through Baltimore or any other opposing place in Secessiondom, and so they passed to the cars.

At the depot, former parting scenes were re-enacted, with the exception that more stoicism was displayed by the men than we have observed before. There were plenty of friends to bid them farewell, who were perhaps tearfully inclined, but the soldiers appeared to think a joyous departure would leave the least trace, and that the grief of mothers, sisters and sweethearts would be soonest assuaged by the thought that the objects of their affection were contented, hopeful and happy.

The troops left on the 2:40 train for Canandaigua; thence down to Elmira via Elmira, Canandaigua & Niagara Falls R.R. They appeared to be better satisfied with their destination than if they were going east. Elmira has not yet been tried by Utica troops—Albany has.

Among the volunteers of Co. B. was the well known patriotic business man, "STEVE DICK." He claims to have often visited Elmira "with a circus," but now he has sterner business than playing with "tumbler's"—let us hope he will strictly attend to it.

FOR ELMIRA ON SATURDAY.

—Two additional companies of Col. CHRISTIAN'S Regiment will leave for Elmira, we understand, at 11 o'clock Saturday morning.—These companies will be E, Capt. SMITH, and F, Capt. WETMORE. A few more men will be taken for these companies, if application is made before 12 o'clock to-day, at the headquarters in the Exchange Buildings.

Other two companies, it is expected, will leave for Elmira early next week, perhaps on Monday.

—The volunteers at the City Hall still need food. Let them have it abundantly, for no one will grudge them the best we can get for them.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.—ACCIDENTALLY SHOT DEAD. JAMES GODFREY, of Co. A, 26th Regiment, accidentally shot on Wednesday morning. One GODFREY MILLER had taken up a gun, not knowing it was loaded, and was showing how he would seize JEFF. DAVIS, pointing it at GODFREY. He pulled the trigger, the gun proved to be loaded, and the charge struck GODFREY in the breast. He lived about five hours afterwards. The deceased belonged we understand, on Frankfort Hill. His body will be brought home probably to-day.

—We find the following in the Buffalo papers: Wanted immediately, a few able-bodied men for the 26th Regiment N. Y. S. V., now in active service, (Wm. H. Christian Comma. der.) In addition to pay, rations, clothing, &c., \$100 bounty, and probably a land warrant, will be given at the expiration of the term of service. Apply corner of Commercial street and Terrace, to F. S. P. FURLEY, Lieut. 26th Regiment, Recruiting Officer.

We are requested to state that an office will

be opened in this city within a few days for the Twenty sixth Regiment, and only able-bodied men will be accepted. The above notice states the terms and conditions of enlistment. The term will be for three years or for the war.

Mr. E. LOUGHLIN, Butler of the 26th, is in town, and will leave on his return to the Regiment on Sunday night or Monday morning. He will take letters or small parcels for members of the Regiment if left at the Store of LEWIS Brothers & Co.

THE ORISKANY AND WATERTOWN VOLUNTEERS.

The joint Company of volunteers from Oriskany Falls and Waterville, which arrived in town last Friday night, is now complete, and Capt. PALMER went to Albany this morning at 12:05 to make arrangements for their removal to Elmira. The company, we understand, was full on the night of their arrival here, but the men were not all present at the City Hall during the inspection by Gen. Wm. T. Sherman. They have been quartered over Sunday at the City Hall, taking their meals at the Fifth Ward House. The men conducted themselves, yesterday, in a manner reflecting the highest credit upon the villages they represent. Those who did not attend the different churches in the City, spent their time at the Hall engaged in reading, &c. Drunkenness was not apparent, and a dignified, sober quiet was the order of the day with them. The company expect to receive marching orders from Capt. PALMER by telegraph, and hold themselves in readiness to move on the 2:40 P. M. train for the west. The following is a complete list of officers and men:

OFFICERS.

Captain, John H. Palmer	4th Sergeant, J. M. McLoughlin
Lieutenant, Henry J. Flint	1st Corporal, E. Barnham
Sergeant, John W. Kinney	2d " A. Thompson
" " Daniel N. Yale	3d " Thos. Cockett
2d " Chas. R. Holmes	4th " Geo. Hatchin
3d " Wm. P. Gifford	

PRIVATE.

Cesar M. Atwell	Richard Finn	Henry Smith
Wm. C. Avery	Patrick Farrell	Robert D. Spencer
Jabez F. Burrows	Julius M. Glazier	John Stanford
John Benjamin	Vernon Gordon	Harris L. Slocum
Oscar Bordick	John Garrey	Benjamin Stafford
Jerry Boss	Jas. Joslin	Everett Thompson
Peter Burdison	DeJay Judson	Casussey H. Young
Peter Bartin	Wm. Kent	R. J. Willard
John J. Benson	Geo. LaClare	Eugene Wood
Wm. W. Clark	John Lewis	Henry N. Webster
John Crow	Jas. H. Lobdell	Chas. P. Williams
Anson D. Cleveland	L. C. Buckingham	John Woodall
Horace Cowen	Alfred Mosier	John G. Ward
Hugh Collins	Jas. R. McAdams	Jas. C. Gray
Henry E. Clark	J. E. Montgomery	Owan Graham
James Cox	Chas. Mason	Isaac Goodwin
Michael Deltz	Lorenzo O. Morgan	Jabez Greenman
Stephen Duffy	Ray D. Morgan	Chas. D. Hoyt
Thos. Daley	Eugene Palmer	Gilbert Hammond
Geo. E. Davison	Wm. Frankett	Seymour Hayes
Wm. Dillon	Matson Park, Jr.	Alonzo Howe
Henry Deltz	Geo. W. Ritter	Michael Harrigan

FROM McDOWELL'S ARMY.

TWENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT

CAMP J. B. RICKETTS, BRIGADIER-GENERAL, BURLINGTON, N. Y.,

May 23, 1862.

To the Editor of the Burlington Herald:

BARBARITIES OF THE REBELS.

The following narrative we have from the lips of Mrs. J. B. Ricketts, wife of Brigadier-Gen. Ricketts, who fought at Bull Run, and who, in that battle, received three wounds; one in the arm, one in

shoulder, and a very serious one in the leg. Capt. Ricketts, now Gen., had planted his battery in a very safe and advantageous position, and was doing great execution, when he was ordered to move his guns forward to a point which he well saw was less advantageous and more dangerous. He remarked on the subject to the Aid who brought the order, and who was an experienced gunner, "But," said he, "it shall never be said that I refused to obey orders," and carried the guns forward to the place designated. Here, a murderous fire fell upon him, still he worked the guns. Presently word came to him that a shell had got choked in one of the guns, and could not be driven home, (firing a gun in such a state usually bursts it,) "But," said he, "the gun shall be fired," and going to it he fired it with his own hand. This was the last shell fired. The heroic officer fell covered with wounds. He had fought twenty-one regiments that day. Soon, a comrade saw him and exclaimed, "Capt. Ricketts, what can I do for you?" "Take my sword," said he, "cut it off, and carry it to my wife; I will never surrender it, tell her I died defending the flag of my country." He then supposed his wound was mortal. Soon after this a party of rebels came up; "Here," said they, "is a d—d Yankee, blow out his brains." The Capt. raised himself upon his elbow and said, "I am an officer, and claim the respect and attention due an officer." "Who have you there?" said a rebel officer, as he rode up.— "He says he is an officer," replied the men. The officer looked at him, "What, Ricketts, is that you?" They mutually recognized each other as old companions in arms, having served together in other years. He ordered the Captain taken in a blanket and carried to a place of safety. A party of men accordingly attempted to remove him. The firing still continued, and two or three bullets struck the blanket in which he was being carried, when the cowards dropped the wounded man and fled. Here was another season of anguish and burning thirst; when another party approached him with the exclamation, "Here is another d—d Yankee, blow out his brains." Mustering his little remaining strength, the brave man repeated, "I am an officer, and entitled to the treatment due an officer."—"Who is that," said a voice near by. "He says he is an officer," the men replied. The horseman rode forward and immediately recognized, in the wounded man, his former school fellow at West Point. "Is that you, Ricketts?" "It is, I have been twice threatened to be shot, I now appeal to you, and claim the attention and treatment which is due a wounded man, and an officer." "Your treatment, Ricketts, will depend on the treatment received by our brave privateers," was the brutal reply. That officer was Gen. Beauregard. We once respected that name; we shall never do so again; it would be a crime. When brave men fall, they are entitled to the treatment accorded by all civilized nations to brave men. Such a threat, at such a time, could emanate only from a callous and inhuman brute. Capt. Ricketts was then placed in a wagon, with a man who had been wounded in the head, the brains were oozing from his skull, and he, in his senseless ravings, and death agony, was throwing himself from one end of the vehicle to the other, every moment endangering the wounded officer, and adding alarmingly to his discomfort, when the horses took fright and became unmanageable; overset the wagon, throwing the wounded men on the ground, the man wounded in the head falling upon the suffering Captain. Then he thought he must die; he became insensible; but by some agency he was conveyed to a neighboring house, where he lay in the hall, on the bare floor, during the night, his wounds being uncared for during the time. In the morning he was recognized by one of our officers who was a prisoner. Col. Wilcox, who was also wounded and prisoner, insisted on his being brought to the room where he was, and kindly gave up the stretcher on which he lay for comfort of the wounded captain. Six wounded men occupied this small room.

Capt. Ricketts's sword was given to his wife in Washington. The utterance of the messenger was choked with emotion when he presented it and the words of her husband.

She now determined to visit, and minister to his wants during his imprisonment and his sufferings. But how was this to be done? She could find no one willing to trust a conveyance beyond the lines, nor could she find any man willing to accompany her. At last, however, a carriage was procured with the understanding, if it was returned, well; if not, she was to pay for it. This difficulty overcome, the next thing was to find a driver. This difficulty too, was met in a man who wished to cross to the rebel lines. Placing a scanty wardrobe in a hand-box, with a few bottles of spirits, some jellies and a few other trifling delicacies, such as she knew would be serviceable to the wounded, and with a piece of white cambric attached to a stick which she nailed to the carriage, and a pass to carry her beyond our lines, she set forth on her mournful errand.

A woman, alone and unprotected, throwing herself into the midst of an infuriated enemy, whose very tender mercies proved to be cruel. What her feelings could be we have not been able to imagine, only that they must have been like those of good angels, who go on errands to the friends of God.— She passed our lines and wended her way sadly towards those of the enemy. Soon she met a company of soldiers, who came rushing around her carriage, cursing and hallooing like a drove of fiends: "Shoot her; she is a d— Yankee; shoot her," were the expressions which met her ears, and every gun was leveled at her. She calmly inquired for the officer who commanded them. They said they had no officer there; at length a corporal came up, who pacified the men, and told her there was a company of cavalry still further along, where she would find an officer, and allowed her to pass. On proceeding a little further on the road, she met a company of cavalry, who came rushing down from the hills hallooing "The Yankees are coming!"—"The Yankees are coming,"—surrounded the carriage, cocked their pistols, and cried, "Shoot her—shoot her," "She is a d— Yankee—shoot her." "I am not afraid of you," she lied; "I know soldiers, and none but cowards would shoot a woman." A lieutenant now came up, and after pacifying the men, asked her where she was going? She told him she wished to go forward. "That," said he, "is impossible." "I must go forward." "You cannot,"—

"Where is your commanding officer?" "He is forward some distance." "Will you take him a note?" Consenting to do this, she wrote a brief note in pencil, which the officer carried to his superior, who proved to be an acquaintance of hers, and she was permitted to pass on. Arriving at his quarters, she was coolly told she could proceed no further. "But I must." "You cannot." "I must go on." "It is impossible." "I must," said the heroic woman.— "Well," said the officer, "then you must give us your word of honor that you will not in any way give information or perform any act to the detriment of the Southern Confederacy." "I cannot do it, but I will consider myself your prisoner." Said an officer standing by, "You had better let her go. I know Mrs. Ricketts to be a lady of determination, and when she undertakes a thing she will do it."— They were joined by another officer of superior rank; the matter was stated to him. After hesitation and deliberation he said, "I will fix it." He accordingly wrote a parole like the one stated above, handing it to her, and requesting her to sign it. Looking first at the paper, then at him, she burst out with a loud laugh, and deliberately tore it in pieces.— This man (I will not call him a gentleman) at last consented to send her, under the direction of an officer, as a prisoner to Gen. Johnston. It was now in the evening. She arrived at Gen. Johnston's headquarters near ten o'clock. The General had been the guest of Mrs. Ricketts, and was accounted a friend, in other days. Many officers were present whom she knew; but her reception was cold and formal. There was no recognition of former friendship—no sympathy for a lone woman on the noblest errand known to earth, in such an hour. Here she found lodging for the night. The following morning, before leaving, she informed the General that the horses were her private property, stating at the same time that if she could not have the use of them, she

would like the avails of their sale. He asked her the matter would be determined upon in two or three days. The same morning, while talking with Mr. Rbett, she made the same remark. He replied, "Certainly, Madam; the General would never think of taking your carriage." "I rely on the word of a gentleman," was the reply. She had now arrived at the hospital which contained her suffering husband. As the orderly preceded her up the steps which led to the dwelling, he carelessly kicked an amputated arm aside, which had been thrown from the door to that place. Upon looking down, she saw a pile of legs and arms which had been severed from the bodies of their owners, and lay in a disgusting heap under the window. In a room off from the hall she entered, was a table on which a man was stretched—bound with cords ready for amputation. The floor was literally flowing with blood and covered with several limbs. She passed up stairs; and as she entered the door Col. Wilcox exclaimed, "Good God! Mrs. Ricketts, is that you?" She passed to the side of the stretcher where her husband lay insensible, and threw herself upon the floor beside him, exercised only by such emotions as only such a wife could feel. The physician told her that calmness, on her part, was indispensable to the safety of her husband; that she had better be composed and walk around the room that he might become accustomed to her presence. Here she remained, in a small room with six wounded men, for two weeks or more—having only the floor for a bed and a small valve for a pillow. The atmosphere, she states, was of the most offensive, and often of an almost unendurable character, occasioned by the stench arising from the uncared for wounds of the prisoners. The surgeons, she says, treated the men in the most inhuman and barbarous manner. Instead of trying to heal wounds, they were bent on amputation, which in almost every case proved fatal. Three times they determined to take off her husband's limb, which she was often prevented. Often in the night she could not sleep on account of the groans of the sufferers, and their piteous calls for water. A body had been thrown into the well on the premises, so the water was spoiled. They could only obtain water by going half a mile, and then the only vessel they had to bring it in was a small tin pail, such as laborers use to carry their meals. In a room adjoining that occupied by her husband, she found men who had been shot through the lungs, propped up in a sitting posture, and there left to die without care. One morning she went in, and found a poor man lying on a blanket, just breathing—his tongue protruding from his mouth, black with fever. She pressed her little pail to his lips, but he could not swallow.—She then took her handkerchief from her pocket, and after dipping it in the water, squeezed the cooling drops into his mouth; but he was too far gone; he could not swallow. She wiped his brow,—and he was dead. His spirit went away on the wings of the Angel of Kindness, which soothed him in his last moments.

A fellow sufferer turned his eyes toward her as she rose and uttered a "God bless you." A man sixty years old who had been a sailor and belonged to a Brooklyn regiment, who fell, overcome by the heat; no bullet had touched him, yet this man had seven bayonet wounds. Day after day she entreated the Surgeon to look after him, yet he received no attention. At last with her much importunity she prevailed upon him to go in and look at him, saying he was being eaten up alive. This humane Surgeon came back. "Well," said he, "you are right, he is being eaten up alive, I will send a nigger to scrape him." And he did. He came in laughing afterwards and said the "nigger had got a gallon of larvae out of his wounds." Incredible as it may appear, she asserts, she has seen the blankets which covered them actually rise and fall from the movements of the larvae which bred in their wounds and covered their persons. The poor fellows not unfrequently took them from their flesh by handfuls. In rear of the house was a barn where many of the wounded lay in the broiling sun. She says she counted at one time some twenty-one hogs among the men, and one was surrounded by seven of the brutes rooting over his hardly lifeless body. One Surgeon, the principal one I understood, was heard to remark that he would

as easy to cut the d— Yankee's hearts as it was to cut off their legs. On another occasion he was heard to remark respecting a patient, that he did not wish to be greedy, that the patient would die anyway, and that he would allow a young and inexperienced Surgeon to operate on him. Some of the wounded prisoners were entirely naked, were left so for weeks, and were conveyed in this plight to Richmond. Is it a wonder our brave men died under such treatment?

Many more details equally cruel and revolting might be given, but we have not the time or the space to write them.

MANASSAS TO RICHMOND.

After having spent two weeks amid these revolting and painful scenes, Mrs. Ricketts, in company with her husband and other prisoners, were to be transferred to Richmond. The journey should have been performed in two hours, but it consumed two days. All were stowed like cattle into two box cars, and thus jolted under a broiling sun, and through a suffocating air, for two tedious days, without food on to their future prison-house. No tongue can describe the suffering of that journey. One young man, we think she said he was from Rhode Island, the son of a clergyman, had had a leg amputated, the wound had begun to heal, but in his weak state the heat nearly killed him of itself, but the jolting of the car loosened the bandages, and caused the growing and tender flesh to cleave off, which opened the wound afresh; it was too much for his constitution; he began to sink; he said the journey had killed him. The conductor came in and told Mrs. Ricketts he thought he would die, nothing could be done for him. He did die. Mrs. Ricketts asked if they would not stop and bury him, as they were moving slow, and seemed in no hurry. She received for reply that they would throw him out, and presently, as the cars were moving slow, she saw the body thrown into the ditch, and the cars moved on. "Will any one bury that body?" she asked of the conductor. "I suppose some nigger will come along and bury him," was the coarse unfeeling reply. Mrs. Ricketts purchased from her own purse chickens and any other delicacy which she could, to distribute among these poor sufferers. But she did not escape many great personal annoyances. Where ever the cars stopped she was the object of great curiosities. Men gathered around in great numbers, using the most vile and taunting language; women, even, took great pains to taunt and insult her. When they were unable to attract her attention without, for she endeavored to appear indifferent to their vile manners, they would come into the cars and pull her dress, to induce the "Yankee woman" to talk. This was carried to such an extent that she appealed to those in charge for protection, but in vain. She had to rely on what little protection could be afforded by our own officers, which under the circumstances could not be much. Such are a few of the incidents in the history of this true heroic woman. We have told them only too imperfectly. To realize their full force they should be heard from her own lips. Let those people at home who are so incredulous about southern barbarities listen to her narrative of these facts, and then disbelieve if they can, all that is told of the barbarous enormities of those depraved, deluded, and dastardly men. Fiends could do no worse. When the history of this rebellion shall be written, her actions in these circumstances will form one bright illustration of the goodness of heart has not wholly passed from this earth, and the name of "Fanny" Ricketts will be enrolled as that of a heroine among the heroes of the war for the constitution.

There are some other incidents which on account of the length of this article we have not mentioned, but to which we may allude at some future time.— Our men are more and more pleased with their General, they have the greatest confidence in him, and will dare to follow cheerfully wherever he may lead.

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Ho! for the Army.—Col. R. H. RICHARDSON, late of the 26th regiment, has received an authorization from Adj. Gen. SPRAGUE, and a commission as Captain to raise a company of men, which will be one of the one hundred companies authorized by the War Department. Here is a grand opportunity for our young men who wish to go into the service, particularly as they can by joining Capt. RICHARDSON'S company, be with those with whom they are acquainted. Association with those we know while enduring the perils of the battle field is much pleasanter for all concerned than to go out with perfect strangers. Capt. RICHARDSON has trod the war path and is posted as to everything necessary for the comfort of the soldier. He expects his tent to-day, which will be pitched in Bagg's square. An office is already opened in the Sixth ward, under the auspices of the ward committee, and recruits are flowing in, to get the \$100 ward bounty in addition to the county bounty and all other bounties. It is unnecessary to say that the Captain pays the highest bounties. Hurry up and rally around his standard. Now is the day and now is the hour. Ho! for the army.

—Capt. E. R. P. SHREVEY, formerly of the 26th regiment, is recruiting in Chicago for the 8th Regiment, Veteran Reserve corps, in which organization he now holds a commission. 1864

CARE OF THE WOUNDED.—Dr. WALTER B. COVENTRY, late Surgeon of the 26th Regiment, received a telegram yesterday, calling him to Washington to aid in the care of the wounded soldiers. He started immediately. We understand that M. M. JONES and wife, and Miss Kir leave for Washington to-day.

LABORS AT ELIZABETH.—The Florida Press of Saturday says: "The General Government, alive to the exigencies of our situation, sent up a special Agent, who arrived here yesterday in the person of Col. Christian, formerly of the 26th N. Y. Regt., to examine into the actual facts in the case, which has resulted in the ordering of the immediate reconstruction of additional quarters at Barracks No. 3, to accommodate four thousand more men. The buildings will probably be put up at this end of the present field occupied by Barracks No. 3. The large and spacious hall over Tapett's Livery Stable has also been taken by the Government for immediate occupation. Carpenters were busy yesterday in erecting the necessary fixtures, bunks, &c., for the volunteers to be housed there. We have already near seven thousand men here. It now looks as if provisions were making for at least ten thousand as the average number to be quartered here for the present."

FUNERAL OF WILLIAM TOLLES.—The funeral of Mr. Wm. Tolles, who died at Port Richmond, Staten Island, on the 13th inst., was attended on Sunday last by the Fire Department and an escort from the Invalid Corps. Mr. Tolles had served two years in the 26th New York Infantry, and had re-enlisted in the 14th N. Y. Heavy Battery.

Losses in the Twenty-sixth.—JOHN FITZGERALD, Co. F., Capt. WETMORE, and BENJ. SMITH, Co. C., Capt. SIMLER, 26th regiment, are reported among the wounded at the battle of Cedar Mountain. The Twenty-sixth is now in Tower's brigade, RICKETTS' division, McDOWELL's corps. RICKETTS' division is in McDOWELL's advance, and was started Saturday morning to reinforce BANKS, but arrived after the battle was over. When BANKS' shattered regiments fell back, RICKETTS' division was sent to the front, where they lay on their arms for the night. Some of the teamsters incautiously lighted fires, enabling the rebels to discover our position, a discovery which they made use of by pitching shells into our ranks. Several casualties occurred among them, doubtless the wounds of FITZGERALD and SMITH, for although Tower's brigade was sent out on Sunday morning to check a supposed flank movement of the rebels, no fighting came of it. FITZGERALD is an old British soldier, and served in the Crimea. SMITH is from this city, and is a brother of DAVID SMITH, formerly Adjutant of the Twenty-sixth. Both the wounded men are in hospital at Alexandria.

THOMAS H. BAKER SHOT FOR DESERTION.—THOMAS H. BAKER, of the 26th regiment—the same desperate fellow who shot TABOR at Oriskany and was the indirect cause of the McLaughlin stories and excitement—has finally met his deserts, as appears by the following from the Newbern, (N. C.) Times of Aug. 16th:

The first military enforcement of death in this district occurred on Saturday last. The penalty of death was inflicted on the person of private Thomas H. Baker, of Co. F, 26th New York volunteers. His offense consisted of desertion from his regiment at Manassas, Va., June 18, 1862, and he was apprehended at Newbern, March 25, 1864. It appears he had deserted six times, and attempted the life of the soldiers who arrested him on the fifth desertion. On Saturday morning the troops from the defenses on the south side of the Trent, at reveille, collected together at Green Spring, forming the three sides of a square; on the fourth side the grave for the reception of the criminal's body was excavated, the coffin placed alongside, on which the criminal sat astride. Directly in front of him was placed the firing party, about twenty feet distant. Maj. Lawson, Chief Provost Marshal, then read the charges, trial, sentence and order for his execution, after which Rev. J. Emory Rounds read some Scripture to him, prayed, and took leave of the doomed traitor to his country's flag. Maj. Lawson bade him farewell, after which Baker's eyes were bandaged by the sergeant of the guard, the deadly volley fired, and the spirit of Baker was ushered into eternity. He died instantly, receiving the whole volley in his breast, and fell backward without any severe struggles. Baker met his fate courageously, expressing his penitence to his spiritual adviser, and acknowledging the justness and severity of his sentence. On his way to the scene of execution, he expressed himself as not being without hope, and that the chaplain's labor had not been in vain. He was 22 years old, and belonged to Utica, New York.

End of Baker the Deserter.—The notorious THOMAS H. BAKER, who has occupied so much space in the police annals of this county, has paid the penalty of his numerous crimes by being shot as a deserter from the 26th regiment N. Y. V., at Newbern, N. C. His shooting of officer TABOR, at Oriskany, in January last, his escape, and the great excitement caused thereby will be well remembered. We find the following account of the execution of BAKER in the Newbern Times of Aug. 16th:

The first military enforcement of death in this district occurred on Saturday last. The penalty of death was inflicted on the person of private Thomas H. Baker, of company F, 26th New York volunteers. His offense consisted of desertion from his regiment at Manassas, Va., June 19, 1862, and he was apprehended at Newbern March 25, 1864. It appears that Baker had deserted six times, and attempted the life of the soldiers who arrested him on the fifth desertion.

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The Hamilton

CITY AND COUNTY

JOB PRINTING.—In order to meet the demand for the neat and prompt execution of all varieties of BOOK AND JOB PRINTING one of

Hoe's Improved Job Presses has just been introduced into the press room of the UTICA MORNING HERALD Office. Additions of new type have also just been made, and the establishment better prepared than ever before to do every variety of LETTER PRESS PRINTING in the best manner and at the lowest prices.

MEETING OF THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE.—There was a better representation of members at the adjourned meeting of the Reception Committee Saturday evening than on Wednesday evening. President HUBBELL was in the Chair, and L. H. BANCOCK was appointed Secretary *pro tem*. Mr. BANCOCK, from the Committee to ascertain the cost of printing a memorial book of the 14th and 26th regiments, made his report. He and Mr. BARNARD had made careful inquiries, and had ascertained that the cost of 3,000 copies—the number that it had been thought proper to publish at the previous meeting—would be \$500. After a pretty general exchange of views relative to the disposition of the surplus funds in the hands of the Treasurer,

Mr. BANCROCK offered the following resolutions :

Resolved, That a sum not exceeding \$500 be, and the same hereby is, appropriated out of the surplus funds in the hands of the Treasurer of this Committee, for the purpose of publishing a book containing a history of the 14th and 26th regiments, and an account of their reception in this city, and such other facts with reference to these regiments as the Committee appointed to prepare the same may deem proper; and that 3,000 copies be published, and such number thereof as may be necessary be given without charge, to the surviving members of the regiments and to the families of such as are dead, as far as practicable; and that the remaining copies be sold at fifty cents each, and the funds thus realized from the sales be paid over to the Treasurer of this Committee as the nucleus of a fund for a monument to be hereafter erected for all the regiments from Oneida county.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the Chair to prepare such book and to carry out this resolution.

Amendments were offered to the resolution by Messrs. GREENMAN and VAN NISS, which were lost, and finally they were unanimously carried. In accordance therewith, President HONNELL appointed I. H. BANCROCK, J. D. REID and H. W. CHASE as the Committee to prepare the book and carry out the intention of the resolutions.

It was the opinion of the Committee—and we fully concur with them—that not more than 2,000 of the 3,000 copies of the memorial would be distributed among the soldiers and their families, and that the remaining 1,000 copies would be readily sold at the proposed price of 50 cents per copy, thus paying the entire expense and leaving the original surplus in the hands of the Committee to apply as a nucleus for the monument. All present, we think, were at length satisfied that the course adopted with the money was the proper one. As a record of gallant deeds, and an important part of the history of the city and county, as well as the war, and the country, the memorial book will be a treasure to those of our citizens who obtain it, and we think there are few among us who would be willing to have it remain unpublished, or who will not make haste to secure a copy when it appears. What we fear is, that the 1,000 copies to be sold will not half supply the demand. A gentleman present at the meeting last evening announced himself a subscriber for six copies, and we suspect a good many of our citizens will want from two to six each. We would therefore suggest the propriety of persons who desire to secure the book sending in their names to the Committee beforehand, in order that more than the 3,000 copies may be struck off if the demand should be found to exceed that number.

J. D. REID, from the Committee on Decorations, reported that he had sold the arches for \$40 to the State Fair Committee, and that of this amount he had paid out for the poles that had been used some \$18, leaving about \$22 in his hands unexpended. About this time the Committeemen present were profuse in compliments which concerned the Committee on Decorations, and especially their Chairman, Mr. REID.

It was moved and carried that the Treasurer of the Reception Committee publish in the city papers the amounts received by him from each town in the county and each ward in Utica, together with the gross amount expended.

Adjourned to meet at the call of the Chairman.