Hatcher's Run No. 1, Hatcher's Run No. 2, bottom, Weldon Railroad, Reams' Station, No. 1, Coal Harbor No. 2, Petersburg, Deepmond, Suffolk, Tolopatonmoy, Spottsylvania, House, Carrsville, Edenton road, Franklin, C. Goodwin.


Entwined with the Stars and Stripes the green moted from the ranks:—

and to whom belong all the honors and glories recorded in the archives of the State at Albany. The following is the roster of those officers and men whose names, like many others, have been forever buried in the dust of battle.

Captains Turner, McCarthy, Lynch, Griffin, Kelly Logue, Fitzmaurice, Seeley and Egan.

recorded in the archives of the State at Albany. The honorable record of those wound-

ly all gone; and those who now command proudly boast, "I was the color bearer of the Irish Brigade and the Irish Legion were ours.

In the crowded highways of the city today, while the procession of little soldiers passes by, joyously marching in line, many an anxious heart beats, of wife, of mother, of sister, and father, among the hundreds of the veterans for the

irritated with the statue and stripped the green flag of Erin has long been disseminated among the members of the Irish Brigade, the Irish Legion, and in the thick forests of Virginia many a fellow soldier perished, a brave Irish soldier foremost in his rank, and noted for his gallantry and devoted service to his country.

The Irish Legion and the Irish Brigade were originally formed by the action of the members of the Irish Brigade, and only differing from it by reason of its entering the field at a later period of the war's history; and it was but right that our citizens should manifest their appreciation of the services of the Legion, as they did the honors of the "green isle" beyond the sea.

The Irish Legion assembled at the Centre Market,Germantown, at one o'clock, P.M., on that day, and after forming, marched down Broad street, where their lines were taken, and in the following order:

The One Hundred and Seventieth Regiment, Major Hagan.


Field and Staff—Lieut.-Colonel, John Coonan; Major, A. B. Villeplait; Surgeon, J. H. Olmstead; Assistant Surgeon, John O'Flaherty; Quarter-master, Simon B. Robbins.

The One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth Regiment, Major Ryan.


Field and Staff—Charles Hagan, Lieut.-Colonel commanding; Adjutant, P. R. Dunne; Surgeon, J. H. Olmstead; Assistant Surgeon, John O'Flaherty; Quartermaster, Simon B. Robbins.

The Sixty-Ninth Regiment, New York National Guard.

Captains—D. L. Sullivan, M. McGuire, J. Bell, L. H. Cardwell, A. B. Villeplait; Surgeon, W. T. Nealis; Assistant Surgeon, John O'Flaherty; Medical Director, F. F. P. Cowley.


Field and Staff—Lieut.-Colonel, John Coonan; Major, A. B. Villeplait; Surgeon, J. H. Olmstead; Assistant Surgeon, John O'Flaherty; Quartermaster, Simon B. Robbins.

The Sixty-Fifth Regiment, New York Volunteers.

Captain Turner, McCarthy, Lynch, Griffin, Kelly Logue, Fitzmaurice, Seeley and Egan.

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The Fenian Brotherhood of the Sixtieth also assembled at ten o'clock at the armory of the Fifty-sixth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., under James A. Rogers, Esq., State Center, and reported at half past two o'clock. Among those present, the following Circles were duly represented:


The whole number of delegates from these several Circles numbered something over 2,000 men, and the appearance of the Fenian Brotherhood attracted considerable attention. Each member wore a handsome green rosette, with the letters "F. B." in silver. That of the State Centre was magnificent. It had two splendid gold tassels, and the letters "S. C." in the sceptre.

These badges were, we understand, manufactured by our friend, Mr. Robert Wilson, Monroe street, and reflected infinite credit to his good taste and skill.

The military escort made its appearance in Broadway a little after two o'clock, and consisted of the Seventy-first N. Y. S. N. G., under command of Major Libby, having some four hundred muskets; the Second New York, which were the recipients of a hearty ovation from the excited crowds who lined Broadway; the Ninety-ninth New York, under Colonel John O'Mahony; the Sixty-ninth N. Y. S. N. under Colonel James O'Neill commanding, and the First Regiment of Cavalry, under command of Col. D. C. Minton, dismounted. The entire military escort could not have been less than 2,100 men, all told.
THE SIXTY-NINTH IN THE RIFT.

GALLANTRY OF THE IRISH LEGION

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE, ETC.

FORT CORCORAN, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS,

July 22, 1861.

To the Editor of The New York Leader:

Doubtless you have heard, ere this, of the terrible engagement of last Sunday. The affair is of such importance in our annals that I hasten to give you a succinct account of it from personal observation.

After the bad affair of Thursday at Bull's Run Ford, where we lost a good many men of the Union troops, our regiment, with all the other engaged and in the immediate vicinity, were encamped in and around Centreville, on each side of the road leading from there to and toward Manassas Gap. We remained perfectly quiet on our respective camping grounds, save when our pickets and those of the enemy met. That the Rebels were receiving reinforcements, was proved by the constant arrival of trains every night, as well as by our own intelligence. We, too, were receiving reinforcements and by Saturday night were ready for making an attack. We were ordered to push ourselves in readiness by midnight, and accordingly, by that time, we were awake, prepared to march. When we reached the road, we went double-quick for nearly two miles. Then, having crossed a bridge safely, and gained the hill-top, which had been obstructed by the enemy, we turned into the woods, and remained there for some time, drawn up in line of battle.

Our good chaplain, Father Reilly, blessed us, and many were the prayers sent up to Heaven that our arms might be nerved to strike terror into our enemies, and thus save our distracted country.

The large guns, "Long Tom," commenced throwing shot at 6:30 A.M. The Rebels did not answer, but reserved their fire for a more favorable opportunity. Failing to bring them out, and our regiment having the right of the line, or advance post, we were ordered to move our quarters, and approach in front. In doing so, we were obliged to move at double-quick most of the way, and to ford a stream. The officers who brought in safety to our own cavalry, who had partly broken our line, then another field of equal length, till we reached the foot of the hill and woods occupied by the enemy. Here we halted a few moments, and then flanked along to the right across another field, and through a entrenchment and high stream, and then up a hill, before we stopped to fire and give the enemy a proof of our alarming capabilities. Worn out by our long and quick march, still more so by the fatigue of clearing fences, ditches, and streams, we stopped for a moment and fired deliberately into the enemy. Then another volley, then another, and we charged up the heights to their battery with all the impetuosity of our race; but we were like "Sleep sent to the slaughter." The cannon belched forth their shells in our midst, killing our men in groups, and scattering those of the enemy met. That the Rebels seemed not to mind it. Still further on, we had to strain along a narrow path-way among trees and shrubbery. Even this we did in safety, and soon gained an open plain, where we could perceive the position of the enemy, from the constant discharge of heavy guns.

Again changing our locality, we had to move through some meadows, and just as we nearly passed the last one, a murderous fire was opened upon us from a ravine to the left by the enemy's sharp-shooters. Our entire regiment halted, and facing about, fired two volleys into them, though without seeing them. This stopped their fire, and upon examination afterwards, we found that terrible chassepot had been inflicted upon them by us. The place was stormed with their dead, and one officer had no less than fourteen balls in his cheek. But we paid well for this, for one of the first men to fall was our recently appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, Captain Taggerty, of Company A. His loss to us was beyond repair, as he had proved himself a true soldier under every circumstance, and was endeared to us all. He was bilingual of courtesy and kindness to the humblest as well as to the highest in rank or station, though seemingly rough at times in his manner.

Our Colleagues of arms—Company K—a re-
the entire battle is the theme of every tongue. Let it be distinctly understood. The entire battle is the theme of every tongue. Let it be distinctly understood. Captain Meagher here joined us and directed the movement. When we had gained the road, and had halted at the temporary hospital, we were charged by the cavalry again, who made and bore upon the flying remnants of every regiment which had not gained the road. They broke and fled in all directions, and were pursued and cut down at all points. Such a scene was scarcely ever before witnessed.

This was the last point at which I saw our gallant Colonel, who, I am told, was wounded in the leg. He slipped quietly off his horse, and tried to rally his men; but the crowd, and the pressure of the remnants of all the other regiments, rendered it impossible. What remained of our regiment rallied round the Green Flag in Centreville, and after consultation, it was thought best to return to Fort Corcoran and recruit, as we had not a field officer left to direct our movements. Captain Meagher here joined us and led us home, when we had come to this decision.

This bold charge up that hill into the enemy's batteries, will never be forgotten by a man who witnessed it. Our company was not only honored in this movement, but honored for this charge by all who witnessed it. The Fire Zouaves, the Twenty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, and other regiments, numbered to tell. The Fire Zouaves, the Twenty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, and other regiments, numbered to tell. Our artillery, too, was easily captured by the Rebels. When the Virginia cavalry made their last charge at the last hospital near the bridge and Centreville, the men in the foremost ranks of our artillery cut the traces and fled, leaving the pieces an easy prize to the enemy. In accounts of battles previously read by your humble servant, it was always thought necessary to well protect, with cavalry or infantry, or both, the artillery companies. Yet Sherman's battery in Long Town, a very heavy piece, brought up expressly to counteract the effect of the enemy's heaviest guns, were permitted to fall into their hands without an effort made to prevent it.

Of the many missing in our company, and in all the rest of the regiment, several are known to be killed, many others only wounded—unless they have subsequently fallen into the hands of the Confederates. Others are missing, of whom not a single word is known. I trust that they may yet turn up, and that we shall be gratified by their safe restoration to their many friends in and out of the regiment. We display no more of our losses, for we can all attest our courage and manly bearing on that day. I saw poor Magazine, for the last time, raise his piece aloft, waving it as if it were a sword, and calling upon the Zouaves to make one more bold charge and rout the Rebels. I fear he is lost.

THE SIXTY-NINTH IN CAMP.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

[LETTER FROM OUR ASSOCIATE EDITOR.]

PORT COLUMBUS, ARKANSAS HIGHLANDS, VA., Thursday, 13th June, 1861.

Nothing remarkable or new has transpired since my last letter. Four nights have passed without an alarm on our outposts; and the men are growing ruddy, vigorous, and capable of better discipline under the conjoint influences of sound sleep and lighter labors. To-day we are receiving our ammunition of heavy seacoast guns—twenty-four and thirty-two pounders; and in two or three days more, when the platforms for these monsters are finished and in shape, we may defy all Secesh to come and shake hands with us across the ditch. Powerful military gates, with earthen breastworks behind them, are now being placed at the two main entrances to the fort. The are finished and in shape, we may defy all Secesh to come and shake hands with us across the ditch. Powerful military gates, with earthen breastworks behind them, are now being placed at the two main entrances to the fort. The blockade of the fort, at the foot of the hill, is completely defended; and on hills about a mile in advance of this position, and to right and left of Fort Corcoran, strong earthwork redoubts are in course of rapid construction.

On last Saturday, Colonel Corcoran, at the head of the engineer corps and sixty men, advanced upon a nest of Seceshmen at Balls Cross-roads, and succeeded in capturing five men, three horses, and a variety of weapons—muskets, shot-guns and revolvers. Various other operations were carried on that and subsequent days, by scouting and patrol parties from the Thirteenth, Twenty-seventh, and Sixty-ninth New York Regiments. There was a grand gain—house clearance this morning, however, after due examination of evidence for and against the parties suspected. Six were discharged, taking the oath of allegiance; and but one—George A. Jackson by name, cousin to Ells—had his labors.
nicious spirit of mischief,"—is retained for
worth's murderer, and undoubtedly a "per-
back and delivered to the prisoner's wife
confided his secret. The money was carried
would make us out to be. But clearly it
well have tempted the rapacity of such
money should not have been returned—gold,
only reached Colonel Corcoran's ears by
act thinking so little about it that the affair
$900 in gold, put up in packages convenient
mister of all articles, standing highest on the list of
Union man, taking away any blame that
nineth under Lieut. Butler, who had gone on
mover scouting party to Falls Church,
Secon, still more painful to watch
and ascertain the fate of the missing men, and
was a volunteer scouting party to Falls Church,
about five or six miles in advance of this po-
cap. Captain Meagher with his company of
was arrested last night at the
depot of the London and Hampton railroad,
nearly a mile beyond Ball's Crossroads,
having In charge a locomotive and two com-
xited by Company B of the Sixty-ninth,
last Sunday night, or rather early last Mon-
day morning. Lieut. Butler and his twenty
were sent forward on a scout from the
main body of Meagher's command, but not
returning in due season another company of the
regiment, aided by Company E, Second
S. S. Cavalry, were ordered to advance
and ascertain the fate of the missing men, and
resume them, if possible; when, happily, a
message arrived from Captain Meagher
with news that his scouting party had got back.
With this exception, nothing has occurred to
mark with the least military interest the
days last Friday. Every hour has its
full share of duties both for men and officers
—a conviction gaining ground that an ad-
avanced line of the Zouaves at Manassas Junction
will be ordered before next Monday morning.
Certain it is that the Department authorities
have called on Regimental Quartermasters to
report every article needed by their respective
Regiments for an advance upon the enemy's
lines. This looks like business is the
general remark—all the boys appearing al-
ready weary of their lighter labors, and painting
for some opportunity to distinguish them-
selves. No dangerous scouting party can be
proposed or organized without calling forth
officers by the half dozen and men by the
hundred, who clamorously besiege their re-
spective Captains for leave to join. I should
add that at Falls Church the Zouaves under
Butler were received with open arms by the
inhabitants, and bounties to remain. Notice
had been given upon the village by the dis-
trict commander of the Rebel forces, that it
would be required to furnish its quota of troops
for the Confederate army to-day; and
and the young "chivalry" of the place
had no special ambition for martial laurels,
day and their distracted "patience" crowded
round the Zouaves, expressing
the hope that they formed but the vanguard of
a permanent Union force of occupation. Falls
Church, however, being but five miles from
Fairfax Court House, would need to be oc-
cupied and fortified in force, if at all; and there-
fore the Zouaves were obliged to fall back at
nightfall on the Railroad depot—at the same
time offering protection to all inhabitants,
not traitors, who would be in refuge within our
lines.
Our daily experience here makes it more
and more clear that the Secession ordinance
received its majority vote under the pressure of
a terrorism having no parallel in modern
times. Yesterday a father came to plead for
his son—one of the Secession prisoners. He
was an old, white-haired, ruddy-faced me-
chante, honest in every feature, and perfectly
straightforward in speech. He had five sons
altogether. Two are prisoners in the Rebel
army at Manassas Junction. The third—
who had been married but three weeks—we
had as a prisoner in the guard-house. The
two youngest did their best to earn a living
by peddling oranges and cakes through the
camp. It was painful to hear the old man
speak of the circumstances under which his
vote had been cast for confirming the Seces-
sion ordinance—still more painful to watch
the quivering features, and old eyes filling
bitter tears, as he related the arts and
threats by which his two older boys had been
seduced away from him. He had voted for
Union delegates to the Convention, and was
as sound in heart for the Union as any man I
have ever met. But he had voted to confirm
the ordinance, under penalty of being driven
from his native hallowed in Alexandria,
on a hill within sight of our camp.
He had given that vote, he confessed, and
might God forgive him for it! They had
told him that Secession would be a peaceful
and merely routine affair, and that it was
necessary as a step towards reconstructing
the Union on a broader and more liberal
basis. For his son, the prisoner, who seem-
ed the Jacob of his declining days, the father's
prayers were fervent and effectual. Against
the young man himself, there existed no pos-
tive proof; though many suspicious circum-
stances could have been brought forward had
he. Hunter desired to press the case with
that. But the old man's forgiveness, honesty,
and simple grief did more than all the argu-
ments that could have been used. Young
Richard Veitch was liberated and sent home
to his three week's bride, with no harsher
penalty than that of taking the oath of alle-
liance before his liberation,—an act perform-
ed with every symptom of cheerfulness and
simplicity. The form of this oath I may as
well subjoin:—

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE AQUEDUCT,
BRIGADE OF THE AQUEDUCT
DEPT. OF N. E. VIRGINIA,
June, 1861.

In the name of God, amen. I, John Doe, do hereby solemnly swear, in presence of
this ever living God, that I will true allegiance
have received its majority vote under the pressure of
nearly a mile beyond Ball's Crossroads,
having In charge a locomotive and two com-
xited by Company B of the Sixty-ninth,
last Sunday night, or rather early last Mon-
day morning. Lieut. Butler and his twenty
were sent forward on a scout from the
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full share of duties both for men and officers
—a conviction gaining ground that an ad-

...
built, was never actually sent,—his confidence in the Southern “scrip” which was both at the tents of Colonel Rosslyn House,—this instrument giving forth piano, belonging to the ousted proprietors of Louis D’Homergue of the Sixty-ninth, and States Engineers in charge of our works.

At the latter place there is an excellent piano, belonging to the ousted proprietors of Louis D’Homergue of the Sixty-ninth, and other officers.

But enough, and perhaps too much, of the minor details of camp life. It is high time that the public of the North should understand the general aspect of this war, in its present phase, as seen by the best military authorities at this point. The daily press of your city either does not comprehend the situation, or willfully ignores and suppresses it, for reasons best known to the respective editors. The Washington telegraphers and correspondents appear equally in the dark—their dependents, for the most part, being master of silence, as false rumor. Each of them would seem to have some favorite axe in need of sharpening; and this need leads them into “pulling,” with Arabians odious officials, who should rather be blamed and blown to atoms under the sins of public soon. I know that the jobbers and insidious traitors who are now making their looto out of the public Emergency are both dexterous and careless in suggesting that any criticism of the manner in which affairs are being conducted “can only tend to aid and comfort the enemy.” This plea has doubtless had somewhat more than its due weight with journalistic managers—but as things are going on, it is hard to wonder at the regime of silence, a candid and public exposition of the dangers threatening the commonwealth may serve as the first step towards procuring an efficient remedy.

In the first place, then,—leaving out of view all the valiantly practiced by contractors who have collected our troops in uniform that fall to pieces after a week’s work,—all the villany of those older contractors who deliver food unfit for human use, in lieu of the first-class provisions bargained for,—pulling all these matters to one side, we are brought face to face with the overwhelming danger of being led into action under Generals and superiour officers who are not naturally qualified to maneuver a column. The policy of selecting men of private life and placing them suddenly in charge of Brigades and Divisions, is one having no parallel in history. The natural result of such a course has had its full outcome in the disaster at Great Bethel, where four thousand of the Union forces were led into a position that could not have failed to insure their utter destruction, had any officer less stupid than Col. Magruder been in command on the Rebel side. That Gen. Butler by hisprodigious waste of life may yet capture the position, there is no doubt. Indeed, there were rumors last night that he had already captured it, together with a thousand prisoners. But no subsequent success can restore to the men engaged in that expedition their confidence in the Generals appointed over them; or take away from the rebels their excusing conviction that the army of the General Government is an army of liars led (in some of its branches,) by jackasses."

I am sure you are of the same opinion, in that respect, as in the whole lives in the study and practice of warfare, are overlooked and allowed to remain in the ranks they occupied last November; while men who have won over in their lives before buckled on a sword—or who, at the outside, have only figured at the rather ridiculous exercises of militia-training, voice or three times a year,—are invested with positions giving them control over thousands of lives, and devolving upon them in great measure the responsibility of conducting a struggle in which the perpetuation of the Union is the gigantic object at stake. Take up an Army Gazette and count the number of Majors, Captains and Lieutenants, honorably brevetted half a score of times each, ”for gallant and meritorious conduct on the field of battle,” and then reflect upon the policy which leaves these capable and true men unpromoted and unnoticed, while the highest points of military command are bestowed on political favorites who have never deployed a battalion in their lives or experienced the sensation of standing under fire.

I can assure you that the feeling of dissatisfaction at this treatment is not confined to the officers of the regular army, against whose interests and rights it most severely presses. On the contrary, they shrug their shoulders and smile,—assured that a blunder so atrocious must speedily work its own correction. They are sorry for the unavoidable loss of gallant blood, which must form the ink in which this lesson is to be presented to the public.

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But enough, and perhaps too much, of the minor details of camp life. It is high time that the public of the North should understand the general aspect of this war, in its present phase, as seen by the best military authorities at this point. The daily press of your city either does not comprehend the situation, or willfully ignores and suppresses it, for reasons best known to the respective editors. The Washington telegraphers and correspondents appear equally in the dark—their dependents, for the most part, being master of silence, as false rumor. Each of them would seem to have some favorite axe in need of sharpening; and this need leads them into “pulling,” with Arabians odious officials, who should rather be blamed and blown to atoms under the sins of public soon. I know that the jobbers and insidious traitors who are now making their looto out of the public Emergency are both dexterous and careless in suggesting that any criticism of the manner in which affairs are being conducted “can only tend to aid and comfort the enemy.” This plea has doubtless had somewhat more than its due weight with journalistic managers—but as things are going on, it is hard to wonder at the regime of silence, a candid and public exposition of the dangers threatening the commonwealth may serve as the first step towards procuring an efficient remedy.

In the first place, then,—leaving out of view all the valiantly practiced by contractors who have collected our troops in uniform that fall to pieces after a week’s work,—all the villany of those older contractors who deliver food unfit for human use, in lieu of the first-class provisions bargained for,—pulling all these matters to one side, we are brought face to face with the overwhelming danger of being led into action under Generals and superiour officers who are not naturally qualified to maneuver a column. The policy of selecting men of private life and placing them suddenly in charge of Brigades and Divisions, is one having no parallel in history. The natural result of such a course has had its full outcome in the disaster at Great Bethel, where four thousand of the Union forces were led into a position that could not have failed to insure their utter destruction, had any officer less stupid than Col. Magruder been in command on the Rebel side. That Gen. Butler by hisprodigious waste of life may yet capture the position, there is no doubt. Indeed, there were rumors last night that he had already captured it, together with a thousand prisoners. But no subsequent success can restore to the men engaged in that expedition their confidence in the Generals appointed over them; or take away from the rebels their excusing conviction that the army of the General Government is an army of liars led (in some of its branches,) by jackasses."

I am sure you are of the same opinion, in that respect, as in the whole lives in the study and practice of warfare, are overlooked and allowed to remain in the ranks they occupied last November; while men who have won over in their lives before buckled on a sword—or who, at the outside, have only figured at the rather ridiculous exercises of militia-training, voice or three times a year,—are invested with positions giving them control over thousands of lives, and devolving upon them in great measure the responsibility of conducting a struggle in which the perpetuation of the Union is the gigantic object at stake. Take up an Army Gazette and count the number of Majors, Captains and Lieutenants, honorably brevetted half a score of times each, ”for gallant and meritorious conduct on the field of battle,” and then reflect upon the policy which leaves these capable and true men unpromoted and unnoticed, while the highest points of military command are bestowed on political favorites who have never deployed a battalion in their lives or experienced the sensation of standing under fire.

I can assure you that the feeling of dissatisfaction at this treatment is not confined to the officers of the regular army, against whose interests and rights it most severely presses. On the contrary, they shrug their shoulders and smile,—assured that a blunder so atrocious must speedily work its own correction. They are sorry for the unavoidable loss of gallant blood, which must form the ink in which this lesson is to be presented to the public.
LIFE AT PORT CORCORAN.

THE SIXTY-NINTH IN CAMP.

June 26, 1861.

Wonderful to relate, and in a good hour to do it, we have had five successive nights of undisturbed repose. No stampede, not an alarm, since last Thursday; nothing to break the policy stillness of this oppressive atmosphere. The days burn and the nights astound. Our water is neither so pure nor so plentiful as might be wished; but with abundance of lime, wholesome food, temperance, good medical care and plenty of exercise taken early in the mornings and late at night, nothing to cause us to be unduly fearful for our health or safety. In the midst, however, of all these pleasant accompaniments, the health of the regiment keeps up to a standard actually surprising.

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We are compelled to break off my letter in consequence of an order to proceed to the duties of my position.

C. G. H.
state interest to record, this may be a good
opportunity for making a few general obser-
vations as to the spirit of our men, and the
odd peculiarities of human nature in general,
as developed under the forcing system of
actual service. And first I would remark
that nothing is more curious in this strange
and novel scene than to witness the eager
frenzy of every man and boy to be sent for­
ward whenever and wherever there would ap­
ppear the least chance that there may be fight­
ing to be done. Sentinels and pickets—men
who should remain behind to guard the camp, de­
sert their posts and seek to smuggle them­
selves back into their respective companies,
while on the march. Prisoners in the guard­
house, beg, implore and petition to be re­
leased and allowed to join the fight, cheer­
fully offering to suffer double or triple pun­
ishment on their return. Sick men get up on
their feet and commence loading their shoul­
ders with blankets, ammunition and knap­
sacks. Everything is stir, excitement and
hilarity,—the various companies choosing
—a popular or patriotic air as they file out
of the subparts; and friends who have been
divided by some petty quarrel, fiercely
shaking hands with a hurried "God bless you,"
as they pass each other to take their
places in the ranks.

"Long life to you, Mr. Weed," said a
sentiment, who was being left behind in charge
of one of the artillery magazines. "Long life
to you, sir, and make inferences for me to be
sent on with the boys!"

"I'm afraid that can't be done," an­
swered my Lord Thurlow, who chanced to be on
the ground, as he very often has been, while
the Regiment was marching out. "You are
sentenced over the ammunition, and if that were
lost, what would become of the fort?"

"Bad luck to it for ammunition," retor­
ded the sentinel, readily, and yet with a gleam of
humor in his eye. "I'm thinkin', Mr. Weed,
that so long as the ammunition don't go after
them, devil remove the Rebel north of Manassas
Junction will ever call here to inquire why it
stays at home!"

This was a good argument, doubtless; but
still the ingenuous plucked for liberty to have
a chance of being shot, was condemned to re­
main on guard over the despised bomb-proof.

A little fibber-gibbert of about seventeen
or eighteen years of age—a delicate boy, de­
tailed as a servant to one of our officers,—
begged hard for the privilege of joining his
company, and marching forward on the occa­
sion of a night alarm in focus.

"You are too weak for such work," ob­
jected the officer; "strap that blanket on my
horse and remain here quietly. You must
take care of the tent, you know, and see that
nothing is carried off!"

A couple of hours after, and about five
miles in advance of the fort, the same officer,
while riding along the line, discovered his
little servant dodging in behind the ranks and
seeking in all ways to escape observation.

The lad was loaded down with blanket, knap­
sack, carriage, ration for two days, forty
rounds of ball cartridge and a heavy musket,
almost as tall as himself.

"Come here, sir!" cried the Captain, half
angry at the boy's disobedience, and half
pleased with his ingenuous spirit. "Didn't
I tell you, sir, to remain in camp and look after
the tent?"

"True for you, Captain," answered the
little fellow, looking intensely cuvier as he
wiped his flushed face with his coat sleeve,
and kept struggling amidst his cross-belts to
disengage some small package or other out
of his over-burdened knapsack. "But, sir, you forgot your cigar-case; and how
could I tell you but you might want to take a
smoke before marching?"

Tame as this excuse was, there could be no
resisting its manner of delivery—the fact that
the eight-case proved empty on being opened
rather intensifying the joke and turning the
laugh against its owner. The boy, to his
great delight, was allowed to remain with his
company until next morning, and the Cap­
tain means in future to shut up his tent and
leave things to take care of themselves be­
hind him whenever ananas is berried.

But while thus depicting what the spirit of
the men has been, and will doubtless continue
to be under any fair circumstances, it is not to
be denied that a feeling of deep distrust in the
competency of Militia Brigadier Generals to
command men engaged in actual conflict, is
beginning to develop itself. The instance of
the rank and file do not fail to appreciate the
lessons of Great Bethel and Vienna; how­
er there insinuates the authority at Washing­
ton may remain to the teachings of those two un­
fortunate incidents. "Give us educated offi­
cers in command!" is the cry of the rank and
file. "Give us men who will not attack bater­
ies in front, and who will not regard a ditch
on the exterior of a fortification as an 'unex­
pected obstacle!' Give us men who will not
use steam-power to run us under the fire of
guns and round-shot while couped up in gen­
dal cars, out of which no resistance can be
offered!"

You know the personal regard in which all
New Yorkers hold the many virtues of Gen.
John A. Dix. We trust his honesty, admire
his rare industry, and have respect for his
more than respectable talents. And yet I
would be false to the duty of speaking so
much of the truth as falls within my observa­
tion, did I not tell you plainly—and through
the public—that the appointment of Gen.
Dix to the command of this Division is re­
garded with apprehension and distrust by
every thinking man in the command. In
Gen. McDowell, who is threatened with re­
moval, we have all been trained to place con­
dence. He is in the prime of life, possessing
a noble and soldierly figure, endowed with
many natural gifts of popularity, and ranking
high in his profession as a man likely to
make a good general. To the Sixty-ninth
he has been kindred itself, upon all occas­
sions, invariably confiding his confidence in
their courage and discipline by sending them
forward wherever drums beat to arms, or any
spec of coming battle appeared above the
horizon. Of course, this confidence has en­
tailed on us much more than our fair share of
duty and fatigue; but still the compliment
was felt by every man in the ranks, and led
to the true effect of inspiration. To remove
McDowell now is not good policy—even
though it is quite possible that Gen. Dix
may prove a more fortunate leader than his
military antecedents give us any right to
expect.

This policy, however, of advancing civil­
ians—either men who have not been in ser­
vice for more than thirty years, over the heads of reg­
ular army officers, who have been constantly
on duty,—is rapidly demoralizing the regular
service, and encouraging discontent in the
cadre quarter to which we must eventually look
for the successful leaders of our struggle.
Colonels in the regular service now command­
ing brigades cannot submit, and should not
be expected to submit with patience, to see
their just promotion denied, and their com­
mend placed at the mercy of "Superior
Officers," who can make no pretence to au­
tority in anything but political influence and the
higher life it politically conforts. Every­
day, at the Department, Militia Brigadier-
Generals are applying to have some subordi­
nates of the regular service,—some fellows,
you know, who know nothing about this kind of thing,—detailled on their respective
staffs to teach them what to do! How long
can such a system last? Or how many thou­
sand lives must pay forfeit, are the lessons
given in bloody characters at Great Bethel
and Vienna, and taught by the instinct of
self-preservation to every intelligent volunteer carrying on a work in our ranks, shall have improved their moral force on the minds of those distinguished geniuses who sit quietly in their various cabinets at Washington, utterly neglecting the campaign in hand, and only plotting for the political campaign of the next Presidential contest? Let me say, in taking leave of this matter, that Secretary Seward appears fully awake to the emergencies of the hour; and that it is not by any act of his, but rather in opposition to his most energetic pro-

visions, that the evils of which we complain are instilled upon the armed defenders of the Union. Such, at least, is the current report amongst those who profess to have the run of Cabinet secrets, and all this outside can see or hear tends strongly to confirm the ru-

of the Sixty-ninth in its ranks. The weather here has been so excessively hot, that the only really pleasant time for riding, or other violent exercise, is after midnight—say from starlight down to dawn; and the Moonlight Brigade is organized so that its knights, or such details of them as may be made by the Grand Commander, shall serve in the saddle as vol-

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"Aminadab Sleek," but not the character, is borne by Lieut. Breslin; and Lieut. Fogarty is "Handy Andy." With these names, for the present, I must conclude,—hoping to give at some future time a "good account" of the Brigade, and feeling perfectly satisfied that the Brigade will give a good account of itself, if ever the opportunity should occur.

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**CAMP SONG OF THE SIXTY-NINTH.**

**SONG—"The Sacred Soil of Virginia."**

**BY DICK OULAHAN.**

I.

From Malahide to Shannon side,
From Mallow Head to Scrabo,
Our kindred dear will proudly hear
The tidings of the fray.

They know we're there in danger's van,
Determined, loyal, to a man,
And flanked by brave compatriots;
They let us win a glorious name.

Then let us win a glorious name
That Saxon Thugs may not defame
The Irish Volunteers.

II.

Young, headlong braves, the Green Flag waves
Our foreign soil once more,
As died in blood, it victor stood
On Fontenoy of yore.

The birthright of our gallant band
The danger to adopted land
And gift of famine years
Made every Celtic heart of steel
Leap madly to the broughans,
The Irish Volunteers.

III.

Our purpose high, to win or die
For "Life of the streams,"
Is still the hope that keeps us up
And haunts the soldiers' dreams.

But though we may not live to see
The shamrock hills, gra gal ma chree,
The great Republic rears a countless host, of Gaelic blood
Who'll stand where once their father's stood,
The Irish Volunteers.

IV.

Unconquered Flag! no foe shall drag
Our starry standard down
If courage true and hands to do
Can reckless valor crown.

Memento of a tyrant king,
A beacon of our life's young spring!

The rebel horde appears—now, comrades, let your war-shout wild
Proclaim, it still floats undefiled
O'er Irish Volunteers.

---

Jack Wildey.

This indomitable "hero of a hundred fights," distinguished himself on Sunday last, by capturing one of the flags of the Sixty-ninth Regiment from two Rebels, who got hold of it somehow or another—probably they stole it from some dead men.

The ex-foreman of Engine No. 11, however, knew the great value the Irish lads had for that green banner; and therefore he determined to take it away from them. He did so, by shooting both of the "cusses"—one being an officer, whose sword he also captured.

Wildey carried the flag in triumph over four miles from the field, when falling in with one of the officers of the regiment, he gave it into his charge.

We know this to be a fact beyond dispute.