

Captains Turner, McHardy, Lough, Griffin, Kelly, Logue, Fitzmaurice, Sealey and Egan.

Of the noble rank and file it would be impossible here to give the names. They are recorded in the archives of the State at Albany. The honorable record of those wounded and taken prisoner would fill columns—they carry their insignia of renown with them, and their scars are the proofs of their fidelity to the Union.

The Legion has been in action at Deserted House, Carrsville, Edenton-road, Franklin, Winslow, Beaver Dam, Blackwater, Nansmond, Suffolk, Tolopatennoy, Swetsylvania, Po River, Bowling Green, Milford Station, Hanover Junction, North Anna, Coal Harbor No. 1, Coal Harbor No. 2, Powersburg, Deep Bottom, Weldon Railroad, Reams' Station, Hatcher's Run No. 1, Hatcher's Run No. 2, Richmond, Appomattox and Deep Bottom No. 2.

The original officers of the Legion are nearly all gone; and those who now command have gained their positions by honorable service and distinguished bravery. The Legion, which three years ago mustered four thousand men, now returns to New York numbering as many hundreds.

The following is the roster of those officers whose fortune it has been to have lived through the dangers of the long campaign, and to whom belong all the honors and glories of the day, the majority of them being promoted from the ranks:—

Brevet Brig.-Gen. J. P. McIvor, commanding.
Adjutant W. J. Nevin, A. A. G.
Captain Charles Goodwin, A. A. D. C.
Lieut. Pierce Butler, A. A. B. C.
Captain D. J. McKim, Brigade Inspector.
Lieut. A. B. Villalait, A. A. G. M.

SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD.

Field and Staff—Lieut.-Colonel John Coonan; Major, Robert Hoggatt; Adjutant, W. J. Nevin; Quartermaster, A. B. Villalait; Surgeon, W. T. Nealis; Assistant Surgeon, F. E. P. Cowley.
Captains—D. L. Sullivan, M. McGuire, J. Bell, L. H. Wocett, Patrick C. Nevin, C. O'Ginn, Joseph Murphy, C. Go-dwin.

First Lieutenants—Joseph Keels, John Owens, K. F. Knowles, W. B. Cahoy, Wm. J. J. T. Connelly, J. Fisher, P. O'Farrell, James Kinard.

Second Lieutenants—Richard McGee, Samuel Woolley.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIFTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

Field and Staff—Lieut.-Colonel John Byrne; Major, Francis Page; Surgeon, S. E. Lounsbury; Adjutant, C. Doid.

Captains—Hugh Mooney, Thomas Dunbar, Michael Doherty, Charles Priest, J. D. Mitchel, W. Hartford.

First Lieutenants—Michael Brennan, Christopher Galvin, Richard Wallace, J. P. La-tace, T. Bourke, R. A. Lee.

Second Lieutenants—J. B. Duff, G. B. Wilson, John Haulan.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOURTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

Field and Staff—Lieut.-Colonel William De Lacy; Major, John Beattie; Adjutant, J. McCarthy; Quartermaster, J. Dunne; Surgeon, Joseph L. Hasrouck; Assistant Surgeon, James Kinard.

Captains—F. H. Kelly, Bernard O'Reilly, Timothy J. Burke, David J. Beattie, D. G. Moynihan, G. M. Dawson, John Ryan, Thomas McGarr, Stephen A. Callahan.

First Lieutenants—Daniel Crowley, C. M. Sheehan, J. Eichinger, Wm. White.

Second Lieutenants—James Cunningham.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTIETH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

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

Captains—J. H. Mitchell, D. J. Mykims, John Cunningham, Michael Quiley.

First Lieutenants—John Doherty, Thomas M. Costello, James Freelan, James O'Connell, Pierce J. Butler.

Second Lieutenants—Robert Skelly, Patrick C. Quinn, Michael McGuire.

Entwined with the Stars and Stripes the green flag of Erin has proudly floated over them, reddled with balls, torn by the winds, blackened by smoke and powder—the emblem of the Harp still remains on it and the Sunburst flashes. These flags have never been touched by dishonor, and have ever waved where the fight was thickest. Those who carried them in the din of battle may proudly boast, "I was the color bearer of the Irish Legion." Among the many banners which grace the Capitol, none have waved over more brave, more Christian, or more patriotic soldiers than those of the Irish Legion.

In the crowded highways of the city to-day, while the procession of Irish soldiery passes by, joyously marching home, many an anxious heart beats, of wife, of mother, or of sister, and piercing, agonizing eyes are searching the bronzed features of the veterans for the

familiar face of the loved one gone from them three years ago. Alas! that some are sadly, sadly disappointed; for, in the dismal swamps and in the thick forests of Virginia many a father's hope, and many a mother's pride, many a brave young Irish soldier has breathed his last, and many a fatherless and brotherless home is now desolate.

The Irish Brigade and the Irish Legion were only a part of the many Irish regiments which, hailing from every State in the Union, have been merged in the grand armies, and whose distinctive nationalities are known only to those who take an interest in them. The Irish race in America have surely done their part in protecting the liberties of the land of their adoption.

Will the Republic be ungrateful of those deeds of her adopted sons, who have on every battle field of the Union so freely shed their blood in their defence? They are, at least, deserving of the acknowledgment; and when the history of the past four years of American trial shall be written, if the history be true, the deeds of the Irish Brigade, the Irish Legion, and the gallant number—69—will be emblazoned imperishably on our tablets. The Irish soldier has, in the Western hemisphere, added more laurels to the bye-gone transatlantic fame and deeds of his forefathers at Fontenoy, and on many other battle-fields of Europe; the inheritance of gallantry, courage and generosity transmitted to them has not been lost on the Irishmen of to-day. In this land of freedom they will now change their swords into plowshares; but, how proud would they be, and how proudly would their pulses beat could they but strike one blow for Ireland, that dear land of their Irish, which has never been forgotten by them, and the disenfranchisement of which is their most cherished aspiration and hope.

J. DWYER, M. D.,
ex-Surgeon 69th Regt., Irish Legion.

Civil and Military Reception to the Legion.

On Friday afternoon, at the special invitation of our municipal authorities, the Legion was formally received by their fellow-countrymen, and by the great mass of the citizens of New York, as well as by several of the crack regiments of the New York State National Guard.

To say that the entire reception was a grand success is simply to say what is ever said of the ceremonies of a similar character gotten up by our enthusiastic Irish citizens. The history of the Corcoran Legion was a noble one, not far behind its fellow, 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, representing as they did the natives of the "green isle beyond the seas."

The Irish Legion assembled at the Centre Market Armory at one o'clock, P. M., on that day, and after forming, marched down to Grand street, where they formed in line, right resting on Broad way, as follows:

The One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Regiment, Colonel Byrne.

The One Hundred and Seventieth Regiment, Major Hagan.

The One Hundred and Sixty-fourth Regiment, Col. Wm. DeLacy.

The Sixty-ninth Regiment, Col. Coonan.

The brigade was under command of Brevet Brigadier General James P. McIvor.

An escort of police, from the Fourteenth Precinct, was present, under Sergeant Brooks.

The following officers, composing the Staff of General McIvor, were also on the ground: Lieut. Wm. J. Nevin, A. A. G.; Captain D. J. McKim, Brigade Inspector; Surgeon Wm. T. Nealis, Medical Director; Capt. Charles Goodwin, A. D. C.; Lieut. A. V. Villalait, Brigade Quartermaster; Rev. Paul B. Gilten, Chaplain.

The Legion Association met at half-past twelve o'clock, at the Metropolitan, Colonel M. C. Murphy taking the chair.

At No. 6 Varck street the ex-officers and members and the wounded soldiers of the Legion assembled at ten o'clock A. M., under Major Doran, and from thence marched to Grand street, near Broadway, where they took up a position in rear of the Legion Association.

Among those parading with the members of the Legion Association were Colonel M. C. Murphy, Judge Connolly, Mr. Alex. Brennan (Secretary), Col. Wm. Melvly, Capt. James

Brosnan, Lieut. Edmund Connolly, Mr. Nicholas O'Donnell, Ex-Lieut. C. J. Bell, Mr. James J. Coonan, Colonel Thomas M. Reid, Mr. Patrick O'Rourke, Dr. John Dwyer, Ex-Surgeon of the Sixty-ninth. The badge, worn by the association was of blue and green ribbons.

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

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| Hamilton Rowan Circle. | Laurel Hill Circle. |
| Phenix Zouaves. | Heber McMahon Circle. |
| St. Annas Circle. | Owen O'Reilly Circle. |
| Wolf Tone Circle. | St. Lawrence's Circle. |
| Yankee and Boyton Dwyer's Circle. | Brin Baltimore Circle. |
| Boonet Circle, Williamsburgh. | O'Mahony Circle. |
| Seventh Ward Circle. | Mella Circle. |
| Shannon Circle. | Boonville Circle. |
| Four's and Fife's Circle. | Spartan Circle. |
| I. R. B. Club. | Lansdale Circle. |
| | Wolf Tone Circle. |
| | Tara Circle, of Brooklyn. |

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 "E. G." in the script.

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

The military escort made its appearance 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 six hundred muskets; the Second New York, who were the recipients of a hearty ovation from the excited crowds who lined Broadway; Ninety-ninth New York, under Colonel J. O'Mahony; the Sixty-ninth N. Y. S. N. G., Lieut. Colonel James Cavanagh 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.

See Irish Association
July 20 1867

THE
SIXTY-NINTH IN THE FIGHT.

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 others engaged and in the immediate vicinity, were encamped in and around Centreville, on each side of the road leading to that place 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 outside intelligence. We, too, were receiving reinforcements and by Saturday night were ready for making an attack. We were ordered to hold 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 gun, "Long Tom," commenced throwing shell 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 or two, knee-high. This was a serious disadvantage to us, but our brave boys seemed not to mind it. Still further on, we had to defile 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 sharpshooters. 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 chastisement had been inflicted upon them by us. The place was strewn with their dead, and one officer had no less than seventeen balls in him. But we paid well for this, for one of the first men to fall was our recently appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, Captain Maggerty, 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 brimful 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.

Poor Costelloe of ours—Company K—a re-

cent arrival from Waterford, Ireland, and beloved by us all for his amiability and tenderness of character, fell also in this first fire, with three balls in his left breast and right cheek. They both died easily, almost instantaneously, for their wounds were too near the seat of life to permit them to suffer long.

When we had rounded the house used by our skirmishers as a hospital, directly in the enemy's front, we were permitted to halt and rest after our severe march, and to recruit for the coming struggle. We could see one regiment after another of our forces assault the enemy and advance upon his position, but it was evident to us that up to this time no effect had been produced upon his batteries, though death and destruction were dealt out to him by our brave volunteers.

At last the order came for the Sixty-ninth to try and do what the others had failed in. We advanced with hopeful hearts in close line of battle, exposed to the hot shot and shell which were instantly poured into our ranks, though, fortunately, at first with little effect. One ball, however, came near killing our brave Colonel, who treated the matter quite coolly.

A field of over a quarter of a mile had to be crossed, then a fence to be cleared, and 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 an entrenchment and high stream, and then up a hill, before we stopped to fire or give the enemy a proof of our storming capacities. 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 "sheep sent to the slaughter." The cannon belched forth their shells in our midst, killing our men in groups, and scattering them in all directions. But even then they halted, tried to close up, and fired again; and then, just as we seemed to be carrying our point, we found ourselves fired into on the right flank and rear by the Rebel cavalry, who emerged from the woods and struck down and picked off all the men near them. It is even said that we were fired into by our own troops—of course, by mistake. But of this I am certain, our own cavalry, who had partly broken our ranks, when charging up the hill, were not to be found when we needed their protection.

Our flag of the Stars and Stripes was well struck, and the standard-bearer of the dear old Green Flag was shot down; but the flag was instantly raised again. One of our wounded men who carried a flag was shot down, and the flag was torn from his grasp. Raising himself up, he again attacked his Rebel antagonist, struck him down, and carried off one of the Secession flags; but this was not long permitted to remain with him, for he was again charged upon, and the trophy taken from him, besides being taken prisoner. However, having a concealed revolver, he shot down the two soldiers in charge of him, and captured a captain's sword and a prisoner, both of which he brought in safety to our camp. His name is John D. Keefe, and he is worthy of being recorded among our truly brave men.

I could recite to you numerous other instances of bravery deserving of record, but it would not be possible to do justice to all.

Captain Thomas Francis Meagher gained the greatest credit of the day. His horse was shot when he first reached the field, the ball going further and killing one of Company E., and when we reached the gap at the foot of the hill he brandished his sword and called upon the brave Zouaves and Sixty-ninth to follow him. His valor and bearing during

the entire battle is the theme of every tongue. Lieut. E. K. Butler also distinguished himself, and gained much in the favor of his scattered and decimated company. Our Colonel, too, showed the greatest coolness and bravery throughout the fight. He stood to the last and rallied the remnant of his shattered forces, and took us off the field in a square and with our colors flying high; but he didn't do this till after all the other regiments had retired or were retiring. When we had gained the road, and had halted at the temporary hospital, we were charged by the cavalry again, who made sad havoc among 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 retire 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 clean into the enemy's batteries, will never be forgotten by a man who witnessed it. Our company can only muster this morning about eighty, with those who were left behind to guard the Fort, out of 122. Lieutenant Conolly, a really brave man, has not been heard of since we rallied round our flag and formed the square. His loss will be deservedly regretted by us all.

Our company suffered more than any in the regiment, on account of their red jackets, I suppose. Three men went out with me from the Fort to the battle field. I alone returned. Many others of ours have the same story to tell. The Fire Zouaves, the Nineteenth New York, and the Second Rhode Island, acted nobly and bravely in the grand charges they made upon the enemy when he showed himself before his batteries. So also did the Thirteenth New York. But it is safe to say that none made a bolder stand, or a grander charge, and retired so slowly and steadily, and in such good order as did the Sixty-ninth, when the fate of the battle was decided. *The Herald* and other papers may talk of a "Great Victory," but by those engaged in the battle it cannot be considered as ought but a great defeat. The generalship displayed was none of the highest, as you will believe when you learn that of the immense force of Union troops in the field, not more than one regiment at a time was ordered forward, and these at different points. We were not even protected by the cavalry and artillery. The former were not near us when we wanted them, though they were permitted to stand directly on our front, where they remained when we were advancing in line of battle, until Col. Corcoran ordered them off, seeing that his line must inevitably be broken by them. They then moved to our right, and, strangest of all, it was from this point that the most terrible havoc was made upon us by the Rebel cavalry, who rushed out of the woods upon our men when their backs were turned, and they were engaged in charging upon the masked batteries, cut them down, and trampled them to death. Most of the men lost by Company K were lost or taken prisoners here.

I blame none, censure none, for these blunders and omissions, nor do I offer any better plan of attack than that which was here adopted, but I will say that I expected better

things of those who are appointed, and are supposed to possess the qualifications of good generals. I trust they will all be held responsible for the immense sacrifice of life on that terrible day.

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 and "Long Tom," 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 Secessionists. Others are missing, of whom nothing at all 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 deeply deplore their loss, for we can all attest their courage and manly bearing on that day. I saw poor Maguire, for the last time, raising 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.

R—.

THE SIXTY-NINTH IN CAMP.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

[LETTER FROM OUR ASSOCIATE EDITOR.]

FORT CORCORAN, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, 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 armament 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 Secessiondom to come and shake hands with us across the ditches. Powerful military gates, with earthen breastworks behind them, are now being placed at the two main entrances to the fort. The *tete de pont* in our rear, at the foot of the hill, is completely defensible; 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 Secessionists at Ball's Cross-roads, and succeeded in capturing five men, three horses, and a variety of weapons—muskets, shot-guns and revolvers. Various other prisoners were brought in on that and subsequent days, by scouting and patrol parties from the Thirteenth, Twenty-eighth and Sixty-ninth New York Regiments. There was a grand guard-house clearance this morning, however, after due examination of evidence for and against the parties seized. Six were discharged on taking the oath of allegiance; and but one—George C. Jackson by name, cousin to Ells-

worth's murderer, and undoubtedly a "pernicious spirit of mischief"—is retained for further examination at Department Headquarters.

At the time of J. T. Ball's arrest—one of the five prisoners taken—he had about him \$900 in gold, put up in packages convenient for speedy transportation. This sum might well have tempted the rapacity of such "hiring vagabonds" as the Rebel press would make us out to be. But clearly it had no charm for the sergeant to whom Ball confided his secret. The money was carried back and delivered to the prisoner's wife with scrupulous faith—the performer of the act thinking so little about it that the affair only reached Colonel Corcoran's ears by accident, after his return to camp. Had Ball actually been a rebel, of course the money should not have been returned—gold, of all articles, standing highest on the list of "contraband." Nevertheless, the sergeant's mistake was generous and noble—the fact that Ball has since proved himself a peaceful citizen, though apparently not a very ardent Union man, taking away any blame that might otherwise attach.

Yesterday afternoon we had some anxiety about the fate of twenty Zouaves of the Sixty-ninth under Lieut. Butler, who had gone on a volunteer scouting party to Falls Church, about five or six miles in advance of this position. Captain Meagher with his company of Zouaves was stationed last night at the depot of the Loudon and Hampton railroad, nearly a mile beyond Ball's Cross-roads, having in charge a locomotive and two cars—seized by Company B of the Sixty-ninth, last Sunday night, or rather early last Monday morning. Lieut. Butler and his twenty men 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 B, Second U. S. Cavalry, were under orders to advance and ascertain the fate of the missing men, and rescue them, if possible; when, happily, a messenger 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 since last Friday. Every hour has its full share of duties both for men and officers—a conviction gaining ground that an advance of this Division on 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 already weary of their lighter labors, and panting for some opportunity to distinguish themselves. 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 respective 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 besought to remain. Notice had been served upon the village by the district commander of the Rebel forces, that it would be required to furnish its quota of troops for the Confederate army next day; and as the young "chivalry" of the place had no special ambition for martial laurels, they and their distracted "patients" crowded round the twenty 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 occupied and fortified in force, if at all; and therefore 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 take 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 mechanic, honest in every feature, and perfectly straightforward in speech. He had five sons altogether. Two are serving 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 Secession ordinance—still more painful to watch the quivering features, and old eyes filling with bitter tears, as he related the arts and threats by which his two elder 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 homestead in Alexandria County, on a hill within sight our of 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 seemed the Jacob of his declining days, the father's prayers were fervent and effectual. Against the young man himself, there existed no positive proof; though many suspicious circumstances could have been brought forward had Col. Hunter desired to press the case with rigor. But the old man's frankness, honesty and simple grief did more than all the arguments 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 allegiance before his liberation,—an act performed with every symptom of cheerfulness and sincerity. The form of this oath I may as well subjoin:—

HEADQUARTERS, BRIGADE OF THE AQUEDUCT,
DEPT. OF N. E. VIRGINIA, JUNE, 1861. }
I, John Doe, do hereby solemnly swear, in presence of the ever living God, that I will true allegiance bear to the United States of America; and that I will not directly or indirectly aid, comfort, assist or supply with information any persons in the so-called Seceded States who shall be arrayed in arms against the Government of the Union, or in any manner engaged in treasonable attempts to overturn said Government. So help me God.

This oath is then repeated and signed in due form, all persons taking it being made aware that if found guilty of transgressing any of its provisions, either in letter or spirit, they will be strung up to the nearest tree in the shortest possible time after a verdict of "guilty" shall have been found against them by a drum-head court-martial.

During the last few days we have had many visitors of more or less note from your city;—amongst others, our friend and the friend of virtue, John J. Bradley, who remained in camp three or four days and nights, in hopes of seeing a "General Alarm," but none came. Also Mr. E. K. Strong, publisher of *Yankee Notions*, who accompanied Bradley; and this morning the Brigade was honored by a general review in presence of Alderman E. L. A. Boole, who was in some danger of being arrested while in Washington, on account of that "screw-nay" which he constructed for the Southern Confederacy. Boole, however, managed to show a clean bill of health at the War Department, by stating that the flotilla, though

built, was never actually sent,—his confidence in the Southern "scrip" which was offered to him in payment not being up to proof; in fact many degrees below. During Bradley's visit, we had several delightful *soirees musicales*, both at the tents of Colonel Corcoran and the quarters of the United States Engineers in charge of our works. At the latter place there is an excellent piano, belonging to the ousted proprietors of Rosslyn House,—this instrument giving forth dulcet sounds every quiet evening under the accomplished touch of Capt. Van Kameche, of the Twenty-eighth New York, Lieut. 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 wilfully ignores and suppresses it, for reasons best known to the respective editors. The Washington telegraphers and correspondents appear equally in the dark—their despatches, for the most part, being masses of absurdity and false rumor. Each of them would seem to have some favorite axe in need of sharpening; and this need leads them into "puffing," with Arabian odors officials, who should rather be blasted and blown to atoms under the sirocco of public scorn. I know that the jobbers and indiscriminate rascals who are now making their booty out of the Public Emergency are both dexterous and ceaseless 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 from bad to worse under 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 villainy practiced by contractors who have clothed our troops in uniforms that fall to pieces after a week's work,—all the villainy of those other contractors who deliver food unfit for human use, in lieu of the first-class provisions bargained for,—putting all these matters to one side, we are brought face to face with the overwhelming danger of being led into action under Generals and superior officers who are actually not qualified to manœuvre a platoon. The policy of seizing 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 first outcross 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 his prodigal waste of life may yet capture the position, there is no doubt. Indeed, there were rumors here 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 exulting conviction that the army of the General Government is "an army of lions led (in some of its branches,) by jackasses."

I can assure you that your comments of last week on the self-election of citizens to Brigadier Generalships and so forth, have found a wide response and endorsement in all military circles at this point. Trained and deserving officers, who have passed their

whole lives in the study and practice of warfare, are overlooked and allowed to remain in the rank they occupied last November; while men who have never in their lives before buckled on a sword;—or who, at the outside, have only figured as the rather ridiculous heroes of militia-trainings, twice 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 posts 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 inevitable loss of gallant blood, which must form the ink in which this lesson is to be presented to the powers that be. But the militia officers feel keenly that no efforts or sacrifices on their parts can atone for incompetent commanders; and I can assure you that the relief experienced by the New York Regiments on this side of the Potomac, when it was announced that Major General Sandford had been superseded in command by Brigadier General McDowell, of the regular service, amounted, in its effect upon the military spirit of our troops, to a victory already won. Confidence at once took the place of semi-despondency; and while it is not only quite possible, but quite certain, that Gen. McDowell may lead us into greater dangers than Gen. Sandford would have been allowed to embark on,—all our men now feel that their daring will be made effective, and that whatever sacrifices are required, will be incurred in worthy enterprises. Under Sandford, they would have entered the battle with the dogged determination of men conscious that they were about being led to useless slaughter. Under McDowell the odds may be more desperate; but each man will

carry with him a belief that a superior intelligence is guiding his exertions, and that blood will not be allowed to flow save in due proportion to the importance of the object had in view. This confidence is felt, even though McDowell is an untried man in any position so eminent as that which he now occupies. It is a compliment, not to the man, but to the profession in which he has risen so rapidly; and I hazard nothing in saying, that if the vote of the entire Volunteer and Militia forces now in arms for the Union could be polled, after they have had a month's experience in the field, ninety-nine out of every hundred votes would be cast in favor of having any educated Second Lieutenant of Artillery to lead them into general action, rather than the best Militia Major General that can be scared up throughout the States.

I know that Gen. Butler stands high at present, both at the War Department and in the newspapers. It is very cheerfully conceded that he displayed prudence and administrative abilities at Annapolis and in Baltimore. But whether he possesses abilities and professional knowledge equal to his present command may well be doubted. Certainly, there are many Massachusetts offi-

cers with whom I have conversed, who do not seem to estimate Gen. B.'s military powers at anything like their rated value. Not to put too fine a point upon it they seem to regard him very much as our New York boys regarded Gen. Sautford during his few brief hours of authority on Arlington Heights. For myself, of course, I know nothing about the matter, and have no opinion to express: But so simple are the duties of militia regiments while at home in time of peace; and so varied, complex, confusing, important and scientific the duties of the same body when out on actual service,—that I cannot but regard with solemn wonder and something like a sense of awe, the self-confidence or criminal recklessness of that man, not trained and educated in military pursuits, who can take upon his untutored shoulders the burden of responsibility for the lives of a Division or Brigade. If our stock of army officers were exhausted, would it not be wisdom to employ, at whatever cost, experts from European camps to teach us how to fight? But while there are dozens upon dozens, and scores upon scores of men who have been Captains and Majors in the regular service for the last ten years,—is it not worse than fatuity,—is it not criminally and wilfully courting heavy temporary reverses to appoint this, that or the other played-out politician, who has never studied any other warfare save that of politics.

I am compelled to break off my letter in consequence of an order to proceed to the duties of my position. C. G. H.

LIFE AT FORT CORCORAN.

THE SIXTY-NINTH IN CAMP.

[LETTER FROM OUR ASSOCIATE EDITOR.]

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VA., June 26, 1861.

Wonderful to relate, and in a good hour he it spoken, we have had five successive nights of undisturbed repose. Not a stampede, not an alarm, since last Thursday; nothing to break the sultry stillness of this oppressive atmosphere. The days burn and the nights suffocate. 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 each afternoon,—the health of the regiment keeps up to a standard actually surprising. Two months ago, last Sunday, we sailed from New York, losing two men overboard before reaching Annapolis. Then followed the seven days of exposure and bitter privation while guarding the track between Annapolis and the Junction—our men sleeping under one continuous rainstorm without any other covering than their blankets, and without any other food than coarse junks of salt pork broiled hastily in the flames of their campfires. Since our arrival in Virginia, the work performed by the regiment has claimed the astonishment of every competent judge.—the men for several successive weeks working in the trenches from dawn to dusk, and sleeping or watching all night long on the ramparts, fully equipped for action and still with no other covering than their blankets. After such an ordeal, it is more than gratifying to record that not a single death has taken place in our ranks since landing at Annapolis Navy Yard,—the average of men on our sick-list never exceeding forty out of fourteen hundred, and of these but very few remaining under medical treatment more than a couple of days. To Drs. Smith, Nolan and Barron due credit should be given for these results; as also to the men themselves, who have been, with but rare exceptions, strictly

temperate, cleanly and attentive to the laws of health.

Owing to the sultriness of the weather, all exercise for the sake of health, instruction or pleasure, must be taken early in the morning or late in the afternoon. Hence there are company drills outside the ramparts from half past five o'clock A. M., to half past seven,—just about enough to give the men an appetite for breakfast; and a full dress parade of the entire regiment each afternoon, commencing at half past five o'clock P. M., and generally not ending until half past eight or nine. Under this system, the men are rapidly advancing to the proficiency and steadiness of regulars—their "charge-bayonets" in double-quick greatly surpassing in order, vivacity and force anything heretofore seen or heard "in these parts." Twelve hundred brawny men, two deep and rushing onward, shoulder to shoulder—their bayonets glistening in advance, their line as irresistibly regular as the crest-wave of a tide, and their roar as hoarse as that of billows breaking against some rocky headland—is a sight, I can assure you, worth seeing and a sound worth travelling many a mile to hear. Our evening parades in fact are fast becoming famous; and many high *militaires* of the regular service, together with militia officers by the score, are now in the habit of collecting each evening from all neighboring camps to see the Sixty-ninth "charge bayonets."

A story has just reached me this moment, so good that it cannot be kept. We must take it while it effervesces, and ere the flavor has lost its "nip." Two nights ago a Captain Nelson, attached to the Third Connecticut Regiment, returned to his own camp from a scouting party, radiant with triumph. He had discovered a Rebel infernal-machine on the track of the Loudon and Hampton Railroad; or rather a fuse connecting with the unseen combustibles, which fuzo he had valiantly hacked into seven several pieces with his sword! Great was the rejoicing in the tents of the Connecticut men thereat—uniformed officers expatiating on the value of New England sharpness, and soldierly Yankees of a calculating turn making "approximate" estimates of the number of loyal lives Captain Nelson's discovery must have saved. In the midst, however, of all these pleasant congratulations, an Aide from Gen. McDowell rode up with orders that the Connecticut Regiment should throw forward and up the railroad track five companies of skirmishers in pursuit of some "Secession villains" who had cut the telegraph wire between Alexandria and Gen. Tyler's headquarters—about two miles in advance.

"How thick was the wire, and how was it laid?" asked Captain Nelson, nervously—a cold perspiration breaking thickly out over his brow and hands, as he began to feel under his personal skin a whole army of "Secession villains."

"An ordinary wire," replied the Aide; "an ordinary telegraphing wire, hastily uncoiled along the railroad track, and kept out of observation as much as possible."

Captain Nelson said no more; but gracefully taking off the laurel-wreath acquired by his late supposed achievement, explained the whole story to McDowell's Aide, and "gave a receipt in full for the maize." After this, let none of the heathen associate the word "Irishman" with "blunder." Had one of the Sixty-ninth been caught in such a scrape, when should we have heard the last of the epigrams and *bon mots* which might so readily be manufactured out of the occurrence? Captain Nelson, I am glad to say, takes his inevitable "roasting" in good part; bears every allusion to infernal machines with manly fortitude, and is fast becoming no less popular from his good humor than notorious for the error into which "zeal exceeding judgment" led him.

There being nothing of special or immedi-

ate interest to record, this may be a good opportunity for making a few general observations 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 desire of every man and boy to be sent forward whenever and wherever there would appear the least chance that there may be fighting to be done. Sentinels and pickets who should remain behind to guard the camp, desert their posts and seek to smuggle themselves back into their respective companies, while on the march. Prisoners in the guard-house, beg, implore and petition to be released and allowed to join the fight, cheerfully offering to suffer double or treble punishment on their return. Sick men get up on their feet and commence loading their shoulders with blankets, ammunition and knapsacks. Everything is stir, excitement and hilarity,—the various companies chorusing a popular or patriotic air as they file out of the saltports; and friends who have been divided by some petty quarrel, fervently 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 sentinel, who was being left behind in charge of one of the artillery magazines. "Long life to you, sir, and make intherest for me to be sent on wid the boys!"

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

"Bad luck to it for ammunition," retorted the sentinel, testily, 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, divil resave 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 ingenious pleader for liberty to have a chance of being shot, was condemned to remain on guard over the despised bomb-proof.

A little liberty-gibbet of about seventeen or eighteen years of age—a delicate boy, detailed as servant to one of our officers,—begged hard for the privilege of joining his company, and marching forward on the occasion of a night alarm in front.

"You are too weak for such work," objected 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 lines, discovered his little servant dodging in behind the ranks and seeking in all ways to escape observation. The lad was loaded down with blanket, knapsack, canteen, rations 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 enterprising spirit. "Did I not tell you, sir, to remain in camp and look after the tent?"

"True for you, Captain," answered the little fellow, looking irresistibly comic 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 sure, sir, you forgot your cigar-case; and how could I tell but you might want to take a smoke before morning?"

Tame as this excuse was, there could be no resisting its manner of delivery—the fact that

the cigar-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 Captain means in future to shut up his tent and leave things to take care of themselves behind him whenever an advance is ordered.

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 instincts of the rank and file do not fail to appreciate the lessons of Great Bethel and Vienna, however insensible the authorities at Washington may remain to the teachings of those two unfortunate incidents. "Give us educated officers in command!" is the cry of the rank and file. "Give us men who will not attack batteries in front, and who will not regard a ditch on the exterior of a fortification as an 'unexpected obstacle!' Give us men who will not use steam-power to run us under the fire of grape and roundshot while cooped up in gondola 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 observation, did I not tell you plainly—and through you the public—that the appointment of Gen. Dix to the command of this Division is regarded with apprehension and distrust by every thinking man in the command. In Gen. McDowell, who is threatened with removal, we have all learned to place confidence. 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 kindness itself, upon all occasions, invariably testifying his confidence in their courage and discipline by sending them forward wherever drums beat to arms, or any speck of coming battle appeared above the horizon. Of course, this confidence has entailed 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 had its due 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 civilians or men who have not been in service for more than thirty years, over the heads of regular army officers, who have been constantly on duty,—is rapidly demoralizing the regular service, and engendering discontent in the one quarter to which we must eventually look for the successful leaders of our struggle. Colonels in the regular army now commanding brigades cannot submit, and should not be expected to submit with patience, to see their just promotion denied, and their commands placed at the mercy of "Superior Officers," who can make no pretence to superiority in anything but political influence and the higher title it so suddenly confers. Every day, at the Department, Militia Brigadier-Generals are applying to have some subordinates of the regular service,— "some fellows, you know, who know something about this kind of thing,"—detailed on their respective staffs to teach them what to do! How long can such a system last? Or how many thousand lives must pay forfeit, ere the lessons given in bloody characters at Great Bethel and Vienna, and taught by the instinct of

self-preservation to every intelligent volunteer carrying a musket in our ranks, shall have impressed their moral force on the minds of those distinguished gentry 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 protests, that the evils of which we complain are inflicted 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 that we outsiders can see or hear tends strongly to confirm the rumor. And now enough—perhaps too much—of grumbling.

Brigadier Gen. Schenck, by the way, is rather a fine-looking man, about fifty or fifty-five years of age, with bluish-gray eyes, a square forehead, fair hair, reddish beard, very fair complexion, remarkable honesty of expression with some firmness, and rather inclined to corpulency. Colonel McCooke (formerly a Lieutenant or Captain in the regular service), is "fat, fair and" thirty-two or three years old. He has a handsome, pleasant face, very good teeth, bright and joyous eyes, an immense expanse of breeches, and a heart apparently as large. He could in no manner be considered responsible for the disaster of Vienna—having been absent on duty at the War Department when the advance was ordered; and only overtaking the train in which his men were cooped up, within about a mile and a half of Vienna, and only two or three minutes before the masked battery opened. This battery, he tells me, fired nineteen rounds, having three guns in position and two in reserve. It was supported by from 1,500 to 2,000 rebel troops, chiefly from Georgia and the Carolinas. None but the first two discharges took effect on the men, Col. McCooke afterwards shifting the position of his command from one side of the road to the other, whenever he saw that the battery was again getting near his range. He thanked the Sixty-ninth Regiment for its prompt appearance on that evening, and for the aid given by our doctors, Smith and Nolan, to his wounded.

Lieut. Col. Nugent, I regret to say, met with a very serious accident last Tuesday, while trying the speed of a new horse with Paymaster Kithoe. The horse has a trick of rearing and falling back on its rider—Nugent having been seriously, but not dangerously hurt by him in this way three or four days before. Last Tuesday, however, the horse while in full gallop stumbled over a stone and fell heavily to the ground, dislocating the rider's shoulder, throwing the right collar-bone out of its place, and inflicting a severe contusion on the left temple. Since that time our poor friend has been partially insensible, with occasional fits of mental wandering, his groans every now and again filling the camp with grief, and our men paying their best homage to him by volunteering a guard to preserve perfect silence round the tent in which he lies. This accident is the more to be regretted, as Nugent was just about obtaining, at least so rumor says, a captaincy in the regular service—his highest object of ambition. It is to be hoped that he may soon recover and receive the desired promotion. Certainly, while commissions are being scattered through other New York regiments, the Sixty-ninth should not be overlooked; and your correspondent would suggest to the Secretary of War, that Col. Corcoran should have placed at his disposal a few of these substantial acknowledgments of the gratitude professed in official circles for the services of the Sixty-ninth.

This letter has already run to greater length than usual; and for this reason, succeeded

to the melancholy produced by Lieut.-Colonel Nugent's dangerous state, your correspondent

must postpone to next week, or until in better spirits, his official history of the rise, progress, achievements, and august ceremonials of the new military order entitled "The Moonlight Brigade"—an organization devised in the fertile brain of Capt. Meagher, for social, military, and scouting purposes, and already numbering nearly all the officers 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 nightfall—say from starlight 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 volunteer scouts during the still watches between tattoo and reveille. Each knight on entering the order is solemnly baptized with a new name, Bishop Larry O'Toole (Capt. Patrick Kelly) performing the ceremony, and all the initiated members assuming the responsibilities of god-fatherdom. There is a fine of one bottle of champagne, or two bundles of cigars upon any member who shall, during the meetings or scouting parties of the Order, call a brother by any other name save that under which said brother shall have been rebaptized on his admittance. Many of these names are amusing, and the fines for mistakes tend to supply our few convivial meetings with plenty of the materials necessary for moderate enjoyment. Capt. Meagher, as President of the Order, is known as "Prince Rory O'Moore." Lieutenant Bagley, Secretary and one of the best officers in the Sixty-ninth, as "Jefferson Brick." Capt. Patrick Kelly is "Bishop O'Toole." Quartermaster Tully figures as "Goliath." Adjutant McKeon makes a barly representative of "Don Quixotte." Lieut. Connolly plays the part of "Fion McCoughall" to advantage. Our good and virtuous friend, Commissary Downing, has been universally christened "Beelzebub." Lieutenant D. Homergue is "Fly-Catcher." Capt. Quinlan, of the Engineers (owing to a strawberry-bed story), "Don Juan." Lieut. McQuade is a sober "Toodles." Paymaster Kehoe, a most good-natured version of "Hudibras," with comic illustrations to no end. Lieut. Hart, having a strong poetical turn, sings songs and writes them under the venerable name of "Ossian." Dr. Nolan is "Gadfly;" Dr. Barron effervesces as "Seidlitz Powder," while Dr. Smith, a pious and zealous child of the scalpel, has been given the high Irish title of "Daman-it,"—an old Milesian word signifying "may his shadow increase!" Lieut. Wall, of the Zouave company, is called "Cruikshanks," in honor of the straightness of his legs. Lieut. Butler, "Sancho Panza," to commemorate the immense quantity of flesh he has "put up" since feeding on "camp rations." Our friend Captain Breslin will live in history as the "White Horse of the Peppers"—a notion that he be called "Two White Horses" not receiving the required two-thirds majority. Lieut. McDermott is "Scout," and makes an excellent one. Lieut. Fay, Irish Tom's correspondent and ambassador, responds to the honorable title of "Hop-twice-and-go-constant." The rubicund Capt. Clark has been styled "Lord Chatham," in reference to his statesmanlike acquirements. Lieut. Leddy is "Timothy Doughnuts;" Lieut. McManus "Billy Bowlegs," to distinguish him from Lieut. Wall. On Lieut. Duffy the noble appellation of "Bosthoon," being an Irish term for "Great Advisor," has been conferred. Lieut. McMahon, a veteran of many fights and now in charge of our artillery, is called "Blazer." Capt. James Kelly is "Friar Tuck." Capt. Cavanagh goes on his way rejoicing as "Lepprechaun." The name of

"Amiadab 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. II.

CAMP SONG OF THE SIXTY-NINTH.

SCENE—"The Sacred Soil of Virginia."

BY DICK CHILAHAN.

I.

From Malahide
To Shannon side,
From Malin Head to Bray,
Our kindred dear
Will proudly hear
The tidings of the fray.
They know we're here, in danger's van,
Determined, loyal, to a man,
And flanked by brave compeers;
Then let us win a glorious name,
That Saxon Thugs may not defame
The Irish Volunteers.

II.

Young, headlong braves,
The Green Flag waves
O'er foreign soil once more,
As died in blood,
It victor stood
On Fontenoy, of yore.
The birth-right of our gallant band,
The danger to a dep'ed land
And gift of famine years,
Made every Celtic heart of steel
Leap madly to the *bearna boaghail*,
The Irish Volunteers!

III.

Our purpose high,
To win or die
For "Eire of the streams,"
Is still the hope
That buoys us up
And haunts the soldiers' dreams.
But though we may not live to see
Thy 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.

Unconguered Flag!
No foe shall drag
Our starry standard down,
If courage true
And hands to do,
Can reckless valor crown.
Memento of a tyrant klog,
Bright 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 WILKEY.

The 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.

Wilkey 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.