

Local & Vicinity News.

From the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth.

A Private Letter, communicated to the Journal.

OUT IN A THICK WOODS, VIRGINIA,
Saturday, May 2, 1863, 12½ o'clock. }

TO MR. JOHN CHATFIELD, CORNWALL :

Dear Friend : Your letter of the 19th ultimo I received on the 24th. I was very glad to hear from you, and you will please excuse me for this long delay in answering it. And now, after I get this letter wrote, I do not know when I can mail it, as we have had no chance to mail any letters since Wednesday morning, and we have received no mail since Wednesday night. I anticipated, in the evening, when I wrote the last, that I would have time to write a few more lines the next morning before we marched, but I did not.

About nine o'clock a. m., Lieutenant Grier came to me and said the Captain wished me to come and help make out some muster rolls. We were kept busy writing until about four p. m., when the bugle sounded "Attention!" and in a few moments it sounded again to "strike tents." It had been raining all day. We did not have time to finish the muster rolls, but we had to prepare to march in double quick time. We left our overcoats behind. I do not believe that we will ever see them again, or anything else that was left there. It was but a few moments before we had our blankets and piece of tent rolled and strapped upon our knapsacks, and soon our peaceful and quite pleasant encampment wore the appearance of desertion, desolation and ruin; and our regiment was soon on the move for some place unknown to any of us. Of course we had to leave many of our things and conveniences behind us. We marched over as far as General Whipple's headquarters, and here we halted about half an hour, until the rest of our brigade came up, when we moved forward. We marched until about one and a half o'clock at night, when we halted. We were all very tired. We stacked arms and spread our blankets and laid down and slept soundly until daylight, when we were ordered up; and we rolled our blankets immediately, and then imbibed a cup of coffee and ate our breakfast. There was some firing not far from where we were. We remained here until about nine o'clock, when we proceeded onward. We did not march over a mile before we halted, stacked arms and unslung knapsacks. We were in a large open field. The clouds soon dispersed and the sun came out warm; we laid down, and I had a very good nap. In the afternoon, about three o'clock, it began to cloud up, and threatened a shower. Knapp, Charley and I soon pitched our tent on the side hill, and got some pine boughs and laid in on the ground, and then with our case-knives we dug a trench around our tent to lead the water off. I have mentioned only Knapp, Charley and I as pitching our tents, but of course we were not the only ones, for thousands of tents were soon pitched, and it was not long before it commenced raining, and it continued all night and until near noon next day. We slept dry and soundly, and no water ran under us.

It rained most of Thursday a. m. Our regiment was mustered again, and about noon was on the march, retracing our steps to camp again, or at

least as far as Stoneman's Station. As it was now getting pretty near dark, some of us flattered ourselves that perhaps we might stop at our old camp and stay all night; but, alas! there was no such good luck for us, and we crossed the railroad and marched, until one o'clock at night, over the same road that we marched last fall, and then halted in a large field, spread our blankets and laid down.

It was our Company's turn to be on guard. Knapp was Corporal of one relief, and Charley of another. We had marched all the way just as fast as we could march, and with our heavy load to carry, I can assure you we were very tired; and then to sleep only two hours was rather tough. At four o'clock in the morning (Friday) the General ordered the drums to beat *reveille*, or at least gave the orders to the Colonel, so we had to get up and roll up blankets, &c. I then went about half a mile after some water to make us some coffee, and then had to get it out of a muddy brook; but anything, you know, must answer for a soldier.

About sunrise we were on the move again. Passed over some bad roads, and about noon crossed the river. Here we saw some of the Rebels' work, in the shape of breastworks and rifle pits; and I can assure you that they had them in a very advantageous position. They were on a side hill in a cleared field above the river, but the Rebels soon left when

Missing 45-48

for there is scarcely anything else here but woods, though we occasionally came to a very fine clearing.

There is some heavy firing in front of us, and I do not know how soon we may be ordered forward. I am too tired to write any more at present. I have my piece of tent spread in the bushes to keep the hot rays of the sun from me, and am lying down and writing on my havresack. I will close for the present. You can scarcely imagine how tired I am, and I can assure you I am not the only one.

The order has just come to fall in, there is no use to murmur or complain, I must go. So for the present, Good-bye. I do not know when I shall be able to write any more. Yours truly, P. P. H.

Monday, p. m., May 4.—Dear Mr. Chatfield and dearest Mother, if I could only see you I could talk to you. I have seen enough to write columns since yesterday morning. Yesterday we were in the severest battle of the war. Our corps, the Third, saved the army, and has covered itself with glory, but at what a cost! I must inform you that your dear Charley is killed, and many others. I am safe. I have not time to write any more. Robert Rush is killed. I will write as soon as I can.

Yours forever, P. P. H.

From our regular Army Correspondent.

The 124th in Battle.

Interesting Letter from "Felix."

THIRD ARMY CORPS,
Hospital, 7th May, 1863.

DEAR SIR: * * * We struck tents on the 29th day of April, about 4, P. M., and not without regret, and many a longing, lingering look behind did we leave a spot where we spent four months of happy times. The pile of dry goods and furniture that we had to leave was enormous. All the clothes we are allowed to carry is one suit, and one change of undergarments. The knapsacks are filled up with hard tack, coffee and sugar, each man having three days rations on his back. I had a few household gods which I could not think of throwing away—such as portfolios, one or two small boxes, needles, thread, &c., &c.—I parted with my overcoat, extra pants, shirts, boots, shoes, &c., &c., thinking that they would benefit some genuine old Secesh one of these fine days. Had we not lived to get back, the farmer on whose land we had squatted could have set up a second-hand clothing store and made a fortune.

When we started there was a heavy fog all over, so that we could neither see nor be seen over a few hundred yards—we marched till after 11, P. M., through woods and brush, and were glad when we came to a stop—our shoulders ached with the straps—our clothes were wet through with sweat, but we cut down some boughs—I spread out our blank-

ets and soon were asleep. In the morning we awoke at day-light to hear the rattle of musketry playing away on our left. This I afterwards learned was between our and the enemy's pickets. The bridges (pontoons) had been laid with the loss of only three men. None of our corps had yet crossed. Our troops were drawn up in two very long parallel lines. Our skirmishers and those of the enemy were almost within speaking distance, and thus the two armies lay for some time. There was a long gully extending the whole length of our line.—The rebels took advantage of it and would doubtless have been successful in butchering our skirmishers if not many more, had it not been, that our balloon discovered their strategical movement in time to prevent any damage to us. They had this gully filled with troops, and their skirmishers instead of being in advance of them were a considerable distance in the rear, on purpose to draw our men into their trap. They would have succeeded had it not been that our balloon was on the alert.

The fog of yesterday enabled us to keep our movement a secret to the enemy, till we were at them and commenced to lay our pontoons—had it been otherwise there would have been many a life lost before a man landed on the other side—but we took them by surprise and were across before many of them knew we had broken camp. I saw one of the Sappers and Miners—employed in laying the bridges here—yesterday morning. He says they carried the boats on their shoulders for over half a mile, and laid them on the water as easy as they could, and it was so foggy at the time that they could only see a few yards ahead. The boats were then filled with troops and rowed across, they landed before the pickets on the bank anything about it—they (the pickets) fired their guns and fled. The officer of the picket came down to see what they were firing at and said, "Boys don't fire any more without orders—what are these d—d Yankees doing now?" The Colonel who was in charge of our men stepped up to him revolver in hand and said—"My young friend, I want you on the other side." The officer was taken all aback, instead of being with his own pickets he was our prisoner—and sent back on the first return trip of the boats.

On Thursday (April 30th) we moved from our position on the left, and made a forced march of 50 miles or more, that we might get in front of the right. Then we had three hours to rest, after which we were drawn up in line of battle on a

muddy field where we remained until we were chilled through. On Saturday our work commenced pretty briskly, but we did not fire a shot till late in the afternoon. A few of our men got wounded, but only a few. On Sabbath morning at day-light all hands fell at the work with a will. Our regiment lay supporting our battery for a good while till the enemy were driving our forces and getting rather near us, then we were ordered to the front and formed our battle line in the woods a little to the right. We had not taken our position long, when the firing commenced in earnest. It was hard work I assure you. The barrel of my gun was so hot I could scarcely touch it. I fired

twenty-two rounds when a ball struck me on the head above the right eye. I felt a sting, but thought nothing of it till I saw the blood pouring, then I made up my mind that the ball must have entered the skull, and that the wound was mortal. I dropped my gun, and B. took me to the rear, where I had my wound dressed. It was not so bad as I supposed. The skin was torn, and the skull a *wee bit cracked*. I was, and still am weak from loss of blood. Yesterday my cheek was quite black; to-day I feel much better.

I have made a narrow escape, but my time had not come, and I hope the same kind hand will lead and guide me till the war is over. I have lost everything but the clothes on my back. Our regiment is terribly cut up. They never flinched in battle. I believe they would have stood till the last man had been cut down, had they not been ordered off.—Hooker was struck with their bravery, and when the 11th Corps ran, there can be no doubt that it was our division that saved the "Grand army." If we had wavered the rebels would have broken through the centre, and cut their way to victory. But during the whole engagement, no one hesitated or evinced timidity. The privates were as heroic as the officers and the officers as the privates.

You will probably have learnt by this time that we lost over 200 men killed, wounded and missing. A large number of the worst cases are to be sent to Washington. Wm. Milligan and John Hamilton, are in the number. The rest will be sent as quickly as transportation can be had for them.

FELIX.

Brief Notes of a Visit to the Wounded of the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth.

To the Editor of the Journal:

DEAR SIR: It will give me pleasure if I may be able to furnish anything of interest to the public through your columns, and I therefore cheerfully

comply with your request.

When the telegraph brought the tidings northward of the late battles near the Rappahannock, the whole country was filled with intense emotion. Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg were centres in which united the hopes, fears and destiny of the nation. Every state, almost every township had its representatives there, so that no part could be uninterested in the scene of carnage which was being a second time enacted near the already blood-dyed Rappahannock. When we learned that the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth N. Y. V. had borne a prominent part in that struggle, you and I, and every one having relatives or friends in that regiment, felt an intense desire for their welfare. Kind friends seconded my desires, and said to me, Go, look after our brothers, husbands and sons.

With letters of introduction in my pockets which it was hoped would secure me a pass to the army, I joined the tide of travel from all parts of the country, that had set toward Washington. Crossing the ferry to Jersey City, we met a regiment of Zouaves returning to their homes, already happy in the anticipated embrace of their loved friends. On reaching the cars, we witnessed the partings of soldier husbands from their wives, and saw epitomized in their moistened cheeks and sad farewells, the ocean of tears and sorrows which now overwhelms the country with grief. We rode all night, reaching Washington at six and a half on Friday morning, May 8th.

As the day began to dawn the cars were passing through dishonored Baltimore, I fancied I could see the stain of blood on her walls—blood of patriots shed by the hands of ignoble traitors; blood which neither floods of rain such as was then falling, nor the lapse of years, will suffice to efface. The soldier standing sentry, the occasional encampment, the paths beaten by soldiers, the Relay House where the military genius of Butler first began to appear—all admonished us that we were verging to the line where fearful war rules the hour. Soon the dome of the Capitol appeared towering high above every surrounding object. Of it and other public buildings, if you desire, I will write somewhat hereafter.

Near the depot I had a glimpse of the first Butternut boys, *alias* Rebel prisoners—sorry fellows they seemed to be. On my return home, one of the Eighth Louisiana Volunteers, who had been captured in the late battle, was in the cars. He had taken the oath of allegiance, and was going to Boston. He had been two years and two months in the Rebel service; had been in thirteen battles, and once wounded; said the Louisiana regiments were composed mainly of Creoles and Irishmen. He was an Irishman. In the battles of the Peninsula, his brother, fighting on the side of the Union, was slain. Said he, "They have killed my brother; I have no interest in their strife; I was glad to have an opportunity to take the oath." He was fully of the opinion that the Rebels could not be conquered. Said they have plenty of flour, half-rations of meat. Sugar, tea and coffee are hardly seen or very scarce. His suit was homespun, coarse but comfortable. He wore a Yankee blouse, probably purloined from some dead Union soldier.

After my arrival I made my way immediately to the headquarters of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. A letter from Dr. Bellows introduced my errand.

4

Mr. Seward also wished me God speed in my mission; but on reaching the office of Lieutenant Colonel Conrad, by whom all passes to visit the army are given, I was confronted by an order from the Secretary of War, issued that day at the request of General Hooker, forbidding the granting of passes to civilians, shutting off even the state agents. All my pleas were unavailing. The best I could do was to look after the wounded who might be brought on to Washington. Some had already arrived. During my stay in Washington I visited several of the hospitals, and saw nearly all of the One hundred and Twenty-fourth Regiment who had been brought up from the battle-field. From them I gathered what particulars I could of the fate of their comrades.

I immediately sent an account home, which was published in the *Telegraph* of Tuesday last, and, except in unimportant particulars, I believe it to be correct.

All the wounded that I saw, were doing well, and are attentively cared for. Most of those reported missing will, I trust, soon be restored to their friends. Alas! that so many have fallen! The terrible conflict of Sunday, May 3d, in which the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth was engaged, will link Orange County and Chancellorsville by sad but imperishable memories. Our heroic dead, whose ashes sleep on that battle field, are worthy of immortal honor. Their wives and orphaned children should be adopted by the county. May our Heavenly Father put it into the hearts of their countrymen to watch over and care for them with paternal solicitude.

To-morrow I may give you some account of the hospitals, and the noble work of the Sanitary Commission.

C. S. BROWN.

The most Complete details of the Killed and Wounded in the 124th Regiment.

We are indebted to REV. CHAS. S. BROWN, for the principal items of the annexed list of casualties in the 124th Regiment. Mr. BROWN, our readers will remember, left this Village immediately after the battles on the Rappahanock, for the purpose of looking after the wounded. He writes:

"I have seen as many of the wounded men who have been brought on to Washington as I possibly could, and have seldom worked harder than I have during the past two days. Most of the casualties occurred in the terrible battle of last Sunday. Many (both rebels and Union) were burned in the woods which had taken fire from the explosion of shells, and in a hospital near by which also took fire.

"An officer who came in here last night, showed me where a ball entered his left breast very near the heart. It went through eight thicknesses of clothing, and struck a crucifix which the Captain showed me. Probably the cross saved his life. This man was of the 3d Army Corps (the 124th is also in that Corps), which did the hardest fighting on that day.

"We should not, perhaps, be particularly uneasy in reference to the wounded and those reported missing. The hospital reports have not come in, and besides the hospitals are spread over considerable distance and are without mail facilities of any kind.—Many who are in hospital, therefore, cannot send word to their friends. I think this will be remedied in a few days."

LIST OF CASUALTIES.

COMPANY A.—NEWBURGH.

KILLED.

Private William Odell, —
" John H Judson, —

WOUNDED.

Captain Weygant, in temple, slightly. —
Corporal J W Taylor, in neck, severely. —
" Joseph Davy, in thigh and right cheek severely. —
Sergeant Samuel T Rollings, in head, slightly. —
Sergeant Peter Rose, slightly. —
Private Robert Potter, in left shoulder, severely. —
" James Kyle, accidentally shot by one of his own company—leg amputated. —
Private R. Rawlings, bruised, slightly. —
" Henry Arcularius, in hand. —
" John Worford, in breast, slightly. —
" Abram Bellows, slightly. —
" Newton Goethius, slightly. —

MISSING.

John Lewis. —

COMPANY B.—GOSHEN.

KILLED.

Captain Henry S. Murray — *not killed*
Corporal George Shawcross. —

WOUNDED.

Sergeant Robert R Murray, forefinger cut off —
" Coe L Reeve, severely —
" William Valentine, severely —
Corporal Henry O Smith, severely —
Private Dennis McCormick, in thigh, not dangerous —
" Matthew Crawley, in leg, severely —
" George Culver, in leg, not severely —
" Matthew Holbert, in arm, severely —
" Hiram Crans, in arm severely —
" Ezra F Tuthill, severely —
" Edmund N Lane, severely wounded—reported since dead.

MISSING.

Henry O Smith, reported wounded —
William Valentine, do —
Frank Lee, do —
William Snyder, do —
Hugh McShane, do —
Edward Mapes, do —

Some of these are supposed to have been burned to death in the woods near Chancellorville, or in the hospital near, set on fire by the shells.

COMPANY C.—CORNWALL.

KILLED.

Sergeant Thomas Foley, color-bearer, shot dead —
Corporal Charles Chatfield, —
Private Robert Rush, —
" John W Foley, —
" James A Ward —

WOUNDED.

Corporal Daniel O'Hara, severely —
" Ephraim Tompkins, slightly —

Charles Knapp
 Thomas Rodman,
 William Bordenstein
 Albert Wise, slightly
 Samuel Dodge, slightly
 David L. Westcott, slightly
 Peter Conking, slightly
 Daniel S. Gardner, slightly
 Charles H. Goodsell, slightly
 Frederick Dezendorf, slightly
 Andrew Boyd, severely

MISSING.

Clark Smith, George H. Barnes,
 James D. Tilton, John Thompson,

COMPANY D.—WARWICK.

KILLED.

Corporal Francis Mediot

WOUNDED.

Lieutenant Daniel Sayre, in thumb, slightly.
 Joseph S. Brooks, severely
 Jonas F. Quackenbush, severely
 Zopher Wilson, severely

William L. Becraft, slightly
 John K. Clark, slightly
 Daniel P. Dugan, slightly
 George W. Decker, slightly
 Jesseiah Dolson, severely
 Norman L. Dill, slightly
 Abram C. Forshee, severely
 Orlando Humphrey, severely
 Carl G. Hoffman, severely
 William McGarrah, slightly
 Joel McCann, severely
 Coleman Morris, slightly
 David F. Raymond, slightly
 William H. Tomer, severely
 John Garrison, slightly

Six of this company are missing, and some of the wounded with whom I have conversed think they were burned in the woods.

COMPANY E—MIDDLETOWN.

KILLED.

Corporal William Daly
 John C. Staples
 Charles Newell

WOUNDED.

Lieut Theodore M. Roberson, slightly
 Sergeant William Price, severely
 Corporal Hiram Ketchum, slightly
 Judson Kelly, severely
 Adam W. Miller, slightly
 Adam W. Beakes, severely
 William L. Dougherty
 Charles M. Everett, hip
 Edward Glenn, breast and arm
 Jonah Harris, body, left
 Abram Rogers, leg
 Moses Crist, knee

COMPANY F—PORT JERVIS,

KILLED.

Wm V. C. Carmer
 Thomas H. Jeffrey
 James Cunningham
 Ira Wilcox, wounded—since dead
 Clement B. Anderson, in body—reported dead

WOUNDED.

Lieutenant Thomas J. Quick, under the eye, slight.
 Corporal Charles Peters, in arm, severely
 Job M. Sneed, in hand, slightly
 Henry R. Bodhead, in cheek, slightly
 Bernard F. Kean, in thigh, shot wound
 Charles P. Kirk, contusion, caused by shell
 Corporal Alfred Bartley, in abdomen, severely
 George W. Adams, slightly
 Isaac Gillison, in hand, slightly
 Job Sneed, do
 Reuben Doty, do
 Jacob Garrison, slightly
 J. F. Fisher, gone to Philadelphia Hospital

MISSING.

Peter A. F. Hanara, Andrew J. McCarty.

COMPANY G.—BLOOMING GROVE.

KILLED.

George Coleman, first to fall, ball went through his head between the eyes.
 Peter Higgins,
 William Hawkshurst
 William Raker.

REPORTED DEAD.

H. Trainer, } Reported wounded,
 Grant B. Benjamin, } Touhey this are dead.
 Cornelius Hughes, }
 Sergeant Fred J. Wood, in back—re. dead.

WOUNDED.

Sergeant Horatio J. Estabrook, in foot, severely.
 Corporal Daniel S. White, not severely.
 " Lewis P. Miller, in knee, severely.
 " James Miller, in leg, very severely.
 " George W. Odell, in finger, slight.
 " Alexander Jones, severely.
 John H. Calyer, in head, not severely.
 William E. Cannon, in hand.

7

William Fosberry, not severely.
Patrick Touhey, not severely.
Cyrenus Giles, slightly.
Eli Hughes, leg broken.
Joseph Miller, slightly.
Abram Stalter, in hand.
Alexander Trainer, leg broken.
D S White, not severely.

MISSING.

Corporal Sanford T Estabrook, wounded. Captain Clark reports that he saw him leave the field in ambulance. Fosberry, Touhey, and White were wounded at the same time.
Hector Finney.
John W Bennett.

COMPANY H—WALDEN.

KILLED.

Corporal David Mould.
" William L Fairchild.
Van Keuren Crist.
Charles A Foster.
George O Fuller.
Joseph Delneater.

WOUNDED.

Captain David Crist, slightly.
Lieutenant Henry Gowdey, in leg, was in Washington with his brother, did not see him.
Sergeant John Rowland, severely.
" Albert R Rhinehart, severely.
" William H Cox, slightly.
Corporal Benjamin Dutcher, in thigh, flesh wound.
" John R Post, slight—on duty.
D D Post.
William H Brown, above eye—not severe.
Thomas H Baker, in both legs.
John McCann, in arm, badly.
Daniel Carman, in leg, slight.
Andrew Bowman, slight.
Jerry M Crist, severely.
Josiah Dawson, slightly.
William H Dawson, severely.
Grandison Judson, slightly.
Charles A McGregor, severely.
Samuel L Youngblood, slightly.
Charles Seaman, } Mortally wounded, left on the
Jos Delamater, } field—so reported
Henry Matthews, }

MISSING.

Theron Bodine.
A Hawley

COMPANY I—NEWBURGH.

KILLED.

George Weygant
Courland Bodine
James Cooper

WOUNDED.

Sergeant Charles Stewart, in head, slight.
Corporal William Wallace, severely.
" Andrew P Millsbaugh, slight.
William Milligan, not very severely—says he was reported dead—I saw him in hospital.
James Boyel, lost one finger—slight.
William Hamilton, leg amputated.
Joseph Hanna, in head, not dangerous.
John Hamill, in arm, badly.
Anson Hamilton, in foot, slight.
Rensselaer D Baird, in head, slight.
George Scott, in foot, slight.
David Storms, in wrist, slight.
Daniel Loughbridge, in shoulder, severe.
James C Haggerty, severely.
John H McAllister, slightly.
James Barrett, slightly.
John P Whiteman, slight.
Robert Wilson, slight.

COMPANY K—MIDDLETOWN.

KILLED.

Lieutenant Jacob E Denton
" Alanson W Miller

WOUNDED.

Corporal Daniel C Carpenter, in arm, pretty badly.
" George Van Seiver, in foot, slight.
" Solomon W Smith, fingers.
Egbert S Puff, arm amputated above the elbow.
Alonzo Price, in shoulder, severe.
Cornelius Herron, in hand, severe.
Nathaniel J Conkling, in hand, slight.
Stephen B Kerr, in hand, severe.
Jacob E Smith, in leg by bayonet.
Nathan B Mullen, in leg, badly.
Wm H H Wood, above knee, badly.
Gordon B Cox, very badly.
Cornelius Crans, hand.
Daniel E Webb, wounded in leg.
Isaac Rainoff, severe.
Samuel Malcolm, in leg.
Robert McCartney, in wrist.
John O'Brien, in foot.
David U Quick, in arm.
Paul Holliday, in hand.

MISSING.

Isaac Kennough
W W Bailey
Daniel E Webb, son of Dr Webb, of Ridsbury
Sylvanus Grier

Local & Vicinity News.

From the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth.

Letter from Captain Clark, of Company I.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN WEYGANT.

LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT CRESSY.

LIST OF CASUALTIES AS FAR AS ASCERTAINED.

A NOBLE BUT BLOODY RECORD.

One-Half Regiment Killed, Wounded or Missing

We are permitted, through the kindness of Mrs. Clark, wife of Captain Clark, of Company I, to lay the following letter before our readers:

EIGHT MILES ABOVE FREDERICKSBURGH, Va.,
Monday, May 4, 1863.

I joined the regiment on the 30th of April, but, not being able to walk, rode in an ambulance at the rear, and am now at the corps hospital, looking after the interest of the wounded of my company and regiment. There has been four days of the hardest fighting ever heard of. The One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth is badly cut up. Spencer is all right this morning. Charley has a slight scalp wound, but will be fit for duty again in three or four days.

I have just succeeded in sending the following named members of my company back to the hospital with the ambulances:

WOUNDED.

Sergeant Charles Stewart, head.

George D. Scott, leg.

Joseph Hanna, leg.

John Hamil, arm.

William Milligan, arm.

Daniel Loughridge, arm.

James Bovell, arm.

Daniel Storms, arm.

R. D. Beard, head, slightly.

J. C. Haggerty, leg.

William Hamilton, leg.

William Wallace, leg.

Samuel McQuaid, arm.

James McAllister, arm.

Patrick Ryan, foot.

The above are all that have yet been brought in from the front who belong to Company I. The following members are

SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

George Weygant.

James Cooper.

Giles Curran.

Cortland Bodine.

It is now raining, and I am standing under a

tree, with my hand for a writing desk. The ambulances are bringing in the wounded as fast as possible. There has been great havoc. It is said the fighting is over, and that we have got the best of them. I don't believe it; but I do believe we will whip them before you get this.

There is to be no mail sent from here to-day, but one of General Whipple's aids is going back to the creek, and he says that if any letters leave the army, this shall.

10.30 a. m.—Colonel Ellis is safe, also Lieutenant Colonel Cumming and Major Cromwell. Captain Murray, Company B, killed. Adjutant Bronson slightly wounded in the leg. * * * *

LEANDER CLARK.

It will be seen from the list which Captain Clark gives, and which is probably yet imperfect, that the percentage of casualties is a very large one. If our information, that only about forty-five members of the company were present, the proportion of killed and wounded is nearly one-half.

It is feared that Lieutenant Denniston, son of Judge Denniston, of Salisbury Mills, is among the wounded. A "Lieutenant Denton" is so reported, and no person of that name being known to belong to the regiment, it is feared it may mean Denniston.

We hear that a dispatch has been received stating that Captain Murray is not dead. How reliable this is we do not know.

The following letter was received this morning from Captain Weygant, of Company A:

BATTLE FIELD, May 4, Evening.

DEAR FATHER: I am all right, save a slight wound in the head. The regiment has suffered severely—38 dead, 150 wounded, 100 missing. George Weygant is dead. Loss in my company is 4 killed, 12 wounded. Smith, Jackson, Hart, John Wood, all right. No one in my company from Newburgh killed. Ackerman is well. C. H. W.

A recent letter from the regiment gives the total number of men fit for duty at 550, and if Captain Weygant's total of casualties for the regiment is correct, or nearly so, as it probably is, it shows that more than one-half the whole number of men present were disabled:—a noble but terribly bloody testimony to the valor with which the brave fellows did their work, and a witness to the fiery ordeal through which they passed.

The following is an extract from a private letter received this morning from Lieutenant Cressy, of Company A:

"About seven o'clock on Sunday morning, our regiment went in and engaged the enemy. We suffered very much. Captain Murray was killed. Captains Weygant and Crist, and Lieutenants Quick, Sayre and Gowdey, were slightly wounded. Company A had 6 killed and about 20 wounded. Company I had 4 killed and 26 wounded. We have about 200 men left in the regiment, but a great many are missing. I should think the total loss in killed is about 60, and in wounded and missing

from 200 to 300. This is, of course, a rough guess. The Adjutant was wounded in the leg. The Colonel is safe, as are also the Lieutenant Colonel and Major. I am not even scratched. We are lying in trenches. The enemy's sharpshooters have climbed the trees hereabouts, and have shot General Whipple and four more of our men."

We find the following names among a list of

wounded arrived at Washington:

John Rowland, Company H.

B. Dutcher, "

C. McGregor, "

Wm. H. Brown, "

R. R. Murry, Company B.

Immediately upon the fall of the staff officers—for at the same volley the Lieutenant Colonel was wounded in the leg, slightly—the command was assumed by Captain Weygant, as Senior Captain; and, closing up their ranks like veterans, the regiment moved right on to avenge their beloved Colonel and Major.

Of the subsequent movements of the regiment we have been unable to obtain but little information. Lieutenant Ramsdell asked and obtained leave from Captain Weygant to care for the bodies of the Colonel and Major, and left for Baltimore the same evening. On arriving in New York, the body of Colonel Ellis was taken to his father's residence, from which it will doubtless be buried by the side of the brother who fell on the field of Bull Run. Major Cromwell's remains were expected up this morning on the *Armeda*, but did not come.

We have obtained the following partial list of killed and wounded:

Killed—Colonel Ellis, Major Cromwell, Captain Isaac Nichols of the Washingtonville Company, Lieutenant Milner Brown of Company I.

Wounded—Lieutenant Colonel Cumming, Lieutenant James Denniston (in the arm), James Finnigan, and Acting Color Sergeant Samuel McQuaid.

McQuaid was shot in the right arm, and the colors fell; he seized them with the left hand and endeavored to raise them, but fainted from pain and loss of blood. Lieutenant Greer then caught the colors, planted them in the ground, and the regiment rallied round them.

The regiment went into the fight on Thursday two hundred and eighty strong, and came out with about eighty—which number will be increased by the return of men separated from their companions by one cause and another.

Major Cromwell leaves a young wife to mourn his heroic but untimely demise.

Local & Vicinity News.

Soldiers' Letters from the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth.

Co. G, 124th REGIMENT N. Y. V., 3d CORPS,
STONEMAN'S SWITCH, NEAR FALMOUTH, Va.,
May 8th, 1863.

William Chambers, Newburgh, N. Y.

DEAR BROTHER: I am well and unharmed. We have had a bloody battle. Our loss is heavy; about two hundred and seventy-five killed, wounded and missing in the regiment, and in my company, G, twenty-four. They fell all around me. I only received a slight bruise on my hand. Our regiment fought like tigers. I told the boys in the battle that Orange County expected every man to do his duty. Colonel Ellis heard it, and said, "Yes, boys, that's right; our country expects it." It was the hardest fought battle of the war. I did all I could for my country. My tent-mate was shot dead. General Hooker was with us in the battle. Tell Mary Emma that I carried the little Testament she sent me in the field of three battles. Give my love to the children. I was pleased to hear you got my check and watch all safe. Give my respects to all who remember me, and tell them you have a brother that you are not ashamed of in the field of battle. No more for the present. Your brother, JOHN CHAMBERS.

CAMP STONEMAN, May 7, 1863.

DEAR FATHER: It was with a sorrowful heart that I entered our old camp. We have had a hard time and a bloody battle; our regiment suffered severely; our loss must be about two hundred in killed and wounded. Our company lost a good many; it does not seem like the same place. I wrote you two letters from the other side the river but I do not know that you will get them. I escaped injury, and have come out all right. We had some very hard marches. The Captain was slightly wounded in the chin; he came to the company to-day. Gowdy is wounded pretty badly in the leg; he is at the Division Hospital, I saw him to-day. We had six killed sure, and I think several more. W. L. Fairchild, Van Keuren Crist, C. Foster, D. Mould, J. Delamater, Geo. O. Fuller, C. Seaman—the last was badly wounded and I think could not live; eighteen were wounded, J. Rowland was among them, but I cannot give the names tonight as I do not feel like writing. It was a terrible fight, and we had a hard place. They drove us off the ground at last, but we gave them a hard time. Orange County need not be ashamed of the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Regiment, brave men never stood before the enemy; they stood till they got their orders to fall back, although the men were falling thick and fast, and then fell back in good order. We made one charge after we fell back, and drove them before us, but they came again in force, and we had to fall back. Our colors were shot down three times. I was struck with a spent ball on the shin, but it did not hurt me an