FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

Visit to St. Helena and Other Islands—A Negro Crew and Song—Plantation Scenery, Life, and Negroes—A "Yankee" Government Agent and his Labors.

From Our Special Correspondent.

HILTON HEAD, S. C., July 12, 1862.

I have just returned from a two days' excursion to St. Helena and two of the adjacent islands. Lacking matter of more importance, I think my experience may interest some of the readers of THE TRIBUNE, as illustrative of the picturesque aspects of unmilitary life in this region. My letter will be one that might be printed under any date during the pres nt month, and may be accepted as a prose pastoral, interluding the great war epic apparently culminating at Richmond.

St. Helena Island is, as most of us learnt last November, a considerable one, lying north-north-east of Hilton Head, on the other side of Port Royal harbor. To reach it involves a sail or row of about five miles. In company with Capt. Charles Trowbridge, of the 1st South Carolina Volunteers (the negro regiment), I was propelled thither by the stout arms of eight colored men belonging to his command.

We started from headquarters at early morning, though the all-dominant sun made the long stretch of level sand and the banks of oysters (growing perpendicularly, like strange geological vegetation), hot enough beneath our feet. I think a monstrous turtle, captured some weeks ago, and lodged in a marine hermitage, expressly constructed for him on the shore, must have felt Phœbus's arrows penetrate its leafy covering and have considered his shell an incumbrance. He seemed restless, and his back, "broad as a buckler or as a targe," agitated the shady water. I thought of the luscious food therein contained and sighed, for shall I not, in all probability, be far away, when that turtle is killed and eaten? A melancholy reflection!

The tide was out, forbidding the near approach of the heavy boat on that shallow shore, hence the captain and myself were carried aboard on the backs of the boatmen, just as European travelers used to be at Boulogne, ay sturdy French fishwomen. A jolly-looking negress (wife, I think, to one of our crew), with her three-months old baby being similarly transported, the men bent to their oars, and the voyage began. We had a row of about two and a half hours before us, our goal being a certain locality, not directly across.

The rowers were all young men, athletic fellows of average nigritude and negro physiognomy. (I may remark, incidentally, that a recent inquiry originated by Gen. Hunter, for eight negroes of unmixed African descent, resulted in the total failure of the discovery of even one—so much for practical Southern amalgamation.) Stripped to their shirts, and wearing dark-blue military trowsers turned up to the mid-leg, with wide-brimmed, felt, regimental hats on, or nothing but their crisply-curling wool shielding them from the burning rays of the sun, they formed a more efficient boat's crew than an equal number of white men could have been at that temperature. All of them pulled well, with the prospect of a day's holiday, for they had belonged to the island and were bound on an authorized visit to wives, children, kinsfolk or friends.

Capt. Trowbridge, among his many other excellent social qualities, likes singing. Capt. Trowbridge is a decided favorite with his men, though I suppose he drills them more persistently than any officer of his regiment, being zealous, above all things, that it shall live through the prejudice and derision opposing it, to become a great and recognizable success. So that when he expressed a desire for a song, his sable crew, after sundry exhibitions of shyness (necessitating some persuasion and the jocular application of a pint of sea-water upon the wool of the chief vocalist, received with grinning teeth and immense delight by all the party), presently complied, obliging us with a hymn or two, and songs with refrains, as much in excess of the matter as the "tooral looral" familiar to the early years of the hero of "Great Expectations." Many of these were hardly distinguishable to one unused to their dialect; one, however, I noted down as worthy of preservation, both from its subject and origin. It was composed and secretly sung, so the negroes told us, while they were at work on the Rebel forts Beauregard and Walker, in vague but positive anticipation of the emancipation which they believed would accrue to them on the advent of the "Yankees." I give it in all its roughness. The refrain applies to the assumed number of slaves who would avail themselves of the opportunity to obtain their freedom. Verses two and three specify the ordinary rations given to negroes on the plantations, a peck of corn per week and a pint of salt per month. (The latter ceased on the beginning of the war.) Verse one is the crude expression of a similar, inevitable thought to that forming the chorus of Whittier's "Tybee" song, published in the Atlantic Monthly. The tune, evidently improvised, is monotonous, but pleasing.

No more driver's horn for me!
No more driver's horn;
No more driver's horn for me!
Many tousand go.

No more peck of corn for me!
No more peck of corn;
No more peck of corn for me!
Many tousand go.

No more pint of salt for me!
No more pint of salt;
No more pint of salt for me!
Many tousand go.

No more massa call for me!
No more massa call;
No more massa call for me!
Many tousand go.

No more driver's lash for me!
No more driver's lash;
No more driver's lash for me!
Many tousand go.

No more Bible kept from me!
No more Bible kept;
No more Bible kept from me!
Many tousand go.

No more driver's horn for me!
No more driver's horn;
No more driver's horn for me!
Many tousand go.

This song, sung in concert by eight voices, its roughly-pathetic utterances rising and falling as we sped over the leaping waves, amid the breeze and sunlight, was very effective; I found it touching from its simplicity.

We talked, of course. The negroes' testimony as to their ex-owner's behavior on the beginning of hostilities at Hilton Head was amusing: "Massa stood de shot fust rate," said one, "but when it come to trowin' hot shot and *dem rotten shell*, he say, 'Where my hoss, Pompey?'" Another declared that some of the poor whites had advised his remaining when the Yankees arrived, saying that they would certainly set him free—the first instance of their not being as bitter Secessionists as the wealthier traitors I have heard of. By the way, I wonder whether it ever occurred to the minds of these chivalrous, blue-blooded descendants of the Cavalier and Hugenot that *lying* for the purpose of abusing the credulity of a poor, ignorant slave was a mean, a contemptible business? Clergymen did it. Everywhere the negroes were told that they would be sold away to Cuba—that the Yankees were such an impoverished, mean, miserable set, that they would not sail to enrich themselves by that means—that they could not carry on the war without doing it. It had the desired effect, too, in hundreds of instances. I am sorry to say that, on the organization of the colored regiment, some of our soldiers, by way of brutal joke, revived this story, triumphing on the apprehensions excited thereby.

During our voyage the negress sat alternately laughing at all that transpired and nursing the soft-skinned, wooly-headed little pickaninny in her arms. Once she laid it on the seat beside her, where it slept quite tranquilly under the burning kiss of the sun, though one might have supposed its infantile brains would have fried within its skull, as Cervantes suggests of Don Quixote's, in his helmet. Close beside it was a rifled musket, brought by Capt. Trowbridge, as the chance of a shot at a stray porpoise, whose oil might be useful to his regiment. I looked at gun and baby, thought of an apostrophe of Michelets' to the "holy bayonets of France," and speculated whether the redemption of one subject of contemplation would indeed come out of the other. Within sixty miles of this very locality I had once seen such a mother and such a child exposed for sale upon the auction-block; let the readers of THE TRIBUNE judge which was the pleasanter spectacle.

St. Helena, in due time. Not a precipitous, barren rock like its godfather on the other side of the Atlantic, but a green, level shore, fringed with umbrageous trees. A lonely boat-house thatched with rushes, the deserted mansion of a fugitive planter and a group of negroes of both sexes, sitting beneath the shade of a fine live-oak—these are what we discover upon debarkation. The latter flock down to welcome our crew who, after they have secured the boat, are incontinently dismissed with directions to be at the spot at a set hour on the morrow. That effected, we stroll ashore and make observations.

The deserted mansion is one of a universal pattern in this region; built of wood, on a brick foundation, an ample, decayed piazza surrounding it, its habitable rooms reached by a broad flight of wooden steps in front and rear, many of the steps of which have disappeared. About it, in all the pomp of Summer luxuriance, grew live-oaks, myrtles, laurels, sycamores, vines, orange, and fig-trees. Of the latter there are two varieties, one bearing fruit now ripe and luscious, that of the other only becoming so in Autumn. Everything is as idle, as sunny, as beautiful as can be; in rambling through the abandoned garden and woody environs you find yourself involuntarily thinking of Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty," and "Lotus-Eaters," and Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," and that most romantic of all cantos, the concluding one of the Second Book of Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

Peeping through an unessemented window of the lower story, I see a few agricultural implements of the rudest character, among them a *sickle*. The use of such is rather the rule than the exception in the South: when you suggested newer and better, you were always told that negroes would spoil or destroy them. Natural enough to do your work slovenly, and as little of it as possible, when you are robbed of the proceeds.

This house had belonged to a South Carolinian of no particularly ardent Secession proclivities; with his two sons he had simply gone with the stream. Just before the Rebellion one of the latter had brought home a young wife; now all were away, fugitives on the main land. The negroes spoke favorably of "old massa," but "allowed" that the young ones were "hard" with them.

"Five minutes' walk brought us to their quarters, a row of huts with little gardens between them, forming a rustic lane. All around, the fields were high with maize and wild flowers, while overhead the leaves of the live-oaks and magnolias rustled deliciously. Under the shade of one of the former we presently partook of dinner, prepared for us by an elderly negress, mother to our boat companion. (I may add, incidentally, that she knew how to charge for it afterward.) We ate our really excellent meal in state, surrounded by a joyous concourse of negroes, old and young, one of whom complimented my companion with the assurance that his skin was "as white as any hog as ever she seed."

Another, a wrinkled, dwarfish mulatto, of 80, certainly not more than five feet high, with the veins in his yellow face and throat as perceptible as those in an anatomical preparation, had a story. Born at New-Providence, he had narrowly missed emancipation, coming with his master to the Carolinas to remain a slave until our advent. Forty years ago he had been to New-York, and now spoke of localities by me unrecognizable.

It was between 3 and 4 in the afternoon when we embarked again, in a smaller boat, rowed by the husband of the preparer of our dinner, and within an hour of sunset when we quitted it, after a long pull through an immense bed of rushes, with here and there a narrow stream unimpeded by them. We passed a lonely house or two on the shore, deserted, like that we had left behind, finally landing at the ex-plantation of the Rev. Mr. Fuller, now lapsed (in conjunction with the entire island) into the possession of our common uncle Samuel.

This is quite a settlement, Mr. Fuller seems to have devoted separate buildings to accommodations ordinarily comprised beneath one roof, as a library, etc., which, in conjunction with those occupied by his family, the slave-quarters, and outbuildings, are extensive enough to deserve (in the South) the name of a village. The late pastor preached occasionally at Beaufort, but wealth and sickness absolved him from any onerous performance of his sacred duties. He appears not to have neglected the secular one of "hoking his niggers," for one of them told me how the reverend gentleman had, with his own pious hands, tied my informant to a tree in front of his house, and there administered to him a severe flogging. This negro—by the way, a remarkably shrewd and intelligent fellow—actually betrayed two Secessionists into our hands, in retaliation of former injuries.

The house whilom occupied by the reverend flagellant now accommodates a Government agent, a good-natured, good-looking, and intelligent gentleman—and "Yankee," from Massachusetts. It is Mr. Ruggles's business to superintend the work on various cotton plantations, to issue necessary supplies of food, etc., to the negroes employed thereon. In comparative isolation (there are other United States employees on the island, and three or four ladies, charitably engaged in teaching the children), he has lived here for the last two or three months. From this gentleman we received hospitality for the night.

Next morning (Captain Trowbridge having business that took him elsewhere), I accompanied Mr. Ruggles in one of his two weekly visits to plantations on the adjoining islands.

Our path lay through fields of green cotton and corn, beside tall hedges and thick woods as heavy and rich as those ornamenting the park of some English nobleman; I can think of no more apposite illustration. Both men and women were working in the cotton fields, and I learnt that the latter prove the more valuable hands. Soon arriving at a creek, from which the salt water had ebbed with the tide, leaving it a mere bed of mud, fringed on the further side by a tract of rush-s, we dismounted from the vehicle in which we had hitherto journeyed and prepared to be propelled across, in the most rudimentary of canoes or "dug-outs," by two negroes.

And not across merely. We were pushed at least a quarter of mile inland after this fashion, the men wading mid-leg deep to effect it. Our progress disturbed tens of thousands of small crabs, here denominated *fiddlers*, who scuttled in alarm up the muddy banks, taking refuge in the rushes. Larger specimens of the species are not wanting on these coasts and in the bayous and rivers; the negroes catch and disable them from pinching by a disposition of their claws at once ingenious and simple.

On shore again. Fifteen minutes' walk by sheltering hedges and thick woods and we have crossed Palawana Island, to embark in another "dug-out," this time on a creek filled with water, and broad enough to have afforded a pleasant country residence for any alligator of quiet tastes, though we had not the luck to see one. There are plenty here, sometimes. Up it we are paddled for a mile to another island.

It is very hot, now. "The sun sits high in his meridian tower," and scarcely a breath of air exists to ripple the water or stir the leaves on the bank, below which lie the trunks and strange looking fibrous roots of dead palmettos, very old but unrotted by and almost impervious to water. We have passed living ones growing in the fields, where, under the tropical noontide, they seem appropriate enough. One would hardly be surprised at seeing a lion emerge from the jungle of young palmetto leaves by the wayside, or a striped, saber-toothed tiger, but nothing of the kind occurs. All is sultriness and tranquillity.

At a house once tenanted by the overseer of the plantation, now by a negro ex-driver, retained as subordinate to our agent, we were mounted, Mr. Ruggles upon a horse, myself upon a mule, whose accouterments were of a most primitive description. The saddle consisted of a bag partially filled with cotton, the bridle was a halter, the blinkers a pair of old book-covers, from which the sun and rain had shriveled up the leather until it looked like some extraordinary fungus growing out of the animal's ears amid a web of knotted string. It needed some dexterity to ride that mule, for the slightest swerving affected the length of the stirrups. I consider I did very well; I only came to the ground twice.

Down a grove of orange trees, where the green globes peeped out from between the thick leaves with such ample autumnal promise as to make one's mouth water involuntarily, through new cotton-fields and past fresh woods, we rode, my companion satisfying himself that industry was the rule and a goodly promise of a crop toward. The geography of the island (the minor ones are but portions of St. Helena) may be stated as follows: Interior woods, girdled by plantations, consisting almost exclusively of cotton and corn-fields, with no sea on the sea-board or shores of the rivers or inlets. A road circumscribes the island, and one runs across it.

It would swell an already lengthy letter beyond reasonable limits to narrate all I witnessed in that morning's journey. Suffice it to say that the negroes were everywhere civil, obliging, and industrious—full, also, of confidence in the Yankees. They brought us tribute of ripe figs and a fine watermelon—eaten, as usual, under the shade of a live-oak, in company with its donor and a select installment of his children. He, a man of forty and upward, was born in a cabin hard by, had been once to Charleston, oftener to Beaufort; his massa was "very hard man—nebber gave him 'nuff to eat"—and that was his story.

I will close with a suggestive picture. A deserted house, at least a hundred and fifty years old, in whose wainscoted rooms Uncle Toby might have whistled "Lillibularo" with perfect consistency, or Col. Esmond sat reading *The Spectator*; and, five minutes farther from it, a little family church, in the rear of which is absolutely the most enormous live-oak I have ever seen, its branches, fringed with pendant gray moss, literally covering the small churchyard, where, perhaps, a dozen of the Sams and Fripp families lie buried. In that church a dozen negro children, boys and girls, and a "Yankee" U. S. agent, spelling-book in hand, teaching them. Mr. Ruggles is a busy man, but he finds leisure for this self-imposed addition to his duties. Verily, the Yankees have not invaded this portion of Dixie for nothing!

ARRIVAL OF SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

The steamboat C. Vanderbilt left Fortress Monroe on the evening of the 21st instant, and arrived here last evening. She brings 650 sick and wounded soldiers—many of them are badly wounded—there are two little boys on board, each one has lost a right leg in the battle of White Oak Swamp. The Quartermaster has ordered supper and breakfast to be taken on board for these men they being short of supplies. The patients will be taken this morning to Bedloe's and David's Island Hospitals. Col. Johnson, Colonel Almy, Col. Bliss's staff and Capt. Libbey were promptly on board of the Vanderbilt, caring for the men. An armed guard was left in charge of the boat.

W. McFarland, E, 2 Pa. R., thigh. Wm. Malone, F, 12 Pa Res., leg.
C. W. Hamilton, B, 1 N. Y., back. Robt. Gamble, I, 101 N. Y., hip.
John Elberson, F, 4 N. J., thigh. Jas. Conly, F, 9 Mass., foot.
H. C. Packard, C, 2 N. Y. S. M., ankle. W. Patterson, B, 4 Pa. Res., arm.
A. Winckler, H, 2 N. J., thigh. Saml. Beers, D, 11 Pa. Res., thigh.
M. Harolan, E, 1 Pa. Res., arm. David Sheen, D, 11 Pa. Res., thigh.
John Rollins, K, 61 N. Y., arm. E. Nickson, D, 11 Pa. Res., arm.
E. Carr, G, 3 Pa., head. Geo. W. Keys, E, 1 Mich., knee.
Jas Dunlavey, C, 69 N. Y., head. R. J. Brown, D, 11 Pa. Re., thigh.
John Owens, B, 34 N. Y., face. Jas. Porter, I, 92 N. Y., sick.
Geo. W. Brower, C, 62 Pa., foot. Wm. Ritte, E, 92 Pa Re., mouth.
J. D. Lawrence, F, 4 N. J., shlder. Peter Thompson, I, 20 Ind., leg.
Wm. Haley, E, 2 N. H., sick. Wm. Crawford, E, 4 N. J., leg.
E. M. Johnson, F, 5 Mich., sick. Geo. May, H, 1 N. Y., leg.
John Teerey, I, 74 N. Y., face. Thos. H. Denyse, 42 N. Y., thigh.
J. Cammeron, C, 5 Mich., thigh. John Slitter, G, 12 Reg. shoulder.
H. A. Fisher, C, 19 Mass., leg. J. J. McDonald, D, 61 Pa., arm.
S. Dewer, D, 4 N. J., head. H. J. Taylor, E, 44 N. Y., side.
H. McGettigre, A, 3 Pa. R., thigh. T. Denney, C, 2 Ky., neck.
J. O. French, D, 5 Vt., shoul. W. Murphy, F, 61 N. Y., side.
G. C. Kelly, 5 Pa. R., lung. R. C. Haynes, G, 11 U. S. Ch., sick.
C. Shoemaker, H, 5 Pa. R., neck. G. W. Duncan, B, 63 Pa., hand.
J. W. Whitely, D, 4 N. J., leg. G. Stalzel, G, 105 Pa., face.
D. Shortsleeves, D, 5 Vt., shoul. J. W. McClain, H, 7 Pa. R., knee.
R. Woods, K, 12 Pa. R., arm. D. McPherson, E, 5 Mich., breast.
C. Skinner, D, 4 N. J., thigh. G. Kenley, D, 7 Pa. R., arm.
G. W. Satterfield, G, 4 Pa. R., arm. J. Schwankey, A, 18 N. Y., sho'r.
W. L. Kuyler, H, 5 Pa. R., sick. I. Mills, E, 5 Mich., breast.
C. G. Post, D, 4 N. J., arm. O. Whilly, A, 16 Mich., thigh.
G. Irwin, D, 5 Pa. R., shoulder. L. Hagan, G, 104 Pa., neck.
J. T. James, D, 5 Pa. R., arm. J. Gantz, D, 11 Pa. R., shoulder.
J. Robinson, D, 4 N. J., hand. P. Hanley, C, 8 Pa. R., side.
G. Casler, C, 13 Pa., hand. M. Donnelly, I, 69 N. Y., sick.
J. H. Frese, G, 105 Pa., hip. J. Cell, L, 12 Pa. R., shoulder.
D. Baker, C, 74 Pa., breast. C. Cahn, A, 3 N. J., shoulder.
M. Bailey, K, 83 Pa. R., breast. F. Lindsay, C, 11 Pa., leg.
J. Bassett, K, 83 Pa. R., arm. J. McCoy, F, 62 Pa., leg.
H. Noian, C, 87 N. Y., hand. J. C. Sample, F, 62 Pa., leg.
S. L. Bell, C, 11 Pa. R., should'r. J. McNally, G, 104 Pa., sick.
J. Duyman, G, 5 Mich., face. D. Perry, B, 14 N. Y., side.
W. R. Shannon, A, 2 Ex., bra'st. F. Carco, G, 100 N. Y., arms.
G. Grady, C, 3 Pa. R., arm. D. McCann, F, 44 N. Y., legs.
G. W. Smith, B, 105 Pa., back. B. Wilsey, E, 4 N. J., thigh.
G. W. McGuire, G, 11 Pa. R., arm. T. Shoot, K, 4 N. J., shoulder.
W. Kissner, H, 81 Pa. R., leg. A. Black, E, 1 Mich., head.
W. Sloan, C, 11 Pa. R., breast. O. Yora, G, 61 N. Y., arm.
W. Karmer, C, 11 Pa. R., arm. W. Stemick, B, 5 Pa. R., head.
T. Melham, I, 61 Pa. R., side. J. F. Bell, A, 105 Pa. R., sick.
John Ralside, H, 81 Pa., hip. J. Mincely, C, 61 Pa., arm.
J. Purcell, C, 72 N. Y., sick. L. Vanderin, E, 5 Pa. R., breast.
Thos. Hughes, E, 9 Pa., leg. J. Aughenbaugh, F, 61 Pa., hip.
C. B. Hudson, I, 4 N. J., hand. W. Rautlin, G, 11 Pa., face.
W. Hughes, I, 4 N. J., leg. Thos. Shaw, K, 2 Pa., thigh.
Henry Smith, K, 87 N. Y., arm. M. Burk, F, 20 Indiana, side.
W. C. Miner, I, 2 N. H., sick. J. McIntosh, B, 1 N. Y., groin.
J. Robinson, C, 2 N. Y., sick. J. B. Ebbons, H, 52 Mass., thigh.
W. H. Derrickson, D, 4 P. R., foot. R. M. Shields, B, 1 N. Y., fo. A.
S. P. Williams, B, 10 Mass., sick. J. F. Weaver, E, 5 Pa. R., shoul.
D. K. Polk, 11 Pa. R., side. Chas. Elmith, A, 4 N. J., hip.
M. Donahue, B, 104 Pa., thigh. J. R. Shekell, C, 1 Mich., thigh.
J. E. Brown, K, 5 Ex. B., sick. J. Shampain, D, 12 Reg., arm.
P. Connell, E, 5 Ex. B., back. J. S. Land, G, 16 Mich., shoul.
E. B. Macy, D, 5 Vt., head. H. Kennaday, D, 3 Pa. R., thigh.
H. McNamee, G, 69 Pa. shoul. Joseph Ryan, F, 1 N. J., hip.
R. Eockwell, G, 31 Pa., face. John Philip, H, 2 Pa. R., thigh.
G. Kelly, C, 14 Reg., hip. R. Tucker, M, 102 Pa., sick.
Jos. Riley, D, 1 N. Y., leg. E. Ross, E, 87 N. Y., shoulder.
H. A. Show, A, 49 N. Y., back. G. Ehrll, I, 7 N. Y., sick.
J. Wischner, G, 81 Pa., breast. R. Coleman, H, 3 N. Y., ankles.
J. Peters, I, 9 Pa. R., leg. J. Sence, G, 1 Mich., shoulder.
S. Westermacher, G, 9 Pa., hand. J. Richardson, I, 49 N. Y., sick.
J. A. Coyle, C, 5 Pa. R., head. G. Sebrine, F, 98 N. Y., sick.
A. W. Russell, G, 11 Mass., sick. J. Lynch, E, 1 N. Y., foot.
A. P. Bogle, 16 Mich., B S S, thigh. E. Weis, A, 62 Pa., shoulder.
J. Dock, E, 4 N. J., arm, head. R. Mowbray, E, 31 Pa., shoulder.
W. T. Colby, E, B. S. S., sick. G. Hill, F, 6. N. Y., sick.
T. Brunill, A, 2 N. Y. S. M., sick. R. Howard, C, 2 Ind., arm.
S. C. McClary, C, 11 Pa. R., thigh. R. H. Gibble, K, 5 Pa. R., leg.
P. Korpt, I, 1 U. S. Chass., arm. W. Martin, G, 11 Pa. R., side.
J. Eaton, F, 1 N. Y., thigh. L. Sanner, G, 11 Pa. R., thigh.
C. W. Feller, F, 1 N. Y., breast. D. R. Fenvann, G, 11 Pa. R., foot.
Luther Gunn, F, 40 N. Y. J. Emmons, jr., 12 N. Y., neck.
Wm. Simpson, A, 2 Inf., arm. H. S. Pickerglll, C, 1 N. Y., thigh.
J. Bishop, A, 1 U. S. C., elbow. N. Walliby, E, 3 Mich., sick.
J. Arthur, E, 4 N. J., arm. J. A. Converse, C, 1 Mass., leg.
S. B. Crumbliu, H, 103 Pa., sick. Wm. Powell, A, 11 Pa., neck.
H. C. Peck, 14 U. S. Inf., head. J. Wockam, F, 5 P. R. C., face.
M. Godwell, I, 22 Mass., leg. E. B. Nicholls, C, 1 Mass.,
G. W. Lamptin, H, 22 Ind., foot. side.
W. W. Ellsworth, B, 10 Pa. R., sick. T. Shaw, K, 2 Mass.
J. B. Jenness, I, 5 N. H., fever. G. W. Fuller, C, 62 Pa., wounded.
Sgt. Ed. Perains, B, 81 Pa., do. H. E. Miller, H, 1 N. Y., do.
Aaron Remage, B, 83 Pa., do. A. W. Marcy, A, 1 R. I. Art., fever.
Samuel Saboids, A, 52 Pa., do. Cor. S. Sheldon, G, 13 N. Y., do.
A. Fitweiler, A, 81 Pa., do. T. McNamara, C, 93 Pa., do.
Cor. C. Kinley, I, 1 R. I. Art. do. R. Cortes, E, 53 Pa., do.
B. F. Lindsey, A, 4 Me., do. Wm. Kimball, K, 5 N. H., do.
Alex. Watt, G, 106 Pa., do. Geo. Plummer, C, 51 N. Y., do.
G. B. Manly, F, 4 Me., do. Dudly Conly, F, 5 N. H., do.
Cor. S. Nickerson, K, 81 Pa., do. E. E. Williams, A, 53 Pa., do.
Jer. Eabach, G, 53 Pa., do. Henry Shaffer, K, 81 Pa., do.
John Otreen, B, 53 Pa., do. Wm. Kimball, I, 5 N. H., do.
Cor. J. Cousson, I, 59 N. Y. do. F. F. Smith, I, 5 N. H., do.
S. W. Norris, C, 53 Pa. John Dudy, K, 51 N. Y.
John D. Philip, I, 18 N. Y. J. H. Emery, Corp., H, 4 Me.
J. M. Duddy, Corp., H, 61 Pa. J. Gray, C, 81 Pa., scurvy.
John Meyer, H, 13 Pa. W. Dougherty, A, 31 N. Y., h. d.
H. S. Butler, F, 5 N. H. Geo. Heinin, C, 94 Pa., fever.
Albert C. Howe, G, 5 N. H. Wm. Dronn, E, 53 Pa., fever.
J. C. Patten, H, 5 N. H. W. H. Hatz, B, 81 Pa., rheu.
J. E. Young, Corp., G, 5 N. H. H. C. S. Willard, D, 1 N. Y. A. fev
O. Thompson, G, 9 N. H. S. E. Gass, Cr., F, 5 N. H., rdy.
Chas. H. Stevens, G, 5 N. H. J. W. Eabach, Sr., H, 81 Pa., f.
Thomas Reese, H, 61 Pa. A. J. Clark, Cr., F, 81 Pa., scy.
Hiram Woorely, A, 1 Artly. E. F. Alnswood, Cr., 4 Me., f.
H. Eckart, Corp., E, 53 Pa. W. H. Nutt, G, 5 N. H., jaund.
John Delany, F, 5 N. H. J. Sanborn, K, 5 N. H., fever.
O. P. Rairick, E, 53 Pa. G. P. Goodwin, I S., I, 5 N. H., f.
L. T. Johnson, A, 5 N. H., dead. L. Race, F, 81 Pa., fever.
G. E. Cates, H, 5 N. H., dysen. O. P. Jones, E, 53 Pa., diar.
B. H. Rogers, H, 5 N. H., fever. P. McLaughlin, C, 53 Pa., diar.
W. H. Hays, H, 5 N. H., fever. J. Craig, C, 53 Pa., diar.
J. B. Ford, F, 53 Penn., fever. J. Sobert, H, 53 Pa., fever.
O. Collins, C, 5 N. H., spinal. J. Mock, H, 53 Pa., fever.
W. Reed, B, 5 N. H., diar. D. Wertz, G, 53 Pa., dropsy.
G. M. Poor, C, 5 N. H., debil. W. Carrigan, H, 81 Pa., heart dis.
D. Johnson, C, 5 N. H., fever. T. F. Duck, C, 53 Pa., phth.
D. Gallaudets, B, 5 N. H., surv. J. W. Graham, I, 53 Pa., spinal.
B. Hadden, B, 8 N. J., pleu. G. L. Lewis, E, 81 Pa., diar.
F. Stocker, D, 67 Ohio, fever. W. Peal, E, 53 Pa., rheu.
W. D. Johnson, I, 5 N. H., phth. Cor. J. Band, B, 81 Pa., rheu.
J. H. Sargeant, K, 53 Pa., rheu. D. J. Chappel, G, 53 Pa., rheu.
R. R. Burnside, G, 53 Pa., w'd F. Vincent, A, 25 N. Y.
Geo. Rhelsford, F, 53 Pa., piles. Cor. Michael Brennan, B, 6 In.
John Bridle, K, 81 Pa., rheum. Henry Coon, A, 81 Pa., rheum.
Chas. Hemme, G, 81 Pa., rheum. S. R. Vanscher, B, 53 Pa., hoar.
Geo. W. Bush, E, 81 Pa., her. W. J. Huntley, B, 92 N. Y., debil.
Wm Marsden, G, 81 Pa., rheum. Cap. C. Myers, B, 46 Pa., wound.
Dan Bachman, G, 81 Pa., do. Lt. Chas. Reed, H, 91 Pa.
John C. Fritz, K, 81 Pa., hert dis. Hugh Gallsey, H, 61 N. Y.
J. C. Hughes, K, 81 Pa., dyspep. J. Bewling, A. A. Sur. U. S. A.
Jas. C. Lard, K, 5 N. J., diarrh. M. E. Hogle, A. A. Sur. U. S. A.
Harvey Lewis, F, 4 Mass. Ch. H. Webster, do. do.
Corp. G. Pease, C, 8 Mich. Lt. N. O. Ball, H, 61 N. Y., fever.
Sergt. R. W. Scage, E, 4 Mich. F. C. Cook, Act. Asst. Surgeon.
Philip Marrion, F, 2 N. Y. Capt. C. J. Whiting, 5 Cav.
Joseph Yager, E, 55 N. Y. D. A. Moore, B, 61 N. Y., arm.
Asst. D. R. Gregory, B, 61 N. Y., wounded. R. Lt. F. M. Butler, E, 14 N. Y., wounded.
Aug. Hauter, K, 1 N. Y., do. J. Powers, D, 12 Inf., do.
Sergt. S. K. Wells, 61 N. Y. Thos. Bent, H, 5 Pa. R. C., do.
Lt. E. Jones, E, 1 Ber. S. S., do. D. H. Surther, D, 83 Pa., do.
Lt. Lew. Harding, B, 7 N. Y., do. *Lt. Barnes, I, 34 N. Y., do.
1 Chaplain T. Scully, 9 Mass. Dennis Kelly, K, 71 Pa., do.
1 Chaplain P. Lipot, 37 N. Y. Maj. J. S. Fox, I, 16 Mich., do.
Wm. Frank, B, 20 Mass. A. Austin, G, 61 N. Y., do.
*Maj. W. A. Calley, 1 Ky. Cav. M. Mara, I, 12 Inf., do.
1 Chaplain J. Hagen, 73 N. Y. Aug. Bauer, H, 42 N. Y., do.
Lt. J. C. Burke, A, 11 P. R. C., wounded. H. S. Stoercer, B, 22 Mass., fever.
H. Bell, A, 1 N. Y. A., wounded.
Capt. A. McDonald, K, 62 Pa., do. Peter Pohl, I, 2 Mich., do.
Lt. A. M. Judson, E, 53 Pa., do. A. Hawkins, 3 Pa. R. C., do.
Adjt. N. H. Harison, 42 N. Y., do. T. J. McCauly, c, 9 Mass., do.
J. Melarney, E, 92 N. Y., wnd. D. Mansfield, A, 92 N. Y., sick.
Ed. Barlow, C, 16 Mich., side. L. Grant, F, 29 Ind., arm.
J. Zangler, B, 93 Pa., arm. W. Couch, C, 1 Pa. R., leg.
W. M. Strong, G, 6 Vt., head. Sgt. R. McGuin, 1 Mass., leg.
D. Russell, D, 4 Pa. R., thigh. J. J. Blenier, F, 7 N. Y., hip.
G. A. Batty, A, 1 Mass., leg. G. Curtis, H, 29 Mass., shoulder.
J. T. Edwards, G, 1 Pa. R., foot. Mchl. Duffy, I, 9 Mass., hip.
Aug. Stalley, K, 61 Pa., breast. Geo. Billings, D, 96 Pa., arm.
G. Hastings, K, 20 Mass., leg. Jas. Marsiar, G, 2 N. Y., hand.
B. Nicholl, E, 7 Pa. R., foot. R. B. Bothwell, B, 42 Pa., leg.
B. T. French, E, 6 Vt., hand. J. C. Kunkle, I, 9 Pa. R., leg.
M. Hicaley, K, 25 N. Y., leg. G. W. Welch, F, 29 Mass., leg.
J. Wecsarly, N, 72 Pa., arm. W. Richner, I L, 62 Pa., ankle.
An Woll, I, 42 N. Y., ankle. R. H. Huntly, H, 10 Pa. R., leg.
W. Leland, D, 13 N. Y., hand. W. B. Frothingham, D, 22 Mass.
Daviot Conklin, K, 100 N. Y., leg. J. Welsscoffob, E, 2 N. J., head.
Edward Giles, B, 71 N. Y., arm. J. Van Etten, A, 13 N. Y., head.
J. Donnovan, F, 10 P. R. C., hand. A. H. Hoven, C, 72 Penn., head.
Edward Foss, D, 22 Mass., leg. Geo. Hultzmer, A, 4 N. J., shoul.
Henry Fell, K, 28 Penn, arm. der.
F. H. Foster, G, 40 N. Y., back. F. E. Wescott, B, 12 Inf., arm.
Peter Webb, A, 120 U. S. Inf., back. Frank Cox, F, 1 N. Y., shoulder.
J. Thomas, B, 3 P. R. C., neck. Jas. Martin, F, 2 N. H.
D. B. Copeland, K, 1 Mass., jaw. Roberts, I, 11 P. R. C.
shoulder. F. M. Carnolin, H, 11 P. R. C., leg.
W. H. Vanderpool, H, 10 N. Y., shldr. A. Job, H, 11 P. R. C., head.
A. A. Willery, E, 11 P. R. C., thigh. A. E. Allshouse, 11 P. R. C., hip.
J. C. Valentine, K, 7 N. J., sick. F. McChesney, B, 5 P. R. C., arm.
J. Whalen, D, 13 N. Y., elbow. Jacob Ernest, H, 11 Inf., arm.
Geo. Sleeper, G, 16 Mass., head. Geo. Miller, A, 4 N. J., arm.
G. Kenney, H, 4 Mich., side. J. Rutter, G, 11 Pa. R., face.
A. Graham, H, 1 Pa. R., thigh. M. Boyle, D, 4 N. J., shoulder.
J. Brown, A, 62 Pa., side. S. Cornell, B, 3 Pa. R., arm.
N. Hopts, E, 11 Pa. R., shoul. F. W. Jones, D, 12 Inf., neck.
Wm. Cott, F, 4 N. J., leg. C. Hauser, F, 31 N. Y., leg.
Michael Daly, D, 14 Inf., neck. Wm. Van Dain, C, 4 N. J.
John Henry, H, 81 Pa., leg. M. H. Andrews, B N. Y., hip.
W. Wright, D, 1 Pa. R., neck. W. Knapp, A, 4 Mich., arm.
T. H. Baldwin, I, 62 Pa., side. Daniel King, A, 1 L. I., knee.
G. Ferrl ter, C, 1 Mich., knee. F. A. Hafley, C, 21 N. Y., leg.
T. Smith, C, 27 Mass., neck. W. Metarley, I, 42 N. Y., arm.
S. E. Skinner, I, 74 N. Y., hip. R. Reichenider, 18 N. Y., arm.
J. Engle, K, 11 Pa. R., arm. D. Looney, E, 63 N. Y., sick.
J. De Havens, A, 105 Pa. A. Williams, F, 5 Pa. R., ankle
J. McGuire, G, 11 Pa. R., nose. S. M. Singleton, 19 Pa. R., arm.
W. H. Byrnes, H, 5 N. Y., arm. M. Dunn, G, 14 N. Y., mouth.
J. M. Mason, G, 19 Mass., arm. Wm. McCulloch, K, 20 Ind., leg.
C. R. Dakin, G, 19 Mass., shoul. Thos. Collins, C, 3 Inf., knee.
Wm. R. Rice, D, 1 Mass., side. J. Harrison, H, 2 N. Y., hand.
O. S. Bennett, E, 64 N. Y., leg. J. Strauss, H, 1 N. Y., breast.
J. J. Power, B, 63 Pa., breast. J. A. Tinker, K, 10 Mass., breast.
Jos. T. Burns, I, 62 Pa., arm. Corp. C. Hoff, C, 1 Cav., side.
M. Butler, F, 32 N. Y., should. P. Heenan, K, 61 N. Y., foot.
J. W. Camp, G, 4 N. J., arm. Wm. Allen, A, 92 N. Y., thigh.
W. H. Withington, 11 P. R., side. T. A. Carnahu, I, 9 Pa. R., leg.
R. G. Armstrong, 11 P. R., arm. H. Hadleld, H, 81 N. Y., leg.
A. Patnow, F, 11 Inf., leg. J. Glynn, F, 16 Mass., should.
J. Rangies, C, 61 Pa., mouth. J. I. O'Connell, D, 20 Mass., leg.
P. Cronan, K, 29 Mass., hip. Wm. J. Martin, I, 1 N. Y., thigh.
P. Haggerty, E, 19 Mass., thigh. G. W. Parles, C, 19 Mass., leg.
J. Whitney, I, 7 Mich., thigh. A. Oth, G, 9 P. R. C., do.
Geo. W. Lee, C,