

FALMOUTH, Jan. 15, 1862.

EDS. REPORTER:—That you may keep posted in regard to the present position of the 154th Reg't. I take this opportunity to write you a few lines. We are encamped on the Heights above Falmouth in sight of the city of Fredericksburg and that great but unsuccessful battle-field where thousands of as brave men as ever

drew the sword or shouldered a gun were sacrificed without the least hopes of success. To us who have a chance to know in regard to the position the rebels hold on the Heights on the other side, it seems a foolish move in trying to storm their Heights in the very place where they were best prepared to receive us and in the very place where Lee most wished us to attack him. But the soldiers in the army are supposed to be void of reason and understanding and are expected to go to the 'Shoulder Strappers' for all their information, and if they can we would like to have them explain the propriety of that movement. But we will endeavor to be contented as no doubt it was a grand movement combined with much strategy.

The noble 64th is only a mile and a half from our camp. The few who are left of that war worn band are all well, but it is a sad sight to see so few left of that once proud Regiment. They are scattered here and there—their pathway marked by the graves they have left behind them. Many of the boys have fallen in battle, many have gone by sickness, but they have not fallen to be forgotten. No. Their names, their forms and their heroic deeds of valor will ever be remembered by those who knew them.

Our townsman, Col. G. S. Hickcox, was here a few days ago to see us. We were glad to see the Colonel looking so well; he was in company with Dr. Barr. They have our thanks for the call they made us, and we hope the time will soon come when we shall meet again at home, with peace reigning over our now distracted country. The health of our Reg't. is good. We are in good Winter Quarters but will soon leave them as we are again under marching orders. We owe many thanks to our friend, Dr. C. C. Rugg, who by constantly attending to his business and faithfully attending to the wants of our sick, has gained the respect and friendship of the Reg't. Hoping this will find you prospering, I remain yours, &c.

DELL

Friday Jan. 9

Yesterday morning. (Friday) we saddled our horses, four of us, Surgeon-BARR, Capt. H. S. JONES, Col. H. and your humble servant, for the purpose of paying a visit to our friends in the 154th, whose camp is situated within a mile of our own. We arrived there in due time, and found the 'boys' all well. After a short sojourn, and at the solicitation of our friend the Col., we started after being joined by Surgeon BARR, for the Headquarters of SICKLE'S Division, some four miles distant. We

ol. George S. HICKCOX

This column from an unidentified member 64th Regt.

Army Correspondence.

Headquarters, 15th Reg't. N. Y. S. V.,
CAMP JOHN MEXLEY near STAFFORD
C. H., Va., March 16, 1863.

EDS. REPORTER.—Through the kindness of our much esteemed friend, Mr WILLIAM CHARLES, Ordnance Sergeant of our Regiment, I am permitted to copy a letter of his, written to a friend in York State. I do this, as I think it is worthy of more than a passing notice, and it speaks but the sentiments of us all, in urging upon those at home a unity of thought and action. A thing most needed by us, is to have those of the free states united upon some principle of action. We care not so much what it may be, only that it be for the Union and Constitution, and especially for putting down this rebellion.—When newspapers and political parties stop their petty quarrels, and all are together for upholding the Union and the Constitution, and especially for putting down this wicked rebellion, then is the victory won. We fear not so much the rebels we have to face in battle, as we do those at home.

DELL

The letter says:

I embrace this present opportunity, (seeing I have nothing else to embrace,) of writing a few lines to you, trusting that it will give no offense. It is a most beautiful day with us; the air is clear and bracing, the sunbeams genial and full of life and health. The wind is blowing fresh vigor into our blood—but for all that, there is an empty corner of the heart that under present circumstances, cannot be filled. It is warm, but not a bird is seen or heard. The winter frost has left the soil, but the plowman is nowhere to be found, and no husbandman goes forth to sow. The voice of chanticleer or the familiar sound of domestic animals are never heard. Little children, those beings that link man to the angels, are never seen; and women have become a great curiosity. Therefore, you will not blame us for once in a while sighing for our homes and the land of civilization. As civilized men, we have enough to complain of, but as soldiers we have not, for, owing to our industry, intelligence, and the liberality of our Government, we are about as comfortable as soldiers can be while prosecuting a winter campaign.—You know a soldier must consider himself comfortable under all circumstances. If he is wet and hungry some times, "that's nothing," and if his wet feet freeze to him while attempting to get a little sleep, why, he is nothing but a soldier, and must expect such things. If he complains of being sick or unwell, he is told to keep "bumming," for he may get a furlough some day. So, you see it isn't a soldier's place to complain, however disagreeable or painful his lot may be.

One thing troubles me. I feel quite certain that there are traitors yet among us, who are willing to do the enemy more good than harm. There are many such in the free states, and it seems that they are increasing. My wish is that all such were pitched into the bottomless pit, for, a traitor is ten thousand times worse than an open rebel, and should be dealt with accordingly. If it were possible to get rid of the swarm of traitors that now infest every department of our Government, this war could not last long.

Peace and prosperity would once more smile upon our unhappy people. Do all in thy power to uphold the Old Flag of our fathers, and forget not thy brothers that are now on the tented fields. We have not seen so much hardship as we expected before we left home. What there is in store for us God only knows. We will try to do our duty and trust the rest with Him. Now, dear friends at home, if you wish to succeed in this war, if you wish to gain victories in the field, you must be united as one man—in this you of the Free States have played the fool long enough. I beg of you not to trifle any longer. The history of the past, the love of the present, your responsibilities to the future, all admonish you to be in earnest. Besides all that, you must remember that the Lord God of our fathers will not be mocked. If you love liberty as well as to you pretend, trifle it not away in anarchy and despotism."

"DELL," we fear your Sergeant has "strained at a gate and swallowed a saw mill." He seems to have fallen into the error of supposing that all the troubles, heart-breaking delays, and general mismanagement of the army, are chargeable to the machinations of "traitors in the free States," and he takes up this hue and cry of radicalism, as a real embodiment of danger. Tell the Sergeant that he is frightened by the most intangible shade that ever wandered from its sepulchral abode, at midnight. Genuine sympathizers with secession, are as scarce as open rebels here at the North, and the whole lingo of the Republican party and press in regard to obstructions being thrown in the way of Government by "traitors in the free States," is a double-distilled LIE, and an infamous slander upon the greater part of the northern people.

For whatever "want of unity" may be here, the Sergeant need not look beyond Washington for its cause, and when he quakes in his boots at this ghostly treason at the North, he should remember that a greater danger exists in the proclamation sophistries of the Government. Depend upon it, the "treacherous copper-heads" who "oppose the Government," are sound to the core. They seek the ending of the rebellion only in the shock of battle, and believing this to be the only means of reaching it, they call upon the authorities to press the war to the hilt. They see the sufferings of our brave soldiers in bitter sorrow, and they would move heaven and earth to accomplish the object of the war and restore them to their homes, if they could.