

# Waynesboro Village Record

MOON 1861  
MAY 9 1862

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

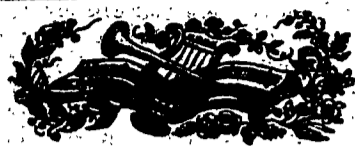
\$1.50 Per Year

VOLUME XVI.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 9, 1862.

NUMBER 7.

## POETICAL.



### LOVE'S LANDMARKS.

There's something in the timeless speed  
Of years that'er us fly,  
Which, though we give them little heed,  
Bring sadness to the eye;  
This flight so swift, their stay so brief,  
Their hastening to depart;  
Their cheery scenes of joy and grief,  
Speak gravely to the heart.

And yet love's landmarks, gemming thick  
Life's deep indentured coast,  
Though telling loudly of the wreck  
Of hopes and treasures lost,

Are eye the brightest spots we see,  
As down life's course we move—  
The gala-days of memory,  
The festivals of love.

Our birth-days—though like monuments,  
Still ebbing to the last;  
Our birth-days—how with grateful glee  
We welcome in their train,  
As if we held in simple fee,  
The hopes that then are born.

Our birth-days—chroniclers of Time,  
To warn us of his flight;  
In childhood, youth, or manly prime,  
These days are always bright,  
Then memory comes to visit love,  
Then live with fancy plays,  
And all the affections join to prove  
Those days the best of days.

## MISCELLANY.

### A Thrilling Romance.

Never until we stood by the grave of the Green Mountain boys did we realize how much stranger is truth than fiction. Your readers will all recollect last summer a private was court-martialed for sleeping on his post out near Chain Bridge on the Upper Potomac. He was convicted; his sentence was death; the finding was approved by the General and the day fixed for his execution. He was a youth of more than ordinary intelligence; he did not beg for pardon, but was willing to meet his fate. The time drew near; the stern necessity of war required that an example should be made of some; his was an aggravated case. But the case reached the ears of the President; he resolved to save him; he signed a pardon and sent it out; the day came. "Suppose," thought the President, "my pardon has not reached him. The telegraph was called into requisition; an answer did not come promptly. "Bring up my carriage," he ordered. It came, and soon the important State papers were dropped and through the hot boiling sun and dusty roads he rode to the camp, about ten miles and saw the soldier was saved! He has doubtless forgotten the incident, but the soldier did not. When the Third Vermont charged upon the rifle pits, the enemy poured a volley upon them. The first man, who fell, with six bullets in his body, was Wm. Scott, of Company K. His comrades caught him up, and as his life ebbed away, he raised to heaven, amid the din of war, the cries of the dying, and the shouts of the enemy, a prayer for the President, and as he died he remarked to his comrades that he was no coward and not afraid to die.

He was interred in the presence of his regiment, in the little grove about two miles to the rear of the Rebel fort, in the centre of a grove of holly and vines; a few cherry-trees, in full bloom, are scattered around the edge. In digging his grave a skull and bones were found, and metal buttons showed that the identical spot had been used in the Revolutionary war for our fathers who fell in the same cause. The Chaplain narrated the circumstances to the boys, who stood around with uncovered heads. He prayed for the President, and paid the most glowing tribute to his noble heart that we ever heard. The tears started to their eyes as the clouds of earth were thrown upon him in his narrow grave where he lay shrouded in his coat and blanket.

The men separated; in a few minutes all were engaged in something around the camp as though nothing had happened unusual; but that scene will live upon their memories while life lasts; the calm look of Scott's face, the seeming look of satisfaction he felt, still lingered; and could the President have seen him he would have felt that his act of mercy had been wisely bestowed.

An officer who was on the Cumberland, writes that the scenes on board were heart-breaking. Two of the gunners at the bow guns, when the ship was sinking, clasped their arms in their arms, and would not be separated, and went down embracing them. One gunner had both legs shot away, but he made three steps on his raw and bloody thighs, seized the lanyard and fired his gun, and fell back dead. Another lost both arms and legs, yet lived, and when they would assist him, cried out, "back to your guns boys! Give 'em fire! Hurrah for the old flag!" He lived till she sunk.

At the battle of Winchester, among the acts of bravery performed on the field was one by private Graham, of the 84th Pennsylvania. He carried the regimental standard. The left hand, which held it, was shot off; but before the star Spangled Banner fell to the ground he grasped it in the remaining hand and held it triumphantly. The right arm was next disabled; but before the colors fell he was killed by a third ball. He was a native of the Emerald Isle.

If Congress, as it proposes, shall lay a heavy tax on hoops, many of the women will collapse.

## A SINGULAR PROPHECY.

The following circumstances, says the Richmond Whig, recently occurred at Pensacola, and its truth is vouched for by a trust-worthy officer of the army:

"A soldier in the Confederate service fell into a long and profound sleep, from which his comrades vainly essayed to arouse him. At last he woke up himself. He then stated that he should die the next afternoon at 4 o'clock, for it was so revealed to him in his dream. He said in the last week of the month of April would be fought the greatest and bloodiest battle of modern times, and that early in May peace would break upon the land more suddenly an unexpectedly than the war had done in the beginning. The first part of the prophetic dream has been realized, for the soldier died the next day at 4 o'clock p. m. Will the rest be in April and May? Let believers in dreams wait and see."

How THEY DO IN ST. LOUIS.—As the Rebel prisoners from the South passed through the streets of St. Louis on Tuesday, on their way to the military prison, a number of Scotch women, collected at the house of one William Bell, waved Rebel flags, and indulged in other manifestations of sympathy for the prisoners and insult to National troops. The Provost Marshall learning the facts, sent a guard to prevent all ingress and egress to and from Bell's house, thus making it a prison for the confinement of its inmates until further orders. When the stock of provisions in the house gives out, the women will be served with army rations like other prisoners. The same course will be pursued toward other Rebel fashionables in future, who persist in violating rules and insulting Government troops and officers.

## END OF THE WORLD.

An English astronomer has come to the conclusion that the sun has not illuminated the earth more than five hundred million of years, and that it is burning out so fast that inhabitants of the earth cannot continue to enjoy the light and heat essential to their life many millions of years longer, unless new sources, now unknown to us, are prepared in the great storehouse of Creation. We don't see as the present generation has any great cause for anxiety.

## A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

In one of the courts at Hartford, Conn., recently a woman was testifying on behalf of her son, and swore that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born. The lawyer who cross-examined her said:

"You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?"

"I do."

"What did he do the first year?"

"He milked," she replied.

The whole court laughed heartily, and the witness was questioned no further.

## AN IMPATIENT PLAY-GOER.

"A theatrical company was playing in one of the interior towns of the West, Shakespeare's Othello, and when Othello demanded of Desdemona 'the handkerchief! the handkerchief!' a green 'un called out impatiently: 'Never mind the handkerchief; don't wait for that; blow your nose with your fingers and go a-head.'"

## THE SAVANNAH GEORGIAN.

The Savannah Georgian boasts that the Southern Confederacy is still afloat. Bubbles float till they burst.

## THE REBEL LEADERS.

The rebel leaders have a great many quarrels among themselves, but they are all working to the same end, and that's a rope's end.

## THE RICHMOND ENQUIRER.

The Richmond Enquirer thinks it difficult to say which side whipped at Winchester. It is very easy to say which side ran.

## THE CONFEDERATE RULERS.

The Confederate rulers are like the Confederate notes—there's nothing to redeem them.

## WHAT IS IMMORTALITY?

An undying name; an everlasting home for the redeemed sons of light.

## WHAT IS GRIEF?

The evening to all pleasure and the deep and sombre feelings of regret; the child of sorrow.

## THE REBELS LIKE TO FIGHT ON THE TIPS OF HILLS AND MOUNTAINS.

for then they can easily slope.

## A SNUFF-TAKER'S NOSE.

gently blows, is a musical snuff-box.

## REPORT OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR.

The Rebels Worse than Savages—The Atrocities they Committed upon our Dead and Wounded at Manassas—They Torture the Wounded, Burn the Dead, and use their Skulls for Drinking Cups, and their Bones for Dramsticks, Finger Rings, &c.—Horrible Detail of the Brutal Cruelties Practiced upon the Union Soldiers.

The Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War made the following report to-day, in the Senate:

On the first day of April the Senate of the United States adopted the following resolution; which was referred to the Committee on the Conduct of the War:

Resolved, That the Select Committee on the Conduct of the War be directed to collect the evidence with regard to the barbarous treatment by the rebels, at Manassas, of the remains of officers and soldiers of the United States killed in battle there; and that the said select committee also inquire into the fact whether the Indian savages have been employed by the rebels, in their military service, against the Government of the United States, and how such warfare has been conducted by said savages.

In pursuance of the instructions contained in this resolution, your committee have the honor to report that they examined a number of witnesses, whose testimony is herewith submitted.

Mr. Nathaniel F. Parker, who was captured at Falling Waters, Virginia, testifies that he was kept in close confinement, denied exercise, and, with a number of others, huddled up in a room; that their food, generally scant, was always bad, and sometimes nauseous; that the wounded had neither medical attention nor humane treatment, and that many of these latter died from sheer neglect; that five of the prisoners were shot by the sentries outside, and that he saw one man, Tibbitts, of the New York Twenty-seventh Regiment, shot as he was passing his window, on the 8th of November, and that he died of his wound on the 12th. The perpetrator of this foul murder was subsequently promoted by the rebel Government.

Dr. J. M. Homiston, surgeon, of the 14th New York or Brooklyn regiment, captured at Bull Run, testifies that when he solicited permission to remain on the field and to attend to wounded men, some of whom were in a helpless and painful condition, and suffering for water, he was brutally refused.

He offered him neither water nor food. He and his companions stood in the streets of Manassas, surrounded by a threatening and boisterous crowd, and were afterwards thrust into an old building, and left, without sustenance or covering, to sleep on the bare floor. It was only when faint, and without food for 24 hours, that some cold bacon was grudgingly given to them. When, at last, they were permitted to go to the relief of our wounded, the Secession surgeon would not allow them to perform operations, but entrusted the wounded to his young assistants, "some of them with no more knowledge of what they attempted to do than an apothecary's clerk." And further, "that these inexperienced surgeons performed operations upon our men in a most horrible manner; some of them were absolutely frightful." "When," he adds, "I asked Doctor Darby to allow me to amputate the leg of Corporal Prescott, of our regiment, and said that the man must die if it were not done, he told me that I should not be allowed to do it." While Dr. Homiston was waiting he says a Secessionist came through the room and said, "They are operating upon one of the Yankee's legs up stairs." I went up and found that they had cut off Prescott's leg. The assistants were pulling on the flesh at each side, trying to get flap enough to cover the bone. They had sawed off the bone without leaving any of the flesh to form the flaps to cover it and with all the force they could use they could not get flap enough to cover the bone. They were then obliged to saw off about an inch more of the bone, and even then, when they came to put in the stitches they could not approximate the edges within less than an inch and a half of each other; of course, as soon as there was any swelling, the stitches tore out and the bone stuck through again. Dr. Swalm tried to remedy it by performing another operation, but Prescott had become so debilitated that he did not survive." Corporal Prescott was a young man of high position, and had received a very liberal education.

The same witness describes the sufferings of the wounded after the battle as inconceivably horrible; with bad food, no covering, no water. They were lying upon the floor as thickly as they could be laid. "There was not a particle of light in the house to enable us to move among them." Deaf to all his appeals, they continued to refuse water to these suffering men, and he was only enabled to procure it by setting cups under the eaves to catch the rain that was falling, and in this way he spent the night catching the water and conveying it to the wounded to drink. As there was no light, he was obliged to crawl on his hands and knees to avoid stepping on their wounded limbs; and, he adds, "it is not a wonder that next morning we found that several had died during the night." The young surgeons, who seemed to delight in hacking and butchering these brave defenders of our country's flag, were not, it would seem, permitted to perform any operations upon the rebel wounded. "Some of our wounded," says this witness, "were left lying upon the battlefield until Tuesday night and Wednesday morning. When brought in, their wounds were completely a mass of raw, festering matter, with the stumps of limbs deposited there by the flies, having laid out through all the rain storms of Monday, and the hot spring sunshine of Tuesday. The dead laid upon the field—unburied for five days; and these included men not only of his own, the Fourteenth Regiment, but of other regiments. This witness

testifies that the rebel dead were carried off and interred decently. In answer to a question whether the Confederates themselves were not also destitute of medicine, he replied, "they could not have been, for they took all of ours, even to our surgical instruments." He received none of the attention from the surgeons on the other side, "which," to use his own language, "I should have shown to them had our position been reversed."

The testimony of William F. Swalm, assistant surgeon of the Fourteenth New York Regiment, who was taken prisoner at Sudley's Church, confirms the statement of Dr. Homiston in regard to the brutal operations on Corporal Prescott. He also states that after he himself had been removed to Richmond, when seated one day with his feet on the window-sill the sentry outside called to him to take them in, and on looking out he saw the sentry with his musket cocked and pointed at him, and withdrew in time to save his life. He gives evidence of the careless, heartless, and cruel manner in which the surgeons operated upon our men. Previous to leaving for Richmond, and ten or twelve days after the battle, he saw some of the Union soldiers unburied on the field; and entirely naked. Walking around were a great many women, gloating over the horrid sight.

The case of Dr. Ferguson, of one of the New York Regiments, is mentioned by Dr. Swalm. "When getting into his ambulance to look after his own wounded he was fired upon by the rebels. When he told them who he was, they said they would take a parting shot at him, which they did, wounding him in the leg. He had his boots on, and his spurs on his boots, and as they drove a long his spurs would catch in the tail-board of the ambulance, causing him to shriek with agony." An officer rode up, and, placing his pistol to his head, threatened to shoot him if he continued to scream. This was on Sunday, the day of the battle.

One of the most important witnesses was Gen. James B. Ricketts, well known in Washington and throughout the country, lately promoted for his daring and self-sacrificing courage. After having been wounded in the battle at Bull Run, he was captured, and as he lay helpless on his back, a party of rebels passing him cried out, "Knock out his brains the d—d Yankee." He met Gen. Beauregard, an old acquaintance, only a year his senior at the United States Military Academy, where both educated. He had met the rebel General in the South a number of times. By this head of the rebel army, on the day after the battle, he was told that his (Gen. Ricketts') treatment would depend upon the treatment extended to the rebel privaters. His first lieutenant, Ramsey, who was killed, was stripped of every article of his clothing but his socks, and left naked on the field. He testified that those of our wounded who died in Richmond were buried in the negro burying ground among the negroes, and were put into the earth in the most unfeeling manner. The statement of other witnesses as to how the prisoners were treated is fully confirmed by Gen. Ricketts. He himself, while in prison, subsisted mainly upon what he purchased with his own money; the money brought to him by his wife. "We had," he says, "what they called bacon soup—soup made of boiled bacon, the bacon being a little rascid—which you could not possibly eat; and that for a man whose system was being drained by a wound is no diet at all." In reply to a question whether he had heard anything about our prisoners being shot by the rebel sentries, he answered: "Yes, a number of our men were shot. In one instance two were shot; one was killed, and the other wounded by a man who rested his gun on the window-sill while he capped it."

Gen. Ricketts, in reference to his having been held as one of the hostages, for the privaters, states: "I considered it bad treatment to be selected as a hostage for a private, when I was so lame that I could not walk, and while my wounds were still open and unhealed. At this time Gen. Winder came to see me. He had been an officer in my regiment; I had known him for twenty odd years. It was on the 9th of November that he came to see me. He saw that my wounds were still unhealed; he saw my condition; but that very day he received an order to select hostages for the privaters, and, notwithstanding he knew my condition, the next day, Sunday, the 10th of November, I was selected as one of the hostages."

"I heard," he continues, "of a great many of our prisoners who had been bayoneted and shot. I saw three of them—two that had been bayoneted, and one of them shot. One was named Louis Francis, of the New York Fourteenth. He had received fourteen bayonet wounds—one through his privates—and he had one wound very much like mine, on the knee, in consequence of which his leg was amputated after twelve weeks had passed; and I would state here in regard to his case, when it was determined to amputate his leg, I heard Dr. Peachy, the rebel surgeon, remark to one of his young assistants, 'I won't be greedy; you may do it,' and the young man did it. I saw a number in my room, many of whom had been badly amputated. The flaps over the stumps were drawn too tight, and some of the bones protruded."

"A man by the name of Prescott (the same referred to in the testimony of surgeon Homiston) was amputated twice, and was then taken to Richmond before the battle was over. I heard a rebel doctor on the side below my room say, 'that he wished he could take out the hearts of the d—d Yankees as easily as he could take off their legs.' Some of the Southern gentlemen treated me very handsomely. Wade Hampton, who was opposed to my captivity, came to see me and behaved like a generous enemy. It appears, as a part of the history of this

rebellion, that Gen. Ricketts was visited by his wife, who, having first heard that he was killed in battle, afterwards that he was alive but wounded, travelled under great difficulties to Manassas to see her husband. He says: "She had almost to fight her way through, but succeeded finally in reaching me on the fourth day after the battle. There were eight persons in the Lewis House, at Manassas, in the room where I lay, and my wife, for two weeks, slept in that room, on the floor by my side, without a bed. When we got to Richmond there were six of us in a room, among them Col. Wilcox, who remained with us until he was taken to Charleston. There were all in one room. There was no door to it. It was much as it would be here if you should take off the doors of this committee's room, and then fill the passage with wounded soldiers. In the hot summer months the stench from their wounds and from the stenches they used, was fearful. There was no privacy at all, because, there being no door, the room could not be closed. We were there as a common show. Colonel Wilcox and myself were objects of interest, and were gazed upon as if we were a couple of savages. The people would come in there and say all sorts of things to us and about us, until I was obliged to tell them that I was a prisoner, and had nothing to say. On our way to Richmond, when we reached Gordonville, many women were crowded around the cars, and asked my wife if she cooked, if she washed, how she got there. Finally, Mrs. Ricketts appealed to the officer in charge, and told him that it was not the intention that we should be subjected to this treatment, and if it was continued she would make it known to the authorities. General Johnson took my wife's carriage and horses at Manassas, kept them, and has them yet for aught I know. When I got to Richmond, I spoke to several gentlemen about this, and so did Mrs. Ricketts. They said, of course, the carriage and horses should be returned, but they never were. "There is no debt," says this gallant soldier, "that I desire very much to pay, and nothing troubles me so much now as the fact that my wounds prevent me from entering upon active service at sea."

The case Louis Francis, who was terribly wounded and maltreated, and lost a leg, is referred to by General Ricketts; but the testimony of Francis himself is startling. "He was a private in the New York Fourteenth regiment. He says: 'I was attacked by two rebel soldiers, and wounded in the right knee with the bayonet. As I lay on the sod they kept bayonetting me until I received fourteen wounds. One then left me, the other remaining over me, when a Union soldier coming up, shot him in the breast, and he fell dead. I lay on the ground until 10 o'clock next day. I was then removed in a wagon to a building; my wounds examined and partially dressed. On the Saturday following we were carried to Manassas, and from there to the general hospital in Richmond. My leg having partially mortified, I consented that it should be amputated, which operation was performed by a young man. I insisted that they should allow Dr. Swalm to be present, for I wanted one Union man there if I died under the operation. The stitches and the band slipped from neglect, and the bone protruded; and about two weeks after another operation was performed, at which time another piece of the thigh bone was sawed off. Six weeks after the amputation and before it healed, I was removed to the tobacco factory."

Two operations were subsequently performed on Francis—one at Fort Sumner and one at Brooklyn, New York—after his release from captivity.

Revelling as these disclosures are, it was when the committee came to examine witnesses in reference to the treatment of our heroic dead that the fiendish spirit of the rebel leaders was most prominently exhibited. Daniel Bixby, Jr., of Washington testifies that he went out in company with G. A. Smart, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who went in search for the body of his brother, who fell at Blackburn's Ford in the action of the 18th of July. They found the grave. The clothes were identified as those of his brother on account of some peculiarity in the make, for they had been made by his mother; and, in order to identify them, other clothes made by her were taken; that they might compare them.

"We found no head in the grave, and no bones of any kind—nothing but the clothes and portions of the flesh. We found the remains of three other bodies altogether. The clothes were there; some flesh was left, but no bones." The witnesses also state that Mrs. Pierce Butler, who lives near the place, said that she had seen the rebels boiling portions of the bodies of our dead in order to obtain their bones as relics. She could not wait for them to decay. She said she had seen drumsticks, made of "Yankee shinbones," as they called them. Mrs. Butler also stated that she had seen a skull that one of the New Orleans artillery had, which, he said, he was going to send home and have mounted, and that he intended to drink a brandy punch out of it the day he was married.

Frederick Scholtes, of the city of Brooklyn, New York, testified that he proceeded to the battle-field of Bull Run on the fourth of this month (April) to find the place where he supposed his brother's body was buried. Mr. Scholtes, who is a man of unquestioned character, by his testimony fully confirms the statements of other witnesses. He met a free negro, named Simour or Simons, who stated that it was a common thing for the rebel soldiers to exhibit the bones of the Yankees. "I found," he says, "in the bushes in the neighborhood, a part of a Zouave uniform, with the sleeves sticking out of the grave, and a portion of the pantaloons. Attempting to pull it up, I saw two ends of the grave were still unopened, but the middle had been pried up, pulling in the earth

of the uniform at some places, the sleeves of the shirts in another, and a portion of the pantaloons. Dr. Swalm (one of the surgeons, whose testimony has already been referred to) pointed out the trenches where the Secessionists had buried their own dead; and, on examination, it appeared that their remains had not been disturbed, at all. Mr. Scholtes met a free negro, named Hampton, who resided near the place, and when he told him the manner in which these bodies had been dug up, he said he knew it had been done, and added that the rebels had commenced digging bodies two or three days after they were buried, for the purpose, at first, of obtaining the buttons off their uniforms, and that afterwards they disinterred them to get their bones. He said that they had taken rails and pushed the ends down in the centre under the middle of the bodies, and pried them up.

"The information of the negroes of Benjamin Franklin Lewis corroborated fully the statement of this man, Hampton. They said that a good many of the bodies had been stripped naked on the field before they were buried, and that some were buried naked. I went to Mr. Lewis' house and spoke to him of the manner in which these bodies had been disinterred. He admitted that it was infamous, and condemned principally the Louisiana Tigers of General Wheat's division. He admitted that our wounded had been badly treated." In confirmation of the testimony of Dr. Swalm and Dr. Homiston, this witness avers that Mr. Lewis mentioned a number of instances of men who had been murdered by bad surgical treatment.

Mr. Lewis was afraid that a pestilence would break out in consequence of the dead being left unburied, and stated that he had gone and warned the neighborhood and had the dead buried, sending his own men to assist in doing so. "On Sunday morning (yesterday), I went out in search of my brother's grave. We found the trench, and dug for the bodies below. They were eighteen inches to two feet below the surface, and had been hustled in in any way. In one end of the trench, we found not more than two or three inches below the surface, the thigh-bone of a man which had evidently been dug up after the burial. At the other end of the trench, we found the shinbone of a man, which has been struck by a musket ball and split. The bodies at the ends had been pried up."

"While digging there, a party of soldiers came along and showed us a part of a shinbone, five or six inches long, which had the end sawed off. They said they had found it, among many other pieces, in one of the cabins the rebels had deserted. From the appearance of it, it seemed to have been sawed off to make finger-rings. As soon as the negroes noticed this, they said that the rebels had rings made of the bones of our dead, and that they had them for sale in the camp. When Dr. Swalm saw the bone, he said it was a part of the shinbone of a man. The soldiers represent that there were lots of these bones scattered through the rebel trenches, and were turned into rings, &c. Mr. Lewis and his negroes also spoke of Col. James Cameron's body, and knew that it had been buried." Mr. Scholtes, in answer to a question of one of the committee, described the different treatments extended to the Union soldiers and the rebel dead. The latter had little head boards placed at the head of their respective graves and marked; none of them had the appearance of having been disturbed.

The evidence of that distinguished and patriotic citizen, Hon. William Sprague, Governor of the State of Rhode Island, confirms and fortifies some of the most revolting statements of former witnesses. His object in visiting the battle field was to recover the body of Colonel Slocum and Major Ballou, of the Rhode Island Regiment. "He took out with him several negro men to identify the graves. On reaching the place he states that 'we commenced digging for the bodies of Colonel Slocum and Major Ballou at the spot pointed out to us by those who had been in the action.'"

"While digging, some negro women came and asked us whom we were looking for, and at the same time said that 'Colonel Slocum had been dug up by the rebels, by some men of a Georgia regiment, his head cut off,' and his body taken to a ravine thirty or forty yards below, and there burned. We stopped digging and went to the spot designated, where we found coals and ashes and bones mingled together. A little distance from there we found a shirt, still buttoned at the neck, and a blanket with large quantities of hair upon it, everything indicating the burning of a body there. We returned and dug down at the spot indicated as the grave of Maj. Ballou, but found no body there; but at the place pointed out as the grave where Col. Slocum was buried, we found a box, which upon being raised and opened, was found to contain the body of Colonel Slocum. The soldiers, who had buried the two bodies, were satisfied that the grave which had been opened, the body taken out, beheaded, and burned, was that of Major Ballou, because it was not in the spot where Colonel Slocum was buried but rather to the right of it. They at once said that the rebels had made a mistake, and had taken the body of Major Ballou for that of Colonel Slocum. The shirt found near the place where the body was buried I recognized as one belonging to Major Ballou, as I had been very intimate with him. We gathered up the ashes containing a portion of his remains, that were left, and put them in a coffin, together with his shirt and the blanket which the hair lay upon it. At times had done this we went to that portion of the field where the bodies had first been committed, and began digging for the remains of Captain Towser. We brought a soldier's sabre up to the place where he was buried. He had been wounded in the battle, and had seen from the window of

(Continued on Fourth Page.)