

was about to leave. All, however, ascertained we were doing well. Since then we have constantly been upon the march, attempting to intercept Lee, and are now said to be within six or eight miles of a portion of his army. Our men, though tired, are in good spirits, and ready again to meet the enemy at five minutes notice. Our tramp has taken us through the most beautiful sections of Maryland—what a calamity that such a region should be laid waste by the march and the onset of contending hosts.

O, if this impending battle might but be the final blow, what thanksgivings would go up from the land—aye, and from the hearts of homesick, weary soldiers too. While the army is willing to keep at its work till that work is done, I suspect there are few in it but would leap up for gladness could they hear their country say, "you are no longer needed, strife is over, soldier, go home."

God speed the time. T. E. V.

**In the Battle at Gettysburgh.**

We are permitted to publish the following liberal extracts of an interesting letter from Capt. J. H. COGSWELL to a friend in this place, giving a narration of the recent operations of the 150th regiment N. Y. S. V., or, more particular of company A, the members of which are mostly from this town.—ED. TIMES.

PROT. UNION INFIRMARY, BALTIMORE,  
Sunday, July 12, 1863.

Dear Sir—

We left Camp Belger June 25, 3 P. M., for where? none of us scarcely knew. It came out after a time that Monocacy Junction was our goal. We marched in dust and heat to Ellicott's Mills, (12 miles,) a station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and then we bivouaced under our shelter tents. Our knapsacks had been left behind to come on by cars. The 1st Md. Potomac Home Brigade, Col. Maulsby, joined us on the way, and we were under command of Brig. Gen. Lockwood, from Delaware. 'Twas the longest march our feet had ever made at one pull, and many complained. In the night we were greeted with a soaking rain, which was by no means welcome to those who neglected to put up their tents. The rain had not ceased at sunrise nor yet at 8 o'clock, our starting hour. The slight mud was better than dust; the rain slackened and visited us by showers through the day. We made a seventeen-mile march, Friday, halting at "Popple Springs," towards night. Many a one sought the ambulance that day, and blistered feet was the rule and not the exception. Those who had long, heavy boots suffered most. For my part, a pair of high-laced English walking shoes, with broad soles and low heels, kept me from any soreness, and I feel slight fatigue. I think the officers complained as much as the men. We got a small piece of fresh beef for each company that night. The rain did not fail us, and as we did not know how essential to our success a rise in the Potomac might be, could not see the use of quite so much of the article at time. At 8 A. M. Saturday, we

it not a wiser lot of men. "If ever I start out on a march again, I'll know what to wear on my feet," was an oft-heard expression. We were promised a seventeen mile march again, but it was nearly if not quite twenty. We got to Monocacy Junction about sundown, and at once pitched our tents on a hill lately chopped of its timber, leaving the brush and stumps for our use. Our camp overlooked a large district, and nearly the whole was filled with the "Army of the Potomac." Commissary wagons, Quartermaster's wagons, Ammunition wagons and Headquarter's wagons were packed by hundreds, or strung out by miles. And the Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry filled nearly all the space not devoted to wagons. To such neophytes as the 150th, this was a grand and imposing sight. And at night the thousands of camp fires made a rare and beautiful spectacle, and worth all our march to see. On Sunday we rested — of this I cannot be mistaken. Most all were willing to obey the keeping the Sabbath in this respect. The captains had to make out their muster-rolls. We fancied we would remain and guard the large bridge at this place, but at 4 A. M. Monday, the drum called us up, and we found we had orders to report to the Commander of the 12th Corps, Gen. Slocum. (I presume you know him — he was in the House when the Col. was in the Senate.) Our way lay through Frederick City, but before we reached it we halted for about six or eight hours, to let three or four Army Corps pass us. Our regiment got much ridicule for having never been out before, and were advised to lighten their loads, which they did to a great extent, giving away blankets, overcoats and extra clothing. By the way, the rain kept up its visits. Our Quartermaster, with a few who had been left back, joined us Sunday, and brought on the knapsacks. Our long detention gave us a short march, and we went into camp just the other side of Frederick about 3 P. M. Here we had more rain, and an early start the next morning. Rations began to be in demand and our supply was limited. Tuesday, June 30th we made about eighteen miles, halting at 4 P. M. Many were out of shoes, and a great many were sore footed, but all were good natured. Bruceville was the name the store, shop and bridge rejoiced in; it certainly wasn't Spruceville. The country we passed through this day was equal to Western New York. The people made our extremity their harvest. One charged and got from me 75 cts for a loaf of bread! The next day we started "early in the morning," on our way. We reached the "land of brotherly love," and headed towards Gettysburgh, halting in a woods about seven miles south of that place. We got the news of that day's fight, of the death of Reynolds, of our being driven back, and made up our minds we were in for a fight. At 2 A. M. July 23, the reveille started a weary lot of men from their needed rest. The cup of coffee was made, the hard tack cracked, and our line was formed. The general informed us that we must leave our knapsacks and the wagons to bring up—that a forced march of nine miles was to be made in three hours, and we prepared for it. Our course

lay due north, and to the right of Gettysburgh. We passed Gen. Meade's Headquarters, and held on our march till we arrived to the front—the extreme right. The 12th Corps held this position. Our line was formed, and we rested. We had nothing to do all day but listen to the roar of cannon to the left, and watch movements generally. About 6½ or 7 P. M. an order came for our two regiments to hasten to help the center, and we were off, marching by the flank right into it. Shells cracked around us spon,—dead men and defunct horses and mules, broken wagons, caissons, and the debris of battle strewed the way. Arriving near our place we deployed into line of battle, and pushed ahead, beyond the line the rebs held, they falling back and offering us no sight of their gray backs, for the distance. This position we held some time, and then were ordered back to our camping ground of the day. Cos. B and G dragged off from an adjacent field three brass 12 pounders of one of our batteries which the rebs had once that day. I think it was ten P. M. when we got back again. We lay on our arms all night in line of battle. Friday, 2 A. M., we were up again and advanced. Gen. Ewell was in front of us, and the day before had gained a slight advantage; and made his boasts that he would have our portion, a certain hill, if it cost him every man he had. His men were not eighty rods from us, and were occupying a position of *our* rifle pits. We advanced towards the woods, in line, and halted, and my company and afterwards a part of Co. G were ordered to hold the edge of the woods as skirmishers, which we did; the boys obeying well. At a little before 4 A. M.,

the Col. sent us word to return to the lines with my company. Meanwhile Bess' Battery, (regular) of six light brass, 15 pounders, had been stationed on a hill to the left, and our two regiments were ordered up to support it. Then, at just 4 A. M. they opened, shelling the woods terribly for a half hour. Then one Maryland regiment was ordered into these woods to drive the rebs out. As soon as they were well in, a rattling fire of musketry began, and in twenty minutes our friends came out minus three officers, twenty killed and one hundred wounded. The enemy had posted themselves behind a strong stone wall, and had our folks nicely. We formed again in front of the woods, but they did not come out. About 6 o'clock we were ordered around to the left of our position and into some rifle pits, on the brow of a hill looking down into a valley that run out towards where our first line had been. These pits were very long, and five or six regiments could be in them at once. Our boys did not know where they were going, but forming line of battle, with our colors flying, we rushed on with such a cheer as would have done your heart good to hear. Our orders were to fire till relieved, and we did. The men averaged 100 rounds in the two hours and forty minutes they were in. About all the firing was at random, as the rebs were in the valley below or on the slope beyond, hidden by the trees and foliage, but they were there; and so incessant was our fire that they could not form for a charge.

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The valley was literally covered with dead rebs. Some of their sharp-shooters, by climbing trees, could get at us in the pits, and sad to tell, we lost seven (7) good men, and twenty-two wounded. Co. A lost Corporal Van Alstyne and Wing, Rust and Howgate. They were all killed instantly. I have written to Van Alstyne's parents today. Our men all behaved nobly. I am proud of Co. A. Lieutenant Gridley was standing at the side of John when he fell. Rust and Wing were three feet from me. When we were relieved we fell back out of range, and then went in again towards noon, resting after two hour's work. At 2 P. M. "the great cannonading" of the war began, and we were under a storm of shot and shell, yet none of us were hurt. At four we were drawn off towards the center as reserves, but were not called. The field had been won by hard fighting along the whole line. July 4th we waited for orders in a dampening rain. July 5th, do., till sundown, when we marched nine miles to Littlestown, and camped. Here we got sight of our wagons, and got out shelter tents. July 6th, we marched about two miles, and rested for the day. July 7th, at 2½ A. M., we were called, formed line at 3, and marched to within five miles of Frederick City, twenty-seven miles, over the worst of roads, and in a heavy rain. I was attacked with Diarrhoea at noon, and at night felt used up—got no supper. July 8th, marched 6½ miles in the mud and rain, and then I had to give up. I was completely exhausted, and was ordered to Frederick; but there being no place in Hospital or Hotel for a man to stay, I was sent to Baltimore. I am better, and hope to be back soon. When I left the regiment they were on their way west from Frederick City, chasing up Lee. Quite a number of the boys gave out from exhaustion, at Frederick. Sergeant Borden for one, Geo. Willson, Color Corporal of my company, was struck in the forehead by a ball, but only slightly injured. Corp. W. C. Willson was left behind, sick in hospital here.

I believe I have now given you a correct "log" of our operations. If it is worth reading, peruse it. It is well to give such advice on the last line.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. H. COGSWELL,

Capt. Co. A, 150th N. Y. S. V.

#### OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HEADQUARTERS 150TH REG'T N. Y. S. V.,  
Sandy Hook, July 17th, 1863.

*Friend Dutcher*—I wrote you last from the field of Gettysburgh, or its vicinity. We left there on Sunday morning after the fight, and on the following Saturday came up with Lee's army in the neighborhood of Williamsport. Though weary there was on the part of the Union forces a universal desire for a fight, with a confident expectation of being able to finish up, on the banks of the Potomac, what had been begun ten days previously among the hills of Pennsylvania. All day the different corps kept coming in, and by Sunday morning a crescent-shaped line ran round the rebel fugitives. Anxiously we waited orders for the a

tack to begin. Toward night, however, instead of moving upon the foe, the command was given to commence throwing up breastworks; and all day Monday the great army was kept thus engaged. Magnificent pieces of timber were cleared off, fences torn down, and fortifications reared mile after mile *in the rear of a retreating foe*. Soldier could see no reason for this, but supposed that their officers could, and so of course pushed the job along; and, while thus employed, Lee quietly moved his frightened men safely across the river the last going over as the light of Tuesday morning dawned. By noon the report became general that the prey, which seemed within our grasp, had effected an escape. Soon the rumors turned into a settled fact. Never have I witnessed manifestations of deeper disappointment or burning rage. After all that long, wearisome march borne with such patient endurance, was vain that army which had so often defeated, baffled or eluded us, but of whose destruction we had been all but sure, had again slipped away when its overthrow seemed ordained. Is it surprising that curses, loud and bitter, upon those whose timidity or dilatoriness had brought about such a result, should have been denounced. Wednesday morning we started upon the track of the runaways. Terrible was the trail which they had left. In the barns lay unburied putrefying dead. By the road side used up horses were scattered all along. Growing crops were trampled flat, fences stripped away, houses pillaged, stables and stalls and poultry yards left empty—ruin on every side.

Yesterday we reached Maryland Heights, opposite Harpers Ferry, and afterward moved a mile lower down, where we pitched our camp for the night, and are lying still. This morning a drenching rain is falling, but the pontoon bridges are being laid, and probably by to-morrow the army will again be crossing over to Virginia soil. What the next move in the programme is to be, it would be hard to tell. Somehow or other, somewhere or other, and at sometime or other, Lee and his army are to be destroyed, nothing more definite can hardly be predicted just now.

From every other quarter the tidings are full of cheer. For the last month the horizon has brightened up all around. May it soon be perfect day. Of the utter desolation that war leaves in its wake, one can form no adequate conception till he has been himself upon the ground. There are many farmers, who, between the two armies, have lost their all. The sections of Maryland through which we have been passing are the choicest of the State. About four or five miles west of Frederick City, we journeyed through one of the most beautiful valleys upon which I ever looked. The entire region is specially adapted to growing wheat, and the crops waving upon the fields would gladden the hearts of many a one at home. Stern seemed the necessity which devoted such harvests to destruction, yet many hundreds of acres were trampled out by tramping hosts, and many more run over that it will hardly be worth the gathering in. The great majority of the people are intensely Union, and bear bravely under their losses

most nobly. Two summers in succession has such visitation come upon the dwellers in these valleys and on these hills; let us hope that this is to be the last. At one place where I stopped yesterday, the lady of the house told me that she begged with tears that the rebels would leave her pet riding horse, and take whatever else they would, but they disregarded her plea.

On our way hither I passed over the old Antietam field. Many marks of that bloody struggle still remain. Harvests are indeed ripening where the strife went on, but the old brick church, of which we read so much at the time, still stands as on that September day when the conflict closed. Graves line the edges of the fields, the trees in the woods are scarred, in one trench seven hundred rebels lie; and in a beautiful little enclosure rest those who died in the hospital after the battle closed. In the center stands a neat monument, with the words, "I am the resurrection and the life" &c., and around it some two or three hundred mounds. What interest will hang around these places a generation hence? T. E. V.

### Report Respecting the 150th Reg.

Messrs. C. W. Swift, J. H. Weeks, and others, Committee on Donations for Sick and Wounded Soldiers:

GENTLEMEN:

Concerning the carrying out the objects of the mission with which I was entrusted, in behalf of those who have recently been engaged in battle, and of others suffering from disease, in Pennsylvania and Maryland, I have the honor to report;

That without any needless delay I proceeded to the city of Baltimore, accompanied by Docts. Pine and Hasbrouck, who had kindly volunteered their services to the committee. Upon arriving in that city, we made inquiries concerning the condition of those in whom our citizens were immediately interested—the members of the 150th Regiment—and learned that at the battle of Gettysburgh seven had been slain and that their remains had been decently interred by their comrades near the battle-field. A number were wounded, but only one seriously so. Docts. Pine and Hasbrouck proceeded to that point to tender such aid as might be necessary, while I, hearing that the army had moved toward Frederick City, went on toward that place, where I was so fortunate as to meet our friends of the 150th. Although greatly fatigued by the long and rapid marches which had been required of them, and suffering somewhat from the want of good and sufficient food, to which they had become accustomed, the necessary result of the rapid movements of a large army, yet it was gratifying to find them in the best of spirits, and enduring with patience the privations incident to their situation.

As they marched past, with drums beating and their colors thrown to the breeze, a portion of the grand army of the Potomac, I had the opportunity of taking numbers of them by the hand, and in the name of the People of Dutchess county, thanking them for the valor and courage they had exhibited on the battle-field, and of assuring them of the pride with which all classes of our citizens regarded them—and they were sensibly affected and exceedingly gratified at the kindness and liberality of their

friends at home, who had made me the bearer of so many comforts and delicacies for their use in their hour of need, and my reception was every way most gratifying.

I followed them to the field, where for a number of days they were formed in battle array in front of the enemy, where, during the entire time, they rested on their arms by night and by day, momentarily expecting to be called into action.

A large portion of them were without overcoats or blankets, and their only protection from the severe rains which constantly prevailed were shelter-tents, which afforded a very slight barrier against the weather; yet they were at all times cheerful and happy and anxious for still another opportunity of proving to their friends that they were not mere holiday soldiers, but men who had gone forth for a purpose which remained to be accomplished.

It was impossible for me to transport the stores entrusted to me to any locality where they could be of immediate use to the Regiment, although in case they had become absolutely necessary, means would have been found to have placed them where they were needed, and the kind intentions of the contributors realized.

From the representations made in relation to the condition of the wounded remaining at Gettysburgh, and the necessity of hospital stores there, I was induced to forward a case to that point. I also sent one case to each of four hospitals in Baltimore, viz., Camden, Jarvis, Newton University, and West's Warehouse. Soldiers from our Regiment are constantly receiving care and attention at one or the other of these institutions, and it is not unlikely that many more of them will, ere the war is finally ended, be the recipients of their attentions. The citizens of Baltimore, and especially the ladies, are unwearied in their efforts to relieve the sick and wounded from all sections of the country, and deserve the warmest thanks of all who delight in kind deeds, and I was happy in being enabled to contribute in ever so small a manner to their many wants. Two boxes yet remaining on hand, together with other stores sent forward by Mrs. John Thompson, and also a considerable quantity contributed by the citizens of Anemia and other towns in the eastern part of the county, and left in charge of Mr. Thompson and myself, were placed at the disposal of Mrs. Ketcham and Mrs. Broas to be distributed as necessities may require. A portion will be retained on hand for the possible use of our regiment.

Your obt. servant,

G. R. GAYLORD.

Poughkeepsie, July 20, 1863.

**OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.**

HEADQUARTERS 150th Reg't N. Y. S. V., 12th Corps, }  
Warrenton Junction, Va., July 27th, 1863. }

*Friend Dutcher.*—We are resting for a day, and I use its leisure moments to acquaint you with our movements, and some of the incidents transpiring by the way. We left Sandy Hook on Sunday, the 19th, crossed the Potomac and the Shenandoah at Harpers Ferry, and commenced our march southward skirting the edge of the Blue Ridge as we tramped along. This section of Virginia has suffered less by the rebels than almost

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any other portion of the old dominion, the rebels having never passed through it in force, and our own troops having on all previous visits showed a general respect for private property. This time, however, the memory of Lee's recent raid into Pennsylvania was too fresh, and it, coupled with the fact that attempts were made to capture one of our wagon trains by the way, made the men less careful, and excited them to acts of retaliation. Strict orders, however, were issued against pillaging, and most of the property thereafter taken was by officers duly authorized. Loudon County grows fine grass and grain, and shows some well cultivated farms, but the tokens of thrift lessen as one gets more and more into Dixie, and by the time Manassas Gap is neared even houses are, many of them, utterly destitute, or only their ruins found. Every foot of soil hereabout is historic. Upon this ground the armies of Lee, Jackson, Fremont, Shields, Banks, Sigel, McDowell have all lain. Remains of old camps dot every piece of woods, and the few springs and creeks in the region have hardly yet recovered from the drain made on them by the soldiers, and horses, and cattle that from time to time have halted here. Warrenton Junction, near which the army of the Potomac is centering again, is but a pile of rubbish, not a single building being left. Trains between here and Washington are constantly moving to and fro, freighted with forage and provision for the hungry "hordes"—as the chivalry would call us—that are here making a temporary stand. You can hardly imagine how much good it did us to hear the whistle of a locomotive once more. Every one at once thought that he could now get news from home. Since leaving Baltimore our own regiment has never received a regular mail. To day we hope to send out and get one in. The Papers, too, will now be coming in. The last dailies received are now a week old. On the day after getting them the newsboy attempted to bring on the Baltimore *Clipper* and *American*, but was seized between the Potomac and our lines by rebel guerrillas, his papers taken away, fifty dollars in cash demanded, and he then paroled. No effort has since been made to get news in.

Lee is supposed to be lying not far hence. The prevalent impression seems to be that we shall not at present make an attack, but simply attempt to hold the rebels in their present position, and prepare for a forward movement after the conscripts now being drafted shall have arrived to bring the numbers in our depleted regiments up. This, however, may be a mere camp rumor, having no foundation in fact.

The few inhabitants that we find in this section are thoroughly rebel, and will not yet believe that Gettysburgh was a Union victory, or that Vicksburg is ours. How hard to credit that which it is to our interest to disbelieve.

T. E. V.

**OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.**

BALTIMORE, Aug. 12th, 1863.

*Friend Dutcher*—I hardly know when or where I wrote you last, for days and places get strangely jumbled up when one is constantly upon the



July... march. Weeks have no Sabbaths to give them a distinct bound, but run in to each other like waves coming from opposite ways. As I write you, Belger Barracks lie in full view, and many other points familiar by a nine months acquaintance rise before me recalling most vividly the past. A severe attack of a disease prevalent in the army at this season of the year has compelled me to leave my post a little before the leave of absence granted me by my people expires, and after taking a few days to recover from weakness and weariness I am expecting to turn again toward home.

The 156th came in sight of the Rappahannock on the evening of July 31st, and on the following morning crossed it upon a pontoon bridge which had been laid at Kelly's Ford. Just on the opposite bank we pitched our tents and there remained till the next night, when it was decided to recross and locate our camp upon a higher piece of ground a short distance back from the stream. By the change we got a decidedly better location, and there I left the brigade lying on Saturday, August 7th. It is not thought that the Army of the Potomac will move much further just now. This last campaign has been one of their severest, and the men need rest. A march of four hundred miles straight along under a July sun, a heavy battle, and divers skirmishes, will leave their mark upon the most robust men. Conscripts, moreover, are beginning to come in who will need drilling, so it is not thought probable that there will be any immediate advance. The rebel pickets and our own have at some points come within speaking distance, and instead of saluting each other from the rifle's mouth have in some instances indulged in a social chat. Once or twice, however, since lying in our present position desperate attempts have been made by the enemy to force their way across the river at points where we had accumulated large commissary stores. The attempts were utter failures, for the boys have no idea of giving their rations up. Since getting near the railroad once more the supplies furnished the men have been more abundant and of a greater variety. Twice a week soft bread now takes the place of hard tack, and desiccated vegetables for making soup were being added to the stereotyped bill of fare. The water in the vicinity of Kelly's Ford is the most objectionable feature. The supply is very limited and the quality far from fine, though better than what we found at Warrenton Junction. I suspect it would go very hard for our friends at home to swallow what we daily drank. It is no unusual thing to go a mile in search of it, and barrels are eagerly sunk at every point where there is any indication of a spring. The river is scarcely fit to wash in, being so turbid that you can not see bottom where it is two inches deep. Some of our boys while bathing in it found the bottom thickly strewn with shot and shell, some of which evidently had been turned out from the manufactory of our friends Hotchkiss & Co. I suspect they were thrown in a year or so ago to keep them from the enemy.

A very desolate looking region of country this is. Between the two armies it has been ground

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like grain between the upper and nether mill stones. A large part of the houses have been destroyed, and those that have not are mostly tenantless, not a growing crop is seen, rarely a conveyance of any sort met by the way. Guerrillas lie thick in the woods and have found employment recently in grabbing sutlers' wagons on the road from Washington down, robbing the agents of the Christian Commission of their stores, firing into trains as they passed along, and other outrages of the kind. In consequence of such proceedings Gen. Meade has issued an order holding the inhabitants for ten miles on each side of the track responsible, and under that order quite a number were arrested a few days since and sent to the Federal Capital. It is the intention of the Government to make these men repair all damages to roads and bridges, and in case any obstructions are put in the way of trains, treat them as the offenders. This may seem a stern code but there is no other way of stopping such lawlessness. On my way hither I stopped in Washington for a day or two. There was not quite the usual number of shoulder straps at Willard's or along the avenues. This to me was a hopeful indication. It seemed to show that while officers in the field are being so closely confined to their duties the hangers on at the Capital were being pushed out to their posts. Everywhere the public pulse beats confidently— all wavering or doubling with reference to the issue of our great struggle seems to have passed; many appear certain that the fall campaign will wind the rebellion up. *I wish it might be according to their faith.*

Baltimore hardly wears the same look as when we left it. All traces of alarm have disappeared, the barricades have been removed from the streets, and business flows on in its usual channels.

Belger Barracks are now the headquarters of a negro regiment. Last evening I witnessed their dress parade. The regiment is more than half full and its appearance very creditable. On Monday a flag was presented them, and from the throngs of sable-hued ones that went out, I judge that all *colordom* was there.

What would Baltimoreans have thought of such things a year ago? How this war has educated the people. I am glad that the African race is thus being put into the field. This war is to bring them freedom—*it can never stop short of that, and never ought*, and they will prize it more highly from having helped with their own blood to procure it.

All day yesterday I worked unpacking and repacking the generous supply of stores forwarded for our regiment from Amenia and Poughkeepsie, right after the battle of Gettysburg, but which had to be left at Baltimore for want of transportation. The clothing, lint, bandages and bedding of all kinds, I turned over to the Christian Commission for distribution among the hospitals, and then filled eight boxes and four barrels with wines, jellies, brandies, dried fruit, condensed milk and coffee, and preserved fruits, which I intend to start for Washington to-day or to-morrow, having the promise that the N. Y. Relief Association will there take charge of them, and see that they are

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