

a general movement was ordered again, and we advanced to Baltimore Cross Roads, a distance of some 4 miles from Bottom's Bridge, and about 12 miles from Richmond. At several places along the route rebel scouts fled before us, frequently plunging aside into the woods, then far in front debouching at some unexpected point.

A Quartermaster of the 167th Pa. Reg't. who unconsciously became separated from his command by falling to the rear, was gobbled up by a squad of Gorillas and recaptured by our cavalry. When found he was tied in an old house, and his captors were leisurely smoking in an adjacent yard but fled precipitately on the approach of our troops. The Quartermaster had in his possession at the time of his capture \$400 which the rebels knew nothing of.

On the evening of this day our artillerists opened the ball with the enemy, but received no response, on the following morning at 8 o'clock a cry of "To Arms," brought every man to his feet, and a retrograde movement was ordered. Nearly all the infantry force fell back five miles, our Reg't. with the r. t. In the P. M. the Rebels opened 4 Howitzers and our troops replied with two 12 lb Napoleons. The 89th N. Y. and 178th Pa. were skirmishers and lost 15 in killed and wounded. Late in the P. M. of this day we were ordered to advance again. Entering the woods we marched and countermarched, arriving at a clearing a halt was ordered, and the Battalion was closed in mass. The enemy made a demonstration on the 40th Mass. on our right a heavy fire of muskets was opened by the 40th, but the enemy saw fit not to answer—then all was still and notwithstanding the uniform tranquility save the sweet and melancholy notes of a lone whippoorwill. The moon was shining brightly and it was almost as light as noon day. Suddenly a terrific canonading belched forth with a precision and rapidity that startled us. Solid shot and pieces of R. R. iron came whizzing and bounding over us cutting off the limbs of trees and plowing up the earth of the bank beyond us, luckily the canoneers aimed too high so that none of the shots took effect: the circumstances and surroundings were most solemn—momentarily we were expecting a shell in our midst,—the men had never before been under fire and began to feel nervous, when Gen. Keyes rode past us saying "boys keep cool"—then ordered us to retire which we did in good order. After the first shot was fired, there was a general stampede among the colored population, my *Sam* ran away leaving my blankets, rations, coffee pot and frying pan. When I asked him the day following why he "skedaddled" he replied by saying "Why Massa Cap. I think you all be killed, and you neber want de hard tack, coffee pot and frying pan."

Falling back a half mile the 5th N. Y., four gun battery, opened on the enemy, which

he only answered by a few random snen; in meantime a force of infantry and cavalry followed the 40th Mass. of our Brigade, with an intention of flanking us on the left. The 40th getting in position behind an embankment, waited for the enemy who approached by platoons, when within pistol shot gave the enemy a galling fire. They rallied several times, but were repulsed with quite a heavy loss in killed and wounded. They yelled, but did not cheer; their battle-cry is in fine clarion tones, similar to the shouts of school boys at recess, and resembles hi! hi! hi!— Since that night the enemy have not manifested a disposition for a fight, yet not a day passes that we have not a succession of alarms. Yesterday it approached near enough to drive our pickets in and retire after shooting two of our horses. Their reported force was three regiments and seven pieces of artillery with some cavalry.

The news of Lee's defeat has a wonderful exhilarating effect on the troops. If you could have heard the huzzahs, long, loud and deep, on the receipt of the cheering intelligence, it would have done you good. Prior to this the news had been very discouraging, and soldiers felt disenheartened; now they are infused with new life and spirit. We hope to have a hand in taking Richmond. Gen. Meade we trust will not move too rapid, so as to deprive us of any of the glory of a Peninsula campaign. We have had long and weary marches from Yorktown, and do not feel that we are here for nothing.

The weather is now very warm and the men at times feel almost overcome with the heat; the water is hard and the soap poor; (the only Abolitionist we love is James Pyle) consequently we find it difficult to keep as sweet and clean as our wives and sweet-hearts would wish, but what the soap and water fails to do, the natural scavengers of the body will not. All the clothing that we have with us, we wear on our back. Line officers are glad to partake of the hospitalities of the rank and file, and it is not uncommon to see an officer, private and darkey sleeping side by side under the same blanket, and perchance if the night is cool, the commissioned gentleman is quite apt to try and get in the middle; this same party composing the mess, eat from the same plate and drink from the same cup. I may safely say that we are mellowed down to soldiering in good earnest; necessity compels one and all to extend courtesy and kindness—an eye to comfort supercedes style, and the article of war (hard tack) is what we swear by.

The order has (July 8th) just been received to march to Yorktown. How unexpected! Its raining—rain—rain all day; we flounder through mud up to one's knees and are drenched to the skin; great streams of water gush from the hillsides, small brooks are swelled to roaring torrents, and the roads are all deluged on the low-lands, quite lakes

have suddenly appeared, yet we make to-day twenty miles and lie down on the wet ground. A number of men of our Division died from exhaustion, but we are happy, having heard the glorious news of the surrender of Vicksburg and the confirmation of the capture of Lee's entire army has raised our spirits to a degree scarcely imaginable. July 9th we marched twenty-three miles—all very much fatigued—encamped one mile east of Fort Magruder. At five o'clock A. M., July 10th, continued on march to Yorktown, a distance of twelve miles, which place we reached at eleven A. M., a tired, lame and sore army, having been absent from there just one month. This ends our Peninsula campaign. At seven o'clock this evening we take passage on the "Swan" for Washington, and from there we know not our destination.

Our new field-officers, Col. Logie, Lt. Col. Patrick and Maj. Clauhart have assumed the duties of their respective offices. They are officers of experience, and we hope Col. Hathaways old regiment will ever sustain its honor. We will try.

Our Elmira friends will be pained to learn that our excellent Quartermaster Haight, has been suffering from ill health for some time. His ambition has too long kept him up for
Yours, truly, *.*

From our Army Correspondent.....

CAMP 141st REGIMENT N. Y. V.,
NEAR HARPER'S FERRY, July 17.

To Editor of Elmira Gazette:

'Tis raining hard to-day. Bivouaced, our regiment is awaiting orders, and to keep dry I have accepted the hospitality of a farmer, whose house is near camp. To while away the time will give you a rambling sketch of our marches, &c., since we left Washington. Arriving in Washington July 11th, at one o'clock P. M., we ascertained our destination was Frederick City, Md., and beyond, to reinforce General Meade. We did not leave Washington until late in the evening, but during our sojourn (so long having been deprived of "good things,") we eat, drank and were merry. Suffice it to say, beer, segars, lemonades, sweet cake, ice cream and pie was dealt out by the candy girls, who receive oftener than otherwise, a kiss with the dime in return for their merchandise from our gallant "soger boys."

Our trip up the B. & O. R. R. was necessarily slow, owing to the immense amount of transportation on the road. The country much of the way to Frederick City is romantic and picturesque in the extreme; small but well tilled farms lie at the base of the mountains, and buildings rudely constructed, painted and rustic in appearance, are nestled in shrubbery—and great is the change compared with Virginia, where only broad-spread ruin is everywhere visible. It seems to me as if I never again wish to travel over those

flat, sandy barrens of the Peninsula. We encamped in Frederick twenty-four hours. It is a pretty place, containing ten thousand inhabitants, and the country surrounding is rich and fertile, in fact such is the case all over Maryland. Well can the "rebs" sing "My Maryland"—'tis a "Garden of Eden," and we think the finest country we were ever in. In connection with Frederic City I must speak of it, being a strong Union city, and scarce if ever, has it been our lot to visit a city that was graced with as much female loveliness, and they received us with a cordiality and kindness never before met with by us in any southern town or city. In passing through the city they gave us a perfect ovation of salutations, and we in return gave them cheer after cheer with big tigers; beautiful banners were flung to the breeze from nearly every public and private house, which gave elegance to the principal avenue thro' the city; it was one grand flutter of banners and handkerchiefs, and if the loyalty of the people is to be judged by the enthusiasm manifested, the citizens of Frederick are true.

July 14th at four o'clock, the bugle was sounded and at five we were on the march. After proceeding five miles west, we began to ascend the eastern slope of one of the ranges of the Blue Ridge; rounding its crest a most lovely view was before us. Far in the distance a purple shadow marked the outlines of South Mountain, whose cone-like pinnacles seemed to penetrate the western skies. For many miles were spread in nature's charming beauty, golden acres of wheat, green carpeted meadows, and waving fields of Indian corn, while neat cottages and farm houses adorned this panoramic scene, and lent an air of comfort, wealth and prosperity; as far as the eye could reach were long trains of supplies and ammunition, and to the front and rear were tens of thousands of troops, with bayonets glistening in the dazzling sunlight—a part of Gen. Meade's grand Army of the Potomac. On our route we met many of the New York troops sent out by our noble and patriotic Governor Seymour, to drive the "avenging invader" from Pennsylvania and Maryland.

Arriving at Boonsboro, we noticed the effects of the contending armies, the fences were destroyed and fields of grain, ready for the sickle, were trampled in the earth.—Marching west from this town an intolerable stench polluted the air, arising from the decomposed carcasses of horses killed a few days ago in a cavalry engagement, and the smell almost sickened us. Passed over the battle ground of South Mountain—distance marched to-day twenty miles.

July 15th—On the march at six o'clock; after advancing three miles information having been received that Gen. Lee had recrossed the Potomac, orders were given to proceed in the direction of Harper's Ferry. The information of Lee's escape was given Col

Logie by Gen. Wadsworth, which much disheartened us, though we had an inkling of it the day before, consequently the news was not entirely unexpected.

In the P. M. of that day we read in the New York and Philadelphia papers that Lee had effected his escape and recrossed the river. On the receipt of the order to proceed southerly we were within four miles of Hagerstown. Marching southerly we passed through a little town called Keedersville, that had been pillaged by the rebels. The inhabitants tell many anecdotes of the rebels when passing through the place on their way to invade Pennsylvania. They told them that they were going to Harrisburg to get some beer; on their return jocularly said they found no beer but plenty of Mead.

Arriving at Keedersville we were halted to allow the First Army Corps to pass, which occupied six hours. A portion of the corps was composed of the skeleton ranks of the Pennsylvania reserves: they looked like war-worn veterans, so brown and toughened by constant and long exposures, many marching without hats, coats or shoes; the officers looked as rough as privates, the insignia of rank being scarcely visible. Some companies were commanded by sergeants and corporals and numbered but a dozen men, and several regiments were reduced to 100 to 150 men, and were commanded by lieutenants.

July 16—After marching two miles we again halted to allow the Fifth Army Corps to advance, which consumed six hours time—the troops and trains being at least eight miles long. This evening was visited by our old friends Captain "Lote" Baldwin and Chaplain Crane of the 107th N. Y. regiment, that lies encamped only three miles from us; both of these officers are looking and feeling well. From the former we obtained many interesting accounts of the late bloody battle of Gettysburg. The Captain is a thorough gentleman and a good officer, and I hope he will get the position in the 107th that he has so richly earned on the battle field. We expect to move very soon, probably in the direction of Fredericksburg. Our marching has been severe, averaging in rain and sun twenty miles per day. Officers and men need rest.

Yours, Truly,

LLSVILLE

From the 141st Regiment.

EASTERN BASE OF THE BLUE RIDGE,
NEAR GOOSE CREEK, VA, July 24th, 1863.

DEAR TRIBUNE—I wrote you last from White House landing, the morning of our advance towards Richmond. We marched that day, July 1st, to Bottoms Bridge, twelve miles from the Rebel Capital, where

we shelled out a small force of the enemy, and confidently expected to enter the city the next day, but on the contrary we were ordered to fall back a mile or so where we remained inactive in the broiling sun seven days. The rebels certainly had but a small force at Richmond, for our cavalymen rode within the fortifications and stole horses, we were so near that by climbing a hill near our camp we could hear the sound of the city bells; and if on the morning of the 4th every commanding officer had quietly slid off the Pennisular into York River, the boys would have taken Richmond. On the 8th we were ordered to Yorktown, and marching sixty miles in a little over two days we arrived there, and immediately took transports for Washington, and marching straight across the city under the great dome to the Depot, took the cars for Frederick; where our Regiment was ordered to the eleventh army corps; the badge of which is a crescent, and since the battle of Chancellorsville the rest of the army call it the "flying half-moon." Leaving Frederick the 14th we commenced our march in search of the "glorious 'levenh;" and winding over hills and through vallies, we crossed the battle ground of South Mountain; and was in sight of Antetam, and on the morning of the 16th we met Genl. Wadsworth riding leasurely towards us, who informed us that Lee had escaped and that the army was falling back; Whereupon we made a sudden turn and march back to a cross roads and halted, and there we saw the "splendid Army of the Potomac" pass in review. When the old 86th came along you better believe we made some noise; There we saw Charley and Leroy, Eugene Hazelton, the Stone boys, Abe Grover, Jimmey Powers, who belongs to a Wisconsin Regiment, Scott Fogle, Ben Dewitt, Ira Bennett, and dozens of others, some of whom we had not met for years, and who left Hornellville before the Rail Road was built, having a pretty good memory we astounded them by calling them by nick names familiar in the old school days. We also saw Wm. Ward, who is in the signal corps and attached to Genl. Meads staff. Charley and Leroy were both well, Charley stands it well for one so young, and gave us his fist like an old soldier; Leroy has charge of a branch of the Commissary Department of his Regiment. Ira Bennett has the credit of keeping his gun in the best condition of any man in the regiment, for which he has been promoted to Corporal. The 107th and also the 11th Corps had ta-

ken another road, and we missed them, so we kept on alone two more days and finally struck our dutch brethren at Berlin, a small station on the rail road, between Point of Rocks and Harpers Ferry, six miles below the latter. The 11th Corps is commanded by Genl. Howard, as you well know, and we are in the second Brigade third Division. The Division is commanded by Gen. Carl Schurz, the Brigade, by some "furriner" whose name I am as yet unable to spell or pronounce, and the nearest I can come to it is to follow Lord Byrons rule, Sneeze three times and say *sky*. You ask a dutchman to tell you the Generals name and he whops it out so sudden that you stand in mute astonishment at the power of language, utterly unable to follow him, and turn away in despair, regretting your ignorance of the German; The men of the corps are mostly Germans from Wisconsin and Pennsylvania, and are intelligent and brave. The corps was formerly commanded by Blenker, and also by Siegle, and has always done good work with the exception of Chancellorsville which is the only shade on its banner, and time will redeem that. At Berlin we saw Col. Crane of the 107th. He was looking well, and his two years experience in the 23d should certainly render him qualified to command.

We crossed the Potomac on pontoons and for five days have been marching with the Army up the valley east of the blue ridge, with the intention of preventing Lee's crossing the mountains on his way to Richmond. We are delayed here by reason of a bridge across Goose creek having been burned, but are fast reconstructing it. Our destination is probably Gordonsville to head off Lee.

Remaining over one train at Washington to load the Baggage I was witness to a proceeding that I shall always believe was the work of traitors at the seat of Government, to prevent reinforcements reaching Genl. Meade. The city was full of troops and the river full of transports, waiting to unload thousands of soldiers, and at 11 o'clock I started on a train that bore two full regiments, besides Co, H, of our Regiment that remained behind as a guard.— At Laurel twenty miles, we stopped for water and I stepped off the cars to take a look at the old camp. I heard a roaring and a rush, saw a man run down the track swinging a red light, and instantly there was a terrible crash and the two trains were loosed together like a spy glass. The last train also contained two Regiments and

was drawn by two powerful government engines, and such was their speed that the wheels spun round on the track for five minutes after they were reversed. Where was the blame? Of course the first thing was to lay it all to the engineers, as is always the case, and in most instances unjustly, but on inquiring it came out that both trains were ignorant of the existence of the other, and that the hind engineers had never been over the road before, knew nothing of water stations, had no instructions or knowledge of a train ahead, were put on the train by a government official at Washington and ordered to run to Frederick. The strangest part is that though about twenty cars were forced right into and in some instances plumb through others, and not a car but was more or less shattered; of over three thousand soldiers, not a man was killed, and none seriously injured that I could learn with the Exception of a few broken limbs; and yet there are those who doubt a special Providence! By this collision the track was obstructed nearly a day, and if there had been a battle as was expected at the time, thousands of soldiers would have been kept from joining our army, and perhaps given the victory to the rebels.

Our boys stand it well, what there is left of us, but the fatigue and exposure of the last two months has thinned our ranks sadly, there being to-day only four hundred and sixty-five that bear arms. A few are detailed and on detached service, but the greater portion are discharged, disabled in Hospitals, and dead. Those that are well, are tough, rough, and hearty; rags, dirt, and U. S. lice seeming only to add strength to our bodies and cheerfulness to our souls. Upheld by a firm faith in a final victory, we hopefull bear our burdens, knowing that the angry sea of Rebellion is nearly crossed.

"And just before the shining shores
We can almost discover."

M. W. H.

From our Army Correspondent.

CAMP 141ST REG'T, N. Y. V., ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, July 24, 1863.

To Editor of Elmira Gazette:

On the 17th I wrote you in camp near Berlin, on the eve of that day we marched a few miles to join our corps, the Eleventh, 2d Brigade, 3d Division. We fully realize that we are in the grand Army of the Potomac, so formidable, brave and patriotic, and when we see its magnitude, are compelled to believe it invincible. Our corps numbers thirty-four regiments, and to a large extent is composed of Germans whose innate pas-

sion for music enlivens the surrounding camps with sweet and mellow notes from BETHOVEN and MOZART, and oft times at the hour of midnight, such melodies charm the half sleeping soldier who is loth to slumber until the echo of the last note dies away in the distant glen.

Arriving at Berlin, we crossed the Potomac on pontoons, and made our way into Virginia, averaging about twenty miles per day when marching. The first forty miles that we marched through the valley of Virginia, is a charming country, with wooded hills and smiling vales, and has not been desolated by the arms but as we advanced, secesh became stronger and the traces of war more visible.

When marching through Waterford, a pretty little village five miles south of Leesburg, the most agreeable Union demonstrations were made. 'Twas Sabbath-day—bevyes of ladies attired in gay silks and delaines, like clusters of flowers of variegated hues, welcomed us, waving the Stars and Stripes. Some of them seeing our troops suffering with heat and fatigue, gave them water and fanned them. Going farther South, only now and then a citizen was met with, finally at the farm houses, only the women, usually a half a dozen at a place, and little colored children were seen.

Yesterday we marched through Middleburg, a town of considerable size—nearly every door and window was closed and the place looked as lonely as a graveyard. Some negroes told us that what few inhabitants were left fled to the woods on the approach of our army.

We are now four miles west of Warrenton, which is about one hundred miles from Frederick City, Maryland, by the way of our line of march; will probably continue our march on to Richmond. As usual are hearing various rumors and reports about Gen. LEE; surrender of Charleston, &c. &c., but as we have not received a mail in two weeks, we are ignorant of what has occurred during that time beyond the limits of our own regiment, brigade or corps.

Many of our troops are marching out, feet sore and stiff joints. Some of the veterans are gaining strength, and prove by a determined spirit that they can become inured to all the hardships incident to a soldier's life, and it is not uncommon that they are strong muscular men.

Col. LOGAN says that our regiment must beat any regiment in the Division in discipline, marching and fighting. On all our marches thus far, we have been able to beat any of the regiments to our front or rear. Our column always moves in good order; the files are kept dressed and no straggling allowed. We expect soon to have our number augmented by drafted men. L. WHITON, of Co. K. who left for Elmira to-day will have charge of the recruits for the three companies from Chemung county. The weather is very warm 90 deg Fahrenheit. Yours truly,

The 141st N. Y. Regiment.

CAMP OF THE 141ST N. Y. VOLS. }
NEAR WARRENTON JUNCTION, }
July 30th, 1863. }

EDITOR, JOURNAL.—The 141st left Suffolk May 4th, and reached West Point on the 7th, and commenced fortifying immediately. We labored with the pick and shovel day and night for three weeks, received the message "well done good and faithful servants," from the commanding General, then retired from active service with the

expectation of enjoying a few days rest secure behind the breastworks. But in this we were disappointed, for the next day we received orders to be in readiness to evacuate the place at a moment's notice; which we did June 1st, taking the precaution of destroying the greater part of the works about the place before leaving. Reached Yorktown June 3d when we landed and marched to our camp on the heights back of the town. Yorktown is well fortified, but in size not what we anticipated. It is a town only in name and in the warlike associations that have made it celebrated. We stayed at Yorktown seven days, and were then ordered to Williamsburg. The next day we were ordered to be ready for a reconnoissance in force up the peninsula. Our force was composed of the 2d and 3d Brigades, General Gordon's Division, two batteries and a small detachment of cavalry. The first day we moved nearly twenty miles; as a matter of course we lost our way, causing a countermarch of several miles. We halted about a mile above Chickabominy Church and bivouacked in the woods. After the halt for the night comes the busiest hour of the day. A spring must be found, water brought, fires lighted and supper prepared. This finished, then comes the sleeping arrangements, which consists of gathering an armful of boughs and depositing them under a tree, then wrapping our blanket around us lay down to seek repose; or hold communion with nature and an innumerable host of insects their visits enlivened by the buzzing of mosquitoes and the croaking of toads from swamps in every direction.

The next morning at daybreak a squad of men was sent out and soon returned with an abundance of fresh meat, chickens ducks, &c., which were soon distributed among the men. It was quite comical to see our field and line officers gathered in groups about the fires, forgetting for the time, the dignity of 'shoulder straps' and 'waiters,' and lost in the pleasing occupation of roasting meat, chickens, &c. After disposing of a hearty breakfast a pair of 'game cocks' were discovered among our contraband fowls; the fact was hailed with pleasure by the 'sporting gents' of the Reg't. A ring was formed and the 'knights of the spur' each eager for the fray, and each backed by a pair of shoulder straps, were placed in the arena; one was designated as 'old Abe,' the oth-