

CAMP NEAR YORKTOWN, Vt., {
April 13th, 1862. }

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MR. ALLGÖYER—*Dear Sir*:—Since my last letter to you, our regiment has been ordered from our winter quarters, and, as I suppose you are aware, are now performing the more stern duties of the soldier. The gallant 14th—the Flower of the Army, as some term it—are now in range of the big guns of the enemy's fortifications at Yorktown.— We pass compliments with them every day, in the shape of bomb shells, which is music for us. We are in our elements. The picket duty we have had to perform here is more exciting than it used to be. We are sometimes so close to their works that we can hear their conversation.— Three nights ago it was our turn for picket. Through the day our reserve was stationed in a grove, and only two or three posts were kept, in a concealed position; but after night had spread her mantle over all around, you might see a little squad of soldiers go forth from the forest gloom into the open field in front, and, six on a post, lie down with their blankets around them to keep their sacred watch. This was company I—the Lewis county boys. Our trick was from 12 until 4 o'clock in the morning, when we withdrew from the field to the shadow of the woods. We could not converse with each other, except in a low whisper. A small party of rebel scouts were out trying to find the position of our posts, and our orders were not to fire unless strictly necessary. They would fire at random to draw us out. Their bullets whistled over our heads. We

could hear them say, "The d—d Yankees won't fire." We could plainly hear them waking up their relief guard. The corporal said, "Come, George Roland, get up and go on guard!" He answered, "What relief?" Corporal said, "First relief; hurry up."

Our camp is in a pleasant place, a peach orchard of 3000 trees, all in bloom. It presents a most picturesque sight. The ground is as level as a floor, and of a sandy nature. We have very cool nights, but it is quite hot at mid-day, though a cool breeze from the river makes it quite comfortable. We are on the right of Porter's division and the whole army. The old breastworks and fortifications of Washington in the Revolution are still visible just

outside our camp. Here is where Cornwallis surrendered to Washington, and I think there is a good chance for another surrender, for we have them nearly surrounded if not quite, and if they do not come to terms peaceably I reckon we will teach them a lesson they will long remember to their sorrow. Gen. McClellan is the man, though I hear many slurs upon his name in some of our northern papers, the authors of which ought to share the same fate as the rebels. My life is the same as in his hands, and I have confidence in him as a general, and am certain that whatever he undertakes to accomplish with his little Potomac army will be attended with success. I have stood in the ranks with my comrades as he passed us in review, with raised hat and smiling countenance, and the deafening cheers sent forth by us seemed to set him all aglow with pleasure at such unmistakable confidence which his soldiers placed in him. His piercing black eye is enough to convince me that conquer or die in the glorious cause is his motto. He is not the man to back down, and he is competent to the great responsibilities resting upon him.

We hear of victories now at the West, and soon I think the last blow will be struck, in which I must play my part; and I hope if I do not live to see the end, that my comrades will, and return home to greet their friends once more, and wear the laurels of victory. I am now certain will be won at the great battle about to be fought at Yorktown. This will be the second victory of our Stars and Stripes at this place—one by noble Washington, the other by our noble McClellan.

I must now close, as I have duty to attend to. This may be my last, though I hope not.

Yours respectfully,
C. E. LATHROP.

The Battle of Hanover Court House.

THE FOURTEENTH ENGAGED.

The New York *Herald's* special correspondent gives a full account of the battle of Hanover Court House, won by the Fifth Provisional Army Corps, commanded by Gen. Fitz John Porter. The main work was done by the division of Gen. Morrell, composed of the brigades of Generals Martindale, of Rochester, and Daniel Butterfield and James McQuade, of this city. One of the regiments of Martindale's brigade was commanded by Colonel C. A. Johnson, of this city; one of Gen. Butterfield's regiments was the celebrated Ellsworth (44th) regiment,

which has many representatives from this and adjoining counties; in General McQuade's brigade the Fourteenth New York, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Skillin, of Rome. The Herald is as follows:

ON THE FIELD.
THREE MILES FROM HANOVER COURT HOUSE,
FIFTEEN MILES FROM RICHMOND, May 27, 1862.

It has been a busy day with some of the troops under Gen. Fitz John Porter, and one of hard work and hard fighting. Three fights with the enemy, three times whipping them, killing and wounding three times more than were killed and wounded on our side, and capturing thrice three times as many prisoners, is the day's work and victories epitomized. Gen. Fitz John Porter's troops have shown the stuff they were made of, and have added luster to the name they had won in front of Yorktown, and have covered themselves with additional glory. As I essay to-night to write out the day's doings, it is in the midst of the confusion and horrors that always attend the close of a day's battle. Bodies of the dead lie about me, and the groans of the wounded fill the air, and it is impossible to get the names of the sufferers. Division and brigade commanders have no headquarters as yet, and the regimental rolls have not been called, which would enable me to obtain a complete record of the killed, wounded, and missing. In the hurry of sending away my dispatch, and the report of losses not having been made, I am compelled, therefore, to transmit a list only as far as I have been able to make it up from inquiries through most of the regiments known to have suffered, and visits to the various hospitals. I think, however, my list is very nearly complete. Our loss, in the three engagements, it is estimated, will not exceed, killed, wounded and missing, one hundred and thirty, while that of the enemy cannot fall short of three hundred. The rebels probably captured about thirty of our men, and we have taken nearly three hundred of theirs.

THE PRELIMINARY MARCH.

At about four o'clock A. M. the regiments were up. An hour later they had eaten their breakfasts, packed their haversacks, looked to see that their guns and cartridges were all right, and were moving. The cavalry, artillery, and ambulances moved in their allotted places in the line of march. None knew where they were going, and none cared to ask. The nature of the general order looked like fight, and this compensated for every doubt.

THE TROOPS EXPECTED TO GO TO RICHMOND.

The greater part of the troops thought, however, we were going to Richmond, and looked forward to luxuriating on soft bread and soft beds in the rebel capital. As we increased in the progress of the march so did the distance between our column and Richmond; for instead of making nearer approach to it, the fact became apparent that some outside job had been cut out for us to do by our Commanding General. This piece of outside work was not slow in revealing itself. It had been set apart that our Commander was to cut off the rebel connection between Richmond and Fredericksburg, and do what they could to decimate and destroy the utility of a large body of the enemy known to be encamped in the vicinity of Hanover Court House.

GENERAL McCLELLAN'S CONFIDENCE IN THIS COMMAND.

How this fact became known to our Commanding General, it is not for me to state. I can only say this much: that Gen. McClellan knew the capability of this corps to give the enemy trouble. He looked for brilliant deeds on the field by our troops, and he knew he would not be disappointed, and he was not.

THE RAIN--THE ROADS.

During the preliminary march, I should state that if it ever did rain great guns, it rained those war missiles with unprecedented copiousness at the outset of our march, and for nearly three hours afterwards. It had rained, moreover, all night. The state of the roads may be imagined. The quicksand, indigenous to all Virginia roads, became mud, and the mud became deep, and the depth became disgusting. But our boys minded neither the rain, nor the mud, nor its depth.

THE ROUTE OF MARCH.

Leaving camp, we went on the New Bridge road, leading from Coal Harbor, a short distance, and thence took the Hanover turnpike. The country is such as we have seen in our recent marches, here and there large plantations well tilled, large and well shaded houses for the proprietors, floorless log huts for the slaves, and white flags invoking protection, floating hopefully in the breeze. Dwellings of stunted dimensions and meagre appointments, the habitations of poor white families, were of course scattered at intervals. As usual on all marches, the provost guard stationed guards at each town.

THE CAVALRY TAKE THE LEAD.

Foremost in the column was a squadron of the Sixth regular cavalry, under command of Major Williams—two companies advanced as skirmishers. They were followed by a regiment of infantry, who also acted as skirmishers, plunging right and left into the bushes, and keeping a keen eye ahead lest some rebels might suddenly start up from behind some earthwork, or tree, or log, or stone. The batteries and brigades came next.

ENCOUNTERING MOUNTED PICKETS.

At McKinsey's Cross Roads, about six miles this side of Hanover Court House, mounted pickets of the enemy were seen. On observing our men they fired several shots, and then put spurs to their horses. One of the shots came whizzing close by the head of Major Williams. Our cavalry pursued and shot one of their men, who fell dead from his horse, and captured two prisoners. They belonged to the Second Virginia cavalry, and were well armed and rode fine horses. No more was seen of the rebel pickets.

FIRST ENGAGEMENT WITH THE ENEMY.

A little before noon the advance of our column had turned the corner of the road, which is situated about three miles from Hanover Court House.—Twelve miles had now been marched. Three hours before, the rain had ceased, the clouds broken away, and the march from that time had been under the scorching rays of a torrid sun. Our men were fatigued—as who would not be—and languid; but they soon forgot their weariness and showed no signs of languor in the excitement of the coming engagement.

JUBILATION IN THE FOURTEENTH NEW YORK REGIMENT.

A correspondent on the south side of the Potomac writes from the camp of the Fourteenth regiment New York State Militia, at Upton Hill, under date of Monday, February 17, as follows:—"The regiment is wild with excitement this evening over the receipt of several telegraphic despatches, the purport of which assures them, first, in the name of Hon. M. F. Odell, that the gallant Colonel A. M. Wood will be released (exchanged) within twelve days; and, second, a despatch from General P. S. Crooke, to the effect that the change of the numerical designation of the regiment, which has long been a vexed question between Governor Morgan and the regiment, cannot legally be effected." This news, together with that of the success of our arms on the coast and at the West, has awakened in the regiment a degree of enthusiasm and patriotic vigor equal only to that manifested upon the occasions of their departure from home for the war, and their gallant action at Bull Run.

On the 21st inst. an election for officers of the regiment will be held, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Major Jourdan, now Lieutenant Colonel of the Fifty-sixth New York Volunteers—the Tenth Legion.

The regiment, comprising officers and men, held a spirited mass meeting in their large chapel tent this evening, giving vent to their feelings by patriotic speeches and national songs, which echoed far through the hills and valleys of this stick-in-the-mud region.

THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.—The *Washington National Republican*, of Monday, in account of the recent retreat of Beauregard and a lance of McClellan says:

A detachment of the Fourteenth New York Volunteers, Colonel Mc-

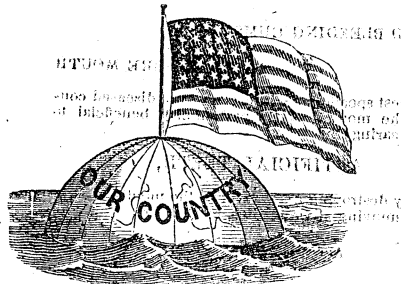
Quade, by a flank movement in the rear of Munson's Hill, cut off and captured a mounted officer, a lieutenant and six privates. The officers and men were brought into Fort Corcoran, and one of them, being wounded, was brought over to the Georgetown hospital. He declines to tell his name, or give any account of himself. He is a good looking young man, and was dressed in a new uniform. The mounted officer, rode a fine horse, and was in full uniform, with a large feather in his

Evening Telegraph.

UTICA, WEDEESDAY, JULY 9, 1862.

TO THE PUBLIC.—BUSINESS MEN AND ALL OTHERS WHO HAVE OCCASION TO ADVERTISE IN THE PUBLIC JOURNALS, SHOULD INSERT THEIR ADVERTISEMENTS IN THE UTICA EVENING TELEGRAPH, WHICH IS READ DAILY BY MORE PERSON THAN ANY PAPER IN THE CITY.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.



FROM McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

Our Special Correspondence.

THE BATTLES ON THE PENINSULA

The Fourteenth in the thickest of all the Fights.

SPLENDID ACTION OF THE GALLANT BAND.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLES.

Gallant Conduct and Great Decimation of the Brigade.

Bravery and Gallantry of Colonel McQuade.

"Rally on the Colors, Men!"

THE NOBLE DOCTOR CHURCHILL STAYS BY THE WOUNDED.

Names of the Killed and Wounded.

THE FOURTEENTH GO INTO BATTLE WITH OVER 500 FIGHTING MEN, AND LOSE ONE-HALF!

The Brigade (4 Reg'ts) now numbers only 1,200 Men.

After many days of silence, and some tribulation, I address myself to the task of writing you a brief resume of the doings of the Army of the Potomac for several days past. I have written you several letters, lately, but from

some circumstances, I imagine none of them has reached you. All letters, as well as telegraphic despatches, appear to have been suppressed, and the friends of officers and soldiers have been allowed to linger in the most painful suspense as to their safety. Whether this course is wise or unwise, remains for the authorities to decide for themselves. That it has been the occasion of intense pain and anguish of mind, there is no doubt. Since the reception of your letter, however, there has been a great relief to the minds of thousands in your vicinity, as they would have assured your readers of the fate of friends and relatives in the army.

On Thursday, the 26th inst., Gen. Porter's division went forth to battle with the foe at Mechanicsville, in supporting distance of Gen. McCall's division, consisting of what was called the "Pennsylvania Reserve." In that action, which was a very desperate one, the enemy were held in check at night, after a most terrific cannonade of several hours. On that occasion, Michael Delehant, of Co. G, 14th, was killed by a shell, being literally cut in twain.

On account of the overwhelming force of the enemy, which was rapidly increased in the night, it was deemed expedient that our forces should retire next morning, which they commenced doing at daylight, after having destroyed such commissary stores as had not been previously removed. Word came to our camp at 3 A. M., where your correspondent lay sick, to strike tents, pack up, and move with the wagon train across the Chickahominy, to the vicinity of Gen. McClellan's headquarters. This operation was performed as speedily as possible with the limited means of transportation at hand, most of the wagons being absent on an expedition to the White House for supplies.

On this account, the Commissary stores belonging to the brigade, were destroyed by fire, according to instructions from headquarters. By daybreak, the retiring forces commenced reaching Gaines' Hill, and taking up their position for resisting the attack of the pursuing enemy. Wagon-trains filled the roads, droves of cattle the fields, artillery came dashing by, and infantry filed along with perfect deliberation. The battle commenced with artillery early in the day, and was gradually participated in by the infantry, until our whole force was engaged in different parts of the field. The brunt of the engagement was sustained by the 2d Brigade, nominally commanded by Gen. Griffin, although Col. McQuade was the moving spirit.

In this battle, fought at an odds of at least four to one, with Stonewall Jackson at the head of the opposing forces, the 2d Brigade fought with a valor and desperation scarce ever equalled. In every part of the field, single regiments were pitted against whole brigades of the enemy, and yet in the end succeeded in preventing any general advance of the enemy, until night fall. The cannonade on this occasion was terrific, and yet, in the face of our fire, the enemy time and again marched up to the attack in columns four deep and were mowed down, as if with the besom of destruction. Their ranks, however, closed up repeatedly, and continually advanced, until compelled at last to fall back in confusion. At other points whole brigades moved up, and each reg-

and its place be supplied by a fresh one, and so on through the brigade. To meet such attacks single regiments were pitted for hours before being reinforced. The 14th regiment, as also every other regiment in the Brigade, suffered severely.

It was here that Lieut. Col. Skillen and Col. Black, of the 62d Pa., were killed, and many other officers killed or mortally wounded.— Col. Skillen fell while bravely leading on the right wing of the 14th regiment. He was a gallant officer, and had during the month previous, commanded the regiment, Col. McQuade being in command of the brigade. He was universally liked and respected by the men, and his loss is deeply lamented by all. He has fallen in the defence of the dearest rights of his country, and he will henceforth wear the immortal crown of the patriot and soldier. Peace to his ashes!

The battle lasted until night drew its sable curtain over the scene, and the enemy were repulsed with great slaughter. Being reinforced by Meagher's Irish Brigade, Porter's Division rested upon the field of battle. As this famous brigade rather unexpectedly came up, an artillery officer was planting some cannon on a commanding eminence, and ener-

getically remarked to his men, "All hell can't drive you from here! Hold your ground, the Irish Brigade is coming." As he finished speaking, Meagher himself rode up, and raising himself in his stirrups cried out, with uplifted sword, "Yes, and it is here!" The announcement was received with deafening cheers, and beneath the galling fire of the artillery, and the impetuosity of the Irish Brigade, the enemy gave up the contest for the night.

A volume would scarce contain the record of the deeds of daring performed by officers and men on this day. They all stood up nobly, forming an impenetrable wall for the opposing forces, notwithstanding death stared them in the face, and overwhelming numbers opposed them. At one time, the colors of the 14th appeared to be wavering, and the column in danger of breaking, when Colonel McQuade rushed forward, and seizing the colors in his own hands, he waved them aloft, and yelled out, "Rally on the colors, men! I'll stand by you to the last." The effect was magical; every man planted himself firmly in line, and there was no more wavering on that day.

While the battle was progressing, details of men were assisting the wounded to the rear, and Dr. Churchill was busily engaged in dressing their wounds in a house nearby, around which bullets were whistling and shells exploding. The tide of battle coming nearer and nearer, it was thought best to move further off, and Dr. C. was told that the enemy would be there in two minutes. His noble response was, "I can't help it, I shall stay by the wounded." He did stay, and the result was, he, with the wounded at that point, was taken prisoner by the rebels. It was hoped for a day or two that he would be released,

but the hope was a vain one. It is with great pleasure I am able to state, however, upon the authority of Dr. W. E. Waters, Brigade Surgeon, that a message has since been received from him, through a Rebel prisoner, announcing that he is safe, although in captivity. It will be joyous news to his family, as it was to every man in the regiment. His services, as Regimental Surgeon, have been very arduous during his connection with the army, as they have been fully appreciated by all.

Dr. West was not on the battle field at Gaines Hill, having been detailed by the Brigade Surgeon to superintend the removal across the Chickahominy of the sick soldiers of the brigade.

It was on this night that I and all the others with the wagon train, heard of the death of Col. Skillen and also that Col. McQuade was wounded and probably taken prisoner, if not dead, and that Major Davies was missing. The sorrow into which we were all plunged, may be imagined, but not described. Uncertainty, however, still clung around the report, as it was brought by the N. Y. Herald reporter who so distinguished himself in his description of the battle of Hanover Court House. The possibility that the rumor might prove to be true was depressing in the extreme. That night, we moved in great haste to Savage's Station, and Porter's Division were ordered to take up a new position across the Chickahominy. An attack was also made on Smith's Division during Friday, but it failed of accomplishing any definite result, and the enemy were repulsed. Saturday morning, the joyful intelligence was received that Col. McQuade was uninjured and Maj. Davies, not missing. Col. Skillen's body was brought to the Station to be embalmed, preparatory to being sent home, and the wounded found their way hither expecting to be shipped to the White House. A train of cars was loaded with about 1,000 of them, but when about ready to be started word came that the rebels had seized Despatch Station, and cut off telegraphic communication, consequently, the cars were unloaded, and all who could walk, were ordered forward on the Bottom's Bridge road. Most of those unable to walk were taken prisoners. The wagon trains also received similar orders, and it began to be evident that a retrograde movement was contemplated, or, as it was then called, "a change of front on the James river," was to be effected. This sounded well and was greedily swallowed by the mass, as a grand strategic movement, long thought of, and how successfully to be accomplished.

With the expectation of moving to a parking ground one and a half mile distant, the immense wagon trains were put in motion, and continued moving, with scarce an interruption, until just before sundown, the head of it made a crossing at White Oak Swamp, seven miles from Savage's Station, and about 16 miles from Richmond. The advanced guard of the army, consisting of Porter's Division, and the Reserve Artillery, made the crossing at the same time. This point it was evident was a strong position, and susceptible of a most successful defense. Sunday morning the

division made another onward movement accompanied by the wagon train, their places being supplied by other divisions which came up at the same time. After about four miles travel, a halt was suddenly made, it having been found that a body of rebel cavalry had attacked a body of infantry and cavalry at that point. Cannon were planted and the infantry drawn up in line of battle, while the country was scoured by a squadron of horse. The wagon train was turned back and parked in an open space surrounded by woods, and there the Sabbath day was passed in a blissful state of uncertainty. No enemy being found in advance the infantry pushed on and reached the James river in safety. In the course of the day, a desperate attack was made by the rebels upon the White Oak position with artillery and infantry, but they were repulsed and driven back with great slaughter. In the middle of the afternoon, while the wagon trains were resting in supposed security, suddenly and without the slightest warning a stampede of large dimensions was created, and the cry of "rebels are coming," resounded through the opening. From the direction of the City Point road everybody and thing capable of locomotion, was panic-stricken. Men ran and shouted, drivers abandoned their teams, horses broke from their fastenings, mule teams joined in the rout, and in less time than I have been writing, the whole plain was covered with a motley mass, moving away from the supposed advancing rebels. Fear filled every breast, and panic held full sway. It was, however, of short duration. No shots were heard, nor rebels seen. Commissary Broadhead of Utica, who happened to be mounted, saw that there was no danger, and if there was, it could not be escaped from, and accordingly he rode to the only avenue of escape, and brandishing his sword, he threatened to cut down the first man who approached him. A team which was about entering the narrow road, and which, in its haste was being driven exactly across the road, thus effectually cutting off escape from danger, if any, was stopped by Capt. B.'s threats, and gradually the stampede was checked and

finally put an end to. The occurrence at Bull Run, could not have been more mixed up, or ludicrous, than that on this occasion. For the one in question, however, there was not the slightest occasion, and it only went to prove that stampedes can occur, and result seriously, and that it is almost impossible to quell them if they seize hold of a multitude. Shortly after this stampede, a tremendous explosion was heard, which was afterwards ascertained to have been caused by the blowing up of ammunition at Savage's Station, where a desperate battle occurred between the rear guard and the pursuing rebels. Thus the retreat continued across the Peninsula; the rebels following with heavy forces, and our gallant army fighting, and bravely disputing every inch of the way. The retreat was probably the most orderly and deliberate one which ever took place, and the fighting the most desperate, and attended with the greatest loss of life ever known.

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The last bat- tle fight took place at what was called the Malvern Hill, near Turkey Bend on James river, on Tuesday, the 1st of July. Porter's division defended the left of the position, and fought the whole day against the most fearful odds. The 14th regiment held the extreme left, and was exposed to a most galling and destructive fire. It was here that Lieut. E. H. Lloyd and Lieut. George W. Griffiths were instantly killed. Lieut. Lloyd rose from the ranks to the position he held, being rapidly promoted Corporal, 2d. Lieut., 1st. Lieut., and when killed, was acting Capt. of Co. C, serving in Capt. Harrar's stead, who was wounded at Gaines' Hill, and afterwards captured by the rebels at Savage's station. Lieut. Lloyd was one of the bravest spirits in the 14th regiment, and no man was more respected than he. He was, when in action, cool and resolute, ever ready to lead his command to posts of danger, and when he said "follow," not a man flinched.

The losses sustained by this company in the two battles of Gaines' and Malvern Hill, are the best evidence of the manner in which they fought. Co. C lost in the first battle its Capt. two Corporals, and eight privates, and in the second battle its 1st. Lieut., 1st. and 2d. Serg'ts, two Corporals, and nine privates, (as far as they were from;) or more than one third of its effective force. Surely that company stood up to the rack. I have learned since the battle, that in consequence of the death of Col. Skillen, Maj. Davies is to have the vacant Lieut. Colonelcy, Capt. Michael of Co. A, the vacant Majorship; and Lieut. Lloyd was to have been appointed Captain of Co. A. These facts show the appreciation in which he was held by his superiors in office, and testify largely to his possession of military abilities of no mean order. In private life he was universally respected and beloved. His death will be a severe blow to his family and friends, and to myself an irreparable loss. He was my best, and most intimate friend, one in whom I trusted, and reposed all confidence. A tear dropped for such a friend is surely pardonable. Much to the regret of all, his body was unavoidably left upon the field of battle, but it is hoped that it may receive a decent Christian burial at the hands of the rebels. Unexpectedly, the regiment left that position, expecting again to return, but it was found impracticable. Lieut. Griffiths was also highly respected. Having but recently been appointed 2d Lieut., he already gave promise of great usefulness.

To go back a little. On Monday morning the wagon train was instructed to move, and was headed towards the Charles City road, but subsequently orders came to turn about and take the City Point road, which was immediately done, and swiftly the train sped along, making the best time I ever saw such a train make. After traveling fifteen miles through a magnificent farming region, and highly cultivated stretch of country, the broad surface of James River was described and hailed with intense delight. Very heavy cannonading was heard along the whole distance, which proceeded from the battle raging at the White Oak crossing. The train passed on the way the City Point road to the right, and pursued an