

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

We extract portions of a letter written by Lieutenant Joy, of Lafargeville, to his wife, wherein he gives an interesting account of the manner of his escape from the rebel lines, having been taken prisoner in the first day's fight at Gettysburg. Passing over his account of the fight, which our readers already well understand, we give his narrative of his brief prisoner life and escape. He says:

After we were taken, they kept us moving about from place to place, as the fighting shifted from one position to another, until Saturday, the 4th, when they began to send their trains, wounded and prisoners, towards Hagerstown, preparatory to a grand skedaddle.

In going through a narrow gap in the mountains between Fountainsdale and Hagerstown, about 9 o'clock p. m., the road being filled with artillery and wagons, and it being pretty dark at the time, I managed to get outside of the line of the guards, and skedaddled up the side of the mountain through the woods. A good many others took advantage of the same opportunity. I don't know as any others of the 94th did. I got off about a fourth of a mile from the road and laid down in the bushes to rest and if possible to sleep. I could hear the teamsters and guards yelling and swearing, the wagons and artillery rattling, and altogether my slumbers were rather disturbed; so I concluded to change my base of operations, and take up a new position. I did so, and finally slept tolerably well under the circumstances, though it rained considerable during the night.

I was awakened in the morning (Monday, the 5th) by the baying of hounds, and thinking perhaps they were blood-hounds scouring the woods, and being unarmed, I thought I would get out of their reach, and accordingly climbed a thick leaved chestnut.

About 6 o'clock a. m., two rebel cavalry came along near me. They arrested a citizen within a dozen rods of me, took him and his horse; but, thanks to the rain and leaves, they did not discover me. About 10 a. m., I got rather dozy, and when I woke up and began to look around, just below me sat another blue coat. We soon came to an unstanding and I came down. We sat there talking, and soon saw two or three rebel cavalry patrols coming towards us. We concluded it was not a safe locality, and broke camp in different directions. After going down that mountain and over another, we came together again. As we could not keep separated, we agreed to travel together. We passed several places where the rebels had bivouacked the night before. We saw several squads of rebs, but as they were armed and we were not, we pursued the "let alone" policy, and left them to pursue their winding way, while we pursued ours. About 3 o'clock p. m., we concluded to go to some

Returning Regiments.

THE NINETY-FOURTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VETERAN VOLUNTEERS, under the command of Lieut. Col. Samuel A. Moffitt, arrived in this city at one o'clock this morning.

The Ninety-fourth N. Y. V. V. was organized at Sackets Harbor, N. Y., in the fall of 1861, and was mustered in March 10th, 1862, and left for the seat of war under the command of Col. Henry K. Viele, and was attached to the Army of the Potomac. On the trip from Albany to New York city the cars ran off the track into the river, resulting in a loss of five men killed and twenty wounded. May 2d Col. Viele resigned and was succeeded by Col. Adrian R. Root, Lieut. Col. Twenty-first N. Y. On the 10th of March, 1863, the One Hundred and Fifth N. Y. V. V. was consolidated with the Ninety-Fourth N. Y. V.

The Ninety-fourth has participated in twenty-five engagements, and its tattered colors evince their severity. It has contained during its service over 3,000 men, and now numbers 599 men. Its Colonel has been twice brevetted for faithful and meritorious service.

The following is a roster of the 94th N. Y. Veteran Volunteers:

Colonel—Adrian R. Root, Brevet Major General.

Lieutenant Colonel—Samuel A. Moffitt.

Major—Byron Parsons.

Adjutant—Charles H. Spague.

Quartermaster—Jere. S. Reed.

Chaplain—P. G. Cook.

Captains—Orlo J. Mason, Dexter C. Sears, Chauncey W. Kilburn, Joseph Mallison, E. Chas. Parker, Augustus Fields, Walter T. Chester, Chas. E. Scoville, Charles V. Mesler, Michael Leonard.

1st Lieutenants—James P. Thomas, J. D. Holley, Russell B. Merriam, John P. Cole, George Mather, James C. Phillips, Samuel C. De Marsé.

2d Lieutenants—Myron M. Ludlow, Daniel Whalen, Hayden Strong, Henry H. Pheles.

A despatch was received last evening announcing the embarking of the regiment, but was not placed in the hands of the Citizens' Committee until this morning. The consequence was that the regiment waited until it got tired, and then marched to the Barracks. As soon as he received the despatch, the Chairman of the Committee proceeded to the Barracks, arrangements were made by the Committee for breakfast, and the regiment returned to the city to partake of it.

Albany, N. Y., March 11, 1863

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house and inquire our way, and if possible get something to eat. We called at the door of a house where we were met by a young lady who was so smiling and sociable that we felt we were among friends. We soon had a luncheon, and as we were rather tired and foot sore, we agreed to stop all night. Just before dark a captain who had escaped came along and staid with us. This morning (the 7th) we took up our line of march for Fairfield. On our way we found two rebs who had been arrested by two brothers who had availed themselves of the chance to go home. One of the brothers took his prisoners and started with us for Fairfield. Before we had got half way there, we heard of six more rebs who were at a house getting breakfast, and wished to give themselves up. We went to the house and caught them all at the table. We asked them if they gave themselves up. They replied Yes. They were a good deal surprised when they found out there were but three of us there, and unarmed at that; but they came along without any trouble, and we were soon hail fellows well met. We soon overtook the guard with the other two and continued the march. We found that our forces had all left Fairfield, and we changed our course for Emmettsburg, where we arrived about noon. Our guard left us when we changed direction. He went back to finish his visit, and we three marched into Emmettsburg, without arms and with eight prisoners. We delivered them over to the provost guard of the 5th corps, which was passing through the place, and we (the Captain and myself) concluded to stay here over night.

Albert Dixon was killed in the first day's fight, almost instantly, while fighting bravely with his company, I did not see him, but was so informed by those who did. I don't know anything about Lampson, but presume he got a way all right. Marshall was not with us. He is in hospital from a sprained ankle, I believe.

FROM COL. A. R. ROOT.—The following extract from a letter from Col. Root, to his mother, has been handed to us for publication. It should have appeared yesterday morning, but the gentleman to whom it was entrusted forgot to deliver it:

"During the action of the 1st Inst., I was unhorsed by the explosion of a shell directly in front of me, and by which I was so stunned as to have remained quite helpless for several hours. During this time the 1st Corps was driven back a mile with heavy loss, leaving me a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. I was however treated with great kindness during the five days of my captivity, and when the enemy retired I was left on parole. * * * * My old friend Col. Albert G. Myer, on my arrival at Washington, insisted upon my making my home at his house, and I have accepted his kind offer. With the exception of severe pains in my head consequent upon concussion of the brain, I am in good condition, although not fit for duty. I hope to be soon exchanged and able to again lead my brave Regiment in the field. Have no fears for my safety."

DRAFTED MEN FOR THE 94TH.—Lieut. Col. CREST, Adj. CHAS. SCOVILL, and Capt. PARSONS, have been detailed from the 94th Regiment to organize some of the drafted men at Elmira, and attach them to the 94th.

FROM 94TH REGIMENT, FORMERLY 105TH, SERGEANT Samuel Fuller, of Co. G, 105th, writes to one of his relatives in this city under date of Gettysburg, July 7th, giving some account of that regiment's share in the late battles. Sergeant F. says he was "cornered up along with Capt. McMahon, and ordered to surrender.— Poor Jack! I never shall forget the look he gave me as he smashed his sword over a log.— He had to go to Richmond. But I am in hopes he will be retaken before he gets out of this State. He requested me to write to his family. We know him to be brave and true. Never was there a man fought better than he did that day. * * * I cannot give you a correct account of the casualties in our company. There were 150 of us paroled, to take care of the wounded inside of the rebel lines. The rebels then retreated and left us behind; so we remain here. As to be done with us, or where we are to go, I cannot say."

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THE 94TH.—The Watertown Reformer publishes the following extract from Major Moffat, of the 94th:

"The regiment into the action of Wednesday with the rebels. We can now muster only about 100 men. We remained at the front until we were ordered to retreat, and then fell back, supposing we could check the same way we came, but were met by a whole line of rebels. We consequently had to turn to the left and run the gauntlet for about half a mile to the village, and in going the distance were exposed to a fire from sharpshooters. Of course we have not many left. Co. Root was wounded in the beginning of the engagement, and the command fell upon me. Thank God, I have come out unharmed. When we had fallen back to what we supposed a safe place, a bullet from a sharpshooter went through Capt. Parson's arm and clipped a piece from the sole of my boot. A great many had to halt from exhaustion, and were taken prisoners. We know of 60 that were killed or wounded, and there may have been others we did not see fall. But I have not time to write more. I do this in my saddle, and we must now be on the move again."

Adjutant Scoville telegraphs from Gettysburg, July 4th, that the regiment was in action three

PERSONAL.—Col. A. R. Root of the 94th Regiment has had his health much impaired by recent fatigues and exposures, and is reported to be coming home for a brief season to recruit his strength. On account of the consolidation of two brigades, one of which Col. Root has commanded for six months past, he is relieved from his duties as Brigadier General.

Casualties.

The following casualties are reported in regiments recruited wholly or partly in this vicinity:

SINETY-FOURTH NEW YORK.

Lost and wounded—Capt. White, Capt. Parsons, Lieut. Mesler. Missing—Col. R. Root, Capt. White, Lieut. Sears, Lieut. Parker, Lieut. Franklin, Capt. Whiteside.

FROM THE 94TH REGIMENT.—Letters from this Regiment, dated July 24th, represent the remnant of its members as near Warrenton, Va., where breastworks were being thrown up and a double line of pickets established. An officer writes: "We find no trace of the enemy here. We hear cannon in the distance every now and then, but it is from our cavalry who are chasing them through the mountains. Whether the enemy are in force near here or not, I have not heard. I don't believe they will bother us much more."

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until we get up nearer Cuipepper. They will oppose our crossing the Rappahannock perhaps."

Col. Root, we hear, has gone to Gettysburg to look after the 150 men of his regiment who were taken prisoner and paroled. The 94th has much need of reinforcements. Company A, commanded by Lieut. Fish, has only one corporal and seven men.

Captains Wm. GLENNY, and L. H. FASSETT, Lieut. B. C. KETCHAM and six enlisted men of the 9th regiment arrived at this rendezvous yesterday, being detailed to take charge of the drafted men which may be assigned to that regiment.

From the 94th Regiment.

As there are a good many men from this vicinity in the ranks of the 94th Regiment—the 105th having been consolidated with it—the following extract from a private letter to the Buffalo Courier referring to the part the command took in the recent battle at Gettysburg will be interesting:

I have not much time to give you details of the action. We have hurried into it at double quick, and fought a double quick all the afternoon under a blazing sun. The old 94th did, as ever, all that was required of them, obeying, at one time, a diabolically reckless order, which could only proceed from the mouth of drunkenness, to charge, in the face of a brigade of rebels, across an open field, planting their tattered flag far in advance of any other regimental ensign. In the field, which the fire of our brigade had been sweeping for fifteen minutes before, the dead were thickly strewn. Our position was immediately rendered untenable, and we were ordered to retreat. In strong force on both sides, and in order to retreat was given, or un-derstood, as the case may be, new orders were given in that field. Another stand, or a semblance of one, was made in a wood in the rear of this meadow, but sawe was the only hope, and back through the town of Gettysburg, under the most galling fire the writer has ever experienced, streamed the old First Corps, beaten but not disgraced. In a graveyard on a hill southeast of the town, the 2d Division halted, and told each other with quivering voices and tear-bedewed eyes the terrible tales of death and disaster. Many brave, strong men of the regiment sobbed like children, thinking of the seemingly utter wreck of our noble corps.

The regimental loss is about as follows:

Killed 7, wounded 60, missing 160. How many of this latter class are killed or wounded we cannot tell. There are at present 160 enlisted men with us.

The glorious days that followed, Thursday and Friday, have amply recompensed for the defeat of Wednesday. In these it was not our good fortune to actively participate, although we were under fire almost constantly and lost several men. Of the whole battle, and especially our part in it, I will give you a more elaborate account as soon as time and convenience present themselves. A seat in the mud, a bad lead-pencil and the only sheet of paper in the regiment, as far as vigorous search can discover, are not circumstances conducive to animated or extended newspaper correspondence.

LETTER FROM CHAPLIN COOK.—

CAMP 94th N. Y. V. MIDDLEBERRY,
LOUDON COUNTY, July 22nd, 1863.

Dear Express:—I am not aware whether the telegraph keeps you informed of the movements of the army of the Potomac—nor am I quite certain whether such information is regarded as contraband. Presuming however, that a mere statement of the whereabouts of this portion of it, will not be improper, and that information from an old friend will be acceptable to your readers, I will improve an unexpected opportunity to forward a line.

After an absence of ten days, which I spent among the wounded at Gettysburg, I rejoined the regiment at Berlin on the 17th inst. The 1st corps, with which

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we are connected, moved early in the morning across the Potomac and took the road to Waterford—10 miles distant, where we camped for the night. The whole corps, infantry and artillery, were located on two or three of those slopes with which the country abounds, and presented—especially at nights—a beautiful appearance.

I am happily disappointed in the demeanor of the troops. After the severe and exhausting labors of the previous three weeks and the disappointment which I knew they experienced in not having been permitted to attack and destroy Lee's army at Williamsport, I expected to find the men low spirited and grumbling at the prospect of re-entering upon the hated soil of Virginia. But so far as I can judge from appearance, the men are in good spirits, and I have heard no mutterings or complaints at the prospects before them. While the rank and file of the army wished and hoped to attack the Rebels at Falling Water and were confident of their ability to beat them, and thus as they believed virtually destroy the Richmond army they seem to submit with a much better grace than I feared they would to the judgment and direction of the "Powers that be."

The inhabitants here and hereabouts are strongly secesh. The doors and window blinds of stores and private residences were nearly all closed. Scarcely a dozen of faces save those of the colored population appeared in sight through the whole village, and that notwithstanding our fifers and drummers gave them one of their liveliest and best tunes. This was the first exhibition of the kind the boys had seen for many months, and both amused and provoked them. I am told that as soon as they could get away from camp they returned to pay their respects to whatever they could find in the gardens of their secesh friends.

The Quartermaster's Department are ordered by the government to put in force the confiscation act, in reference to whatever they can find for the subsistence of the army.

Paying the loyal and compelling the disloyal to pay the forfeits. This is as it should be. I am told that in some directions they made pretty good hauls yesterday, though I doubt whether very much will be obtained in this way. It is hardly possible that the inhabitants should allow us to find much even though they may have property in their possession.

Small bands of guerrillas are hovering around us, and have picked up some of our stragglers. Not only have they captured this class of our men, but also some of our prominent officers. Lieut. Col. Sanderson, acting Corps Commissary, and Capt. Ruseel, Assistant Adjutant General on General Newton's staff, being a little in advance of the army were suddenly surrounded by 15 or 20 cavalry men, a little this side of Goose Creek, and compelled to accompany their captors at a double quick through the town. It is said that when this squad and their victims were leaving the end of the village, our Orderlies were entering the other, and that some of the Secesh ladies came out and engaged the Orderlies in conversation till their friend had escaped.

It is supposed that we are en route for Warrenton, I left our Colonel at Berlin, and about to proceed to Gettysburg to look after his 160 paroled prisoner boys, and will soon, I hope be in a situation to rejoin us.

W. G. G.

Interesting Letter from the 94th—The Buffalo Company and its Loss.

IN BIVOUAC NEAR GETTYSBURG, PA., }
Sunday, July 5, 1863.

DEAR COURIER,—I send you herewith an account, as correct as possible, of the casualties in Capt. Ernst's Buffalo Company (D) of the 94th New York Regiment, in the action of Wednesday, July 1st:

Killed—Private John Glaire, Jr.

Missing, (probably killed)—Privates Michael Donahoe, Albert Ackroyd, John Lineberger, Edgar S. Rudd, James Mangin, Christian Von Schneider.

Missing—Private Theophilus Dole.

Wounded, and in our hands—Private Edward Williams, in the forearm, H. S. Bulson, in hand. In action of Friday the 3d inst., Private Albert Conover, in arm, slightly.

Prisoners—Sergeant Myron Conklin, Sergeant Hen C. Hathaway, Corporals William Caython, George C. Bourne, Watkins Williams, Jesse W. Parker, Privates George W. Green, John Galavin, James G. Corcoran, William Baxter, William Luck, Adolphus P. Gebhard, Ira F. Jarvis (2d time), George Harding, Robert T. Barnes, George Hall, Charles E. Day, Stanley Chickler, Peter Rich.

Present with the company, who were in action—Capt. J. Fred. Ernst, Second Lieut. Walter T. Chester, First Sergeant Porter Crawford, Second Sergeant Michael Donahoe, Fourth and Color Sergeant James Hendricks, Corporal Myron M. Ludlow, Privates James K. Chadderden, Martin Flanigan.

Of other Buffalonians, Col. Root and Lieut. Parker are prisoners, Lieut. Fish is safe with the regiment, Lieut. Colton was absent on leave.

I have not much time to give you details of the action. We were hurried into it at double quick, and fought at a double quick all the afternoon under a blazing sun. The old Ninety-fourth did, as ever, all that was required of them, obeying, at one time, a diabolically reckless order, which could only proceed from the mouth of drunkenness, to charge, in the face of a brigade of rebels, across an open field, planting their tattered flag far in advance of any other regimental ensign. In the field, which the fire of our brigade had been sweeping for fifteen minutes before, the dead were thickly strewn. Our position was soon, indeed immediately, rendered untenable, the enemy flanking us in strong force on both sides, and the order to retreat was given, or understood, for few orders were given in that field. Another stand, or a semblance of one, was made in a wood in the rear of this meadow, but *sauve qui peut* was the only hope, and back through the town of Gettysburg, under the most galling fire the writer has ever experienced, streamed the old First Corps, beaten but not disgraced. In a graveyard on a hill southeast of the town, the 2d Division halted, and told each other with quivering voices and bedewed eyes the terrible tales of death and disaster. Many brave, strong men of the regiment sobbed like children, thinking of the seemingly utter wreck of our noble corps.

Our regimental loss is about as follows: Killed 7, wounded 60, missing 130. How many of this latter class are killed or wounded we cannot tell. There are at present 130 enlisted men with us.

The glorious days that followed, Thursday and Friday, have amply recompensed for the defeat of Wednesday. In these it was not our good fortune to actively participate, although we were under fire almost constantly and lost several men. Of the whole battle, and especially our part in it, I will give you a more elaborate account as soon as time and convenience present themselves. A seat in the mud, a bad lead-pencil and the only sheet of paper in the regiment, as far as a vigorous search can discover, are not circumstances conducive to animated or extended newspaper correspondence.

Yours ever

C.

FROM THE BATTLE FIELD AT GETTYSBURG.

How the Rebels treat North Carolina Soldiers--A Picture of the Battle--Brig. Gen. Hays--Fiendish Outrage by the Rebels--Taking Care of the Wounded--The 94th Regiment.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., July 8th, 1863.

DEAR COURIER:—Since I wrote you last, which epistle contained a promise of a future fuller account of the great battle that, for three days and nights, raged around this pretty village, the battle has become to you, undoubtedly, somewhat rusty, so that any attempted narration of its progress, from one whose part in it was simply to do his duty in the line of a single regiment, would be quite "stale and unprofitable."—Hence I abandon my plan and break my promise.

But there are matters connected with this conflict, which have come under my personal observation, that are perhaps worthy to be noted

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down. One very prominent is the fact, long suspected, that North Carolina is, at this day, as much a Union State as Maryland or Kentucky, if not, indeed, more truly so. Never was this so fully brought out as in these battles. Everywhere North Carolina troops were put into the front of the conflict, and at all points they surrendered themselves by regiments and brigades. The language of their wounded and prisoners was all tuned to the same key. They whined, said they were forced to fight, that Mississippi and Georgia soldiers were put in their rear with bayonets fixed when they had to make a charge, whom they feared more than they did our forces. Not by me alone was this noticed. Last Saturday night I stood in a broad field covered with rebel wounded, when Gen. Alex. Hays, of the 3rd Division, 2nd Corps, than whom a more gallant soldier breathes not, rode up, and hearing a poor fellow tell me that he was forced into the conflict, asked him what State he was from.—When answered, "North Carolina,"—"There it is again," said the General, "all the whiners are North Carolinians."

But this feeling seems to exist nowhere but in the Pine-wood State. Our prisoners from the Gulf States are as impudent as you please, not in an objectionable way—rather independent. They say they are rebels to the back bone; Jeff. Davis men to the last pinch of their hearts. And I must say, in all candor, that the average of their rank and file are better appearing men than ours. They are not one tittle as profane. Indeed, some of our boys, whom they captured, were reproved by them for swearing while within their lines. Very many of them are real praying Southern Methodists, sandwiching their fights between a prayer for preservation and one of thanksgiving. All this was a singular revelation to me, quite contrary to my ideas, but it is, to a great extent, the real state of the case. Of course they have their rowdies, their Mississippi boatmen, and their New Orleans plug-uglies, but the large majority of their rank and file are simple-minded, pure-hearted, courageous men, with unbounded confidence in God and General Lee.

I have spoken just above of our Gen. Hay.—I wish you could have seen a picture, just at the close of last Friday's battle, on the left of our centre, of which his splendid figure formed a prominent part. Our little brigade, which had been lying on Cemetery Hill, was ordered over to the position that was so valiantly but unsuccessfully charged by Pickett's rebel division. We hurried there through a storm of shot and shell, but only arrived in time to see the grand finale, the *tableaux vivants*, and, alas, *mourants*, at the close of the drama. The enemy's batteries were still playing briskly, and their sharpshooters kept up a lively fire, but their infantry, slain and wounded and routed, were pouring into our lines throughout their whole extent. Then enter Alex. Hay, Brigadier General U. S. A., the brave American soldier. Six feet or more in height, and as many inches the length of his mighty mustache, erect and smiling, lightly holding well in hand his horse—the third within an half-hour, a noble animal, his flanks bespattered with blood, tied to his streaming tail a rebel flag that drags ignominiously in the mud—he dashes along our lines, now rushing out into the open field, a mark for a hundred sharpshooters, but never touched, now quietly cantering back to our lines.

to be welcomed with a storm of cheers. I reckon him the grandest view of my life. I bar not Niagara. It was the arch spirit of glorious Victory wildly triumphing over the fallen foe.

The night after, I met Gen. Hay again. After the fight of Friday afternoon, we held the battle-field, our skirmishers forming a line on the outer edge of it. This field was strewn with rebel wounded. It was impossible for us to bring them in Friday night, every apology for a hospital being crowded, our own wounded, in many cases, lying out all night. But Saturday morning bandsmen were sent out with litters to bring in the poor fellows, and were fired upon by the rebel sharpshooters so briskly that it was impossible to help them. Stories similar to this I had often heard, but never believed. This came under my own observation. So all day Saturday the poor fellows lay there, praying for death. When night fell, another officer of my regiment and myself got a few volunteers to go out with us, thinking there might be some who could creep into our lines, supported, on either side, by one of us. May God preserve me from such a position again! We could do almost nothing. Of a thousand wounded men we found one whom four of us carried into our lines in a blanket. Other poor souls would think they might accomplish it, but at the slightest change of position, would fall back, screaming in awful agony. Litters we had none. Then appeared Gen. Alex. Hay in another light, less of the bravo, perhaps not less of the hero. He sent out two companies, who cleared the rebel sharpshooters from a position they held in a ruined building, busied himself in procuring litters and ~~litters~~ and before morning many of the poor fellows were safe within our lines. It is not my good fortune to be personally acquainted with this Gen. Alex. Hay, but I wish every one, as far as I can effect it, to honor him as the bravest of soldiers, and love him as the best-hearted of men. A true chevalier he must be, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

In our regiment (the 94th N. Y. V.,) affairs stand about the same as when I wrote you last. In the Buffalo company nothing has been heard of the seven that I reported as "missing (probably killed)," except that Edgar S. Rudd, of Alden, lies in the 2d Division Hospital nearly dead. I leave to other hands, and days not far distant the task of exposing the drunkenness in high positions that caused our terrible defeat of Wednesday, for such it was, however glossed over.-- We could not have hoped for victory, pitted against a force so far superior, but had Gen. Reynolds lived our repulse would have been of another sort. When fifteen thousand men retreat in confusion for two miles, exposed to a severe fire from three sides, some one is to blame. A day of reckoning will yet come.

Col. Root, with 160 prisoners of his regiment, was paroled on conditions. The men attend to the wounded, and agree not to bear arms until exchanged, their present parole to be considered in force, if accepted by our government, but if not they are to give themselves up again as prisoners of war. The Colonel has gone to Washington to put this business through, and the men remain here, where they are much needed. The town is crowded with citizens, both sight-seers, and those who, in connection with the Sanitary Commission, attend to the wounded and sick. Of this latter class is the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, form-

erly of Buffalo. A large number of Sisters of Charity, worthy of the name, are here from Emmetsburg, Md., where they have a great convent. Yours,
C.

The 94th, and the 1st Brigade.

A few days ago, and we had hoped that the 94th might, in consequence of the amount of work performed by them, have a little respite from hard fighting. But it appears that they were created to fight and that continually. Although they were on Provost duty at Aquia Creek, and the last to leave that station, still when the great battle was opened at Gettysburg. Their Brigade was the first to sustain that fierce shock.

Gen. Reynolds opened the fight on Wednesday with one Brigade, in which was the 94th—this was the 1st Brigade, 2d Division of the 1st Corps. It was commanded by Gen. Paul, who fell early in the action, next Col. Leonard of the 13th Massachusetts, commanded the Brigade; he being very soon wounded. Col. Root of the 94th assumed command and was himself wounded and left in the hands of the enemy.

At no time did our force at this point amount to 10,000 men, while the enemy had in supporting distance, 80,000.

This table will show the strength and loss of the Brigade:

13 Massachusetts,	860
107 Pennsylvania,	600
94 New York,	450
16 Maine,	800
104 New York,	100

Total, 2250

The number killed, wounded and missing, is, 897.

Col. Root, leg amputated,

Capt. White, Co. A, wounded.

Capt. Parsons, Co. C, wounded.

Lieut. Meester, Co. G, wounded.

The Adjutant of the 94th telegraphs the following to his father in this village:—

GETTYSBURG, July 4.

Have been in action three days. I am uninjured. Regiment lost heavily. Col. Root a prisoner. C. E. SCOVILLE.

Commercial Advertiser.

Wednesday Evening, July 8, 1863.

LOCAL & MISCELLANEOUS.

Col. A. R. Root Safe in Washington.

We received a private telegram this morning dated Washington, July 7, stating that Col. A. R. Root, of the 94th N. Y. Volunteers, arrived there on that day, having been paroled by the rebel Gen. A. P. Hill. Col. Root is at the house of Col. Albert J. Meyers, Chief Signal Officer. The telegram says that Col. Root is "doing well."

We are sincerely rejoiced that this brave young offi-

cer—one of whom Buffalo is so justly proud—is again among his friends, and that his injuries are not of a serious nature.

We trust that as soon as he is able to bear the fatigue of travel, he may wend his steps homeward, and remain among us until again called to the field. No soldier would be more heartily welcomed.

CASUALTIES IN THE 94TH NEW YORK VOL.—

The following casualties in the 94th Regiment N. Y. Vol., are given by a correspondent of the *New York Times*: Lost—Captain White, Capt. Parsons, Lieut. Mesler; wounded—Col. A. R. Root, Capt. White, Lt. Sears, Lt. Parker, Lt. Locklin, Capt. McMahon, Capt. Whiteside, missing. Lieut. Parker is a Buffalo man.

Casualties.

The telegraph brings the following report of casualties in the 94th (formerly the 105th) recruited here:

NINETY-FOURTH NEW YORK.

Lost and wounded—Capt. White, Capt. Parsons, Lieut. Mesler. Missing—Col. R. Root, Capt. White, Lieut. Sears, Lieut. Parker, Lieut. Locklin, Capt. Whiteside.

WOUNDED.—In the *Tribune's* list of the wounded on Thursday and Friday, we find the name of Capt. Byron Parsons, of the 94th N. Y. Vols.

THE 94TH AT GETTYSBURGH.—Major Moffatt, of the 94th, writes to a friend in this village, from which we take the following extract. He says:

The 94th went into the action of Wednesday with 850 rifles. We can now muster only about 80. We remained at the front until we were nearly surrounded, and then fell back, supposing we could go back the same way we came, but were met by a whole line of rebels. We consequently had to turn to the left and run the gauntlet for about half a mile to the village, and in going this distance were exposed to a fire from sharpshooters. Of course we have not many left. Col. Root was wounded in the beginning of the engagement, and the command fell upon me. Thank God, I have come out unharmed. When we had fallen back to what we supposed a safe place, a bullet from a sharp shooter went through Capt. Parsons' arm and leg, and clipped a piece from the sole of my boot. A great many had to halt from exhaustion, and were taken prisoners. We know of 50 that were killed or wounded, and there may have been others we did not see fall. But I have not time to write more. I do this in my saddle, and we must now be on the move again.

CAPT. JOHN McMAHON.—Among the names of the missing from the 94th N. Y. reported in the *New York Herald's* account of the battle at Gettysburg, was that of our townsman Capt. John McMahon. His friends have been relieved from anxiety by the receipt of a letter from Sergt. Samuel Fuller, of his company, stating that Capt. McMahon is a prisoner in the hands of the rebels and has probably been sent to Richmond. The particulars of his capture are briefly stated. The company was fairly cut off and had no alternative but to surrender or be cut up to the last man. Capt. McMahon reluctantly surrendered. He refused to give up the sword which was presented him by citizens of