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started in pursuit of the enemy on the 6th of July. However, remaining behind with the paroled prisoners and the wounded until the 16th, I was unable to give any particulars of the march to the Potomac, or the preparations made for that other battle, which was not fought. I need hardly say that, when I joined the regiment on the 17th, I found them feeling sad and chagrined, that the arch-rebel Lee and his cohorts had been allowed to escape. The fact is the boys never felt more eager for a fight, nor more confident of their ability, if well handled, to drive the enemy to the wall, and give him such a thrashing as would obviate the necessity of chasing him all over Virginia again, than they did when drawn up in line of battle before the Confederate Army, near Williamsport, July 12th. Had they been permitted to charge the enemy's works on that, or the following day, they would undoubtedly have achieved a victory that would have done much toward "conquering a peace;" at least so it seems now, I believe, to those best qualified to judge.

But when it was ascertained that the golden opportunity had passed, the prize was gone, the troops submitted to the decision and direction of the "Powers that be," with a promptness and cheerfulness worthy of all praise. Having stood by the bridge at Edwards Ferry, three weeks before, and witnessed the joy manifested by the troops as they passed out of Virginia into Maryland, I expected to hear maledictions and curses many, when they were required to return to that hated soil. Nevertheless, I heard almost nothing of the kind. But on the contrary, as the feet of the men fell upon the pontoons at Berlin, on the morning of the 18th July, the merry laugh, shout, and song were heard along the lines as though it were a triumphal procession—homeward bound. Such is the soldier. Though his heart may be heavy and sad, he is bound to make the best of every thing, and if possible find merriment in the most untoward events of the day. It was on Saturday that we passed over into Virginia. Our march that day lay through a pleasant portion of Loudon county. Many of the inhabitants, being loyal, greeted us with cheers, and gladly furnished whatever they had for our

comfort. Indeed the people in this part of the State seemed quite as loyal, and in many cases, treated us more kindly than did the people in some portions of Maryland and Pennsylvania.

On Sabbath morning we passed through the very pleasant and thoroughly loyal village of Waterford, 11 miles from Berlin. The inhabitants were out in their best, and with flags, smiles and kind words, bid us God-speed.

It being an exceedingly warm day the men were much delighted when they were

halted about 10 o'clock, A. M., in a pleasant grove and ordered to pitch tents and make themselves comfortable for the balance of the day, and the following night.

In the cool of the day, about sunset, the Chaplain made a brief report in reference to the casualties of the regiment in the late battles—adding a few remarks, and offering prayer and thanksgiving for the loving-kindness and mercies of our Heavenly Father during the exposures and severe trials of the previous three weeks.

How much we were refreshed by the quiet and rest of the Sabbath, none can know but those who enjoyed it. Not having papers or tracts to distribute, the Chaplain furnished each man who would agree to write a letter to his parents, wife, sister, or friend, with a sheet of paper and envelope. A large number of them improved this first opportunity since the battle to write to their friends.

It was scarcely daylight, on Monday, when we were ordered to "fall in" and commence our march for Middleberg. The surface of the region through which we passed was uneven and hilly—the road, crooked and rough; the day was excessively hot, and much of the way the men were hurried along at a rapid rate. On the whole it was a very hard march. Many of the men in other regiments fell; out ours kept up about as usual. Some of the stragglers, it is said, got picked up by guerrillas who were prowling around us most of the day. Two officers, Lieut. Col. Sanderson and Capt. Russel, Assistant Adjutant General on General Newton's Staff, venturing some miles in advance of the troops were "gobbled up" by a party of Cavalry and compelled to go at a double quick through Middleberg, a short time before we arrived there. Indeed it is said that some of our Orderlies were entering one side of the town while this party with their prisoners were leaving the other, and that they (the Orderlies) might have overtaken the advance party had they not stopped to converse with some secesh ladies who doubtless came out to detain them in this way that their friends might escape. In passing through Middleberg we had a remarkable exhibition of the secesh spirit of the people, the doors and window blinds of stores and private dwellings were nearly all closed and scarcely a face appeared at windows, doors, or in the streets, excepting those of the colored population, and that, notwithstanding our drummers and fifers gave them one of their liveliest and best, as we passed through the principal street.

Our boys were both amused and provoked at this marked contempt for the Union army. Some of them improved the first opportunity of paying their respects to the gardens, chickens and turkeys of these sympathisers with the rebellion. The Quarter

Master's Department also took measures to put in force the confiscation law to a considerable extent during the two days that we were encamped in the neighborhood of this wicked village.

After a rest of 48 hours the bugle sounded "strike tents," "pack up," and at sundown we were under way again for the next village, "White Plains," 10 miles distant. This was the most wearisome march of the campaign. Being rear guard of the wagon-train—for the first 8 hours we could advance but a few rods at a time—and during the last 8 or 4 hours we were put through at a double quick. It was 3½ o'clock, A. M., when we filed into a field of tall wet grass and were told that we could have till 6½ o'clock "for refreshments"—sleep and breakfast included. In less time than one at home would disrobe for bed the whole brigade were reclining upon the bosom of mother earth, some rolled in blankets, some in overcoats, and some, not a few, with nothing over, or between them and the grass saturated with the falling dew, were soon so soundly sleeping that they did not wake till long after sunrise, thereby abridging more than was desirable the time for the morning meal. But when the order comes, the "soldiers" fed, or unfed, must "fall in" and be marching along.

Continued next Week.

FROM THE 94TH REGIMENT.

CAMP 94TH N. Y. S. V.,
Near Thoroughfare Gap, Va.,
October 21, 1863.

EDITORS NORTHERN N. Y. JOURNAL:

Inasmuch as the Army of the Potomac is in motion again, I propose to give you a few hasty "notes by the way," which might, with some propriety, be regarded as written "in the saddle;" and yet, at this present writing, the headquarters and staff of the 94th are comfortably ensconced in their wall tents, which have arrived from the rear, and been put up within the past two hours, but may be down and returned to the wagons again before the morning light dawns upon us. About as often as every other night, and sometimes oftener, for the last twelve days, we have pulled up and marched during the night.

After a stay of seven weeks at Rappahannock Station, on the 18th September we received orders to advance to near Culpepper, where we tarried one week, and then moved down nearer the Rapidan. During the following two weeks we must have changed camps on an average as once in two days, and did our full share of picket duty along the river fords near us—our pickets being often within conversation distance of the rebels.

On Friday, the 9th inst., we received orders to "get the men up at 12½ o'clock, and

be ready to move at 1½ A. M.," and also to issue five days rations to the men—making a supply of eight days to each man. This, of course, caused no small stir among the boys, and gave rise to all sorts of speculations as to the design of such a move, but none were found wise enough to throw any light upon the subject.

At the appointed hour the troops left one of the pleasantest camps they have occupied during the campaign, and marched into the dense forest along that portion of the Rapidan, over the roughest road, and on one of the darkest nights of the season. Our course lay along the Rapidan, in the direction of one of the fords, leading many to believe that we were to cross the river. In the morning we were halted in the woods near the ford, where we spent the day under the impression that, before another morning dawned upon us, we should be on the other side of the Rapidan driving the rebels. But when night came, and the bugle blast warned us to "pack up" and be ready "to fall in," the head of the column moved away from the river and took the direction of Culpepper.

In the morning we found ourselves only some two miles north of that town. It was the holy Sabbath, and the 1st Brigade were bivouacked compactly upon a pleasant place, and, for aught the Chaplains knew, might remain there for several hours at least, and perhaps during the day, hence they determined to give notice of religious services at 10½ o'clock, A. M. At this hour a hymn was sung, a short prayer offered, and a chapter—the 108d Psalm—read. At this point came an order to "pack up." Of course, our services were discontinued, and preparations made to march. Up to this time we had not ascertained our destination—whether it was North or South—an advance or a retreat. But when the troops moved off it was in the direction of the Rappahannock instead of the Rapidan. An advance, as some would have it, "by the rear"—"another skeddadle for Washington," said the boys.

We had not proceeded far before we heard the report, and saw the smoke of the guns of our cavalry battling and keeping back the enemy, who had been crossing the river all night, and showed a strong inclination to capture our trains. This produced just enough excitement among the troops to cause them to march with a sort of spring and elasticity that had the effect of lightening their burdens and increasing their speed so much, that General Newton felt obliged to send on one of his aids to the officers in commands of Regiments to order their men to march more leisurely. It was near sundown when we arrived on the banks of the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford. For some reason, the 2d Division were required to

ford the stream, though there was a pontoon bridge a short distance below. Many of the men disliked very much to see the exposure of health involved, and there seemed to be no discharge in the air with the elements, they pushed forward shouting, singing, laughing, and cursing some with all their clothes on; others without shoes, stockings, or pants; some upon old horses, and others upon the shoulders of their more athletic companions.

The Assistant Surgeons and the Chaplain carried over several of the more sickly ones upon their horses. As the Chaplain was making his fifth trip, with a heavy man behind him, his horse stumbled and relieved himself of his extra burden by throwing both his riders headlong into three feet of water, causing some laughter on the part of the boys, and a little discomfort to the Chaplain, who, in the absence of his baggage, was obliged to wear wet garments till they could be dried upon his person.

Our facetious Surgeon thought fit to record this event in his "notes by the way," somewhat as follows:

"When the horse in the water did fall,
Down came the chaplain, soldier and all."

Our corps remained at the ford until 2 o'clock on Tuesday, the 13th, when we left Warrenton Junction. It was a cold night, but the roads were excellent, and we all enjoyed the march exceedingly. The scene which burst upon the vision as we emerged from the woods upon high ground, at dawn of day, beggars description. The whole country, as far as the eyes could distinguish objects, seemed literally filled with moving masses of men, horses, wagons, ambulances, artillery, cavalry, &c., &c. All was order and system—evidently under the direction of a presiding genius—and yet there was manifested everywhere a desire to push forward with the greatest speed consistent with system, and a prudent regard to the powers of endurance of man and beast. Such an array of wagon trains one has rarely an opportunity to look upon. Every road—and there were four or five—was filled with these apparently endless columns moving in parallel lines northward.

It would seem that the whole army left the banks of the Rapidan at the same time; but the greater portion—all except one corps—had been more or less engaged with the enemy during Sunday and Monday. On our arrival at Warrenton Junction—about 9 A. M.—things very soon assumed a fighting aspect. Batteries were placed in position; infantry drawn up in line of battle, and everything made ready for an attack from the enemy. But no enemy made his appearance. In the meantime we partook of refreshments; had a nap, and were ready to continue our march, by one o'clock, to Bristow. The 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, and 6th corps were on the march for this place at

the same time—their several trains and artillery hurrying forward as fast they could. Our corps seemed to arrive and leave the place in the advance. At any rate we were off early in the morning, and pushed on as rapidly as possible to Centreville, which we reached in due time—no enemy appearing to molest or make us afraid for ourselves or our trains. But it was not thus with the balance of the army. They were more or less harassed by the pursuing and hungry squads of rebels during the whole day. It was while we were marching quietly along, and were safely ensconced in the strong fortifications of Centreville, that the Second Corps had a most severe and protracted contest with the enemy near Bristow. This battle we could distinctly hear from our position at the fort.

During the heat of the contest, we were ordered out two or three miles to defend an important bridge, and do picket duty along the line west of Centreville. The Second Corps repulsed the enemy; took 450 prisoners; 5 splendid guns, and thereby saved the train from the clutch of the greedy foe.

Our Division was pretty severely taxed for picket duty during the balance of the week. The 94th were out on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, having a line of two miles to look after. Along most of this line were the log shanties occupied by the rebels in the winter of 1861-2. Many of them are still in good condition, and afforded our boys a comfortable shelter during the cool nights they were out.

In one I saw Lieuts. Joy, Sloat, Fish Colton, and Surgeon Brown, cheered and made comfortable by a large fire in an old fashioned fire-place, reminding one of the days of big back-legs, large fire dogs, hard cider, &c. No doubt, many an amusing incident and racy anecdote were related that night.

On Monday we followed the retreating enemy westward to Haymarket, and the following day and night passed to and through Thoroughfare Gap, and camped a short distance from it, upon a very commanding position, in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery we have found during the campaign. The region over which we have just passed is familiar ground with the old members of this Regiment. All along the route they have been reminded of stirring incidents of former days. "Here they made the famous charge." "There they threw off their knapsacks and pursued the enemy into the Gap." "In that field the Colonel was wounded." "Up in those woods they were flanked and handled, roughly by the enemy." "Over yonder our boys were so hardy pressed, that they were obliged to run or be taken prisoners."

It was a melancholy commentary upon the fortunes of war to see so many human bones scattered along the highway as we

passed along. Several human skulls were picked up by the boys and passed around among the officers and men.

The "94th," as you are aware, is under the command of Major S. A. Moffett. Adjutant Seovill is still absent on duty at Riker's Island. Lieut. Hulbert sits near me—having just come in from duty as officer of patrol—good natured, and cheerful as ever. The officers and men from and about Watertown are generally in good health and spirits.

What or when our next move will be, it is impossible to predict.

We hope that our marching and counter-marching—our sleepless nights and wearisome days—our exposures to the damps and cold of these autumnal days and nights, will not be without service to the country and well-being of humanity. Let our friends remember us in their supplications to Him whose favor and blessing we so much need. "Help us together with your prayers."

Those who have friends in this or any other regiment would do well to be regular and frequent in their communications. Let us do our utmost to keep up the spirits of the men, the time and expense of doing one weekly could hardly be better employed.

P. G. C.

Letter from Chaplain Cook.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., May 18, 1864.

EDITORS COMMERCIAL:—Four months ago the 94th Regiment, N. Y. V., were ordered from the front of the Army of the Potomac to Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md., for the purpose of doing "guard duty, recruitment and reorganization." The first of these duties has been faithfully performed, and to the entire satisfaction, I believe, of all concerned. The other two have been attended to as far as circumstances would permit. In the meantime the men have enjoyed advantages for intellectual culture and religious worship—the former in connection with classes organized in the common branches of education, and the latter in religious services regularly held and conducted in a commodious and pleasant Chapel, not only on the Sabbath, but for several weeks every evening. Our religious services have been largely attended and often deeply interesting. One of the results has been the organization of an association for the promotion of their own and their fellow soldiers' moral and religious interests. God bless the "Young Men's Religious Association of the 94th Regiment." Pray for it, you who have to pray for the soldier.

While we have felt it a privilege, after the rough times we have had in two years campaigning in "Old Virginia," to enjoy this respite from the severer service of the field, regarding the position at Camp Parole as a comparatively "soft thing," we have nevertheless held ourselves ready and desirous to return to the field whenever the government should need our services more elsewhere. As an evidence of this feeling on the part of our commanding officer, Colonel Adrian R. Root, I may mention that when the Burnside Expedition was organizing near us as we supposed for some service South, the Colonel waited on General Burnside and signified his willingness to lead his regiment into the field again. The General expressed a strong desire to secure his services and tendered him the command of a Brigade, provided the War Department would consent to the transfer. But when Gen. Burnside applied to Secretary Stanton and Gen. Halleck for the release of Col. Root from his present position they promptly refused to comply, saying that the Colonel was "the right man in the

right place," and could not be spared from Annapolis. On this being made known in the regiment it was naturally supposed that we should be retained in the Camp Parole the summer. But this, it seems, we were not to be for while the government have not receded in our position as to Col. Root, they have ordered the regiment to report to Brig. Gen. Lockwood, and rendezvous at Alexandria. This order came on Monday, we arrived here this evening, and found most excellent accommodations for the night at the Soldiers' Rest—one of the very best institutions of the kind in the country. The regiment is under the immediate command of Lt. Col. S. A. Moffett. It is understood that we are to be brigaded with the 9d Delaware, the Purcell's Legion and others whose names I have not learned, under the command of Brig. Gen. Lockwood. Our destination is of course not known to us, but probably we are to join the army of the Potomac. We shall esteem it a privilege and an honor to participate with them or any other portion of the army in the present mighty, and we trust to be successful struggle to put down the rebellion and end this cruel war. God help us.

Yours, &c.,

Chaplain V.

Keep you informed of our movements as practicable and with propriety.

From the Ninety-Fourth Regiment.

ON THE MARCH FOR RICHMOND, }
BOWLING GREEN, VA., May 25th, 1864. }

Messrs. Editors: I informed you a few days since that the 94th N. Y. was ordered to join the army of the Potomac. We left Alexandria on Saturday, and spent the following Sabbath at Belle Plain, left the latter place on Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock; bivouacked that night opposite to Fredericksburg; crossed the Rappahannock on pontoons the following—yesterday—morning; passed through the city without stopping, and were soon upon the Bowling Green road. We continued our march to Caroline Church, some ten miles, where it was found expedient to remain all night, on account of the great number of men who had suffered severely from the effects of the heat. Having only one ambulance and no transportation wagons. It is something rather novel to see five regiments on the march, and that through an enemy's country, without any transportation for baggage or invalids. It was found impossible to obtain teams at Belle Plain, and our General felt bound to leave when he did, without waiting to receive them from Washington. This was rather hard on officers; many left, and will probably lose, most of their baggage. We arrived here at 11 o'clock, having made a fine march with very little straggling.

It seems almost incredible that five small regiments of Union troops should be able to march from Fredericksburg to Bowling Green without seeing or bearing of a single squad of the enemy. Not a dog barked at us; indeed we scarcely saw a live man, and very few women or children. One very fine dwelling near where we stayed was visited by our boys. They found it splendidly furnished, but no living being to smile or frown upon them. The Bowling Green people, it is said, were very much frightened by our arrival, but I presume they will not be much harmed by our boys.

We move on immediately, and hope to overtake the army tonight or tomorrow, though Gen. Grant seems to be driving the rebels about as fast as we can march. It is supposed that there will be a hard fight at Hancock Court House, and no more after that till we arrive before the defences of Richmond. Officers and men are in good spirits.

As I write, long trains of wagons and ambulances filled with the wounded are passing, bound to Fort Royal.

Yours, &c.,

P. G. COOK,
Chaplain 94th N. Y.

Ninety-Fourth.

A considerable number of casualties have occurred in this regiment from June 1st to June 4th sum-up as follows:

June 1st, Frank Perry, Co. B, mortally wounded and died; June 2, Owen Williams, Co. C, wounded in head, slight; Sergt. Bourne, Co. D, wounded, slight; June 3, Matthew Coughlin, Co. H, wounded in leg, severely, amputation necessary; Wales Salisbury, Co. A, wounded in leg, slightly; Jas. Burns, Co. H, wounded, slight; Wm. H. Davis, Co. I, wounded, slight; Wm. Merriam, Co. E, missing; Sgt. Clark, Co. B, missing; Chas. Parry, Co. E, missing; Michael Caffey, Co. H, missing, and it is feared killed.

Those missing are supposed to be prisoners in the hands of the enemy.

Lieut. Col. Moffett, Adjt. Hulbert, and the officers and men generally, though very much worn by severe drafts upon energies and little opportunity for sleep or rest, are in good health and spirits.

The Ninety-Fourth Regiment.

REPORT FROM CHAPLAIN COOK.

HEADQUARTERS 94TH N. Y. V.,
The Field, near Bottom's Bridge, Va.,
Saturday, June 11, 1864.
REPORT: While my duties are bailing
ing and clover around and our
men takes a lunch for business, let
me give you a little of past and passing
events.

It is now nearly two weeks since the 94th united its fortunes with the 5th corps of the Army of the Potomac. Our first face to face stand with the enemy was made on the 30th—the day the rebels attacked Warren's left so fiercely. We repelled and gave them the worst of it, of course. The 94th spent the whole week in constructing and laying behind breastworks. Though they were not engaged in any of the numerous battles of the week except as skirmishers, in this sort of warfare they had some severe work, and lost a considerable number of men.

On Sunday, the 5th, we held a religious service near the breastworks. We closed the services with the National Hymn, "My country, 'tis of thee," &c. While these services were progressing, cannonading and musketry were heard, not only in the distance, but very near us. Some rebel skirmishers or sharpshooters every now and sent a ball whizzing over our heads, reminding us but too forcibly that we were by no means out of their reach. A service amid such scenes and sounds could hardly fail to be interesting and impressive. It was nearly dark when we were through. Before the chaplain left for the nook where he had lodged for two or three days, an officer came to inform us that the troops must prepare to retire immediately from their intrenchments and take up the line of march for another position further south. So the chaplain hastens to his tent to pack up and join the regiment as they were moving out to the road. Before he is half way across the field, an uproarious can-

nonading and rapid musketry fire commences all along the lines. It grows louder and approaches nearer; seems but a few rods distant, and though the balls would fall and the shells might burst too near for safety. We quit our place, and we and others, packing and loading our arms upon our horses. The bang-whang and the whizzing of the "minnie" above and around us cause unpleasant sensations and make one somewhat nervous. While things are thus with the non-combatants, they are still more exciting with those in the breastworks. The rebels, ascertaining that we were about to change position, attack our skirmishers fiercely and drive them back so near the breastworks that the bullets come thick and fast among the boys just as they are leaving. By way of letting the gentlemen know they had not left, they gave them a volley, and then quietly marched out of their works and joined the rest of the division in their march for Cold Harbor.

The cannonading and musketry continued for a considerable time and occasionally seemed quite near, and as though the "Johnnies" might be after us.

From the 6th to the 11th inst. we were in camp on Gains' Farm, not far from Gains' Mills. This comparative cessation from active operations seemed essential to the welfare and efficiency of man and beast—both having been overworked and worn down by the incessant fatigues of marching, fighting and watching during the last thirty days.

The opportunity offered by this stay in camp for religious services, was gladly improved by the Chaplain and brethren in the regiment. On four successive evenings, meetings were held in the open air, attended by large numbers and with very great interest. The brethren seemed wide awake—ready to speak and pray with a promptness and unction which were refreshing and encouraging to the Chaplain. Many of those who took part in these meetings were young converts.

June 13.—We passed over the Chickahominy last night, and that without opposition from the enemy, though we were not allowed to proceed very far towards Richmond without finding him posted to dispute our progress. There has been considerable skirmishing and quite a number of casualties, but no general engagement.

The 94th, as usual, have been placed in the hottest portion of the field, as skirmishers, and suffered severely. Ten men have been wounded—two fatally. Sad tidings for loving ones far away.

The enemy have a fort near Bottom's Bridge commanding the bridge and an important road leading to Richmond and the James river. Whether our generals will deem it worth fighting for, or turn away upon some other more circuitous and less fortified route, remains to be seen—probably the latter course will be adopted. During the last two weeks, the 94th has lost in killed, wounded and missing some forty-five men. Of these twenty were taken prisoners last Sunday night on the skirmish line.

The men are generally in good spirits and hopeful as to success, though the "Vets" have

seen too many rebuffs and been too often disappointed. "throw up their hats till after election." "How are we off of this war the more a day is pressed with its magnitude, difficult to see the far-reaching consequences of success or failure. It is a "cruel war."—The sufferings of the wounded and the dead—bodily and mental—can never be appreciated or known by any but the omniscient.

What worlds of thought—what emotions—longings and regrets occupy the minds and move the hearts of those who are daily and hourly realizing their own lives and all they have in life. The gloom and uneasiness of experiences—waiting or passing through a battle is terrible. It is impossible not to ask yourself the question—or at least to indulge the thought, "What if the battle should go against us? What if we are driven back? What, if taken prisoners—wounded and left to die on the battle-field?" And then when one is wounded seriously, who can imagine the thoughts which come and from home, friends, and family. God prosper the arms of the Union.

P. G. COOK,
Chaplain 94th N. Y. V.

We give below a private letter from a soldier in the 94th (formerly the 105th) to a friend in this place. As illustrating the fact that if the matter were left to the soldiers of both armies, this war would have a speedy ending, it possesses some interest.—The writer is a re-enlisted veteran :

CAMP NEAR PETERSBURG, Va. }
July 3d, 1864. }

FRIEND A.:—I arrived here yesterday pretty well tired out, after marching through the dust. The weather is much warmer here than with you. There has been no rain in months, of any consequence. One of my comrades fell dead on the road yesterday. I stayed and buried him.

We are laying here now in rifle-pits, about ten rods from the rebels. I could throw a stone from where I am writing to them. We made a bargain with them yesterday that we would not fire at them if they would not fire at us; and there has not been one shot fired since. The agreement was, if they had orders to advance, the first volley should be fired in the air, and after that every man should look out for himself; we are to do the same.

We have lots of fun with them: They throw plugs of tobacco to us and we throw coffee back. They told us yesterday to throw down our arms and they would do same, and we would all go to Richmond and have a spree on the 4th of July, and they would foot the bill.

I might write all day, and then could not tell you one half the proceedings. They say they are sick of fighting, and we say the same. They say they will kill Jeff. if we will kill Old Abe.

Well, to-morrow is the 4th, and I expect we will have some hot work before it is over. We are under arms all the time. It must

come off soon. There has been some firing on our right this morning, but I cannot tell you anything about it. The line of battle is about fifteen or twenty miles long, so you know more about the army movements than I can tell you.

I must close. Give my best wishes to all. Asa Williams is a prisoner.

Yours,
J. S.

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

The Ninety-fourth N. Y. V. was organized at Sackett 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. was consolidated with the Ninety-fourth N. Y. V.

The Ninety-fourth has participated in twenty-five campaigns, and its battle colors evince their severity. It has continued 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. Kibbern, Joseph Mallison, E. Chas. Parker, Augustus Fields, Walter T. Chester, Chas. F. 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 Marce.
- 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

NINETY-FOURTH NEW-YORK.

This regiment arrived late on Saturday night, and was erroneously reported as having left for Troy. The command departed by rail for Albany yesterday afternoon, where it will be mustered out. The regiment was under the command of Brevet Brig.-Gen. A. R. Root, and numbered 323 men.

The Ninety-fourth was raised in 1862 in Jefferson county, and on the 10th of March of that year, the regiment entered the service of the United States. During the Summer of 1862 it was incorporated into the First Corps, then under the command of Gen. McDowell. During Pope's Virginia Valley campaign, in the Summer of 1862, it participated in the battles of Cedar Mountain and Manassas Plains, and subsequently entering with its corps into the Army of the Potomac, fought in every battle seen by that army. Just previous to the overland campaign by Gen. Grant, in 1864, the First Corps was broken up and merged into the Fifth Army Corps, and in that corps fought all the way through from the Wilderness to the surrender of Lee. At the time of its leaving the field, the Ninety-fourth was serving in Gen. Crawford's (Third) Division of the Fifth Corps.

The following is the Ninety-fourth battle's record:
1862—Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9; Manassas Plains, Va., Aug. 30; Antietam, Md., Sept. 17; Fred-

Richmond, Va., Dec. 18.
 1863—Chancellorsville, Va., May 1-5; Gettysburgh, Penn., July 1-5; Williamsport, Md., July 18; Rappahannock Station, Va., Oct. 21; Mine Run, Va., Nov. 26—Dec. 1.
 1864—Wilderness, Va., May 5-8; Laurel Hill, Va., May 7; Spottsylvania, Va., May 8-9; Totopotomoy Creek, Va., May 20; North Anna, Va., May 22; Cold Harbor, Va., June 1; Bethesda Church, Va., June 7; Siege of Petersburg, Va.; Cemetery Hill, Va., July 30; Weldon Railroad, Va., Aug. 21; Poplar Grove Church, Va., Sept. 26-30; First Hatcher's Run, Va., Oct. 27; WARREN'S raid against the Weldon Railroad, Dec. 6-12.
 1865—Siege of Petersburg, Va., January to April; Second Hatcher's Run, Feb. 4; assault upon the enemy's works, March 25; White Oak Road, Va., March 28; Five Forks, Va., March 30—April 1; Appomattox Court-house, Va., April 8-9; Surrender of LEE'S army, (Appomattox Hollow, Va.), April 9.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-THIRD NEW-YORK.

This regiment arrived at an early hour yesterday morning, and is now quartered at the State Agency rooms, over Centre Market. The One Hundred and Forty-third number 320 men, under command of Brevet Brig.-Gen. HORACE BOWMAN, and will proceed to Hart's Island to-day.

The One Hundred and Forty-third New-York was raised in Sullivan County, entering the service Oct. 8, 1862. On reaching Washington it was assigned to the Defences of Washington, remaining in that department until April, 1863, when it was transferred to Suffolk. In this latter department the One Hundred and Forty-third entered the Fourth Corps, under Gen. DIX, and on July 12, 1863, the regiment was transferred to the Eleventh Corps. When the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps joined SHERMAN'S army the one Hundred and Forty-third went with them, and has seen all the glories and shared all the fatigues and perils of those extraordinary campaigns. The following is a list of the battles of this regiment:

1863—Fort Dix, Va., April 27; Nausemond, Va., May 8; Bottom's Bridge, Va., June 22; Lookout Mountain, Tenn., Sept. 25-8; Mission Ridge, Nov. 22; Relief of Knoxville, Nov. — and Dec. —
 1864—Savannah, Ga., May 12-15; Okefenokee, May 25; New Hope Church, Ga., May 27; Kennesaw, Ga., June 22; Pearl River, Miss., July 14; Atlanta, July 22; Siege of Atlanta, August to September; to the Sea, Nov. 15-20; Siege of Savannah, Dec. 10-21.
 1865—Fort Fisher, S. C., Jan. 29; Lawtonville, S. C., Feb. 25; Averysboro, N. C., March 15; Bentonville, N. C., March 19; Surrender of Gen. JOHNSON. Hart's Island to-day.

The Regiment.

This regiment, which has seen much campaigning and hard fighting, and enjoying a month's furlough at home, has returned to its quarters at Annapolis.

Capt. Jones, of this regiment, was taken prisoner at Gettysburgh and lately released from the Richmond prisons, has also been home on a visit among his friends.

The Herald publishes a list of six hundred Union prisoners now under our fire at Charleston. Among the names we find those of Lieut. W. E. Roach, of the 49th N. Y.; Captains J. C. Whiteside and H. G. White, of the 94th N. Y., and Capt. Charles McK. Leoser, of the 2d U. S. Cavalry.

94th Reg't

We are pleased to be able to inform our readers that our pressman, Mr. J. D. NEWMAN, of the JOURNAL has been indebted for many years for its tidy appearance, has just received notice that his pension claim of \$3 per month is allowed, and has been forwarded to his Attorney, BRADLEY WINSLOW. Mr. NEWMAN was wounded at the first battle of Fredericksburg while a member of the 94th regiment.

A soldier by the name of DUTS a private of the 94th N. Y. V. was robbed from C. & I. Teno's Saloon, opposite the depot, across the Railroad bridge on Friday night, and there, as he alleges, by the discharge of a revolver in his face by one miscreant and a protruding blow over the head by an accomplice, he was rendered senseless. Upon coming to himself he found he had been robbed of \$165, in greenbacks, his watch, discharger and furlough papers. Active endeavors have been made since to identify and arrest the villains, but, as yet, the police are without a clue.

PERSONAL.—Major-General Howard, the hero of Gettysburgh, was in the town Sunday, stopping at the American, on his way West.

Walter T. Chester, of the 94th regiment, arrived home Sunday, on detached service, which ensures him a month's furlough. The following paragraph, from the Albany Journal, explains the errand on which he came North:

One hundred and twenty members of the Ninety-fourth Regiment New York State Volunteers, re-enlisted and home on a furlough, arrived in this city this morning. After receiving their State Bounty here, they will leave for the West—the greater part of them going to Jefferson county. The regiment is at Camp Parole. The requisite three-fourths number have re-enlisted; but only the present detachment could be spared from duty just now. It is under charge of Lieut. Poolittle and Chester.

The Gallant Lieutenant may be sure of the warmest welcome from his Buffalo friends.

Wounded.—In the fight of Crawford's Division, Fifth Corps, June 18th Henry Wagner, Co. G, 64th N. Y. V. was wounded. Company G is composed of men from this city.

PERSONAL.—We had the pleasure, yesterday, of receiving a call from Capt. E. Chas. Parker, of the 94th N. Y. V., who arrived home on Saturday last, from Richmond, after an eight months' experience of Libby Prison. His story of the captivity is deeply interesting, and we should be glad to be able to publish even the half of what our conversation with Capt. Parker has added to our knowledge of the infernality of this rebellion, and the utter and absolute soullessness of the men engaged in it.

CAPTAIN WALTER CHESTER WOUNDED.

Captain Walter T. Chester, 94th Regiment, was wounded on the 11th inst. by a shell, which entered above the top of the right ear, and came out of the outer corner of the right eye, not seeming to fracture the bone nor to make any external wound, except at the points of entrance and exit. Captain Chester, when a private, was wounded at the second battle of Bull Run. During his service he has conducted himself bravely, and we sincerely hope that the rebel shells and shot will spare him in future.

Private Ackroyd, of the 94th, is reported killed.

Presentation of a Sword to Major John McMahon by the City Government.

The sword and equipments purchased, by order of the Common Council, for Major John McMahon, of the 94th N. Y. Volunteers, to replace the weapon broken by him when he was about to fall into the hands of the rebels, at the battle of Gettysburg, was presented last evening at the Common Council Chamber, in the presence of the Aldermen and a number of citizens, among whom we noticed a number of ladies.

Ald. Bromley, President of the Board, took the chair and called the meeting to order, after which Major McMahon, accompanied by His Honor the Mayor and the Committee appointed to carry the resolution of the Board into effect, entered the room and advanced to the open space in front of the Clerk's desk. The Mayor then addressed Major McMahon in a speech of considerable length, abounding in patriotic sentiment and rhetorical ornament, in the course of which he paid a glowing tribute to the Major's gallantry at Gettysburg, and alluded in moving language to the horrible imprisonment in Richmond which succeeded. He closed by placing in the Major's hands the sword, belt, and sash procured for the occasion.

The gallant recipient of this handsome testimonial was much embarrassed. His modesty forbade him to accept without protest the lavish praises bestowed upon him by the Mayor, and he was apparently abashed by the publicity given to the affair. He commenced his reply by saying that if his wishes had been consulted the matter would have assumed another form, or he would have declined to accept an honor so distinguished. He was but one of many who had gone forth from Rochester to fight the battles of the country, and there were others far more deserving. No special credit should be awarded to him. As far as his ability went he had endeavored to do his duty, and that was the sum total of his merit, as he understood it. He accepted the elegant gift of the Common Council with heartfelt thanks, and would endeavor to keep it from all tarnish of dishonor.

After the presentation ceremonies, the Board adjourned, and the ladies present were introduced to the Major. At a later period the company experienced the hospitalities of the Mayor in his private office.

The sword and accoutrements presented to Major McMahon are very elegant. They were procured by Mr. John T. Fox, from the Common Council Committee, and cost over one hundred dollars. They will be on exhibition at Darrow's book store for a few days.