

rected me to recall my men to their original position. Riding to the front, I ordered the regiment back, and was turning my horse, when a shell exploded directly over me, and so near me as to completely stun me. One fragment tore my cap from my head, and my entire system was so shocked and prostrated that I was unable to keep my seat in the saddle. I accordingly rolled off, in a bewildered frame of mind—and my share in the battle had ended. Two of my men carried me to the rear and drenched me with water.

Meantime the enemy pressing the corps in superior force, succeeded in flanking it on both sides, and forced it to retreat in haste through Gettysburg, to a hill beyond. In passing through Gettysburg, the enemy headed off a portion of the corps, and captured a large number of prisoners, among whom were nearly two hundred of my own regiment. While all this was transpiring, I remained helpless and semi-conscious on the field, and was taken possession of by some exultant rebels. By a sort of retributive justice, my captors belonged to then 33d North Carolina regiment, the identical regiment captured by my brigade at the first battle of Fredericksburg, December 17th, 1862. When the rebels had occupied Gettysburg their pursuit ceased, and having some leisure they turned their attention to their prisoners, of whom they had taken about four thousand. The 33d North Carolina recognized me, shook hands vigorously, and escorted me to their Colonel, who anxiously inquired if "I'd take a drink," at the same time proffering a canteen of whiskey. Later in the evening my generous captors took me to the headquarters of Gen. A. P. Hill, who gave me a good supper, and offered to parole me at once, or to wait and exchange me after the Confederates had taken Baltimore. I preferred being exchanged at Baltimore, but subsequently I thought of the hundreds of our wounded men in the rebel lines, and asked permission to attend to their wants, and offering to be personally responsible for a detail of prisoners, if they could be given me. Gen. Hill at once gave me permission to attend to our wounded, and subsequently gave me a detail of one hundred and fifty men of the 94th N. Y. V. to assist me. I was required to sign an obligation to remain prisoner of war until duly exchanged. All the other prisoners were paroled and sent to Carlisle, but I declined the parole, as did my men also, and only accepted the provisional parole, in order to be enabled to relieve the sufferings of the wounded. That night I passed on the battle field, doing what little I could to relieve the misery around me. All I could do was to supply water and receive dying messages for home friends, and encourage the less severely wounded. I shall never forget that first night, no, nor any of those days and nights, until the long and fearful fight had ended.— But that first night was the most painful of all, for with the exception of one man, I was alone in endeavoring to assist the hundreds of wounded men around me, and meanwhile suffering unexpressible distress myself, from very consciousness of my inability to materially relieve the misery which wrung with useless sympathy every chord of my nature.

But the next day, July 2d, my detail of 150 men of the 94th, came to my assistance, and

while the fight raged furiously at the front, brave fellows labored assiduously under a constant fire of our own batteries, to collect our wounded men.

The poor fellows were placed in a barn, until one hundred and seventeen had been placed here, and there was no more room, and then the rest were laid in rows on the ground outside. We had no luncheons, but we had water, and the men worked faithfully in their labor of mercy, rendering me prouder of them than I had ever been before. That their labors were not entirely devoid of risk, may be inferred from the fact that several shot and shells passed into and through our improvised barn hospital. One of these shells exploded and tore the lower jaw from a Tennessee Major who had stopped to look at our wounded, and he died in a few moments. Of the great artillery fight of July 3d, and subsequently of the magnificent infantry charges of rebels, I was as you may suppose a most interested spectator, but I cannot now take the time to describe them. I will only say that after having been present at a number of important engagements, the battle of Gettysburg, in my opinion, exceeded all previous battles of the war in sublimity and grandeur, as well as in carnage and subsequent human misery. You will bear in mind that within the rebel lines, I was at perfect liberty to go where I chose. I was a witness to their losses as well as our own. There were numerous instances in which it seemed as though all possible human misery had been concentrated. Can you imagine anything more appalling than human beings with shattered jaws, limbs, heads, helpless, speechless, yet conscious, and with the pleading eye eloquent with imploring agony. I saw many

such, and could only leave them to perish slowly where they had fallen.

But I will not shock you with a detailed description of these horrors. During the night of the 4th inst., the rebels began their retreat, disappointed, but very far from being dispirited; their artillery intact, their cavalry splendidly mounted, their infantry in perfect discipline. The officers bade me good bye, saying as they shook hands, that they hoped to meet me again under pleasanter auspices.

By dawn of the 5th inst., the Confederates had entirely disappeared, leaving me and my detail with the wounded, and by noon our lines had extended out to our rudely improvised hospitals, and our wounded, for the first time since the action of the 1st inst., received medical attendance.

I should like very much to tell you of some of the strange incidents which occurred to me, during my involuntary sojourn with the rebels, but cannot do so now without violating the terms of my parole. You will doubtless be surprised to learn that I met several Buffaloniens in the rebel army, (where would you meet them?) On one occasion while walking over the field I met a mounted rebel officer, who after passing me, turned his horse, and overtaking me, asked if I was not Col. R. On my replying in the affirmative, he asked me if I knew him. I looked at him a moment, and replied, "Yes, you rascal, I know you very well, I used to see you licked every day at Fay's School."

Whereat the rebel laughed, and announced himself as the Quarter Master of the 8th Georgia regiment, and wanted to know if he could do anything for me. On my replying that I wanted nothing but Surgeons, which he could not supply, he began a review of the old school-boy days of the long past childhood, asking after many who had been long ago dead and buried, and finally, and with hesitation, inquiring about his father and mother. I remembered that his brother was lost at sea, and I expressed the opinion that poor "Guasy" had been the more fortunate of the brothers.— Whereupon the Confederate smiled gravely, and said that he must be going along, as he had been detailed to "borrow" some horses from the Pennsylvania farmers. Then with a request that I would send his love to his parents and family, my old schoolmate, Sammy Hall, rode away to negotiate his "loan" of some horses from the Pennsylvania farmers.

This letter is becoming too long for you to read with comfort, and I will finish it forthwith. My own physical condition is quite satisfactory, with the exception of an occasional winge of pain in my cranium, consequent upon what the Surgeon declares to have been a "concussion of the brain." I regard his opinion with much satisfaction, in view of the fact that a friend of mine has frequently told me that I had no brains, or I would be at home behaving myself, instead of wasting my days as a three years' volunteer. I am now awaiting instructions as to the validity of my parole, which I consider valid and binding, and shall fulfill its conditions, to the extent of my ability, my only object in assuming them having been to relieve the sufferings of our wounded men.

I cannot state definitely the losses in my regiment during the recent battles. About one hundred men only are now with the colors, but doubtless most of the "missing" were taken prisoners. I do not yet know the number of killed and wounded.

I remain yours very truly,

A. R. R.

## Commercial Advertiser.

Saturday Evening, July 18, 1863.

### LOCAL & MISCELLANEOUS.

LETTER FROM CHAPLAIN COOK.—The following letter from Chaplain P. G. Cook, of the 94th, will be perused with interest by those having friends in the regiment.

GETTYSBURG, PA., July 14, 1863.

EDS. COM.—Knowing that you and your readers will be interested in learning whatever they can of the fortunes of those engaged in the recent conflicts between the Union and rebel armies at this place, I herewith enclose a list of those taken prisoners on the first inst., connected with the 94th Regiment, and also a paper setting forth the conditions on which said prisoners were paroled. The list embraces only those from Buffalo and vicinity. It should be stated that the primary object of the detail was to gather up the wounded and dead of the Division with which the 94th is connected. To this humane work Col. Root and a squad of 150 of his men devoted their energies for two days succeeding the battle, bringing in some 275 or 280 wounded men, many of whom would have perished on the field but for the forethought and energy of Col. Root and his associates. Although the parole is not in conformity with the latest order on this subject, Col. Root is con-

ident that the Government will, under the circumstances, legalize what has been done and make the exchange called for. To effect this, the Col. went to Washington last week, and has not yet reported here.

In the meantime the "prisoner boys" are devoting themselves to the good work of caring for the wounded in the hospitals of this village, burying the dead, and whatever else of this kind may be required of them. In general, they submit with a becoming grace to their condition, though most of them are exceedingly anxious to know "what is to be done with them." They feel bound by their parole not to take up arms against the rebels again until regularly exchanged.

The regiment left here with the rest of the army last week Monday. The Col. and myself started at the same time for Washington. But after traveling a few miles in that direction, and having a conference with Gen. Patrick on the subject, I concluded to return to this place and devote my time and energies, for the present, to the welfare of these "prisoners," of whom there are one hundred and fifty, and to labor among the wounded in the hospitals. The work of caring for the multitude of sufferers from the terrific conflicts of the 1st, 2d and 3d Inst., is, humanly speaking, endless. Though there are many from northern cities and villages, and the citizens here devoting themselves systematically and with great energy to personal labor, night and day, for the wounded and dying, and the supplies of necessaries for the comfort of the body and the consolation of the mind are absolutely beyond computation, yet there is room for more. There are ever and anon some—yes, too many—uncared for and suffering for the want of sympathy and nursing.

The Sanitary and Christian Commissions are doing a gigantic and blessed work, preventing an immense amount of suffering and causing the hearts of many to leap with joy in the midst of sorrow and anguish. They seem to be, and I doubt not are, working in perfect harmony, frequently exchanging or borrowing and lending each other's goods. Besides these blessed agencies, there are many others having the same object in view. The American Express Co. from Baltimore, and the Baltimore Fire Department, have considerable supplies on hand for the hospitals. Several of the wards of Philadelphia have representatives here laboring assiduously with others to promote the comfort of the sufferers of the 2d Army Corps, who were found in a fearful state of destitution. During the late heavy rain several of the poor fellows who were lying outside upon the ground, were carried off and drowned by the swollen stream near by.

The scenes of sorrow and anguish on the part of the friends of the wounded and dead who are constantly arriving in search of loved ones, are numerous and harrowing beyond description.

A lady sits near me who arrived from Elma day before yesterday in search of her son, who was wounded on the 2d day of the battle. Soon after her arrival a messenger came from the hospital—four miles distant—saying that the young man could survive but a short time. It was nearly 9 o'clock P. M. when the mother arrived at the tent where her son, with eight others, lies upon the bed of straw groaning out his precious life. He was indeed but too near the end of his pilgrimage. He expired at 5 o'clock in the morning. What were the emotions of that mother during the few hours of consciousness that remained to her child, who but a mother in similar circumstances can tell?

Yours, &c., P. G. C.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., July 3d, 1863.

Surgeon Heard, Military Director of the First Army Corps, United States Army, having applied for a detail of Federal prisoners for hospital purposes and for attending to the wounded and burying the dead, the following named prisoners of war belonging to the 94th Regiment of New York Volunteers, having decided to avail themselves of the ordinary parole, are hereby detailed for the above duties; the conditions being that they will not attempt to escape nor take up arms against the Confederate States, nor to give any information that may be prejudicial to the interests of the Confederate States, until regularly exchanged should the United States Government refuse to consider this parole valid and binding, and refuse to exchange the following named prisoners, then they—the following named prisoners—are to remain prisoners of war to the Confederate States Government until regularly exchanged after retiring within the Confederate lines, and this detail of prisoners are to be subsisted

by the Confederate States so long as they remain within its lines. Col. Adrian R. Root, 94th N. Y. V., wounded, is permitted to take charge of the detail upon the above conditions.

List of members of the 94th Regt. N. Y. V., taken prisoners in the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., Wednesday, July 1st, 1863, subsequently paroled:

Col. Adrian R. Root, Sergt. H. C. Hathaway, Corp. W. Williams, Corp. Geo. C. Darnes, Corp. William Caythorn, Corp. Jesse Parker, privates Chas. R. Day, S. Chicker, P. Rich, Ira F. Jarvis, Geo. W. Green, R. T. Baines, Geo. Harding, Wm. Baxter, Geo. Hall, Wm. Luck, J. G. Corcoran, J. Calivan, A. P. Gebhard; drummer Edward Shoop, Sergt. James H. Brooks, privates J. Grosscoph, Thos. Daugherty.

Lieut. E. Chas. Parker was also taken prisoner, but sent with eight officers (five Captains and three Lieutenants) to Richmond.

Edward Williams, wounded in arm—broken.

FROM THE 94TH.—The Northern New York Journal of the 21st, has the following:

List of members of the 94th Regt. N. Y. V., who were taken prisoners in the battle of Gettysburg, on Wednesday, July 1, 1863; subsequently detailed for special duty in the Hospitals, and now on parole at Gettysburg:

WATERTOWN—Sergeants: C. W. Sloat, D. H. Mooney, Julius Augner, J. Smith, F. D. Carter, O. H. Ramsdell. Corporals: H. Gouldthread, F. Miller, John C. Whiting, A. Chiever, J. Ball, G. D. Wells, J. Laclare, L. Marrow, J. E. Fairbanks, T. Mooney, D. Carey, F. Baxter, John H. Davis. Privates: W. Salisbury, J. Premain, A. Stone, C. S. Fuller, C. Ravier, Geo. Babcock, I. Ely, W. Carpenter, O. Bradley, C. Guslin, M. McCambie, Abner Gould, L. Tripp, J. Deffert, E. Gailand, J. Thompson, J. Olley, J. York, S. Wilson, J. Gouldsmith, F. Allen, W. Wilder, C. Parmerton, P. Carroll, J. D. Hawley, D. French, W. Derosia, J. Van-Brocklin, J. S. King, Wm. Livingston, D. J. Maltby, N. Hildreth, Wm. C. Becker, Wm. Gillett, H. Franklin, Riley With, L. Mence, F. Jary, C. Ford, G. Tooker.

Lewis Co.—G. Harter, G. Karshner.

Casualties of the 94th Regt., N. Y. V., in the battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863:

DEATHS.

Company A—Sergt. Jno. Stratton, died of wounds July 3d.

Company B—Private Albt. E. Dixon, killed on the field July 1st.

Company C—Sergt. J. C. Sanders, died in hospital July 3d.

Company D—Privates: Jno. Glare, died in hospital July 3d. Michael Donahue, killed on the field July 1st. Jas. Mangan, killed on the field July 1st. Albt. A. Kroid, killed on field July 1st. Jno. Lineberger, killed on field July 1st. Christian Von Sneider, killed on field July 1st.

Company G—Private James Radigan, killed on the retreat. Sergt. Wm. McKendrie, died on the 4th.

Company F—Sergt. Hennesey, killed on battle field July 1st.

Company I—Sergt. McArthur.

WOUNDED.

Capt. H. G. White, slightly, prisoner, sent to Richmond. Capt. Byron Parsons, slightly, arm and leg. Lieut. O. F. Hawkins, slightly, prisoner, sent to Richmond. Lieut. C. F. Mesler, slightly, leg. Lieut. F. I. Massey, slightly, leg. Privates: Hitchcock, Co. A; Remo, Co. A; Phillips, Co. B; Dickerson, Co. C; Chevelly, Co. C; Cono-

ver, Co. L, Secor, Co. G; Close, Co F; Lake, Co. F; Miller, Co. F; Amy, Co. H.

P. S.—The above with others were sent forward to Baltimore on the 13th inst. There are in all about 40 wounded in the 94th Regiment, nearly all slightly.

OFFICERS PRISONERS AND SENT TO RICHMOND.

Capt. John C. Whiteside, Capt. H. G. White, Capt. Jno. McMann, Capt. C. C. Comea, Capt. A. F. Fields, Lieut. O. F. Hawkins, Lieut. E. Chas. Parker, Lieut. R. N. Joy, Lieut. D. C. Sears, Lieut. A. H. Locklin.

Very Respectfully Yours,  
P. G. COOK,  
Chaplain 94th N. Y. V.

**FROM THE 94TH.**

GETTYSBURG, PA., July 15, 1863.

EDITORS JOURNAL:—Presuming that the numerous friends of the 94th Regt., N. Y. V., in Watertown and vicinity, will be interested in any facts bearing upon the fortunes of the Regiment in the late battles at this place, I herewith transmit a statement as far as known to me, of the casualties and operations of the regiment during that terrible struggle. The 1st Army Corps, with which the 94th is connected, as you have doubtless already learned from the papers, opened the battle on Wednesday, the 1st inst. The 1st Division went in about 10 o'clock, A. M. Gen Reynolds, the Commander of the Corps, was killed at the very outset. Up to about 12 o'clock the fortunes of the day seemed to be with us. The 2d Division arrived on the ground soon after 12 o'clock. The 94th, after a very few moments' rest, were ordered to advance to the field of strife.

Never shall I forget my emotions and the expression on many countenances of the boys as we exchanged words and glances while they passed by me to encounter the perils of the battle-field. I tried to say an encouraging word and cheer them on to their fearful work. In general they seemed cheerful and resolute. They had scarcely left the field where I parted with them, before the shells began to fall so near and fast that I deemed it prudent to move further to the rear. From the position sought, I could see the movements of a considerable portion of our Division. Moving to the right a few hundred yards along the skirt of a piece of woods, and then advancing an  $\frac{1}{4}$  or  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a mile through an open field and woods, they came in sight of the enemy. Here they lay down behind a fence from whence they sent forth their missiles of death with terrible effect; the enemy fell by scores and after a short resistance began to retreat. Had our boys remained here or near that position longer, they say they should have held the enemy in check, and inflicted great damage upon him, with very small loss to themselves. But being ordered to charge

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across the open field they advanced from behind their breast work, but had not gone far before they found that a large force of the enemy were flanking them on the left. In fact they were soon between two fires, and were obliged to retreat to the lower side of the woods where they had first entered this part of the field. Here they again rally and form line of battle, and give the enemy volley after volley, with terrible effect—mowing them down, as they found on visiting the ground afterwards, by thousand. But though the brave fellows did all that was possible for skill, courage and determination to do, it was found impossible to hold their ground. The odds against them were too great, at least three to one!

Not far from 8 o'clock the General of Division ordered a retreat. At this time the 94th were in advance of nearly all their associates, and found themselves under the necessity of retreating between two lines of the enemy for nearly half a mile! It was while running this gauntlet that nearly all the casualties of the regiment occurred. Many a poor fellow was made to bite the dust while passing between these two lines of fire. The retreat was in the direction of the town, and, as many of the enemy reached the town from different directions sooner than our boys, they had no difficulty in capturing large numbers just before or soon after they entered the town. In fact the boys were too much exhausted to make good their escape. The army retreated to Cemetery Hill in rear of the town. The different flags were there soon

raised and the men requested to "fall in" around their respective standards. On average, less than  $\frac{1}{4}$  of those who went into action three hours before, made their appearance now! How sad we felt when we saw who and how many were not present you can better imagine than I describe! Our Colonel, 5 Captains, 4 Lieutenants and 275 of our brave boys were among the missing. Of these there have since returned to the Regiment about 50; killed and wounded 45 or 50; prisoners 160, leaving a large balance missing.

Yet, notwithstanding these sad facts, we could not but meet each other with a smile and congratulations as we thought or spoke of hair-breadth escapes. I cannot tell how thankful I felt that my messmates and dear friends, Major Moffett and Adjutant Scoville, had been spared. How the latter laid his head against my horse as we met, and wept for joy, and many others with glistening eyes could only exclaim: "Oh! Chaplain, we are here, but it's a wonder that any of us are alive!" "These are joys that the stranger intermeddeth not with."

It was my purpose to give some account of the conflicts of Thursday and Friday.

But for the want of time can only say with reference to them, that the 94th was under severe fire on both days; supported another Division on the second day where the contest was terrific, and lay under the most tremendous shelling that was ever witnessed several hours on the third day without flinching. In short I think the 94th, officers and men, acquitted themselves like *men*, brave, faithful and patriotic, throughout the terrible conflicts of the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July at Gettysburg. Long may they live to enjoy the benefits accruing to their country from the signal victory achieved over the enemies of liberty, justice and humanity.

The Regiment left Gettysburg on the 6th inst. with the army of the Potomac to follow, and, I hope, still further and more effectually chastise the enemy in his retreat. I felt it my duty, to remain with the prisoner boys, and do what I could for their comfort while they may remain here. What disposition will be made of them it is not yet possible to say. They are very uneasy and anxious to have the matter decided. Until regularly exchanged they feel unwilling to take up arms against the Confederates. And yet well informed military men regard their parole as a nullity.

CONDITIONS OF PAROLE.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., July 3, 1863.

Surgeon Hurd, Medical Director of the First Army Corps, United States Army, having applied for a detail of Federal prisoners for Hospital purposes, and for attending to the wounded and burying the dead, the following named prisoners of war, belonging to the Ninety-Fourth Regiment, N. Y. Volunteers, having declined to avail themselves of the ordinary parole, are hereby detailed for the above duties, the conditions being that they will not attempt to escape nor take up arms against the Confederate States, nor give any information that may be prejudicial to the interests of the Confederate States until regularly exchanged, and should the United States Government refuse to consider this parole as valid and binding, and refuse to exchange the following named prisoners, then they (the following named prisoners) are to remain prisoners of war to the Confederate States Government until regularly exchanged after returning within Confederate lines, and this detail of prisoners are to be subsisted by the Confederate States Government so long as they remain within its lines. Col. Adrian Root, 94th N. Y. V. (wounded) is permitted to take charge of the detail upon the above conditions.

List of members of the 94th Regt. N. Y. V., who were taken prisoners in the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., on Wednesday, July 1, 1863; subsequently detailed for special duty in the Hospitals, and now on parole at Gettysburg:

WATERTOWN—Sergeants: O. W. Sloat, D. H. Mooney, Julins Augner, J. Smith, F. D. Carter, O. H. Ramsdell. Corporals: H. Gouldthread, F. Miller, John C. Whiting, A. Chiever, J. Ball, G. D. Wells, J. Laclare, L. Marrow, J. E. Fairbanks, T. Mooney, D.

Carey, F. Baxter, John H. Davis. Private.  
 W. Salisbury, J. Premain, A. Stone, C. S.  
 Fuller, C. Ravier, Geo. Babcock, I. Ely, W.  
 Carpenter, O. Bradley, C. Guslin, M. Mc-  
 Cambie, Abner Gould, L. Tripp, J. Deffert,  
 E. Gailand, J. Thompson, J. Olley, J. York,  
 S. Wilson, J. Gouldsmith, F. Allen, W.  
 Wilder, C. Parmerton, P. Carrol, J. D.  
 Hawley, D. French, W. Derosia, J. Van-  
 Brocklin, J. S. King, Wm. Livingston, D.  
 J. Maltby, N. Hildreth, Wm. C. Becker,  
 Wm. Gillett, H. Franklin, Riley With, L.  
 Mence, F. Jary, C. Ford, G. Tooker.  
 Lewis Co.—G. Harter, G. Karshner.

Casualties of the 94th Regt., N. Y. V., in  
 the battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863:

DEATHS.

Company A—Sergt. Jno. Stratton, died  
 of wounds July 3d.  
 Company B—Private Albt. E. Dixon,  
 killed on the field July 1st.  
 Company C—Sergt. J. C. Sanders, died  
 in hospital July 3d.  
 Company D—Privates: Jno. Glare, died in  
 hospital July 3d. Michael Donahue, killed  
 on the field July 1st. Jas. Mangan, killed  
 on the field July 1st. Albt. A. Kroid, killed  
 on field July 1st. Jno. Lineberger, killed  
 on field July 1st. Christian Von Sneider,  
 killed on field July 1st.  
 Company G—Private James Radigan,  
 killed on the retreat. Sergt. Wm. McKen-  
 drie, died on the 4th.  
 Company F—Sergt. Hennesey, killed on  
 battle field July 1st.  
 Company I—Sergt. McArthur.

WOUNDED.

Capt. H. G. White, slightly, prisoner,  
 sent to Richmond. Capt. Byron Parsons,  
 slightly, arm and leg. Lieut. O. F. Haw-  
 kins, slightly, prisoner, sent to Richmond.  
 Lieut. C. F. Mesler, slightly, leg. Lieut.  
 F. I. Massey, slightly, leg. Privates: Hitch-  
 cock, Co. A; Reno, Co. A; Phillips, Co. B;  
 Dickerson, Co. C; Chevelly, Co. C; Con-  
 ver, Co. D; Secor, Co. G; Olose, Co. F; Lake,  
 Co. F; Miller, Co. F; Amy, Co. H.  
 P. S.—The above with others were sent  
 forward to Baltimore on the 18th inst. There  
 are in all about 40 wounded in the 94th  
 Regiment, nearly all slightly.

OFFICERS PRISONERS AND SENT TO RICHMOND.

Capt. John O. Whiteside, Capt. H. G.  
 White, Capt. Jno. McMann, Capt. C. G.  
 Comee, Capt. A. F. Fields, Lieut. O. F.  
 Hawkins, Lieut. E. Chas. Parker, Lieut. R.  
 N. Joy, Lieut. D. C. Sears, Lieut. A. H.  
 Locklin.

Very Respectfully Yours,  
 P. G. Cook,  
 Chaplain 94th N. Y. V.

FROM THE 94TH REGIMENT.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

CAMP 94TH N. Y. S. V.,  
 Rappahannock Station, Va.,  
 August 13th, 1863.

*See over  
for 1st 1/2 page*

This day's march was more leisurely, less  
 fatiguing, and pleasanter than the preced-  
 ing. The roads were better and the heat  
 not so oppressive as on previous days. We  
 arrived at Warrenton before five—affording  
 time to locate the Camp and prepare sup-  
 per before dark.

The boys seem quite familiar with all the  
 localities in and about this Warrenton—it  
 being the fourth time the regiment has been  
 here.

The village occupies a beautiful site, and  
 has a large number of fine looking dwellings,  
 many of them built of brick and more in  
 northern style of architecture than we have  
 generally seen in Virginia. The inhabitants  
 appear to be strongly secesh—the Union  
 portion having been obliged either to leave  
 or professedly join the Confederates.

When our advance guard entered the vil-  
 lage some of the people manifested a dispo-  
 sition to oppose our entrance. A consider-  
 able quantity of fire arms was found con-  
 cealed in the houses.

After a rest of two nights and a day we  
 had marching orders again, and were soon  
 under way for "Warrenton Junction,"  
 some 8 miles distant. On arriving at this  
 place—not having any idea how long we  
 should remain, we pitched tents and pre-  
 pared to make ourselves comfortable. Here  
 the order came for the officers and men who  
 had been detailed some days previously to  
 go northward for our quota of Conscripts  
 to get ready to leave in the evening train  
 for Elmira, via Alexandria and Washing-  
 ton. In due time our energetic and amiable  
 Adjutant Scoville and his squad of six men  
 reported at Head Quarters, received their  
 orders, and were off on their important and  
 agreeable mission. They will be more ex-  
 peditions and fortunate than we anticipate,  
 if they return with their recruits before the  
 middle of September.

The Adjutant thought they should be  
 with us much sooner. We shall see. Very  
 shortly after these friends left us the bugle  
 sounded the imperative—"strike tents"—  
 "pack up!"

It was near dark when we got started for  
 "Bealton Station," and though the distance  
 was but 5 or 6 miles, our progress was so  
 much impeded by ditches, ravines, "runs,"  
 and last, though not least, by the darkness  
 and a tremendous storm attended with thun-  
 der, and lightning—that it was near mid-  
 night when we were halted and ordered to  
 pitch tents in another field of all wet grass.  
 But we were soon under cover of wood, late or  
 early, the soldier will sleep, and have a  
 fire to boil his coffee.

The prospect in this instance was poor enough for either. We were drenched to the skin by the rain—tents and blankets all wet—the ground of course ditto. And as to wood there seemed to be none to be had within less than half a mile. And yet, in less than 20 minutes fires were burning briskly, and dispensing their good cheer throughout the encampment—the coffee was soon boiling—tents were spread, and ere the small hours had arrived, hundreds of our soldier boys were prepared to lie down to rest. Yes, and despite wet clothes, and wet grass, they did rest sweetly, and arose on the following beautiful Sabbath morning, as much refreshed and cheerful as the majority of their friends at home. To this there were of course exceptions.

This day, Sabbath 26th, was very hot, and little was done, but to move Camp a short distance, and make ourselves as comfortable as possible. At 6 1/2 o'clock a. m., we had religious services which the 1st Brigade were invited to attend. The several Chaplains of the Brigade took part in the exercises.

As we were about to retire to rest for the night, the bugle warned us to "strike tents," and "pack up" again. We could hardly believe our ears, and would not, until we had sent out a messenger to inquire whether it was a fact that we were to make another night march. Being assured that it was even so, we set about making the necessary preparations for our departure, whither we knew not. But when the morning dawned upon us we found ourselves at Rappahannock Station—a locality well known to the boys of the 94th. It was here they had a four days fight with the Rebels last year about this time—during which there was some of the severest artillery fighting of the war.

For the first 24 hours after our arrival the troops were kept under arms as if momentarily expecting an attack. After this tents were put up and matters put into better shape for the comfort of the men—with orders to be ready to move on short notice. We remained thus until Saturday morning when all hands were early on the move. Soon after daylight, a small body of sharpshooters crossed this Rubicon in boats and drove off the few Rebels who were watching our movements from that side. In a few hours a pontoon bridge was ready for our accommodation.

A considerable force of cavalry followed by our Division of infantry passed over, without opposition. A Division of Beaufoords cavalry, as you have been informed by the papers, drove the Rebel cavalry that day nearly to Culpepper, but were obliged to fall back towards night. This fact caused no small stir among us. At 10 o'clock we were ordered to commence throwing up breast works and be prepared for an attack

from the enemy at any moment. Other Divisions of infantry and artillery were soon in position near us, and prepared to give the "Johnny Rebels" a warm reception if they came. But with the exception of two or three false alarms, we have not been disturbed up to this time.

Just one week from the day our Brigade crossed over, they returned to this, the north side of the river, where we have a very pleasant encampment within a few hundred yards of the river.

The regular routine of Camp duties has been adopted. Morning and afternoon drills for the men, dress parades, guard mountings, &c. &c. are occupying the attention of both officers and men as much of the time as is deemed profitable during the "hot season." Company and field officers are improving their "leisure moments" in bringing up their books, adjusting accounts and straightening up matters generally with the various departments of the service.

On the two Sabbaths we have been here the Chaplains of this Brigade have deemed it best to have united religious services in the afternoon—the Chaplains taking their turn in addressing the audience. These exercises have been pleasant and, we trust, profitable to all concerned—though the attendance has not been as large as we could desire and hope to see in future. To-morrow at 10 o'clock, the Chaplains propose to have a meeting at Bealton for consultation as to the most efficient measures for the prosecution of their work.

I am happy to be able to report that the Sanitary condition of our regiment and the troops generally is unusually good. There is no prevailing epidemic and very little sickness of any kind, in this portion of the army of the Potomac. Major S. A. MORFETT of your place is in command of the Regiment, a position he has occupied with much credit to himself and satisfaction to the Regiment since the battle of Gettysburg.

Conscripts are beginning to arrive in considerable numbers for this Division of the army of the Potomac, though none have come for this regiment.

The Quartermaster has just arrived—producing a great amount of amusement and much joy among the troops. Numbers are afloat that we are to move soon.

Yours, &c., R. G. C.

**FROM THE 94TH REGIMENT.**

CAMP 94TH N. Y. S. V.,  
Rappahannock Station, Va.,  
August 13th, 1863.

PUBLISHERS NORTHERN N. Y. JOURNAL:—  
Having promised to report the "94th" occasionally to your Journal, I feel bound without further delay to give you some account of our movements since the battle of Gettysburg. The army, as you are aware,