

21

There are few new phases of camp life. The weather has for the last few days been delightful. Regiments are constantly leaving and coming in all about us, filling the highways with their covered baggage wagons, and the air with their shouts and music. Blackberries are "thick" and luscious in the fields and along the skirts of the woods, affording rare dessert for the soldiers, who pick them by the bushel. They eat them with nice fresh milk, which is procured from obliging cows that pasture in the neighborhood. The men have a habit of "foraging," which brings to camp many delicacies—but its *morality* is another question. I am told there are hundreds of acres of land about Washington that produce nothing but blackberries. They are the only cheap article in market, selling for a "fip" (sixpence) a quart. In the city, the streets are as lively as ever. Willard's Hotel, which is just now the very center of excitement, is crammed night and day, so that one can hardly find standing room. Here concentrate all military men, hither flock news-seekers and public men of all kinds. All seem full of business and enthusiasm, discussing war news with great earnestness.

Quartermaster Bates, of our Regiment, has resigned. Mr. Bates has filled the office of Quartermaster in an honorable manner, and has discharged the most arduous duties in such a manner as to deserve great credit. The Regiment has, to my certain knowledge, been better provided for than two-thirds of those here, and will certainly miss the services of Mr. B. The position, however, is proverbially a thankless one, and he who occupies it is not to be envied. Mr. Bates will be succeeded by Mr. Brodhead, formerly of Baggs' Hotel, Utica, who will be an efficient officer in this department, having had some experience in the business. It is the intention of Mr. Bates to return to New York and complete the organization of a battery of flying artillery, toward which he has long had an eye. This is a branch of the service that needs strengthening, and is a department of military in which most brilliant success may be attained. That Mr. Bates is fitted for the position, I believe his actions will show.

A little incident occurred, a day or two since, that did my heart good. The chief actor on the occasion was Capt. Cowan, Company D, of the Fourteenth Regiment, well known as a former resident of Utica, and lately of Batavia. Capt. C. is a man below the medium height, with jet black hair and beard, bronzed complexion, thin and spare in flesh, but possessed of iron nerve and muscle. He was in the city, busily engaged getting some men discharged who had been pronounced by the Inspector unfit for military duty, and feeling the pangs of hunger, stepped into a restaurant for a lunch. There were several rough looking fellows inside, who eyed him fiercely when he entered. Not noticing them, however, the Captain took his seat at a small table, directly opposite two or three of them, and quietly called for his lunch. He had hardly seated himself before the villains, who proved to be secessionists, commenced casting slurs upon the volunteer soldiers from the North, and especially insinuating against the officers. The Captain was accompanied by only one man, and he an invalid, and therefore the cowardly wretches were in their glory. He listened quietly but with boiling blood to the insulting language of the rascals, till at last, emboldened by the silence of Capt. C., one who sat across the table from him ventured on a personal insult. This was more than Capt. Cowan's Scotch blood could stand. Quick as thought he seized an earthen bottle that stood on the table, and rising from his seat, dealt the cowardly traitor such a stunning blow upon the forehead that the blood spattered out, and he fell to the floor senseless. The force of the blow shattered the heavy bottle, and left only the neck in Capt. C.'s hand. But quickly

22

picking up another of the same sort, he stood at bay an instant, expecting the rest of the crew to attack him. It seemed, however, that their pluck was gone, for they paid no further heed to the Captain, but hurried on to their drunken, ed comrade. Perceiving this, Capt. C. quietly paid his bill, and walked off unmolested. A few lessons of this sort administered to secessionists in Washington would do much to quiet their treasonable utterances.

The Twenty-Sixth Regiment, Col. Christian, will, at the end of three months from the time it was sworn in, be disbanded. As many of the men are unwilling to be soldiers any longer, Col. C. is preparing to raise a new regiment for the war. Those who remain of his present regiment will form the nucleus of a new one.

The intelligence of the constant successes of our troops that arrives almost daily is received here with rejoicing, and a universal confidence prevails that our arms are destined to meet with unbroken success all through the campaign. Still, much impatience is manifested that the war is not pushed forward more rapidly. The action and temper of Congress are, as far as I have been able to learn, received with unconditional approbation by Union men.

Col. McQuade has been suffering lately from the effects of the fever with which he was prostrated before leaving Utica. He has fully recovered now, however, with the exception of a sore throat, and is engaged daily drilling the Regiment.

Among the many visitors to our camp, I was pleased to greet our friend Alvin White, of Utica. He came to visit his son, and see the land of the secessionists.

The city of Utica, I believe, is furnishing more officers than any place of its size in the Union. R. C. Enright, I have just learned, has been appointed Major in the Third New York Irish Regiment. The Regiment, mainly through the exertions of Roscoe Conkling, has been accepted, and will soon enter the service. Major Enright is posted in military matters, and will make an efficient officer.

Washington is crowded with distinguished visitors.

Letters to the Fourteenth will be received at Washington at present, and even after we cross the river into Virginia, they will be directed as heretofore until further notice.

Yours for our country, D. F. R.

THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.

WILLARD'S HOTEL,
WASHINGTON, July 19th, 1861.

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald:

We are all excitement here. Every one is talking about the war news from Manassas Junction. Messengers have been coming in all day from the other side, bearing intelligence from Gen. McDowell's column. Before this will reach you, full particulars of the conflict will have been telegraphed. The news that our troops have, after a prolonged and bloody fight, captured Manassas Junction, and that Beauregard has retreated, is received here with a stern sort of joy. We are told that four regiments of our brave fellows are cut to pieces—two New York, one Massachusetts and one Wisconsin regiments.—This is sad indeed, and it stirs one's heart terribly to think that so many noble hearts should be stilled by the dastardly rebels. The stories say that our men fought like lions till the day was theirs, and the glorious Stars and Stripes waved over the late stronghold of the secessionists. But the slaughter has been immense. Among the

troops quartered here there prevails the strongest desire to hasten over and join their brothers in arms. The general opinion here is, that the troops will be pushed directly on to Richmond, and that Virginia will soon be cleared of rebel troops.

Since writing the above, I have learned that the stories relative to the capture of Manassas, are not entirely reliable. Undoubted authority, (the War Department) says, however, that there has been a signal victory achieved at Bull's Run, and that the taking of Manassas is expected within a few hours.

In the 14th there has been considerable excitement for a few days. We have been hourly expecting marching orders, the Colonel having been instructed to hold his Regiment in readiness for any emergency. This morning a fine band came from Batavia, and has joined the Regiment. It was procured by the efforts of Capt. Cowan, and will add immensely to the spirit, style, and spunk of the 14th. Yesterday the U. S. Paymaster commenced paying off the regiment. He paid companies A, B, and C, and the Staff; and to-morrow will finish the rest.

Another good bit of news for you is that we are to have the Enfield rifle. The regiment will be supplied from the lot of 5,000 which left New York city yesterday. I need not assure you that the men are willing enough to make the exchange, although target practice has shown the old musket to be more reliable than it was supposed to be. It is suspected that very soon after our new rifles are received we will have orders to march.

The provision panic has pretty much frittered itself away, notwithstanding severe efforts to keep it up by evil disposed persons. The men have had not only the regular army allowance of rations, but quite a number of extras; such as salt herrings, codfish, onions, and split peas, which are not included in the regular ration. While some regiments here in Washington have been put off with hard biscuit five or six days in succession, we have only had one day's ration of it, and we have had fresh meat every other day nearly all the time since we have been here. The truth is, most of the trouble has been caused by a few individuals who have an especial talent for making trouble. I learn through private letters, that some of those sick persons who have returned home are circulating reports corroborating the lies that have been told concerning our late Quartermaster. All statements to the effect that he has not performed his duty while in that position are false. The regiment fared as well under his care as it could possibly have fared, unless under the charge of an old hand at the business. I do not know of a single instance when he failed to act fully up to his duty, unless prevented by the lack of stores in the government warehouses.

Mr. Brodhead has entered upon the discharge of his duties, but it will take several days for him to get fairly worked into the harness.

The health of the Regiment is good. For over a week we have had most delightful weather. The air has been cooled by frequent showers, and the sun has moderated his fierce heat so much that it is not unpleasant to go out at midday.

Yours for our country,

D. F. R.

Ulrica Morning Herald
AND DAILY GAZETTE

THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Va., }
July 27, 1861. }

To the Editor of the Ulrica Morning Herald:

29

Again we have pitched our tents. This time our tent-pins are driven into the "sacred soil" of Virginia, and there I think they will stick until every rebel tent-pin is withdrawn from the territory of the Old Dominion. We are encamped not far from Fort Corcoran, on Arlington Heights. All about us the hand of the engineer has been busy fortifying the Heights that overlook Washington, completely commanding the city. Forts have been built, breastworks thrown up, and cannon planted on every commanding spot. Forests have been leveled wherever they obstructed the range of batteries, and roads cut in every direction to facilitate the movement of troops. And the labor is still going on. Night and day regiments of men are toiling with the ax, pick and spade. In one night this week our men cleared several acres of timber land. It is intended that Arlington Heights shall be made impregnable, for were they once gained by our enemy, Washington would be lost. I have no idea, however, that they will ever be attacked by the rebels, and if they were, it would be a miracle if they should succeed in taking them. Our camp is in the midst of a peach orchard, not more than a hundred rods from Gen. Lee's former residence, which is situated still farther up the hill, and commands a fine view of Georgetown, Washington, the Potomac and surrounding country. Col. McQuade is placed in command of the ferry and aqueduct across the Potomac from Georgetown to Arlington Heights. A strong guard of our men watch there both night and day, and no person is allowed to cross unless provided with a pass from Gen. Sherman or Mansfield. In some respects our camp is pleasanter than the former one, while in others it is not so agreeable. Here, the position is nearer the scene of action, consequently more exciting, but the ground itself is not so good, although the view is magnificent. The water in our old camp was excellent, here it is execrable. The men are feeling amazingly well, and scarcely one is in the hospital. They have trebled the labor to perform that they had in Washington, but do not murmur. The regiment, I am glad to say, is gaining a good name here, and is in reality becoming thoroughly efficient in all the duties of soldiery. I believe when the Fourteenth is called upon to meet the rebels face to face, they will prove fearless and true.—

Wednesday, the remainder of the regiment were paid off. They received \$16 50 per man up to the first of July. Out of this amount some of the companies have sent home five and six hundred dollars each. Companies A and B have fitted themselves out with leather leggins and Zouave caps, red and tasselled. It gives them a very fierce and warlike look, and I have no doubt adds to the fierceness of their spirit.

I have heard many stories of the late fight from men who were engaged in it—from members of the 79th, 13th New York, 69th, Wisconsin 2d, and others. They all indicate that had the skill of the officers been equal to the courage and endurance of the men, the record of July 21st, 1861, would have been far different. And even as the battle resulted, it was a victory for the federal troops but for the panic. Our running away was a phenomenon that surprised the rebels far more than the terrible execution of our guns.—

They are, judging from all statements, both of their own and our side, the worst whipped of the two, and had the ground that was so valiantly gained been held, as it might have been very easily, it would have been recorded as a brilliant but very natural result of the prowess of our arms. Now, we have the same ground to win over again. The noble blood that has been spilled so freely, the deeds of daring performed, not by individuals alone, but by whole regiments of men.

are they, through the inefficiency of other men, rendered of no avail? I believe the blood has not been spilled in vain, nor the deeds of daring wrought for naught. Although a portion of our army was seized with that ghastly fear that constitutes a panic, they are not defeated. They are only foiled for a time in their purpose, which will only make them more determined when they next undertake to accomplish it. Pages might be written about the incidents of the fight, in which our men maintained the name of Americans, reckless in courage as they are in all else, yet cool, collected and steady, as if merely driving a bargain—till the panic came, then wild and unreasonable as any crowd that ever "run" a bank. Every day diminishes the number of our loss as the stragglers come in. I do not think our total loss will exceed six hundred, while according to the statements of Southern papers their own loss is over a thousand.

A large number of prisoners are quartered here, and—would you believe it?—they are daily visited by friends here in Washington, who furnish them with all kinds of delicacies, condole with them and cheer them in every possible way. These cursed rebels are prominent here, and have been heard to utter their treasonable wishes, before this battle gave them an opportunity to openly manifest their sympathy with secession by thus comforting and cheering their rebel brethren. Kindness shown to prisoners I do not condemn in itself, but when the spirit that prompts these persons to carry wine, champagne and delicacies of all sorts to these rebel prisoners, and to refuse a cup of water to a federal soldier, is known to be a spirit of sympathy with the rebellion, then these acts become treason, and in my opinion should be treated as such. Secessionists flourish in rank profusion right here in the Capital. Hang them, say I. Government thinks differently, and feeds them out of its own crib.

Active preparations are going on for a more determined renewal of the war. Many troops arrive daily. McClellan and his body guard, a noble set of fellows, are in Washington. The utmost confidence is placed in McClellan. Yours for our country. D. F. R.

THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Va., }
August 2d, 1861. }

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald:

Notwithstanding everything is quiet here in Washington, no advance movements being made just now, and our camp lying quietly and without fear of molestation on the banks of the Potomac, items enough transpire daily to make even a larger column than that devoted to matters of local interest to the readers of the HERALD. I shall not encroach upon your crowded columns so much as to make an attempt to mention all these interesting little bits of news, but I will endeavor to give all who feel interested in our welfare, a general idea of how we feel, how we look, what we do, what we see, where we go, what for, and will not forget that you are all anxious to have at least a rational word from me occasionally. As no active campaigning is going on, our life is bereft somewhat of the stern aspect which characterized it when we first came across the river. Still the strictest military discipline is maintained in camp, as in fact every camp in the army of the Potomac is subjected to a stricter discipline since Gen. McClellan took command of it. Col. McQuade is still guarding the Aqueduct and the Ferries between Georgetown and Arlington Heights. The most rigid rules are observed concerning passes, and the good effect of such a course is manifest in the rapid dwindling of the crowd of officers and men that before

26

hung about Willard's Hotel, and other public places in Washington. One hundred men are detailed for guard duty daily in our regiment.— There are several principal stations, designated as the aqueduct; the two ferries; the tunnel, a place where the Fairfax road is cut down through the rocks and passes under the canal a few rods from the aqueduct across the Potomac; the redoubt named Fort McQuade, commanding the rear of Fort Corcoran and the road leading to Alexandria; and "the island." The latter is a small body of land surrounded by the waters of the Potomac, and connected with the Virginia side by an earth and stone bridge several hundred feet long. It is situated directly opposite Georgetown, and forms the western landing place of the ferries. Being so easy of access from the Washington side, it is closely guarded to prevent the landing of spies or Secessionists.

Never having accurately described our camp, I will endeavor to give you some idea of our situation. We are located about half a mile from the Potomac, half way up the slope that is called Arlington Heights. The river is not more than a quarter of a mile wide here, and on the opposite side from us, on a corresponding slope, is built the village of Georgetown. Standing within our lines and facing the river, revealed at intervals between the intervening forests and hills for several miles below, a fine view is afforded of Georgetown and Washington and the surroundings. Far down the Potomac on the right, so distant that it seems to rest on the surface of the water, stretches like a black thread across the river, the Long Bridge. Away beyond it, and scarcely distinguishable against the dim background of blue hills, can be seen the dark walls and towers of the Government Lunatic Asylum. Conspicuous in front looms the Capitol, with its unfinished rotunda, while like a ghostly sentinel stands on the right of it, the white, square pile of marble, also unfinished, called Washington Monument. A little to the left and nearer the eye, rests on an eminence the Observatory, only its round white roof being visible among the trees that entirely surround it. On this side of the eminence, earthworks are being thrown up which command our position and all parts of Arlington Heights. Still farther to the left extend the streets and residences of Washington. On the extreme left wind the banks of the Potomac, and rests the village of Georgetown. The view on the left is limited by woods and hills to a distance of not more than two miles. As Georgetown and Washington are closely joined, the only distinguishing line of separation being a small creek that runs between and empties into the Potomac, the view in the night is also an interesting one. From the front of my tent I can look out and behold from Georgetown on the left, and in front, for several miles far to the extreme right of the Capital, the darkness thickly gemmed with lights. When the nights are moonlit, the scene is enchanting. Then the distant walls, roofs, steeples and towers are softly revealed by the quiet moonbeams, the Potomac is smoothly silvered as a sweep of light, while in the background, vague, shadowy and indistinct, lie the dark, wood crowned hills of Maryland. On almost every side of us in our immediate vicinity, the view is met with wastes of fallen forests, the leaves of the prostrate trees withered and dry. Before the war, Arlington Heights was almost entirely covered with woods, but now the axes of the pioneers have made sad havoc with the Virginia oaks, and they lie strewn desolately everywhere. On the crest of the hill, immediately in rear of our camp is Fort Corcoran, which, although now apparently impregnable, is being strengthened every day.— Huge logs are hauled by our camp constantly, and taken up to the Fort to be added to some part of its works.

have characterized the members of the 14th, both officers and men, they have now the fullest confidence of Gen. Sherman, and from him have received the very strongest expressions of satisfaction and approbation. I will for a moment consider myself an outsider while I repeat some of the compliments of which Col. McQuade and his regiment have been made the recipients.— Gen. Sherman says the 14th is the best regiment, and it has performed its duty in guarding the ferries, etc., better than any other regiment that had been under his command. And this afternoon, while the regiment was going through dress parade, who should ride up, *unexpected* and *unannounced*, but Gen. McClellan himself, with his staff and body guard. He reviewed the regiment and pronounced it the best he had seen. He said to Col. McQuade that they went through all the forms, and looked better than any other, and expressed himself delighted with the drill. This compliment, coming from so strict a disciplinarian and such a thorough soldier as Gen. McClellan, besides taking the regiment by surprise, is really worth a great deal. Gen. McClellan is an earnest, energetic appearing man, apparently about thirty-five. He inspires confidence wherever he goes, and in whomever he approaches.

A Division Court-Martial for Gen. McClellan's command has been summoned and commenced to day. It is held at the headquarters of Brig.-Gen. Richardson, at Fort Albany, about two miles from here on the Alexandria road. The body is composed of twenty Colonels, chosen from the Division, and of this body Colonel McQuade has been made President. I am informed that the court martial will have business sufficient to employ them steadily two or three weeks.

Since there is a probability of our remaining here some time, the camp is gradually becoming thoroughly fitted up. The Hospital is pleasantly, neatly and comfortably arranged. Our surgeons attend closely to the needs of their department, while under the immediate supervision of John B. McQuade, Hospital Steward, and R. L. Dryer, Ward Master, the invalid occupants of the Hospital, have no want compatible with camp life which is not fully met and supplied. We have lately received an addition to our medical corps, by the coming of Edwin Hutchinson, of Utica. He acts in the capacity of volunteer Assistant Surgeon, and will, I am confident, labor efficiently in his important department of the good cause. From the hospital stores supplied by friendly hands, the sick, of whom there are very few now in our regiment, are furnished with nice sheets and clean cotton and linen underclothes to sleep in. No one can appreciate these comforts as thoroughly as a sick soldier, and I'll warrant many a silent prayer is offered from hospital beds for those whose kindly care has ministered to the wants of the sick and wounded soldier.

We have even a barber-shop among us, kept by Mr. Wm. Roper, of Company A. He occupies a tent, wherein is placed an impromptu but very easy chair, manufactured from rough boards and cushioned with a blanket. Here the weary soldiers may recline, close their eyes, and as the soothing, creamy lather mesmerizes their tired senses, limbering the raspy beard till it is ready for the swath, and solacing the nasal organ with its unctuous smell, they may fly on the wings of fancy to the odoriferous bowers of Bachelor Brothers, and imagine themselves there at peace with all men, especially the barber. On account of the war and the hard times, Mr. Roper charges only five cents a shave, and will cut your hair so close you can see the grain, just for the fun of the thing—and ten cents.

Night before last, two hundred of our men, in connection with two or three hundred others, went out on a scouting expedition. Owing to a failure in the plan, the expedition failed in its ob-

ject. It was commanded by Gen. Sherman, and had it not been for some premature firing, probably a large number of secession prisoners would have been taken.

Our new Quartermaster, Mr. Brodhead, is working hard in his department, and gives general satisfaction. No one can take a deeper interest in the welfare of the regiment than he, nor labor more assiduously for its benefit.

A most interesting feature of our camp is the music. It is impossible to imagine what enchantment it lends to the evenings to hear ringing out on the starlit air from a full chorus of such voices as we have here, the old familiar airs and songs of home. I venture to assert that no common band of musicians can surpass our amateur club of vocalists, among whom are many names well known in the musical circles of Utica. Serenades are not unfrequent, and they are carried through in regular style, the inmates of the tent rising and inviting the troubadours to partake of such refreshment as may be afforded. In return the musical revellers of the night join their voices in harmony, and now in glee, now in plaintive melody, patriotic hymns, or rich swelling choruses, fill the air with music, and carry one back on the wings of song to live over again the days and nights of the past, that furnish to the stern present some of its sweetest, dearest recollections. Nowhere can music fulfill its mission better than on the "tented field," in the midst of the rude alarms and stirring scenes of war. It may in the thrilling strains of the Marseillaise, or Columbia's martial hymns, nerve the patriot till danger and disaster serve but to beckon him on to victory; in the sweet notes of "Home, Sweet Home," or the well remembered, sacred hymns of the church, remind him well of the fireside and the loved religion for which he fights.

The nights here are cool and pleasant but the days are sweltering. Yet most of the men are toughened and brown as Indians, avowing that they never suffered less from the heat than they have this summer. I know of no fatality nor a dangerous illness in the Regiment. Frequent bathing is practiced among them, which I doubt not wards off the hand of disease many times, when it might otherwise have been laid heavily on the form of its victim. Never since it commenced to flow has the noble Potomac received in its bosom the forms of so many Northern freemen. Probably in the estimation of the "chivalry" its waters are disgraced by the sturdy plunges of these Northern boors. But the lordly river moves on as proudly as ever, and sometimes I even fancy that the contact of so many genuine monarchs of the soil, gives to its current a stronger flow and to its waters a vigor and life that they never knew before.

But I must close.

Yours for our Country, D. F. R.

[Business Notice]

The Fourteenth Regiment.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Va.

August 6th, 1861.

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald:

A PRINCE AMONG US.

The largest and most interesting event of this week is a visit that we had Sunday from Prince Napoleon. The first warning that we had of his coming was the announcement by Lieut. Ash, one of Gen. Macfield's aids, who rode into camp with a detachment of 20 U.S. cavalry, and informed Lieut. Col. Skillen, commanding the regiment in the temporary absence of Col. McQuade, that

29

the Prince was but a short distance off, and was coming to visit the camp. On so short notice, there was necessarily much bustle created in camp by the active endeavors of the men to get out on the parade ground, as Col. Sherman had selected the Fourteenth as the one from his brigade to be reviewed by the Prince. A large number of the men were absent, and consequently the regiment appeared poorly, compared with what it might have done. In a few moments three carriages appeared in sight, and were announced as the cavalcade of Napoleon. They had no escort save the cavalry and two or three horsemen following at a respectable distance behind, whom I took for reporters of the New York papers, although they may have been Counts or Dukes. The carriages made their way to the parade ground, when the distinguished party alighted. The regiment was already in line, awaiting the approach of the noble visitor. In company with the Prince was Mr. Seward, whose presence always seems so entirely *apropos* to any great occasion, whatever its character. There was no need to be told which was the Bonaparte, for his resemblance to his great uncle plainly distinguished the Prince from his companions, notwithstanding he was the plainest dressed of the party. He wore a linen suit of small check, and a straw hat. In company with Gen. Sherman he inspected the regiment, which then passed in review before him. The Prince took occasion to speak of the Fourteenth as an intelligent and fine-looking body of men. After some conversation among the officers and the party, and the exhibition to the Prince of a map showing the position of the opposing forces, the party entered their carriages and drove off toward the Arlington House. The selection of our regiment to be reviewed by Prince Napoleon was a high honor, and an especial compliment to its commander. So suddenly was the whole affair commenced and carried through, that some on the ground were not aware of anything of the kind till it was all over.

In regard to the movements of Federal troops, orders have been issued forbidding newspaper correspondents to reveal any knowledge that they may have of such matters. I shall therefore be restrained hereafter from writing as freely as heretofore concerning regimental affairs. A few days since, Gen. Sherman had chosen this regiment to occupy the right of his brigade, consisting of the DeKalb Regiment, the Ninth Massachusetts and Second Maine, with a company of cavalry and a battery of artillery; but since then another panic has broken out in our camp about the time of service, which threatens to deprive us of the confidence of Gen. Sherman, and lose us the post of honor that would otherwise have been given us. The regiment has up to this time enjoyed the perfect confidence of Gens. Sherman and McDowell, but a large number of the regiment are possessed with the idea that Government cannot hold them longer than the 17th of this month, and the discussion of the question has produced a state of demoralization in many of the companies that threatens to destroy in a great measure the usefulness of the regiment, for a time at least. The men will listen to no reason, and although one of the captains was dispatched to Washington to inquire into the matter for the satisfaction of the men, and he ascertained from the War Department that the regiment was legally in for two years, they still persist in believing that they will go home on the 17th of August. I have heard no reasons stated why they desire to return home, and can attribute it to nothing else than that they are tired of the business. It is almost the sole subject talked of here, and I fear unless it ceases before long, some of the men will be court-martialed. Such insubordination at this

30
junction, when all the troops are for a renewed effort against the enemy, may be exceedingly trying to Gen. McClellan. Understand that quite a number of other regiments are in the same trouble.

The Army of the Potomac, under the vigilant eye and untiring discipline of Gen. McClellan, must soon become equal to any emergency. He relaxes not a moment, appearing with his faithful body guard at all times of day, in all parts of the grand line. Early this morning he rode through our camp, having at that time been nearly through his entire command on this side of the river. If victory may be organized, he will certainly do it. In Washington, soldiers are getting to be a rare sight, although a large number of regiments are now encamped about the city.

The heat abates not, but on the contrary seems to be growing stronger. Yesterday the quicksilver crawled up to 111° in the shade. Our present warm jackets will soon, if the regiment behaves itself, be exchanged for the light flannel blouse worn by the United States soldiers, and our caps be superseded by the regular army hat. Much depends, however, on the conduct of the men.

Our mail is still received at Washington, and transported from there to the camp by Henry Barnard, Esq., who is our acting Postmaster, receiving and delivering all the mail matter of the regiment. Being an old hand at the business, he probably feels as much at home in it here, as when concealed behind the boxes in the Utica P. O.

The Band that joined us before we left the other side of the river, under the able leadership of Mr. Gardner, is rapidly improving, and furnishes us some very good music for dress parades, guard mounting, serenades, etc.

Yours for our country, D. F. R.

THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Va., }
August 8th, 1861. }

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald :

Our camp is still disturbed by the voices of the "17th soldiers." Every effort has been made to conciliate them, and while a portion have become satisfied that they are in for two years, others are as dogged as ever. What the secret of this panic is, remains to be ascertained. I cannot charge it to cowardice, for I believe there are more *brave men* in this regiment than in any other of its size about Washington. It cannot be for a lack of food, for I hear none but favorable remarks made concerning Quartermaster Brodhead, and although there may be individual cases of enmity against other superior officers, I am not aware that any charge is made against them, the sustaining of which would justify the present trouble. There are some among us, and I blush to say it, who are in favor of "compromise." One of these individuals gave utterance to his treasonable doctrines recently in presence of a superior officer, who caused him to be arrested and placed in the guard house, where he still remains. He is charged also with using mutinous language among the men, and talking treason in various ways. Besides being a three months man himself, he has endeavored to persuade others to the same conclusion, thus aiding in stirring up trouble in the regiment. I dislike exceedingly to make or reiterate any charges against any member of the regiment, but when treason rears its black head, under whatever circumstances it may be, I shall aim a blow at the monster, however facile the blow may be. In this case, I believe the instigator of the poisonous, traitorous sentiments that have crept in among us, is the *Utica Observer*. The person