

caused all hearts to burn with just indignation, and a deep desire to punish the dark crime, while the latter was hailed with joy, and every one expressed himself ready to march on the morrow, if necessary. The death of Col. ELLSWORTH is the general subject of conversation here to-night, all surmising a terrible vengeance at the hands of his Fire Zouaves.

Very important military dispatches are expected from Washington to-night. I would not be surprised if we were ordered to march to Washington to-morrow.

Yours for our country, D. F. R.

The Fourteenth Under Orders.

ALBANY, June 13.

Col. McQuade's and Col. Jackson's Regiments, stationed at the Industrial School Barracks, have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice.— They are anxiously awaiting the order for departure.

THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT ORDERED TO THE SEAT OF WAR!—The following is a dispatch received by T. R. McQUADE, Esq., last evening. The precise time of marching is not given, but it will be soon :

ALBANY, June 13th, 1861.

The Fourteenth Regiment having been ordered to proceed at once to the seat of war, all furloughs are hereby countermanded. All members must report at Headquarters before Friday, June 14th, at four o'clock, P. M., or be treated as deserters.

By order, JAMES McQUADE, Colonel.

DEPARTURE OF THE FOURTEENTH.—At three o'clock yesterday afternoon, Col. McQUADE's Regiment left the Industrial School Barracks, where they have been so long pining in restless inaction. They were escorted by Company B., and the Cadet Zouaves, of Albany, and by a hundred or more of Uticans, and numerous citizens from other localities which have furnished companies for the Fourteenth. The people of Albany turned out by thousands to witness the military display, and cry huzza to the brave departing soldiers. The Albany Journal says of the appearance of the troops: "In their dark blue uniform and full accoutrements, with their new muskets, and soldierly bearing, they looked formidable and massive. Col. McQUADE has a noble command, and he will lead it bravely to battle."

Fourteenth Regiment at the Seat of War.

The following clever and interesting letter, reaches us under the frank of Congressman VAN WYCK, of this State:

WASHINGTON, June 22.

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald:

Premising that you have heard all about our reception in New York long ere this, I will omit any description of it, save to say that it was flattering and agreeable to all interested in the Fourteenth. We are now in Washington.

EN ROUTE TO THE CAPITAL.

on the course of the Fourteenth from New York to Washington. We left the metropolis at half-past 3 P. M. Tuesday, rushed at the heels of the iron horse through the classic regions of New Jersey, passing Princeton; the lordly Delaware; Trenton, where the haughty Hessians yielded to a handful of frozen, foot-sore, but God-protected patriots led by our country's Father; past Bordentown, made memorable as the residence for many years of Joseph Bonaparte and other eminent Frenchmen; and passing within sight of William Penn's former residence, on the opposite side of the river. Our route through Jersey is full of historic interest, and at least one of the party enjoyed the ride. The country, especially the lower part, is very fertile and well cultivated, the cars running for miles through luxuriant clover meadows, thrifty peach orchards, and thick waving grain fields. It is a great country, too, for vegetables, supplying the New York and Philadelphia markets with early luxuries.

It was near 9 o'clock when we arrived at Philadelphia. The men were fatigued, hungry and thirsty, and expected to remain so till they reached Washington. But such was not the idea of the ladies of the town. The moment we reached Camden, a signal was given, and forthwith tables were spread in a building fitted up for the purpose close by the depot, and the entire regiment feasted on delicious ham sandwiches and coffee, dealt out mainly by ladies, who manifested the utmost interest in the welfare of the men. In return, the men gave cheers upon cheers for the ladies and philanthropic men of Philadelphia. And this is not a single case. Every regiment that passes through the city, at whatever time of night or day, is served in the same manner by these patriotic ladies. Let Philadelphia be remembered as filled with men and women whose hearts are gushing with kindness and good will, and whose hands are ready to obey their noble impulses. Remember Philadelphia! The supper was not all. While the men were refreshing themselves, an immense crowd had gathered along the railroad, all apparently eager to say a word of cheer or speak a good-bye. In this crowd the women far outnumbered the men, and were perfectly enthusiastic. It was after 12 o'clock when the long, heavy train started out of the depot, and then came a scene which is only paralleled by the parting scene at Utica, yet of a different nature. In this there were no tears shed—all was wild enthusiasm. The moon shone brightly on a scene that more resembled some Eastern carnival than the departure of a regiment of volunteers. At one end of the train a chorus of our vocalists were singing national songs, surrounded by a crowd of pleased listeners; at the other end, where the men were getting aboard, ladies were giving away aprons, handkerchiefs, pin-cushions, and all sorts of mementoes for the men to bear with them as keepsakes, and asking no remuneration therefor, only to be remembered by the recipients. Kisses—I never saw the market so easy in all my experience. They were given away as if valueless. For full half an hour some of our men, forgetful of past vows, received volley after volley without faltering or showing any signs of discouragement. Our gallant Major—who, by-the-bye, is the most "gallant" Major alive—proved himself a man of iron endurance by attending to at least a hundred "fair ladies." When at last the train moved away from the depot, it had to slowly plow its way through the surging mass of men and women that heaved back and forth with extended hands and vociferating throats. The side of the train fairly bristled with extended arms grasping hands that were reached in hundreds up for a parting shake. It seemed as if the road was lined for miles with people awaiting the passage of the train. Cannon were fired all the way along through Philadelphia, and not a rod

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was passed that was not alive with fluttering handkerchiefs and resonant with ringing cheers from stentorian lungs. All this excitement, be it remembered, was between the hours of 12 and 1 in the night, and in a city where regiments are constantly passing through. Is there not something of the French in the American character, which only required such a war as the present to be developed? Where else such outbursts, save in France or America? And who shall say their names will not be synonyms of military power.

"THROUGH BALTIMORE."

About 9 o'clock Thursday we approached the famous town of Baltimore. The first noticeable objects after leaving Havre de Grace, were Federal pickets, mounted and on foot, stationed along the railroad; then wrecks of burned bridges and locomotives, destroyed by the secessionists before driven away by the Federal arms; deserted residences; scattering negroes, who timidly cheered us as we passed along, lifting their hats with an air that said they would if they dared. Very slowly our train entered Baltimore, cheered as it came in by all who had pluck enough. Passing one immense iron foundry, the whole party of workmen came out in their red flannel shirts, and swinging their brawny brown arms in the air, gave cheers, long and lusty, for our regiment. Ah, those dusty, work-begrimed faces, with eyes that burn like the furnaces they rule, there is no mistaking them. They were not born and reared among the vaunted chivalry of the South; their muscles are hardened till they rival the tempered steel, and could smite a Beauregard dead at a single blow; but one of their hearts burns with more true chivalry than could be sifted out of all secessiondom. They were not afraid to show their colors any more than a lot of sailors whom we passed shortly after, as they stood aboard their vessel and held aloft the stars and stripes, cheering us with true sailor heartiness. But as we neared the center of the town, passing between rows of dirty houses, the windows of which were crammed with forlorn looking women and myriad children of all colors, some shouting for Jeff. Davis, and others, for the Regiment, all signs of either approbation or dislike gradually diminished, and we were viewed in silence by a ragamuffin crowd. It is very likely that the white tents of the Federal troops encamped within sight of the depot, had much to do with the quiet of our reception in Baltimore. The Regiment was soon formed in regular line, and with drums beating took up its march through Baltimore for the other depot. I could not help contrasting our reception in Baltimore, with the one at Philadelphia the previous night. Here, not a word was spoken. All the way to the depot we were followed by a large crowd, but not a cheer for the Flag or the Regiment. Surly looking fellows, whom I took to be "plug uglies," kept close to the line of march, eyeing us all the way with a regular hang-dog scrutiny, as if calculating how many thousand of their tribe it would take to whip us. Once in a while a man would step to the ranks and inquire what Regiment this was, but all the way prevailed the same ominous silence. No "stars and stripes," nor flags of any sort, no cheers for either side, but all the way through a silent scrutiny of our men. We were not molested in any manner, but I have not the slightest doubt that were the Federal troops withdrawn, a Northern regiment would have to fight its way through Baltimore. It is the sink-hole of villains and treason-working traitors, and should be treated as one of the enemy's strongholds. Once through the vile town, we sped on our way rejoicing, yet hardly realizing, that we had really passed through Baltimore. From Baltimore to Washington, scarcely a mile of ground was passed that did not reveal a camp of Federal troops, their white tents shining

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through trees, cresting hilltops and spotting valleys. We reached Washington about 1 o'clock.

AT THE CAPITAL.

On reaching Washington we discovered that Quartermaster Bates had secured a temporary camp on the grounds of President Lincoln, close by the White House, and to this delightful spot the Fourteenth was at once marched. This was a special favor, for which the Regiment is indebted to Mr. Bates, and to the same energetic officer they are also indebted for an extra good supply of camp equipage and for their present magnificent camp ground.

By 7 o'clock in the evening, the Regiment being sufficiently rested, and having been inspected by President Lincoln, marched out of the city about one mile to the place where we are now encamped. We are delightfully located in a wood, on the southern slope of a hill, on the grounds of Col. Stone, a burly, clever man, with a large leghorn hat. This is the same ground occupied by the New York Seventh at one time.

and has become interesting from being the scene of a skirmish in the early part of the war. A small brick dwelling on the ground is full of bullet marks, and the trees in some parts of the wood are also marked with bullets. On the grounds is a fine spring with a pump, which supplies the Regiment with excellent water—a very good thing in camp life. We are surrounded by Regiments. Our nearest neighbors are the Ninth N. Y. City Regiment, the Eighteenth New York, a Maine Regiment, an Ohio Regiment, and Col. Christian's Regiment, the Twenty-Sixth, which latter arrived to-day from Elmira. Half-a-dozen other regiments are within sight, but I have not learned where from as yet.

CAMP LIFE.

Could some of our Utica artists who have a particular eye for the picturesque but look in upon us, they would find ample employment for pencil or brush, and perhaps for their cacchinnatory muscles. The encampment taken as a whole—the white tents mingling with the deep green of the trees above and around them—is striking, (no pun) and romantic, but once descend into details—once get a clear, microscopic view—and the enchantment vanishes, or at least assumes another form. Could some of our Utica friends behold some of their Fourteenth friends huddling about the Quarter-Master's Provision Depot, and finally in triumph lugging off a chunk of salt pork or beef, they would, I think, be more struck with the novelty than the romance of the sight. Yet they might well envy us the appetite with which said salt beef or pork is eaten, cooked not quite so delicately as Utica kitchens were wont to prepare us food. All sorts of men are turned cooks. Even your humble servant had the honor of making some beef steak, and a cup of tea, to-day, which were pronounced "good" by Surgeon Churchill and Major Ynung. So I am vain enough to imagine that I could "keep a hotel," under certain circumstances. It is astonishing how proud it makes a man to feel that he can cook a meal of victuals in good style. The best man in the Regiment is he who can best handle a frying-pan, with a steak in it. As a general thing, I believe, the men get along well cooking their own rations, though there are some grumblers, as there must be for variety. The allowance to-day consisted of fresh beef, with a small bit of salt pork, bread, coffee and sugar, and salt. Those who have any money can for a few pennies buy enough luxuries to make a very nice meal, and those who live on the bare rations ought not to lose flesh.

WAR AND RUMORS OF WAR.

The secessionists are but a few miles from here, and we hear daily rumors of their movements across the river. To-night, however, on

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dress parade, more serious news came. An aid of General Sandford, Col. Hamilton, rode up on a panting horse, while the Regiment was on parade. He brought intelligence that Beauregard was approaching Washington with 20,000 men. Orders were given for the Regiment to hold itself in readiness to march on five minutes' notice. Should such an order come, not a man will be found unprepared or unwilling.

A REBEL IN THE CAMP.

Some excitement was created to night in the camp by the report that a spy had got into the camp, and had been inquiring into business that did not belong to him. He went into Captain Thompson's company, and that officer, suspecting something wrong, called a guard and ordered his arrest, but before the guard arrived the illustrious stranger had vanished. Every effort was made to find him, but he was gone entirely. The camp is on the alert, and double guard is posted. Scouts are busy on every hand, and just this moment a party passed my tent, in the moonlight, remarking to the sentinel that there was a spy somewhere in the camp, and cautioning him to keep special watch. I only hope they'll catch the sneak. It really begins to look like war.—We are prepared.

The weather was very warm yesterday—thermometer up to 100; but the men did not suffer much. The nights are glorious. The moon is full, and such a scene as it shines on here is perfectly enchanting. There is just excitement enough in camp to make one wakeful, and the night is so lovely that he cannot regret his wakefulness. Several times to-night (it is now midnight) I have heard sentinels discharge their pieces in neighboring camps, whether from real or fancied danger, I know not. It sounds like the "rude alarm of war," whether it be or not.

Yours, for our country,

D. F. R.

"D. F. R.'s" Spy Caught.

See Our Letter from the Fourteenth, on the Preceding Page.

WASHINGTON, June 24.

A detachment of the New York 14th Regiment arrested a spy this morning, who had full details of the number of troops, position, and strength of the batteries around Washington. There was also found upon him a sketch of a plan of attack upon the city. He had the position of all the mounted cannon in the city.

The scouts of the New Hampshire 2d Regiment wounded a man this morning, who was approaching the lines, and observing carefully the position of the camps and batteries. He pretended to be unable to speak English at first, but recovered his knowledge of the language as soon as he was shot.

Another dispatch says:

Several members of the New York 14th Regiment to-day arrested a suspected spy, among whose effects at the boarding house were plans of camps on the Virginia side, the position of batteries and the number of troops, and other valuable information. He was turned over to the military authorities.

Utica Morning Herald
AND DAILY GAZETTE

The Fourteenth Regiment at Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 8, 1861.

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald:

The Fourteenth Regiment, Colonel James

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McQuade commanding, is at last fairly settled in camp; and now that it is "at home," is not only ready but anxious to receive "calls." Not a man is here who does not long to hear the order to march into Virginia sounded. Leaving out the "panics," for which our regiment is unrivaled, life begins to grow monotonous. All wish a change, and I imagine no more welcome sound could break on the ears of the majority of us than the midnight booming of the three alarm guns, summoning every soldier to arms, and perhaps to bloody tussle with the rebels. We have attained such a state of discipline and daring that the fittest man in camp can look and laugh "grim-visaged war" in the face.

ALIMENTATION.

At present the attention of the men is mainly devoted to the question of rations—a question, too, of large importance, and upon which very much might be said. I will, however, enter into detail only so far as to give the bill of fare furnished by the U. S. Government. I copy it from the printed regulations issued this campaign to the Subsistence Department by Simon Cameron, Secretary of War. It may be of interest to those desirous to know just how their brothers, sons or husbands are faring. The following is the daily ration allowed to each man: Of pork, 12 ounces, or of beef $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; bread, 1 lb.; of beans, 64-hundredths of a gill, or rice 1 ounce and 6-tenths, or dessicated potatoes 1 ounce and 5-tenths, or prepared mixed vegetables 1 ounce; coffee, 1 and 6-tenths ounces; sugar, 2 and 4-tenths ounces; vinegar, less than half a gill; about one-half an adamantine candle; 64-hundredths of an ounce of soap; 16-hundredths of an ounce of salt. Tea is allowed on special requisition, and fresh beef not less than two days in a week, nor more than five. Such has been the draft on Government by troops, that often even these articles could not be furnished when needed by the regiments. In the basement of the Capitol, huge ovens are kept hot night and day, baking from 25,000 to 30,000 loaves of bread daily, yet often falling behind the demand. Much aversion is felt by the men against eating pork, and it is not strange, for the wallowing, grunting, filthy scavenger of a beast is totally unfit for human food, and should be shunned whenever possible. The fare at the best is rough, and none who are dainty will do to "go for a soldier." They might subsist on "Adams House" delicacies, but here they had better not come. A large number of the men are suffering from bowel complaints, occasioned either by the change of climate and water, or the food, or else all combined.

THE FOURTH IN WASHINGTON.

The greatest, and in fact the only remarkable feature of Independence Day in the Capital of the United States of America, was the parade of the New York State troops in Washington, under Gen. Sanford. It took place early in the forenoon, being all concluded by 10 o'clock. It was a proud sight for a Yorker to behold. At least fifteen thousand men passed in review before Gen. Scott, the President and his Cabinet—tread firm and bayonets glittering—all but a tithe of what the Empire State can and will do if requested. Gen. Scott was overheard by watchful ears to pay the Fourteenth a compliment. Fearing that you will not hear of it unless I tell it, I trust my Regimental egotism will be pardoned, when I say that the old veteran viewed us keenly from under his portentous eyebrows as we passed, then turning to Abraham Lincoln remarked; "That's a fine marching regiment." This is considered a very long feather. All day long the streets swarmed with soldiers, and the Capital was alive with them. They looked thither to "see Congress" and the noble pile wherein that august body deliberates. The

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crowd in the House was fairly smothering, and the Senate Chamber was beset by thousands of eager individuals with straining eyeballs. To the mass the sights were entirely new, and were viewed with insatiable interest. And well might they be. The Capitol is worthy to excite admiration and wonder, with its magnificent marble, its grand stairways, sculptured columns and massive arches, mosaics, mirrors, labyrinthine halls and passages; its paintings and its statuary; its relics, mementoes and memories; and over all, its stately magnitude, so grand, so proud, so firm. The Rotunda, within which one feels so small, attracted many visitors. Here are historic pictures and portraits of eminent Americans.— Among the portraits is one of Buchanan, which, if its ears could hear, would wither at the execrations cast upon it by the soldiers, who only pause before it long enough to free their minds. Some rude person, not content with verbal expressions of contempt, has hurled a quid of tobacco against the canvass, the result of which is two brown streaks down across the forehead of the old Public Functionary, making him appear as if perspiring in great agony over the recollection of some of his past misdeeds. Next to this portrait is a painting, which more than any other has attracted my attention. It represents the embarkation of Pilgrims from Delft Haven, Holland, in 1620. The scene is on the deck of the vessel, just before leaving. The group, consisting of about twenty persons, are in the attitude of prayer. In the center, with an open Bible before him, kneels the grey-haired minister, the father of the flock, with his hands meekly clasped imploring the Divine protection, while around him are the fathers and sons, husbands, wives and daughters of the heroic band. The figures in the group which especially pleased me, were those of Miles Standish and his wife Rose. In him the artist has most truthfully conceived and depicted the stern Puritan; in her face and expression he has thrown the soul of a trustful, devoted and devotional wife. There is in the attitude of Rose the most beautiful blending of the elements of religion and love.

In the evening there were displays of fireworks, but none that would compare with those annually let off in Utica. Yet all about the city, on every hill, from hundreds of camps, burned fires and darted rockets. The night was full of baleful lights and shadows. It did not seem to me like a Fourth of July, full of joyous exultations. Every red fire that blazed, blazed fiercely; every rocket that pierced the clouds hissed war; the trembling fires from roman candles told only of tumultuous feelings that held sway in thousands of armed breasts; the very sky seemed lit with lurid lights; while the comet burned like a flashing falchion, overhanging with threatening poise the war-distracted land. Occasionally the air would move with the dull, heavy boom of cannon from away down the Potomac, growling deep threats of vengeance and destruction from their iron throats. The intermediate stillness of the air seemed to embrace some indefinable horror, a vague foreshadowing, that made the soul stand back, afraid. To me the night was a solemn one, and I dreamed of shadowy armies, millions of moving men, black smoke, and thundering cannon.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

Soldiering is not play. It is not softening and refining to the disposition and habits of a man. It is one long, stern lesson of discipline, both physical and moral. He who can not endure the bodily stress is unfit for a warrior, and should return honorably to the pursuit of peaceful labors. Upon every one falls, too, a strict and trying moral discipline. A soldier's life, though adopted from the purest motives, is best fitted to call out all that is evil in a man's nature, and blunt the excellent qualities he may possess.

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The restraints of society are not about him. He is but one in a great crowd, and wrong doing does not stand out so plainly, does not look so repulsive as when he was surrounded by kindred who would look with downcast faces upon the smallest deviation from the path of virtue. I have penned these lines knowing that they may

reach those who have brothers and sons in the army, and knowing that they may arouse painful apprehensions in their breasts; but they will not be causelessly aroused. "Demoralization" is a word often used in connection with the army, and justly. While some depart from honor's side, there are many who nobly stand by their principles as bravely as by the flag under which they fight. Such will return from the war with a moral stability that will resist any attack. Yet I can not forbear speaking this word of warning to those who may be forgetful of the trials they are really undergoing. Sisters and mothers can not utter an admonition in their letters to loved ones here, that will not find an acceptable and grateful resting place in the heart of a brother or a son. Temptations come here in almost impenetrable disguises.

General items of interest are rather scarce here just now. Our old friend Carlinecourt is here, still building balloons in the air. He is in the employ of the Government, and is to use his balloon for reconnoitering the enemy's position. His enterprise is very favorably looked upon by Gen. Scott.

Mr. F. M. Ellis, of New Hartford, Oneida county, has recently been employed by Gen. Mansfield, to act in the secret service. Mr. Ellis possesses the peculiar requisites for such a post—ready talent, experience in the country, and courage. He has already rendered himself serviceable to Government.

The telegraph keeps you well posted in military movements, so I will not dilate thereon, except to say that many regiments have crossed the river within a few days, and are constantly moving. As to political prospects and Congressional affairs, you will be too thoroughly posted for me to inform you anything new.

Movements are on foot in Syracuse, started by Capt. Thompson, of Company II, to engage a band for our Regiment.

I close this letter hoping that my next date will be in Virginia.

Our camp was visited yesterday by Hon Roscoe Conkling and T. S. Faxon. They received many warm greetings.

Yours, for our country, D. F. R.

The Fourteenth Regiment.

CAMP DOUGLAS, WASHINGTON, July 16.

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald:

I learn from Utica that the sympathies of some of our good people have been aroused by unfounded rumors to the effect that the men of this regiment are not well provided for. In order to save the expenditure of sympathy where there is no particular cause for it, I desire to say that the rations furnished to the men are abundant and of the best quality. They have fresh bread every day (brought into camp warm,) fresh beef three times a week, salt beef, salt pork, bacon, codfish, biscuit, desiccated potatoes, mixed vegetables, fresh vegetables, beans, rice, vinegar, coffee, tea and sugar. The men, in fact, have more than they can eat. One of the captains informs me that his company sold a barrel of pork saved from their overplus rations, and other companies have disposed of their extra rations in the same way. When we first arrived in camp, the men being entirely unaccustomed to the preparation of food for themselves, undoubtedly concocted mixtures which were somewhat unpalatable.

... difficulty, and nobody now complains, except perhaps a few who are too indolent to cook their food.

The health of the men is good. They were troubled with diarrhea to a considerable extent soon after our arrival, but have nearly all recovered, and there has not been a death in the regiment since we left Albany. Several men who were found incompetent to discharge military duty from various causes, most of which existed before their enlistment, have been discharged from the service. The men are generally contented and happy, notwithstanding the efforts of mischievous outsiders to breed discontent among them. Panics are now of a mushroom character. I understand, also, that rumors are afloat in Utica that there have been other troubles in the regiment. The only one that I know of was a slight difficulty growing out of an order issued by the Colonel preventing the Sutler from selling lager beer. The men were then afflicted with diarrhea, and the Colonel agreeing with me that it was injurious, ordered that the sale should be discontinued. During the illness and absence of the Colonel, some of the bad men of the regiment (and I am glad to say they are few in number,) tried to compel the Sutler to procure lager or liquor, which he refused to do. I merely write this letter so that our friends at home may not be unnecessarily troubled on our account, and for their information I have no objection to your publishing it.

Very respectfully,

ALONZO CHURCHILL.

We, the undersigned, Captains in the Fourteenth Regiment N. Y. S. V., fully concur in the sentiments expressed in the above letter.

- WASHINGTON, D. C., July 16, 1861.
- HORACE R. LAHE, Co. I.
 - THOMAS M. DAVIES, Co. A.
 - W. R. BRAZIE, Co. B.
 - FRIEDRICH HARRER, Co. C.
 - J. J. BABCOCK, Co. G.
 - LEWIS MICHAELS, Co. E.
 - HENRY GOSS, Co. H.
 - WILLIAM L. COWAN.
 - WILLIAM H. SEYMOUR, Co. K.
 - CHARLES F. MULLER, Co. F.

Lieut. Goss signed the above in the absence of Capt. Thompson, who is home on leave.

THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.

WASHINGTON, July 16th, 1861.

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald:

I am tired of dating my letters at Washington. Nothing would afford me more pleasure than to inform the many who watch our movements with deepest interest, that the Regiment of which I am a component part, is marching against Jeff. Davis and his rebel crew. This I cannot do now. We are still in our camp on Meridian Hill, close by the Capital. Why we do not go with the crowd, is more than I can tell. Every day regiments cross the Potomac, leaving us behind. Some have gone over without stopping in Washington at all. Our men are well disciplined, and are fairly pining away for a brush with the enemy. In every respect we are capable to go into action, and I can only wish that we had a brave foe to encounter. This chasing the white-livered "chivalry" from pillar to post will be no more like war than driving hogs. I am not anxious to bathe my hands in the blood of these "brothers," who have brought such deep and dark disgrace upon themselves and their long-forgiving Northern kin, but I would have justice dealt them; and moreover I am ashamed of them that they so poorly support their boast, and ashamed that such cowards should call themselves Americans. I am sorry

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ed, or be they braggarts, be they of the same
ame, or be they as they would wish to be, an-
ther nation; bearing no relationship to North-
rn boors, they have fulfilled the part of traitors.
As such we look upon them, and as such ours is
the unpleasant task of flogging them, or chasing
them, as the case may be. If they are "our
brothers," as some hypocritical Congressmen pa-
thetically assert, it is not our fault. We can
only regret being so poorly related. Where is
the *pater familias* who would allow Sambo, his
son, whom he has always patted on the head, to
whom he gave the nicest chunk of the old farm,
who has always had the pick of everything, yet
who has greedily taken these gifts and cursed
his sire because he did not give him *all*—where
is the "old gentleman" who would not, on learn-
ing that the ungrateful wretch of a son had con-
spired to burn up the house through spite, take
him by the nape of the neck and boot him till he
repented. Or where is he who would look qui-
etly on and witness the destruction of his family
through the treacherous scheming of one base
brother? Could they who have come to the
Capital to defend its honor have their own way,
the treason-spitting Vallandighams, Burnetts,
Powells, Bayards, &c., who disgrace its halls by
their presence, would be pitched out of the win-
dow "neck and heels," no matter how loudly they
might screech the word "brother!" Devils and
Secessionists often assume the guise of saints
to work their mischief in.

I cannot believe that we shall much longer re-
main here, and can only account for our tarrying
thus long by assuming that it has been a part of
Gen. Scott's plan to keep a certain number of
troops here, and that we have been among the
unfortunate ones. The regiment is drilled con-
stantly, and has attained a very marked degree
of perfection in battalion evolutions, the manual,
and the skirmish drill, the latter a feature of mil-
itary exercise that has particularly met the ap-
probation of the men. The general health of the
regiment is much improved, very few remaining
on the sick list at present. In this connection I
would say that the hospital department has been
well organized and perfected, and received many
compliments from visitors. In this department
is especially felt the good service rendered by
Utica ladies, in furnishing stores and little com-
forts for the sick. The hospital tent is fitted up
with straw mattresses, an article almost indis-
pensable, yet which we would have been without
but for the thoughtful care of our dear feminine
friends. The men are rapidly becoming accli-
mated, and as their health improves, a correspond-
ing improvement is observable in their disposi-
tions. They feel a deeper interest in the regi-
ment, and are less inclined to grumble when
things do not go just right. There has been a
great deal said about the regiment only being
enlisted for three months. It is a mistake. We
are in for two years. A few discontented spirits
there are who would gladly go home at the end
of that time, satisfied with the aid they have ren-
dered their country; but I believe the regiment,
as a whole, is unanimous for the war. They enlisted
to fight, and will not turn back till the work is
done. When they have helped to conquer a
peace; when the land shall be ridded of traitors,
and tyrants driven into the Gulf; when "naked
rebellion, with the torch and ax," shall be
crushed utterly; when the chief conspirators
shall have dangled in the Southern breeze; when
the flag floats free from Maine to Louisiana;
when law and order, liberty and right prevail
South as well as North, *then* will they willingly,
gladly return home—private and high private,
Corporal, Captain and Colonel—relinquishing
the sword and bayonet as easily as they took
them up, and engaging, as of yore, in the peace-
ful pursuits of citizens.