

bove mentioned as arrested, has been a correspondent of that sheet, and has in what he has spoken, only echoed the opinions of its leaders. The day will come when these covert assassins, who thus secretly aim daggers at the cause of liberty, at the very heart of the Republic, will meet their reward. Let them be assured that, among soldiers at least, they are considered no better, nor half so respectable, as an outright rebel. Persons who will compromise with wrong of one kind will with another, and that black hearted wretch who will talk of "compromise" now, would compromise with the Devil for his soul. I would not risk him with the honor of woman, nor trust him if an opportunity offered for him to cheat his own father out of a crust of bread. In all probability the individual who has ventured to insult the cause for which we are enlisted, will be court-martialed and a proper punishment awarded him. I think his will be the only case of the kind in the regiment.

As to going home on the 17th, I fear the regiment will make itself trouble, for I have it as coming from high authority, that in case the men persist in their determination to go home, the entire regiment will be sent to Pensacola, or some other distant station, where they can be of less trouble, and be brought to a better state of discipline. On the other hand, should the regiment throw aside the question which distracts it at the present time, and conduct itself as it so well knows how to do, and as it should do, it would at once take its place and be ranked among the best regiments in the field. Gen. Sherman considers it the best in his brigade, and would favor it in every fair and honorable way.

A few days since we all received straw hats. They are cool and comfortable this hot weather, and they look very well on parade. Within a few days, however, they have been nearly all labeled by their owners with all sorts of devices and words, mostly in reference to going home on the 17th. Some are inscribed "17th of August," while others, more patriotic, write on their hats "17th of August, 1863," "1776," "in for the war," and various other mottoes similar in sentiment. The hats were procured through the efforts of Mr. Brodhead. I forgot to mention in my last letter that Mr. B. had received, from his numerous friends in Boston, the present of a splendid set of horse equipments, and a costly and beautiful pair of epauletts. The present was a surprise to Mr. B., and is an evidence that wherever he is known, his friends are many and true.

The Courtmartial is still progressing, and as Col. McQuade, as President, and is required to be always present, the command of the regiment devolves mainly of late upon Lieut. Col. Skillin. The pay rolls for the month of August are being made out, and the regiment will probably be paid very soon. Many of the men are suffering from acute ear-ache, produced by injudicious bathing and diving during the heat of the day, and by remaining too long in the water. Otherwise the health of the men is good.

Whatever the requirements of military discipline do not forbid, I will endeavor to keep you informed about, but anything that has a tendency to injure the cause, or that will reveal any intention of our commander, is strictly forbidden to be published. Were not the loyal part of the Union defiled by the presence of secret aiders and abettors of the vile scheme of Secession and its traitorous leaders, then we might talk over our plans freely, but now we are forced to act, surrounded by assassins, and speak cautiously, for fear some sneaking "Compromiser" may be eavesdropping at our elbow.

In the way of rations, Quartermaster Brodhead has just managed to secure for the men a quantity of nice herring, a barrel of syrup, a barrel of pickles, a lot of fresh potatoes, and several bushels of onions. These are all extra issues, and

it is seldom that they can be procured. That they are acceptable, I presume will be demonstrated by the concerted action of a few hundred jaws, as soon as the edibles are issued.

I just learned from Lieut. Wood of the 13th, that his regiment expects to return home tomorrow. They are at present about half a mile from us, occupying Fort Bennett. The 13th is one of the Elmira regiments. Col. Quinby, its commander, returned to Rochester a few days since.

Yours, &c.

THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Va., Sept. 2, 1861.

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald:

In last Wednesday's HERALD appears a letter from John F. Seymour, Chairman of the Committee on the Volunteer Relief Fund, relative to the families of volunteers in this regiment. In reply to it let me say that I did not intend in my letter to disparage the efforts or the generosity of any one connected with the Relief Association, for I am well aware of the benevolent spirit which sustains them in their arduous labors.— The evidence that I had for making the statements that were made in my letter, was the assertion of some ten members of Capt. Harrer's company, who said that they had received letters from their families, which detailed their sufferings and stated that their weekly allowances had suddenly ceased. This was the cause of much feeling on the part of these men. Since then, however, they have nearly all received letters from home, saying that their families are once more made comfortable by the supplies of the Committee. Only two have failed to receive satisfactory intelligence from their homes, and their names I have forwarded to Mr. Seymour, although it is very probable their wants have been relieved ere this. With the supply furnished by the Relief Committee, added to the monthly earnings of the soldier, there is no good reason why any family should suffer, and I believe it to be true that they are better off than many whose dependence for support rests on the chances of getting labor at home. I am not aware that any dissatisfaction exists here in regard to the action of the Relief Committee. I think all have the fullest confidence in their intention, desire and ability to superintend the fund raised for the families of volunteers, in the manner that will be productive of most good.

Our Brigade has changed commanders. Gen. W. T. Sherman has left for the West, where he is to join Major Anderson. We regretted exceedingly to lose him, and only hope that his successor, Gen. Porter, Provost Marshal, may prove as good and agreeable an officer. On Monday last the Brigade was reviewed by Gen. McClellan, President Lincoln and Secretary Seward. Gen. McClellan rode a dark bay horse, passing close in front of the lines, on a quick walk, and giving the closest scrutiny to the men with an eye that seemed to discern everything at a glance. The Brigade was drawn up on the ground in front of Fort Corcoran, the right (the Fourteenth) resting on a hill nearly half a mile from the fort, and the line extending to within a short distance of the walls of the fort. On the right and front of the line was posted a company of cavalry, and in the rear Carlisle's Battery. It was an imposing array, and looked more like war than anything I have yet seen. After the inspection, Gen. McClellan, accompanied by Gen. Sherman and several aids, rode to the front of the Brigade, where sat Mr. Lincoln and Mr.

Seward in an open barouche, in the shade of some young oaks that grew by the road. The carriage was completely surrounded by soldiers off duty and on the sick list, with whom the President and Secretary of State were laughing and chatting in the easiest and most pleasant manner possible. Immediately after Gen. McClellan joined the group the brigade commenced passing in review, each regiment led by its own band, playing spirited music. The President and Mr. Seward stood erect in the carriage, with hats off the President returning the salutes of the different regiments as they marched past by companies, and closely observing the style of marching and the men. Gen. McClellan sat on his horse, taking off his cap in return to the salute of the various regimental colors. The Fourteenth went by in gallant style, the companies preserving almost perfect lines, and achieving the name of doing best of any. Gen. McClellan spoke particularly of the regiment, and even Mr. Lincoln, unmilitary man that he is, noticed its excellence and observed to Gen. McClellan that he "judged they marched well, for he could look straight through between the men." To which the General replied that it was "not a bad test." Gen. McClellan said he was well pleased with the discipline of the entire Brigade. He was glad to see the men acquiring that peculiar, easy gait which is so necessary in marching.

Alarms have been frequent of late, and the regiment has been called out several times within a few days. The enemy is not more than three miles from here, and our pickets can easily perceive the rebels dodging about in the woods, peach orchards and cornfields. Some of our men have had exciting adventures while off picketing, often narrowly escaping with their lives. There are but few who have not learned the tunc of the bullets, and some claim that they have "killed a rebel."

That facile, traitorous sheet, the *Observer*, I see still spits its venom whenever its toes are tread on, or its hypocrisy uncovered. Because I lately charged it with exerting an evil influence on this regiment, it ejected a mouthful of its venom toward me, but the foul charge fell short of its mark, and I am not aware that a particle of it rests on my garments. Did I think so, I would bury the clothes till the skunk-like odor should be gone. The *Observer* facetiously charges me with slandering it. I deny the charge, and declare such a thing impossible. Shades of Tartarus! Can a devil be slandered? Is the truth slander? Prove these two propositions in the affirmative, and I will admit that I have slandered the *Observer*.

I am glad to notice, however, that it has of late manifested a little less of the treasonable spirit that it exhibited so cunningly after our "terrible (?) defeat" at Bull's Run. Well, perhaps salvation is still possible. I am not a believer in total depravity. It may be that the fate of some of its kindred sheets that have recently had their vile shreds scattered to the winds, has had something to do with the change. Though if it continues to harp on the fallacy of "peace," without the restoration of law and order and the Union, I shall charge it still with treason.

The above sheet says, too, that I represent neither officers nor men in the regiment. "Give the devil his due." Therein the *Observer* tells the truth. Strange as it may seem to the spectacled sages of the *Observer*, I am not a partisan. I am an American. There is no party in this regiment, unless the *Observer* has started one, and is nourishing it secretly. I enlisted to serve my country, not to be the mouthpiece of any party or set of men, officers, privates or politicians. The *Observer* may consider partisan support the just standard by which to measure one's character, but I appeal from any such measurement, though I am prone to believe that I have

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a few friends in the regiment. But among them are no traitors, nor any three months men. In fact, I do not know that there are many of that ilk in the regiment. If there are, the *Observer* may claim them among the number of *its friends*.

In regard to the matter of "desertion," which is such a pleasant theme with the *Observer's* Quill, the following lines, written by the same Quill some time since, before it had its last chronic fit of "presto! change!" are interesting as showing the "peculiar habits of the animal."

ALBANY.—On Saturday, quite a number of our Utica volunteers came home on a short leave of absence. Nearly or quite all of them returned to-day. Among them were "W. E. C.," our own correspondent at Albany, and "D. F. R.," of the *HERALD*. Both give very favorable accounts of the way the men are now getting along at the barracks. * * * * * The volunteers who came up are all in good health. "D. F. R."—one of the best members of the regiment—does not seem to have suffered at all from the vile assaults made upon him because of the independent stand which he took previous to the mending of regimental affairs.

The readers of the *Observer* must often be placed in the painful position of a man endeavoring to walk in two different directions at the same time. In contemplating the gyrations of the *Observer*, I have often been reminded of a dog's tail. Occupying a position in the rear, it has the same wig-wag, so obedient to every volition of the interest to which it is attached—hither and thither, up or down, fierce or mild, fast, slow, or playful, according to the pressure. Hold "something nice" before the nose of the moving power, and there goes the same eager old wag; and yet the *Observer*, as much as it wags, is not a "waggish" sheet. Let a large dog come up and threaten to swallow the moving power, and down goes the tail to a place of safety, as natural as life. There may be other points of similarity, but it is unnecessary to elucidate. Finally, let me say in regard to the *Observer*—let her wag!

Everything is quiet here. The pickets amuse themselves by firing bullets at each other. The rebels occasionally send over a shell or a cannon ball, but have not yet done any particular harm. The news of Butler's victory off Cape Hatteras was read on dress parade last night, and received with cheers that made the woods echo. The best of feeling prevails among the men. Pay day, anxiously awaited, will probably come this week, when we shall receive two months' wages. A fever, peculiar to this locality, prevails moderately.

the regiment, but no dangerous cases yet occurred.

Yours, for our country,

D. F. R.

FROM THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VA.,

September 18, 1861.

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald:

The Northern lion is yet couchant. He still crouches in his lair on the banks of the Potomac. But the fire is beginning to blaze most threateningly in his eyes, and you may see the gathering strength in his mighty muscles and ponderous arms. He may spring at any moment, and when the fearful plunge does come, then look out for a crushing of bones, blood and flesh.

Every day brings a new rumor or a dozen of them. Three weeks ago a grand and decisive movement seemed pending and on the verge of execution; but day followed day, till they ran into weeks, and still the Grand Army of the Potomac moved not, and it still rests in imposing dignity on the woody banks of Washington's loved river, to a casual observer little changed in outward appearance or in actual efficiency, yet in reality immensely stronger than it was one month ago.

Our home commander, General McClellan, has worked with superhuman energy in preparing the raw regiments for a struggle that shall be written on the pages of history as co equal in importance with Marathon and Waterloo, Hastings and Saratoga, or other of the world's great and decisive battle fields. And now the world looks on in anxious expectation. None human know McClellan's plan, except the gray-haired hero Scott, and a few of the chiefs who assemble with them in council. Meanwhile his plan is ripening. It may be days or weeks ere it shall blossom into victory, but that it will ultimate gloriously no one can for a moment doubt.

The rebels are wasting their precious ammunition on our pickets, or practising gunnery on empty houses along the front. They are getting bold and saucy; but what does their bravado avail them? They lose more men than we, even in their chosen guerrilla warfare, and who shall say that our chief is not well pleased to see them coming on so boldly. May be they are putting their head into the lion's mouth—may be they are being lured more surely into his clutches.—The issue alone will reveal the intent, and till the final, grand, culminating moment of suspense is come; till the thrilling "Forward!" rings in the air, all must silently wait. Forces are working, swords are sharpening, sinews are growing tense and hearts are growing firm. The eventful day is coming, and is not far off.

Several times we have been ordered out within a couple of weeks, when each man went, not simply expecting but hoping a fight. The last affair of any account was that which the papers have already partially revealed. I refer to the slight advance made by the rebels last Friday, and which resulted, according to stories from Utica, in the loss of Arlington Heights, the capture of Washington, and the total extirpation of the Fourteenth. Allow me to state that none of these items are true. Arlington Heights are yet crested with Union soldiers and Union fortifications; the Capitol still proudly floats the Stars and Stripes; and the "gallant Fourteenth" continues to live, as little harmed as ever by the enemy, while daily adding new laurels to its wreath of fame. In the affair of Friday, of which a very meager and vague account appeared in the telegrams concerning it, the picket guard of the Fourteenth gained great credit for their conduct on the occasion. The picket from this regiment numbered about thirty, and was the only section where the advance was made, that behaved like soldiers. It seemed that some of the men became entangled with a number of the rebel pickets, who opened fire upon them. A few shots were exchanged, when the enemy advanced in considerable force, with one or two cannon, from which they poured a quantity of shot, shell and canister into our pickets, which were stationed on a line with Hall's House and Ball's Cross roads. Most of the pickets retreated as fast as their legs could carry them, but the men of the Fourteenth nobly stood their ground as long as it was practicable for them to do so, and then fell back in good order. The balls flew thick around them, and many had narrow escape, but none were injured. Private Richardson, Co. A, with two or three others of another regiment, were in a house owned by one Minion.—The rebels, mistrusting that the house contained some of our men, played on it with their field pieces, and had almost surrounded it, when our men heard the rattling shots, and saw their imminent peril. Richardson proposed that they all run for their lives, but they all declined venturing out into the iron storm that rained about the house. He, however, took the risk, and ran faster than he ever ran before, and escaped unharmed. The three who remained behind were taken prisoners by the rebels. In conducting and managing our pickets, Sergeant Curry, of

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Co. A., gained the applause of the Colonel and of his comrades, for his coolness and intrepidity. In acknowledgment of his service, the following order was published on dress parade the following day:

HEADQUARTERS 14TH REGIMENT N. Y. S. V. }
ARLINGTON, Sept. 14, 1861. }

The commanding officer desires to express his gratification at the creditable manner in which the picket guard (with but one exception) under command of Lieutenant Gee, discharged its duty under such trying circumstances yesterday. While all are worthy of praise for their good conduct, as compared with many of the pickets from other regiments, he deems it but just that he should make particular mention of Sergeant Curry, of Company A, for his coolness and self-possession, when the whole detachment was threatened with destruction.

By order of Colonel McQUADE.

JOHN F. McQUADE, Adjutant.

This afternoon, the division under Gen. Porter, was reviewed by General McClellan. Just as the lines were formed a tremendous shower commenced, and continued till the review was nearly over. Yet it did not disturb the review. The men stood like statues, the rain pouring upon them in perfect torrents, while General McClellan reviewed them entirely unmindful of the drenching storm. Secretary Seward was present with his daughter. After the shower had passed, the sun came out and shone brilliantly, as if smiling on the wet troops for their good behavior. In the east, enclosing within its arch the Capitol, hung a splendid rainbow, prophetic with its promise of good to the cause of Liberty, and the Union.

The men returned to camp in the best of spirits, although scarcely one had a dry thread on him.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

The paymaster was expected to day, but as the whole regiment has been detailed for picket duty, it is probable that he will not be here until to-morrow. A heavy fog has hung over the Potomac all the morning, and the air is damp and chill, but I can just discern a growing tinge of yellow in the eastern clouds which indicates that the sun will soon be able to favor us with a few of his rays, although they may be highly diluted with the vapors and mist that intervene between us. The camp is full of animation. Knapsacks are being filled as if for a pic nic, while the band adds to the life of the moment by playing one of its liveliest tunes. If there are any young men left around in your vicinity who are fond of enterprise and adventure, let them enlist at once. "Going out on picket," is a duty that has full as many charms as toils, while the dangers that attend it are only a pleasant seasoning, and but add to the enjoyment. Camp life is not all drudgery and toil, especially where we are now. The duties are mostly of an active and exciting nature, and cause the time to fly swiftly.

Of sickness we have comparatively little, there being in hospital out of the entire regiment only about thirty. As this is the most unhealthy month of the whole year, and our camp located in a very unhealthy position, we may be considered as extremely healthy.

Over fifty recruits have reached here within a couple of weeks, and still more are on the way.

Before this reaches you, we may have had a battle, yet it is hardly worth while for you to believe that the 14th is "all cut to pieces," till at least some one has received an honorable wound.

Yours for our Country, D. F. R.

FROM THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT:

BIVOUAC OF 14TH N. Y. V., }
Sept. 29th, 1861. }

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald.

After many days of patient waiting, after weeks of careful preparation, after getting well ready, the first bold step of an advance has been taken, and Gen. McClellan has set his foot down in the shape of several thousand disciplined soldiers, fairly and squarely, several miles into the enemy's country. To this advance the enemy have offered no resistance. They fled as precipitately as when two months since Gen. McDowell advanced upon Fairfax and Centreville, and thus far they leave no evidences behind to show that they intended to offer determined resistance to an advance of the Federal troops, or that they intend to make anything beside a skirmishing and picket ground of the country as far as the Government forces have already gone. What they have beyond, remains as yet unknown to me, but I do not think a very great battle will be fought this side of Manassas or Bull's Run, and perhaps not even there. The rebels are too wary to risk a contest with our army, unless they are strongly entrenched, and Gen. McClellan will never attempt to push his way through by Manassas unless it can be done with such resistless force that there will be no chance for defeat.

For a few days the Fourteenth has had stirring times. Last Friday about 400 men were detailed for picket duty, and sent out under command of Major Young, with directions to hold their position till Sunday. In accordance with orders each man carried two day's rations in his haversack, and went prepared to bivouac for two days and nights. Saturday afternoon scouting parties were thrown out, and towards night a general advance of the right of our line of pickets was commenced, supported by strong reserves. The brigade under command of Gen. Smith, and that of Gen. Morell, to which we are attached, composed the advance, and the main body of each was pushed forward as a support to the advancing line of pickets. At the same time troops commenced crossing the river, and are occupying the positions lately held by the 14th New York, 9th Massachusetts, 33d Pennsylvania and Gen. Smith's brigade.

Among the regiments that came across last night was the 50th New York Volunteers, a regiment of Engineers, commanded by Col. Stuart, of Geneva. To this regiment is attached Capt. Brainard's Rome Company. The regiment is finely organized, and although comparatively inexperienced in drill, is destined to be one of the first in the service. Every company has at least one practical engineer among its commissioned officers, and the Colonel and Major are both graduates of West Point. Utica is represented in its ranks by John Johnson, who is 1st Lieutenant in Company A. The regiment is mainly composed of men enlisted in Geneva and vicinity, and there is no doubt that the honor of that beautiful and aristocratic village will be kept bright by the achievements of its representative soldiers. As the 50th halted a short time near our camp, opportunity was afforded for many recognitions of friends in Capt. Brainard's and other of the companies, by members of the 14th. The 50th is encamped about half a mile back of us, nearly in front of Fort Corcoran.

From five o'clock yesterday afternoon till this morning, the road leading from the ferries up the hill past Fort Corcoran, was almost constantly filled with batteries and baggage wagons, the former hastening to support the advanced troops, and the latter heavily laden with camp equipage, and lumbering slowly up the hill. Above all the rattle of the heavy wagons arose the shouts and curses of their drivers, made more furious now and then, by the breaking of a harness, or the tumbling down of an exhausted or dissatisfied mule. Add to this bedlam the baying of the

last mentioned quadruped, and the loud neighing of cavalry and artillery horses, and the scene becomes of novelty if not of interest.

About midnight orders came for Col. McQuade to bring up all his available men, with supplies of provisions enough for his entire command,—Accordingly, early this morning, all the men remaining in camp were mustered by the Colonel, leaving only enough to attend the sick and guard the camp and fort, and accompanied by two ambulances and a commissariat wagon started for the position occupied by our pickets, who had now advanced some two miles from their former position. They reached here about 10 o'clock, and joining our picket guard of the 14th swelled the company to about six hundred strong. Forthwith the contents of the big covered wagon were dispensed to the men by Quartermaster Broadhead. Enough wheat bread and fresh beef was brought for all, and in less than ten minutes after the wagon reached the bivouac of the 14th, the leafy labyrinths of the forest began to be permeated by the savory smell of beef toasting on wooden spits over numerous camp fires. The attitude of the men cooking their meat on the end of long sticks, reminded me strongly of certain sage looking fishermen that I have seen watching with reflective yet anxious air the end of their motionless rods. In our case, however, the individual was sure of a "bite," while the disciple of old Izaak might perhaps have an opportunity to watch the glassy pool for many an hour without even a "nibble."

Our regiment now rests a short distance this side of Falls Church, having occupied Munson's Hill and all the country in the region round about. Falls Church itself is deserted, and a number of our men took breakfast there this morning. No orders to move our camp have yet been received. There is not a Rebel in sight. Whether as part of an arranged plan, or fearing an advance of our entire army, they have fled precipitately, and are nowhere to be seen. We are anxiously waiting orders, expecting soon to pitch our camp in this vicinity or further out.

A sad mistake occurred last night in the advance of the pickets of General Smith's brigade. A party of Baker's California Regiment were, as near as I can learn, out scouting, and came in contact with some of Berdan's sharp shooters. Through some mistake the latter were fired upon by the former several times, losing seven men, and having quite a number badly wounded.

What the precise object of this movement is I am unable to say, but should not think it was intended as the beginning of a general advance toward Richmond. Events are not yet ripe for an "onward to Richmond" movement. Something, however, is evidently about to be done, either by the rebels or the federal forces.

Every one here is anxiously surmising and wondering what is to be done next. The best of spirits prevail among the men, and although three days on picket and marching nearly all last night, slowly but surely, they do not exhibit any serious effects on their persons.

The country through here shows very few signs of having been inhabited by soldiers, or else the rebels show much less of a Vandal spirit than is exhibited by our troops, who lay waste the premises of both friend and foe.

To-night the 14th will bivouac again near this place. The most rigid strictness is preserved in regard to passes, and no lookers on will be allowed as at Bull's Run. More anon.

Yours for our Country, D. F. R.

News from the Fourteenth.

ARLINGTON, Oct. 4th 1861.

FRIEND PHILLIPS.—The valley of the Potomac, on the 27th of Sept., was filled with a fog nearly as dense as that of

the foggiest of London fogs, when it is impossible to distinguish the lighted end of your cigar from the light above the lamp post, to which you are clinging. The roll of the drums caused us all to spring from our "hammocks of straw," and prepare for picket duty, to which the 14th had been assigned. By eight o'clock we were on the march for Vanderburger's house, a distance of about six miles. The men were commanded by Major Young, the most military looking man in the army, not excepting even Gens. McClelland, Scott or McDowell. Were he a cavalry officer, you would call him the Murat of our army. Six feet high, broad shoulders, and muscular, he is a modern Mars, clad in Wellington boots and the most attractive uniform he can assume. It is evident that he does not fear the balls of the enemy, else he would dress differently before going to battle.

A march of six miles in a drizzly rain over a slippery road, on ordinary occasions is not a very agreeable task.— Between the hilarity of the men and a desire to visit "Secessia," the route was passed over without fatigue. The relief pickets are divided into two squads. On arriving at a post two or three, or more if necessary, of our men are detailed to guard that post. Pickets are within sight of each other.

Our pickets are usually stationed in the woods on one side of an open field, and the rebel pickets in a wood on the opposite side of the field. The headquarters of our pickets was at Vanderburger's house. This was, at one time, occupied by the rebels, and on the morning of the 28th was shelled by them.— Lieut. Hazen, Capt. Brazee and myself visited the advance of our pickets, and had the delightful opportunity of seeing the Secessionists.

The report that the rebels are not well armed, equipped and clothed, is false. Some of the DeKalb regiment, a few days ago, put their handkerchiefs on their guns and went over to the enemy; they were received by the rebels with three cheers. A German regiment, having a musical turn of mind, stole a piano from the house of a rebel, the other day.

The most pleasing part of a soldier's life, is on picket. A few sticks and boughs placed against trees served as a

shelter from the storm, and to conceal them from the enemy. Straw is the only bed to lie down on. Roasting and eating corn, telling stories and keeping an eye cut for the enemy, makes picket duty a relief from the every day routine of camp life.

Yours truly,

W. L. R.

Col. McQuade Under Fire.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.

Yesterday afternoon a detachment of the New York 14th and 49th regiments, under Colonel McQuade, made a reconnoissance 2½ miles from Falls Church, on the line of the Leesburg turnpike. They vainly endeavored to draw out a party of rebels concealed in the woods. There was sharp firing on both sides, but certainly without injury to any of our men.

The rebels this afternoon burned the house of the Widow Childs, situated about half way between Falls Church and Lewinsville, to the right of the Leesburg turnpike. A party of the 14th went there to inquire into the cause of the conflagration, when they were surrounded by a largely superior force of rebels. By the prompt use of their rifles, killing two of the enemy, they safely escaped. The rebels soon after advanced their pickets somewhat nearer to our lines. Protection had been promised to the estate by the administrator, who is in the rebel army.

Mr. Barrett, the father of Mrs. Childs, has a fine residence in that vicinity, and it is apprehended the enemy will destroy it, as he is known to be a Union man. He is from the State of New York.

THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.—The Washington *National Republican*, of Monday, in an account of the recent retreat of BEAUREGARD and advance of McCLELLAN, says:

A detachment of the Fourteenth New York Volunteers, Col. McQuade, by a flank movement in the rear of Munson's Hill, cut off and captured a mounted officer, a lieutenant and six privates. The officers and men were brought in to Fort Corcoran, and one of them, being wounded, was brought over to the Georgetown hospital. He declines to tell his name, or give any account of himself. He is a good looking young man, and was dressed in a new uniform. The mounted officer rode a very fine horse, and was in full uniform, with a large feather in his hat.

THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.—Col. McQuade's regiment now forms the right wing of the Brigade commanded by Gen. MOREL of New York, in the Division of General ANDREW PORTER, formerly Provost Marshal of Washington. The Division consists of two Brigades, the first of which is commanded by Gen. MARTINDALE of Rochester. Letters from the Fourteenth speak in the highest terms of Gen. PORTER, but the writers had not yet seen Gen. MOREL. Troops are daily crossing from Washington to Virginia in large numbers, and are rapidly brigaded and thoroughly drilled.

THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.—A dispatch to the New York *Times* of Saturday says:

A supper was given in camp on Thanksgiving Day by the officers of the Fourteenth New York to Gens. Porter and Morrell, with their staffs, and the Colonels of Morrell's Brigade. Speeches were made by the two Generals, by Capt. Locke, Assistant Adjutant-General, and by Cols. McQuade, Woodbury, Cass and Black.

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