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we entered the service to face such music. "Getting used to things." Everybody is obliged to do it, and although war is a terrible business to become accustomed to, yet soldiers must do so—else the folks at home might be deprived of the comfort, happiness and pleasures they now enjoy.

An amusing scene occurred in camp a day or two since. A "grayback" was discovered perched up in a tree near camp, scanning the movements of the men. Upon being discovered a gun was brought to bear, but no surrender was yielded; therefore a squad of fifteen or twenty men gathered stones and tried the effect of pelting the spy to terms of "Come down." While beating a retreat from one tree to another the victim fell, badly wounded. The prisoner was a beautiful gray squirrel of the largest variety.

The intelligence of the death of Capt. Thrasher caused painful regret throughout the entire regiment. He was a universal favorite, greatly beloved by his own company, and highly regarded by his associate officers. As an officer he was always prompt and efficient in his duties. In action he inspired the men of his command by his heroic example and courage. As a testimonial of their regard for him the company, although reduced in numbers, have raised nearly three hundred dollars, which will be increased by others, for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of a brave and chivalrous officer. Resolutions of condolence have been passed by the regimental officers, which utter the sentiments of the entire regiment; copies of which have been forwarded home for publication.

A young man named Welcher, of Co. A, died last week. He was from Webster. His father has been here after his remains.

The recent promotions in the regiment give entire satisfaction, and the men obey their new officers with good will and alacrity.

The weather is unexceptionably hot, and if soldiers can keep cool in the performance of their duties, it is their good luck.

Monroe county men in other regiments visit our camp frequently, and they are warmly welcomed. Not long since—supposing there was a "stranger in camp"—it required two or three observations to recognize the features of Capt. Dayton, of that portion of the 105th consolidated with the 94th. The rebuffs he has encountered in his military experience, and overcoming them in gaining his present position, afford good evidence that he is a man of pluck and energy as a soldier. His company is reported one of the best drilled and most efficient in the 94th.

Lieut. Charles B. Ayres is acting Adjutant of the regiment during the absence of Adjutant Williams, who left us severely ill for the quiet and peaceful comforts of "Home," among the health-restoring hills of Henrietta. We all wish him a speedy recovery and a safe return to the brave companions he has left in Virginia.

I send you a list of the present officers of our regiment, which may be of interest to friends at home. But three of the Captains who came out with us, still retain their positions, viz:—Captains Andrews, Cramer, and Deverell.

OFFICERS OF 108TH REGIMENT.

Colonel—Charles J. Powers.
Lieut. Col.—Frank E. Pierce.
Major—H. S. Hogoboom.
Adjutant—Marvin Williams.
Sergt. Major—Reuben H. Halstead.
Co. A—Capt. W. H. Merrill; 1st Lieut., D. H.

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Ostrander; 2d Lieut., A. T. Wells.
 Co. B—Capt. Charles Wilson; 1st Lieut., J. B. Kennedy; 2d Lieut., S. P. Howard.
 Co. C—Capt. W. H. Andrews; 1st Lieut., A. J. M. McDonald; 2d Lieut., R. E. Evans.
 Co. D—Capt. J. G. Cramer; 1st Lieut. W. F. Dutton; 2d Lieut., T. E. Parsons.
 Co. E—Capt. —; 1st Lieut., C. O. Wickes; 2d Lieut., J. Kinleyside.
 Co. F—Capt. —; 1st Lieut., Samuel Porter; 2d Lieut., A. J. Locke.
 Co. G—Capt. A. S. Everett; 1st Lieut., G. Griswold; 2d Lieut., C. J. Ayres.
 Co. H—Capt. —; 1st Lieut., F. B. Hutchinson; 2d Lieut., D. T. Card.
 Co. I—Capt. J. R. Fellman; 1st Lieut., C. B. Amlet; 2d Lieut., C. Englehart.
 Co. K—Capt. J. Deverell; 1st Lieut., P. Kavanaugh; 2d Lieut. J. Graham. TRUME.

From the 108th Regiment.

NEAR FAIRFAX STATION, VA.,
 DAYBREAK, June 17, 1863.

We have bidden adieu to Falmouth and the scenes familiar to us in the adjacent country. Sunday morning the train of our corps commenced moving. We arrived at Stafford Court House about noon, when the 6th corps came up and joined us. The old camps about the place looked pleasant, although deserted. The old Court House is sadly dilapidated and looked as if Justice had winged away where more quiet prevails. We traveled all night till broad daylight and halted temporarily. The troops broke camp at tattoo Sunday night and followed on.

Monday morning, the train started on again and continued moving till one o'clock A. M., Tuesday. The day was awful hot, the dust stifling and nearly suffocating, yet necessity demanded that we should push ahead as fast as possible. I learn that the troops suffered terribly from heat and dust. Several officers and men fell down and died from *coup de soleil* and exhaustion. A number also fell out and are probably prisoners, as the rebels followed our troops up and bagged both men and articles left behind. Two or three of the officers and men of the 108th gave out from exhaustion.

Tuesday, we pushed on to within one mile from Fairfax Station. Men and animals being nearly exhausted, a rest was had for the night. Here, we have first learned of Lee's raid into Pennsylvania. The artillery has pushed on to Washington as rapidly as possible. We move on again soon. We have an immense train, which would no doubt be a great prize to the rebels. There are, however, three corps of troops distributed along with the train, the second bringing up the rear.

The first halt I believe was at Stafford Court House. Our pickets had a hard time falling back and returning two or three times. The second halt was at Dumfries. Tuesday night the line of defence by the troops was at Ocoquan Creek. We are yet 25 miles from Washington. We surmise that we are wanted in "My Maryland" again, as speedily as we can get there. Our friends at home (except the returned warriors) have but little conception of the severe toils and fatigue men are obliged to endure in marching with speed under a broiling sun and in clouds of dust, climbing mountains and fording streams. It would not be strange if more fell by the way side than have done so.

After our nine months' hardship and sufferings since we left Washington last fall, it seems joyful to approach her precincts once more, where

we can see civilization and an enlightened people. Nine months! upon the pages of their history, the 108th has recorded terrific battles, dark and dismal days of disease, long and weary marches. Col. Powers and Lieut. Col. Pierce are constant in their efforts to cheer the boys onward in their present severe march. Quartermaster Harris is wide awake in keeping their haversacks well filled. We are again speeding

Democrat & American.

THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 18.

LOCAL AFFAIRS

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the 108th Regiment.

FALMOUTH, Va., June 18, 1863.

In the list of officers of the 108th Regiment, given in my previous communication, the following were inadvertently omitted:

Surgeon—Owen Munson.

First Assistant Surgeon—Wm. S. Ely.

Second Assistant Surgeon—Francis N. Wafer.

Chaplain—Thomas G. Grassie.

Quartermaster—Joseph S. Harris.

The heat seems to be in affinity with the torrid zone. Cool resorts are much sought for; ice is nowhere, water is warm, and all are in melting condition. Notwithstanding the oppressive heat, troops are constantly moving, and the excitement consequent upon being on the alert is exhilarating. The men are in fine spirits, and ready to go when the command is given.

Yesterday morning the rebel gunners tried their skill in throwing shell at our aeronaut who was up in his balloon taking observations of their camps, numbers, &c. One or two exploded in close proximity to him, and not liking to be made a target of, suspended in air, he descended in haste.

The rebels are very active, and strategic movements are schemed upon a large scale, but Hooker is wide awake, and they have been foiled or seriously checked in two of their plans.—First, by our troops crossing below Fredericksburg, and the second, in the recent cavalry fight, in which it appears our gallant 8th suffered severely, in the loss of their brave Colonel and several other meritorious officers.

General Couch having been assigned to the command of the Susquehanna (Pennsylvania) Department, is succeeded in command of the Second Corps by Major-General W. S. Hancock, who has commanded the 1st Division of the corps for a long time.

Whatever may be said against sutlers in the army generally, we must maintain that our sutlers—the Messrs. Rogers—are an exception against charges so freely vented. Their institution is well stocked with all that a camp village needs, and as their rates are uniform, they have become favorites with neighboring regiments as well as our own.

Every man endeavors to sing some portion of the plantation song wherein occurs in the chorus the words, "When will this cruel war be over," the sentiment of which seems to be in perfect unison with the strongest desire. If their vocal powers will not work, their efforts are made to whistle a strain. In all camps can be heard efforts at vocalising, "When will this cruel war be over?"

As we are in momentary expectation of moving, my next may be from somewhere else.

TRUME.

From the 108th Regiment.

BIVOUAC NEAR BULL RUN, June 20, }
10 A. M., 1863. }

Here we are about a mile and a half of the noted Bull Run. We bivouaced here last night about 9 o'clock. Evidence that Mars has been claiming this as his domain is seen and smelt on every hand.

We were introduced to this sacred spot last night by a baptism of water; the flood-gates of Heaven were flung open, and for a time the floods descended in torrents; but whether the baptism of blood is ours just now, is doubtful. Chances, however, are not bad, for the Southern chivalry are not in much force this side of Warrenton.

The boys never felt better and more willing to enter into the controversy than to-day. May the God of battles give unto the Army of the Potomac that head, heart and strong arm which shall bring success!

12½ M.—Orders to fall in and take up the march. We pass over the old Bull Run battle field at 3 P. M. Many of our dead are partially uncovered. Evidently they have only had a little earth thrown over them, and the rains have washed it off their extremities—feet, hands and head. We saw one skull in the road. It is a place of great interest to us. Our "Stonewall Jackson" (Col. Powers) was wounded here when with the old 13th.

But we pass on. Halt for the night at Gainesville. We are pretty well soaked—for what the reservoirs of heaven don't pour upon us, we have tording to equal. A few of the streams have measured all some of us had to spare in the leg line. It is heavy marching to-day.

Sunday morning, 6 A. M.—Stopped raining, and promises to clear off. We fell into line of battle at day light. We have a heavy picket out—some batteries planted. A good deal of slow but cautious work before us. R. E.

From the 108th Regiment.

CAMP 108TH REGIMENT, N. Y. VOLs., }
NEAR GAINESVILLE, Virginia, }
June 21, 1863. }

DEAR UNION:—One week ago to-night we left our camp near Falmouth, Va. It has seemed a long week to me, and will always be remembered in my army experience. We have left the comforts which a permanent camp affords us, left the neighborhood of sutlers and purveyors, and now have to ring changes on hard tack, coffee and pork, occasionally varied by a little fresh meat. Once during the week we have obtained soft bread and potatoes. Our cosy little wall tents too have been superseded by the diminutive shelter tents, and here I am to-day stretched in a prone position under one of the latter, with my paper on the ground attempting to write a letter. Chaplain G. lies at my left, counting the number of discharges per minute from artillery six or eight miles northwest of us. In a shelter tent the horizontal position is the only one that can be assumed with any comfort. "Four guns per minute," "Five guns per minute," Mr. G. counts. The thunder of artillery has been heard since early morning. Seven guns in a minute we count now. It sounds a great way distant and in the direction of Thoroughfare Gap. Though our march here has been a trying one in many respects, it has had its pleasant features. Prominent among these has been the beautiful scenery

of the country through which we have passed. Hill and valley clothed with the richest verdure as always to be seen, and were it not that a minute inspection of the soil shows it to be almost worthless we should consider the country paradise. The inhabitants seem like backwoodsmen. The houses are of the plainest kind, and fashion and luxury must here find few taries.

After crossing Aquia Creek on Monday last, I wandered into the woods and discovered some very old graves, with interesting inscriptions. The stones were laid horizontally, and adorned with hideous skull and bone figures cut in them. The name of the dead, engraved on slate and set in the granite, had long ago crumbled and fallen away, while huge forest trees stood all around, marking the lapse of many years since the remains of loved ones were there deposited. Here are some of the inscriptions, the name being lost in the perishable slate: "She was the second daughter of the Lady Baltimore, by Henry Sewall, Esq., Secratarie of Mariland. Her age, 85 years." The stone of an infant read as follows: "Hic jacet Clara, first borne child of George Brent, Esq., by Marie, his 2d wife, obit 10 of March, 1687, statis, 28 days." Another stone placed perpendicularly, bears merely "Flora, 1697." Another reads, "In memory of Patterson Doyle, who departed this life July 18, 1795, aged 50 years and upwards, &c." Maryland was not settled I think by Lord Baltimore until 1632. It could not have been very extensively inhabited in 1687, the date of "Clara's" death.

On Tuesday I was detailed to take charge of the Division ambulance train on the march, to pick up the sick who fell out from their regiments. It was a difficult task, and required my constant attention from 3 A. M. to 7 P. M., to tell who were really sick, and, when the ambulances became full, to order out those least ailing in order to make room for a sicker squad, required all the ability I possessed. Many were the maledictions heaped on me by the rejected ones, and the sense of relief at the close of the day was inexpressible. A great many men blistered there feel so severely that they could only proceed with the greatest difficulty. The burning heat of the sun, and the clouds of dust raised by 10,000 men exhausted completely many who considered themselves proof against such depressing influences, and had never fallen out before.

—Here I am interrupted with an order from the Surgeon-in-Chief to accompany the detail for picket duty.

In fifteen minutes horse is saddled, blankets, overcoat and rubber cloth packed before and behind the saddle, together with shelter tent and rations. Servant and orderly with knapsack are also ready, and away we go at the rear of 150 privates detailed from the different regiments of the brigade. It is wonderful to see how speedily a field, dotted with hundreds of tents, strewn with haversacks, knapsacks and cooking utensils, will be freed of them all at the order to "fall in" on picket line.

We passed over the Bull Run battle field yesterday afternoon in our march to this place. We all wished to see more of a field so memorable, but were not halted or allowed to do so. Col. Powers showed us where the 13th stood, and where he himself was wounded. It does not compare in its appearances with the Antietam field. The latter shows far more plainly the terrible destructive force of modern instruments of war. It is 23 months to-day since the first battle of Bull Run.

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MONDAY, A. M.—We slept quietly last night and I have heard of no trouble along our picket lines. The 1st and 2d divisions of our corps have gone ahead of us. The 3d (our division) is left for some purpose. Seven thousand cavalry passed us last night. The mail will be gathered in a few moments. Yours,

ING,

From the 108th Regiment.

CAMP AT GAINESVILLE, Va.,
June 22, 1863.

Since writing you last, we have moved onward to the above geographical title of a locality in the Old Dominion. I believe my last communication was dated 17th inst. On Thursday, 18th, the day was oppressively warm and very dusty—the troops suffered much from heat, and their burdens pulled on them heavily. We reached a place called Union Mills, and camped for the night. A heavy shower occurred, which afforded great relief to the jaded troops. We rested till 3 o'clock Friday P. M., then started again, and after marching some five miles, reached Centerville. Here we were upon the Bull Run mountains. A grand view of the country upon all sides was obtained here for miles. Immense earthworks and rifle pits are built upon the heights, seemingly impregnable against the approach of rebel forces. The fortifications were occupied by the Garibaldi Guards, 111th, 125th, and 126th regiments N. Y. volunteers. The 111th is from Cayuga county, 125th from Troy, and the 126th from Ontario, Wayne, &c. Some of the men thought they had seen hard times, having been on duty then five months. Our boys didn't see it in that light, when compared with service and duty on the Rappahannock.

Saturday noon we started again and marched through the famous battle ground of Bull Run. The afternoon was rainy, but all were eager to view what could be seen of this twice hard-fought historic field. The country is beautiful, and a stranger would not think that terrific struggles had been enacted upon it within the space of two years. The first object of curiosity was the stone bridge, which many of the boys of the old 18th probably well recollect, as being a crowded place in the "git away" from the first Bull Run fight. It must have been twenty or twenty-five feet above the water, over the sides of which were crowded during that flight men, horses, wagons, &c., *en masse*. The center of the bridge has since been destroyed, having been blown up by the rebels.—We were obliged to ford the Run a short distance below the bridge, and marching along several miles saw many relics of the struggle. The bones of dead horses were numerous. Upon a side hill were a number of mounds of earth. It appeared that the bodies were left lying upon the ground, and dirt thrown over them, which the swine had rooted away, and human bones, consisting of arms, hands, legs, ribs and skulls—some with locks of hair still clinging to them, lay exposed and scattered around. That they were the remains of Union soldiers, was evident from the fact of there being blue fragments of cloth in the dirt; rebel graves were also to be seen, but they had been put under ground much deeper than our men. Old buildings that were completely riddled by cannon and musket balls still stand as evidence of the struggle. Col. Powers pointed out some

positions which were very familiar, and reminded him of hot times with the old 13th. Painful emotions were created by witnessing the inhuman exposure of the remains of our soldiers. Their graves are unmarked, and they have mouldered away. We also passed a large tenantless stone house, in which Gen. Corcoran and Capt. Wm. H. Merrill were taken prisoners when wounded. Ruins of what appeared to have been fine country mansions were also to be seen. It is a beautiful section of country. Although now clothed in Nature's summer luxuriance, yet the sad marks of the devastation of war are not obliterated. Our camping place Saturday night and Sunday was at Gainesville, about six miles from Thoroughfare Gap. During Sunday heavy cannonading was heard beyond the Gap. We are evidently coming to close work and a desperate struggle. During the afternoon, a cavalry scrimmage occurred some four or five miles from us. Heavy picket details were sent out.

The week's march has been a severe one. Several of our regiment fell out, and have not yet reported themselves. Five are from Co. G, viz: Orderly Sergeant John Dean, Amos H. Graves, George Pullen, Wm. H. Smith and George Van Schuyver. Warrenton is twelve miles from us. If we move onward to that place again, we shall have succeeded in completing a circuit of about seventy miles in this section since November last, which can be classified a feat. It is about thirty miles from Falmouth, but we were obliged to take the last route to save being extinguished, as we were the last brigade, last division of the last corps that left Falmouth. All the other corps have preceded us, and by the booming of cannon appear to be busy. We cannot tell how soon this corps may be warmly at it again, as close approximations to the rebels in this section are frequent, and the range of mountains afford them many Gaps through which they can gap at us uninvitingly. It has not been the history of this corps yet to have a march which did not culminate in a battle, and then standing the brunt of the same. The 108th being a component regiment of the corps, have thus far been freely treated, on the principle of those that first come are first served. Such treatment has been administered to the boys very forcibly, and they received it unflinchingly. They have Power-fully resisted being pushed back by the foe, and Pierce-d them in a very repugnant manner.

TRUMB.

THE 108TH IN THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

The Regiment Takes the Brunt of the Rebel Charges.

[We are permitted to publish the following letter from a member of the 108th Regiment to his father in this city. The writer gives a graphic and interesting account of the terrible fighting in which he shared :]

BATTLE-FIELD AT GETTYSBURG, PA., }
July 4th, 1863. }

DEAR FATHER:—Another great battle has been fought and won. Wednesday night we arrived here from Taneytown, and Thursday morning our Regiment was ordered to the front, to support the 1st Regular Battery. During the day we were shelled occasionally, and a few of our men were wounded. Yesterday forenoon they opened on us again, but were soon silenced by our brass 12-pounders. The enemy could be seen building breastworks, or abatis work, for

protection from our shot and shells. In the forenoon companies A and C were sent out as skirmishers, and had 3 killed and 4 wounded. -- At noon, or near that hour, they were relieved, and came in. About 2 o'clock the enemy opened fire from their batteries, thus getting a partial cross fire on us. Our guns replied in good time and order. Our Regiment were immediately in their rear, and laid down, but very many of them suffered severely; indeed it was the hardest fire the 108th ever experienced—perfectly awful, murderous. Not a second but a shell, shot, or ball flew over, or by us. Large limbs were torn from the trunks of the oak trees under which we lay, and precipitated down upon our heads. One shell came shrieking and tearing through the trees, with the velocity of lightning, striking a caisson, causing it to explode, wounding several. Three or four men started to their feet to leave the spot, but Lt. Card drew his sword and commanded them to go back and lay down in their places, which they did. Small trees were cut down, and large ones shattered almost to pieces. Five different cannon balls struck a large oak, three feet in diameter, which stood not five feet from where I lay, and one of them passed entirely through it. A shell struck right at my feet, killing Sergt. Maurice Welch and Private John Fitzner. This destructive and murderous fire continued to pour in upon us for more than an hour—in fact until they silenced our batteries, or rather until we had exhausted our ammunition. Very many of our cannoniers were killed or wounded, and the most of the horses. Some of our Regiment had to help them run their pieces back by hand. Gen. French having taken command of the 3d Corps, Brig. Gen. Hayes (a brother of the Hayes of our Brigade, who was taken prisoner at Chancellorsville,) had command of our Division, and I must say I think he is the bravest Division General I ever saw in the saddle. Most of the time he was riding up and down the lines in front of us, exhorting the "boys" to stand fast and fight like men. Shell, shot, nor the bullets of the rebel sharpshooters seemed to intimidate him in the least; in fact he paid not the least attention to them, nor did his Staff Officers. Once he rode by and said, "Boys, don't let 'em touch these pieces," and in a few moments he rode back again, laughing, and sung out "Hurrah! boys, we're giving them hell!" and he dashed up to the brow of the hill and cheered our skirmishers, who were driving the Rebs before them.— Soon after our pieces ceased firing, the Rebels slackened theirs also, and then advanced in three lines of infantry from the woods and across the fields. I never saw troops march out with more military precision. Their lines were strait and unbroken, and they looked in the distance like statues. On they came, steady firm, moving like so many automats. Our brigade now formed in line to receive them, the skirmishers coming in at the same time. The 108th was taken out of the grove, drawn up in line of battle, and then told to kneel down until the word to fire. The 12th New Jersey, was on our left, and the 126th New York on our right. Two pieces of the 1st battery were brought up by hand, and when the Rebs had advanced about half way across the field, a deadly fire of grape and canister was thrown into them, mowing them down like chaff. But still on they came! When within musket range, the infantry rose and poured such a shower of leaden hail into them, that their lines broke and they fell back in great disorder. They formed again, however, with part of the second line and came

on Once more; their officers waving their swords and telling them to stand fast, and not to break or run. Already had they wounded many of our men who had gone to the rear. We looked about for reinforcements, but they were not to be seen. Our ranks were closed again and we prepared to meet them once more. Lieut. Col. Pierce who had command, (Col. Powers being sick,) was backward and forth along the line, encouraging the boys and cheering them up by his cool example. All remembered the fair name the 3d division had previously won in battle, and the encomiums bestowed upon us, and every man stood ready to do his duty and preserve that name or die there; and indeed many did fall, but in the front rank, facing the enemy.— The second time, as we poured volley after volley into them, their ranks broke and all was confusion for a time; but their officers rallied them again soon, and they marched forward in a body. Our fire was too tremendously hot for them, and the third and last time they were repulsed and completely routed. Many of our troops rushed down into the field and hundreds of prisoners, many stands of colors, and any quantity of arms were taken. And here also did Gen. Hayes again show his courage and bravery. Striking his high spirited steed on the flank with his sabre, he dashed down among the Rebs. seized a stand of colors and carrying them back, he rode at a gallop along the front of our lines, laughing—and tralling the rebel flag in the dust, and then it was that cheer after cheer went up for him, entirely drowning the sound of the shell that were passing over us. No other attempt was made by them to advance to our lines. I hear that Gen. Longstreet was taken prisoner by some of our troops, and Capt. Ellerbe of the 6th N. Y. cavalry just here, says he thinks we took about 10,000 Rebs in all, and 35 stands of colors. The 108th has suffered seriously. Co. F, lost 19 men, three of whom are killed. I think the total number killed and wounded is 39.

We have driven the enemy from our right. Last evening two divisions passed through the town of Gettysburg, and are now following them up. Cannonading is heard in the distance, and no doubt it is our troops engaging them, or else shelling them as they retreat. As it is raining hard I will finish this tomorrow.

SUNDAY, July 5th, 11 a. m.
It rained hard all day yesterday p. m., and all of last night. Many of the enemy lay on the field wounded; they would have been brought in but their sharpshooters picked off our men wherever they showed themselves. How much the poor fellows suffer can only be imagined. One of our skirmishers coming in said a Mississippi Captain offered him one hundred dollars in gold to bring him in, but when he would raise, a shower of bullets whistled around him; so he left the poor Captain to his fate. Our men are now roaming over the field to see what they can find, and the prisoners are burying the dead.

I have just learned from good authority that our division—the 3d—captured 33 stand of colors, and our brigade—the 2d—took 1,800 prisoners. The casualties in the 108th are more severe than was at first supposed. The report this morning shows 94 killed and wounded.— So we have but 120 men left now. There are but few regiments in the field that have been cut down to so few in number, in so short a space, though we have won a name that every member is proud of and that other regiments might envy us for. Since the first day we were in the front, and are still here. I have had

more narrow escapes than ever before—men fell by my side, before and behind me, and several bullets passed through my clothes; I was also struck by a piece of shell on the calf of my right leg. A kind Providence seemed to watch over me, however, and I escaped unharmed, for which I am truly thankful.

CHAUNCEY L. HARRIS,
Co. F, 108th N. Y. V.

P. S.—Col. Smyth, our brigade commander, being wounded, Lieut. Col. Pierce has now got command of the brigade.

Aug 8, 1863.

From the 108th Regiment.

WESTMINSTER, Md., July 4, 1863.

MONDAY, JUNE 29.—We left camp three miles south-west of Frederick City, at 9 o'clock A. M. The 180th came in from picket duty and reported they evidently had a much more agreeable time than when doing such duty in the barren wastes of Virginia. Farmers furnished them with bread, milk, butter, poultry, &c., over which the boys were not abstemious. The morning was lowery and rainy. We did not pass through the city, but upon a hill from which could be seen all that was beautiful. On the march passed over a bridge which is a grand superstructure over the Monitonic. Its massiveness is similar to the bridge over the river in your city. Upon one end of it was a pedestal, upon which was chiseled the names of the architect, managers, &c., denoting that it is a monument of solidity built years ago. The day's march has excelled all others, having accomplished thirty-five miles at 2 o'clock in the morning. Passed through very pretty places, called Liberty, Union Bridge, &c.; camped at Uniontown.

TUESDAY, 30TH.—Showery. We are now hovering near the rebels. The troops rested to-day after the same jaunt as yesterday. They do not murmur, but all desire to coop the rebels and give them an effectual extinguisher.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1ST.—Trumpets sound, drums beat, at 6½ A. M. All in readiness. The march is resumed, and the troops approximate closer in forming a cordon around the rebels. The train followed on several miles, but as prospects indicated close work, fell back about twelve miles to a station called Linwood, on the Western Maryland Railroad. The troops moved on to Taneytown, and then pressed onward toward Gettysburg, Pa.

THURSDAY, 2D.—At 6 o'clock in motion again. The vast train moved guardedly, for if the rebels could "bag" it they would secure immense supplies, ammunition, &c. Passed near New Windsor, a pretty little village. Upon an eminence, commanding a sublime view of the surrounding country, was the magnificent Calvert College. Its architecture was beautiful, and presents a finer appearance than our own University. At noon, having accomplished fifteen miles, a halt was made at Westminster. During the afternoon nearly 900 prisoners were brought in. They were stalwart men, but appeared very much jaded and worn, and being padded or encased quite thick in mud-armor, indicated that they had been deploying actively in swamps and got swamped. Very heavy and rapid cannonading was heard all the afternoon, which proved to be a terrible battle raging near Gettysburg, twenty-four miles distant, the particulars of which I shall not undertake to narrate.