

Gen. Sigel has taken command of this "Grand Division," consisting of this and Gen. Slocum's corps;—Gen. Stahel of this corps, formerly commanded by Sigel; General McLean assumes command of the division and Col. Lee of the brigade. So, you see, we've lost our worthy commander; but what we lose the brigade will gain. I think its condition will be improved considerably. Col. Lee is a brave and efficient officer. He does things in the right way. His discipline is excellent.

The weather still continues to be warm. To-day is warm, spring-like and beautiful. So far, there has been no suffering from inclement weather. The soldiers are all in good health and a good state of discipline. We have a beautiful camp. The grounds are swept clean every morning, and the streets are lined on either side with small evergreen trees (ceder, pine, holly, &c.) set into the ground, giving the camp a very picturesque appearance. The boys call it "Camp Norwalk," because of its resemblance to that town, on account of the multitude of trees. I wish you could be with us, and see our surroundings.

Jan. 16th, 1862.—We are ordered to cook three days' rations to-day. I think here is a move of some sort ahead.

[By a letter of a later date—the 18th—we learn that Lieut. Colonel Safford had arrived the day before, and the boys were having a good time over the boxes of eatables, &c., from home. The regiment expected to leave the next day.—Ed. Rev.]

[Extract from the Report of Rensselaer, Va., Jan. 13th, 1862.]

Dear Remond:—A week ago last Saturday morning we left Petersburg under circumstances a little exciting to soldiers who have seen so much marching and us yet no fighting, as have we. That morning early a Union farmer rode furiously through the pickets on the Moorefield road, exclaiming, as he urged on his team covered steel, "Don't stop me! I must go on. There is a rebel army approaching Moorefield?" and we did not stop him, of course. I was on picket that morning. In a few minutes more he was giving his message to Col. Washburne. Not long after the heavy booming of cannon in the direction of Moorefield continued in news which the messenger had brought, and we knew, or supposed, that the rebels had attacked the 116th, and then the only regiment at M., and on the contraband boom and roar of "Rebels here!" it seemed as though real, heroic battle was raging there. Soon after the firing commenced, Col. Washburne and staff came in sight leading the whole line of cavalry, artillery and infantry which had been ordered.

They had hardly gone twenty rods in the direction of New Creek, when they saw from the brow of the hill a body of rebel cavalry approaching through the valley at full speed, having effectually cut them off. Mr. Brown and El turned their horses to escape, but before the former had gone fifty rods he was overhauled and obliged to surrender. But Husted was more fortunate. Escaping unharmed the shots fired at him, he dashed up to the side of the road and leaping from his horse ran into the woods and escaped. He was two days and nights traversing the woods and mountains, and arrived at New Creek the next Monday night.

For three days we, at Moorefield, were anxious in regard to the train, as we heard nothing from it, and as our tents, cooking utensils and many of our knapsacks, blankets and overcoats were with it. You may imagine but cannot tell how we enjoyed these deprivations.—We were dependent most of the time for lodging and the use of cooking utensils upon the 116th, and no doubt all of the 123d boys will long remember the kindness with which they were treated.

During this time our company was forty-eight hours on picket—a pretty long and tedious siege of it; on the second night being visited by a cold and driving snow storm. We came in from picket on a Wednesday morning with but a cheerless prospect before us for the day, as it was cold and we were minus tents and short of rations. In the afternoon our company went to work and constructed tolerably good "houses" with pine boughs—not knowing how long we might have to use them in lieu of tents. During the day, however, we received the news that our train was on the way to Moorefield. Joyful news, indeed, to the whole regiment, but more joyful to the "B's," as we heard that our Captain was with it. The next day, Thursday, our company started out to meet the train. We did not get a morsel of eleven miles in a good attempt. We found the Captain, too, in charge of it, and received him with three thousand cheers, and a general shower of hands. Descending from the horse and placing it to one of the boys, he took his old place at the head of the company, and the "B's" were themselves once more. That night the Captain deposited two boxes of packages which our friend at home, ever untroubled their soldier boys, had sent, and, dear friends, your Christmas and New Year's gifts were recognized with a fountain of thankfulness, and came up from the heart of each individual soldier, as we spread them out before us, and many a "God bless you!" was sincerely thought, if not openly expressed. In viewing the packages, then, I felt, as I do now, that they were a precious offering to our men from the kind and thoughtful hearts of those at home.

Last Saturday morning Mr. Husted was evacuated and the whole regiment started for Romney, where we arrived Saturday evening of the 14th, and where we were

ordered. This time, our Battery and two or three others were posted on a rise of ground, in a large open field, about half a mile from the Cedar Swamp. Nagley's Division was in the Swamp trying, in vain, to check the enemy. "The Regulars" were ordered forward again. We crossed the field and advanced ten or fifteen rods into the Swamp.—Nagley fell back, and we lay down and awaited the shock of the rebels. There they come in long lines of thousands—"Fire!" and away go our 1200 bullets into the rebel ranks; but the secesh, used multiplication in exchanging bullet compliments with us. Shiloh was a skirmish compared to the fire we now suffered. The rebel lines were about twelve rods from us. I was now commanding Co. "A"—a mounted rebel officer was riding up and down the lines in front of me, cheering and urging on his men; I pointed him out to three or four of my men, and his horse was soon without a rider. About this time my cap was struck from my head by a bullet. We fought a half an hour without stirring a foot. Then the enemy advanced his left on our right, and the 15th fell back in obedience to orders. The enemy moved up on our left, and the 18th gave way.—The enemy was flanking us. The 19th now retreated, and the 16th was left alone. The enemy was now within forty paces on both our flanks, and pouring an enfilading fire into us from both ways, while the fire in our front seemed to be redoubled. The Major (Major Semmer) had gone to the rear with a bullet through his leg, and the Adjutant had fallen with a shot through the groin. The senior Captain now gave the command, *by the right of Companies, to the rear,* which I did not hear. On seeing the right Companies moving off, I followed with mine, what was left of it. We gained the edge of the woods, and then there was an open field half a mile across to be crossed by us, with the enemy pouring his murderous volleys into us all the time from the rear. Those who did not go down before the respect of lead that belched out from that dark swamp, found a shelter in rear of the batteries, but the field behind us was strewn with our dead and wounded. Our loss was over fifty percent, more than one-half the Battalion. I have not space on this slip of paper to recount the various incidents of the several days of fighting, and the hunger, and fatigue, and exposure that we endured. The enemy evacuated on the night of the 23d and 24th.

You may have become convinced by my possession of this slip of paper, by reading the various incidents of the several days of fighting, and the hunger, and fatigue, and exposure that we endured. The enemy evacuated on the night of the 23d and 24th.

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all of a sudden change thy attitude behold the consequences. They seem more like the licentious and unbridled youth, than the clear calm foresight of statesmanship.

A prejudice against the people of North has been instilled into the mind of Virginians. It has been a part of their education. Their children I been taught to hate us. We were foraging a few days since while Moorefield, at the house of a Mr. Meter, a wealthy Virginian, who his son in the Secesh Army, and who present with the rebels during the at Moorefield on Saturday. We asked him a few leading questions, and among them were the following:

"Were you not happy, prosperous contented before the war?"
"Yes, sir," was his prompt reply.
"Were your rights not all protected under the constitution?"
"Yes."
"Had you any reason to complain any injustice done you by the North?"
"Yes, she had time and again nullified the Fugitive Slave Law."
"Have you ever lost any slaves?"
"No."
"Would you vote for the Ordinance Secession again?"
"Yes."

While this conversation was going our boys were husking and loading corn, getting his cattle together, and some were slaying his chickens and turkeys. The young ladies of the household were up in arms, and were endeavoring to drive the few turkeys left in the house. Such scenes are common. We leave the matter, and you can draw your own conclusions.

It has been a wet drizzly day, and the roads are now quite muddy. As I cannot drill, the only way we have killing time, is by reading all the old books and papers we can catch, and writing letters.

Capt. Parmenter, of Co. C, has recovered, and Lieut. Martin is sick. Last evening our Captain, who has been absent on business, returned to the Regiment.
Young Am. F. B.

Movements of the Potomac Army

Fort Sumner, Jan. 22.
The Army has started on yesterday. The following list of movements of the army under Burnside:

The understanding in Washington is that a portion of the Army—the Potomac General Hooker's division—has been sent to the rear of the Rapidan, and that the movement took place yesterday.

The Washington "Times" mentions that the movement of the Army from the Potomac to the Rappahannock, and that the movement took place yesterday.

The meeting, Rev. Jeremiah Shettle, Chairman of the 14th Pennsylvania Volunteers, called at the *Bulletin* office, and left the army at Edinboro' day before