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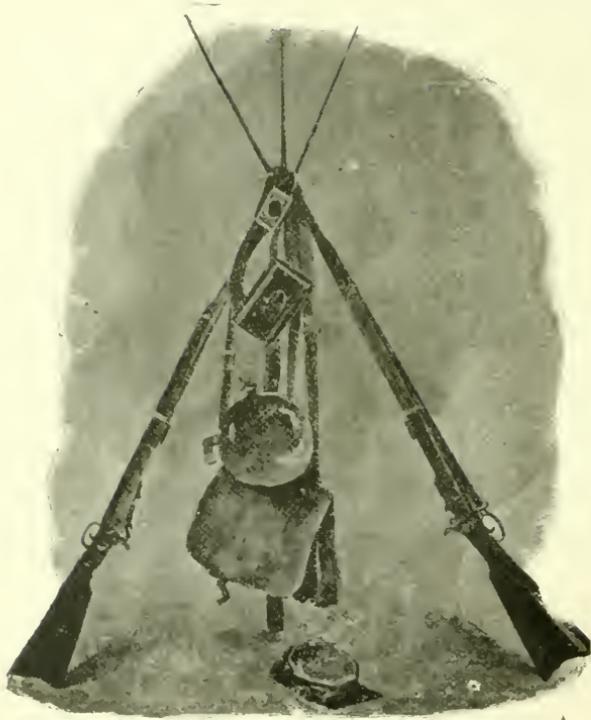


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JUST A REMINDER.

THE
TWENTY-SEVENTH INDIANA

VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

IN THE

WAR OF THE REBELLION

1861 TO 1865

First Division 12th and 20th Corps.

A HISTORY OF ITS RECRUITING, ORGANIZATION, CAMP LIFE, MARCHES
AND BATTLES, TOGETHER WITH A ROSTER OF THE MEN COMPOS-
ING IT, AND THE NAMES OF ALL THOSE KILLED IN BATTLE
OR WHO DIED OF DISEASE, AND, AS FAR AS CAN BE
KNOWN, OF THOSE WHO WERE WOUNDED.

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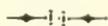
A MEMBER OF COMPANY C.

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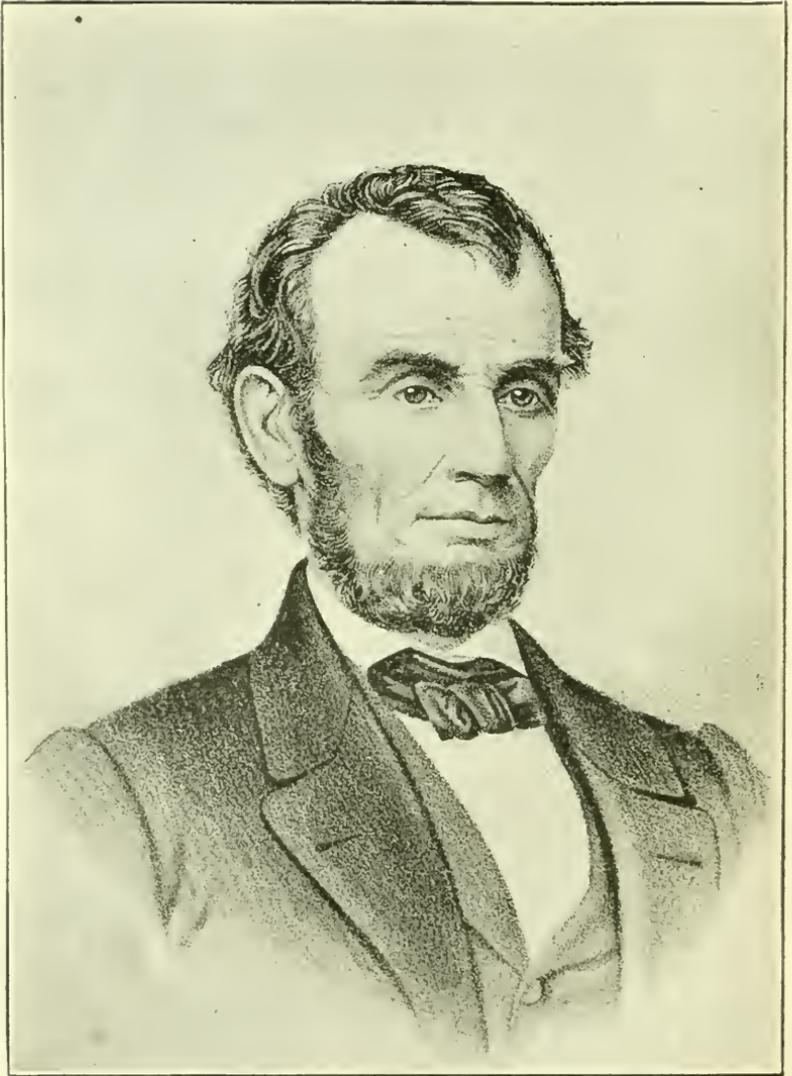
U. S. GOVERNMENT
PRINTING OFFICE

DEDICATION.



To the Honored Memory of the Men of all ranks, living and dead, who composed the Twenty-seventh Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, in the War for the Union, 1861 to 1865—whose whole-hearted loyalty to Country, extreme devotion to duty, and “sublime repression of self” and self interest, during the period of their service, alone made the record of the organization conspicuous among others in the bright galaxy of American History, and which the writer knows of and appreciates so much better than he has been able to set them forth—this volume is most affectionately dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

INTRODUCTORY.

One afternoon in September of the memorable and fateful year of 1861, a line of men was formed in the State Fair grounds at Indianapolis, then known as Camp Morton. Filing out of the gate, with measured steps, timed to the music of fife and drum, the column wound its way to Pennsylvania street, down that to Washington street, thence west until, after various turns, it arrived at a point, then an open common, on the bank of White river, just above the old Terre Haute and Indianapolis railroad. Here a temporary camp was established.

This was the virtual beginning of a relation between these men that was to continue for three years, in fact on through life. There were then close to an even thousand of them, and about one hundred others, all told, joined them at different intervals afterwards. During the three years with which we are particularly concerned here, a fraction over one in seven of those men were killed or mortally wounded in battle. An average of almost another one of the same seven died of disease, a harder sacrifice, if possible, to make, and where any one of the remaining five was not seriously wounded, some other one was wounded twice or more to make up for it.

As that column of men marched that day, so did its diminishing remnant march—on foot, in ranks, through heat, dust and mud, each carrying his gun, equipments, ammunition, rations, blankets, extra clothing, and later on his tent and cooking utensils, plodding along the roads and through fields and woods, often wading creeks and rivers, journeying from place to place, wherever their services were required—a total distance of over four thousand miles. For almost twice that distance they rode, mostly in freight cars or open flat cars, or between the decks of steamships. All along their circuitous, zigzag path, from the populous borders of New York Bay to the lonely oak and pine covered ridges of central Georgia, they left behind them a picket line of new-made graves, and of wrecks of living men, who, from that time to the present, have not known what it is to be well.

Who were those men? What had brought them together? How about their services, sacrifices, tribulations and vicissitudes? How did they deport themselves, and what kind of a spirit was in them? Were they here of their own accord, were their motives high and unselfish, did they try to accomplish something of good for others as well as for themselves? Did they continue faithful to the end? Are they worthy and shall they receive the commendation of their fellow men, of this and succeeding generations?

To answer these questions is the purpose of this narrative. That is its only justification for being in existence, and its only plea for being carefully read and kindly received and remembered.

The writer submits the result of his labors with many serious misgivings. That it comes far short of doing full justice to the subject he is deeply conscious; and that it does not contain errors and misstatements of fact, he does not dare to hope. At the last he has had his periods of sincere doubt whether or not it was fit to be published. The most that he ventures to say in his own behalf, and in behalf of his work, is that his intentions have been good and that he has done what seemed to him his best, under the circumstances.

When the writer first accepted the position of historian of his regiment he did so because he was then entering upon a period of enforced leisure and recreation on account of impaired health. He believed that it would only relieve his mind of other cares, and be a healthful source of enjoyment to him to spend that period, of uncertain duration, in the study, travel and writing necessary to prepare the history, thus indulging the warm impulses of his heart towards his former comrades, and accomplishing something worthy of being done, as well. But for various reasons, the time finally came when he felt that he ought to again resume the duties of his business career, before the work of preparing the history had been more than fairly begun. Hence, the history, such as it is, has been prepared wholly in the scant intervals of an active and exacting business life. A moment snatched now and then, an hour or two in the evening or late at night, a period when others were resting or enjoying themselves in meetings of societies or clubs, never wholly free from other responsibilities or the liability of interruption, never under conditions really favorable for study

or doing literary work—these are the ways that the result, whether good or bad, has been wrought out.

Moreover, the writer early found himself at a disadvantage, not thought of before, in two additional ways: One of these was that he lived outside of the territory where most of the others interested in the history lived, and the other was, that he lived where he could not have access to books or records, other than those he owned. He has seldom met those who could tell him what it was necessary for him to know, or who could clear up some doubtful point. Having to write for such things and wait for an answer, often to find then that the question had been misapprehended, has caused much delay and extra labor. The same has been true in the matter of depending upon others to consult books and public records. He has often had to suspend his labors until such time as he might have an opportunity of doing so himself. It was furthermore his misfortune, through a misunderstanding of dates, to miss one or more of the earlier reunions of the regiment. At others the matter of the history was inadvertently crowded out. Some years of time were thus practically lost. If those directly concerned will have these facts in mind, it will help them to understand why the history has been so long delayed, and why it is not more perfect, now that it is out.

In the measure of success attained, the writer desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to many others. At the head of this list should probably stand the name of Quartermaster Sergeant John A. Crose, deceased. No one else came forward as promptly, no one else had as rich a store to place at the disposal of an historian, and no one else could be more warmhearted, indefatigable and tireless in labors to promote the history. His numerous letters from the army published in the *Indianapolis Journal* and *Greencastle Banner*, his extended and faithfully kept diary and many clippings, facts and dates, all bearing upon the history and all carefully preserved by him, were at once cordially given over. As long as he lived also, he was ready to answer any question, furnish any data or help on the work in any possible way. What he did was all the more helpful, because he did it with such evident freewill. Sad that he did not live to see the history published. His kindly eyes must have closed for the last long sleep all the more reluctantly on that account.

Next in order of early and also efficient help, stands the

name of M. H. Van Buskirk, of Company F. He, too, furnished a diary, covering the whole period of the service. In supplying facts and dates omitted by Crose, and in giving different views of things, because recorded by one occupying a different station, his diary was invaluable. He has also been like Crose, in always standing ready to help, in any and every way.

John Parham, of Company F, furnished a briefly-kept diary covering a part of the time, as did also E. G. Boicourt, of the same company. Mr. Loughery, of Edinburg, Ind., son of Lieutenant Loughery, of Company C, furnished a similar diary, kept by his father.

Lieutenant Rundell, of Company G, gave the writer the use of a series of letters written by himself and others to his patriotic mother, who carefully preserved them. These letters and others furnished in smaller numbers by many different persons, reflected a light upon the inner, personal history of soldier life, and upon the unstinted loyalty that this great country receives from her young men, that is wonderful. Lieutenant Rundell has also been one of the members of the regiment who could be appealed to with a certainty of response in every emergency.

Capt. J. C. Williams was living in Missouri during the earlier period of the work on the history. Since his return to Indiana he has made large contributions of materials that have been most helpful in clearing-up uncertain points, and supplying information not attainable before. He kept an extended diary during the war, in which he recorded every day, with great precision, the leading facts observed by him. Among these were numerous statistics, names and dates not known at the time by others. Captain Williams has also furnished a large part of the photographs from which the plates were made to illustrate the history. This is particularly true of the portraits of the officers of the regiment.

As to other forms of assistance, the name of John Bresnahan, of Company A, is easily entitled to first place. His help has been very great. Living in Washington has enabled him to do more than would have been possible otherwise. Among other things, he supplied the writer with a complete set of the "Rebellion Records," as far as they relate to this narrative. Some of them were furnished in advance of their issuance from the Government printing office. How, or by

what means, he secured these valuable public documents, it would, perhaps, not be fair to inquire.

Capt. Joseph Balsley, of Company H; Lieut. John R. Rankin, Company A; John Deaxmin, Joseph D. and John D. Loughlin, of Company B; Sergt. W. P. Ellis and Nelson Purcell, Company E; Sergt. Joseph Sellers, Company I; George Mehringer and Corp. Conrad Eckert, Company K, and doubtless others, should be mentioned as having rendered valuable aid.

When the writer visited the battlefields of the regiment in the East, John Bresnahan, at his own expense, accompanied him to the battlefields of Chancellorsville and Cedar Mountain. With respect to the latter field in particular, this service was essential to the history of that engagement. Likewise, when the writer visited the battlefields of the Atlanta campaign, Captain Williams, Corp. George East and John Hinchee, all of Company C, accompanied him; the two former not only paying their own expenses, but also contributing their proportion to the expenses of Hinchee, who was able to give his time only. Both East and Hinchee had been present with their company in all of these battles, and without them along it would have been useless for the writer to go.

As to the form and mould in which the narrative is cast, it was decided upon after no little reflection. To write from the view point of one in the ranks and relate facts and events as they appeared to him in that position, seemed unavoidable, if the writer was to do it. That was where he was, and that was the only view that he had. In reference to this it may be said, that if this way of relating the matters in hand seems a little odd to some, because they had a slightly different understanding of things at the time, it will not seem odd to the majority, because they occupied a position similar to that of the writer.

A matter less easy to decide to the satisfaction of his own mind, was whether or not the writer was to go forward and tell a continuous story, as if present and witnessing what he was relating, when, in fact, he was not always present. In the interest of brevity, as well as to avoid the introduction of more than one form of narrative, it was decided to do as has been done.

From the very outset, the writer has had the ideal in mind that this was to be the history of a regiment, of an organ

ized body of men—rather than the history of one man or any number of individual men. The aim has steadily been, therefore, to show what this organization did and the kind of material of which it was composed. If individual names have been mentioned or individual deeds recorded, it has only been because it seemed necessary to an understanding of what was being related or as an example or illustration of what was true of others. In pursuance of this ideal no biographies have been inserted. Who this or that man was before the war, where he has lived or what he has accomplished since the war, are not sufficiently relevant to admit of their statement in this place.

Where distances are exactly stated in the narrative it means, in most cases, that the writer has measured them since the war. Material facts or figures have also been carefully considered and will not be found far astray, however they may appear at first thought. Where criticism has been made or opinions expressed, the writer is alone responsible for them.

MONTICELLO, IND., September 1, 1899.

CHAPTER I.

THE RECRUITING OF THE REGIMENT.

The Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteer Infantry was recruited during the last days of July and first days of August, 1861. It was among the earliest of those regiments which sprang to arms in response to President Lincoln's first call for 300,000 men to serve "three years or during the war," and which bore so largely the brunt of that great contest.

If a radius should be drawn upon the map of Indiana, extending from Indianapolis south, a distance of seventy-five miles, then swung around westward until it extended from Indianapolis due west, it would indicate, in a general way, the section of the State in which the men of the regiment lived previous to the war, and where a majority of the survivors still reside. The only exceptions to this of much note would be that, when extending from Indianapolis southwest, the radius would be slightly too short; and, when extending west, it would be longer than necessary.

The towns and counties where the companies were nominally recruited were as follows: Company A, Greencastle, Putnam county; Company B, Raglesville, Daviess county; Company C, Edinburg, Johnson county; Company D, Bedford, Lawrence county; Company E, Washington, Daviess county; Company F, Bloomington, Monroe county; Company G, Morgantown, Morgan county; Company H, Paris, Jennings county; Company I, Putnamville, Putnam county, and Company K, Jasper, DuBois county.

These towns were the principal centers of recruiting activity. Perhaps in every instance more men of the several companies belonged in the towns named, or in their immediate vicinity, than in any other one locality. But in all the companies other towns and localities were largely represented, and, in some, the representation from several other places was almost if not quite equal to the one named.

The same was even more true with respect to counties. There were men in all the companies from other counties than

those named. In some instances the men who really lived in the county named, in connection with a company, were in a minority. In one or more instances, parties interested in recruiting went to points at considerable distances from their homes, and secured men who otherwise would not have been in the regiment. A case in point was where Captain Buehler, of Company D, went from Bedford back to Brownstown, where he had formerly lived, and secured the enlistment of a number of men for his company. There was also a sprinkling of men in the Twenty-seventh who belonged in other states. Persons engaged in business or at work, or who happened to be attending school or visiting in Indiana, enlisted with us, though their homes were not in the state. In our ranks were also, we are proud to reflect, a few refugees from the South. Some of those heroic men who, refusing to be led by others, or submit to popular clamor, dared to remain loyal to the old flag and, compelled on that account to flee their homes, came North and enlisted in the Union army, were in the Twenty-seventh. Through the precipitate disbanding of a partially organized company in Camp Morton, ordered by the Governor because the prospective captain had proved to be profligate, about fifteen men from White county and one from Pulaski county, in the northern part of the State, joined their fortunes with the Twenty-seventh, after its companies had been fully organized. The men from White county served in Company F, while the sole representative from Pulaski chanced to be the writer. For similar reasons, probably, scattering men from several other counties joined the different companies at Camp Morton.

The time when the Twenty-seventh was recruited being just after the first battle of Bull Run, it goes without saying that the sentiment of the people of Indiana was then very deep and intense. They had been slow to believe in the possibility of a clash of arms. Taking counsel of their own inclinations, they could not think that the disaffected ones at the South would go to such an extreme. Fort Sumter, while it had awakened them to a realization of facts which they had been deaf and blind to before, still did not fully convince them of the fierce and relentless spirit behind the uprising. It required Bull Run to do that. Now, though none even yet began to divine the great severity and long duration of the struggle, all were fully convinced that a terrible war was at hand.

It was not alone because the Union army was assailed and driven back at Bull Run. It was bad enough that men should be fired upon and killed by those who had been their fellow citizens, who, in fact, were their kinsmen and acquaintances. But that they should be subjected to gross insults and indignities, even be assaulted and bayoneted, after being wounded, and when they were willing to surrender, and that the poor, mangled remains of the killed should be denied respectable burial, or be mutilated, as if in the hands of savages, their bones being exposed as relics, or sawed and carved for ornaments, solely because they had worn the uniform and marshalled under the flag of their country, demanding only submission to its rightful authority and obedience to its equal laws—these things were as a fire in the bones.

Multitudes of men went about their usual employments in a dazed, mechanical way, with tears in their eyes and with dire thoughts and purposes taking shape in their minds. Professional men lost interest in their callings, merchants forgot to consider their profits or the wants of their customers, and mechanics found it impossible to concentrate their thoughts upon what they were trying to do. Farmers in plowing and reaping, some prayed and others swore, from one end of their fields to the other. Mothers went silently about their home duties with red eyes and swollen eyelids, and fathers choked down when asking a blessing at the table. Boys coaxed their parents every day for their consent to enlist, and husbands told their wives at meal-time that they would surely die if compelled to stay at home.

Interest in military matters was universal. Large numbers of young men, with many not so young, organized themselves into companies and were drilled, at frequent intervals, on the village green, by those who had been in the Mexican war, or had had some other military experience. To these drills the whole country-side turned out. Even the boys from eight to twelve, gathered in bands by themselves and marched here and there, carrying wooden guns.

Everybody was eager to learn the purport of the latest dispatches. Newsboys sold armloads of papers. Persons passing along the road in country districts were hailed, and asked if there was anything new from the front.

The seat of war at this time was in Virginia, with matters in Missouri assuming more and more of a war-like aspect.

In both of these states, the names of little interior towns, and insignificant cross-roads and creeks, unheard of before, and that could scarcely be found on any map, were upon all lips. Armies were rapidly being mobilized in their vicinity and battles seemed imminent.

But the current was not all in one direction. In all parts of Indiana, particularly in the southern half of the State, were people who openly sided with the insurgents. Just at this period they were probably less out-spoken than at any other during the war, yet their real sentiments were no secret. Of the original native settlers of central and southern Indiana, those from below the Ohio river largely predominated. Most of them had moved over from Kentucky, though many of them were natives of Virginia, the Carolinas, Tennessee and other Southern States.

A small per cent. of these people of Southern antecedents were intense haters of slavery. They or their progenitors had fled from the South for the sole purpose of escaping its baleful influence. This class, without exception, were intensely loyal to the Union. Nobody saw clearer than they that the rebellion was simply a conspiracy of the slave oligarchy, wholly in its interest and having its intolerant, murderous spirit.

But, as might have been expected, the larger part of these Southern emigrants and many of their descendants were still closely allied with the section of their nativity. They had come north for no other reason than the hope of bettering their condition in a newer country. By all the ties of kindred, early association and with a blind faith in the prestige and leadership of the South, they held loyally to it. Through all the previous agitations and discussions leading up to the present crisis they had championed its side among their neighbors. While not many of them at this time openly and unqualifiedly justified the rebellion, some of them did; and all united in the avowal that those engaged in it had had strong provocation. With still greater vehemence and persistence, if not greater unanimity, they repeated another statement, which was: "*You never can conquer the South.*"

There were people also not of Southern stock, who, nevertheless, were old time Southern sympathizers. The reasons were various and need not be enumerated here. These people were always out-spoken and generally loud-mouthed, in justi-

fyng slavery and everything done by slave holders. They affected a special aversion for a negro, and the torment of their lives was that the "niggers" might some time "come up and live amongst us." In the event of war there could be no question as to which side they would espouse, at least as far as talk went. These were the people who deceived the Southern leaders, to the extent that they were deceived, with reference to the material aid they might expect in the North. Those who knew them best never had any other feeling than one of contempt for these Northern "dough-faces," as they were called.

As has been said, these people of all classes who were so stout in their affirmations that the rebellion could not be suppressed, and who in their hearts desired that it might not be done, were saying and doing less just now than they had been and would be again; yet, in a more or less surreptitious way, not a little was being said, and the influence exerted was potent.

Out of such conditions as these the Twenty-seventh and most of the earlier volunteer regiments from Indiana, sprung. It was in such a white, furnace heat that its materials were refined, crystalized and tempered. If men entered the army anywhere or at any time, under conditions resembling drift-wood floating upon the current, it was impossible that many such should be in our ranks.

It has been a disappointment to the writer, that the materials have not been available for a detailed history of the gathering together of the men composing the regiment. So few of the facts have appeared to be in the possession of any one person, and in most instances everything pertaining to the subject has become so vague and shadowy in the minds of all, that anything like a particular and circumstantial account of the enlistment of the men has been beyond reach. In outline, the methods pursued and many of the attending circumstances seem to have been similar in all cases. The method most common was to circulate a paper, the heading to which bound those attaching their signatures to serve in the army for the suppression of the rebellion, "for a period of three years or during the war." Several such papers, evidently copies of the originals, are still on file in the Adjutant-General's Office at Indianapolis, mementos of the recruiting of different companies of the Twenty-seventh. Without ex-

ception, as far as known. the circulation of these papers and the solicitation of signatures to them was inaugurated by those who were afterward commissioned officers, or expected to be. They were sometimes materially aided in their work by citizens, of more or less prominence, who, it was understood, were not themselves intending to go. These last made speeches, wrote articles for the papers and in private conversations and by personal appeals, labored for the end in view.

In no instance known to the writer, was there, in the recruiting of this regiment or any other Indiana regiment, recruited at this period, any very large meetings held or any great demonstrations made. Meetings, when any were necessary, were usually small, and the proceedings were characterized by order and deliberation. The fife and drum were invariable adjuncts, but were used more to advertise the gathering than with any thought of exciting passions. The speeches consisted wholly of arguments showing why it was right and necessary for the friends of the Union to wage war as was proposed, and the sacrifices, privations and dangers of service in the army were prominently set forth, rather than kept back. The line of thought presented by all public speakers and expressed, over and over, in private conversation, by all friends of the Union and those favoring the prosecution of the war at the North, was substantially the same. They said: The rebellious states are the aggressors, they have struck the first blow, and nations, like individuals, have the natural, inherent right of self-defense. The principle of secession once admitted, nothing remains of the Union, under the compact of the constitution. Revolution can not be justified without a Bill of Rights, or other evidence that petitions and remonstrances have been repeatedly made and persistently denied. Whatever its faults, this is the best government in the world, and to break it up and destroy it is a heinous crime and sin. This is the only experiment anywhere, on a large scale, of self government among men. If this fails, the hopes of earth's oppressed millions will be blighted. Our forefathers bled and died to give us these free institutions; we must not be so unworthy as to allow them to perish. Our flag has been fired upon and dishonored, the men wearing the uniform of our army have been shot down; are we so cringing and craven hearted as not to resent it? etc., etc. Considerable was also said about the relative fighting qualities of Northern and

Southern soldiers. On this point the claim of the South that their soldiers were superior to ours, was, of course, denied and scouted; but it is an open question whether a great many Union soldiers did not go to the field rather under the spell of the oft-repeated, defiant assertions of the enemies of the country that they were not quite equal to those with whom they would have to contend, this spell being cast over them, in large part, by their own friends and neighbors. All of these arguments and appeals were, of course, designed, not only to meet the natural demands of the situation, but were in reply to assertions and claims of a contrary nature.

Frequently a party of from two to a dozen, armed with fife and drum and sometimes accompanied by a speaker or two, went by appointment to a country school-house or neighboring village, to hold a meeting, and, if possible, secure recruits. The progress of such a party across the country, up the lanes and through the patches of woodland, was heralded by the squeak of the fifes and the rattle and thump of drums. But far more impressive, to those whom they passed on the way, was the stars and stripes which they usually held aloft. To the heart of many a country boy came thrills of patriotism and moving impulses to heroic deeds for country, as he beheld this sight, while toiling in the field or waiting at the roadside.

At all such meetings there was more fife and drum music. The speeches were made and, following these, an opportunity to sign the paper, or "volunteer," as it was called, was afforded. Sometimes there was a singing of patriotic songs by the amateur singers of the vicinity. In this the young ladies especially exerted themselves, and were often very effective. Some enlistments were expected and others were great surprises to all. Occasionally a quiet, silent young man, who had previously said nothing to any one, or in any way given a hint of his intention to do so, would go forward, with white face and compressed lips, and affix his name to the roll. Not infrequently such action was followed by a shriek from the boy's mother or sister, who thus had had a sharp arrow pierce her heart. Sometimes there was bitter weeping by many persons, after the meeting adjourned.

But, all things considered, it is amazing how earnest and resolute the mothers, wives and sisters were in those terrible days of trial. None could foresee the many dread consequences that might result from going off to such a war, and

none could feel the weight of the blow it was sure to entail on affectionate hearts, to the extent that they themselves did. Yet no class encouraged enlistments more than they. Mothers, with breaking hearts, when sons asked their consent to go, said: "Yes, my son, go; and may God keep you and bring you back to us again, if it be His will." The younger women—the sisters and sweethearts—were equally ready to encourage enlistments, even though it did cost them unspeakable agony. The young man who, without a palpably good excuse, hesitated about enlisting, found little favor with them, and often found himself flatly jilted. The influence exerted by loyal women in preserving the Union can scarcely be overstated.

As to previous occupations, by far the larger part of the Twenty-seventh were farmers. They came fresh from their country homes to answer what they believed to be the distinct call of duty, and, when the war was over, most of the survivors went back to the farm again. The wheat crop, which is relatively very important in Indiana, had just been harvested, and most other prominent crops had been practically laid by, leaving them freer to leave home at that time than they had been earlier in the season.

But almost all other callings were represented. If occasion had required, a complete and competent court of justice might have been made up from among us—judge, attorneys, clerk and sheriff, with duplicates for all the other county offices. Almost every company had one or more practicing physician, or medical student, capable of administering to the wants of the sick. In addition to the chaplain, regularly ordained ministers were not wanting, as well as others not so far along in their high calling. Our teachers, though mostly young and of somewhat limited experience, were numerous enough, and of those who lived through it, some attained marked eminence after the war. When at Camp Hamilton we were drawing flour and were sorely perplexed how to utilize it, bakers in plenty turned up, as well as brick masons to build the ovens. At Berryville, when we came in possession of a printing office, we found we had no lack of printers. In other emergencies we discovered that we had competent millers, sawyers, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc. If, on some of our long marches, a train of cars had luckily fallen into our hands, we had a full train crew ready, from engineer and fire-

man to rear brakeman. If we had captured a steamboat, we could have manned it entire, including a pilot for almost any of our western rivers. Thus the Twenty-seventh was composed of those hardy, self-reliant, energetic men of affairs which the hardships and demands of western life tend to develop. They were men capable of taking care of themselves, and all of them had had plans looking to that end. Some thirty years after the muster-out, a careful research developed the fact that, of the three hundred members of the regiment then living, none were in the poor-house and only three were in soldiers' homes: while of the total number who survived the war, not more than one or two had been convicted of crime.

As to nativity, the majority of the Twenty-seventh were simply western conglomerates. At least ninety per cent. of the officers and men, if not more, were American born. But, while a few of them were descendants of that band of numerous progeny—the original freightage of the Mayflower—and of other early settlers of the Colonies, many of them were only of the third, or second, and even of the first generation, born this side of the Atlantic. If some of us proudly claimed a strain of Puritan or Cavalier blood in our veins it had undeniably been crossed with German and Low Dutch, Scotch and Irish, until it was impossible to decide which now predominated, and few cared about it anyway. As is generally the case everywhere, those who bore surnames evidently derived from the Puritans, Huguenots or Scotch Covenanters had, at the same time, Christian names inherited from a more recent ancestry, of different stock. The British isles and the north of Europe had furnished the original parentage. Industrious, temperate and frugal, with deep moral convictions, self-respecting, liberty-loving, fearless and enterprising—they are the best class of emigrants that have ever abandoned their native country to make their home in another. Fused into one people, not only by a common citizenship, common interests of other kinds, and long association, but by intermarriages, their posterity is still farther improved. Of such was the body of the Twenty-seventh. Whether descended from more remote or more recent arrivals in the country, is not material.

One of our companies had such a preponderance of German-speaking men in it that we called it our "Dutch Koom-

pany." Yet most of these young men who spoke the English language brokenly, had been born in the United States, and, in some instances, their fathers before them had been. With them, in the same company, were also men not of German descent, and, along with the rest, were three or four genuine Irishmen, rather recent arrivals. All of the companies had more or less of these "sprigs of the Emerald Isle"—enough to furnish most of the mother wit and quick retorts of the regiment, as well as to take care of any raw whiskey that might otherwise have escaped confiscation. It has been tersely said: "The Irish fight for all countries and have none of their own," but they make good soldiers.

A characteristic of the Twenty-seventh that often attracted attention was the large proportion of tall men which it contained. It is quite generally known that we had with us the tallest man in the entire United States army. This has been definitely settled. Capt. David Buskirk stood full six feet eleven and one-half inches in his stockings. It was the plan, at first, that his company should be composed wholly of men six feet tall and over. Though this was found impracticable, the company still had in it, at the start, eighty men of that class.

It would be safe to say that the other companies averaged at least fifty six-footers each. Some quite short men (or boys) brought the average down considerably: but the matter of our unusual average height was the subject of frequent remark, particularly in the early part of our service.

And we measured well, in comparison with others, in at least one other respect. In that respect we exceeded some others by *many feet*. Quartermaster-sergeant Crose, often referred to his comical, though laborious, experiences in supplying the men with shoes that were large enough for them. Each time he drew shoes it was necessary for him to bundle up the fives and sixes and go around among the neighboring regiments and exchange them for nines and tens. For this purpose, the Ninth New York and Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania were his favorite resorts, while they remained in the brigade. They contained mostly city-bred men, with diminutive pedal extremities.

On the point of the average age of the men of the Twenty-seventh, it is more difficult to speak, in the enforced absence of the figures. The opinion has been expressed that the average

was higher than in most other regiments. The writer does not concur in that opinion. The fact that our men had been so generally accustomed to out-door life and to physical labor, may have given them an older appearance than if the contrary had been true. Anyway, the few known facts at hand and the general impression as it is recalled, seem to the writer to be conclusive that the Twenty-seventh was below, rather than above, the average age. At all events, the average could not have been high.

A computation from the muster rolls of the Union army has shown that of 1,012,273 soldiers, the age of 133,475 was put down at eighteen—almost fourteen per cent. The number set down as being nineteen was 90,215, or ten per cent. Less than five per cent. was recorded as being twenty-five, and the number decreases rapidly as the age increases. No age under eighteen being recognized in law, all of those below, as well as those at that age, would be enrolled as being eighteen. The real average would, therefore, be slightly below the apparent average.

Most of the companies in the Twenty-seventh had, at the start, at least one boy, and some of them had two, of quite tender years, enlisted as musicians. Some of these could scarcely have been more than twelve years old, and none of them were more than fourteen or fifteen. Though some of them probably carried muskets later on, it was not so intended in the beginning. In the company in which the writer served were at least six persons, enlisted as musket holders, who were really only sixteen years old when mustered in. Part of them were barely past that age, and the others lacked a few days of having reached it. But the ages of these persons did not bring them into striking contrast with others. Some were much older, of course, but by far the larger part were not greatly removed from these six in age. There does not seem to be any reason to conclude that this was an exception. On the contrary, the other companies had substantially the same class of men with respect to age.

The most vivid and realistic reminder of the scenes and experiences to which this narrative relates, that the writer has had since muster-out, was afforded him by the sight of a regiment of ruddy-faced, sweaty and dust-covered state militia which he saw in a parade some years since. They were wearing loose blouses and caps of dark blue, the exact pattern of

those we wore so long, with pants of light blue. They also carried Springfield muskets.

There was a long procession, composed of various classes of men and of civic societies, not without interest. But when this regiment of militia filed around the corner and moved by, with a half-careless, jaunty grace, marching in a soldierly way without any forced effort at excessive order, their steps timed by the playing of a drum corps, in which were several young lads, the mounted officers riding before and behind the column, and a silk, bullion-fringed flag, of regulation pattern, waving and fluttering over the center—a certain relic of the Civil war felt a violent thumping under his vest, as if a steam trip-hammer had suddenly opened up business in that quarter. He was tremendously impressed that, in many of its features, he had before him what he had never thought to see again in this world—the exact reproduction of the old Twenty-seventh as it was in the days of long ago.

Some of the officers of this militia regiment were bearded men, one or two being somewhat grey; but the rank and file were simply boys. A very few of them may have been as old as twenty-eight, or even thirty, though eighteen to twenty-two would have caught by far the greater number; and there were more of them who were below eighteen than there were of those above twenty-five. That would be the writer's deliberate judgment as to the men composing the Twenty-seventh.

“Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech and speech is truth.”

The departure from their homes of the men who went to war, and their final separation from those near and dear, is a subject often mentioned. No attempt will be made to picture these scenes in this connection. Individual cases differed as widely as individual persons differ, in temperament and surroundings. We, who survived, can never forget either the time or place that we, for the last time, shook hands with father or brothers, or, for the last time, folded in our embrace mother, sister, sweetheart or wife, and said good-bye. For almost half of the Twenty-seventh, the tender, sacred memory has been cherished and treasured through the years by the other parties alone. In their cases the ones who went away did not return.

Most of the companies were given a warm send-off by

the people of their home towns. When they were finally ordered in to camp, the day of their departure being announced, the members of the company assembled, and the occasion was made one peculiarly inspiring and impressive. The entire population turned out, a public dinner was served to the company by the ladies, after which, there was speaking, sometimes a flag presentation, and then the men took their departure amidst the booming of cannon, the waving of flags and handkerchiefs, the cheers and shouts of loyal, warm hearted men and women, and prayers and tears innumerable.

CHAPTER II.

CAMP MORTON.

Our recollections of Camp Morton are still vivid. Many things, as they throng through our memories, are tender and sacred, others are smile-provoking, and some plague us with a sense of dissatisfaction with ourselves. We can see plainly enough now, that, while at heart we were patriotic and had



HON. O. P. MORTON.

INDIANA'S PEERLESS WAR-TIME GOVERNOR.

good intentions—perhaps lofty intentions—our conceptions of practical warfare and the duties of a soldier, as well as some of our performances, were not any too creditable.

Camp Morton was simply the ground and buildings where the Indiana State Fair was held annually. Its location was then some distance out of Indianapolis, to the northeast, but the city has long since spread over and beyond it. The

emergency arising suddenly, this was doubtless considered the best place available for the rendezvous of volunteers. Its name was that of Indiana's great war governor. The buildings in the fair grounds had never been very good ones. At this time few changes had been made in any of their appointments. A cleaning up, not any too thorough, with the possible addition of some floors and platforms, to facilitate the sleeping of the men, were the sum total of visible alterations. Embryo soldiers had their quarters in stalls and pens built for horses, cattle and swine, and in the halls provided for other exhibits. The speed ring, where the swift-goers had won purses or made records, were now appropriated by stalwart young patriots, learning military evolutions.

The comforts of Camp Morton were meager. Men were furnished no bedding. Those who had brought none from home, as the writer and many others had not, did largely without. A part only of the sleeping places were provided with anything softer than lumber. The writer first had his quarters in a horse stall where there was straw, not any too clean or pleasant smelling. Later a change in his relations brought him into another building, where, with only one ragged, cotton comfort, he slept upon bare boards. His was no exceptional experience. Perhaps the original plans concerning the two places were still the controlling factors. When a man occupied a horse stall it was all right for him to be bedded with straw, but when he took the place of a jar of preserves or a pumpkin, consistency required that he should deport himself upon a bare shelf.

The matter uppermost in all our minds after our arrival in Camp Morton was our muster into the United States service. The mustering officer then on duty in Indianapolis was Maj. T. J. Wood, of the regular army, afterwards a major-general of volunteers. He must have been a very busy man during those days, as the position he occupied was a most onerous and responsible one. He usually came to camp every day; sometimes working all day and into the night. The method was simple. There was no examination by medical experts. The company or squad seeking muster was formed in line and the mustering officer used his best judgment, after carefully looking the men over, as to their physical qualifications. He passed slowly along the line, first in front, then in the rear, scrutinizing critically each recruit. He next sta-

tioned himself at the head of the line and, the roll being called, each recruit, as his name was pronounced, stepped a few paces to the front. This gave the major an opportunity, not only to note the presence of each one but also to detect any lameness or defect in movement. To those who were accepted the usual oath was at once administered. The mustering officer took a position directly in front of the line, and taking off his hat raised his right hand and instructed the men to do likewise. He then repeated the oath in measured, serious tones, and at the conclusion, asked the men if each and all assented, to which each responded, "I do!" Most of us considered the taking of the oath a very impressive ceremony, and indeed it should be.

Even under such a cursory physical examination a considerable number were rejected, which was always a sore disappointment. To avoid this various devices were resorted to. Grey hair was snugly dyed; beard betraying age was closely shaved; arms were held near the body to conceal crooks or other defects, and fists were deftly closed that the major's keen eyes might not detect the absence of fingers. More commonly, hollow chests were enlarged by increased clothing, and boys stretched themselves to the utmost, or stood on tip toe, to make up for lack of size and age.

If rejected once, men hardly ever gave up without a second, or even a third or fourth trial. For this purpose they appeared with another batch of recruits, sometimes in another company. If the mustering officer came to camp late, or was obliged to continue his work until darkness came on, it was a favorable opportunity for these questionable cases. In some instances men were thus accepted after two or three previous rejections, and they made the hardest of soldiers.

It is alleged that certain of the boys who were under the minimum age put the figures 18 in their shoes, and, when asked how old they were, answered innocently, "I am over eighteen." The writer was not smart enough to think of such a clever expedient. When he was mustered Major Wood stopped in front of him, and, laying one of his hands on each of the writer's shoulders, asked kindly, "Bub, how old are you?" Of course the answer had to be "eighteen," even if it was "stretching the blanket." More boys were doubtless accepted at this time and there was more looseness and irregularities of other kinds, not only because of the urgent need of

soldiers, but because of the apathy and disloyalty of so many parents. When a man was even suspected of lacking in hearty allegiance to the country, if his boy wanted to go into the army, everything was done that could be to favor him.

After finally being mustered into the service, it was almost impossible for us to possess our souls in any kind of patience. There was an anxiety and restlessness about us almost beyond control. Our strongest desire was to go to the front. Since actual war existed and we were really in the army, why not put in our whole time in fighting. Preposterous as it may now seem, some of us were afraid, even at this period, that the war would be over before we would get to take any part in it.

Perhaps our next highest ambitions in their order was to go home on a furlough and go out into the city, to see what we could see. Being thwarted in our yearning to revel in scenes of desperate daring and awful bloodshed, we could not think that there was anything else to do but have a good time somewhere. It requires a long while and alas! some bitter experiences for a raw recruit to learn the priceless value of drill and discipline. To go home one needed a furlough, and these were necessarily limited, both as to number and duration. Most of the companies were furloughed home in a body, for a short time, after being mustered in, and nearly all individuals who applied later got an additional furlough for a few days. But the range in that direction was, in the nature of things, restricted. Not so with visiting the city. Every day a large number from each company were allowed passes. Company commanders wrote them, and to be good at the gate they had to be approved at camp headquarters. In addition to this method of getting out of camp, "running the guard" was extensively practiced. To leap over the fence and be off for a season of frolic or sightseeing was but the work of a moment, attended with few unpleasant consequences. That method was often preferred over asking for a pass, and usually resorted to if a pass was denied. It was not difficult to jump over the fence anywhere, while the guard's back was turned, and be away before he could force a halt. But the point mostly chosen to run the guard was at the northwest corner of the camp. There the quarters of the men joined the fence, so the guards could not halt or challenge the truant until he was well started, and once outside, a short run over low ground brought him under cover of timber. The spectacle of one or more men

dashing furiously across that open space, with all the guards in the vicinity shouting "Corporal of the guard" etc., etc., is well remembered. There were no patrols or provost guards in the city at that time. In a few instances guard-breakers were pursued and caught. In more, the guards were doubled and they were arrested on their return. The punishment, however, was seldom severe enough to be more than a joke.

A limited amount of drill without arms and an occasional turn at standing guard, was all the duty required of us here. On guard we were commonly armed with inferior muskets, but sometimes with only a club. Drill was about the same as voluntary. Anyone who did not want to drill could avoid most of it with little difficulty. Very trivial excuses were accepted. Still, there were so many in the camp that, any pleasant day, all the available drill ground was occupied. It is due to most of those who afterward became the best soldiers and most efficient officers of the regiment to say, that even at this period, they took a lively interest in the drill. It was not unusual for some to drill more than the regulations of the camp required. As we close our eyes now in reflection, we can see numberless squads and bands of men standing erect in line, or marching and wheeling here and there; and we can hear a hundred drill masters as, with lusty voices, in staccato tones they command, "Right dress," "Back in the center," "Forward, march," "Halt," "Left, left, left," "One, two, three, four," etc.

There was some additional delay at Camp Morton because some of the companies were not full. A few men had been rejected, others had gone off disappointed at not getting the offices they aspired to, while still others had quietly flunked out, after a short taste of camp life. Diligent efforts were being made by men furloughed home to supply these vacancies. Two or three other regiments were also being organized in the camp at the same time. Recruits were therefore arriving constantly. They came in squads, platoons and companies. Many came with noisy demonstrations, the larger companies often being accompanied by drum corps, and carrying flags and banners. Prominent among such arrivals was August Willich, with his company of Germans. He afterward became a brigadier-general.

A large number of civilians visited Camp Morton, both men and women. Many of them were friends of the soldiers

who came to see them before their departure to the front. Some were persons called to Indianapolis on business and who wanted to see the camp, out of curiosity. Excursions were run by the railroads and on certain days large numbers of people came from particular localities to visit particular companies. An instance of this kind the writer knows of, but has not been able to resurrect the facts in detail. The people of Edinburg and vicinity came on a day appointed beforehand to serve Company C a luxurious dinner and present the company with a flag. Many survivors of the regiment will remember the flag. It was the regimental flag at the outset and was of fine gros grain silk, with gold bullion fringe. It was so badly torn at Cedar Mountain that it was not used as a regimental flag after that.

These frequent accessions to our numbers, as well as the steady stream of coming and going of those already attached to the camp and of visitors, imparted a peculiar interest to the gate of the camp. It always furnished a vent to our pent up emotions and enabled us to pass away an hour easily by loitering around the gate, joining in its gossip and witnessing its stirring incidents.

All and in all, we imagined we were rendering great service to our troubled country. We believed we were acting warlike and were sure that we looked like very bold soldiers. We wrote numerous long epistles home, enlarging upon "life in the army."

But, in his first attempts at playing soldier, the enlisted man, whatever his verdancy or his vanity, is no sort of match for the inexperienced officer. The first lacks opportunity and something also of equipment; a commissioned officer only can spread himself sufficiently to make a record. To say that many persons with no military experience, or barely enough to give them a severe enlargement of the cranium, as a slight military experience is almost sure to do—to say that such a person, when turned loose in a camp of soldiers, armed with a commission, a cheap, new uniform, glittering shoulder straps, sword and sash, with a navy revolver tugging at his belt, cuts a broad swath, is putting the case very mildly. He not only has a seven-foot cut, with a self-binder and bundle-carrying attachment, but is also a stacker and thrasher as well. There is no room for anybody else in the field. His very severe, truly war-like cast of countenance; his vainglorious, toploftical

strut; his furious, high-wrought attempts at giving the regulation salute and in voicing his first commands; his hasty, offensive and wrongful assumption of authority—these and many other things, it requires no great strain of memory to recall. There was some of it at Camp Morton. Most of the Twenty-seventh officers had rather a mild attack of the lunacy, others escaped it entirely. Those who had it worst were decidedly convalescent after a few weeks of real service.

Most of us had our first experience in cooking at Camp Morton, as well as our first trial at eating Uncle Sam's delicacies. As a rule we had been brought up to have almost anything we liked best in the way of substantial food, and had had it prepared in a way to tempt the palate of a king. Few people the world over have a more liberal or varied store to draw from, and none know better how to cook, than the mothers, wives and daughters of our bounteous Hoosier State. Blessings on them! Some of us are conscience stricken to the present hour that we had not appreciated them more, without the necessity of such a severe lesson. When we came to stand before the fire, our eyes filled with smoke, if not with genuine tears, overwhelmed with doubt and perplexity as to what to do and how to do it, many a spoiled boy and some spoiled husbands experienced a sudden and violent taking down, whose benefit, it is to be hoped, has been permanent.

There was no such thing as a cook house or mess tent at Camp Morton. Rations of pork, beans, rice, sugar, coffee, molasses and bread were issued; a sufficient number of sheet-iron kettles and frying pans were provided, together with seasoned cord wood, and the men were expected to do the rest. There was some slight pressure or suggestion in the way of forming men of the same company into small messes of, say, six to ten men each, though there was nothing binding about that. If an individual wanted his rations apportioned to himself alone, as was the case with a few, it was done.

There is no instance recorded or remembered where anyone either asked for or received any instructions in the culinary art. If war was to break out in these latter days there would be myriads of cook books and recipes on sale immediately, covering the whole ground. The sum total of human knowledge and experience relative to the cooking and compounding of such articles of food as are issued to soldiers, in order to make them palatable and wholesome, could be bought for five

cents. Not so then. Not so to the end of the Civil war, as far as the writer is advised. What was more strange, no attention was given to the subject by the medical department of the army. The matter of the proper disposition of slops and refuse was looked after later on, but not here. Possibly it was not considered necessary here, the fact being taken for granted that the men would live principally on slops and refuse anyway. In the messes each member took his turn in preparing meals. When one's turn came he simply went to his task and, over an open fire, out of doors, with what native sense or ingenuity he possessed, or guided by what he could remember of seeing his mother or wife do, he prepared the meal. To make idols of some of those compounds and bow down to them and worship them would not violate the Second Commandment. They were not graven images, and neither were they likenesses of any thing that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. Ugh! The fact so tersely expressed in the Latin proverb alone saved us: "A keen appetite is the best seasoning."

In course of time, at Camp Morton, in one of the messes, it came Jack's turn to cook the dinner. For that reason he was excused from drill. He was called "Jack," by the way, not because his mother had named him that, nor because she had named him John. He was given the name after his arrival in camp because of the striking resemblance everyone thought he bore to the Jack of Clubs, and as long as he remained with the company he never heard any other name. While out on the drill ground the horrible suggestion came to some one that Jack might forget or neglect to hand-pick the beans before cooking them. He had been found careless on some points, such as using the frying pan without washing it after yesterday's use, wiping the knives, forks and tin cups with something strongly resembling his dirty pocket-handkerchief, using water for making coffee that had stood in a camp kettle over night, etc. This suspicion concerning the beans was mentioned to others and a lively interest was at once awakened concerning Jack's movements. No sooner was drill over, therefore, than the mess hastened with one accord to learn the facts. It was all too true! With great satisfaction Jack announced that dinner was all ready; but he said *he* had not noticed anything wrong with the beans. As a matter of fact that lot of beans had a good many rotten and mouldy ones

among them, and the honest farmer had permitted his hens to add somewhat to their quantity in a way not calculated to improve their quality. But the mischief was done, and with that mess it was those beans or no dinner. They had their dinners.



SERGT. A. R. VANSICKLE, CO. G.

SHOWING OUR FIRST UNIFORM.

On September 10, our uniforms finally came. We had been anxious to have them and almost ran over each other to be served first. We thought them magnificent. All who could possibly do so obtained furloughs home at once that

their friends, particularly their sweethearts, might see them arrayed in their military clothes. But our anxiety to have a uniform and our over-estimate of their beauty in general, had led us astray. It did not take us long to find out that those were a bad fraud, and that in them we cut a figure verging close to the ridiculous. They consisted of a pea-jacket, cap and pants, all dark blue.* Imagine the appearance of a thousand men, mostly young, but quite a few ranging from twenty-five to thirty-five, clothed in little coats the length of an ordinary vest and wearing diminutive skull caps, barely large enough to perch on the top of their heads. And remember, that the jacket, pants and caps are all not far from the same size and length, while the men differ greatly in these respects. This gives one a coat coming well down to the crotch, but at the same time gives him too much waist measure, almost enough to go around him twice. The coat of another comes but little below his arms and when he buttons it, it squeezes him until he is red in the face. The same is true of the pants. Misfits and disproportions hold high carnival, while the quality of the clothes was coarse and the workmanship extremely rough.

But those uniforms did gloriously at Camp Morton compared with their behavior afterwards, when we got our accoutrements. There was no strap or nib on the jacket anywhere to prevent the belt from slipping down, when weighted by the bayonet and cartridge box. And, slipping below the jacket, the belt rested its weight on the pants, which in turn sagged them down until a goodly expanse of the nether garment appeared between pants and jacket. The neat and soldier-like (?) aspect of the regiment on battalion drill and review, as well as the personal comfort of those concerned, can easily be inferred.

The writer is thoroughly convinced of two facts pertaining to Camp Morton. One is that the pine or poplar boards upon which we slept there were of some rare species, with no more like them anywhere, harder than any live oak or cocobolo. The other is that those August nights were not far above the temperature of an average polar winter. After the extended experience of sleeping on the cold, wet clay of Mary-

*So thought the writer and most others, when this was written, some years ago; portraits of the boys taken at the time clearly proved this to have been an error; the pants were light blue.

land and Virginia and suffering as often as we did from the creases and welts made in our anatomies by extemporized mattresses of coarse cedar and pine boughs, even a smooth oak plank seemed to have a soft side, and to this day, when occasion requires, it is no hardship to sleep on the floor. But the way those boards at Camp Morton made themselves felt can never be forgotten. Likewise, later on, to sleep out in the open air, under the shining stars or a leaden sky, covered only by a single blanket, with hoar frost or snow and the ground frozen next morning, was comfort and luxury compared with those shivering nights at Indianapolis.

CHAPTER III.

CAMP MORTON TO WASHINGTON.

One day two strange officers came into Camp Morton, mounted. One was rather an elderly man, below medium size, light built, dark complected, and had short, black whiskers. The other was younger, not far from forty, not above medium height, but of good weight, one hundred and seventy-five pounds, anyway. He was not what would be called a military-looking man, much less one to put on airs; but withal, a prepossessing officer; rather quiet and undemonstrative in manner, yet evidently accustomed to taking care of himself. He was not forbidding in his bearing, still he had that about him which would at once convince any one that he was not a man to take liberties with. Very few would risk the chance of pulling his nose, though it was common for him to pull it himself. Like David, the soldier-king of sacred history, he was "of a ruddy countenance"—particularly as to his hair and whiskers.

The first-mentioned officer was recognized by some of our number as Colonel Benton, of the Eighth Indiana, which was encamped at another point near the city, about ready for the field, as reorganized for three years. The other had been the lieutenant colonel of that regiment in the three months' service. Following closely upon this information was the additional news that this last had been, or was about to be, appointed the colonel of our regiment. That was the first sight to most of us of Silas Colgrove. With his appearance in this narrative the play of Hamlet is no longer without Hamlet himself. Without Colonel Colgrove there would certainly have been a Twenty-seventh regiment, and that regiment would doubtless have had a history. But the history as it is bears his impress to a very marked degree. He assumed command of the regiment at once. The next evening he came out to camp and ordered it out for dress parade. There had been dress parade in the camp regularly each evening before that, and all the organized companies had participated. But

this was the first time the ten companies comprising the Twenty-seventh held dress parade by themselves. The line was formed in the open ground immediately north of the main entrance to Camp Morton and facing towards it. Colonel Colgrove has since told us how deeply he himself was impressed at that time. The number of the men, their great average height, the length of the line as it stretched out to the right



GEN. SILAS COLGROVE.

ONLY COLONEL OF 27TH INDIANA.

and left; particularly the thought of what had brought the men together and what was to be their fate, and his responsibility concerning them, in the trying, deadly days to come, were matters that wrought upon him with great force.

It is not known what influences led Governor Morton to appoint Colonel Colgrove to the command of the Twenty-

seventh. The Colonel says himself he never solicited the place, and never knew of anyone doing so in his behalf. He was expecting to go out with the Eighth again, until he received notice of his promotion. At the same time I. I. Harrison was appointed lieutenant-colonel. He had been offered the position of major previous to this, and had declined it. He had been the adjutant of the Eighth.

Both appointments were good ones, and if any objections were raised to them in any quarter the fact was not generally known. Following immediately after these appointments,



CAPT. WELLMAN, Co. K.
AFTERWARDS SURGEON 9TH
IND. CAVALRY.



MAJ. JOHN MEHRINGER.
AFTERWARDS COL. 91ST IND.
AND BREVET BRIG. GEN.

John Mehringer, captain of Company K, was appointed major; J. J. Johnson, captain of Company G, was appointed surgeon; Rev. T. E. Whitted, was appointed chaplain, and Sergt. R. B. Gilmore, of Company A, was appointed adjutant—all on the recommendation of the line officers of the regiment. J. M. Jamison also received the appointment of quartermaster, and Dr. G. V. Woollen that of assistant surgeon.

The second day after Colonel Colgrove took command of the regiment we removed from Camp Morton and established

a camp by ourselves. That was our first march, before alluded to. The Indianapolis papers had usually published notices of new regiments passing through the city, complimenting them on their fine appearance, soldierly bearing, military maneuvers, etc., etc., so we made frantic efforts to merit similar compliments. With the verdancy of all beginners in military experience, almost every private, as well as every officer, considered himself especially appointed to see that his neighbors walked erect, kept the step, and in all other respects exhibited themselves properly. After we started, a shower of rain came on, and we put the oilcloth covers over our caps; these had long aprons falling down behind, designed to keep the water off of our necks. In that kind of "gear" we passed through the city. Strange to relate, we searched in vain for the expected compliments in the papers. We did not understand then that such things were always furnished ready-made by some member of the regiment concerned.

Our new camp near White river was christened Camp Morris. That was our first experience of living in tents and sleeping on the ground. Our introduction to tent life and to Mother Earth as a bed was rather severe, as it rained most of the time we were there. We do not remember that anything else was particularly disagreeable, except the mud about camp. That was ankle deep. Here was also the first opportunity the different companies had had of seeing much of each other. Before this the quarters had been too far apart to promote acquaintance or sociability. Now we had barely the proper company distances. It was a source of amusement which continued for a long time, for the different companies to listen to each other's roll-call. Many names seemed very odd to those not accustomed to hearing them. To add to this, the orderly-sergeant called no given names. When more than one of the same name were in a company they were designated and called by number, as Brown *first*, Brown *second*, etc. Then, they were all called with astonishing rapidity. A company had no use for an orderly who could not call the roll as fast as chain lightning. To listen to a roll called in that way, plentifully interspersed with such names as Clapsaddle, Cutsinger, Fiddler, Parham, Straddley, Tuggall, Tadlock, etc., sometimes striking a name and reeling off as many as to the sixth was, in the estimation of many, equal to a circus.

The first night after our arrival at Camp Morris, an event occurred which gave the Twenty-seventh an unenviable notoriety and secured for it about the only extended notice the Indianapolis papers ever gave it, at this stage of its service. It was also understood to have shortened materially its stay in the city.

Across the street, east of the camp, were a few one-story frame houses, in one of which was kept a saloon and small stock of groceries, the proprietor being rather a raw German. We were obliged to go to the wells at these houses for water, and to have so many neighbors using his pump was not satisfactory to the saloon and grocery keeper. Accordingly, about dark, he chained up his pump, fastening it with a lock, and forbade all soldiers coming on his premises. Without knowing of this, some of the men went there after water, to find themselves ordered away with many oaths and imprecations upon their devoted heads. Not only this, but, in reply to their mild assertions that they had come for water without knowing that he had prohibited such a course, he flew into a passion, ran and got a revolver and, with very little farther provocation, fired it two or three times, whether at the men or only in the air to frighten them, could not be seen. Moreover, his vile tongue once loose, he inveighed against all Union soldiers as a class and against the cause in which they were enlisted, even applying some desperate epithets to President Lincoln and others in authority.

As these things were reported in camp, it was no trouble at all to raise a crowd, which proceeded to "clean him out." His windows were riddled with stones, his doors were broken to pieces and his stock in trade was carried away and destroyed. Colonel Colgrove was absent at the time, as were also most of the officers. Those present made ineffectual efforts to prevent the violence. Not a quarter of the men took any part in it. Yet the regiment as a whole was censured. The report went out that the Twenty-seventh was composed of lawless men and toughs. As a matter of fact, there was not the slightest notion of plunder, or the least thought of violating law connected with the matter. The first man to enter the house took nothing for himself except a few sticks of candy. Those who did what was done really did it for the same reason that they afterwards fought at Gettysburg and on nearly twenty other battlefields. It was done because they

felt in honor bound to do it. They had enlisted to suppress disloyalty, and when it was flaunted in their very faces what could they do less? After the lapse of these years, the writer is not yet ready to condemn them. On the contrary, he, in common with many soldiers, has been unable to rid himself of the conviction that, if vastly more of that kind of work had been done in such cases, early in the war, its duration and cruelties might have been greatly abridged.

We remained at Camp Morris but five days, though, looking back at this date, the time seems longer. The same is true of all our early camps. We were under such a high pressure of expectancy and restlessness that the time passed very slowly. We were at fever heat during these days over our approaching departure for the seat of war. That we were about to be sent somewhere seemed evident. The question was, where and to what destiny? The majority of the regiment favored the East, the vicinity of Washington, instead of Missouri. This was a fair illustration of how little a soldier can foresee as to what will prove best for him. Missouri would have given us a much more agreeable service, among Western troops, with a smaller death rate. We all saw this later. Once we received orders at Camp Morris to cook rations and be ready to move on short notice, but the notice did not come. In the meantime we drew brogans—those broad-soled, big-heeled shoes which proved such invaluable friends to the soldiers. We also drew overcoats and canteens.

Here, also, must have occurred our formal muster-in to the United States service. The Indiana adjutant-general's report shows this to have been on September 12th. The writer has a dim recollection of the companies being called into line while at this camp, and of sundry things being done, the real import of which very few, if any, seemed to understand clearly. As the men were wearied standing in line, the officers seemed to be engaged looking over papers, as if comparing and verifying names, dates, etc. A curious fact about the matter has been that in no diary, letter or written document of any kind that has come to the notice of the writer has any allusion been made to it in any shape or form, except in the records of the adjutant-general's office. It was universally understood that, when we were examined at Camp Morton and had the oath administered to us by the United

States mustering officer, we were then being mustered into the United States service. The regimental non-commissioned staff were also appointed and mustered at this time.

The orders which finally carried us away from the state were received September 14th. That same evening we marched into the city and turned in the guns, cartridge boxes and belts, which we had received a few days before. The guns were all old flint-locks, rudely changed to use caps, and it was questionable which was their most dangerous end. The next morning we struck tents, packed up our mess-kettles, etc., and they were carted to the cars. In the evening of September 15, 1861, we marched to the Bellefontaine railroad, east of the Union depot, and embarked upon the train. It was Sunday, almost the time for the ringing of the evening church bells. The weather was mild and clear. A delightful calm prevailed all around, if not within us. There was no delay; as soon as we were in the cars the whistle sounded, the bell rang, the steam hissed, and—we were off. The people who had gathered about cheered, and we ourselves gave a long series of wild huzzas. At all the towns passed before dark we received the warmest greetings. Citizens flocked to the railroad in crowds, waved handkerchiefs and flags and cheered. Among ourselves we had an hilarious time until long into the night, singing, laughing and making merry. Still, deep down in our hearts was a strong vein of seriousness. We could not forget that we were starting on a long journey, with the prospect of a long absence, and that our errand was war! It was well for us that we had no real foresight as to the very large number among us who would never return.

We were well convinced now that our destination was Washington or its vicinity. The first morning found us at Crestline, Ohio; the second, at Pittsburg, Penn.; the third, at Harrisburg; the fourth at Baltimore, and about noon of that day we arrived at Washington. At all the intermediate points mentioned we changed cars, and at most of them experienced considerable delay.

The second day the regiment was divided between three trains, all run at a high rate of speed. When the first came within two miles of Alliance, Ohio, it met with a bad wreck, which might have been a hundred-fold more fatal than it proved. As it was, James Allen, of Company A, lost his life

—the first death in the regiment. The accident was caused by a two-year-old calf of the male persuasion. He was feeding along the road, where the approach of the train was concealed from him by a wood pile. Its sudden rush and roar seemed to confuse him, and, making a wild leap toward his companions on the opposite side of the track, he landed under the wheels, between the locomotive and tender. He was dragged some distance and torn into shreds. But the tender at length parted from the locomotive and jumped the track, carrying the train with it. Fortunately a number of freight cars were ahead, loaded with the regimental baggage and officers' horses. These cars were crushed and piled up in a shapeless mass. Comrade Allen had been riding with the baggage along with others, to look after it, but was the only one seriously hurt. The horses received a terrible shaking up, though none of them were permanently injured. Two coaches carrying men lacked but a little of turning over. The track was soon cleared and we proceeded on our journey.

We greatly enjoyed the long daylight journey over the Alleghanies. The scenery was very beautiful and entirely new to most of us. At the Horse-shoe curve many of us thought for awhile that the two ends of our long train were separate trains, running in opposite directions. We were nervous about passing through Baltimore unarmed, all the more as we arrived there in the night—some supplied themselves with rocks before entering—but we saw no sign of danger, and were hospitably treated by those we met, more so than we had been at Harrisburg. The capitol building at Washington, with its huge outlines of white marble, and the unfinished dome, surrounded with its scaffolding, was the first object in that city we recognized. It revived our enthusiasm to see it, and from that point on it was lively among us again.

But all in all, the ride from Indianapolis to Washington was about as trying on the regiment, as the writer remembers it, as any subsequent march or campaign. Of course, there were exceptions, but so there were at other times. We had our way about it, and rode the whole distance in passenger cars, except a small part of the regiment rode from Harrisburg to Baltimore, and still more of us from Baltimore to Washington, in freight cars. Soldiers at that period of the war foolishly considered it a slight put upon them to be loaded into freight cars. They were all called "cattle cars," and

soldiers resented being treated as cattle. It was only by experience that they learned that freight cars were decidedly the most comfortable for men in their circumstances. In passenger cars, we rode two in a seat, all day, and once or twice nearly all night, with no chance to lie down or stretch our limbs. By some means, our rations were short. We had orders to take four days' cooked rations with us, but we had no haversacks to carry rations in, and the probability is that in our verdancy we packed them in our mess kettles, where we had no access to them. At Union City, Ind., we received haversacks, but they were painfully empty, and our stomachs soon became likewise. Part of the regiment was generously fed by the citizens at Pittsburg and other points, but that sufficed for but one meal only; so when we arrived at our destination we were about "done up." At the Soldiers' Rest, near the Baltimore & Ohio depot at Washington, however, we found exactly what we needed. There were a number of large tanks filled with clear water, in which we took a royal bath, and afterward were given an abundance of cooked food.

CHAPTER IV.

WASHINGTON.

After some hours spent in and about the Soldiers' Rest, the Twenty-seventh received orders to go into camp at Kohl-erama Heights, a series of commanding hills in what was then the northwestern suburbs of the city. The line of march was out New Jersey and Massachusetts avenues. But before starting out a goodly number of the boys, among whom was the writer, took "French leave" and went over to inspect the capitol. The ground was then open between the Baltimore & Ohio depot and the capitol grounds, though strewn thickly with blocks and chips of marble, the refuse of recent work on the building.

It was no small thing for young men away from home for the first time in their lives, to find their shoe heels cracking the tassellated floors of one of the finest buildings in the world, within a month after starting out. The immense dimensions of the capitol, its long, pilastered corridors, its richly furnished rooms and halls, its rare and costly chandeliers, statuary and paintings, and the magic of its historical associations, were simply enchanting to us untraveled Hoosiers. A kindly gentleman, who had formerly lived in Indiana, cheerfully volunteered to guide us through the great pile, calling our attention to all the points of interest, and explaining a multitude of things which we could not have understood otherwise. From the dome, the gentleman pointed out the white tents of the rebel out-post at Munson's Hill, Virginia. Lastly, he conducted us to the galleries of the House and Senate. From the gallery of the latter he pointed out the identical seats then recently vacated by prominent conspirators in the South, among others that of the arch-conspirator, Jefferson Davis, himself.

Some of us became so absorbed in these wonders that we forgot ourselves and overstayed our time. When we returned, the regiment had gone. To overtake it was easy, but in reaching our places we had to pass the Lieutenant-colonel. "Where have you been?" he sternly demanded. "Looking at the Capi-

tol," we innocently replied. "I'll capitol you, when we get to camp," he said. But he failed to take our names and if any one ever reported to him to be "Capitoled," whatever that was, it is not generally known.

Kohlerama Heights was, in some respects, a grand place for a camp. The view was glorious,—commanding a long stretch of the Potomac river, with its multitude of white sails, and its steam transports and ferry boats, moving either and thither: also the long bridge, and a wide, interesting landscape, on both sides of the stream. Nearer by, wherever one might



RUDOLPH REISEN, Co. K.
RECENT PICTURE.



W. A. HOSTETER, Co. A.
RECENT PORTRAIT.

look, were the busy camps of many thousand soldiers. To look at these camps at night was if anything, more enspiriting than to see them in daylight. This part of the panorama that was on exhibition to every Twenty-seventh soldier, night after night, has been embalmed in Mrs. Howe's line,

We have seen him in the watch-fires of a thousand circling camps. Her Battle Hymn of the Republic was written at this precise period and after viewing these identical scenes. The writer never hears it recited or sung without the spell of those days taking possession of him.

Another vivid impression that the writer received at that time and has carried with him through all the years, is the peculiar, magnetic influence that the country's flag exercises over a person, who looks at it closely, while its white and red stripes and starry field of blue, ripple and quiver in a stiff breeze, or as its folds rise and fall in a more gentle one. It is surely a pleasant sensation to a patriot. Every hill top and plain in sight at this time had its flag. Some of them were very large, and could be seen for many miles.

The camp nearest our own was that of the First Minnesota. Its commander, Colonel Gorman, having formerly lived in Indiana, and been the colonel of an Indiana regiment in the Mexican war, it was easy for the two regiments to get acquainted. We liked them from the start, and it was never hard for us to believe that the First Minnesota had immortalized itself at Gettysburg.

The weather was sublime during this period—that mild, smoky, dreamy, fall weather, known as Indian summer. The second day we were there we saw the balloon go up from headquarters over in Virginia. This was for a long time a noted feature of the Army of the Potomac.

But the wood at this camp was scarce and poor and the water was abominable. The wood was mostly green cedar and the water was a soft, blueish decoction which we found oozing out of the hillside, in appearance and taste strongly resembling soap suds. It was hard for us to believe sometimes that it was not soap suds. There came near being several fist fights in the regiment over some comrades accusing others of washing in the spring. A drink of it would not satisfy the thirst of those of us accustomed to using clear, hard water, any better than a drink of brine.

One of the days at Kohlerama was Sunday. After inspection the companies were marched to a pleasant spot and the Chaplain preached from the text "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile." Jno. 1: 47. It was the first time, and one of the few times, we ever attended divine service *Nolens Volens*.

The next day we moved about two miles north and east, and pitched our camp in an abandoned field near Tenallytown. Why we moved nobody remembers. If it was to get better water, it was wise. We called that place Camp Colgrove. We remained there six days. While there we drew

about everything we still lacked, among them two very prominent equipments of the infantry soldier, guns and knapsacks. The first is supposed to be adapted to killing an enemy, while the latter is an admirable contrivance for killing the soldier himself. In the ideal time, if it ever comes, when war and everything else is carried on according to common sense, a soldier will as soon be expected to wear a camp kettle for a head covering as to carry a knapsack. But in the Civil war, partic'arly in the Eastern army, a man with a sixteen-shooter, a dead shot at a thousand yards and always on hand for duty, would have been decided a worthless appendage without a knapsack. So we got them and a careful watch was maintained to make sure that we *kept* them and *carried* them.

The guns, instead of being hauled to camp, we went after ourselves—to the arsenal, at the extreme opposite end of the city. Not getting them the first time, we went again. Each trip required about a day. It was not the only time in the war that mule muscle was spared at the expense of human muscle, but it enabled us to see quite a good deal of the city and was a means of recreation, if not of enjoyment. We went each time in full force, with flying colors, squeaking fifes and beating drums. We passed along the principal streets, directly in front of the Capitol and near the White House, marching proudly to “Bung-de-addle-de” and “The Girl I Left Behind Me.”

We called the guns we drew here “Belgium rifles.” They were evidently of some foreign manufacture. They were really young cannon, weighing fourteen pounds each, and six of their cartridges weighed one pound. They had spikes at the breech projecting upward on the inside. These, fitting into the hollow end of the ball, wedged it into the rifles. This improved their shooting qualities, but made them unhandy to keep clean, as the ball could not be drawn. They were all deadly at the muzzle end, and some of them were next to deadly at both ends. Their kick was like the recoil of a cannon.

Another thing we drew at this camp was horses and wagons. There were probably no more of them than other regiments received at that time, but the number would have been considered a joke, if not a stigma, a little later. Each company had two teams—one exclusively for the three commissioned officers. How many more the regiment had, “de-

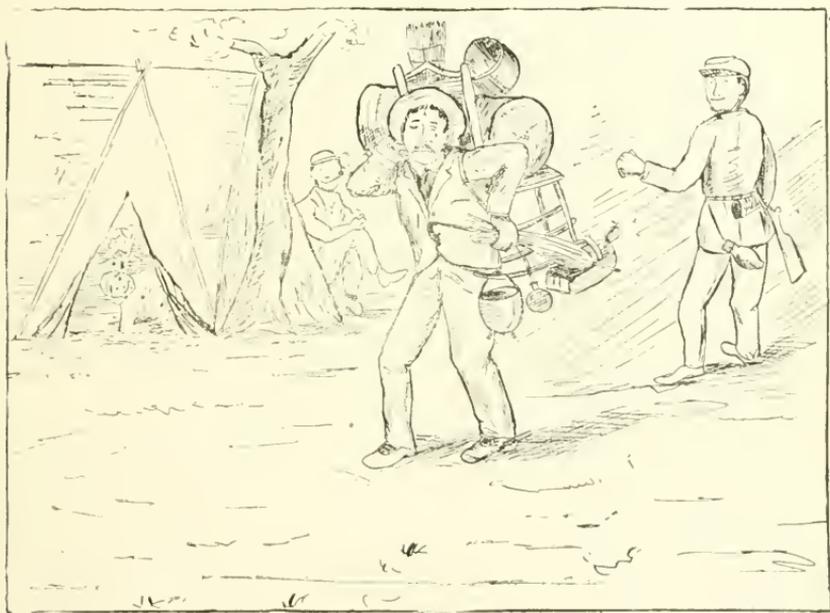
ponent answereth not." Among the rest, the Colonel had one four-horse team, all for his sole use and benefit. Two years later, in the Atlanta campaign, we were allowed just one wagon for the entire regiment. We remember the horses we drew here as being famous for legs. None of them could have been less than sixteen to seventeen hands high. Rather thin, loose-jointed and slab-sided, they did not last long. They were soon exchanged for mules, some of which we kept until we left the Army of the Potomac. While we were in the vicinity of Washington we were supplied with bread baked at an extemporized bakery in the basement of the Capitol, which had a capacity of seventy-five thousand loaves daily.

Washington was not the city then that it is now, by any means. After leaving there we met Indiana troops who had not seen the city. One of them asked an acquaintance in our regiment how Washington looked. He replied, "It looks for all the world like old Leavenworth." This latter was an Indiana town with which both were acquainted. Originally it was scattered on long, muddy streets, with few tasteful, substantial improvements. But the streams of commerce had long since been diverted from it, and everything about it had fallen into hideous dilapidation. It was not a bad comparison to say Washington was like it.

On Sunday, September 29, orders were received to start at 9 A. M. Monday and join General Banks' division near Darnestown, Maryland, twenty-five miles up the Potomac. But the Colonel probably remembered the usual fondness of young men for a Sunday evening walk, so we started at once. We marched four or five miles and went into camp. That is, the Colonel, mounted officers and a few others of the more hardy or more ambitious ones, did. The greater part were scattered along the road side, like a peddler's effects after a runaway. It was the knapsacks. If the Colonel had waited until next morning and made a full day's march before camping he would probably have lost many of his men for good; as it was, they all worried along and managed to reach camp sometime before morning. Very few in the regiment had been used to much walking and to start out with a pack mule's burden, carried at about the worst possible disadvantage, was too much.

The next day some knapsacks were hauled in the wagons,

others were relieved largely of their contents, and we got along better. We marched about fifteen miles, passing through the town of Rockville, and rather a pretty, though to us, odd looking country. It hardly seemed that we could be in the United States. The prevalent styles of architecture, the mode of farming, the common implements of husbandry, the dress, speech and customs of the people were all widely different from what we had been accustomed to. Money values were all designated by the old denominations as "shilling," "bit," "sixpence," etc. When our boys offered a "quarter" or a "dime" for this or that, they were asked to explain what they meant. A two-horse team, hitched to a four-wheeled wagon was a sight not vouchsafed to our hungry



FIRST NOTIONS OF ARMY LIFE.

eyes. There was an abundance of two-wheeled carts with one horse or two oxen attached and all four-wheeled vehicles had from three to five animals drawing them. The beds of these, moreover, were a sight to behold, resembling somewhat the "prairie schooners" known to our far western frontier life.

We found those giant public pumps, so common through Maryland, a great convenience. There was one on almost

every corner in towns and villages and they are often provided at convenient points along public roads. The pump itself usually stands about ten feet above ground, is often made of the body of a large-sized white oak, with the bark on, and they have long iron handles, curving up at the lower end and terminating with an iron ball. Attached to the pump by a chain was an iron dipper, beat out by a blacksmith. In the heat and dust of marching, it is a great luxury to have plenty of cool, fresh water.

The third day, we had but a few miles to go. As we neared Darnestown we met the troops of General Banks' command going out on review. Among them were the Twelfth and Sixteenth Indiana regiments, one-year men. In them were a number of the friends or members of our regiment and for a time we were considerably mixed up in the road, exchanging greetings. The conduct of neither of the regiments concerned was exactly in the best military form but was perhaps excusable under the circumstances. The Twenty-seventh soon became disengaged from the others and moving on through the hamlet, went into camp, where it was to experience another stage of army life.

CHAPTER V.

CAMP HAMILTON AND COONROD'S FERRY.

At Darnestown, the Twenty-seventh was assigned to the Second Brigade of Banks' division, Gen. Charles S. Hamilton, commanding. The camp was named Camp Hamilton. The other regiments in the brigade were the Third Wisconsin, Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania and Ninth New York Militia. The two latter, being composed of city-bred men, were in striking contrast with the Twenty-seventh, but that did not seem to make the least difference. They were courteous, gentlemanly men, and fraternized with us without friction from the start, and when they were transferred to other relations later on, we parted company with deep, mutual regrets. We did not come into close touch with the Third Wisconsin for some time, their location not being near ours. When the two regiments were thrown together, it seemed as natural for them to affiliate as if they had been from the same state. They remained in the same relation until the Twenty-seventh ceased to be. The histories of the two, from this time until the fall of Atlanta, are practically identical. No one who has not had a similar experience can comprehend the strength of the attachment which, under such circumstances, one regiment comes to have for the brave, faithful and companionable men of another—like the Third Wisconsin.

Camp Hamilton had some hard things in store for us. We were only there two weeks, but if the calendar was not against us it would be impossible to convince any of us that we were not there two months, at least. Most new regiments strike some camp where duty seems tremendously rigorous, comforts of all kinds unknown, necessary supplies scant and poor, and where, on these accounts and others, sickness of various kinds, despondency and insubordination run riot. This was such a camp for the Twenty-seventh. We spent six hours each day in drill. And it was drill! No foolishness, now. Two hours, in the hottest part of the day, was battalion drill, in full uniform, with full knapsacks. The

knapsacks were inspected, to make sure that nothing was left out of them. The drill ground was rough and covered with coarse weeds and briars, an unclouded sun poured down his glistening, sickening rays, and there was no intermission for rest or water. We got very tired, our shoulders ached dreadfully, the sweat gathered on our faces and ran down into our eyes, while thoughts came into our minds, and even words to our lips, which would not look at all well in print. Besides the drills, we had guard duty, police duty and roll calls *ad infinitum, ad nauseam*. If every man among us had been a convicted felon, the cordon of guards around the camp, both day and night, could not have been more strenuously maintained. In addition to that, there were guards stationed at almost all imaginable points, from the commissary stores to the spring, and from the colonel's tent to the regimental sink. In short, from the highest to the lowest, we found ourselves in the iron grasp of stern, unrelenting military rules, and an abundance of them—it seemed to us a superabundance of them.

But if there was an excess of some things there was a shortage of others. The rations issued made no pretense of being more than the commonest of army fare. There were no fruits, vegetables, or extras of any kind. Very little that we did get was good of its kind, or in proper quantity.

It must be that a rascally commissary department takes occasion, on the advent of each new regiment, to square up its shortages and get rid of its accumulation of nastiness. It is so easy to scout at new men and ridicule them for their daintiness, if they complain. Unquestionably the Twenty-seventh drew fatter, worse tainted "sow belly;" rustier, more unpalatable bacon; older, wormier hardtack; coffee with a larger proportion of beans in it, and blacker, sandier sugar during our two weeks at Camp Hamilton, than during all the balance of our service. In fact, we never knew of any such supplies being issued to anybody anywhere after that. Most of the pork, whether pickled or smoked, was from hogs of enormous size, plenty of the side meat being fully six inches thick—coarse, oily and repulsive, if in good condition, which it was not. Nearly every bit of it was more or less soured. The hardtack was as large as a breakfast plate, and the boys stoutly affirmed that it had been kept over from the Mexican war. It was stale and musty, and some of it was alive with vermin.

But a good deal of the time we drew flour, in place of hardtack. All that we could do with that, most of the time, was to make a batter of it with water and fry this in the grease obtained from the ill-smelling pork. These we called "flap jacks." It is doubtful whether any other civilized man ever really prepared food for himself as monstrously unpalatable and unwholesome as these were. They differed from the celebrated Dr. Mussy's fried cakes, however. He was once lecturing to a class of students, in Cincinnati, on diet. One of them interrupted him to inquire about fried cakes, a popular article of food at the boarding house just then. The doctor had a slight impediment of speech, but, after some effort, he said, with more force than elegance, "F—f—ried cakes are sometimes mercifully allowed to go through a man." Our "flap jacks" went through in a hurry. At no other time was the Twenty-seventh much troubled with camp diarrhœa, one of the worst scourges of armies. At Camp Hamilton we soon had a mammoth, double-pavilion, consolidated circus of it. The busy, thronging scenes around the regimental sink, as we all recall them, would be very amusing if they had not really been so serious.

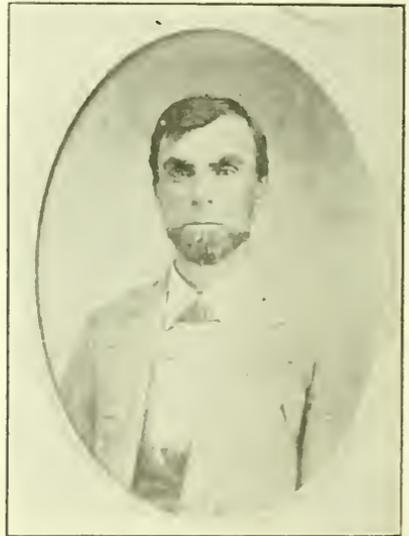
We drew some fresh beef here, which was always good, because it came to the regiment on the hoof and was killed and dressed by our own experienced butchers, of whom we had a number. The only trouble with it was, it would not seem to go far enough. The best we could do a day's rations would only suffice for one square meal. However, we stewed rice with the beef, and between the broth, rice and beef the days we had that ration were the only ones in that camp that we do not recall with a shudder, when thinking of what we had to eat. Two articles that were issued here and at once thrown away as worthless, we came to think more of when we learned how to cook them. One was salt or "corned" beef, and the other was "desicated vegetables." The beef was evidently not the best of its kind. We called it "salt horse." In its texture it looked more as if cut from a horse than an ox; still, when we learned how long to boil it we found it could be eaten and would sustain life. The article known as "desicated vegetables" was a compound of almost all varieties of vegetables: potatoes, cabbage, turnips, parsnips, carrots, etc., dried and pressed into cakes. The swelling propensities of a piece of this conglomeration has been a matter of amaze-

ment as well as amusement, from the time of the war until now. When used as a seasoning or to thicken a soup moderately, most of us learned to like it and rather prized it later on. At Camp Hamilton we cast it out as worthless. The boys called it "consecrated vegetables."

In an effort to get away from "flap-jacks" and hardtack, kept over from the Mexican war, the bricklayers of the regiment, under the directions of the bakers, built ovens for baking bread. The results were not the most satisfactory, but the bread baked was better than either of the other articles.



MAJ. J. J. JOHNSON,
FIRST SURGEON TWENTY-
SEVENTH IND. VOLS.



CAPT. WM. E. DAVIS, CO. B.
TAKEN SOON AFTER WAR.

No experienced soldier will be surprised to learn that we had a violent and sweeping epidemic of homesickness at Camp Hamilton. Besides the conditions above mentioned, we had been away from home about the right time for this to supervene. There was more of it here and it was much more acute in form than at any other time. There were cases that eventually resulted in death. Many others were so homesick as to lose temporarily, not only all hope, but all pride and ambition. Some had to be forced to wash their clothing and persons. A few, who before had been rather high spirited,

mettlesome young men, had to be taken to the brook by a detail and scrubbed like sheep at shearing time. It is to be doubted whether any one of us would like to confess fully just what his state of mind was and what he thought of various matters, much less all that he said, at that time.

Our officers, with a few notable exceptions, acted a manly, judicious part at this trying period. As a rule they were older than the men, and of course more experienced. Their food being more plentiful and wholesome, and their quarters more cheerful, they were in a position to buoy up and bear with those under them. Those who were then kind and somewhat indulgent will never be forgotten for it—neither will the others, for that matter.

At least a few survivors will recall the incident that transpired here, of the guard at the commissary being forgotten and left to stand all night, without being relieved. He made no out-cry, and only remarked, when found next morning, that "the relief seemed a little slow a-comin'." It would probably not be proper to say that this was a fair sample of the quiet, uncomplaining devotion to duty of the men of the Twenty-seventh at this time.

The manner of our getting out of Camp Hamilton, as well as the fact that we got out as soon as we did, was fortunate for us, though involving dire misfortune to others. We were called out suddenly, under very exciting circumstances. An order was read at dress parade one evening, directing that we be prepared to move the following morning. Rumors of aggressive warfare and even of bloodshed, were rife. Some neighboring regiments had broken camp within a day or two and gone away somewhere. An unusual amount of travel seemed to have started up on the road passing in sight of our camp. There were, especially, an unusual number of orderlies and other mounted men, galloping one way or another. Just before dark, when rumors were becoming thicker and more definite, an order came for us to start forthwith and make a forced march that night. The long-roll was beaten, and the regimental and company officers shouted, in tones heavily charged with feeling, to strike tents, get ready to go, and be quick about it!

The effect was electrical. It sent the blood with a whirl to our very finger tips. Men went wild. They cheered, screamed, shook hands and hugged each other, as if they had

suddenly lost their mental balance. An officer remarked upon the great change that was observable in the regiment. "Why," said Captain Wellman, "it is no wonder! these men have come a thousand miles to fight the rebels, and now they have a prospect of doing it." Consequently, scores of men were not only willing but really able to go, who, an hour before, could not have marched a mile.

It is surprising how quickly a regiment can pack up its effects, take down its tents, arrange things for loading, store them in the wagons and be ready to start. We were only novices in the work at this time, but as this was our first experience of starting on short notice, the matter may as well be mentioned here. Old soldiers come to be not only expert about such things, but very much so in detecting and interpreting the signs which precede them. Some peculiarity about a courier riding into camp, the manner in which the colonel calls the adjutant after receiving a dispatch, the movement of the adjutant or the colonel's orderly, as he goes to the quarters of the man who beats the calls, any one of a dozen things, will often forewarn one who has often been over the ground, of what is coming.

In the Twenty-seventh it was common to beat the long roll when the regiment was required to move quickly. Sometimes the adjutant simply stood in front of his tent and gave verbal orders to strike tents and prepare to fall in. At other times, he passed swiftly from the tent of one company commander to another and communicated the orders to them. Whether one of these methods was pursued or another, the effect was the same. Every man not on duty at once sprang to the work of shaking out his blankets, gathering his effects and packing his knapsack. Of course, such an order catches many away from their own tents, in some other part of the camp, or at some distance outside of it. These men can be seen running swiftly to their own quarters, like people in a small town or village respond to the call of "Fire."

The first member of a mess to get his individual traps packed seizes an ax and starts around the tent, giving each stake a few licks side-wise, to loosen it. Others follow him, pull up the stakes and toss them to some convenient point. As the last stakes come up, the tent is laid upon the ground, neatly folded in layers, and rolled in a compact bundle. The stakes, and sometimes

the poles, are rolled inside and the guy ropes serve to tie the bundle fast. Meanwhile, the company teamster has hooked up and driven to some accessible point, usually one end or the other of the company street. There each mess carries its tent, cooking utensils, axes, shovels, picks, or whatever company property it may have in charge. If there is time, most of the company assist in the loading, under the directions of the commissary sergeant, and "many hands make light work." If orders to start are very urgent, a small detail is sometimes made to load the wagon and then follow on after the column. Sometimes the work is left wholly for the sergeant and teamster.

A camp of many conveniences was thus dismantled and abandoned in a very few minutes.

As might be imagined, many articles of some value were voluntarily left behind. For this reason a swarm of citizens, a mixed multitude of men, women and children, white and colored, usually appeared when a camp was being abandoned, to pick up whatever they could see. The whites, living near, were not commonly in favor with Union soldiers. So many of them were in sympathy with the rebellion, that all of them were suspected of it. When a white person or family was known to be really on our side, soldiers were often lavish in the bestowment of articles that could not be taken along. Rather than let anything fall into the hands of a known rebel sympathizer, it was usually mutilated or destroyed. Overcoats or other clothing, or blankets, were cut or torn, and provisions were in some way rendered unfit for use. After the regiment was ready to start, and was awaiting orders to fall in, it frequently happened that some one set fire to the straw or leaves which had been used for bedding, and in the blaze thus started, these cast off articles were thrown, to be entirely consumed.

At the time now under consideration, there was no delay in starting. Our destination was Coonrods Ferry, the move being in connection with the disaster at Balls Bluff. It was just dark when we fell in, and moved briskly away from the spot for which we have no very kindly recollections. The wagons, and the men not well enough to march, were left behind, to come on by daylight.

This much only was known: there had been fighting and we were needed. With some delays, the longest being at Pools-

ville, we reached Coonrads Ferry slightly before daylight, sixteen or seventeen miles. There was no straggling and little sign of weariness.

At Poolsville we met men who had been in the battle and heard many of the ghastly particulars. Doubtless some of our informants were stragglers and shirks, and the stories they told were greatly exaggerated; but, in the main, the facts we gathered were the same as history still relates in connection with that ill timed battle. A few of the dead and wounded had been brought to Poolsville. Among the former was the body of Colonel Baker. It brought the shocking realities of war home to us in a way that had not been done before, but the effect seemed to be of the nature of an additional stimulant, making the men more eager than ever to go forward.

Just before we arrived at the river, a drizzling rain set in. All day there was a leaky sky. The battle was hopelessly over. All our men had been killed, captured or driven into the river, before we had started from camp. All the boats capable of carrying more than three or four men each had been sunk. So there was nothing for us to do but wait on the river bank, in the rain. The troops there before us were engaged in ferrying across, in small boats, the remnant of Colonel Baker's command which had succeeded in reaching the island in the river. A few dead and quite a number of wounded, were thus brought over. No signs of an enemy were visible to us, though we must have been in plain view to some of them, and in long rifle range. Later in the war, they would doubtless have given us something more to think about. It seems incredible, but, under orders from those in command, we actually tried to drag an unwieldy scow from the canal into the river, with a view of crossing over. There was not a point along the whole line of the insurgent states, from Virginia to Texas, where an attack by the Union Army would have been more insane. To cross any considerable number of men over those raging waters, with the means at hand, and provision them after they were over, would have been a sheer impossibility, without an enemy in the case.

That night, the Twenty-seventh was deployed in squads along the river. Some stood picket and the balance slept what they could, with only extemporized shelter. The next day we moved farther away from the river, back upon the

bluffs, and spent another night without tents. It had quit raining, but turned colder. We helped ourselves liberally to straw, found in the vicinity. Most of the men made themselves shelter by leaning rails up against something and covering them with straw. In the morning (the third since our arrival at the river) our wagons came up and we pitched tents in an open field on elevated ground. There was a high, cold wind blowing which, in our exposed position, had a fair chance at us. From camp we could see Leesburg with the naked eye. With field glasses we could see the rebel soldiers in its streets. Notwithstanding that it was the 23d of October, and so cold, a corn field adjoining camp afforded an abundance of excellent roasting ears.

In the morning of this day Henry McCaslin, of Company II, lost his life, at the hands of one of his own company. The responsibility for the distressing mishap rested between the officers in charge and McCaslin himself. The one who did the shooting could not be blamed. The company was on picket along the river. Opposite where it was stationed, there was a long island. The pickets were definitely instructed that we had no soldiers on the island; that if any were there they were rebels. But in the morning it was reported to the authorities that men had been seen over there, and it was decided to send some of our men over, to reconnoiter. These men crossed over at the upper end of the island, and the pickets opposite the lower end, where the fatal shooting occurred, were not notified of it. Comrade McCaslin was of the party crossing over. In scouting around, he finally reached the lower end of the island, where he came out so this picket could see him, but not plain enough to recognize him personally, or distinguish his uniform. He was also so unfortunate as to make some motions which the picket interpreted as making ready to shoot. The picket therefore quickly dropped down upon one knee and, resting the elbow of the arm which held the gun upon the other knee, sent a ball squarely through McCaslin's body. Death was instantaneous. When the picket was advised of what he had done it almost dethroned his reason. But the incident only showed that he had some of the elements of a first-class soldier. He could remember his orders and he was a crack shot. The distance was not less than four hundred yards.

The evening of the 24th, after spending one night in our tents, we broke camp hastily, under urgent orders, and marched away, after burning our straw and destroying other conveniences. We went about a mile at a brisk rate, then halted in the road for a few minutes; then about-faced and marched leisurely back to the spot from which we had set out. There we had orders to pitch tents again. There had been an alarm at another ferry, four miles below, but the order for us to go there had been countermanded.



AN ARMY WAGON TRAIN.

On the 26th, Banks' division returned to Darnestown. The return march was leisurely and uneventful, only we had our first sight of a long army supply train. The country was rather level and open, and an immense number of army wagons, with their white covers, could be seen stretching for many miles, one following close upon another, in all the turns and windings of a somewhat crooked road. There must have been more than a hundred of them, marked "General Banks' Headquarters." There was some specula-

tion among us at the time as to whether it required them all to transport the General's personal effects and those of his military family. If it did, the monstrous nonsense of it was not greater than much else that prevailed in those first months of the war.

We were pleased when we found that we were not going in to our old camp again, and were not going to be very near it. Though the weather was cooler now, and other things were to be more satisfactory, the associations of the place were bad. We turned off towards the Potomac river instead.

“The generals commanded and armies obeyed,
No battles were won till he came to their aid;
For he drew not his own, but Grand Army rations,
And his traces were hooked to th' fate of the nations.”

CHAPTER VI.

CAMP JOE HOLT OR MUDDY BRANCH.

Our first stop was in a grassy, abandoned field, bordering a small stream, flowing musically over a stony bottom, appropriately called Clear creek. Its steep high banks were a tangled mass of the evergreen laurel. This seemed an ideal site for a camp, but we remained there only one night. In the afternoon we had orders to move still farther towards the Potomac. At this latter place, our first location was in an oak woods. While we were establishing our camp, arranging for proper company distances and putting up tents, it transpired that another regiment, occupying adjoining ground, claimed the space necessary for our left company and proposed to hold it, whether or no. When argument and expostulation availed nothing, a part of the Twenty-seventh was put under arms. That quickly decided the matter in our favor—they did not care to dispute the question with us in that way.

This camp was all right until after the first rain, when it was soon several inches deep in mud. The ground having never been plowed, the more it was tramped the deeper and nastier the mud became. Hence another move was unavoidable. The distance was not over two or three hundred yards. We transferred our belongings without regard to order. Here we were on the bank of another creek called Muddy Branch.

In establishing ourselves this time a new feature was introduced with reference to our sleeping arrangements. Instead of straw, which could not be had, or dry leaves, which we had heretofore used as a substitute for straw, we were ordered to use pine or cedar boughs. They seemed coarse and hard at first, but afterwards came to be a regular standby. There was no more familiar sight, later on, than that of a soldier, with his rubber blanket, gathering boughs for his bed.

Our medical authorities strongly advised also that we raise our beds up off the ground on platforms of small poles. This we were not then soldiers enough to do. When we came to know more of our high calling, we uniformly did this from

our own choice, when there was any prospect of permanency in a camp.

Both of these locations went by a common name, Camp Joe Holt. In the familiar parlance of the regiment they are frequently called Camp Muddy Branch. In the two we remained over five weeks. Notwithstanding a good many discomforts and disagreeable features, most of the men doubtless have more or less pleasant recollections of our stay at this place. It was an out-of-way, lonesome locality, not only removed from any town or village, but from all public roads, and all sights and sounds of the busy world, as well. The whole time we were there, not only the toot and roar of railroad trains were entirely unknown, but not as much as an army mule-team or an ambulance wagon, not connected with our own regiment, passed in sight. There was also considerable sickness among us, and those who were at all able were again drilled without stint. We had a regular hand-to-hand tussle with the measles and with the measly drill masters.

Of all liabilities in the army, measles may be set down as among the worst. The soldier who has not had the genuine and only right kind, and had it out and out, previous to his enlistment, is to be commiserated. He is more apt to die from that cause than to be killed in battle. Different members of the regiment took the measles about the time the Balls Bluff move was made. The bad weather and exposure incident to that move were at exactly the wrong time for them. Several splendid boys died at once and others lingered along until carried off by pneumonia. Many others were taken with the disease after we arrived at Camp Joe Holt.

We had thought we were doing the subject of drill at least full justice, before this, if not overdoing it. But when we arrived here the authorities, somewhere above us, seemed suddenly to awake to the fact that the Twenty-seventh ought to be drilled. A swarm of sergeants from the other regiments, slightly older than ours, appeared in camp under detail to drill us. Neither officers nor men took over-kindly to this. In some of the companies the sergeants came and assisted for awhile, but in others there was no use made of them. By far the best step that was taken was the organization of a school of instruction for the officers of the regiment. Then, as fast as they learned, they taught the men. All that the Twenty-seventh ever lacked was more of that same medi-

cine, in more heroic doses. No command in an army can rise much above its officers in anything. Therefore, an officer who does not thoroughly understand the duties of his position should study day and night until he does so understand them, or leave the service. Without the least prejudice or ill will, it may be truthfully said that the original officers of the Twenty seventh largely came short in this respect. The same seems to have been true quite generally in the Civil war of officers appointed directly from civil life, without previous experience. A large proportion of them never became anything more than clever blunderers.

The question of finding the right kind of officers for the patriotic young men who are always ready to respond to the call of country, in an emergency such as this, is an old one, not likely ever to be settled to the satisfaction of all. In the Civil war those regiments which had colonels or lieutenant-colonels, or both, who had been educated at West Point and afterward had had sufficient experience in civil life to broaden them out somewhat and develop in them sympathy for men and practical common sense in meeting the requirements of unusual situations, as a rule, made the best all-around military organizations. To this, however, there were exceptions. While those West Pointers who had recently been graduated, or had had no experience outside of army life, were often so bigoted, overbearing and unjust as to be unfit for anything except to be shot, some such as these were greatly improved by the furnace heat of actual war. The only officers who, as a class, were worthless at the start and never improved afterward, were those who imagined that they already knew enough and did not try to learn any more. At the head of this list were those who had been trained in the militia of some of the states or in the standing army of some foreign country. Many of the disasters of the war, as well as most of its petty blunders and wrongs, can be traced directly to one or the other of these sources.

The writer's answer to the question, "Where shall officers be found for our volunteer soldiers?" is: Ap point them from civil life—from men living in the same communities where the rank and file have lived, and where both expect to live again when their term of service expires; hold them to the same strict accountability for the way they spend their time and the quality of service they render that is expected

from men of all ranks in the army; make them feel that they must learn to do their work thoroughly and faithfully or get out of the way and give somebody else a chance; do not appoint drill masters for the men or allow the officers to appoint them; above all, do not allow the officers to hire drill masters for the men; let promotions mainly follow the order of rank, always filling higher stations from those below; no favoritism on account of political influence, wealth or parentage. These rules are practicable, and there never has been a case, where they were even measurably followed, that the results did not justify them.

All in all, these weeks at Camp Joe Holt witnessed decided progress in the Twenty-seventh. We not only became more proficient in the technical duties of soldiers, the manual of arms, the ability to keep step, to march in line, to wheel and change positions and formations, but we seemed also to catch on to those wider and even more essential duties, viz., a ready and cheerful obedience to rightful authority; an apprehension of our own individual spheres of action and a laudable pride and ambition in trying to be faithful and exact in all things. We came to understand that a soldier in an army, whatever his rank or station, is simply one wheel, or maybe only a cog, in a great piece of machinery, and for the whole to be perfect, means that every one must do his whole duty. It was at this time that we first became imbued with that invisible something, called the military spirit, which once in a man never leaves him until he is ready for his coffin. It causes him to stand erect, to throw his shoulders back and his chest forward. It imparts a certain well-defined character to his walk. It makes him at home in a camp. It enables him to laugh at discomforts and to find enjoyment within very circumscribed limits. Most, if not all, will doubtless agree that from this time dates the development of the Twenty-seventh into a regiment of volunteer soldiers. Before that we were not really ready for active service; after that we were.

As at this camp we also first came to understand such terms as Officer of the Day, Grand Rounds, Inspection and Muster for Pay, they should perhaps be mentioned in this connection.

The officer of the day is a commissioned officer, detailed to have a general oversight of the camp. He is especially in command of the guards and pickets, and sees that the rules of

the camp are generally observed. He reports everything out of the way to the commanding officer. If he is regimental officer of the day his duties pertain to the regiment only. If brigade or division officer of the day his duties are wider in proportion. In the latter case, a major or lieutenant-colonel is commonly detailed. The same person acts for but one day. The officer of the day loops his sash over his shoulder, passing it across his breast from right to left and wraps it around his waist. By that insignia everybody understands what his position is.

As the officer of the day passes around on his duties, he is entitled to special attention, particularly from all guards and pickets. Any such, on his approach, must stand at "attention," and when he passes, must salute him. When he approaches the reserve guards or pickets, the nearest one on post must give notice to those not on post by shouting "Turn out the guards, the officer of the day." At this they fall in line and stand at "attention," until he is near, when they present arms. The officer of the day, accompanied by the officer of the guard, or sergeant of the guard, must make at least one trip around the camp and along the guard or picket line during the night. When discharging that duty he is styled "Grand Rounds." It is even more important to be wide awake and receive the grand rounds properly than the officer of the day. Woe to the poor unfortunate whom the grand rounds finds asleep, or seriously direlect in anything: he is sure to be put in the guard-house and perhaps courtmartialed and punished, or at the least, made to do extra duty. For these reasons the officer of the day or grand rounds is a terror to inexperienced soldiers. This often makes it still harder for them to receive him properly. Many ludicrous blunders are made. Inexperienced officers, in command of guards and pickets, if any difference, make more mistakes than the men. They often give the command to present arms when the men are facing the wrong way or standing at an order arms. Soldiers also often blunder and stammer and finally get out the wrong words, owing to the embarrassment they feel.

Our instructions when on duty were, if we heard or saw any one coming, to say, "Who comes there?" If answered, "Grand Rounds," we said "Halt, Grand Rounds! advance Sergeant, and give the countersign." We took the countersign from the sergeant over the point of the bayonet, and if

right we said "Correct, advance, Grand Rounds." One night in particular, at Camp Joe Holt, when a large relief was brought in, they were lectured severely, and told that only one of them all used the right words, in the right order. But the blundering was not always confined to those on post. One night while in this camp an Irish sentinel, when he gave the challenge, "Who comes there?" was answered "Officer of the day." Quick as wink he replied, "To h-l with your officer of the day! its high time the officer of the night was getting around."

Inspections were held to see that the soldiers had the necessary arms, equipments and clothing, and that these and the tents and grounds were kept clean and orderly. Company inspections were conducted by the company officers, general inspections by regimental or brigade commanders, or those appointed by them. Company inspections were, as a rule, held every Sunday morning. Sometimes they were omitted when on the march, but not always. Notice was usually given at morning roll call that there would be company inspection at a certain hour. Then followed a busy season of scouring, sweeping, dusting, blacking, shaving, washing, etc., etc. In this, guns, cartridge boxes, belts, clothing, shoes and persons, as well as tents and grounds, all received attention. At the appointed time the orderly sergeant formed the company in two ranks, brought it to a present arms and turned the command over to the captain.

If it was to be company inspection the captain proceeded with it at once. By the proper commands he placed the company in two lines, four paces apart, facing toward each other, with all the ramrods inside the gun barrels. He then started at the head of one line, passed down it and up the other. Each soldier, as the captain approached, held his gun up in such a position that the captain could easily see it and as easily take it. The captain generally took each gun. He first shook it up and down, so as to rattle the ramrod in the barrel. By the sound it made he could judge as to whether the inside of the barrel was clean or not. If not satisfied with this test he rubbed the ramrod up and down in the barrel, then took it out and examined it carefully for any signs of rust or dirt. He next looked the gun over on the outside and critically observed the appearance of the soldier himself, from his shoes to his cap. Then tossing the gun back, in

a manner calculated to knock the soldier down if not on his guard, he passed to the next. When necessary, questions were asked and explanations and excuses (very brief ones) were heard. In inspecting the cartridge boxes the captain passed behind each line. They were unbuckled before he began and as he passed the flaps were raised so he could note whether each article was there that should be and whether the soldier had the requisite number of cartridges.

If the inspection was to include knapsacks, it was so stated when the order was given to prepare for it. In that case, the men had their knapsacks on when they fell in line. After the arms were inspected they were stacked and the captain proceeded to inspect the knapsacks. Each soldier unslung his knapsack, at the command, and placed it on the ground before him, open. The captain then passed along and examined the contents of each one separately, often stooping down to unroll the different articles to make sure that they were all there and in proper condition. At the conclusion of the inspection, if there was to be Divine service that day, the company was marched without arms to the appointed place for it, or else the announcement of the service was made and the company was dismissed.

Just before or just after the inspection of arms and knapsacks the captain made a circuit of the company quarters, to see that the tents and grounds were clean and orderly. Delinquents at inspections were sometimes given an opportunity to make good their deficiencies, and sometimes punished, often both. As our service lengthened these inspections became more and more rigid. They were seen to be more and more important. At home cleanliness is next to Godliness. In the army, if Godliness is sometimes neglected, cleanliness never should be.

General inspections were not so called because a general conducted them. They were often ordered by a general, and sometimes conducted by one, more frequently by a member of his staff. The name was probably given because of the wide range the inspection was to take. It meant that everybody and everything in the command was to be inspected. General inspections were conducted substantially the same as company inspections.

While at Camp Joe Holt there was an order from General Hamilton for a general inspection. As we had never

seen one we were curious to know what it would consist of. After a great cleaning up the regiment was formed in line and stood quite awhile, waiting for something. All, except perhaps a few on the right wing, supposed we were waiting for General Hamilton. We were expecting to see him come dashing into camp, mounted and in full-dress uniform, followed by staff and orderlies. At length our attention was attracted by somebody coming slowly down the line from the right, on foot. As he came nearer we saw it was the General himself. Nobody was with him but our Colonel, and possibly one member of the General's staff. He was walking quite close to the line, nosing along, as if looking for something or somebody that was lost. He doubtless knew for himself about the Twenty-seventh after that.

Muster for pay was attended to regularly the first day of every month. It was seldom postponed; never unless engaged in battle or likely to be, or unless the muster-rolls were not accessible. Muster for pay consists simply in assembling each company and calling the roll, previously prepared, carefully noting the facts about each person named, so that there shall be no mistake as to the pay due each one. We had our first muster-for-pay the first day of October, at Camp Joe Holt. It was the first whisper we had heard about pay since our enlistment. We had said very little, if anything, about it among ourselves. But, as we had scarcely seen a cent of money for a month or more, it was a most welcome suggestion. The disappointment came in the fact that muster for pay and the pay itself are quite different things. The muster comes regularly, but the pay comes when it may. In this instance it did not come for more than a month after the muster.

The first military funeral the writer witnessed was at Camp Joe Holt. Some had died in the regiment before this, but, if their burials were conducted according to army regulations, he did not see them. The following exact description of such a burial is copied from Chaplain Quint.* "A suitable escort (for a private, eight rank and file, properly commanded) is formed in two ranks opposite to the tent of the deceased, with shouldered arms and bayonets unfixed. On the appearance of the coffin the soldiers present arms. The procession then forms,

*Potomac to the Rapidan, p. 22.

on each side of the coffin being three bearers, without arms, immediately preceding are the eight soldiers with arms reversed (the musket under the left arm, barrel downward, and steadied by the right hand behind the back); in front is the music, than whose dirge no sadder sounds ever fell upon my ear, as they proceed to the place of burial. With slow and measured step and muffled drum they move. At the grave the coffin is placed upon one side, the soldiers resting upon their arms, the muzzle upon the foot, the hands clasped upon the butt and the head bowed upon the hands. The chaplain, who has walked in the rear of the coffin, conducts the burial service; 'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' Three volleys are fired over the grave, and the last kindness to the comrade is over."

To be true to the chronology in the case, an incident must be related here, at the risk of breaking in upon the solemnity of the subject. A member of one of our companies died in the hospital at Darnestown, and the captain very properly went from camp with a detail to bury him. There were probably twenty in the squad, all armed. While marching along, they suddenly met the major-general. The captain, thinking he ought to do something, but not knowing what to do, brought the men to a present arms, without halting. The general gravely returned the salute (or what was intended for one), and rode on, but the members of his staff well-nigh bursted, in trying to keep from laughing, as our Twenty-seventh squad waddled along in the road, holding their guns in front of them. As we all learned later, and as the captain should have known then, the proper thing to do was simply to bring the men to a shoulder arms.

During the latter part of our stay on Muddy Branch, the weather became very cold. Several mornings there was ice, once two inches thick. The officers bought small sheet-iron stoves, which could easily be arranged in their wall tents, and made themselves comfortable. The tents for the men were not adapted to make-shifts of that kind, or any other, in fact. They were too flat, so that an opening could not be made in them to let the pipe out without letting in the rain. We still had the same tents we had drawn at Indianapolis. In shape they resembled an old-time cow bell, only they were proportionately more flaring at the bottom. Though large enough around to accommodate sixteen men, they were only

about seven feet high at the highest point. Their shape at the ground being oval, it was hard to raise them higher by building under them. Some of the men arranged to warm their tents by digging trenches through them, and covering them with flat stones and earth. The fire was built at the mouth of the trench, near the tent door; at the other end was some kind of a chimney which drew the heat through the trench, thus warming the top or covering and to some extent the air of the tent was warmed also. But most of the men had no



LIEUT.-COL. MORRISON.
RECENT PORTRAIT.



1ST LIEUT. JOHN R. RANKIN.
TAKEN WHEN A SERGEANT.

fire, except on the outside. When the weather was wet it was cheerless enough. An Esquimaux family, sitting in a snow house, with folded arms and stolid countenances, found their counterpart many times over in our camp that fall. We were surrounded everywhere with pine trees, several being in the camp, and that doleful southing which the wind makes as it passes through them, added its influence to our discomfort. It was here that some one said, "He'd be blessed if he ever wanted any more pine trees around him for ornaments."

Shortly after our arrival at camp Joe Holt, Lieutenant-

Colonel Harrison resigned and went home. He had not been with us long enough to make much of a record, but all admired him for his courteous, gentlemanly bearing, and the little he had done gave promise of commendable efficiency as an officer. Captain McGrew, of Company I, also resigned, while we were at this camp. The time had not yet come when company officers were much known outside of their own commands, and even there they were mostly untried. Captain Morrison, of Company A, was promoted to lieutenant-colonel on the recommendation of a majority of the commissioned officers. Thus the same authority which had placed Major Mehringer over him at Camp Morton now placed him over the Major.

Fidelity to facts makes it necessary to record one other in connection with this period. While here our band arrived, twenty-five able-bodied men. They had been recruited in Indiana after our departure. On one point, as well as many others, this history must be deficient. It is: Why our band never succeeded any better than it did? That it always remained in the background we all know. The members were fine-looking, well-behaved men. They doubtless had patriotic motives in coming into the army. It may be that they were not provided with suitable instruments, or that they were not properly handled by those in authority, or something else may have caused the failure, for which none of them were to blame. The facts are unknown to the writer. Only this can be said, it would have been more to the credit of the men themselves and to the regiment, if we never had had a brass band. Their names only encumber our muster rolls and serve to lower all our creditable percents. The little music they ever attempted to play made the regiment, as well as themselves, a subject of derision.*

The time spent at Camp Joe Holt, as well as the previous two weeks at Camp Hamilton, and the subsequent two months at Camp Halleck, were the sifting periods of the Twenty-seventh. That a few men were carried off by sickness contracted by exposure that would have had the same effect upon any of us, is doubtless true; but, as a rule, those only fell by the way, at this stage in their service, whose constitutions were too frail or too much impaired, to endure

*All regimental bands and drum-majors were mustered out by order of the war department before the end of the first year of the war.

the severe ordeals of army life. Let us drop a tear to their memory. That they did not accomplish more towards suppressing the rebellion was not because it was not in their hearts to do more.

Much of the land in the vicinity of Camp Joe Holt, like other vast sections in eastern Maryland and Virginia, had once been under cultivation, but becoming so impoverished that nothing would grow upon it, had been abandoned. It was said that this was the result of the reckless and persistent raising of tobacco by slave labor in Colonial times. Fences had long since rotted down or been removed; a thick growth of pine now covered most of such fields. The size of some of this pine, as well as other facts observable, impressed us with the great length of time, relatively, that the country had been settled. In an old burying ground, near our camp, the figures on the rude sandstone monuments indicated that interments there had been as early as 1645. Growing over some of the graves were white oak trees nearly, or quite, two feet in diameter.

CHAPTER VII.

CAMP HALLECK OR HOOSIER CITY.

The morning of December 2d, we left Camp Joe Holt, in obedience to orders received the day before. It is to be doubted whether we ever made another move when there were as few false and contradictory rumors about our destination. It was an open secret this time, seemingly understood by all, that we were going to the vicinity of Frederick, to go into winter quarters. And this instance almost stands alone also in the fact that even what was ordered, especially of a desirable character, came to pass according to the programme.

Those who were bad sick were forwarded to Washington by canal*, and the convalescents and heavier commissary stores were sent to Point-of-Rocks by canal, thence to Frederick by rail. The morning the regiment started was cold and raw, later in the day the sun shone mildly. We marched through Darnestown, going out the same road we had taken to Coonrods Ferry. Before coming quite to Poolsville we turned to the right and soon camped for the night. We had marched about ten miles.

The next day we made the acquaintance of a character well remembered by all who soldiered in western Maryland, Sugar Loaf Mountain. We passed laboriously along his western base, over his stony foot-hills and spurs, that day. He was in plain sight in the morning, likewise at night. There he stood, lifting his great, bald head up among the clouds and, diminutive creatures that we were, we could march all day in

*It is on record—sworn testimony before a court-martial—that these men were taken from this point to Alexandria, Va., in an open coal barge, and that they were laid in two rows, cross-wise of the barge, heads in and feet out, upon a bed of corn-stalks. When it was found that there were more than would go in these two rows they were moved farther apart and men were laid the other way, between them. More than this, when the barge arrived at Alexandria it was found that it had leaked on the way, and that many, if not all, of the men were lying in water.

his shadow! That night we camped on a rocky hill-side, too steep to put up our tents if we had had them. Our wagons did not come up until too late for that. Straw and rails were plentiful and we used both unsparingly. Probably a third of the regiment stole away after dark and slept in neighboring barns and strawstacks. Those who remained were not any too comfortable, with a keen northwest wind sweeping the hillside, but they were much more so than they often were afterwards.

When we had fairly started, the third morning, we passed a citizen who said it was five miles to Frederick, Going a hundred yards or so farther, we suddenly turned the point of a hill, and there was Frederick! apparently at our feet. The sun being rather at our backs, throwing his bright beams squarely upon the many white buildings and spires and the metal-covered domes of the city, made it seem deceptively near. At once we all began to denounce these Maryland people as monumental liars. If one should prevaricate in some of his answers to the myriads of questions fired at him, not in the highest style of courtesy, by a passing regiment, it would not be strange, though this gentleman had not. We did not go to Frederick that day, but we soon found, conclusively, that the distance had not been misrepresented. We had really camped about two miles below Fredrick Junction. Following a road skirting the bluffs, east of the Monocacy, we crossed the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, a short distance east of where it crosses the river. It was a cheering sight for us to look upon the track of a railroad again. When we heard the first whistle of a locomotive there was a spontaneous cheer. We had seen or heard nothing of the kind since leaving Washington, in September. We finally halted, and went into camp in the orchard of a Mr. Clay, five miles from Fredrick, on the Ijamsville road.

The second day we were at this place was a welcome one. Major Richardson, a paymaster, came and paid us from date of enrollment to November 1st, in shining gold and interest-bearing treasury notes. How rich we all felt! But, as usual, prosperity brought with it trials and temptations. Peddlers speedily became as thick around camp as the frogs in the plague, and, as for gambling, there was a regular whirlwind of it. It is questionable which was the most useless way of getting rid of money. The articles sold by the peddlers were

almost worthless, but at fabulous prices. The colonel made heroic efforts to protect the unwary from the seductions of both the peddler and gambler. It has always seemed to the writer that he was not as well supported by his subordinate officers, particularly by the company officers, as he should have been. Despite all efforts, a great deal of money went one way or the other.

December 12, our brigade was reviewed by General



SERGT. JAMES E. SMYTH, CO. A.
RECENT PORTRAIT.



TARVIN C. STONE,
COMMISSARY SERGEANT.

Banks, in a field north of Frederick. That was our first dose of the kind, and it was heroic. The Army of the Potomac will stand scandalized until the crack of doom, on account of its many so-called "Grand Reviews," and the manner in which they were conducted. Fight it would, and did! History records no more desperately bloody battles. In the spirit with which it met and endured hardships and privations, no army in the wide world ever surpassed it. In the deathless way it held to its purpose and kept heart under terribly discouraging buffetings and reverses, happily no large army in the Civil war was given a chance to equal it. And in all the virtues of a soldier and patriot, most of those high

in authority averaged well up to those below them. How, in this democratic country, with the severe simplicity of our institutions and habits of life, and at a time when all that was dearest to a loyal man seemed ready to perish, such men could countenance (not to say instigate and foster) such stupendous and transparent folly, is hard to understand. This review was one of the worst of its class—by far the worst we ever saw! In the great disproportion between the hardships imposed upon the soldiers to hold it, and any possible good that could come of it; in the monstrous vanity and nonsense displayed by officers, in contrast with the real efficiency shown later on, it could not have been outdone.

The Twenty-seventh did not enjoy the occasion at all. It was a very trying day on the regiment physically. The weather was lovely—clear and mild. It was some enjoyment, also, to pass through the city of Frederick and have a little look at scenes outside of camp. But, in addition to the work of preparation, it required a march of five miles each way to reach the place. Then, we marched two or three miles farther, in getting position, passing in review, etc. At one time we must have marched a full mile or more at a shoulder-arms! At the end of the time our arms had no more feeling in them than dead arms. We took no rations with us; were ordered to take none, and had no intimation as to how long we would be gone. So we were all day, from early morning until late in the evening, with nothing to eat.

There were other things, also, which tended to give us unpleasant recollections of the day. One of the regiments of the brigade was from the city of New York. It had been a militia regiment, and the men still wore their fancy militia uniforms of fine broadcloth, neatly made and tastefully trimmed. Another regiment was from Philadelphia, with a former mayor of the city for colonel. It also had been nicely uniformed at home. Every man looked as though fresh from a handbox. The third regiment was provided with the regulation dress uniform of the United States army, of that date. All of the other regiments had been in the service longer than we had, and had participated in reviews before this. They all had fine brass bands, with drum majors who could out-do, if possible, the major-general himself in "furs and feathers." In contrast with these things, not a man in our regiment, as far as known, had ever before seen a grand review. We had

no music, except a small, poorly equipped drum corps, of limited experience. Our uniforms, originally coarse, ill-fitting and hideous in design, were now none the better for their three months' constant wear. Our drilling and field maneuvers, while faithfully persevered in, had not, up to this time, been "before folks." However we may have appeared to others, in our own minds we felt awkward and ill at ease. To be frank, we doubtless did lack style. Our experiences previous to entering the army had not fitted us for parades. The farms and shops and even the stores and offices of Indiana, before the Civil war, were not the places to find men who would show to the best advantage on such occasions. Though we subsequently improved very much over this, our first experience, we never did pride ourselves on our achievements at reviews. We returned from this one thoroughly out of humor with ourselves and everybody else.

Among other things to disturb the equanimity of the colonel in this camp, the boys found a barrel of hard cider in Mr. Clay's spring-house, and some of them got "full" on it. The colonel's method of getting rid of this nuisance was characteristic. He knocked out the bung and let the cider run on the ground. As we were necessarily much about Mr. Clay's house, making common property of almost everything he had, either that or something else unsettled his reason and we had a mad man on our hands. The duty of some of the guards day and night was to watch over him.

A day or so after the review we began work on our winter quarters. The place selected for a permanent camp was a mile north of Mr. Clay's, on land belonging to a Mr. Huffman. It was the prettiest place for the purpose in all that region, in fact about the only real good place. It had at first been pre-empted by the Third Wisconsin, but they were detailed for provost duty in Frederick, and our colonel then took possession of the site. It was a space about the right size for a regimental camp, sloping gently to the south. On the north, east and west it was sheltered by higher ground. A spring branch circled around it, from the southeast to the northwest, affording nice water for washing, while different convenient springs afforded good water for drinking and cooking. At the west end of the camp, the branch was met by a deep, dry ravine which came around from the northeast. Where these two met a slate quarry had been opened and worked until a

deep hole had been excavated, leaving a steep precipice at that point, just outside of our guard line.

On this ground we built us winter quarters, which proved to be the wonder and admiration of all of Banks' division, and an unfailing subject of interest to all visitors, notably those from the larger Eastern cities. To us, however, there was nothing new about them, except in their minor details and uses. In a general way, they were modeled after the log cabins of the pioneers of Indiana, in which most of us had been born. The walls were built of round logs, notched together at the ends. The roofs were of clap-boards, which we split ourselves, and which were laid in courses upon log stringers and held in place by a heavy pole on top of each course. The quarters for the men consisted of seven apartments to a company, all in one row, under one roof. The partitions between the apartments were of logs, the same as the outside walls. Each apartment was provided with a fire-place, built as our fathers built theirs. There was a frame work of wood, lined inside with stone, laid in mortar and surmounted with a chimney composed of sticks, plastered inside. In furnishing an abundance of flat stones for these fire-places the slate quarry was a great convenience. The roofs of these company quarters all shedded one way, that was away from the company street. They had no floors in them, though we succeeded in "finding" enough sawed lumber to make doors and bunks. All the simple, home-made conveniences of the primitive log-cabin we had—wooden door hinges, wooden latches (with strings hanging out or drawn in, according to circumstances), hooks nailed up to lay the guns in, pegs projecting from the walls, to hang things on, benches to sit on, etc., etc.

The officers' quarters were one-room log houses, built in their proper places, resembling the men's, except some of them had gable roofs, and most of them had floors. Under date of December 29, 1861, Colonel Colgrove wrote to Hon. W. A. Peelle, of Indianapolis: "We have a perfect city built for winter quarters, one hundred and twenty log houses, 16 x 18 feet, chinked and daubed, glass windows, fire-places and clap-board roofs, with the latch-string hanging out. All the regiments in the division, except ours, are living in tents. They can't work with the Hoosier boys. Our city is laid off with regular streets, all named—Morton street, Peelle street, Lane

street, Indiana avenue, etc., etc." The official designation of this cantonment was Camp Halleck, though its popular name with us was "Hoosier City." We occupied these quarters over two months, moving in them December 18, and leaving them February 25.

These were the halcyon days of our soldiering. The member of the regiment who saw much service with it, and yet, who was not present that winter, is like a man who has had no boyhood. We saw some hardships, it is true. There were duties in bad, bad weather, a large amount of sickness of different kinds and other inconveniences and deprivations incident



NEWSPAPERS IN CAMP.

to our situation. But the good cheer far overbalanced the things of a different nature. When well and off duty we were always comfortable, usually happy. Rations were abundant and of good quality. The quartermaster exchanged flour in the city for bread, pound for pound, which was fresh and good. Wood was abundant and easily obtained. Our camp stood thick with timber when we located it; when we left, the timber line had receded but a short distance. We had all the candles we wanted to burn and the rule of "Lights out at taps" was not enforced. So, in stormy weather and during the long winter evenings, we sat around blazing fires and read, wrote letters,

played cards, spun yarns or whatever else suggested itself.

The aggregate amount of any one of these things done in the army, if adequately stated, would seem astonishing to some people. Papers were bought in armsful, letters were written in tons, while cards were played and "lies" were swapped incessantly.

During this winter the newsboy (a man) came to camp every day, with Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York papers. He rode horseback and announced his approach by tooting a tin horn. The horse was loaded to his full capacity, and when there was money among the men, one had to run quickly and meet the newsboy outside of camp, to be sure of getting a paper. Often soldiers who could not read bought papers, frequently one of every kind the man had, and begged others to read to them. Every day the mails, both going and coming, were gorged. One mail came to the regiment here containing five bushels of letters. It is on record that one company alone received two hundred and sixty-nine letters at this time. The interest in writing and receiving letters never waned during the war. To empty every hut or tent, in the shortest possible time, day or night, it was only necessary to shout "mail" at the head of the company street.

Our chaplain, when with the regiment, had charge of the mails. Sometimes a soldier was detailed to assist him. Mail going out was taken to the chaplain's tent. When mail was brought in, it was distributed to the company by the chaplain and his assistants, and the orderly sergeant publicly called out the name on each letter.

The chaplain was often annoyed a great deal by questions, as all postmasters are, about when the mail would go out or come in. There is a story of a chaplain, who, to escape this annoyance, posted a notice outside of his tent reading: "The chaplain does not know when the next mail will go out or come in." Some impious soldier slyly added in the same hand, "and don't care a damn."

Card playing was done extensively for stakes. This was always more or less under ban. Sometimes it would be done quite openly and nothing was said about it. Then a descent would be made on a knot of gamblers. The money, if it could be seized, was confiscated and the men punished in some way, but gambling went on, all the same. There was also an

endless amount of card playing for pastime only, or for some trivial stake, as, who should get a bucket of water, bring a load of wood, cook a meal, or something of the kind. Games were carried on, too, all day and long into the night, sometimes running through several days, out of pure rivalry, one party being determined that they would not be beaten by another at euchre, seven-up or pitch-seven.

In common conversation, all subjects were discussed, from the latest complications in the military or political situation, to the question of where Cain got his wife. Matters at home, and experiences before leaving home, came in for a large share. Neither was a military camp, composed entirely of men, wholly free from gossip. The worst tattler at a sewing circle could not put more pure fiction in circulation than was constantly going the rounds of camp. If the cannons boomed somewhere, as they did often, it would not be an hour until the booming was accounted for somehow. The rebels had crossed the Potomac somewhere, so many thousand strong; some part of our army had begun the invasion of Virginia and all the balance were to follow shortly; a reverse had been met with here or a great victory gained there. If an orderly rode into camp he would not be gone ten minutes until a dozen stories were in circulation explaining his errand. We were ordered to move somewhere; our regiment was detached to go to the army at Charleston, New Orleans or some other point; Governor Morton had requested us to be sent back to Indianapolis, and so on without end. Not a word of any of it was true. It was wholly the invention of a gossip or story teller—some might call him a liar.

But many good people have a very erroneous impression concerning one feature of the conversation that was heard around a camp fire during this war. The writer has had occasion again, and again, to contradict a defamatory and, as it would seem deep-rooted, understanding that many persons have relative to Union soldiers, upon which their interchange of ideas around their camp-fires shed a bright light. The erroneous impression referred to is, that soldiers, as a rule, had no adequate or well-defined conception as to why they were bearing arms, or what their being in the army might involve. Any one who could have heard the almost constant discussions going on around the camp-fires would know better

than this. He would be ashamed to betray such glaring ignorance of the real facts.

True, most Union soldiers were from the middle class and had limited educations. Many of them had scarcely any education, such as comes from books; but that is not saying that they were not intelligent, and on some points, perhaps on many, were not thoroughly well informed. This will not be so hard to believe if it is remembered that throughout Indiana, and all over the West, previous to the war, were to be found many men, of large means and of extensive and complicated business interests, who could not read or write. Yet the person who tried to defraud these men in a business transaction, even one that involved intricate problems of interest, discount or



TWO BROTHERS.

LIEUT. ISAAC VAN BUSKIRK, ORDERLY SERGT. JONN VAN BUSKIRK,
Co. F. DIED OF WOUNDS AT "SANDY" OF Co. F.
CHANCELLORSVILLE.

TAKEN AT HOOSIER CITY.

storage, invariably had his labor for his pains. So Union soldiers, if they were deficient in some respects, if they lacked information or insight concerning some subjects, when it came to questions involved in the war or to the perils and sacrifices to be expected in the strife, what they knew and the extent to which they anticipated things, were surprising.

Among the occupants of one of the cabins at Camp Halleck was a young man who had a brother in the rebel army. Others in the same cabin had been born in slave States, and had many friends and relatives living in the South, with whom they had been in close touch up to the breaking out of the war. Of those born in Indiana, most of their parents had been Southerners, only two or three of them having come from Ohio or States further east. One or more of the dozen men in that cabin fell upon every battle-field where the Twenty-seventh met the enemy. The dust of the one having a brother in the rebel army awaits the trumpet of the arch-angel underneath one of the little mounds in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, with a name not his own on the modest headstone that marks his last resting place. Another gave not only his life but his very name for his country, at Chancellorsville. A third, did the same in Andersonville prison. Others went to early graves, or have struggled on through life with one foot or one hand or with impaired health. But no experience of hardship, wounds or death that came to any one of them was of the nature of a surprise to him. He and his messmates had talked it all over, time and time again, around the camp-fire. They did this at Camp Halleck and at every other camp where they sojourned. They foresaw clearly what might be in store for them, and with equal clearness did they understand the issues involved in the war. Those of them still living have learned something in the passing years, since the great struggle ended, but they have not learned much as to what the struggle was about or as to what the effect would be if it terminated one way or the other. The fact was revealed around the camp-fire that their grasp and comprehension of these matters were then equal to that of men in far higher and more responsible stations. If opinions and convictions bearing upon the causes of the war and upon its prosecution were stated in better language, if discussions about them were more cultured, in Northern club rooms, in the meetings of Congressional committees or in cabinet councils; it is doubtful whether they were any better understood or more fully appreciated, than by the members of this parliament of free thought around the camp-fires, by the men in the ranks.

There were two or three fiddles in the Twenty-seventh which were kept going this winter at Camp Halleck, almost

night and day. At night, particularly, they could always be heard, in one place or another. With the fiddles were the accompanying dancers. Some of them might have commanded wages as jig dancers at the varieties. They could always entertain a crowd. When wearied looking at jig dancing and waltzing, the whole party often joined in a reel or cotillion—a genuine “stag” dance. To designate the “ladies,” or those acting as such, a handkerchief or scarf was tied around their arms.

In one instance two men owned a fiddle in partnership. One of them was peculiar, and may have grown tired of hearing the instrument. When the company came in from drill one day, he having been left behind, he had cut the partnership fiddle in two. He said it was not satisfactory to him to own a fiddle in connection with another party; he wanted what he owned all to himself, so he had divided his half from the other half.

There was not a large amount of singing in the Twenty-seventh. There was some singing, but the education of most in that direction had been neglected. Religious singing is not referred to. When religious services were held, there was always singing, and there was some hymn singing in addition, mostly by individuals. But promiscuous singing was not extensively indulged in. There were a few knots of singers and one or two clever performers, as guitar players and solo singers. They were rather too modest, however, to contribute much to public entertainment. Company K was more given to singing than any other. Their soft-flowing, rhythmic “Dutch” songs could be heard in their quarters every night.

Of out-door sports and recreations, and breathing spells out of camp, we had enough. Most of these were lawful and wholesome, but sometimes we tasted forbidden fruit. The weather was too uncertain and the ground too soft for much drilling, especially until later in the winter. Toward the last of our stay we did considerable of it. But any pleasant day there was ball playing, running, jumping, wrestling and scuffling. Occasionally there was a downright fist fight, the result of some quarrel. It was not considered the thing at any time in the Twenty-seventh to part two men, at all equally matched, until one or the other said “enough.” In fact, it was not safe to quarrel unless one wanted to fight. A

ring was often formed, with the two quarreling fellows inside, and they were almost compelled to knock it out or quit quarreling. There was one famous public scuffle or wrestle, "catch-as-catch-can" here, between a member of Company A and one of Company F. Both were powerful men and experts in that line. Considerable money changed hands on the result.

A trip to the city in pleasant weather afforded an agreeable day's outing. Frederick was an old, antiquated looking place, but live and thrifty in a business way, with stores full of goods, at reasonable prices. The rates in the restaurants were lower than at Indianapolis. Oysters were a "bit" a dish served cooked, or the same per quart raw. The people were mostly loyal; all of them were kind and hospitable. The country around Frederick was superb, very productive and finely improved. It was a land of plenty. Our route to the city was north to the Baltimore pike, a short mile, thence over that thoroughfare. It crossed the Monocacy on a solid stone bridge of two arches, built after the old Roman pattern.

Most of the boys got more or less acquainted with the people in the vicinity of camp. Parties among them were frequent. They were quite willing (for a consideration) to open their houses for parties, and the country maidens were not averse to the company of the young soldiers from Indiana.

One of these parties was more noted than the rest because of its results. Up to that time few restraints had been thrown upon attendance on such occasions. This time the interest was so great and talk so extensive that the colonel felt called upon to forbid anyone going. Nevertheless, a large number went—several commissioned officers, more non-commissioned officers, and privates uncounted. A supply of "commissary" was on hand also. Along with considerable noisy and riotous conduct, there was a knock-down between two shoulder-trappers. One of these sustained a near relation to the colonel, where his eye, snugly draped in mourning, betrayed him. In inquiring into the cause of the damaged eye, the whole matter was unearthed. A diary in possession of the writer says, under that date: "Only fifty-four in the guard house." The singing, shouting and roystering proceeding from that over-crowded "pen" was terrific. It continued both day and night. Next to the men themselves, nobody

was inconvenienced as much as the colonel, the guard-house being near his cabin.

One night the colonel suddenly appeared among the men in the guard-house, just when interest chiefly centered in a game of cards, which was going on for stakes. All at once a vicious kick sent lap-board, cards, money and all, up to the roof. Then the air turned blue with a certain species of adjectives that the colonel could use when he tried. With these profusely thrown in, he explained that he had put them in where they were for violation of orders, and here they were violating orders more than before.



HENRY VAN VOORST, Co. F. SERG'T JOHN CAMBELL, Co. F.

Nobody suffered much in the end, for these infractions of discipline, but the poor non-commissioned officers. At this period of our service they were reduced to ranks for very trivial offenses, real or imaginary. Possibly the colonel might have carried the matter concerning the party as far as a court-martial for the whole lot, but the commander of one of the companies went to him and told him, confidentially, that he had most of his best men in the guard-house. So, after a few days' confinement, they were all released.

Practical jokes necessarily had to be put under ban to some extent in the army. There was too much danger of their being played on the weak and friendless. Still, many that were good-humored and harmless were tolerated. Some that were not so were inflicted, in defiance of authority. A common one at Hoosier City was to drop cartridges down the chimneys into the fire and listen to their explosion. Usually there were accomplices, and, where it was only for fun, the one throwing the cartridge was advised by his confederate (who, on some pretext, had gone into the hut) when to throw the cartridge, so it would do no serious harm. In one case the orderly-sergeant of a company and his chum were suspected of retaining more than their rightful share of the rations, particularly the choicest cuts of beef. One day the boys smelled tantalizing fumes of boiling beef proceeding from their hut, when beef was badly needed by others. As soon as they could be collected therefore, a bundle of cartridges was dropped down this particular chimney. The explosion which followed filled the room with beef, coals, ashes, smoke and steam, and sent the two men out at the door, without regard to order. If all the others appreciated the joke, the two men did not.

It was here that Gosport money began to trouble our regimental authorities considerably, and the peddlers more. Gosport, in Owen county, had had a bank before the war, which had ultimately failed. A part of the assets were a large number of nicely engraved but unsigned bills, of different denominations. Members of the regiment from Gosport by some means received these bills in quantities and sold them to others for trifling sums. At that time, when no two communities a hundred miles apart had the same kind of money, it was easy to sign fictitious names as president and cashier and pass the bills onto the peddlers. The only excuse for, or palliation of, the fault, was that many of the peddlers were rebel sympathizers, and all of them were utterly unscrupulous as to the character of their goods and shamefully extortionate in their prices. One day a man came to camp with a large wagon loaded down with high-priced pies, cakes, etc. The colonel had stationed a guard some distance out, to warn such of their danger. But this fellow was a smart one, and, thinking the guard, perchance, might stop him, he turned off and

made a wide circuit around him. By that means he reached the camp at a rather isolated point and drove inside. He may have found other regiments out of money, but here he found plenty. No complaints were made about his prices. Trade was brisk. Bills were large, but he had provided himself with plenty of change. He soon sold all he had and could have sold more. He drove away in high spirits, with pockets wadded with money. But he soon returned in a woe-begone plight. He had found the real value of Gosport money. The colonel never had a better chance to get even with a man. In forceful language he rehearsed the case to him; how he had placed a guard to warn him; how the man had dodged the guard; how he had disregarded the rules and driven into camp. Now he might go to—.

It seems strange, but only a few furloughs were granted to members of the regiment during this long period of inactivity. The colonel and several other officers had short leaves of absence. With the men, one at a time from a company, was the limit. Where no other favoritism was shown, married men were given the preference. In addition to the length of the furlough (fifteen days), considerable time was consumed in sending the application to headquarters and getting a return. So, about two from each company were all who were permitted to visit home. Of course no one knew certainly that we would be inactive as long as we were. Several times, indeed, we did receive orders to get ready to march. Once or twice we cooked rations and were ready to start. A demonstration by a few rebels, somewhere along the Potomac, was enough to put our whole army in a flurry, and stop all furloughs for several days.

Excepting what drilling we did, we had few other duties but camp guard. This was maintained rigorously night, and day, through all kinds of weather. Each soldier's turn came about once in three to five days. Many regiments omitted camp guards in very foul weather, but in ours this was not done.

The authorities of the regiment were suddenly confronted one day at Camp Halleck with the question as to what the army was to do with runaway slaves. Quartermaster Jamison had employed, as a servant, a likely mulatto boy, named Henry. Without any previous warning, a Doctor Bussard appeared in camp, on the day in question, and inquired for Henry, claiming him as his "property." All had been care-

ful to say before this that they were not in the army to free the slaves. This meant, of course, that they were not in the army to override the law legalizing slavery, but only to enforce the higher law, imbedded in the Constitution itself, binding the States together in the Union. But if slaves escaped, were we to help or hinder in their recapture? The theory on this point had been that we were neither to help nor hinder. But theory and practice are often wide apart. When brought face to face with the matter of standing by and seeing a slave recaptured, particularly a bright, prepossessing young man, more than half white, our officers to a man, and as many of the rank and file as were apprised of the facts, said no! It required a far different education from what our free Hoosier state afforded, to fit men for such a position. Instead, therefore, of correct information about the boy, or any help in tracing him, the doctor received considerable gratuitous advice as to what he had better do and where he had better go, for his own safety. In the meantime, Henry had received and acted upon a little timely advice, and was nowhere to be found. It cannot be told what the officers or the men would have done if the doctor had happened upon Henry, and proceeded to take him back to slavery. The presumption seems strong, however, that he would have speedily gone out of camp with something less than a thousand boots, ranging from eights to elevens, playing upon his posterior anatomy.

Many boxes came to the regiment this winter from friends at home. Some came to individuals, others were partly intended for individuals and also for the members of certain companies in general. They consisted both of clothing and eatables. The reception of "a box" constituted an era in the history of a company. While most of the things were needed badly enough to be appreciated on that account, they were looked upon as being even more valuable as tokens of a thoughtful interest in our welfare on the part of loyal friends at home.

In January, the paymaster came again, giving us another two months' pay. Those who had not settled with the sutler, to that worthy's satisfaction, at the previous pay-day, found his claim deducted from their allowance this time. The readers of the recent story of "Si Klegg" will remember his feelings after receiving the small pittance coming to him when

the sutler's checks had been paid. Many among us know how to sympathize with Si. We have been there ourselves. Still, it is on record that, at this pay-day and the one previous, \$31,331 were sent home by the regiment, out of less than five months pay. This did not include the field and staff officers, or the band, and others were likely missed also. Thirty-five thousand dollars would be a low estimate for the entire regiment, at both pay-days.

The victories of our Western armies at Mill Springs and Forts Henry and Donelson were announced to the regiment at this camp, by official bulletins. We were called into line and the dispatches were read by the adjutant. They caused the wildest joy among us. Cheering, shouting and singing continued, after each announcement, until long into the night.

About this time a detail of one from a company was made for the Western gun-boat service. Those who were sent away then never returned to the regiment.

We observed Washington's birthday by a pole raising and other public exercises. The flag which citizens of Bloomington had given to Company F was run up the pole. Lieutenant Cassady read Washington's Farewell Address, and the colonel made a speech. The colonel's speech, as the writer remembers it, was, in substance, about this: "George Washington was all right, the country was all right and the Twenty-seventh was all right. The only thing to be complained of was that we had, so far, had no chance for a scrap with the "Johnnies." The same speech was repeated, in the main, on all similar occasions, up to the summer of '62. After that, for obvious reasons, it was heard no more.

This must have been a very mild winter, even for that climate. After coming to the vicinity of Frederick, ice was at no time over two inches thick. There was much stormy weather, snow as well as rain, but the next day after a furious storm was often as bright and mild as a May day. Mud in our streets was frequently almost impassible.

The dark background to our life at Camp Halleck was the large amount of sickness, so much of it resulting fatally. The prevailing trouble was pneumonia. This was brought on by exposure, some of it doubtless unnecessary. At one time it prevailed to an alarming extent. There were well equipped hospitals in Frederick, and those who were not attacked so violently that they could not be moved, were taken there for

treatment. Our regimental hospital was a log house, about 20x24 feet, built like the others, but provided with a stove. The writer was a patient in it, sick with pneumonia, for about ten days. The first six nights he was there, seven men died. At that time all the floor space, except a narrow aisle through the center, was occupied by cots containing sick. Those sent to Frederick for treatment did not seem to fare any better than those treated in camp. Almost every day word was brought that some agreeable companion and promising soldier, had been mustered out. It was their sad fate to fall before meeting the real foe, but they died for their country. A large proportion of their remains were sent home, or friends came after them. The others now rest in the charming National Cemetery at Antietam.

February 24, we received orders to cook three days rations and be ready to march. While we were willing to do our duty and wanted the army to be about its work, we were loth to leave our comfortable camp. We did not feel certain of doing so, but next morning, the 25th, before daylight, we marched away, leaving all our quarters intact.

In August, 1889, more than twenty-seven years afterward, the writer visited the spot again. He was, up to that time, as far as known, the only member of the regiment who had done so. No difficulty was experienced, either in going to or recognizing the place. The huts were, of course, all gone. A small farm house stood three or four rods east of the slate quarry. The improved land about the house was very nearly the same as that included within the limits of our guard line. Outside the fence, along the ravine on the north, was a deep path, which had every appearance of being the guard line itself, worn there by the ceaseless tramping of sentinels. Along that ravine and on the hill farther north, the stumps still remained where we cut our fire-wood. They were not cut any too near the ground. At different points where the camp was, were large bearing apple trees, which sprang up from seeds dropped by the soldiers. The lady at the house informed the writer that silver dimes and quarters could frequently be found yet, at different points, particularly where she understood the sutler's tent had been.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON TO WINCHESTER.

The morning of February 25, before it was fairly light, the regiment was formed in line, the colonel gave the command "Battalion, right-face, forward march," and we moved out of Camp Halleck, to return no more. We were leaving highly prized conveniences and pleasant surroundings, yet there was the usual cheering and demonstrations of gladness. The matter was often discussed among us and there was never any dissent from the sentiment that, if the difficulties in which the country was involved had to be adjusted on the battlefield, as seemed so certain, we were ready to do our share, and the sooner it was done the better it would suit us. So, not only this move, but every other one, clear on to the end, which promised something decisive, was made with hilarious exhibitions of satisfaction.

We marched over the hills, directly south, to the railroad, not much over a mile, and found cars awaiting us. They were ordinary flat cars, wholly innocent of any kind of seats, but we climbed on, when ordered, with alacrity. The marching we had done up to this time was nothing, still we had done enough to be willing to ride any way we might and ask no questions. Even before this, one of the boys was asked while on a march, if he would be willing now to ride in a cattle car. The question related to some former refusal, or threatened refusal, to ride in such cars. The reply was, "Yes, by blank, I would gladly ride on the running gears of a wagon, if I had a chance."

A few minutes sufficed for getting aboard, and the train pulled westward, carrying us to Sandy Hook, opposite Harper's Ferry. A large force was concentrating there.

At Point of Rocks, where the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in its westward course first touches the Potomac river, we saw for the first time some traces of that huge, monstrous and remorseless concomitant of war, which all soldiers saw so much of before the end, namely, destruction of property. Of the long, expensive bridge that spanned the Potomac at

Point of Rocks nothing remained but the stone piers. Most of the buildings on both sides of the river had been reduced to ashes and blackened walls. Where any remained they were riddled with cannon balls and distressed by other species of rough usage.

At Sandy Hook and Harper's Ferry the case was substantially the same. The fine railroad bridge here was also gone. The rugged and picturesque natural scenery of this vicinity is justly far famed. As distinguished a person as Thomas Jefferson has left on record his high apprecia-



GEORGE W. GORE, CO. D.
RECENT PORTRAIT.



JOHN BRESNAHAN, CO. A.
RECENT PORTRAIT.

tion of it. The Potomac seems to cut squarely through the Blue Ridge range here and makes some majestic curves while passing between almost perpendicular stone walls, many hundred feet high. On the Maryland side there is scanty room for one street between the rocky wall and the water's edge. In war times the few, cheap, weatherbeaten houses along this one, straggling street constituted the village of Sandy Hook. On the Virginia side the Shenandoah, coming from the south, after vainly beating against the rocky cliffs of the Blue Ridge,

finds an outlet into the Potomac, just where the latter breaks through the ridge. On the wedge-shaped piece of rising ground between the two rivers is perched the town of Harper's Ferry, rendered so full of interest at this period by John Brown's unlawful and ill-advised, though not unmerited, blow at slavery. Many of its sidewalks are successive flights of stone steps and many of its inhabitants could easily commit suicide by jumping from their doorsteps into their front yard. The country for a long distance, in all directions from Sandy Hook and Harper's Ferry, is very broken. By going back in the direction we had come this time, and climbing part way up the east side of the Blue Ridge, we found a field large enough and barely level enough for a camp. That such ground is scarce in that region is evidenced by the fact that, being at Sandy Hook on two subsequent occasions, we camped upon the same ground.

On February 26, we crossed the Potomac into Virginia. This we regarded as an event of great importance. We were at last upon insurgent soil. We were familiar with the habit among boys of giving a dare by making a mark upon the ground and challenging the other fellow to cross it. Something of the same method had obtained thus far in the war. When the boundary of a state which had declared its separation from the Union was crossed it was understood to mean that hostilities had begun.

The crossing was effected on a pontoon bridge. Needless to say we had never seen one before. This was said to be the first one used in real war, in the United States. Either the event of our using the bridge, or the one that we were moving into the enemy's country, was of sufficient importance to bring General McClellan up from Washington, with his immense retinue of staff officers and orderlies. He stood upon the stone coping of the canal lock, near the end of the bridge, where we had an unobstructed view of him in passing. This was the first time most of us had seen the then much adulated "Little Mack."

The boats composing this bridge had wood frames and canvass bottoms. They were anchored at regular intervals in the stream, by what seemed to be the regulation pattern of anchors for other boats. The method of our crossing now was in strong contrast with what it was at this identical place, and on a similar bridge, ten months afterward. Now

an officer stood at the end of the bridge and saw that the distances between the ranks were widened and the step broken. The teams, when the train came to cross, were detached from the wagons, and the latter were pushed over by hand. The same course was pursued with the artillery. But in the following December we marched over as if on solid ground, and the wagons and artillery did likewise. The water, at this first crossing, was high, and owing to the excessive fall in the river at that point, something like a hundred feet in a mile, the current was tremendous. At the next crossing the water was not high. Still, the difference was mostly due to increased experience with such a bridge.

Harper's Ferry was a fitting place to begin an advance against the rebellion. It was a rebellion solely in the interests of slavery. Though it was recognized in the constitution and protected by numberless laws and court decisions, the friends of that institution were not satisfied. Crazed by certain incidents (prominent among which was the wild escapade of John Brown) they had decided to break up the government. If it was right to suppress his lawless act, how much more was it right to suppress their's?

As regiment after regiment crossed to-day the air rang with the melody :

" John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

This was always a favorite song with the Union army. In singing it the Union soldiers were speaking better than they knew. Though in taking up arms, nor even in singing the song, most of them did not mean that it should be so, their victorious marches, which were always enlivened and made easier by the singing, were to bring about the end for which John Brown had died. When they were marching on it was really the soul of John Brown.

The Twenty-seventh, and most of the troops on that side of the river, pursuant to orders, spent the first night, in the abandoned dwellings of Harper's Ferry. This would have seemed a ludicrous proceeding later on. Of course there were a few troops which remained on guard, instead of breaking up into small squads about the town. There were pickets out and all that; but if we were in the presence of an enemy, as all seemed to think, nothing but a corresponding simplicity

on his part, in playing at war, stood in the way of his accomplishing our complete overthrow.

And the way of putting in the first night in the enemy's country was an index of what was to follow. The fact has often been cited that, when the war began, there were no officers on the Union side, fit for service, of higher rank than captain. It would be difficult, however, to trace in this movement upon Winchester, the hand of even a captain of some military experience. In 1864 Sheridan occupied much the same position with his army that Banks occupied with his, after clearing the river. One day Sheridan decided to move, the next he fought a battle near Winchester, and the third day he had the enemy in full retreat, up the valley. This time it was fifteen days after our crossing the Potomac before we entered Winchester unopposed. One brigade, sometimes only one regiment, advanced at a time. These successive advances were usually on different roads, at some distance from each other. When a halt was made each commander selected a suitable place for a camp, ordered the big tents, then in use, put up, and soldiers of all ranks were as care-free and as little solicitous about being molested, as they had been at home. At no time was there any formation or other provision made against an attack. The man who would have suggested anything like a breastwork or a trench would probably have been voted as out of his head.

It was no trouble to find empty houses in Harper's Ferry. The population had been largely employed, before the war, in the government arsenal. This was now in ruins, having been burned by the same people who had been so enraged at John Brown for taking forcible possession of it. The machinery of the arsenal had been removed south by the insurgents, and most of the operatives had gone along. Considerable of their furniture and personal effects, though not all, had been left behind.

After spending one night in the houses of Harper's Ferry and another in camp near by, we marched out, late in the evening, to Charlestown. Our camp there was on the high ridge, at the northeastern edge of the town, opposite the residence of ex-Senator Hunter. A person visiting that location in time of peace, especially in summer time, will find it very charming, commanding, as it does, a view not often surpassed. The writer has no recollection of being thus im-

pressed at this time. There was a high, cold wind blowing, and the wagons were late getting up with tents and rations, rendering our condition very cheerless. Only part of the regiment put their tents up when they did arrive, while part laid down under the big oak trees and went to sleep. The next morning the latter found their scant covering reinforced by four or five inches of snow.

Our interest in Charlestown was also greatly heightened by its relation to the grim old apostle and martyr of freedom for the slave. This being the county seat of the county in which his offense was committed, it was here that John Brown was tried, convicted and died on the gallows. Many of us visited the chief points of interest in the historic drama. We saw the jail where he was confined, the courtroom into which he was carried on a litter to be tried; where, with the conscientiousness of a medieval martyr, he refused to permit the plea of mental derangement in any form to be entered in his behalf, and where, with heroic fortitude, he received his sentence. We were also shown the field where he was publicly executed, and the very instruments—platform and gibbet—by which it was accomplished.

The writer's mental processes, in contemplating these matters, were probably very nearly the same as most of those who had come there from the North with arms in their hands. Personally, he had not been greatly awakened on the subject of slavery. As far as he had any bias, he was in favor of letting it alone, which involved the execution of all laws relating to it, particularly in states where it existed. From this standpoint, the punishment of John Brown and his associates was right. But the fact that the same people who clamored for his life were now in rebellion against laws equally, if not more sacred than those he violated, their armies being led by the same man who led the forces when he was captured, Robert E. Lee, turned the sympathies of the writer wholly to John Brown. While the unselfish end he had in view and the patient, uncomplaining spirit he manifested, in contrast with the monstrous cupidity of their end, and the murderous arrogance of their spirit, was the chief, if not the only factor, in transforming John Brown from a criminal to a demigod.

We remained at Charlestown over a week, occupied chiefly in guarding the property of persons in the rebel army, or who had fled on the approach of our army. The writer's

company took a turn of two or three days guarding a fine plantation, some three miles beyond the town, which was said to belong to a rebel lieutenant-colonel. It was distinctly stated in our instructions that we must not distress anything ourselves, or allow it to be done, because such a course would infuriate the owner. He must have been equally considerate of our feelings, or else was too far away; otherwise, he would have headed his command and made us all prisoners, isolated as we were. March 6, the brigade moved on to Beckley's Mill, a mile beyond Smithfield. This camp will always be sadly remembered by us as the place where we lost our first man killed by the enemy. This was John Cheatham, of Company C. His company was on picket. Half a mile in front of the reserve and half as much farther beyond the picket line was a farm house. In the night, after the reliefs were changed, two of those coming off duty slipped down toward the house and caught a goose, out of a flock which had betrayed its presence by quaking. The next morning, on complaint of the owner, the entire brigade of four regiments was searched for the missing goose. Among the company on picket, the brigadier-general conducted the search. All the time the goose was snugly rolled up in a blanket and packed safely away in a knapsack. Other members of the company, with less caution, had robbed a hive of bees. Some evidence of this was discovered by the general, in the fragments of honeycomb scattered about where the company was stationed. This led to the severe reprimand of several persons and the usual reduction to ranks of two or three unoffending non-commissioned officers.

A few minutes after the above search had been concluded John Cheatham, and a comrade, went over to the house to see if they could buy something nice for breakfast. About the time they arrived there a party of horsemen rode up and opened fire upon them. One of the first shots struck Cheatham in the head, killing him dead. The surrender of the other one was accepted, and he was carried off a prisoner. Two years after this, under Sherman or Sheridan, the proprietor of the farm would have been unceremoniously shot and his buildings burned. Now, with mingled emotions of rage and sorrow, we took a last look at the endeared features of our murdered comrade and buried him in his blanket, at the foot of an oak tree. The farmer's property was meantime

carefully guarded until our loyal army was ready to depart.

On the morning of March 10, we had orders to move. We struck tents in the rain and were soon ready to go. Presently an order came to put up tents again. Just when we had them fairly up and ourselves sheltered, another order came to take them down. This time we went. Our route lay over sticky clay roads, thoroughly saturated with the rain and stirred up by marching troops. We crossed a number of creeks, or the same creek a number of times, in either case bridgeless. Our halt was at Bunker Hill, on the pike between Martinsburg and Winchester. Here we met the forces which had crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, the Twelfth and Sixteenth Indiana being among them.

The next day we marched up within about four miles of Winchester and encamped, in a grove east of the pike. The enemy was reported to be at Winchester with a large army. That was what our papers said. Whether our commanding general had any other or more authentic information the judgment day may reveal. The wagons came up and we pitched tents as usual, providing ourselves liberally with straw and other comforts. The forces were not as much as placed in order of battle. Late the next morning—a bright, mild spring morning—a line of battle was leisurely formed, and we advanced slowly, over the open, level country, toward the city. We could see a long distance ahead. No enemy came in view. Still, the line-of-battle order was maintained. Frequent halts were necessary to correct the alignment and wind the men. At length we arrived at the city. Not a gun had been fired. Not a rebel soldier had been sighted. We had been fifteen days coming from Harper's Ferry—twenty-five miles. A characteristic incident is on record concerning this advance. The leader of one of the columns that were see-sawing along, on different roads, discovered ahead of him what he decided was a strongly-posted, formidable enemy. He did two things promptly: Order his artillery to the front and send back for reinforcements! A shot or two from the artillery developed the fact that the supposed enemy was a company of people (mostly darkies) threshing wheat out in an open field, with a horse-power machine.

The fortifications at Winchester, which had been reported so extensive, amounted to very little. In any time of danger, after the spring of 1863, one regiment of our army would have

thrown up more formidable defences in a single night. There was a half-finished earthwork on the ridge, northwest of the city, and some other evidences of a plan to defend the place. Numerous round shot and shells were scattered through the abandoned rebel camps. Different ones of our boys were accused of putting twelve or twenty-pounders in their knapsacks, "To keep until they came home," as it was said. The papers for these assertions have not been produced, however. As a fact, a member of the regiment did appropriate a six-inch, unexploded shell to set his camp kettle on, while cooking beans. The vision of the camp kettle sailing through the air and pieces of shell gyrating around promiscuously was the first inkling he seemed to get that a loaded shell was not the proper thing to use about a fire.

When it was found that no enemy was to be encountered at Winchester the troops dispersed to different camping places. As we were marching past a Pennsylvania regiment, an officer jumped down from the fence, upon which he was sitting, and running impetuously up to Captain Kopp, gave him a pocket knife. He said the knife had been given him for his homeliness and if he found a man homelier than himself he was to give it to him. He thought Captain Kopp justly entitled to the prize. The captain had a very prominent nasal organ and somewhat rough, angular features, but, by most persons, was not considered particularly homely. Still, he accepted the knife with the best of grace. This was also one of the times Lieutenant Van Buskirk attracted a great deal of attention. Some of the troops concentrated at Winchester had not seen much of each other. As the regiment marched down the pike, passing other regiments, the men came running in droves to see our big lieutenant.

We established our camp at the railroad cut, in the northern limits of the city, and settled down to regular camp life again. Within a day or two we were furnished new, dress uniforms, including tight-bodied, long-tailed coats, with high stiff collars. This was much like a farmer putting on a fine beaver overcoat when spring work begins. The warm weather was at hand, and if the army ever hoped to do anything, it must be now. But we accepted the dress coats like little men. The presumption is that we did not see the glaring folly of the thing, at the time, any better than others. As a matter of fact, we wore those heavy coats through the entire sum-

mer, in all its heat and dust, on all our long marches; then, in the Fall, exchanged them for the light-weight, loose fitting blouses, which constituted the regulation coat for soldiers in the field, until the end of the war. The ten days at Winchester were quite uneventful, in most outward respects. The inevitable camp guard and furnishing safeguards for rebel homes and property, constituted the staple element of duty. A considerable squad of rebel prisoners, captured by scouting parties, and marched near our camp on the way to the rear, greatly excited our interest. They were the first rebel soldiers we saw. Several other Indiana regiments being in the vicinity, gave many of our boys the opportunity of visiting with relatives or acquaintances. The Twelfth and Sixteenth regiments had been under Banks when we joined his command. The Seventh, Thirteenth and Fourteenth had now come over with Shield's division, from west of the mountains.

Our Surgeon Johnson, while at Winchester, obtained the mounted skeleton of one of John Brown's sons, killed at Harper's Ferry. It was afterward fully identified, and returned to the family, to find kindly interment in the North. It had been exposed in a doctor's office in Winchester, serving the double purpose of an anatomical specimen and an awful example of the fate of abolitionists. This was much vaunted "Southern Chivalry."

It was during this period that an advanced step was taken in the organization of the army, namely, the formation of corps. It had not been done before, but has since been the unvarying custom in the United States army. The troops under General Banks were designated as the Fifth Army Corps.

A point concerning this reorganization well worthy of note here is that Brig.-Gen. A. S. Williams was made the commander of the First Division (of which the Twenty-seventh formed a part)—our brigade remaining the Second, as before. This was the beginning of a long and most satisfactory relation between the Twenty-seventh and General Williams. He continued as our division commander, when not commanding the corps, until our muster out. His name will appear again and again in this narrative. From the start we had reason to respect him for his evident abilities and personal worth. Before the end we learned to venerate and love him, both as a great soldier and a great-hearted gentleman.

But a fact of contrary import to the Twenty-seventh was also a part of this reorganization. This was a change in brigade commanders. General Hamilton was sent elsewhere, and Col. George H. Gordon, Second Massachusetts Volunteers, was put in command of our brigade. To facilitate this, the Second was brought into the brigade and the Ninth New York taken out. We were sorry to lose the Ninth. They were as different from us as men of the same language and nationality could be; but the members of the two regiments became warm friends, and whenever we met the Ninth after this, as we occasionally did, there was a liberal exchange of kindly sentiments. The number of this regiment was changed later on to the Eighty-third New York.



BRIG. GEN. A. S. WILLIAMS.

As to the Second Massachusetts, it required time for them and the men of the Twenty-seventh to understand one another or to appreciate each other's virtues. Both parties were evidently to blame for this. The trouble was mostly chargeable to the sectional and provincial state of the country, previous to the war of the Rebellion, so strongly in contrast with its present broad national character, which was one of the inestimable benefits of that war. Because of the numerous and prominent characteristics observable in the other, so different from what they had been accustomed, the members of each regiment jumped to the foolish and mischievous conclusion that the other was deserving only of jibes and ridicule. It seemed to the members of the Twenty-seventh that those of the Sec-

ond rather led off and forced this issue; that, if nothing more, they were forward in exhibiting a certain air of contemptuous superiority that was very exasperating; but it may have seemed the reverse to them.

However, the two regiment, were kept together. They were forced to take each other for better or for worse. Whatever there was in two and a half years of arduous service, with its ever-recurring mutual deprivations, dangers and losses, as well as its opportunities and achievements, to tone down asperities, develop lofty sentiments and cement friendships, they had the benefit of, in full. The result was that, as far as the two organizations, especially the rank and file, were concerned, they parted in very different states of mind, with respect to each other, from what had been true in their earlier association. In the estimation of the Twenty-seventh the Second Massachusetts now occupies something of the same ground often held by near relations. If we reserve the right to criticize or find fault with them occasionally ourselves, an outsider would get himself into trouble very quickly if he ventured to do so, in any respect whatever.

As for Gordon, a stalking pestilence would have been better for the Twenty-seventh. He was a graduate of West Point, a bright, sprightly officer, who would attract favorable notice among strangers anywhere, and few men could make themselves more agreeable than he could when he wanted to. But there was probably no other brigade commander in the army — certainly not with his education and experience — so narrow and bigoted in his prejudices, so circumscribed and illiberal in his sympathies, and so utterly incapable of being just or of seeing things in their right light, where other parties were concerned. This was largely the result of his towering vanity and egotism. He was so supremely "stuck on himself," as the present phrase goes, that he could not be respectful to superiors, considerate of subordinates, or learn anything from anybody. In practical common sense, also, he was as much lacking as he was in moral principle. He had as little conception of what men could stand, or what it was just to require of them, as he cared what became of them. Quick and violent in temper, erratic and whimsical in his preferences, tyrannical and overbearing, as all egotistical and selfish persons are, he was wholly unfit for any command in the army. What irony of fate it was that placed this regiment of

thoroughly true-hearted young men, from the homes and fire-sides of Indiana, under such an exception of a person, giving him the opportunity to reward their devotion to country with such studied abuse, such needless sacrifice of their lives, and such aspersions of their reputations, is one of the mysteries of human existence. Unhappily, he will require further notice as this narrative proceeds. He has really left nothing on record as disrespectful and defamatory of the Twenty-seventh as he has of General Banks, Governor Andrew and even of President Lincoln, but they were in a better position to stand it.



W. T. DOUGLAS, CO. I.
(Killed at Antietam.)



CHAPLAIN T. A. WHITTED.

CHAPTER IX.

BULL RUN AND MANASSAS.

March 22, we left Winchester, cutting across the fields from our camp to the pike running east. Nobody seemed to know what our destination was, or to care much about it. Most of the regiments of our division, at least, were in the



GEN. C. S. HAMILTON,
(1st Commander of our Brigade.)



GEN. GEORGE H. GORDON,
(From a photograph kept since the war
by Capt. Williams.)

column. We jogged along in a lazy, good-humored way, and only made fifteen miles, crossing the Opequan and passing through Berryville, both names, with others in the Valley, destined to become forever linked with the name and fame of Gen. Phil. Sheridan. Our camp that night was in a grove a little west of the Shenandoah river. We first stopped rather early in the afternoon, on the south side of the pike and later,

for some reason now unknown, moved farther on and to the north of the pike. During the first stop the colonel unearthed a shrewd scheme of some of the men who had been foraging, and by a master stroke the next morning, he made an end of the Gosport money episode.

The Colonel must have heard, in some way, of some of his men being accused of foraging, which at this period was considered very naughty indeed. A guard line was established around the camp with the strictest orders to arrest any one having anything in his possession that might have been foraged. For awhile, nothing out of the way was discovered. Men were going out and coming back with various lawful and useful articles, but none seemed to have anything that was contraband. Among other things carried in, were numerous bundles of straw. They all appeared innocent enough and would undeniably improve a soldier's cheerless bed. At length, the Colonel bethought him to inspect some of these bundles, and the first one he lighted upon contained five chickens. Others revealed like returns, until the Colonel had enough to thsome eatables to supply a feast.

With reference to the Gosport money, the Colonel had evidently been on the lookout for the arrival of a fresh supply from Indiana. The chaplain, or some one else conversant with the regimental mail, may have given him a hint. At all events, a considerable "wad" of this species of bogus money arrived in the mail which overtook us here. The company in which it was received went on picket that night. The next morning, just at the time when the pickets were to start to camp, who should appear at the headquarters of the reserve but Colonel Colgrove. When the entire company was assembled, the Colonel demanded the package of so-called money. When it was not forthcoming, he proceeded to search for it. He did not find it, but without breaking ranks, or giving the men a chance to get anything beyond what they already had about them, he gave the command "Right face, forward march," and kept all the men under his eye until the regiment was rejoined. The fact was that the one who had the custody of the unsigned Gosport bills had deftly parted with them when he saw he was going to be searched, securely hiding them from the sharp eyes of the Colonel. But having no opportunity to possess himself of them again, they were left to moulder and decay where he had placed them. That closed up that deal.

The next morning we crossed the Shenandoah on a temporary trestle bridge, erected by the engineers, and began the ascent of the Blue Ridge. This road crosses that mountain range through Snickers gap. Our regiment was barely over the river when one of the piers of the bridge gave way, cutting off those following. We halted where we were on the mountain side, for the bridge to be repaired. Waiting is always tedious, but the boys played ball, perpetrated practical jokes, etc., to pass away the time. During this interval we heard cannonading in the direction of Winchester, but had little thought as to the cause of it. After some hours we finally started on, crossing over the mountain and pitching our tents on the eastern side, close to Snickersville.

Early next morning we began to retrace our steps. The cannonading we had heard, while waiting the day before, was a battle known in history as the First battle of Winchester, or Battle of Kearnsstown. There was now a hasty reversal of plans. We moved back towards Winchester much more energetically than we had gone away from it. Our friends of Shields' division had really defeated the enemy signally, before we knew of the engagement, and we were not needed. Still, we were going, and were destined to serve in the Valley for the present.

The balance of the brigade went directly on to Winchester and thence in pursuit of the retreating rebels, but the Twenty-seventh, with a section of Best's battery, halted at Berryville. We remained there, quartered in different abandoned buildings of the town, for four days. This was an event in our history. Away from the rest of the army, we were lords of all we surveyed. We had the whole town and country to ourselves. Berryville is a county seat, and, before the war, had about a thousand people. It was rather compactly built, with more evidences of wealth and culture than was then common in places of its size. A goodly proportion of the people were originally from the North, but, almost without exception, were now intensely disloyal. We kept vigilant pickets on the outskirts, night and day; otherwise we enjoyed the freedom of the town. The people who were at home were mostly courteous and sociable; some were friendly.

The proprietor of a newspaper had run off and left his office. Troops there before us had distressed it somewhat,

but a "staff" was organized and a daily paper was started. It would be hard to mention a branch of business at which experienced men could not have been found in any regiment in the Union army. Among others, we had several expert compositors and printers and some who had trained slightly at straddling the editorial tripod. Our daily was called *The Haversack*. John Crose (quartermaster sergeant) and W. W. Daugherty (sergeant major) were the editors-in chief, with a large corps of contributors. John Rankin and J. N. McCowen were the responsible printers and publishers. Pretty much the entire regiment was a self-appointed advisory committee. That is, they could and did all give advice freely (in two senses), with reasonable certainty that none of it would be taken. All the numbers of the paper are still preserved among the curiosities of some of our members. Comrade Crose, in particular, had them sacredly filed away, and though all were permitted freely to see them while he lived, no inducement would secure his consent to part with them. He has now left them as a part of his legacy to his family, the priceless element of which is his good name as a man and the spotless record of his faithful and unselfish service in the Twenty-seventh.

Another thing transpired at Berryville which it is particularly pleasant (after the intervening years) to chronicle. This was the presentation of a sword to Colonel Colgrove by the other commissioned officers. The sword had been ordered a good while before this, but did not arrive until now. It was a charming thing, a real Damascus blade, with a most elaborate and ornate hilt and scabbard. The presentation speech was made by Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, and responded to by Colonel Colgrove. It is to be regretted that no permanent record of the subject matter of either address seems to have been preserved. The impressions made by the occasion are still very distinct.

For three successive days *The Haversack* appeared, and then—it was not. Its editors, publishers and patrons all had business elsewhere. It fell to the Twenty-seventh to guard a supply train to Manassas Junction and back. The Colonel now says there were 2,800 wagons in this train. There may have been that many or ten times more, for all any one in the regiment knew, unless he was told. We had no chance to count them. We saw neither the head nor tail of the train at

any one time. It was passing through Berryville long before any of us were up and, like Tennyson's Brook, it "went on forever."

From Berryville to Manassas, *via* Chantilly and Centerville, is sixty odd miles. The train made the entire distance in two days, and we would have done the same if there had been any way of crossing Bull Run. We started March 28, crossed the Shenandoah and Blue Ridge at the same places we had crossed them a few days previously, and camped for the night at Aldie. The distance was only twenty-eight miles, yet there was the most straggling the Twenty-seventh was ever guilty of after it learned to march at all. We were too heavily laden; but the main trouble must have been the crossing of the mountain. That pass is very high, and the descent was, if possible, more wearisome than the ascent. It seemed physically impossible for large numbers of the men to keep their places in the ranks the latter part of the day.

A good soldier, or a person who has much ambition, will soon abandon the habit of straggling, unless positively unable to do otherwise. For one thing, the company that one finds himself in is not congenial to a spirited soldier. The weak-willed, doless class, and the constitutional play-offs are always in the majority in the rear. Besides this, a man soon learns that the gain by straggling is largely delusive. The same distance has to be gone over any way, and it very seldom happens that a soldier cannot get over the distance easier in the ranks of his company, hard as it may seem, than in any other way. The difficulty of regaining one's place in the ranks, after once dropping out, even for a little while, was doubtless surprising to all who ever tried it.

The second day, we marched farther with very little straggling. It snowed all the fore part of that day and rained the after part. We arrived at Bull Run at dusk. There was no bridge, the foot-logs were afloat and the water was too deep to wade. While we were vainly working with the foot-logs, to put them in place, darkness came on, black as hades, and there seemed nothing for us to do but spend the night where we were. The ground was low and marshy—a mere creek bottom—while the snow and rain falling all day had rendered it impossible to find anything that was dry. We managed, after infinite difficulty, to get small fires kindled to warm our shivering selves by, and cook a little something for

supper. When our wagons came up, we pitched our tents promiscuously, on the best ground to be had. Any kind of brush, limbs or timber available, was spread out to keep our bodies up above the water and off of the wet ground. Even then, the Run having overflowed the bottom still more during the night, many found themselves lying in water in the morning. We shall always remember that night as among the very worst ones.

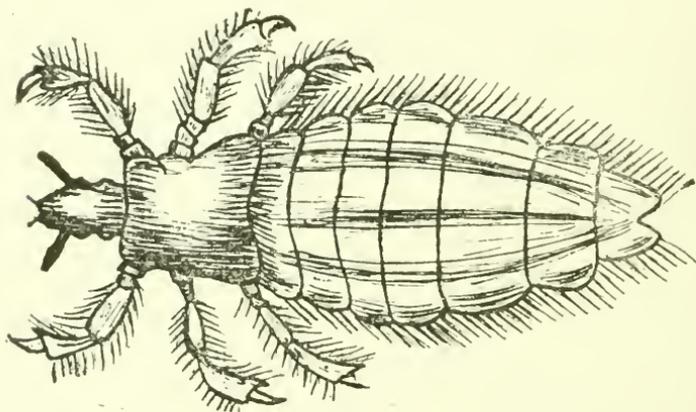
The next morning the Colonel heard more than he was expecting, for once. As he was passing through the camp he spied a musket laying on the ground. Immediately, he inquired savagely, "Whose gun is this?" "Mine," promptly and with asperity in his voice, answered a man, hugging a small fire nearby. "Well," continued the Colonel, "you're a fine soldier, to let your gun lay out here all night!" "Colonel," said the man, "that d—d old gun is no better than I am, and I had to lie out there all night myself." That was a poser. Amid some illy suppressed merriment among the men, the Colonel gave his nose a vigorous pull and passed on.

On the ridges between Bull Run and Centerville were hundreds of log huts, some of them still covered with clapboards, in which soldiers of the rebel army had spent the winter. It was a current tradition in the regiment afterwards that some of our men, by stealing away that night, to seek warmth and shelter in those huts, had introduced the festive greyback among us.

Certain it is that, very soon after this, he was with us numerously; there were millions of him. And he was a stay-er. If not "a friend" he was a something "that sticketh closer than a brother." At first we were all inclined to keep him entirely to ourselves; we carefully concealed his presence from our most intimate friends. But "murder will out;" it was not long until it was one of the commonest things, to see proud, dignified men, without turning aside or saying "by you leave," haul their shirts over their heads, turn them inside out and begin to search for the pesky intruder. It has been well said that "the soldier who boasted that he had no occasion to do such a thing, never did much towards suppressing the rebellion."

But while the Johnnies did give us some things, at different times, to remember them by, it is perhaps an over statement of fact to say that they gave us our first stock of grey-

backs. The spring was well advanced when we were at Bull Run; shortly after that the warm, summer weather was upon us. What was even more in point, we were becoming more and more active. Our periods of rest and opportunities for washing our persons or our clothing, were becoming fewer and farther between. Under such conditions the greyback needed no "introduction." Like Topsy, he "jes growed." Besides, it is part of a record, made at the time, that two men in one of our companies were found to have grey backs upon them while at Hoosier City. In consequence, they were forced to burn all their clothing.



ABOUT THE SIZE HE SEEMED TO BE WHEN CRAWLING
DOWN ONE'S SPINE.

During the forenoon we leisurely transferred our camp to the higher ground on the south side of the Run. The sun eventually came out brightly and all things assumed a different aspect.

Anywhere here we were upon historic ground. The name of this little creek, scarcely two rods wide and but a few miles long, winding down through a barren, uninviting country, had been heralded around the world. The first great clash of arms between the champions of Union and freedom and those who stood for secession and rebellion, in the interest of human slavery, had occurred right here. The very soil of the swamp, upon which we had spent a cheerless night, had been hallowed by the priceless blood of patriots. Though the hottest of the contest was further up the Run, it really began at this crossing, Blackburn's ford.

Many of the regiment looked over parts of the battlefield with but little satisfaction, as, from lack of guides or maps, nothing was known as to the positions of the forces engaged. The shallow graves where the brave dead had found scanty burial, many of them, had been partially opened, by some species of brutes, either having two or four legs. Parts of human skeletons were to be seen in many places. In one place were several human skeletons under a pile of brush; there was nothing to indicate that they had ever been covered with earth.

The country was dotted everywhere with the carcasses of dead horses. As it had been eight months since the battle, we supposed that the horses had mostly been killed afterwards, by hard usage.

The defenses about Centreville and Manassas, while of considerable magnitude, had, as all the world knows now, been greatly overestimated. We saw the veritable "Quaker Guns," that is, logs of wood shaped like cannon, with which the rebels had terrorized our authorities for so long.

After passing one night on the south bank of Bull Run we moved on to Manassas Junction, three miles. This was also a place of world-wide notoriety, made so by the war. It was then really no town, scarcely a hamlet. Besides being the headquarters of the rebel army during the battle and giving its name to the battle itself, in their vocabulary, it had been their principal depot of supplies up to its evacuation, less than a month before our visit. In abandoning it the enemy had evidently destroyed much property of value. There was evidences of this everywhere. Here, too, as at Winchester, were a great many loaded shells, scattered around. The boys, having learned their true character by this time, amused themselves by exploding them to hear them roar and see their pieces fly through the air.

One night was all that was allowed us at Manassas, then we started on the return. The supply train, going back empty, at least in part, wagons were detailed to haul out knapsacks. That was a delightful help. We made Aldie the first day with ease, camping on the same ground we had occupied four nights before. The next night found us over the mountain and across the Shenandoah, in the camp we had used ten days before, the first night after leaving Winchester. We did not stop at Berryville, but passed through and on to

Winchester, camping a mile south of that place, near a small mill, some distance east of the pike. This last was not a full day's march. We could easily have gone eight or ten miles further. It was a bright, clear day and warm even to enervation. Yet the next morning the ground was covered with snow. Not because of the snow, but for a more agreeable reason, we remained in camp all that day. The paymaster came again and gave us two months' pay.

Money never seemed to do us as much good as when we were active. There was little chance then for the camp following peddlers and the gamblers to get in their work. Later in the day some of the boys went back to the city on purchasing errands. Others went to visit the wounded in the hospitals, victims of the recent battle. Still others visited the battlefield. Both of these last items were of particular interest to us, because of the large number of Indiana soldiers engaged in the battle and the splendid manner in which they had acquitted themselves. The Seventh, Thirteenth and Fourteenth, composed largely of neighbors and friends of our regiment, had, by their impetuous gallantry, reflected great credit upon our noble Hoosier state. The Twenty-seventh boys always became an inch or two taller whenever any one of the regiments from our state serving in the Eastern army was mentioned favorably.

CHAPTER X.

UP THE SHENANDOAH.

On April 6th, the Twenty-seventh started from Winchester to join the army which was pushing its way "up" the



SERGT. J. F. NOSLER, CO. I.
(Showing our second uniform.)

Shenandoah Valley. This valley runs north and south, but, curiously, south is "up the valley" and north is "down the valley," in the phraseology of the people living there.

A march of fifty miles or so had come to be looked upon

as nothing among us now. It was a current saying in the regiment, about this time, that the Virginia turnpikes were almost worn out, but we were as good as new. The first night on this march we camped at the bridge over Cedar creek, which gave its name afterwards to one of Sheridan's battles. The second night we camped south of Woodstock, near an unusually high railroad bridge. A march of a few miles on the third day brought us up with our army, lying behind Stoney creek, north of Edenburg. It snowed and rained in turn that day. We marched on past the camps of all the infantry and located our's in an open field near the little stream, beyond which the enemy enjoyed the freedom of the country.

We were all right that day, and felt as happy as larks, but next day, without any previous warning, we heard the boom of cannon, and shells began to drop in our midst. The second shell that came struck in a tent where a game of cards was in progress. No one in the tent was hit, but all of them might as well have been. They were scared to death—nearly. This shelling caused as much excitement in the Twenty-seventh as there is among the small boys of a village when a circus procession unexpectedly turns the corner and starts down the main street. In far less time than it can be told every man was out of his tent, and hundreds were shouting: "Lay down!" "Hit him again!" "More of it!" etc., etc. But none of the shells exploded and no one was hurt. A Union battery, already in position on the opposite side of the pike from us, began firing within a few minutes, and less than a dozen shots from them were enough to silence the rebel battery.

Our sutler's tent happened to be on the side of the camp next to the enemy. Money being plenty in the regiment trade was active. But even with old Cahn, business counted for nothing in the midst of flying shells. When the first shell came whistling along and dropped down ker-chug, a few rods away, he rushed up to Hep, his clerk, and fairly roared: "Hep, Hep, you d—d old fool! Vat for you always bitch dis dent vere de schells goome?" Then he broke out of the tent, mopping his florid face and bald head as if it was July. Hep followed him with some apparent concern, and said in his slow drawl: "Cahn, better as you goome back in der dent; you git killed oud dere." The ridiculousness of the situation seemed just then to come to Cahn, and he turned and went back.

We had some desperately foul weather while at this place. There was rain and snow, and a mixture of both. We fell in line, in such weather, to hear of the great victory at Pittsburg Landing, announced in special orders. The Western troops in the Eastern army found great pride and joy in the fact that these brilliant achievements were accomplished by their own kith and kin.

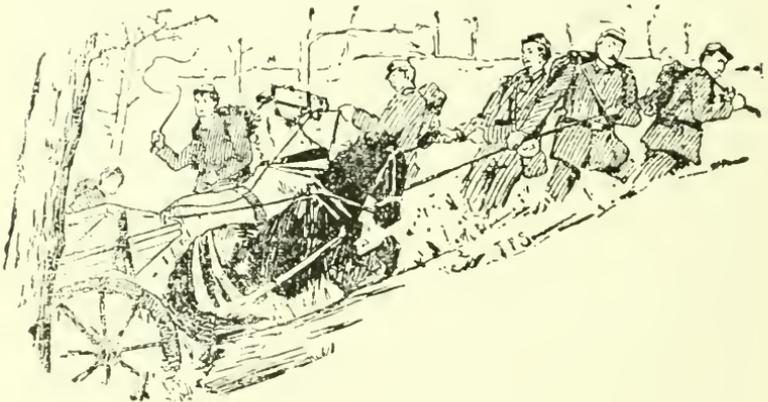
April 17, we were up at 1 A. M. under orders to march, and started at daylight. This was really the first day we had seen in the service that seemed to count for something towards crushing the rebellion. Particularly in the forenoon, there was a decided show of energy. Our advance was vigorous. Shields' division was leading. The enemy was hustled along unceremoniously. Cannonading was often brisk, with occasional rounds of musketry, though the Twenty-seven was given no chance to participate. All bridges, even small culverts, were found on fire. But our men, in almost every case, were in such close pursuit as to put the fire out before much damage was done. This was even true of the long wooden bridge over the North Fork of the Shenandoah, at Mt. Jackson. Numerous railroad cars and other property was burned there, but the bridge was saved. If the plank had not been removed the men left behind to fire it would have been captured.

The rebels had erected several large hospital buildings at Mt. Jackson. It appeared to be an ideal place for sick and wounded to recover and recuperate, but only those badly wounded or seriously ill had remained to fall into our hands.

A mile or two south of Mt. Jackson the pike passes over quite an abrupt ridge, and there the rebels made a show of fight. Our brigade and a brigade of Shields' division were, therefore, detached for a flank movement. Turning square to the right in Mt. Jackson, about a mile back we struck a dirt road leading south parallel with the pike. It was rough and hilly, however, and in places it was boggy. The sun came out bright and strong, so that the weather was oppressive. The men of the other brigade, though nominally leading us, straggled shamefully, and were soon mostly behind us. If we straggled any we had the advantage of having no organized body of troops following us to report our conduct. Our progress was undoubtedly slow, as it was laborious and exhaustive. The artillery and ammunition wagons stalled in

many places, and had to be pulled out of mud-holes and up steep hills by hand.

Darkness finally overtook us before we had regained the pike, and we stopped and spent the night, almost without shelter or food. The next morning we found we had to ford the North Fork of the Shenandoah. It was about one hundred yards wide and waist deep. The current was swift and the water ice-cold, really melted snow. It had only been three days since we had had several inches of snow, and plenty of it was yet to be found in the glens and shady places. It tried our grit considerably to plunge in under such conditions, but the members of the Twenty-seventh were all soon safely over.



BAD ROADS.

Upon the suggestion of some long-headed person or persons an expedient was adopted in our regiment that greatly mitigated the severity of the cold water. It was just time to dispense with drawers anyway, so by taking off our pants we had them to put on dry after we were over, while the drawers tempered the water considerably, and, on the other side, we took them off and threw them away. Some remarks have been made about the appearance of the Twenty-seventh while thus attired for wading, but we do not care for that.

Just when we were preparing ourselves for the plunge, several members of another regiment came around a bend in the river, on a raft. Some distance above the ford was a saw-mill, and they had gone there and prepared that contrivance, upon which they hoped to cross dry-shod. They had probably lost their poles by having them caught under the raft, for

when they came in sight they had nothing whatever to propel the raft with and were drifting helplessly with the rushing current. Most of them were standing with their knapsacks and other equipments all on and their guns in their hands. In response to our laughter and cheers, they danced and swung their caps in the highest glee. Just as they were opposite us the raft ran plump against an immense rock. The concussion not only threw the men off, but pitched them violently a rod or more, heels over head. Such a confused mass of floundering, gasping humanity as was there for awhile! Heads, legs, arms, knapsacks and coat-tails appeared above the water in turn. Some of the men might have been drowned, but nobody appeared to think of that at all. It was so extremely ludicrous that everybody seemed to see only the funny side of it. After a while, though, the men all managed to gain a footing and stood up in the cold water, most effectually drenched. Their guns, caps and everything else not strapped to them were gone. Whether they ever recovered them or not we did not learn.

We arrived at New Market before noon. The balance of the troops were halted there and we encamped a half mile south of town. It was two or three days before the wagons came up with our tents; until they did, we sheltered ourselves, as usual under such circumstances, by leaning rails against something and covering them with straw, rubber blankets, etc. The weather was something the same here as while we were at Edenburg. Rain and snow contended with each other for supremacy, with the odds perhaps a little more in favor of the rain. New Market was a clean, bright looking town (if one was not too close to it), and the country about it was the finest we saw in Dixie. There were wheat fields there that would delight the heart of any farmer. We drew flour for our ration of bread which, if not desirable, was certainly appropriate, and, as it seems, was the last flour ever issued to the Twenty-seventh.

April 25, we advanced to Harrisonburg, eighteen miles. As we marched along the ground was again covered with snow. The enemy offered no resistance. Our camp at Harrisonburg was again in an oak grove, on high ground, north of the city and east of the pike some distance. We remained there until May 4. In the interval our regiment, with others, went on a reconnoissance as far as Cross Keys, eight miles, on the Stan-

ardsville road. There was also a picket station maintained, by a company at a time, at Mt. Crawford, five miles out, on the Staunton pike. Most of our companies had at least one turn there. The reserve headquarters were in an abandoned store building.

We all remember the fine, flowing spring in the center of Harrisonburg. In other respects it was a sightly place to be in a slavery-ridden country.

On May 5th, the army began a retrograde movement. That day we marched back as far as New Market. General Banks had not had his headquarters farther south than that point. This time at New Market, we camped north of the town. The next morning, before daylight, we started and crossed the mountains directly eastward of New Market. The ascent was very steep, as the gap was almost as high as the mountain itself. We reached the summit at sunrise, and the view was sublime. Even a man with a knapsack on his back, a musket in his hand and looking for somebody to shoot at, if not looking for somebody to shoot at him, could appreciate such a view.

We were halted awhile and gazed at the wonderful panorama. Then we descended the mountain, on the eastern side, and bivouacked at its base. What our errand over the mountain was has never been very clear in our minds, if it ever was in anybody's. The next day we moved on some miles farther and halted, in a heavily wooded glen. The day was warm enough to make the shade grateful. We remained there until towards evening, apparently without anybody knowing what was to be done next.

Suddenly a courier dashed up and said excitedly that the Thirteenth Indiana had been ambushed, and was being "all cut to pieces." For God's sake, we were to go and help them. If anybody ever acted promptly and energetically it must have been the Twenty-seventh at that time. We went without knapsacks or anything heavy, except guns and cartridge boxes. We did not go double-quick, we simply ran. The colonel's horse was on a smart trot the whole way, and often the colonel had to use his spurs freely to keep the men from getting ahead of him. The distance was three or four miles. On the way we met two of the Thirteenth bringing back a prisoner, but we did not stop to interrogate them. The prisoner was hatless and very red in the face from running. As

we passed him he shook his fist at us defiantly and swore, giving us the usual chaff about what we would get a little further on. After a while we sighted the Thirteenth in the distance, upon which we formed in line on the crest of a hill, at the right of the road, and awaited their approach. They were falling back slowly and in good order, as though nothing had happened. They were not firing at anybody, nor was anybody firing at them. As near as we could understand, a force of rebel cavalry had made a dash at them, without other results than a temporary flurry. We saw no wounded.

As we stood there in line, waiting for the Thirteenth to reach us, two very ludicrous incidents happened. In one of the companies was a lieutenant, a relic of the Mexican war, rather too old for such a run, besides he had sprained his ankle on the way. He was ambitious, however, and very excitable. In another company was a lieutenant who was almost blind. Both of these lieutenants had been left behind in the race. The lame one was the first to come up. He was going at a sort of a hop-step-and-jump gait, puffing like an engine on a heavy grade. In one hand he held his pistol, while his arms were beating the air like the fans of a Dutch windmill. Without appearing to notice in the least our quiet attitude, he ran up against the rear rank of his company, and, holding his pistol over between the heads of the men in the front rank, shouted with immense energy "Where are they, men, where are they? Can I reach them with my pistol?"

The explosion following this incident had barely subsided when the lieutenant with the defective eyesight appeared, groping his way along, but evidently making the best time possible. He, too, had his pistol in one hand, or rather, in both; with one he held the breech and the other the barrel. When he sighted the regiment he shambled cautiously up in rear of his company and peered and squinted around, trying to make out what the situation was, without asking any questions. Directly he said, to one of the sergeants in a stage whisper "F——, come and help me get this darned thing down." As he had come along, he had thought to see if his pistol would work all right. But after he had cocked it he could not get the hammer down again. So he had to carry it along carefully, with both hands. These two incidents furnished the men something to laugh at for many a day. The trouble being over, we marched back where we started from

and spent the night, and the next morning, recrossed the mountain to New Market.

May 14, the army started back northward still farther. We marched that day to near Woodstock and the next, to near Strasburg. Our first camp there was close to a spring, the water from which turned a mill a few rods below. On the 17th, we moved our camp a mile south, near Fishers Hill, another point made historic by a battle, later on. At this time we learned that Shields' division and all the rest of Gen. Banks' command, except two small brigades, ours and one other, had gone elsewhere. We therefore belonged to an army intended only for occupation, not aggression. It was hard for us to bear it with any cheerfulness; we wanted something to do and we could not see that our weakened condition gave abundant promise of it.



FALL IN FOR ROLL CALL.

The next day we began work on a system of defenses, which was wise. We also began various other things, which were otherwise. A record of the time says, "Eight roll calls a day." It is strange, but nevertheless true, that officers who exhibit a fair degree of ability and competency in the field will resort to ill-advised and even mischievous measures the moment they get into camp. It would perhaps not be too much to say that this characterized Eastern officers as a class. It seemed to be bred in the bone with them to want to make some kind of show or demonstration, when not required or permitted to do any thing else. They seemed to have a peculiar weakness for the "pomp and circumstance of war" and this showed itself prominently when in camp. It requires a share of common, horse sense, as well as military training and experience to cultivate and enforce discipline in

camp, without at the same time breeding discontent and insubordination. From this time until the 24th we worked on the projected defenses some, did picket duty a good deal, drilled more (part brigade drill) and fretted and complained most of all. But this was not for long. It does not appear that any man of our army, in any station, knew aught of what was transpiring beyond our picket line. Still there was something transpiring nevertheless, as we shall see.

There was one part of this work of fortifying that the men of the Twenty-seventh were well qualified for and rather enjoyed. That was felling the timber and chopping it into proper lengths. They had mostly had experiences along that line. While a detail from the regiment was chopping down the trees near Fisher's Hill at this time the Major-general came up and expressed great satisfaction at the facility and speed with which the work was being done. It was a surprise and delight to him in particular to witness four men chopping on the same tree, at the same time. Two men chopped on each side of the tree one chopping right handed and the other left handed, and striking lick about.



JOSEPH D. LAUGHLIN, Co. B.
(From recent photograph.)



JOHN D. LAUGHLIN, Co. B.
(From recent photograph.)

CHAPTER XI.

BANKS' RETREAT.

The somewhat precipitate movement of the army under General Banks out of the Shenandoah Valley, in May, 1862, is commonly referred to by the participants as "Banks' Retreat." It is sometimes called also "The Winchester Retreat." This movement really began at Strasburg, twenty miles beyond Winchester. The Twenty-seventh had marched over the road connecting the two places some weeks before. It is the same "Good, broad highway, leading down," on which the famous steed later in the war carried Sheridan, when "Twenty miles away."

Authorities higher than General Banks were responsible for the blunder; but a bad one it was when Banks' army, reduced to a skeleton, was halted at Strasburg with the view of defending itself and the country in its rear. It was precisely like a man taking a stand on one of two roads beyond where they intersect, to watch for a foe which may approach on either of them. While he may guard successfully the one road, his enemy is liable to take the other, and attack him in the rear. Thus it happened that while Banks was making some tardy preparations to defend himself on the theory that Jackson would come down the Shenandoah Valley, proper, that wily chieftain crossed the Massanutten range opposite New Market, through the same gap we had gone two weeks before, and moved swiftly down the Luray Valley. In that way he not only turned Banks' incomplete defences, but seized his railroad and telegraph communications with Washington and, at the same time, had an even race with him for Winchester, through which Banks was obliged to pass if he desired to escape. In fact, the first that the Union general seems to have known of his antagonist was that the latter was in full possession of all of these advantages.

In the afternoon of May 23d the few troops which Banks had felt himself able to spare for the defense of points in the Luray Valley, consisting mostly of guards for bridges, were

attacked and routed. This was especially true of the force at Fort Royal, the most important of the points.

However, the only troops in the Luray Valley with which this narrative has to do are those stationed at Buckton, a railroad station six miles east of Strasburg. Here Company B, of the Twentieth-seventh, and Company G, of the Third Wisconsin, were guarding a bridge. They had been there but a few days and had prepared no defenses. Though scarcely expecting a formidable attack, they had been apprised that an active enemy was prowling in their vicinity. Two members of the Wisconsin company had been captured. For this reason Captain Hubbard had not absented himself, as he had been ordered to do, to consult with the proper authorities about the character of the defenses necessary at that point, but had sent his lieutenant instead. Captain Davis, on the contrary, came to the Twenty-seventh, at Strasburg, that morning. What his errand was does not appear of record. On his return in the afternoon he was captured by the enemy, and spent the summer and early fall in various rebel prisons.

The bridge guarded by our men at Buckton spanned a small creek, which comes from a southerly direction and empties into the North Fork of the Shenandoah. The latter stream here runs east and west and the railroad follows its south bank. South of the railroad, bordering the creek on the east, was a wheatfield, and, beyond that, a large tract of timber. The camp of our company, B, was on this eastern, and, as it proved, most exposed side of the little stream, while the Wisconsin boys were camped upon the opposite side.

About two in the afternoon, May 23d, almost without previous demonstration of any kind, it would seem, a force of rebel cavalry, numbering three or four hundred, debouched from the timber and started across the wheatfield directly towards the position of our soldiers. Nothing daunted, both of the companies promptly rallied in line, each near its own camp, and offered battle. As the advancing column came within range a sharp fire was poured into it, under which it soon dissolved and sought shelter, mostly by returning to the woods out of which it had come.

During a short lull of hostilities which followed this first attack, it was wisely decided that our company should cross the creek and join the Wisconsin company. One of the reasons for this was that the enemy had showed a disposi-

tion to work his way along the bed of the creek, sheltered by its banks and the bushes and briars growing upon them, thus getting between the two companies. Once over the creek, our company also took position behind the railroad and between it and the Shenandoah. The Wisconsin company did likewise, if it had not been there previously. Up to this time Company B had had little, if any, protection. The new position was an unusually good one. The railroad grade was high enough to form a good breast work, and with the river so close in the rear of our men, the enemy was obliged to make a front attack, if at all, over ground mostly open.

Several such attacks were made, with greater or less determination and persistence. One, in particular, seems to have been well organized and spirited. The attacking column of mounted men charged across the wheatfield at a gallop, officers riding ahead, swinging their swords and challenging their men to come on, while all yelled like demons. But the sturdy boys from Indiana and Wisconsin awaited them with trusty rifles and equally trusty nerves. At the command, firing began at one hundred yards range, and at the first crack of a gun, horses began to rear and fall headlong, or break away with empty saddles. A few of the more reckless dare-devils spurred their horses up near the railroad. This was the closest call our side had and the only time that their situation looked critical. It also practically closed the engagement. No considerable number of the enemy appeared in the open after this.

During the progress of this skirmish volunteers were called for to carry a dispatch to the authorities at Strasburg. Hiram Kinneman, the teamster of Company B, was one to respond, and, swimming the Shenandoah on one of his mules, he was soon on the way. In response to this message the other companies of the Third Wisconsin marched promptly to Buckton, arriving there in the night, but not until after the enemy had apparently abandoned all effort to take the place.

This was the first time any part of the Twenty-seventh faced the muskets of an enemy. We could scarcely have had better men to represent us than these bright, young farmers' sons from Daviess county. Though at some disadvantage at first, they exhibited undeniable evidence of possessing those two prime requisites of a soldier—pluck and discipline. The company lost nine wounded and eleven captured, these last

being either on picket or some distance away from the body of the company when the skirmish opened.

On the morning of May 24, the force at Buckton was ordered to Strasburg. Company B loaded their wounded in a freight car and pushed it before them, arriving with the regiment barely in time to move with it toward Winchester.

The rebels with which our men "argued the point" at Buckton belonged to Ashby's command. He was a bold, intrepid cavalry leader, well known to both armies in the Valley of Virginia at this period. He was evidently a brainy, masterful man, who had gone into the rebellion with great enthusiasm. He rode a showy white horse, and most of the men in Banks' army had one or more views of him, from some advanced picket post or while on the skirmish line. Like many of those adventurously men on both sides, Ashby was killed early in the war—at the battle of Port Republic.

The loss of the enemy at Buckton must have been considerable. Their reports state that they met with "spirited" resistance, and claim that the Union detachment was finally "dispersed." The two Union companies did eventually abandon their position, but no enemy had been in sight or hearing for hours previous to their doing so.

Corp. Henry L. Pittman, of Company B, has the credit among his comrades for a cool and desperate act at Buckton. The story is that he was on picket, at some distance from his company, when the first rebel charge was made. Escaping capture, he was endeavoring to reach his command by a circuitous route, but was sighted by a mounted rebel officer, who charged upon him, demanding his surrender. The officer must have imagined that Pittman's gun was empty. Luckily it was not, and when the officer was quite near, Pittman shot him dead. He then mounted the officer's horse and rode it into camp. There is a tradition among the members of Company B that the officer was a Colonel Sheets. There was a Captain Sheets killed at this time, as was also a Captain Fletcher and possibly others. Stonewall Jackson in his report speaks very regretfully of the loss of these officers.

The main body of Gordon's brigade at Strasburg was called up before midnight of May 23. In obedience to orders we took down our tents, loaded the wagons, and were all ready to march. We had no more sleep that night. The writer, in common with most of the Twenty-seventh, did not

have another wink of sleep until midnight or later the second night following—a period of over forty-eight hours—and at the end of a march of over sixty miles.

It appears that Gordon had gone to General Banks that evening to urge him to start his army at once for Winchester; but Banks had a mind of his own, and declined to act upon Gordon's suggestions. Stung by this, Gordon resolved to arouse his own men anyway. He could hector them, if not others. It seems weak and grannyish enough to consign any officer to private life, if not to infamy. Yet Gordon blandly recounts the fact himself, as something to his credit. All the balance of Banks' command at Strasburg slept until morning. If, as Gordon claims, Banks did not decide to go to Winchester until a few minutes before the start was made, at 11 o'clock or after, on the 24th, it is apparent how useless and heartless was the loss of sleep and wear and tear, Gordon inflicted upon his soldiers.

The situation, substantially as it was, was circulated among us as a camp rumor soon after we were called up in the night. The fate of our men at Front Royal, the very superior force of the enemy, his vigorous advance towards Winchester, the probability that he might attack us at any point along the way, the moral certainty that we would soon confront him somewhere—all these facts, with others equally as accurate, were passed from lip to lip. Still we were incredulous. Such things were then hard to believe. In addition to our peaceful surroundings—the surpassing beauty and mildness of the May weather, the growing crops, the blooming trees and flowers—we had now been in the enemy's country so long and had met with so little resistance, we had about made up our minds that we were not going to meet with any, of a serious character. So many times before this we had supposed ourselves on the point of going into battle, only to find afterwards that there was very little, if anything, to base such a supposition upon, we had about concluded that we would never be called upon to fight. The prevailing opinion among us was that the disturbance was nothing more than a cavalry raid, or a feint by a small body of infantry, largely exaggerated by those concerned on our side.

But we soon began to think differently. It was near noon before the column began to move. When we did start it was at a brisk pace. Moreover, as we passed through the

town of Strasburg, we saw many evidences of haste and alarm. Considerable government property of value was being burned. A building that had been used as a warehouse was on fire, and men were engaged in setting fire to tents and other camp equipage for which there was no transportation. The farther we went the worse. All sorts of camp-followers and hangers-on about the army were on the move, all in evident concern.

The most pathetic part of the spectacle was the throng of colored people, of all ages and sizes and of both sexes—often whole families, from the gray haired, wrinkled parents down to the little pickaninny carried in arms—everyone able to walk loaded with bundles of various kinds and sizes, all eagerly pressing forward, their fear and consternation plainly showing upon their ebony features. How it gave the lie to the ridiculous assertions heard even yet in the North that the slaves were satisfied with their condition!

The Twenty-seventh was in the rear of Gordon's brigade, and therefore the last regiment of infantry to leave Strasburg. We had barely crossed Cedar creek, where we saw a large guard from the Twenty-seventh on duty with the trains and commissary stores, when we came to a halt, because of those in front of us doing so. In a moment we started on again, but soon found that the infantry was turning into the fields and passing the wagons, which were standing still. Many have told of the signs of panic we encountered at this time. A good many stragglers had turned back, as well as some teamsters without, and a few with, their wagons. But all of it was as nothing compared with what we of the Twenty-seventh saw in the second attack on the train, later in the day. As we moved on now General Banks and staff, with orderlies and attaches—a large and showy, if not warlike, cavalcade, rode by us, going towards the point of supposed danger.

It proved that the force making this attack was not large, and fled on the approach of our infantry. A few shots only were exchanged with some of our leading regiments. The Twenty-seventh did not as much as get within hearing of the fray.

Instead of waiting for the wagons to get ahead of the infantry again the column continued on, leaving them in the rear. There were a large number of them, occupying the road for nearly five miles in one stretch.

When the infantry arrived near the village of Newtown, couriers from the rear brought the word that there was now trouble in that quarter. Colonel Colgrove was therefore ordered to go back with his regiment and set things to rights. A lieutenant of Battery F, Fourth United States Artillery, with one section of his guns, was ordered to go with the Twenty-seventh. The regiment filed into a field on the west side of the pike, at a double-quick, and unslung knapsacks, piling them in winrows. It was expected, of course, that we would get them again, on our return. Alas! when we returned our route was some distance away, on the opposite side of the pike and it was not deemed prudent to bother about knapsacks, so we never saw our knapsacks again. If we could have had a few articles out of them their loss might have been a blessing in disguise. But not only our blankets, woolen and rubber, our changes of underclothing and, in some instances, our food-supplies, were in them; our reduced stores of keepsakes, pictures of sweethearts, handy mementos with which they and others had supplied us, the few treasured letters we had designed to preserve—all of our household gods, as it were—had been stored in them also. We have, therefore, always refused to be comforted. Our hearts beat heavily against our ribs even yet when we think of those uncircumcised Phillistines, the Johnnies, gloating over the contents of those knapsacks. By the way, a member of the Twenty-seventh, who was himself captured the next day, was, a day or two later, taken to Stonewall Jackson's headquarters; there he saw a large force of clerks busily engaged reading those letters and others obtained in a similar way. They were doubtless searching for information that might benefit their cause.

After ridding ourselves of our knapsacks the Twenty-seventh moved toward the rear of the train, on the run. As we approached the scene of trouble, more and more commotion was in evidence. The four and six-mule teams were all in a furious gallop, drivers were lashing with their whips, shouting and swearing like mad men, wagonmasters and other mounted men responsible for public property, were joining in the uproar and all were making a supreme effort to hurry themselves, if not others, along towards a place of safety.

Coming at length, if not to the end of the train, to a break in it, the Colonel formed the regiment in line of battle behind a fence on the left of the pike. This was close to two miles

south of Newtown. Beyond us a few rods was a large farm house, on the opposite side of the road. Still farther on there was a turn in the road. While we were forming in this position several wagons, which were not in sight when we arrived there, came up the road and passed us. After we had been in position some time one more did likewise. The driver was sitting erect in the saddle, handling his whip with all the dexterity of his craft, and the mules were in a sweeping gallop. What had detained this one team so long, or from what conditions it had escaped, the driver did not pause to hint at. He deserves mention as being one teamster in the war who did not desert his post at the first sign of danger.



A STAMPEDED WAGON TRAIN.

Colonel Colgrove instructed the lieutenant commanding the artillery to halt in the road and await developments. He, however, preferred to unlimber and be ready for action, which he did.

We had not waited long before we saw dust rising down the pike, followed by some yelling, and this by the notes of a bugle. We could not make out the call sounded by the bugle, but supposed we were about to be charged upon by cavalry. As we stood at a "ready" one lone horseman came in sight. We never felt satisfied whether this man was drunk or the victim of some delusion. If he was in his right mind he must have supposed others were following him, or did not see the

trap into which he was rushing. He rode at a steady lope, waving his sabre and cheering. We could easily see that he was a rebel officer, but when we saw that he was alone an order was passed down the line not to shoot him. So he rode unmolested, plump up to our men on the pike. Halting and exchanging a word or two with those near him, he seemed to comprehend the situation. But, instead of surrendering, as he was ordered to do, and as every dictate of reason demanded he should do, he reined his horse around, leaned forward upon its neck and started back. Instantly a man or two fired at him, then more, then more still, but all missed him. Then, without orders, but by a common impulse, a large part of the right wing of the regiment fired, in a well-timed volley, and one of the brass pieces was fired at the same moment. Poor man! his was a bloody sacrifice, for they all seemed to hit him. His body fell to the ground, a quivering mass, riddled with holes. His horse ran a short distance and stopped; a little later it came back and was caught by members of the Twenty-seventh.

Almost before the above incident was concluded we heard the rumble of wheels and could occasionally see the heads of men beyond a rise of the ground, in the field directly in front of us. Before we had fairly time to think of what it might mean, a thin line of smoke shot up in the air. Our Colonel commanded "Lay Down!" and as each man fell deftly forward on his face, boom! went a cannon, followed instantly by a shell passing over us with the swish of an immense sky-rocket. Others followed in quick succession. Meanwhile we hugged the ground, as all soldiers do at such times. Adam's fairest, most bewitching daughter never received a closer, more ardent embrace than mother earth gets under such circumstances. The shells all passed harmlessly over us, though they seemed almost to graze our backs, some of them. The range was very short. It has always been the impression of the writer that we might have reached the rebel gunners with our muskets. It was here that some of the boys found words to express the peculiar sounds made by a shell moving through the air. They said it seemed to them to say in hoarse whispers, "Where is he, where is he?"

Do you wonder about our own artillery? Well, about the time the first rebel shot was fired, the lieutenant commanding our two pieces gave the order to limber up, and

before any of us comprehended what his design was, the whole outfit went galloping to the rear. When our colonel saw them going he shouted after them, "Go to h—l with your pop-guns, they are no account anyway." We saw no more of them that day.

We continued flat on the ground, keeping a careful watch through the fence cracks, for a considerable period. The shells thrown at us were closely aimed, but few of them exploded. Those that did explode had their fuses cut too long, so the explosion occurred far to our rear. After giving ample time for all the wagons that had passed us to get entirely out of danger, the Colonel moved Company A to the opposite side of the pike and gave the order for all to about face and proceed northward in line of battle.

We learn from the rebel reports that two facts, natural enough in themselves, yet which need not have been as they were, had the effect of making our experience that afternoon very different indeed from what it would otherwise have been. One of these facts was that, when Jackson first struck the pike, upon which Banks' men were marching, he made the mistake of deciding that the main part of Banks' army had not yet passed that point. He therefore headed his main force southward, away from us, instead of northward, toward us. The other fact was that the small part of his army which Jackson did send toward us, consisting mainly of cavalry, became demoralized when they overtook some of our wagons and wrecked them. They virtually disbanded for a time that they might give themselves to plunder. Jackson was present in person when his head of column came onto this Valley pike, and he had at hand some of his best infantry regiments. If he had headed his main force north, instead of south, the Twentieth-seventh, while so eagerly and swiftly rushing back to ascertain what was the matter with the train, would have encountered him, face to face. And, notwithstanding his error, if Jackson's cavalry had not failed him, it would doubtless have been far different with us from what it was. On such slight circumstances do the destinies of soldiers depend.

The artillery which, without proper support, was pounding at us, consisted of two Parrott guns from the Rockbridge Artillery, of Staunton, Virginia. Captain Poague, in command, says, "The regiment of infantry which seemed disposed to make a stand * * * was soon dispersed by a

few well directed shells." We have seen that the Twenty-seventh was "dispersed" much like our Company B had been the day previous. It had quietly withdrawn when no good end could be accomplished by remaining longer. Nevertheless, there was merit in the conduct of the rebel artillery. As we moved slowly back in line of battle, toiling up the slopes, climbing the fences, jumping the ditches and water courses, jolting and stumbling over the rough ground, there was scarcely a step of the distance of nearly two miles, that shells were not hissing around us. Some dropped squarely in our ranks. A few exploded behind us, and the pieces, as they zigzagged through the air, smote our ears with their wicked, terrifying noises. One of our men, Benjamin Arthur, of Company F, was wounded by a piece of shell. When we abandoned one elevation they were ready to occupy it. When we descended into a ravine they pelted us the instant we began the ascent on the opposite side. We made several halts, and at each one there was an about-face and a straightening of the alignment. But all the time, the rebel guns kept at their work. It was only as we entered the village of Newtown that they desisted, probably from fear of injury to friendly women and children.

Not much was said among us at the time about our part in this adventure, unless it was to recall particular incidents, for their own sake. Considering, however, all the circumstances, no other service of the Twenty-seventh reflects more credit upon the patriotism and soldierly devotion to duty and the courage of its members than this. We have seen that before leaving Strasburg it was well known that the enemy, in heavy aggressive force, had been at Front Royal the evening before. He was known to be marching upon a road converging towards ours, either abreast of, or ahead of us. That he would cross over and strike our column in flank at one point or another, appeared certain. When, therefore, our regiment was ordered to retrace its steps alone and put several miles between it and the other troops composing Banks' depleted army, the fact was clear'y understood by all that we were taking great risks. Yet no one ever saw an order obeyed with more hearty cheerfulness, not to say eagerness, than the Twenty-seventh obeyed the order to unslung knapsacks and go to the rescue of the train. As the emergency developed and the presence of a real foe became more and more

certain, the enthusiasm of the men rose higher and higher, and their speed increased. When lined up along the fence and the lieutenant of the battery deemed that, in view of the threatening aspect of affairs, "discretion was the better part of valor," and withdrew, without ceremony, the determination of the men of the Twenty-seventh to stand in their places and face any contingency rather than do likewise, was very manifest. When the rebel yells in front of us grew threatening and defiant, and the colonel said: "D——n them, let them come on! They will find us here!" the sentiment was cheered vigorously. And the extended and laborious return march, in line of battle, under a vigorous artillery fire, was never surpassed for cool deliberation and instant attention to all commands.

The results realized, also, were not inconsiderable. It was the boast of all concerned that in this long retreat, of Banks' army, out of the clutches of such superior numbers, only about fifty wagons were lost, of a total of almost six hundred. How many more would have been lost if the Twenty-seventh had gone to the defense of the train less promptly than it did, or had withdrawn earlier or more precipitately than it did, will never be known. What is known is that the enemy was driven away from the train by the Twenty-seventh, in the act of destroying it, and that not another wagon was taken by him after our arrival.

Yet such are the ins and outs of so-called history that this service of the Twenty seventh, in whatever spirit or manner it was performed, or whatever it was worth, was never recognized at all. The captain of the battery to which the section belonged that accompanied us, in his report, barely mentioned the fact that it did so. With that slight exception there is not a word in any of the official reports concerning it, and the writer has met with no reference to it in any other paper covering this period. Colonel Colgrove was doubtless partly to blame for this. His report is as silent on this subject as others. There is no telling, however, to what extent he felt himself restricted by the order calling for reports, and he could not know how comprehensive and prolix, not to say misleading, some other reports were to be. No fair-minded man was likely to foresee that those above him would dilate upon and magnify the smallest things done by others, regardless of time or place, and maintain a damaging silence or put

forward absolutely false statements, concerning the Twenty-seventh.

As before stated, just above Newtown, reinforcements met us, coming to our assistance. These were the Twenty-eighth New York and Second Massachusetts, infantry regiments, and Battery M, of the First New York Artillery. At this point the official reports begin to be burdened with accounts of an attack on the wagon train and how the train was saved. Not only Gordon, but Banks and Williams as well, give these commands, along with the Twenty-seventh, the credit of saving the train at Newtown. The two last named generals, not being present at the time, were evidently led astray by Gordon. It is hard to see the matter in any other light only that the latter was designedly lending himself to the propagation of falsehood. He says, "Upon arriving near Newtown, I found some confusion in the trains and saw perhaps six or seven wagons that had been overset and abandoned. The Twenty-seventh Indiana, of my brigade, previously ordered, with a section of artillery, to this point, I found drawn up in line of battle. The rebel battery and force were said to be at the town, distant beyond about half a mile." Gordon's report was dated only four days subsequent to these events. Instead of the Twenty-seventh Indiana having been ordered to the point where he found it, half a mile above Newtown, he had himself communicated the order to the regiment at a point half a mile below Newtown to go to the point of attack, which he knew was a mile or more farther south. As a matter of fact, the point of attack was, as we have seen, at least two miles, if not more, beyond Newtown. And, if Gordon might be mistaken where it was that he had given the order to the Twenty-seventh and where the order required it to go, he could not be mistaken about the disorder which he says he found in the train. That was pure fiction. There was not a single wagon in sight when he arrived, except the six or seven wagons which, as he says, "had been overset and abandoned." We never fully understood what was the cause of those wrecked wagons being at that point, above Newtown. As there had been an attack on the train somewhere in that vicinity earlier in the day, we supposed that it had caused the wreckage. If it had occurred at any other time it was not because of any rebel attack, for no other had been made anywhere near that point. The wagons wrecked there had been

mostly loaded with long pantoon boats. When Gordon met us with his reinforcements there was no confusion of any kind. The rebels had dropped to the rear and the Twenty-seventh had lined up and was standing quietly at attention. As for the train, every wagon able to stir a wheel, or that was ever saved to the Union army, had, long since, moved on towards Winchester.

Nevertheless, the jaded men of the Twenty-seventh were heartily glad to see more of their own kind. We had come to be somewhat apprehensive about our isolated situation. With the utmost alacrity we wheeled into the column and were ready to move back towards the enemy.

All the regiments moved promptly southward, through the village, and formed in the fields beyond. The Twenty-seventh was not the leading regiment in this movement, but followed it closely, and if there was a shot fired during the advance we did not hear it. While halted in the open fields detached bodies or scouts of the enemy could be seen in various directions, but all of them at a distance. A piece or two of Battery M was unlimbered and fired several shots. One shot in particular elicited a round of cheers from the infantry. It was fired at a squad of mounted men a half mile or so away, and was so well aimed and well timed that it exploded exactly in their midst.

We must have remained stationary nearly if not quite an hour. During this interval a detachment of several hundred Union cavalry came to us from a westerly direction. General Hatch, in command of all the cavalry under Banks, was with them. They had been at the rear of the Union column, and, finding their progress intercepted by the rebel army, had reached us by making a wide detour.

General Hatch confirmed the impression that a large force of the enemy, infantry as well as cavalry and artillery, was close at hand. From the elevated ridges over which he had come he had plainly seen their serried ranks, marching on the pike.

Darkness was coming on when we finally turned northward again. Before passing the disabled wagons, above referred to, a detail was made from the Twenty-seventh to burn them. When the body of the regiment marched by the flames were glowing brightly. We had gone on but a short distance when we heard the rebel advance scream with delight at sight of them.

From Newtown to Winchester the Second Massachusetts was our plucky rear guard. The Twenty-seventh was next to it, and we remained within easy supporting distance the entire way.

Skirmish firing was almost constant and sometimes fierce. Progress was very slow and the march became extremely wearisome. A slow march, now starting, now halting, long intervals spent standing in the road, momentarily expecting to go on, is a hard service at best. At no other time does the mischievous knapsack tug so exasperatingly on one's shoulders or the cartridge box and haversack straps cut so sharply into one's collar-bone. If it is in the night, succeeding a long day's march, with heavy drain upon the nerve forces, insufficient sleep the night previous, and insufficient food throughout the day, all of which was true of us at this time, such a march is killing.

We will always remember the conduct of our cavalry that night. It was a good thing for them that we had not then heard of a reward being offered for a dead cavalryman, as we did afterwards; otherwise, we surely would have killed a few of them. There seemed to be an effort to have a small force of cavalry remain with the rear guard, but in the darkness, they could easily rein their horses out of ranks, put spurs to them and go speeding away. So there was a constant procession of them galloping through our ranks. We were in mortal terror of our lives. "Look out!" some one would shout, and the word would be passed along the line of tired, sleepy men, followed by the clatter of horses' hoofs and the clink and rattle of sabers and accoutrements. Men crowded each other into ditches, or over stones or logs, in their efforts to get out of the way, and no sooner would one scare be over than another would be forthcoming. Many emphatic words were fired at the fleeing, cowardly scamps, and many adjectives and epithets were used, some of them not popular with the churches. But the evil did not abate. There could not have been one cavalryman with the rear guard when it arrived at Winchester. Our cavalry, however, was evidently superior to that of the enemy. Not only at Middletown, but also during this night march and after our retreat began the next day, the conduct of their cavalry was severely criticised by Jackson and others. At one time on this march between Newtown and

Winchester. Jackson brought his personal escort to the front. Under a smart volley from our side they broke like wild cattle, almost running over the General himself. He exclaimed, "Shameful! Did you see any one struck, sir? Surely they need not have run, at least not until they were hurt."



JOHN BRESNAHAN, CO. A.

COLOR SERGT. JOHN L. FILES.

The portrait on the right illustrates the uniforms worn by the Twenty-Seventh after the fall of '62.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

Circling around Winchester on the west and south, is a series of irregular hills or ridges. The Strasburg pike, entering Winchester from the south, crosses these hills obliquely, half a mile from the city. West of this pike the hills are quite high in places, with valleys and ravines between the higher knobs. East of the pike the hills at no point are very high, and, in that direction, the land soon drops off into a rather level plain. Across that open and comparatively level country, the road from Front Royal enters Winchester from the southeast.

As General Banks' two brigades of infantry arrived from Strasburg, May 24, 1862, they went into positions on these two roads. The First Brigade arrived before dark, and was assigned to the Front Royal road, while the regiments of the Third Brigade (ours), as they arrived later, in the absence of orders to do anything else, seem to have halted of their own accord, along the Strasburg pike, between where it crosses the hills and the city.

The Twenty-seventh did not arrive at Winchester until about midnight. When it did arrive it filed into a cloverfield, at the south edge of the city and west of the pike. If we had not had the experience of the following night, we would think we were then as tired as men ever get. Not only so, but we were ravenously hungry, also. We had not cooked, or prepared in any way, a mouthful of food since soon after midnight that morning. The system was still in use among us of large tents and large mess-kettles, hauled in wagons. We did not even carry full rations on our marches, the meat and heavier, as well as more substantial, articles of food, being packed up with the kettles. When, therefore, as in the present case, we had no access to our wagons, rations were light, both in quantity and quality. To-night we were not allowed fires. So if any one had any means of cooking, or anything to cook, it was out of the question. Not even a cup of hot

coffee was obtainable. The best any of us could do was to ease our knawing stomachs with what we had in our haversacks. Hardtack was the main reliance, washed down with cold water, or greased and seasoned, to a limited extent, with pickled pork, in case one was lucky enough to have it and able to eat it raw. With our knapsacks in the hands of the enemy, blankets, overcoats and everything gone, except what we had on our persons, there was nothing for us to do but eat this rather cheerless supper, and lie down in the rank clover, thoroughly soaked as it was with a mountain dew. As there was nothing under us but wet grass, neither was there anything over us but a limitless expanse of murky fog.

The regiment had scarcely lain down when a detail came for Company C to go on picket. No one who has not had the experience of it can begin to realize what an extreme hardship it is to thus go out and stand on post after such a day of prolonged exertion and fasting. There was, of course, some complaining, but the company went, all the same. There was rather more than the usual difficulty in finding a suitable place for the picket line, dark as it was. In the effort to do this the men were marched and counter-marched, through fields and over rough ground. One of the fields contained growing wheat, in head. It was so very wet with dew that the men, after passing through it, were as wet, up to their arms, as if they had waded a river. As is well known, the nights in a mountainous country are never very warm. The day may be sultry and the night which ensues will chill one to the bone. So it will never be known which rested the least or suffered the most, Company C, faithfully watching on the picket line, or the balance of the regiment back in the clover-field trying to sleep.

Long before daylight the beating of drums and the rumble of wheels in their front advised our outposts that the enemy was again on the move. Without waiting for breakfast our forces were posted to await his coming. The Third Wisconsin and Second Massachusetts were assigned advantageous, sheltered positions on the nearest hills in front. The Third was nearest the pike on the west side, though not joining up to it, and the Second was west of the Third. The Twenty-seventh Indiana and Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania remained in reserve. At earliest dawn the rebel pickets advanced and

engaged our pickets. The attack along the pike was at first mainly on the west side of it. Our pickets on that side were driven back to the main line before an attack was made on the other side. In fact, the rebel skirmishers in front of Company C, east of the pike, halted at long range, and that company, after exchanging a few shots with them, finally came in, in obedience to orders, and not because they were driven in.

But before Company C received orders to come in, the main rebel line west of the pike had passed beyond them. As they were marching in column of fours, a force of the enemy, numbering three or four hundred, came suddenly over a hill to the westward and, bringing their muskets quickly to an aim, fired a sharp volley directly at our boys. The range was about one hundred yards. As the company was in the dusty pike they could see balls fall around and among them like rain, but, strange to say, none of them were hit. One soldier fell down and all supposed he was shot, but instantly jumping to his feet, it transpired that he had only stubbed his toe.

Shortly before Company C arrived at the regiment, Companies I and D were detailed to support a section of artillery, already playing upon the enemy from a knoll in our rear. They remained in the discharge of that duty until the army abandoned its position, and were not with the regiment again until after the retreat began.

Sharp skirmishing continued all the morning. Occasionally the fighting approached the dignity of a battle. Along the Front Royal road, east of us, the enemy made an attack in force, but it was promptly repulsed. All these operations were in plain view to us. In our immediate front the Third Wisconsin and Second Massachusetts were attacked vigorously by the rebel skirmish line several times, but each time they speedily sent their foes to cover again. All the while there was a steady artillery fire from both sides. The numerous hills and knolls afforded fine positions for artillery.

From the top of a small tree, about three hundred yards from us, a rebel sharpshooter (so called) was firing at the men of our regiment. He must have shot a dozen times or more at Colonel Colgrove. After hearing the ping-ing-ing of the ball we could see the smoke raising out of the thick foliage of the tree. He was a "dull" rather than a sharp shooter, however. His balls went wide of the mark, except

in one instance. He or some one else wounded a member of Company H while we were at that place.

About seven o'clock, the firing in front grew very savage and a sudden flurry was observable among aides and orderlies. Gordon's assistant adjutant-general rode furiously up to Colonel Colgrove with the information that the enemy was out-flanking us on the right and ordering him to take his regiment to that point. In much less time than it requires to relate it we were in line and moving by the right flank, in column of fours, at a double quick. The head of the column was led to the left-oblique, following up a ravine. Thus we ascended the hill and likewise passed towards the front and to the right of the two regiments already engaged.

The moment we reached the top of the hill we drew the fire of the enemy. Corporal Michael, of Company A, was killed by the first volley. He was in one of the first files. Brave man! He fell with his face to the foe. An immense musket ball struck him squarely in the forehead, opening a hole in his skull an inch in diameter. We were obliged to break ranks somewhat to avoid stepping upon him, as he writhed in the convulsions of death. Others were wounded at the same time.

Passing over the hill, a thrilling spectacle was before us. Beginning a little more than one hundred yards in front, thence back as far as the view extended, was a mass of men in grey. It is doubtful whether we ever saw, at any one time afterwards, as many as were in sight at that time. Unquestionably, a year or so later, a single glance at such an overwhelming force would have satisfied both officers and men of the stupendous folly of engaging it. But it is well said that new troops do not know when they are whipped. If any one among us had any thought that the enemy was too strong for us he certainly did not reveal it by any word or sign. Not a man flinched or hesitated. On the contrary, every one pressed eagerly forward.

When the rear company had passed over the hill, the Colonel halted the regiment and brought it to a front, facing southward. His commands "Halt" and "Front" could be plainly heard and are distinctly remembered. The lay of the land was such that the right wing of the regiment was on lower ground than the left. The enemy was also on lower ground than either of our wings. The halt was but momentary, then, at the command "Forward," we advanced,

in regimental front, a few rods down the slope, to a fence, bordering a narrow lane. Like most Virginia fencerows, this was badly grown up to brush and briars. In some places it was impossible to see through it or over it.

Even before we reached the fence we had opened fire on the enemy. Once there, we began to load and fire with all possible speed. The line officers urged the men vehemently to hurry, but also to be careful to aim correctly. We fired from three to five rounds each from that position and could clearly see that our shots were taking effect.

Colonel Andrews, of the Second Massachusetts, was a gentlemanly, conservative and efficient officer, but he was mistaken when he said in his report that the enemy was too far away and our fire too scattering to be effective. The fire being limited by the number of men, it was too light for the size of the advancing column and did not continue very long; but while it did continue it was very effective. The writer would be far from intimating that he was more cool or self possessed than others, but while the firing was in progress the thought came to him to look and see whether we were hurting any body. It was just when the enemy was moving obliquely across our front, towards our right, in column of company or division, close order. He was surprised to see how many rebels were being hurt. A large number were falling down. Some dropped all in a heap, some turned half way round and fell side ways, some fell forward, some backward, some fell prone on the ground, while others caught themselves on their hands. A still larger number were dropping their guns and starting to the rear, most of them clapping one or both hands to the place where they were hit. It was but a momentary glance, taken while loading, but what it revealed can never be effaced from memory. The only other time the writer has any clear recollection of taking especial note of the effect of our fire, was in the charge of the South Carolina brigade on Ruger's brigade at Chancellorsville. There the sides were more equally matched and while the South Carolinians were desperately punished, the relative effectiveness of the fire was no greater. Here at Winchester the range was so good, and the enemy so massed that, with any aim at all, it was simply impossible to miss.

Still, the fire did not bring the enemy to a halt or change his course. Among those nearest to us there was some con-

was repeated along our line to cease firing, about face and move to the rear. Any one knowing anything of the noise and confusion of a battle, and how completely absorbed men become in the work of loading and firing, will understand how difficult it was, under such circumstances, to get all the men to come to attention. It was necessary now for the line officers, and the file-closers also, to repeat and reiterate the command. When the order was finally understood it was received with very general disapproval. Many protested urgently that we could hold our position and repulse the enemy, and they fell in ranks to retire, with lagging steps.

In getting positions along the fence, where we could accomplish something, our formation was, of course, broken up considerably. A few had been killed and several wounded also. So, when we fell in to move to the rear, our formation was imperfect. Yet the line moved with deliberation and for a time without any disorder. But the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania had begun a retrograde movement about the time we had. The writer first comprehended the meaning of the order to move back by observing that the Twenty-ninth was moving to the rear. The two regiments, owing to impediments in the way and the point toward which both were moving, followed converging lines. Our right wing (since about facing, our left), to avoid contact with the other regiment, sheared away from it. That brought the two wings of the Twenty-seventh too near together and doubled up the center. So, from that on we moved with no undue or unseemly haste, but not with regularly formed ranks, over the hill and down its northern slope.

Colonel Colgrove attributes this lack of order to the shortness of line officers in the Twenty-seventh.* It was still more attributable to the fact that all the field officers were dismounted. This was by direction of our brigade commander. Of all the unwise things done that morning this was the most uncalled for. In an emergency like the present it rendered a commanding officer powerless to control his men. It placed him on the ground, where he could not be seen or heard, except by a limited number. In such a change of direction as we were obliged to make at this time it lost him his proper relative position. The coolest, best disciplined soldiers that were ever mustered, veterans of a score of

* See Colgrove's Report Rebellion Record.

battles, could do nothing, under such circumstances, but follow along with others. They could not know what else to do. If Colonel Colgrove had been mounted, so his soldiers could see him and understand by word or sign what he wanted them to do, a very brief time would have been sufficient to extricate the regiment and put it in perfect formation.

The command to about face and move away from the fence had been first communicated to the Twenty-seventh by Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison. It had been brought to him by Lieutenant Scott, of Gordon's staff, during a brief absence of Colonel Colgrove, to confer with Colonel Murphy, of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania. When Colgrove returned he found the movement in progress. Supposing that there was some mistake he halted the regiment, had it face to the front again and resume firing. But when Morrison advised him what the order really was he again communicated it to the regiment and the movement was executed.

Just what was first meant by this order, or how much it was expected to involve, is not likely to develop very soon. Colonel Colgrove has always believed that the design was simply to change front and withdraw behind the ridge, over which we had recently passed, in order the more effectually to oppose the rebel column which was swinging around our right. At least this was all he expected to have the Twenty-seventh do. The word was, therefore, passed along the line that a halt was to be made as soon as the ridge should be recrossed. All were to be ready for this.

But before this point was reached by the Twenty-seventh the entire Union line had started to the rear. When we of the Twenty-seventh reached the crest of the ridge, where we had a view of other parts of our line, it was all in motion. Beyond the Strasburg pike the regiments of the First Brigade were moving briskly over the open, level ground which had been between them and the city, preceded by their ambulances, ammunition wagons and artillery. On our side of the pike the Third Wisconsin was moving down the steep hillside in regimental front. Nearer still, the Second Massachusetts was retiring in column of companies, the officers manifesting their usual concern about order.

Colonel Colgrove frankly admits in his report that at this juncture the order in the Twenty-seventh was not such as he labored to have it. The reason for it must have been as

stated, because the Colonel was dismounted and could not make himself heard. His apology was hardly called for, however. If there was a degree of haste or confusion in our ranks deserving such mention the writer certainly did not see it, as there was nothing to cause it. After crossing the hill we were screened from the muskets of the enemy, and no shells were dropping among us or passing over us.

Near the foot of the hill, on the northern side, and directly on our line of retreat, was a stone fence. Scarcely had we come in sight of it before it was said that that was the place to make another stand. Capt. W. D. Wilkins, assistant adjutant-general, in a report to his chief, General Williams, locates the origin of this order. He says: "I succeeded, pursuant to your orders, in rallying about three companies of the Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers behind a low stone fence traversing the rear of the position just vacated by the artillery on the hill. This had scarcely been done before three regiments of the enemy's infantry came over the brow of the hill and poured in a heavy fire on the small force behind the fence. Our men replied with spirit and accuracy, holding their position for about eight minutes, enabling the artillery formerly stationed on the hill to get safely to the rear. This accomplished, and seeing the uselessness of a further resistance in the presence of such a superior force, I directed the men to rejoin their regiment." General Williams doubtless did make such a suggestion to Captain Wilkins, but that the same thought came to many minds and was given voice by many persons, both officers and men, is probably equally true. It was pre-eminently the thing to do. If the captain meant by three companies that about three hundred men of the Twenty-seventh rallied behind the stone wall, he was not far from correct again. It was the impression of the writer at the time that the entire regiment was there. The body of it undoubtedly was there. As has been stated, two full companies were absent on other duty. That some others from causes not discreditable may have become separated from the regiment, is not unlikely. But the length of the wall, as ascertained since, was about equal to the length of a regiment of four hundred men. We all remember that we were so crowded for room as to be in each other's way.

We fired about the same number of shots each from this position as from the one south of the hill. At no other place

was the enemy in front of the Twenty-seventh worse punished, in the same length of time. Their line, which was three times the length of ours, came sweeping over the hill, cheering and waving their banners, and was brought to an instant standstill, while most of it fell back behind the hill for protection. We could undoubtedly have held the position much longer than we did, perhaps permanently, if exposed to a front attack alone. Captain Wilkins is also in error as to the wall being low. It was high enough to be a comfortable shelter to men standing up. When ready to fire, it afforded a splendid rest. If open, face-to-face killing in war is ever murder, then murders were committed there. While loading, men picked out some conspicuous one of the enemy and when ready, took deliberate aim and shot him.

The withdrawal from that place was not only in accordance with orders, but orders that were very urgent. It was necessary for the officers to insist and threaten vehemently before the men would cease firing and face about. As appears in Wilkins' report, the result justified the effort. It is the proud boast of the Twelfth Corps that "It never lost a color or a cannon." It is a record indeed to glory in. But if the men of the Twenty-seventh, who planted themselves behind that stone wall at Winchester, had failed of their duty, the boast could not have been true.

The delay on the part of some in obeying orders to leave the wall was the means of dividing and disorganizing the Twenty-seventh, more than any thing else that befel it that morning. The Colonel being afoot, and so many other soldiers, citizens, contrabands and camp followers surging through the streets, it was impossible for a soldier to find the regiment, after losing sight of it for an instant.

There are two principal streets in Winchester, both of which curve toward each other at the south side of the city to meet the Strasburg pike, which would otherwise strike the city exactly between them. Both of these streets were literally packed with humanity. The members of the regiment largely kept together, but anything like perfect formation was out of the question. The enemy was in hot pursuit. There was not more than the distance of a square between the rear of the Union column and their pursurers. Yet that dividing line was clearly marked. Except on first entering the city and as we were leaving it, the enemy did not fire upon us to

any great extent. They could not do so without danger of hurting citizens also.

The most of those who were taken prisoners were taken at the northern end of the city. A squadron of rebel cavalry which had made its way through the city on a side street, swung around and cut off a considerable number of officers and soldiers who were the last to come out of the principal streets.

There is one fact about this day's ordeal that is sometimes lost sight of. That is that no organized body of men was captured. The enemy kept clear of all such. It was really only stragglers that fell into their hands. In view of this fact, those commands which boast of their perfect organization might find it hard to explain how so many of their men came to be taken prisoners, and what kind of men those were who were taken. In a time of disorder or confusion a good soldier may become separated from his command. But if the command remains in perfect order, it is a reflection upon a soldier to be found away from it unless disabled.

Much was said and written at the time about the citizens of Winchester throwing missiles, and even shooting, from their windows at Banks' men as they crowded through the streets. Statements to that effect found place in some official reports. The writer saw nothing of it himself. He saw vastly more people in the streets and upon porches and balconies, than he had supposed were in the city. There were also evident signs of interest, and some of delight, over the turn of affairs.

But more recent visitors to the city from the Twenty-seventh report that the people there now openly boast of their beligerent acts at that time. At least, one of the Twenty-seventh, an officer, was wounded by a pistol in the hands of a citizen. Another member of the regiment, who was captured, makes this note in his diary, the day the prisoners were started south: "Give the devil his dues, the ladies of Winchester have treated us well."

A mile or so north of Winchester Colonel Colgrove halted the members of the regiment with him, and as others came up they joined them. General Banks was also there, assisting to rally and reorganize all straggling soldiers. At length Banks gave Colgrove orders to move on, which was done in regular order. It was during this halt that the Colonel first got his

horse, his orderly having brought him while we were waiting. As the Colonel vaulted into the saddle he used some very strong words, not learned in Sunday school, and asserted that if any man ever got him off his horse again, at such a time, he would have to shoot him off. Discovering also several bullet holes in his old blouse he took it off and cast it away. We all remember how the Colonel rode from there to Williamsport in his shirt sleeves.

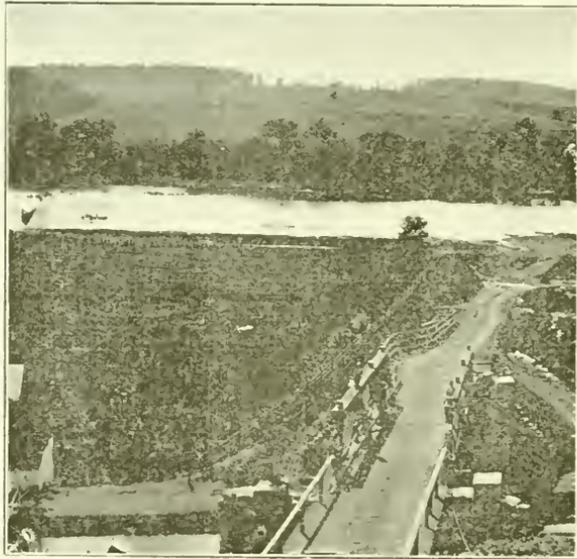
Just after this reorganization, and a new start had been made, a cloud of dust ahead of us indicated the arrival of reinforcements. The troops cheered with great enthusiasm, but it turned out that the dust was being raised by a company or two of cavalry that had come down from Martinsburg. The number was too small to be of much help.

This day's exactions, especially considering what we had done the day and night previous, were by far the most severe the Twenty-seventh ever saw. It was a continuous forced march from early morning until late at night. The pursuit by the enemy was not vigorous, yet it was persistent. Any time before reaching Martinsburg, to lag behind a little meant capture. Some of the Twenty-seventh were taken almost in sight of the Potomac.

One considerable squad was captured, some distance from Winchester, under provoking though ludicrous circumstances. Seeing that they were about to be overtaken by the enemy, they decided to try concealing themselves under an abandoned building near by, in hope of reaching our lines by night. They all got snugly under, and thought themselves safe, but another one of our men, lagging still behind them, had seen them crawl under the building and essayed to do likewise. He carried an immense knapsack, larger than anybody else in the regiment. The men often geyed him about what was in it. They said it was a wall tent, a feather bed, an eight day clock, etc. Well, he had this monstrous knapsack on that day and when he tried to get under the building it was no go. Do his best, the opening was too small. While he was still vainly trying, the enemy came up and took him. As he rose up to face his captors he shouted, "You might as well come out boys, we are all taken." That betrayed the hiding place of the others and, of course, they had to come out too.

The distance from Winchester to Williamsport is thirty-

five miles. It was near nine o'clock A. M. when we left the former and about the same hour in the evening we arrived at the river opposite the latter. A slight halt for rest was made at Martinsburg. The people there encouraged us quite a little by their Union sentiments and supplied many with substantial articles of food. The rest, however, only served to stiffen our joints and develop the sore places. The twelve miles from there on seemed longer than the twenty-three before reaching there. We found the bank of the river oppo-



POTOMAC RIVER AT WILLIAMSPORT, MD.

site Williamsport a vast jumble of wagons, camp equipment and men. The means of crossing were limited to a few small row boats and one rope ferry boat, capable of carrying two wagons and thirty or forty men, or their equivalent. An effort to ford the teams was abandoned after a trial. Several mules were drowned in this attempt and two or three wagons were left standing out in the stream. The water would almost swim a horse, the bottom was rough and the current swift.

Captain Bertram, of the Third Wisconsin, at first had sole charge of loading the ferry boat, but finding it difficult to secure proper order, he called for some officer to help him, and Lieutenant Reed, of the Twenty-seventh, volunteered. They

both had their hands full. Men would crowd up and threaten to overload the boat. For a time General Banks himself stood on the shore and assisted in controlling the men, as they went aboard. Captain Bertram was shockingly profane. The atmosphere fairly turned sulphureous when the men crowded onto him. General Banks said: "Don't swear at them, captain. If they wont obey, put the bayonet to them, but don't swear at them."

The order was to take sick men and ammunition wagons over first, then each regiment, in its turn. But a letter in the writer's hands, written the following day by Lieutenant Reed, reveals the fact that favoritism was shown there, as it so often was in the army. He says he discovered that Captain Bertram was sending the members of his company and regiment over, on one pretense or another, as fast as they came to him, so Reed sent quietly for the members of his company and passed them all over and, after that, passed any member of the Twenty-seventh over who offered to go.

It was late on the morning of May 26, when the body of the Twenty seventh was ferried across. The writer crossed in the load with Colonel Colgrove. The night, on whichever side of the river it was passed, was very cold. The writer is willing to put it down in black and white that, all in all, it was the most thoroughly uncomfortable night, if not the one of the most intense suffering, he has ever seen in the flesh. Utterly exhausted, apparently not able to take another step, every joint, muscle and tendon in his body as sore as a blood-boil, an inordinate, sickening craving for food, too much overcome with sleepiness to be able to stay awake, even when standing up, or moving around, seemingly on the very point of freezing to death, and withal, low-spirited and discouraged, what could add to one's misery? One individual would not matter, but if any soldier of the Twenty-seventh, or any other regiment, was in any better plight, his case was an exception. A person who passes through one such experience in a lifetime and lives to see the end, will surely see some happiness and be able to thank God, in the midst of any of life's vicissitudes thereafter.

But this terrible night had an end; so did our awful, consuming hunger; so did our pitiable weariness and longing for sleep and rest. When the Twenty-seventh was at length over, we did not fall in and march, we only followed the Colonel

and dragged ourselves along, to a fine grove, half a mile back of the village of Williamsport. Soon the wagons came up with rations and tents. After a good square meal, the first for sixty hours, we were ready for sleep. As for that, we did little else for two or three days.

The first duty after a battle is to ascertain who is killed, wounded or missing. In this instance it required considerable time to do this. Men failed to report at all who had not been missed until search was instituted for them, and some eventually came in who had early been given up as lost. The story that most had to tell was brief and straightforward, while the adventures and hair breadth escapes of others were quite marvelous. In some instances we could not help but wonder whether the reports were strictly true, in all respects! Nevertheless we hailed the return of any and all with unaffected delight.

The largest, and perhaps the most unexpected band to report was the detail before alluded to as being on guard over the commissary store at Cedar Creek. When we saw the results of the enemy breaking into our column, south of Newtown, and heard through General Hatch that the Rebel army was between us and the rear of our train, in force, we at once abandoned all hope of their escape. We did not fully understand their metal.

The detail was in charge of Lieutenants VanArsdol, of Company A, and Lee, of Company C. Which was considered in command does not appear. It would seem that they exercised about equal authority and united their efforts harmoniously for the common good. It is a serious loss to this narrative that fuller details of the plucky and successful service rendered by these two young officers, and the splendid discipline and remarkable endurance of the men under them, can not be here set out. To give the exact number of men is impossible, much less their names. One of the multiplied evidences that the members of the Twenty-seventh were not in the army for glory is to be found in the fact that neither of these officers thought it necessary to inflict a written official report upon some one. Other officers who did nothing but run away, or stop and get captured, took occasion to rush into print afterward, through the medium of an official report. Both of these competent, promising young men were killed at Antietam. Lieutenant Lee had abandoned his books and class

ties at Asbury University to carry a musket in the Twenty-seventh, and had done so, until given a commission.

It is understood that the experiences of the men from our regiment were similar to those of Banks' body guard, under Captain Collis. He reports: "I brought with me two lieutenants and fifty men, of various regiments, who had been guarding the commissary stores." Our men were not with Captain Collis the whole way, however, and, aside from the matter of rank, they had as much to do with bringing him as



1ST LIEUT. JACOB A. LEE, Co. C.
(Killed at Antietam.)



1ST LIEUT. O. P. FERGUSON,
Co. C.

he them, if not more. Lieutenant VanArsdol, in particular, had been in this region before, and had some knowledge of the general lay of the country and many of the particular roads. His services were, therefore, invaluable. In addition to this, Lee and himself properly considered that they were especially responsible for the wagons and their freightage. At one important juncture they and their men were, for a considerable time, the only soldiers with the wagons. Captain Collis had decided to abandon the train entirely, but our faithful men refused to do so, and later on encountered, Collis and those with him, again.

When this detail found themselves cut off at Cedar creek they promptly took the other end of the road and moved back

to Strasburg. There they decided to make an energetic effort to rejoin Banks' main column by a circuitous route to the westward. They started from Strasburg a little before dark, and hoped, by great exertion and an all-night's march, to pass around the rebel army and overtake us at Winchester. But on nearing the pike between Newtown and Winchester, near daylight, their advance scouts found the rebels occupying it. Countermarching hastily, and making another detour, they were approaching Winchester from the west, only to find that they were again too late. Another prolonged effort to reach the main column, at or near Martinsburg, met with the same disheartening result. But, not to be outdone, our heroic men decided to make one more supreme and independent strike for liberty. So they took a course for the upper Potomac, and eventually forded that river at Hancock, under very venturesome and threatening circumstances.

The entire distance traveled was about one hundred miles, almost wholly without sleep or rest, and with scanty food. Frequently they cut across the country on blind, neglected roads, and once, at least, for a considerable space, they were obliged to abandon all roads, and with the train travel over fields and through woods. These expedients were rendered necessary to avoid contact with the enemy, which they missed several times by a very narrow margin. In some of their cut-offs they were warned and piloted by loyal citizens.

The physical endurance, as well as the courage and daring of this party was remarkable. Added to the extreme and prolonged exertions and other deprivations required of them, most of the men did not have a moment of sleep for more than seventy-two hours. After they had rejoined the regiment the writer saw a member of the party with blood oozing out between the soles and uppers of his brogans. From Hancock to Williamsport they had transportation on a scow, by canal.

To conclude this inadequate account, furnishing an example of the kind of men we had in the Twenty-seventh, an extract is submitted from Quartermaster Sergeant Crose's letter to the *Indianapolis Journal*: "The facts are as follows, which can be established by General Banks' own private memorandum, now in possession of Lieutenants Lee and Van-Arsdol, also by plenty of witnesses: The day after Captain Collis and his men departed for Williamsport, Lieuts. J. A.

Lee and William VanArsdol, of the Twenty-seventh Indiana, with their 'few stragglers,' a body of infantry, aggregating more than Captain Collis' company, discovered those fine arms, 224 Springfield rifles, that had been secreted sometime before, by the One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania, put them on a canal boat and delivered them at General Banks' headquarters at Williamsport."

The loss of the Twenty-seventh at Winchester was: Killed and mortally wounded, 5; wounded, not mortal, 31, and 62 prisoners. (See Honor Roll.)



CAPT. DAVID VAN BUSKIRK,
Co. F.



M. CAHN.
(The old Sutler.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLE SINCE WINCHESTER.

There is one matter relating to the Twenty-seventh at Winchester that remains to be noticed. The writer does not at this time attach great importance to it, but it is probably a necessary part of this narrative.

It is safe to say that no member of the regiment crossed the Potomac, after Banks' retreat, in a very highly satisfied state of mind, either with reference to himself or his environment. The dismal ending of the campaign, upon which we had so recently entered with such high hopes, could not be otherwise than sorely disappointing, while the fact that, in our first engagement with the enemy, something that we had long been eager for, we had had such an unequal and disadvantageous opportunity, either to do ourselves justice or to accomplish anything for the cause so near to our hearts, was as gall and wormwood.

But Twenty-seventh soldiers were, as a rule, disposed to take things philosophically. Our recent reverses were regarded as illustrative of the fortunes of war, and there was not a doubt in the mind of anyone but that they would be speedily avenged. As to ourselves, it did not occur to us either to glory excessively, or to repine dolefully. We were too cool, both during the action and afterward, to be carried away with the delusion that we had accomplished anything very great, and we were too well informed to believe that we had any reason to blush. As to others, the Twenty-seventh had seen much to admire, and very little of a contrary nature. Particularly, there was no disposition to criticise and disparage other organizations. The writer will be responsible for the statement that the Twenty-seventh was never much given to that species of villainy. Throughout this retreat we had witnessed most that was done or attempted by the infantry, from the start at Strasburg to the finish at Williamsport. What we had not seen we became quite clearly advised of through others. Almost all of it tended to increase our con-

fidence in our troops, and beget in us a feeling of comradeship toward them. While now and then individuals had shown the white feather (some of our own number being among them), no command, as such, had, as far as we knew, come short in any material respect.

What was our surprise, therefore, when the published accounts of recent events, particularly of the battle of Winchester, began to appear, not only to find others unduly lauded for the part they had taken, but given credit also for what we had done ourselves; and to find our own regiment not only denied all recognition or praise for what it had accomplished, but really blamed for the entire disaster! These things were not true of all accounts, of course, but in one or more prominent Eastern newspaper it was stated that the Twenty-seventh Indiana had abandoned its position at Winchester without orders, and the wording was such as to convey the impression that that was the reason why our side lost the battle. To make matters worse, it transpired soon that the nominal author of these slanderous statements was a correspondent of certain copperhead newspapers, who resorted at our brigade headquarters, and who at once disclaimed all personal knowledge of the facts, having obtained them from our brigade commander and those associated with him.

That such a situation as the foregoing would not arouse intense, almost uncontrollable, indignation in the Twenty-seventh, was not to be expected. Two hundred pounds pressure to the square inch was registered forthwith. A complete record of the period would disclose the fact that some violent, disrespectful language was used at this time, accompanied by threats of armed raids upon certain headquarters, shots to be fired while on the march, or engaged in battle, but aimed at a certain officer of rank, staff officials, newspaper correspondents, etc., etc., some of which, if carried into execution, would have been more inexcusable in form than in fact. The prevailing sentiment of the regiment, however, was decidedly against such things and they were frowned upon whenever they manifested themselves.

The duty of enquiring into this grievance and doing what was necessary to secure the withdrawal of the offensive and unfounded statements, or of disapproving them, devolved, at length, upon our colonel and lieutenant-colonel. Both of them were vitally interested, especially the latter, as he had

communicated the order to the Twenty-seventh, which resulted in the move, said to have been made without orders.

It was understood in the regiment at the time that Gordon and others were promptly interviewed by our two officers and the further understanding soon became current that a satisfactory adjustment had been easily arrived at. The correspondent who had written the scandalous dispatches readily agreed to correct them in subsequent dispatches, and Gordon and his staff professed to have seen a new light. The charge of moving without orders, and all charges of misconduct were to be withdrawn and not repeated again. Some sort of correction or apology did appear in one or more of the papers that had published the first dispatches; Gordon just then was relieved of his command, and sent back to his regiment, and interest upon the subject gradually died out.

It has only been in more recent years that the survivors of the Twenty-seventh became aware that the terms of this adjustment were never really observed by General Gordon, and that, after the war closed, he repeated his former falsehoods himself, in more positive, and, if possible, more offensive forms than formerly. In fact, it is not certain how far he really assented to the adjustment mentioned above, in the first place, though it does seem certain that he did not intend to be sincere or honest in anything he said in the premises.

The writer feels himself justified in expressing his sore disappointment, not to say humiliation, over some of the facts developed in this connection. It appears that a temporary rancor or estrangement existed between Colonel Colgrove and Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison. This was permitted to interfere, and prevented them from standing close together and loyally supporting each other, as every consideration of their own, as well as that of the organization they represented, demanded. One did not always hear what was said to the other, which gave Gordon an opportunity for double-dealing, and left each of our officers with a vague, indefinite and somewhat different understanding of what really was said or agreed to.

To Colonel Colgrove, Gordon and those about him, while apparently affable and conciliatory, repudiated all responsibility for the withdrawal at Winchester. The staff officer who brought the order to Colonel Morrison denied having done so. As to what further they said, and in what terms

they expressed themselves, the writer is not advised, except that Colonel Colgrove evidently understood Gordon to be perfectly willing, and even glad, to exonerate the Twenty-seventh from all blame, and that he was very sorry that, for a time, he had entertained a contrary opinion. And so on and so forth; Gordon could always talk! It is not easy to see, however, how he could say less than this, especially face to face with Colonel Colgrove. When the latter definitely assumed the responsibility for the order to withdraw, by stating that he had, on the authority of Colonel Morrison, repeated it to the Twenty-seventh himself, what else could Gordon say?

This was the condition, then, in which the matter was allowed to rest, as far as Colonel Colgrove was concerned. Nothing was written down; no witnesses in sympathy with the Twenty-seventh seem to have been present, and few definite categorical statements are remembered. No order to withdraw, or change positions from in front of the hill to the rear of it had emanated from brigade headquarters, during the battle of Winchester. But if Colonel Morrison had represented to Colonel Colgrove that there was such an order, and the latter had repeated it to his regiment, he was not to blame, and no more was the regiment to blame.

Whether or not Colonel Colgrove said or did anything to extricate his lieutenant-colonel from such an embarrassing and discreditable position as this put him into, is not in evidence. If he lost much sleep over the matter the fact has been withheld from the public.

In a letter to the writer, dated in 1890, Colonel Morrison says, Captain Scott, of Gordon's staff, brought him the order to withdraw the Twenty-seventh from its position along the old fence at Winchester, saying that a new line was to be formed behind the hill. Colonel Morrison says he gave the order directly to the regiment, because Colonel Colgrove was temporarily absent, and he supposed himself to be in command. He alleges that Captain Scott was not more than thirty feet from him when the order was given, that being as near as he could ride because of obstructions. All these facts, he says, he was able to prove at the time of writing. He stated, moreover, that he was not aware until recent years that Gordon or his staff had ever denied their relation to the order in question. They never denied it in his presence, nor to any one who reported their denial to him. What Gordon and his staff did do,

when he had a conference with them, was to ask him if Colonel Colgrove was really absent from the Twenty-seventh when the order was delivered to him and inveigh bitterly against Colgrove for being absent. On this point Gordon pretended that it was only in deference to Colonel Morrison's wishes, in fact, at his earnest solicitation, that Colonel Colgrove was not court martialed for his offense in the case.

All this has the appearance to the writer of palpable, intentional fraud on Gordon's part. He was taking shrewd advantage of the relations existing between our colonel and lieutenant-colonel and was dealing in glittering generalities and unmeaning statements, in order to stave off and cover up the real issue. More is the pity, he seems to have succeeded. Each of our officers seem to have thought that they had him solid on their side, and that, therefore, he could be trusted to do the rest. Whether or not they are now satisfied with the result, they have themselves to thank for it, at least in part.

In his official report of the battle of Winchester, Gordon, although he does not observe the assurances that Colonel Colgrove understood him to give, still seems to reflect them.* As compared with his subsequent statements concerning the Twenty-seventh those in his report are mild, and, when clearly understood, not really damaging. The part of his report bearing upon the present contention is as follows: "At about 6:30, perhaps nearer 7 A. M., large bodies of infantry could be seen making their way in line of battle toward my right. They moved under cover of the dense wood, thus concealing somewhat their numbers. I directed the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Regiment, Colonel Murphy, and the Twenty-seventh Indiana Regiment, Colonel Colgrove, to change position from the left to the right of the line. * * * This movement I had hardly completed, despite a new battery which opened upon my line, when three large battalions of infantry, moving in order of battle, came out from their cover and approached my brigade. They were received with a destructive fire of musketry, poured in from all points of my line that could reach them. Confident in their numbers, and relying upon larger sustaining bodies (suspicion of which behind the covering timbers in our front were surely confirmed), the enemy's line moved on but little shaken by our fire." In

* Evidences of a compromise on these points are clearly tracable in the reports of Colgrove, Gordon and Banks.

the lines, above quoted, Gordon refers wholly to the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania and Twenty-seventh Indiana and to the flanking column of the enemy which was to confront these two regiments and be alone confronted by them. But to understand these lines the better a few others must be quoted. Gordon continues: "At the same time, in our front (that is, in front of the Third Wisconsin and Second Massachusetts), a long line of infantry showed themselves, rising the crest of the hills just beyond our position. My little brigade, numbering in all just 2,102, in another moment would have been overwhelmed. On its right, left and center immensely superior columns were pressing. Not another man was available; not a support in the remnant of his army corps left General Banks. To withdraw was now possible; in another moment it would be too late. At this moment I should have assumed the responsibility of requesting permission to withdraw, but the right fell back under great pressure."*

It is remarkable how Gordon could use so many words in his reports and yet say so little. In the wagon load or more of reports made by others during the war, there are none like his, either in the unnecessary space occupied or in sheer lack of clearness. In this report, as in others, he undoubtedly studied to have his statements misleading. When Gordon says: "Three large battalions of infantry, moving in order of battle, came out from their cover and approached my brigade," it must be understood that it was the position occupied solely by the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania and Twenty-seventh Indiana, that these regiments approached. He could easily have said that, had he chosen to do so. He chose rather to say: "My brigade," leaving it indefinite as to what part of his line they approached. And so, when he says: "They were received with a destructive fire of musketry, poured in from all parts of my line that could reach them," it must be understood that it was the Twenty-seventh Indiana, almost alone, that "poured in" such a "destructive fire of musketry." Gordon could easily have said that also if he had desired. The Twenty ninth Pennsylvania did not get into its position in time to "pour in" much of a fire and the other two regiments, besides being too far away, had enough else to attend to. More than this, there were four regiments in the advancing rebel column, instead of three, as Gordon here states. If these

* See Gordon's Official Report, Records of the Rebellion.

facts had been clearly stated in his report, so as to be understood, it would have been no reproach to the regiments concerned that they moved to the rear, especially when they were ordered to do so by their commanding officers. Even if it was a mistake (which it was not) that such an order had been promulgated by those higher in authority than regimental commanders, the regiments themselves would not be to blame.

But in his book, "Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain" (the substance of which was also read before the Officers' Association of the Second Massachusetts, and subsequently published as a part of the history of that regiment, under the title of "The Second Massachusetts and Stonewall Jackson"), Gordon throws off his mask entirely and returns to his former charges, this time repeating them himself. Why he does so it is impossible to conjecture, except upon the theory that "Blood will tell." The truth would surely seem to have suited his purpose far better. He was laboring solely in the interest of his own vanity and, under the circumstances that he portrays, which were substantially true, it would certainly appear that the order which he gave to a part of his brigade to move to a more advantageous position during the battle at Winchester, was greatly to his credit.

Yet, in this book, he not only denies or ignores the fact of such an order being given and says "Jackson saw the Twenty-ninth and Twenty-seventh, of my brigade, break into disorder and begin to fall to the rear," * but goes out of his way to discredit the rebel account (not our account, not some partial friend of the Twenty-seventh's account, mind you! but the rebel account) of the effectiveness of our fire into the rebel lines.† The climax of his conglomerate, unintelligible and self-contradictory sentences on this subject are the following: "A delay of a few minutes from the time the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania and Twenty-seventh Indiana broke to the rear from the right would have caused our capture or destruction. It was officially reported that an order to these regiments to fall back was given; I feel sure that none was given, but in view of the results, I can not condemn the want of discipline that caused it."‡

*Second Massachusetts and S. J., p. 125.

†Same, p. 125.

‡Same, p. 127.

What was the man trying to say, anyhow? Does he mean that, what he represents as the disreputable conduct of the two regiments, was the only wise and timely thing that occurred at that supremely critical moment? Does he mean then to insist that what they did was without orders, even from their own commanding officers? He refers to General Banks, in a foot note, as his authority for saying "it was reported that an order to withdraw had been given." Banks did not say any such thing. What Banks did say was, that the move was made "under the erroneous impression that an order to withdraw had been given."* Banks was sufficiently high-minded and just to give the regimental officers the credit of having acted in good faith. Inasmuch as Gordon speaks of a "want of discipline" causing the movement, it must be that he meant to deny this to the regimental officers. No one knew better than Gordon that it could not be a "want of discipline" in troops to move in obedience to the order of their regimental officers or in the regimental officers themselves to give such an order upon definite information, coming through a proper channel, that it was the order from brigade headquarters.

But, what is the real point at issue here? Is it not as to whether Colonel Morrison received an order to move the Twenty-seventh to the rear during the engagement at Winchester and was therefore justified in giving such an order to the regiment, and the regiment was wholly justified in obeying the order, or whether he acted without such authority and was therefore guilty of a shameful blunder and a gross military offense? Was not that in reality, the only question at issue from the start? Who could see that more plainly than Gordon, or comprehend it more fully? And, this being the case, who can think for a moment that if no such order had emanated from brigade headquarters, and that Colonel Morrison had been guilty of imagining or manufacturing such an order, the matter would have been allowed to take the course it has? No, the incontrovertible facts are just as they have been stated in this narrative, and as the officers and soldiers of the Twenty-seventh have all along known them to be. Colonel Morrison was and is a brave, level-headed, truthful man and, in addition to that, he had an abundance of competent eye-witnesses to support all of his allegations. He received the order to withdraw the Twenty-seventh from a member of Gordon's staff,

*Banks' report.

precisely as he claimed he did. This calumny of Gordon and his co-adjutors was wholly an afterthought. It was a short-sighted conspiracy that they had hatched up after reaching Williamsport to shield themselves from what they foolishly thought they might be blamed for, when in truth, it was to their credit.

The retreat of General Banks caused no little excitement and dismay in the North, particularly in Massachusetts. Governor Andrew, of that State, issued a flaming proclamation, before Banks' army was across the Potomac, calling out the State Militia and calling upon the people generally to rally to the defense of the country. The newspapers were heavy with inflammatory editorials. Much of this was of the nature of fault finding. Somebody was to blame. At this period of the war, if not on to the end, the highest military talent of the country (in its own estimation) was far in the rear of the army. Successes and reverses at the front were largely estimated by the amount of territory gained or lost. To retreat, therefore, was a greivous failure in their view.

When this pressure began to come upon Gordon and his advisers, it stampeded them. They were not military men enough, or they were too much lacking in moral courage, to stand by their guns. In that they missed the opportunity of their lives. Gordon, in some respects, was heroic and competent on the Winchester retreat. His energy knew no bounds. Almost alone among those occupying stations as high as his, he was indefatigable and tireless. Much that he did was wise and timely. His order to the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania and Twenty-seventh Indiana to change position to the rear of the hill, was of all things the right one to give under the circumstances. If, in his mind, it involved the matter of a final withdrawal from the field, it was all the better. It proved that he had in him some of the elements of a commander of troops. It would seem, too, that he was justly entitled to the credit of having such a thought in mind. All along, from the first attack of the enemy at Front Royal, he had contended that the thing to do was to get out of Jackson's way. If, therefore, he promulgated an order at this crisis, looking to a prompt evacuation of Winchester, it showed that he was the only one present that day, and high in authority, who was able to rise to the occasion.

But at Williamsport Gordon weakened. Before the storm

of adverse criticism and condemnation that swept down from New England he made haste to find cover. He dared not face Governor Andrew and the Boston public and say manfully : " Yes, I ordered the retrograde movement at Winchester. I claim the glory of it ; it was all that saved Banks' army ; and, the army being saved, little else of permanent value has been lost."

Just here Gordon himself furnishes a suggestion. The old adage says " Set a thief to catch a thief!" Gordon accuses Banks, in this same connection, of offering a propitiatory sacrifice to this indignant public sentiment. He says Banks offered up his assistant adjutant-general. In like manner, Gordon offered the Twenty-seventh Indiana. That is the whole truth of the matter, in a nut-shell.

Some years ago, as related to the writer by one of those concerned, three railroad freight trains, or rather one train running in three sections, were dispatched from a western city. When about half way to their destination one of these trains ran into another one and both were immediately piled up in a shapeless and almost worthless mass, at the side of the track. The real cause of the disaster was whiskey. In the cab of one of the locomotives had been a jug, out of which most of the men helped themselves until they were drunk as lords. But the crash of the collision awoke them to their senses, and the gravity of the situation was at once apparent to all. They foresaw the impending wrath of the railroad officials and realized that it meant permanent loss of position to all concerned, if nothing more. What did they do? They assembled themselves there, on the railroad embankment, and agreed upon a story, accounting for the wreck in a different way from that in which it really occurred ; and they drilled themselves in it, and safeguarded every point, until those over them in the management of the railroad never succeeded in breaking through their disguise.

Who that has studied the history of the Civil war, or of any war, will believe that similar things are not frequently done in war time, by various parties from various motives? This case of Gordon and his friends, in their relation to the battle of Winchester, is a case in point. Unlike the railroad men, they had no reason for conspiring to falsify the facts, but they thought they had at the time. Unlike the railroad men, too, they were not so successful in perpetrating a fraud.

Their disguise was easily broken into. From the outset it was as thin as vanity. In one way or another, however, Gordon persisted in it as long as he lived.



CAPT. KAPP, Co. F.
(Killed at Antietam. Portrait taken before the war.)



HOWARD HENSLEY, Co. F.

CHAPTER XIV.

WILLIAMSPORT AND FRONT ROYAL.

We remained at Williamsport until June 18. These were fine days in the early summer, with occasional heavy rains, but warm and balmy. All nature was clothed in luxuriant, loveliest green. The sense of security, and even of peace, which came to us, was most delightful.

Company G was detailed for provost duty in Hagerstown, six miles away. They had the usual round of exacting patrol and guard service to maintain, that law and order might not desert the city, which was never a soft snap; but the boys seemed to regard their stay there as something of a holiday. The Union element largely predominated in Hagerstown. Like Frederick, the city abounded in all the creature comforts, and the people were generally warm-hearted and hospitable. After a time spent in a bitterly hostile section, where the citizens were all decidedly unfriendly and where an armed enemy might appear at any time or from any quarter, it was a treat in itself to be in such a city as Hagerstown. The company remained there until the regiment left Williamsport and started southward, and did not come up with us until we reached Front Royal.

Meanwhile the work of resupplying the troops with such things as had been lost or wornout in the recent hurry-scurry went energetically forward. Almost the first time we were called into line at Williamsport was for inspection. It was a busy time for those employed in the commissary or quartermasters' departments. Next to food, the most important articles coming to us were our rubber and woolen blankets. As previously noted, we had lost all of these. The weather being so mild, we could do without them now better than in colder weather, but some bedding was always desirable. We also received a fresh supply of knapsacks, if indeed the statement is not superfluous. That fact might perhaps be taken for granted. They were new and stanch. They had the same smell of turpentine, paint oil and India rubber as the

old ones, and we soon found that their fit was no better. They tugged backward and downward on our tired and aching shoulders with the same persistent, aggravating pull. Repeat the manœuver of hunching the back and giving the shoulders a jerk forward and upward as often as we might, the ache would soon return.

It is said that when a man dreams of heaven he always dreams of it as a place where his worst earthly annoyances are unknown. The inhabitant of the torrid zone, for example, dreams of heaven as a place where there is no burning



SERGT. M. H. VAN BUSKIRK.
(Taken soon after war.)



W. M. PARSONS, CO. A.
(Recent photograph.)

heat; while the imagination of the dweller in the land of perpetual snow, when free from the restraints of the will, pictures it as a place wholly exempt from freezing cold. On that theory, a soldier of the late war might possibly dream of there being guard duty in the Great Beyond, a little hard marching, long periods without rations, and even an occasional battle, but knapsacks—never!

We also exchanged muskets and brigadier-generals while at Williamsport. The only reason for the former was that we might have arms of the same calibre as the balance of the

brigade. Our old Belgium rifles were, as a rule, accurate and wicked shooters, but they carried such large balls that it was necessary to provide ammunition especially for the Twenty-seventh. This not only involved extra labor, but there was danger that we might run short at some critical time and not be able to borrow. Aside from this, the muskets we received were inferior to those we turned in. Four of the companies, the two center and two flanking companies, were supplied with "Minnie" rifles. These were short, light guns, with swords about two feet long for bayonets. The other six companies received English Enfield's.

The writer was in one of the companies receiving the guns with the sword bayonets. We were greatly elated over them at first. They had been highly eulogized in the papers. A command armed with them seemed ready for very bloody work in the estimation of the average newspaper man. But experience proved that the short swords had no other or higher use than to cut tent stakes and kindling wood. Besides, they were cumbersome and annoying to carry on the march. Without the bayonets the guns were too light for effective shooting and too short for drilling. With the bayonets they were too unbalanced and unwieldy for either. Those receiving the Enfields, while a little chagrined at the start, soon discovered that they had by far the most desirable arms of the two. The Enfields possessed one advantage over any other gun used on the Union side in the war. The troops were not slow to see it and avail themselves of its benefits. It was that the rebels were largely armed with them and in any battle it was easy to get another gun if your's was lost or disabled. Then they were also light, well proportioned and shot to kill.

It would seem that any change in brigade commanders should have been welcomed by the Twenty-seventh. Anybody was preferable to Gordon. We were not delighted with our new commander for a while, however. Those who know how able and trustworthy he showed himself to be later, may be surprised when his name is disclosed. It was none other than Gen. Geo. S. Green, the hero of Culps Hill, Gettysburg. He proved to be a capable officer, one who in an emergency had few equals, of his rank. Whether at this time he was crochety and impracticable, or only mistaken in the men he was dealing with, matters little now. His first step was to order the Twenty-seventh out of its shady camp, among the

big oaks, into an open field, grown up to weeds. If the change was ordered to escape the danger of sleeping during the night upon unplowed ground and leaf mould it might have been justified. But guards were posted to prevent us from returning to the grateful shade, even through the day. We were thus forced to stay out in the field, exposed to the merciless June sun, except such poor shelter as our tents afforded. During one of General Grant's terms as President he strongly urged the repeal of a certain law, and curiously gave as a reason that its existence was the occasion of so much profanity. Assuredly General Green did not think of that consideration when he issued the order in question. No order bearing upon the rights and privileges of the Twenty-seventh ever provoked more lurid blasphemy. As has been said, the ground we were forced to occupy was grown up with rank weeds. Though we cut these down and removed all traces of them as thoroughly as possible, some snags remained and the ground where they had been emitted an offensive and distressing odor. Every time one of the boys stubbed his toe or encountered a sharp projection when sitting down, or while lying in his tent the sickening smell disturbed his olfactories, the new brigade commander and the despised order came in for a series of sulphurous imprecations. Others of General Green's peculiarities will appear later.

Another and larger ferry was provided at Williamsport during our sojourn there. The rope for the new one was twisted wire, nearly or quite two inches in diameter, and weighed several tons. On the south side of the river this rope was securely fastened, high up in a large tree. There being no trees on the north side, a support was erected with a pulley at the top, over which the rope was passed, thence down to a massive bulk-head. But the latter proved inadequate to stretch such a heavy cable. The stakes holding it to the ground would give way, or if they held for awhile, something else would break. As a sort of experiment, or forlorn hope, five hundred men of our brigade were detailed to go down and pull on the rope, and, if possible, stretch it up to its place. Who suggested the trial is not known to the writer. Many were the speculations as to the result. A very large majority of those who expressed any opinion about the matter, scouted the effort as useless. But when those five hundred lusty patriots got hold of that rope, with a "He-o-he-e" and a

prolonged "Who-o-p," they first took up the three or four hundred feet of slack that had laid tangled in the bed of the wide river. Then, with another similar effort, they stretched the entire cable until its lowest sag in the middle was several feet above the high water level. It was all done inside of three minutes. Never was adverse theory more speedily or more effectually disproved by practice. A good sized scow, sent out into the stream to assist in loosening the rope from the rocks, came near being drawn under water by the shear force of the rope passing over it. The men in the scow screamed frantically for the men pulling on the rope to stop, though in vain. Then the thought occurred to them to seize hold of the rope themselves, and, when they did, they were quickly drawn to the shore. The incident has stood in the writer's mind through all the intervening years as a majestic example of the tremendous power there is in the aggregation of mere human forces. From that day to this he has never been worried over the question of how such monster stones could be in the ruins of Thebes and Baalbek. The one disturbing thought about that ferry is that it seems to have been left for General Lee's use, after his defeat at Gettysburg, materially aiding him in his escape.

While we were here the Potomac river gave us an exhibition of what it could do, on occasion. After a heavy rain it rose twenty-five feet in one night, going above that in the next few hours succeeding. From a quiet, peaceful stream, gliding poetically along in its course to the sea, it became a wild, raging monster, whose muddy, turbid flood boiled and surged as if ready to overwhelm and destroy whatever might come near it. Immense trees, torn up by the roots, were borne bodily upon its surface, as well as logs, hewn timber, boards, rails and all manner of debris. The grassy piece of tableland, between the river and canal, upon which we had lain after crossing to the north side, some days before, and which was then high and dry, was now deep under water.

Just when the river was at its highest the men of our brigade, not on other duty, were all taken for a swim. If anything else was lacking, there was no lack of water. Two of the Twenty-seventh, on a banter, swam the river, more than half a mile wide, and formidable and threatening as it was, in other respects. Once was enough, however, and they

went up and recrossed on the ferry, *en deshabille* though they were.

On June 10, our faces were again turned southward. General Green had odd theories also about marching troops. They resembled the methods which a grannyish old farmer might adopt to get his favorite stall-fed calf to the county fair. We started at four A. M., with the design of making a short march in the cool of the morning, then lying by through the heat of the day. This was not bad; but the old General proposed also to have personal charge of each soldier. He proposed to regulate the number of drinks of water each one should have, when and where he should get them, and how much he should drink each time. The same was largely true of eating, and various other things, about which we had had more or less freedom of choice before this. Those who know what the spirit and temper of the volunteer army of '61 to '65 was, can imagine what a contract the old gentleman had on his hands.

There was considerable delay in getting over the river by the ferries. We, therefore, made only six miles the first day, camping at Falling Waters for the night. Quartermaster Sergeant Crose tells of Doctor Woollen's big grey horse jumping overboard, while crossing, and of the ferryman, to appease the Doctor, jumping after him. The Doctor, usually so equable and urbane, seems to have been considerably agitated over the incident. But the horse reached the shore in due time, none the worse for his bath.

The second day we passed through the loyal and sightly town of Martinsburg and on to Bunker Hill, camping near where we had spent a night the previous March. The third day we passed through Winchester, pitching our tents, for a short stay as it proved, south of Newtown. The general reader will understand, doubtless, that other troops, under General Fremont, had come into the Valley ahead of us. The rebel forces were gone. Hence, during these leisurely marches, there was no enemy in the case.

Our brigade commander's theories were put sorely to the test during these days. Before starting each morning, every soldier who had anything to drink in his canteen, was required to pour it out. Then no one was to take a drink until ordered to do so by the Brigadier-general. Numerous clear, sparkling rivulets cross this pike at intervals, usually the output of

springs close by. None of them were bridged, and most of them were without foot logs, so the soldiers had to wade through the cool, tempting water. There are several instances also, of immense, flowing springs, of the most delicious water, near the roadside and in plain view. The weather was quite warm and the road dusty. Maybe the General and his staff and orderlies did not have a hard task to prevent the jaded, thirsty men from helping themselves to water, under such circumstances? We laughed for many days, over the ludicrous spectacle they afforded, while vainly making the attempt. At certain stages, however, the column was halted and the men were asked, if not ordered, to take a drink, though they were kindly admonished at the same time not to partake too freely and assured that another opportunity to drink would be given them in good time. If no suitable brook or spring was found near the proper place, the mounted men, who were dispatched ahead to look after the matter, pumped barrels and tubs of water, at some farm house and had them ready.

Another feature of the General's plan was that no soldier should leave the ranks except by permission of a commissioned officer and then under the surveillance of a non-commissioned officer. No one was to enter any private house or enclosure. No one, enlisted or commissioned, was to march in any other order except in his proper position in the column. Any one caught straggling or out of his place, was speedily arrested, or hustled into his place again. These regulations, while new at this time and regarded as rather severe, were substantially enforced at other times, later on.

When passing through Winchester, the Twenty-seventh was supplied with an escort. Lines of armed soldiers, strangers to us, marched on either side of the regiment. The lines were about as heavy as those usually sent with prisoners of war. No one of us, on any pretense, was allowed to stop or turn aside. There was considerable bandinage among us, and between us and the other men, about a bodyguard. Colonel Colgrove has stated, in recent years, that General Green took this precaution because of the threats different members of the Twenty-seventh had made to burn the miserable town, if they should ever see it again, on account of the conduct of its citizens when Banks' army passed through it on its retreat. We were not aware, at the time, that we

were the only regiment receiving such distinguished attention.

There did not seem to be any thing much to do at Newtown. The only duty assigned to the men was to guard the premises of citizens and to maintain a dignified, military appearance at General Green's headquarters. There was no picket line or camp guard maintained, and the calls to drill were few and far between. All hands seemed to be complacently waiting for something to turn up. The people about Newtown made no concealment of the fact that they were greatly pleased over our being driven precipitately out of the Valley a few weeks previously. Indeed, they boldly taunted us about it, and said they both hoped and believed that the same thing would be repeated again, very soon. These things they said to us while we were standing with arms in our hands, protecting them and their homes from possible harm. No greater joy could have been given to the members of the Twenty-seventh than to have been with General Sheridan when he desolated the Shenandoah valley until, as he said, if a crow wanted to fly over it he would have to carry his rations with him. Though it was not done to punish the citizens, but to prevent the frequent invasions of Pennsylvania, it was no more than the citizens deserved.

General Green's headquarters were in a large stone dwelling-house, in the northern outskirts of the village. The house had a fresh, well-preserved appearance, the walls in particular. The flinty, blue limestone of which it was built showed no signs of age or traces of wear. Some of us were almost paralyzed when we discovered that, according to figures in the south gable, it had been built almost a hundred years. New as everything was where we had always lived, in Indiana, this house seemed to us quite a marvel of antiquity.

A regimental court-martial, composed of commissioned officers, of course, was in session at this time, inquiring into charges of various kinds against a number of men of the rank and file. It is the first of its kind of which any record has turned up. Captain Cassidy was president and Captain Williams was judge-advocate. The records indicate that all the members were governed by motives of justice and humanity, and had a praiseworthy ambition to proceed strictly in accordance with the laws, in such cases made and provided. But in many instances in the army, some of them in the Twenty-seventh, the decisions of courts-martial, where officers were

sitting in judgment upon enlisted men, if there was any thought of justice, there could have been none of humanity. That was a great step in human progress when, by the historic Magna Charta, it became a part of the fundamental law that in civil life every man shall be tried by a jury of his peers. The time will come when the same great law will prevail in our volunteer army.

June 18, we moved from Newtown eastward to the Winchester and Front Royal pike, and passed down it to within about four miles of Front Royal. On the way we passed the camps of a part of Fremont's army. They had been operating in West Virginia previous to this. We camped in a wide stretch of open country, with no town or village near. The position was probably considered favorable in a military sense. Though General Sheridan, later in the war, in studying the situation of this valley, decided that there was no defensible position in it except in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, the one occupied at this time could not have been bad. If the enemy should come down the Luray valley, as he had done before, we had the Shenandoah river in front of us, while, by coming down the main valley, he could not get in our rear. We had better command of the railroad also and direct communication with Washington and the choice of both lines of retreat. But the fact was now, that Jackson, with most of his army, was not within a hundred miles of us. A force larger than he had ever been able to muster was boldly waiting an attack from him while he was pounding away at our brave but badly handicapped army in front of Richmond.

We remained in this position until July 6th. It has been impossible to recall or discover any record of much that we did while there. In fact to extend the time on to the period when the regiment was reunited at Little Washington, there is no other equal period of our service about which the writer's memory seems so vague. He remembers distinctly the booming of the cannon for the glorious Fourth. A little incident impressed it deeply upon his mind. It showed the complete alienation of the people of the South from the government and traditions of their fathers. The writer's company was doing outpost duty, two or three miles from camp, guarding a ford and grist-mill on the Shenandoah, catching eels and rustivating gen-

erally. He had gone a short distance away from the bivouac and was eating blackberries, along a briar-grown fence row. Seeing two butternut horsemen approaching, he remained quietly concealed to hear what they might be saying. Their conversation was evidently about the artillery salute, then being fired. As they were passing one said, "Yes, they make a great fuss about this Fourth of July. They celebrate it all over the North, with ringing of bells, firing of guns, parades, barbecues and speeches. They also make a great fuss about Washington. They call him the father of their country." "Well," answered the other, "I remember, years ago, when there used to be something of the kind among us, but not lately." There was more of the same tenor. As a whole it was a startling revelation to a boy. He had been schooled to lofty sentiments about these things. He had no other thought only that the Fourth of July marked the birth of the best government the world had ever known; one well worthy of the best blood of its citizens. From his very cradle he had been taught to venerate Washington, and he remembered with what swelling of heart he had, again and again, thought of Virginia, which was called "The home of Washington" and "The mother of presidents," as being also the home of one line of his own ancestors. Yet here were two grey-haired Virginians coolly talking as if they had no sort of interest in, not to say good will for, the country, and none even for Washington himself. The subject will come up again in this narrative, but very few, indeed, in the Northern states, even among those who served long and faithfully to put the rebellion down, have any adequate conception of the real conditions out of which it sprung.

Another thing that marked this Fourth was that General Milroy came to the camp of the Twenty-seventh during the day. He was one of the rising men from Indiana and commanded a brigade at this time. We all felt honored by his visit.

A record says we received our shelter tents at this camp above Front Royal. Being written at the time, it is likely correct, though we must have used our large tents for a while after this. Crose speaks of the big tents being turned in at Warrenton, some weeks later. It may be that we received the shelter tents a short time before we began using them. Whenever we received them or began using them, their

introduction, and general use in the army, marked an era in the war. It was an instance of what seems an insignificant thing in itself, but which, coming into general use, works a great revolution. The Little Monitor was the most striking instance of this kind in our Civil war. The shelter tent was scarcely less notable.

The last and best large tents we used were the "Sibby" tents. They were modeled after the Indian wigwam, round at the bottom and running up to a high, sharp peak in the center. They were very light and had few necessary belongings except the naked tent, never leaked or blew over, were easily put up and taken down, the space in them was high and roomy, and, best of all, they were cool in summer, and without any extra device, a fire could be built in them at any time. The pole supporting the tent stood upon a iron tripod, in the exact center. With a fire between the legs of this tripod, the smoke passed out at a small hole at the apex of the tent and the occupants could sit or lie in a circle around the fire and be comfortable in very cold weather. But they had one objection, common to all large tents; they had to be hauled in wagons when a move was made. Therefore, if the roads were bad or overcrowded, so that the teams could not keep up with the men, the latter were without shelter. Often when the teams were late in getting up, and the men were weary, they preferred to go shelterless rather than unload the wagons and put up the tents.

With the shelter tents, all this was changed. There was a prophecy in its very name "Shelter Tent." It did afford an unfailing shelter; if not of the best, it was better than none. Wherever two soldiers happened to be, or whatever their situation in other respects, they might at least have a roof over their heads. In storm or sunshine, with little exertion, in five minutes of time, the homeless wayfarers could be under cover. If an order came to move on, presto! in one minute, they could be ready to go. This meant a great deal.

When the soldiers, in irony and some ill humor, called them "Dog" and "Pup" tents, they were also speaking better than they knew. The reason they did this probably was because, in getting into them, they had to get down, in a way resembling a dog or pup crawling into its kennel. But the dog is man's most faithful and devoted, though lowly friend. Nothing else living goes with him wherever he goes, into all lati-

tudes and longitudes, sharing all his ups and downs, and serving him always, to the best of his humble ability. In that sense those little tents were indeed "dog tents."

A shelter tent was composed of two or more pieces of stout muslin, each about five feet by six in size. Along one side of each piece was a substantial hem. At each end of the hem, was a small loop of rope attached. Around the other three sides were button holes, six inches apart and back from



A REGIMENTAL CAMP WITH SHELTER TENTS, TAKEN IN CUBA.
(Plate kindly loaned by Chaplain Skinner, Fourth-Illinois.)

each button hole three inches, was a button. At one of the corners, opposite the loops of rope, a cord, some six feet long, was attached. Each man was given one of these pieces of muslin and expected to carry it with him wherever he went. Any two of these pieces were counterparts of each other and when buttoned together and stretched over a ridge pole, formed a diminutive tent for two men. The loops of rope served to stake it to the ground and the cords could be used to stay it endways. The only articles to be supplied was a ridge pole and stakes. These could usually be obtained very easily, but in an emergency guns and bayonets would answer the purpose. More commonly, four of these pieces were buttoned

together and formed a tent for four men. With two additional pieces, or one piece cut in two diagonally, the ends of this toy-like tent could be closed up also. This was always done in bad weather. When the camp promised to be of some permanence, it was short work for four men to build an oblong pen of small logs or poles and stretch the tent over it. When the cracks of this pen were daubed with mud, a door cut in one end and a fire place built in the other, no soldier, in the field, could ask for more comfortable quarters. The shelter tent was a happy thought, really a great thought.

Akin to the shelter tent, and its natural and worthy companions, were the quart pails and small frying pans, which were also introduced about this time. How or from whence they came nobody could tell. The government did not provide them. The thought occurred to some one, and when it was seen what a convenience they were, immediately all had them. A fruit can with a bit of wire for a bail, answered for the pail, and the half of a canteen, with a stick having a slot or split in one end, to form a handle, answered for the frying pan. Thousands of soldiers never cared for anything better. These three simple little devices brought about a great change in the conduct of campaigns, and doubtless had much to do with the final results of the war. They not only insured the soldier a shelter and means of cooking his food wherever he might be, but in doing this they enabled him to push his way far beyond where he could have gone otherwise, and with a celerity impossible before. At one stroke these three articles cut down by more than one-half that cumbersome and often fatal impediment of an army—the wagon train. From the time of their introduction on to the end, despite the weather or the roads, despite wagonmasters, mules or worthless staff officers, the soldier could be happy and useful. He asked of the government but two things—a commissary and a commander—some one to feed and some one to lead. When sweet potatoes and razor-back hogs were not too scarce he could do fairly well without a commissary, but he always felt a little lonesome without at least a major-general.

Returning to our narrative of events, there is no question about our receiving one article at this time. Our friend Gordon returned to us a full fledged brigadier and relieved General Green as commander of our brigade. It does not beteg in us unalloyed satisfaction when we find in a diary

that the officers of the Twenty-seventh called upon him in a body, to congratulate him on his promotion and return to his former command. "The king is dead; long live the king." In justice to the officers it should be stated, however, that there is no record of their having congratulated themselves or the men of the regiment over either consummation. Gordon had already put upon them an indignity, in an indirect way, almost as grievous as was possible. He had selected his entire staff from his own regiment, ignoring not only the Twenty-seventh, but the other two regiments also. What a liberal, broad-minded, big-hearted fellow he must have been, forsooth!

But our peaceful times in the broad, fertile fields north of Front Royal were drawing to a close, as indeed was our service in the rich and picturesque Shenandoah Valley. None of us were sorry. Though it is a delightful country naturally, and it is a satisfaction now to be familiar with its charming and historic localities, we were not content to be there. Our army was not large enough to act on the offensive, and to do otherwise is not agreeable to soldiers in time of war.

But important developments were at hand. The three armies heretofore acting separately, under Banks, Fremont and McDowell, had been consolidated into one, to be known as the Army of Virginia. On the 26th of June, by appointment of the President, Gen. John Pope had assumed command. From the first it had been the design of the authorities that the theater of operations of this larger army should be east of the Blue Ridge. Inasmuch as the plans for the capture of Richmond, by McClellan's army, had failed, it was now more important than ever that we should be on the move.

The selection of General Pope for this command was not, as far as the writer remembers or finds in any record, offensive to the members of the Twenty-seventh. It may not matter, but it is true. Many in high places questioned it stoutly. Some became involved in ugly complications because of their refusal to acquiesce in it heartily. Whatever General Pope might or might not have accomplished under other conditions, it is plain that he had no chance as it was. Most unfortunately, those who have nothing whatever to do with the jealousies, bickerings and sulkings, such as followed Pope's appointment, pay the larger part of the dreadful penalty for them in the fruitless sacrifice of their loyal lives. That was sadly true in this instance.

CHAPTER XV.

HAZEL RIVER BRIDGE—CULPEPER AND LITTLE WASHINGTON.

On July 6th, we were on the move once more. Starting a little late, we marched leisurely, crossed the Shenandoah, passed through the edge of Front Royal and camped a mile beyond, on the road to Warrenton. On the 7th, after a very hot, tiresome march, we pitched our tents on a shady hillside, near Flint Hill, having crossed the Blue Ridge at Chester Gap. Over this same road the bulk of Lee's army passed the following summer, en route to Pennsylvania.

We can never forget the great abundance of fine cherries we found on our march that day. A succession of trees, from one to three feet in diameter, with immense spreading tops, shading several square rods, stood along the road, and they were bending under a load of such luscious fruit as we had never seen before. The cherries were as large as fair-sized plums and as sweet as raisins. The boys broke off the limbs and, carrying them along in the ranks, stripped them as they went. The temptation to stop also and gather cherries may have increased the straggling that day. Not over half the men were in ranks when the evening halt was made. But the excessive heat was the principal cause. There were several sun-strokes in the other regiments. In ours, one or two men had serious attacks of stomach cramp—the result of drinking too much water.

On the 8th, we moved on to Gains Cross Roads, a short march. Here we remained two nights. Both mornings we were hustled up and into line before daylight. Two rumors, or theories, were current about this at the time. One was that an attack was really expected; the other, that it was to test our readiness for such an emergency.

On the 11th, the march was continued. But, at Waterloo Bridge, came an order which was to give the Twenty-seventh a new experience. Heretofore we had mostly served along with a considerable army. Several regiments, at least, had

been constantly at hand. Here our regiment itself was divided and the different parts were each to be alone for awhile. Colonel Colgrove was ordered to take the right wing and report for duty to General Hatch, of the cavalry. Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, with the left wing, after remaining one day with the brigade, followed the right wing, and proceeded on to Culpeper Court House.

The wing under Colonel Colgrove retraced its steps to Amissville, from thence by a country road leading through Thomsonville, it arrived at the crossing of Hazel River, the evening of the 12th. Here the cavalry had a slight skirmish and, making a quick dash, prevented the bridge from being destroyed. The battalion went into camp on a hill overlooking the bridge. The next day was Sunday and a large number of colored people visited the camp. We were the first Yankee soldiers any of them had ever seen. They hailed us with unconcealed cordiality and delight. They were willing to "Pat Juber," sing, dance or do almost anything for our amusement. And they were kept busy. The boys may have trespassed upon good nature somewhat, but the simple-hearted slaves did not seem to think so.

The enlistment of the negroes as soldiers was already under discussion. So, as throwing light upon the subject, the Colonel formed a squad of them in line, supplied them with muskets and tried drilling them in the manual of arms. They were placed at attention, order arms. When the command "Shoulder Arms" was given, all showed their ivory and remained motionless except one old man, of glossy ebony, evidently a character among them. With an expression of assurance on his face and a turning out of the white of his eyes, as if to say, "You needn't think I don't know that much," he complacently laid the musket upon his shoulder, hunter fashion.

General Pope, in one of his much-talked-about orders, had said something about living off of the country. As far as known, we had the usual amount of rations at this time, but the country was also made to contribute liberally. Like Dives in the parable, we fared sumptuously every day. The fields were everywhere full of delicious berries and, by hook or crook, fresh meat and poultry found their way into our mess-kettles bountifully. Those who were fortunate enough to have a hook and line, or were able to borrow one, also had all

the fresh fish they wanted. In short, the battalion gave itself over to having a good time. Always on the alert for any lurking foe, never straying far from camp, muskets ready loaded, capped and kept where they were handy, we threw off all other cares and enjoyed ourselves all we could. The river was at a good stage and the water in fine condition for bathing. Only a limited number were allowed to be in the river at a time, but the quota was seldom found short.

One morning while we were here, perhaps the first, there was a little flurry and, but for prudent, soldierly management, might have been bloodshed among our own troops. A detachment of Union cavalry came up from the rear, but did not seem to know of our being there. When they sighted our pickets they swung out into a field at a gallop and began forming for a charge. Of course, each side took the other for enemies. A fog which prevailed at the time, helped on the delusion. The long roll was beaten in our camp and in very short order we were ready to give the parties, whoever they might be, a warm reception. Yet, coming from the direction they had, there was a strong conviction on our side that the cavalry must belong to our army. Luckily no shots were fired before an understanding was arrived at.

Company D rejoined this detachment of the regiment at this time, having been absent since the forepart of June. They had been detailed at Winchester to guard prisoners. On June 13th, they started to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, with four hundred and forty-three of their grey-coated charge. They marched by way of Martinsburg and Williamsport to Hagerstown; thence they went by rail. Returning by the same route they again reached Winchester the evening of the 18th. From then until July 7th they did provost duty in Winchester, when they started, under orders to report to the regiment. Finding it gone from above Front Royal, they followed on and overtook us at Hazel river.

On July 16th, Colonel Colgrove, leaving Companies C and D, under Major Johnson, to hold this position, moved on with the others to Culpeper Court House. Following two regiments of cavalry, they started in a heavy rain. After one of the muddiest and most slavish marches anybody ever made, they joined the left wing at Culpeper, that evening. As much as the great war seethed and surged around this place afterward, the Twenty-seventh was the first Union infantry to reach

it. The surrounding country is rich and beautiful. The soil every where is of a dark reddish color, as if a vast brick-yard might have at some period embraced it all. The town, however, had few of the marks of being the center of a well-to-do population, but all the evidences of being under the domination of slavery. It was old, dilapidated and unkempt. The people were virulent secessionists. Reason, conciliation and justice were completely gone. There was said to be one exception to this, in the Hon. John Minor Bott, an ex-congressman and prominent citizen. When we were at Culpeper the second time our camp was near his house. We saw considerable of him and while he seemed greatly grieved that the sections should be at war, he did not justify the South in beginning it.

While at Culpeper, in imitation of William the Conquerer, the country was parceled out among us. Colonel Colgrove was Military Governor of the county, Lieutenant-colonel Morrison was Commander of the Post, Captain Burge was Provost Marshal, etc., etc. Companies E and K were quartered in vacant rooms in the business part of the town, while the other companies pitched their tents in the pleasant grounds of the Military Institute, near the railroad depot.

One of the days spent in Culpeper was Sunday. Several of the regiment attended services at the Episcopal church. Their devotional spirit was rudely disturbed and their Sunday temper badly ruffled by hearing the throne of Grace addressed in plain English, and in a good, round sonorous voice, in behalf of Jeff Davis and his despicable Confederacy. Colonel Colgrove had not, up to that time, given as much attention to the subject of prayer as it doubtless deserves. But for a while now he could think of little else. He even developed into something of an ecclesiastic. He became possessed with the idea that he could improve the liturgy of the church. Just the course pursued in the case is not known, but, after that, one paragraph in the Book of Common Prayer was conspicuous by its omission, if not by its absence.

But this masquerading with high sounding titles and reveling in unwonted indulgences was to have an ending. On the 25th, the regiment started to rejoin the brigade, which had moved to Little Washington, about twenty-five miles north-west of Culpeper. The first day we marched to Woodville.

On the second we reached our destination, passing, on the way, the camps of the men under Seigel. Some of them were maneuvering in a wood, among them being a battery of small cannon, mounted on the backs of mules. Soldiers, with their usual readiness and lack of fastidiousness as to names, dubbed these "Jackass Batteries." They were somebody's short cut to the putting down of the rebellion, but proved useless when the real test came. One of the troublesome contingencies always was that the mule might take it into his head to turn around suddenly, about the time the gun was to go off.

In the meantime what had become of the two companies (C and D) left at the bridge over Hazel river? Figuratively speaking, they had been in clover all the time. No other troops molested them; fishing and bathing continued good and the berries, poultry and hogs held out famously. To be thus isolated for a while was a positive luxury in itself. If one went to the spring, or after wood, or on some other common errand, he did not find the whole country overrun with others on the same quest. He could look out over a pleasant landscape without his vision taking in acres upon acres of white tents and a myriad of blue coats. To be sure, it was comfortable to have these last around when cannon were booming and muskets were cracking. They did not in the least mar the landscape at such a time. But too many of them did become a little monotonous under some other conditions.

As usual, the natives about the bridge quickly warmed to the boys. No amount of secession prejudice or Virginia pride could avail against the youth, courtesy and manliness of the Northern soldiers. A few days sufficed to convert the most obdurate into cordial acquaintances, if not fast friends. That they were required to contribute a pig, now and then, to our larder, or that a favorite chanticleer ever and anon disappeared from the barnyard, did not seem to disturb their equanimity in the least. Still, there came an ending. On the 26th, the Major, under orders, led the two companies back to Amissville and Gains Cross Roads, thence to Little Washington. The march was uneventful, except some disturbance raised by the men, one in particular. The sulter had come up, and, finding the two companies at Hazel river, had remained with them, instead of going on to the larger part of the regi-

ment. Among his merchandise was something in long, black bottles. It was intended mostly for officers and "for medical purposes only." When some of the men got hold of it, it made mischief, as it did sometimes when some of the officers got it. The Major had no end of worry in maintaining order in the ranks and in getting the detachment along. It ended finally in one soldier marching at the end of a rope, in rear of the wagon. Arriving at Little Washington slightly in advance of the other companies, these two pitched their tents near those of the Sixteenth Indiana Battery. The other companies arrived a few hours later. This battery had recently been assigned to our division and did not remain long.

It is hard to understand why the Twenty-seventh should be required to march to this place, only to march back again within a few days, as indeed it is to see why any large army should occupy such a position. Little Washington was not upon any route likely to be taken by the enemy, or upon which we would want to go ourselves. But here we were. The situation was very sightly. A wide stretch of open country afforded fine views in all directions. To the westward the Blue Ridge majestically bounded the horizon, and smaller kobs and sugar loaves relieved the monotony in other places. The vast fields of wheat, which had just been cut and put in shock when the troops arrived, were speedily gathered by them and used for bedding. Everything else in sight was appropriated in the same way. The epidemic of sickness, spoken of by others, did not prevail with us. Possibly the diet of berries, fresh meat and vegetables, at Hazel River and Culpeper, acted as a preventive. Possibly also, for once, we did not fall under the censure of our irascible brigade commander; not being of those to whom he refers as eating "Every miserable, crabbed, green apple they came across."

The weather at Little Washington was torrid. It was of that sultry, oppressive kind which we do not always have, even in warm summers. We drilled a great deal, mostly in the larger field maneuvers. One part of the day it was battalion, and in the other, brigade drill. At some of our battalion drills, Gordon, being present, drilled the regiment. Really, the writer scarcely recalls another instance, during the year or nearly so which we served under him, when he betrayed any sign of trying to inspire the Twenty-seventh with any regard

for himself, or showed us the least courtesy or consideration that would tend towards that result. During these battalion drills he did speak, not fulsomely, but kindly and encouragingly, of our successes, and was reasonably forbearing and patient with our blunders. And we all felt drawn toward him. No telling but that at this time, or almost any other, he might have made us his devoted henchmen. There could not have been an equal number of men in the army with greater admiration for a well drilled-officer, or more anxious to be well drilled themselves, than were we, after a little experience of army life.

We all remember the two grand reviews held here, though perhaps not prominently. We never did idolize grand reviews. The first was held by General Banks, most likely in preparation for the other, held later by General Pope. This was the first we had seen of Pope. He was a short, stout man, with thick, sandy whiskers. The Greencastle boys seemed greatly impressed with his striking resemblance to one of their citizens. If he was vain and self conceited, as some alleged and as some of his first General Orders savored of, he did not betray it at this review. He was modestly uniformed and equipped, for one of his rank, and there was nothing swell or ostentatious in his movements or bearing. Gordon, in writing of this review, takes occasion to refer to us as "That incorrigible Twenty-seventh Indiana." If all he alleges was true, it would mean nothing. If the whole of it was not the product of a disordered brain, it is more than can be said of most of his statements. Another fact stated by him in the same connection has a stronger presumption of truth in its favor. It is that his headquarters were at this time the daily scene of profane, indecent and even disloyal utterances, all of them unrebuked by him.

Ex-President Van Buren died at this time, and, among other things, a salute consisting of the regulation number of guns at sunrise and sunset and one every half hour through the day, was fired by a battery close to our camp. In connection with it the conduct of an old darkey cook, attached to one of the companies, was very ludicrous. He was an extremely simple, ignorant old fellow, of the field-hand type of slaves. He was probably as superstitious also as his most remote ancestor on the banks of the Niger. The report of the

cannon seemed really to scare him almost to death. No dumb animal was ever more completely overcome with fear. All day long he lay panting and trembling in his tent, part of the time with his head under a blanket. It was rather a pitiful spectacle to go around, as many did, and take a look at him.

But in the evening, almost famished with thirst and not hearing a gun for some minutes, he ventured to the spring at the edge of the camp for water. Just as he had filled his vessels, boom! went a gun. Instantly he sprawled himself flat on the ground. Then, supposing probably that the usual interval would elapse between guns, he was slowly recovering himself, when boom! went another. The time had come for the evening salute, and guns were fired at intervals of possibly a minute. At the second gun the poor old fellow went all to pieces. Tub, buckets and dipper were sent flying in all directions, and he threw himself down flatter than ever. But in a moment he began a series of runs, falls, dodges and gyrations, too funny to be described. He first ran to a tree, not far away. After hugging this for a while, most passionately, he ran to his tent. In doing this, however, he performed so many antics, and was so evidently sincere in his panic and demoralization, that the whole regiment and many from other commands, went wild with laughter and derision. When he was hugging the tree he might have felt safe there but for some one throwing a clod of dirt among the limbs. As it broke and rattled down among the leaves, hurtling canister could not have frightened him more. He acted as if he thought the judgment day had come.

A few times here, General Banks maneuvered his entire corps. It was a novel and inspiring sight, one we never saw before or afterward. Few locations afforded level ground large enough for handling so many men at the same time. This experience developed the somewhat curious fact that the older regiments, ours among others, did not understand the bugle calls. In our regiment, and most other older regiments with which we were associated, the bugle was never used. Drill commands were given entirely by word of mouth, and the "calls" of the camp were beaten entirely upon the drum. General Banks had a voice remarkable for its clearness, and he could be heard farther than most men, but was not able to

reach ten or twelve thousand men. Hence he used the bugle, though under some difficulties, with us and others.

We received two months' pay at Little Washington. The writer still has a piece of gold (very small) which he received from the hands of the paymaster there. This was the last time gold was paid to us while in the army—the last we saw circulating as money for many years.



COL.-SERGT. LEWIS D. PAYNE.
(Mortally Wounded at Antietam.)



CORP. JEROME SIMMS, Co. C.
(Killed at Chancellorsville.)

CHAPTER XIV.

CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

The writer first saw the light August 9, 1865. With slight calculation anyone can see that he has special reasons for remembering the battle of Cedar Mountain.

It is not within the scope of this narrative to explain the movements of armies. However, an angry storm-cloud, already larger than a man's hand, was fast gathering over the one with which we were connected. The army in front of Richmond, under McClellan, having withdrawn to the James river, orders had gone forth bringing it back to the line directly in front of Washington. This left the enemy free to move in that direction himself. He did not delay. His advance towards Culpeper called for a speedy concentration of Pope's army at that place.

We left Little Washington, Virginia, August 6. Ordinarily a smart day's march (twenty-five miles) would have brought us to Culpeper. As it was we put in three days in going, and suffered much at that. The weather was still very oppressive, the dust rose up into our faces in blinding, suffocating sheets, and it appeared that wherever we went or tried to go, or whatever time of day or night we started, an endless train of wagons was in our way. Surely, where no regard whatever is paid to night or day, just a little management would separate troops and trains. One could start earlier, take a different road or something. But, during the first year of the war, both would frequently be up all night and inactive, only to impede and harass each other all the following day. Wagon trains seemed to be General Banks' evil genius. Encumbered with them throughout most his career, he finally had his last and most important campaign—the one up Red river—brought to untimely defeat and failure, through the mischief of a wagon train, long drawn out.

Part of this march was made at night. While we escaped the fierce heat of the sun in that way, we encountered other evils almost as bad, the principal one being the sore lack of water. The dust was almost as bad at night as through the day, and, perhaps without seeing it, we breathed it more freely. Our throats soon became as parched as the Sahara desert. But the wells and springs could not be found in the night, and we were obliged to go without water largely. We finally reached Culpeper at 11 p. m., August 8, and camped adjoining the town on the west.

The next day, August 9, we started, under sudden orders, about 10 a. m., passed through Culpeper and out on the road leading south. There was something mystifying about the situation. We had heard heavy cannonading and were evidently making a forced march. We had started so promptly that our camp had been left almost intact, tents standing and teams not harnessed. Yet, in passing General Pope's headquarters in Culpeper, we saw him sitting on the porch, in apparent unconcern, with staff and orderlies lounging around, taking their ease. A mile or two beyond the town we passed a full division of troops in camp, resting serenely in their tents or standing along the road watching us go by.

Meantime we pressed forward on quick time, with long intervals between rests. The air was as hot as a bake oven. Going directly south, near the noon hour, the sun beat mercilessly into our faces. Our small, cloth caps, with narrow visers, were poor protection for our heads and eyes, while, with our heavy, regulation dress coats tightly buttoned, our bodies seemed to be a furnace of fire. Not more than one or two of the Twenty-seventh were sunstruck and fell down in convulsions, but scores of other regiments were affected in that way. As we passed along in the intense heat we saw many of them lying on the ground, frothing at the mouth, rolling their eyeballs and writhing in painful contortions.

This march was the first of several almost incredible things accomplished that day. In August, 1889, a week after the twenty-seventh anniversary of the battle, Comrade Bresnahan and the writer drove over this road in a comfortable top buggy. It was not an extremely hot day, though a warm one. We started from Culpeper immediately after an early dinner. The writer was near the exact age then that Colonel Colgrove had been on that former August day, when he led

the Twenty-seventh out to its baptism of blood. Many circumstances and associations combined to bring back most vividly that never-to-be-forgotten time. One incident after another, not thought of for years, came in to our minds as distinctly as if it had happened only the week before. But to realize how we, loaded and dressed as we had been, could stand it to march over that ground, in ranks, with so many others, in blinding dust and in heat far more intense and oppressive than it was now, climbing those long, steep hills and rocky ledges, all of it under the strain of impending battle, with its many exciting contingencies, was more than we were able to do. It seemed to both of us like some dreadful, realistic dream, apparently true, yet actually impossible. The march, with its attendant conditions, harrowing and horrible as the recollection of it is, was not a dream, however. In what must have been a very short time, distance considered, we arrived near the little stream known as Cedar Run, bordering what was to be the battlefield, eight miles from the starting point. We halted on high ground, just before reaching the run, and hundreds of the men hastened eagerly on to the run, to drink, bathe their throbbing temples and fill their canteens.

This Cedar Run is only a small stream, not over a rod wide. At this season of the year the water in it is wholly the output of springs. From the elevated points on its Culpeper side most of the prominent features of the battle field can be seen, as well as some of the ground actually fought over. The road from Culpeper, though its general direction is almost due south, runs here southwesterly. Beyond the run the land is cleared on both sides of the road for some distance back. On the left side, in particular, there is no timber any where near to obstruct the view. On that side the country is mostly an undulating valley or plain, lower than the country surrounding it. Rising out of this plain, a mile or more beyond the run, is Cedar mountain, a huge, regular mound of rock, generally covered with soil, in shape resembling an inverted kettle. As one looks down the road from a position above Cedar Run, the mountain is almost directly in front of him, being but slightly to his left. It is cleared on the sides observable from this position, well up to the top. As we looked at it that day clouds of smoke, near the timber line, marked the location of rebel artillery, which was keeping up

a regular, but rather harmless, fire upon our men, while they were moving into position, between us and the mountain.

It is a curious fact, showing how a battle may get its name, that this elevation does not seem to have been called Cedar Mountain previous to the battle. It was known principally, if not wholly, as "Slaughter's Mountain," after a man or family residing, or that had resided, in the vicinity. But by confusing the name of the insignificant stream, along which our line of battle was first formed, with the mountain, which was prominent in the landscape, our newspaper correspondents and officers, all strangers to the locality, in their dispatches, announced to the world that the battle of "Cedar Mountain" had been fought. So it has stood and will stand until doom's day.

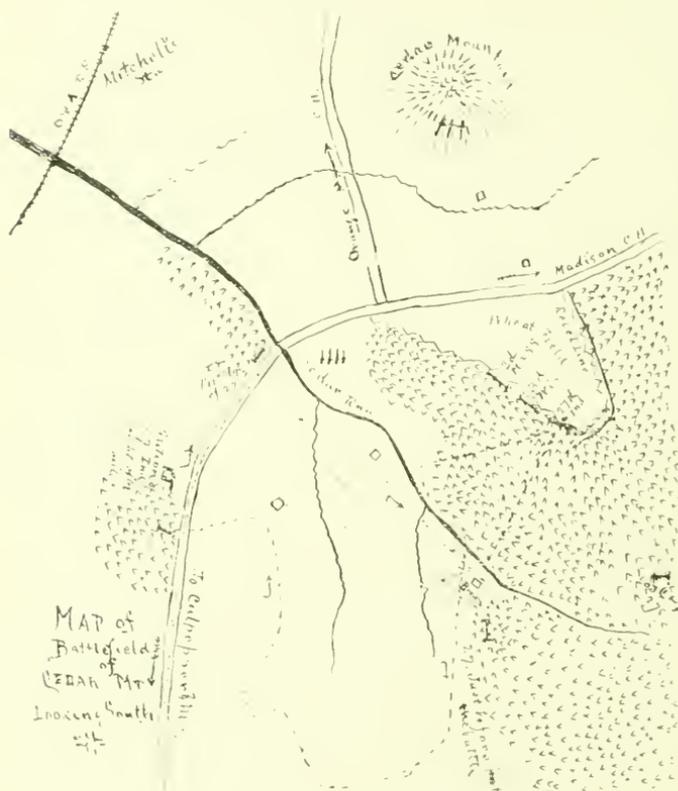
Another fact, scarcely less curious, is that the battle was not fought upon the mountain at all and very little of it was fought upon its slopes. The principal part of the contest was waged on the slopes of another elevation, almost a rival of the mountain in height, and in the valley between the two. This narrative has to do with this last, rugged ridge entirely. Though the gifted poet has pictured the Twenty-seventh as "On Old Cedar Mountain's side," it was only by "poetic license" that he could do so.

The Twenty-seventh was really never on Cedar Mountain or its sides. This ridge in which we are so deeply interested is to the right of the road over which we had come to the field: in fact, the road, after passing over one end of the ridge where it is not very high, bears more to the right and passes along its base, between it and Cedar Mountain. This continued curve in the road must be borne in mind: for while it crosses Cedar Run nearly at a right angle it soon comes to be almost parallel with it. So that, when we moved to our assigned position, though we appeared to be going directly away from the road, we did not get as far away from it as it seemed to us.

We had but a few minutes to get water and take breath, when we again had orders to fall in, and marched to the right, across the fields to the Brown farm house. This was the second house up the run from the road. The first and second houses then located in that direction resembled each other in many particulars. Each was on a high hill, with a deep valley or swale on the side towards the road: each had a

spring, in a clump of large trees, under the hill behind it, etc.

Gordon places the distance from the road to the Brown house at three-fourths of a mile. It is really over a mile. He also speaks of a ridge extending from the road to the house. If there is such a ridge we did not travel upon it. All of those



who were afoot that day will doubtless remember the two deep valleys, scooped down to the water level, both of them, and the two long, steep hills which had to be climbed before the Brown house was reached. If they do not remember them they will know they are there, if they go as middle-aged men, not much used of late to such exertion, and walk, as Comrade Bresnahan and the writer did, from the road to the house over the exact route taken by the Third Brigade.*

*Many maps are in error with reference to this house. In the map prepared for the committee on the conduct of the war, Gordon's brigade is located at the first house out from the road, and other positions are changed relatively.

The Twenty-seventh first halted and formed in line on the slope in front of the Brown house, facing towards the run, stacked arms and broke ranks. But almost immediately came orders to fall in and move in to the timber in rear of the house. Whether this move was for concealment or comfort does not appear. The shade was certainly grateful.

From what has already been said about the relation of the main road and this little stream towards which we were now facing, it will be understood that we were facing the road also: and, as has been said, it was not as far away directly in front of us as we might think if we did not know that the road curved around the hill towards our present position. The distance is perhaps not much over three-fourths of a mile. But that space is all occupied by the ridge before mentioned as rivaling in height and ruggedness Cedar Mountain itself. Though cleared on the sides bordering the road the side immediately in front of us, as well as the whole of its crown, was heavily wooded. We could not see a rod beyond the run. Little did any of us comprehend the strength of the force that was massing beyond that timbered ridge.

While we were waiting in rear of the Brown farmhouse there came an order for two companies from the Twenty-seventh to act as flankers on the right. Companies C and F were detailed for this duty. With part of Company C as skirmishers, they moved half a mile or so to the right and front. There they were posted upon a hill, commanding a wide stretch of country, with skirmishers well out on front and flanks. This was done under the personal direction of Colonel Colgrove, who then returned to the regiment, leaving Lieutenant Bloss, of Company F, in command.

These two companies were not recalled when the regiment was ordered into battle: so they were not engaged. Neither were they notified when our army abandoned its position that night. When it was ascertained late in the night, by the companies themselves, that they were far inside of the enemy's line, Lieutenant Bloss, ably counseled and assisted by Lieutenant Lee, of Company C, led the companies by a circuitous route, following wood roads and cutting across fields, safely back to the regiment. It was by this wise and timely action only that the men of the two companies were saved from a term in rebel prisons. In making the circuit the two companies were more thorough

than they planned, and passed entirely around the flank of the Union army. Once in the rear, they experienced no little difficulty in getting to the front again. Some of Siegel's men had come up and were acting as provost guards. Their duty was to prevent men from straggling to the rear, but at first they were as much set against men going one way as another. Eventually the thought seemed to work its way through their thick skulls that our men could not disgrace themselves or the army very badly by going to the front; so they suffered them to pass.

Six companies of the Third Wisconsin were also detached while we were waiting behind the Brown house. They were sent into the timber on the hill in our front, and were later carried into action with another brigade.

There had been regular cannonading through most of the day, at times heavy. One large cannon that was fired at regular intervals by the rebels, will be especially remembered. Picket firing had also been constant since our arrival on the field.

For an account of the marshalling of the forces on both sides, and the main outlines of the battle, the reader is referred to the general histories. What a deluge of regret and disappointment, not to say indignation and resentment, rolls in upon us even yet, when we reflect upon the fact that just behind that wooded hill were two full divisions of the enemy. One of them, almost twice as large as Banks' entire available force, was well posted, on ground of its own choosing, and the other was near enough to be in ready support. Brigade for brigade, regiment for regiment and man for man, the enemy outnumbered us close to an even three to one. Yet within five miles was one of the largest and, as subsequent service proved, one of the best divisions in our army, resting comfortably in their camps.* Another full corps, larger than Banks', might be on the ground but for a most stupid blunder or intentional delay, on the part of its commander.† Even the men we have at hand are not to be used with intelligent concert of action. Not over two-thirds of them, possibly not over one-half, are to grapple with the unequal foe at any one time. In our case, three small regiments are to be insanely hurled alone against the two overmastering divisions. Under such hapless,

*First Division, First Corps.

†Siegel's.

hopeless and mismanaged conditions must we try to do something for our deeply imperiled country.

From the cleared land about the Brown farm house we could see some of the earlier movements of our forces. Far to our left we saw the line of battle as it advanced in martial order to the attack, though it passed behind the point of timber, and out of our view, before it opened fire. It may have been owing to the condition of the atmosphere, or the configuration of the ground, but musketry scarcely ever sounded to us so intense and wicked as it did at Cedar Mountain. During Hooker's fierce onslaught at Antietam, or Sickles' desperate resistance at Gettysburg, both of which we were near enough to hear very distinctly, the volume of musketry was greater. It was evident that more men were engaged. But this evening at Cedar Mountain the firing seemed unusually energetic and terrifying. Evidently from the start the combatants were at close quarters and in plain sight of each other, and many considerations urged every man to do his utmost.

Momentarily the Twenty-seventh expected orders to join in the furious work. Drawn to their feet to see as much as possible of the awful drama, the men assembled together until, when the order was finally given to fall in, most of them were already in their places. A moment before we of the Twenty-seventh were called for, the Second Massachusetts received orders and started back in the direction we had lately come. When we had taken arms we moved briskly a short distance in the same direction. But before we had gone far an order came that we were to return and advance straight towards what had been our front. We, therefore, halted, about-faced and marched back to the point from which we had started. There we formed in line of battle, facing towards the creek and wooded hill. We throw out guides and start down the slope. "Double quick!" The order comes from Gordon and is repeated by Colonel Colgrove.

Now begins another incredible achievement. How the men of the Twenty-seventh passed down that slope, crossed the run, climbed that rugged, uneven and overgrown hill, forging their way up to the edge of the wheat field beyond the crest, all at a double quick, with any one able to stand on his feet at the end of it, is more than incredible—it is miraculous. From the starting point to the run is ten rods.

The banks of the run are from six to eight feet, almost perpendicular. It was with great difficulty that Comrade Bresnahan and the writer, on our visit to the field, could cross it at all. Five or six rods from the run the ascent of the hill begins. Where the left wing of the Twenty-seventh struck the slope it rises at an angle of almost forty-five degrees. All the way up the surface is not only steep, but mostly very broken. Ravines, gulches, ledges of rock and innumerable loose stones, large and small, impede the progress at every step. Trees and low bushes stand thick, with fallen tops and limbs and a tangle of vines and briars in many places, next to impenetrable.

At the run the men jumped, slid or tumbled recklessly down to the water, rushed across and clambered, lifted, or pulled each other up the opposite bank. Here there was just the briefest halt to correct the alignment, but nothing of a breathing spell. At this point it was that the broken remnant of the six companies of the Third Wisconsin emerged from the woods. A moment before they appeared their colonel had ridden up and appealed to the Twenty-seventh, with much warmth, to go to their assistance, representing that they were suffering very badly. As they passed around our flanks our ascent of the hill began. At the command "Forward, double quick!" the line moved promptly into the jungle. The men parted the bushes, pushed aside the limbs, crawled under or broke through vines and briars, steadied or pulled themselves up acclivities by seizing hold of roots and twigs, dodged around trees, leaped the washouts and stumbled over stones. With wild enthusiasm and mad resolution they overcame a thousand obstacles.

Colonel Colgrove in his report estimates the distance from the run to the wheat field at a quarter of a mile. Comrade Bresnahan and the writer, after a careful survey, found it more than twice that far. Think of it! Such a distance, over such ground, clothed and equipped as soldiers then were, with the weather unusually hot, even for an August afternoon in a Southern climate. In going carefully over in retrospect, the entire career of this regiment, standing again on every important spot of ground where it made a record, endeavoring to judge of everything by the conservatism of mature years, the writer was impressed, as he reviewed the scenes and recalled the facts of this unfortunate day, that there was a physical strain and burden put upon those who were

present then more severe and trying than at any other time, and far more so than often falls to the lot of men anywhere.

As the Twenty-seventh advanced through the woods several individual rebels were encountered. They could scarcely have been skirmishers, as they did not seem to be expecting our approach. So dense was the growth of timber that the first recognition from either side was, in most cases, at less than a rod distant. Some surrendered, others ran away, and still others showed fight. One, with more valor than discretion, seized a member of our Company A, with murderous ferocity and intent. Another member of Company A, comprehending the situation, instantly shot the aggressor dead, the ball scattering his brains over the one assailed.

Red in the face, panting for breath, almost ready to drop down with heat and fatigue, the advance struck the fence bordering the wheat field, without knowing it was there. Colonel Colgrove, in his report, well says the regiment did not all reach this position at the same time. Not only had the left wing fallen behind the right, but many individuals also, for various reasons, had found it impossible to maintain their places in the line and came up later. That there would be more or less disorder is self-evident. It was impossible for even line officers to see their men or do much in the way of keeping them in place or directing their movements. Much of the time not more than a dozen or twenty men of the regiment could be seen by any one person. Anything like touching elbows, or dressing on the colors, or dressing anywhere, was out of the question.

Towards the last, a part of the regiment, embracing the colors and those near them, fell into a wood road or track, along which they passed with greater ease. The two flanks, however, were still very much hampered and delayed. For a time it was not understood by all that a halt was to be made at the fence. A number of our men passed on into the field, but returned to the line at once when they comprehended what the order was.

This wheatfield was, as has been said, on the opposite slope of the hill from that up which we had come. Our position was immediately at its right hand corner with respect to our advance. At that point it was not much over one hundred yards wide, but rapidly increased in width towards our left. The wheat had been cut and stood in shocks, which

dotted the field quite thickly. These are referred to as "wheat stacks" in various reports. Along the side of the field opposite us there was timber, as along the end also to our right,—though this last had been cut or cleared sometime and had not grown very tall as yet.

No sooner had the Twenty-seventh reached this field than a heavy fire was opened upon it by the rebels and we at once began to return as good as we were getting. Yet many of our men did not clearly understand the situation; neither did a part of the enemy. It must have been that, as we emerged from the timber so suddenly, they did not all quite know who we were. We had started with the usual vociferous cheering, but during the long, exhausting ascent this was so nearly suppressed that our arrival upon the scene was in part a surprise. Upon no other theory can several things be explained. Some of the members of the Twenty-seventh, who, as before mentioned, pressed forward some distance into the wheat field, there exchanged commonplace greetings with members of a Virginia rebel regiment and parted from them and returned to the ranks of their own regiment, without being challenged. The line of the enemy, which Colonel Colgrove mentions as being drawn across the field almost at right angles with our line on the left, would not have been there, or, being there, would not have remained as long as it did, if matters had been clear. We saw other bodies of the enemy also whose movements were very strange, except upon this theory. But, above all, in no other way can the fact be accounted for that we were not at once completely overwhelmed. There were enough of the enemy easily at hand to have accomplished this almost at a breath.

The fire to which we were exposed from the start soon increased. One of the first volleys seemed to mow down a dozen or more men of Company I, which, in the absence of Company C, was acting as color company. All along the line men were falling fast. In addition to the fire which came from the fence and woods across the field, men were concealed behind the wheat shocks in the field and had a deadly range upon us. Colonel Colgrove mentions in his report that the enemy's fire at this juncture was particularly savage. The men of the regiment were also getting in good work. Almost every one of us had been accustomed to

handling rifles from childhood and we were there for a purpose. All that was needed was to show us an enemy.

These conditions had continued for some minutes when a report gained wide circulation and credence in the regiment that there was some dreadful mistake, and that we were firing upon our own men. Such a fact may excite surprise at this date, but it was a somewhat common occurrence in the earlier



LIEUT. G. W. REED, CO. I.
(Killed at Cedar Mountain).

part of the war. It is claimed by members of the Twenty-seventh, that the report here was first shouted across by the enemy on our left. It is not wholly improbable that this was true, and that those from whom the statement came were sincere, believing that we belonged to their side. It was a time of confusion and misconception. Uniforms and flags were not as clear distinguishing marks as might be supposed. Plastered with dust, both uniforms looked alike, and there were so many state flags and standards carried at this date, on both sides, that few had yet learned to know one from the other.

At about this stage of the battle, one of our officers saw

for the first time the regular Confederate states flag—the “Stars and Bars.” It was carried by a force which was passing from left to right across our front. He had seen the English flag flying over vessels in New York harbor and mistook this to be one. So he hastened to the Colonel with the report that we were in danger of being flanked on the right, by a column carrying the English flag. General Gordon being near, by Colgrove’s orders, the officer carried the report to him also. It seems that the Colonel likewise consulted Gordon about the alarm that we were firing and being fired upon by our own men. Gordon was satisfied that the men in our front were all our enemies, but to make sure rode forward to see. He was instantly treated to a volley that it was a miracle did not hit him. This, however, was at the right of the regiment and a limited number saw it. Farther to the left, firing had slackened among our men, and before matters could be set right, a retrograde movement began. It was not precipitate, only a shrinking back into the timber to escape a fire which so many thought must not be returned. But once immersed in the dense undergrowth, all possibility of control by any one was lost. No one could be seen or heard by above ten others at any one time. Nothing was possible therefore but to direct the movement back to some opening or cleared space, where the men could be made to understand the situation. Such a place was found about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards back, but to the left of our first line of advance. There the men were quickly and easily rallied and reorganized. When definitely assured that there was no mistake about all at the wheat field being enemies except the three regiments of our brigade, the men were eager to return. The command “Forward,” was received with hearty and prolonged cheers.

On this second advance the Colonel halted the regiment for a moment, just before coming under fire. Trust Colonel Colgrove always to do the right thing in a battle, if left to himself. The line was thus re-adjusted, the men caught their breath and all steadied themselves for the ordeal. Again, at the edge of the wheat field, cool, resolute and effective, but with urgent haste the firing was resumed. The enemy had not summoned a larger force in the interval, but had evidently come to an understanding among themselves and were better prepared to receive us. No longer moving about, but care-

fully posted around the field, sheltered behind the fences and bushes, they returned our fire and our ranks were rapidly thinning for a second time. Gordon says the time spent by his brigade on the line at the wheat field was at least thirty minutes. If this is not too low an estimate, it would not allow more than fifteen minutes for the Twenty-seventh at the field this second time. As half the total loss was inflicted now, its size indicates how rapid and accurate the enemy's fire was.

But while the enemy was pouring upon us such a deluge of missiles, he made little show of advancing. There was no reason for thinking that we could not hold our ground. Suddenly, however, those on our extreme right discovered a formidable force emerging from the underbrush squarely in that direction. We now know that this was the two full regiments of Pender's brigade, thrown around, under cover, expressly to strike Gordon's line in flank. Though this was a common trick with the enemy, no provision had been made to guard against it. Heroic Lieutenant Van Arsdol, of Company A, was the first to sight this new foe. Promptly calling the attention of his own men and ordering them to turn their fire upon it, he hastened to apprise Colonel Colgrove. The Colonel says in his report that when he arrived at the right of the line, the advance of this flanking column was within twenty steps of his position. How astonishing that, instead of promptly ordering the regiment away, the fearless old fighter coolly directed his two right companies to change front and offer resistance. Company A instantly moved in obedience to the order, but while Company D was in the act of doing so, the enemy had come up and blazed a withering volley into the faces of our men on the right. Following the volley they charged literally into the midst of them and, at the point of the bayonet, demanded their surrender. The Colonel's horse was hit by the volley, a musket ball grazed the Colonel's scalp, carrying away a lock of his hair, while others ventilated his clothing in different places. A large number of the other officers and men also went down, many of them to rise no more.

Resistance was not abandoned at once, but to yield ground against such an unequal attack, was unavoidable. While the right was thus being doubled back, men stood and shot at their aggressors at less than two yards range. They fired from behind trees until, with fierce oaths and imprecations,

tions, their surrender was demanded and when fired at in return, the powder burned their faces and singed their hair. It was really a hand-to-hand encounter that was carried on at this point.

Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, who was at his post on the left, says Gordon, on being informed by him that the right had been turned, ordered him to withdraw the regiment by the left flank. So the hopeless contest was abandoned. The line of retreat was again to the right of the line of advance



ED HART, Co. C.



CAPT. BOX, Co. D.

The movement was deliberate and while it was impossible to preserve formations, the men kept together and at the first opening the files were reformed. Here we were joined by the other two regiments of the brigade and marched back to the hill from which we had set out.

The regiments to the left of Gordon's brigade had fared no better than his. Those which we had gone in to support had been defeated and driven back before our arrival. The fighting of our brigade therefore, closed the battle. When

the brigade, or what was left of it, reached the Brown farm house it was fairly dark. The enemy eagerly pursued us into the woods, but, instead of finding us, lost themselves. In other words, they became so disorganized and confused that they veered from their course and eventually came out on the same side they had entered.

Conditions in and around the Brown cottage were greatly changed from what they had been when we first arrived there. Most of the wounded able to walk, and those who had been helped back, were here and many of the dead had been carried here also. The house, yard and much of the surrounding space were thickly covered with these dead and wounded comrades. Our three noble regiments, which had come to this point so staunch and eager for the fray, were greatly reduced in numbers. All too many had made the extreme sacrifice of the patriot; they had died for the flag. They had fallen as only brave men and heroes fall, with lofty courage and their faces to the foe. A still larger number had been wounded, many of them to linger for awhile in acute suffering and then join their fellows in the Great Beyond. A large proportion of the badly wounded fell into the hands of the enemy. The list of prisoners not wounded was also quite large, though not especially large from the Twenty-seventh.

Being relieved, after a little time, by fresh troops, we were ordered to take up a position farther to the rear. That position proved hard to find. Along the main road, on both sides, the enemy pressed his advantage and our forces, for one reason or another, yielded ground. Under orders, the Twenty-seventh moved from place to place, until late in the night. During this time there was a fierce artillery duel between the batteries of the two armies. If all questions of danger could have been removed it would have been an interesting sight. But, in addition to the usual exposure in such cases, the aim of a Union battery was misdirected for a time and the shells from it, as well as those from the enemy, fell among us. For once we needed someone to save us from our friends. We were eventually halted in a piece of timber, at the east side of the Culpeper road, something over a mile in rear of the battlefield. It was long past midnight when we reached this position. Needless is it to say that with those who remained, nature had about come to the extreme

limit of its endurance. Though we had had no supper and next to no dinner, and were suffering dreadfully for water, we dropped down in a heap among the leaves and were almost immediately lost in slumber. The battle was not renewed by either side.

It seems again an unpleasant necessity to devote some brief space to our irrepressible brigadier. He has greatly improved since the battle of Winchester and really does handsomely now, considering the man. His official report of the battle of Cedar Mountain was written at the time and given to the newspapers, but did not reach the war department until many years later. Though manifestly addressed to the ears of the Massachusetts public it deals more justly and considerately with the Twenty-seventh than might have been expected. If there is anything objectionable in the report it is the following sentence: "As I approached the opening, the enemy, from his concealed position, received me with a rapid and destructive fire; but my infantry, particularly the Second Massachusetts and Third Wisconsin, coolly took their assigned position and replied with commendable coolness." This reads fairly well, though it may have a sting concealed in it. In the light of the facts, however, nothing remains of it except its faulty rhetoric and its spirit, whatever that is.

The facts are that the Second Massachusetts was not fired upon at all, and did not return any fire, for a considerable time after reaching the opening and that the Third Wisconsin did not reach the opening itself for a considerable time after the other two regiments. As to the Second, Gordon himself, in his book, "Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain," says, after relating the movement up to the wheat field, "As I rode up to the Second Massachusetts, I was amazed that no firing was going on. * * * * 'Why don't you order your regiment to fire,' I shouted to Colonel Andrews of the Second. 'Don't see anything to fire at,' was the cool response." These are the exact facts as Gordon might have stated them in his official report. So much for the Second Massachusetts being "received by a rapid and destructive fire" as it "approached the opening."

As to the Third Wisconsin, we have seen that the remnants of six of its companies, having been in the fight along with another brigade, were just coming out of the woods as we of the Twenty-seventh were pushing in to them. The

writer has seen no definite statement as to how much time was consumed in rallying these men and uniting them with the other companies, before a forward movement was possible. But the Twenty seventh having gone much of the distance at a doublequick, really "on the run," as Gordon says, it was impossible for the Third to reach the line of battle until later. It is clear, in fact, that Gordon knew nothing definite about the Third Wisconsin. In his report he says, "Colonel Ruger was rallying his men." In his book he says, "I rallied and gathered up the Third Wisconsin." In both report and book, he plainly states that the position of the Third in the line at the wheatfield was on the right of the Twenty-seventh Indiana, whereas it was really on the left of our regiment. Hence, when Gordon says that "Particularly the Second Massachusetts and Third Wisconsin" "coolly took their places and replied with commendable coolness," under the destructive fire that greeted his brigade upon its arrival at the wheatfield, he takes the pains to specify one regiment that struck it where no enemy was in sight, and another that had not yet arrived there, if indeed he ever knew when it did arrive or where it was. Not much for Gordon to say! Slight circumstances like these should not stand in his way when he wanted to pass a compliment. Not him!

Now, while one regiment was quietly standing on its arms, not seeing anything to shoot at, and the other was still behind, neither of them through any fault of its own, here is what the other regiment had encountered "on approaching the opening." First from Colonel Colegrove's report: He says: "We had scarcely reached the opening before the enemy opened a very heavy fire upon us. * * * The enemy seemed to be posted in great numbers in the woods in our front, across the field and within rifle range. They also had skirmishers thrown forward and screened behind the stacks of wheat in the field, on my right and nearly at a right angle with my line. The enemy also had a regiment drawn up in line of battle, the line extending nearly across the field, and facing toward my left. This regiment had a cross-fire upon me."

Next, from Gordon himself. He does not disdain the truth when it suits his end. After giving the number of his brigade at fifteen hundred and estimating the enemy available at this point at eight thousand, he says, again in "Brook

Farm to Cedar Mountain": "It will be seen that the woods opposite must have been literally packed with rebels, and that they must have extended far beyond our right to have enabled even one-third of the men to get to the front. This was the situation as we, of all Banks' boys, when the light was growing dim on that fatal August night, opened fire on Archer's brigade, as his troops, disdainng cover, stood boldly out among the wheat stacks in front of the timber. As may be imagined, our position was an exposed one. It is almost in vain to attempt to convey an impression of the fierceness of that fire. As to Colonel Colgrove, commanding the Twenty-seventh Indiana, to the right of the Second Massachusetts, the enemy seemed to be all around him—in his front and on his right in a dense growth of underbrush, and on his left, in line extending nearly across the wheat field. From front and flank, direct and cross, came this terrible fire upon the Twenty-seventh Indiana."

Thus the record of the Twenty-seventh at Cedar Mountain is made up. The surviving members have the proud consciousness of having tried to do their duty, and they are heartily willing to submit their conduct and movements, along with others on that ill-fated and unsavory field, not omitting those of Gordon himself, to the candid judgment of an unprejudiced public. Especially are they willing to leave their case in the hands of all true soldiers, everywhere. Not enlisted men only, but intelligent soldiers of experience, of all ranks. All such who study it will find that this battle was largely a wild, frenzied, freakish affair, as were others of this war, fought under leaders of no more military ability and experience than those in control here. It was foolishly precipitated, through a stupid misconception of orders, if not in willful disregard of the same. Whether the one or the other, it was the result of jealousy and offended pride. In many of its details the battle resembled more the hasty, reckless, though daring, conduct of a mob, headed by ignorant, hair-brained fanatics, than the wisely conceived and regularly executed movements of an organized army. Gordon himself tells of a brigadier-general who, absent from his own command, during the progress of the battle, rode up to troops belonging to another brigade and, waving his sword and shouting hysterically, said: "Charge, men! Charge across the field!" Other officers of high rank, occupying positions

of great responsibility, who should have been calm and resourceful, galloped furiously around among the soldiers, saying ridiculous things and giving orders, the import of which they had not considered in the least.

Along with the rest, attention is directed to the conduct of this man Gordon himself. It was by his orders and under his supervision that the men of the Twenty-seventh were frantically and cruelly forced up that steep, rough, overgrown incline, a full half mile at a dead run, in such unusual, suffocating heat. Who that knows anything would not know that that was over-taxing their endurance, overheating their blood and preparing them for misunderstanding and confusion? Moreover this foolish, untimely rush was ordered without knowing himself, or giving the officers and men under him any chance to know, where the enemy would likely be encountered, or anything as to their numbers; without any attempt at communication, or concert of action, between the different regiments of his command; without waiting for one to come into line with the others, and not knowing to the day of his death when it came in, or where its position was, and permitting another to miss its destination and remain out of the fight until later. No skirmishers were sent in advance and, more fatal than all else, no precautions were taken to guard against an attack in flank, though Jackson had resorted to this trick in every battle before this.

We remained in the vicinity of the battlefield of Cedar Mountain for three days, then quietly marched back to our camp at Culpeper. In the afternoon of the day following the battle arrangements were made, under a flag of truce, by which a detail went from each regiment to bury the dead. The enemy nominally held possession of the field, but really had withdrawn his army behind the Rapidan river.

No exact data are at hand indicating where the dead of

It has developed in recent years that Gordon was at this time guilty of what was not only a piece of mischief and treachery against the Twenty-seventh, but was really a heinous crime against military law. In an interview with our adjutant, who was our colonel's son, he said in substance that Colonel Colgrove was to be pitied. He did not have the right kind of material out of which to make a good regiment. His men were naturally insubordinate and cowardly. At this same juncture Gordon was condoling with other officers in the Twenty-seventh and saying to them that all the trouble in the regiment was traceable to the colonel. If the regiment only had a different commander nothing would stand in the way of its reaching the top. In fact, he expressed something bordering closely on to this last sentiment, to the Twenty-seventh publicly on at least one occasion. In other words, here was a brigade commander sowing seeds of discord, and secretly stirring up sedition in one of his own regiments.

the Twenty-seventh were buried, or any of the attending circumstances. It is only known that they were buried by men sent from the regiment for the purpose. All the companies being represented in the detail, it was usual for the men of a company to bury their own dead. This was always done as decently and with as much thoroughness of detail as the conditions would admit. Those killed at Cedar Mountain were probably interred finally in the small National Cemetery at Culpeper, though of this the writer has not been positively advised.

Those of the burial party who went over the field reported that the timber in the vicinity of where the Twenty-seventh was engaged, was cut and scored by musket balls to an astonishing degree. The palm of a man's hand was sufficient to cover seven bullet holes in one tree, and in many other places the evidences of a desperate rain of lead and iron were equally conclusive. It will never cease to be a wonder how any one escapes under such circumstances.

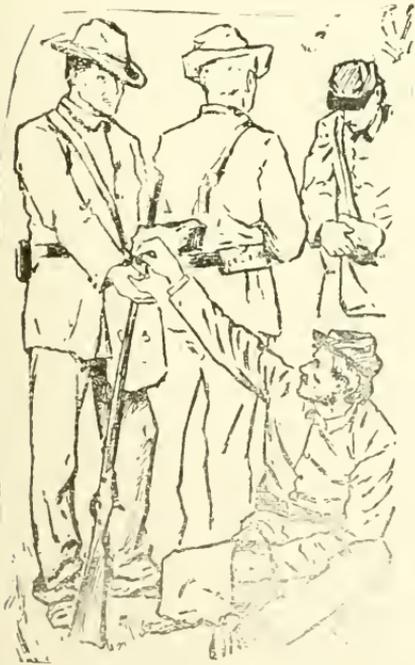
When the writer visited this field, more than twenty-seven years after the battle, buckles, scraps of tin, dried leather, etc., were still thickly strewn upon the ground along the edge of the field, where the line of the Twenty-seventh stood, the remains of knapsacks, and cartridge boxes dropped there by the killed and wounded.

Nothing of importance is recalled as connected with our further stay at Culpeper. Upon the withdrawal of the army, Dr. Woollen, of the Twenty-seventh, remained, as one of the two surgeons, in charge of the hospital, in which were left those too sick, or too badly wounded, to be moved. The Doctor largely volunteered to do this, because some one had to do it, and he wanted to do his whole duty. But he had not dreamed of the seriousness of the undertaking. For a time it seemed that he, and all of those with him, might lose their lives at the hands of a mob; while excessive labor, manifold perplexities and personal indignities were his daily fare. Incredible as it may appear, when the Union army had gone, the citizens of Culpeper could scarcely be restrained from wreaking bloody vengeance upon the helpless sick and wounded in the hospital, and upon those who, at great personal sacrifice, were caring for them. When the rebel army came in it put a stop to threatened mob violence, but it did that which rendered the Doctor's situation almost as unenviable. The hospital was

stripped almost bare of medicines and other hospital supplies, and the nurses and other attendants were led away as prisoners. At one time there were seven dead bodies in the hospital with no means of giving them decent burial.

Dr. Woollen was eventually sent to Libby Prison himself. Among many other outrages that he experienced there, he was at one time forced to prescribe professionally for a female victim of the notorious Capt. Wirz, then on duty at Libby, the details of which are unfit for a book designed for general circulation.

Debased, brutish men may be found in any army, though it is not as common to find them there as some good people suppose. The undeniable fact that Wirz—foul, inhuman, hellish wretch that he was—was not only in close touch, but in extraordinary personal favor, with the highest authorities in the rebel civil government, is a fact that raises perplexing questions.



“YANK” AND “JOHNNY” EX-
CHANGING COFFEE FOR
“TERBACKER.”



WASH DAY.

CHAPTER XVII.

SECOND BULL RUN.

This chapter is so named, because it relates to the campaign connected with the Second Battle of Bull Run, rather than to the battle itself. As it proved, Banks' corps, in which the Twenty-seventh was serving, was not called upon to take an active part in that engagement.

The Third brigade left Culpeper at dark, August 18th, taking the road north, and marched slowly all night, crossing the Rappahannock river at the railroad bridge about nine o'clock next morning. Few comments were heard upon the fact that we were marching away from the enemy instead of toward him. After a brief rest, the Twenty-seventh continued on up the railroad alone, beyond Bealton, as guard for the wagon-train. The dust was again very bad, and we also suffered much for water.

The Twenty-seventh remained in bivouac north of Bealton over night and until noon the next day, while the neglected pay rolls were being completed. It then started back to rejoin the brigade along the Rappahannock. This we found no easy task. In our absence the brigade had moved further up the river, and, to the drudgery of marching in such weather, was added the difficulty of finding where we wanted to go. After wandering around interminably, running down one erroneous report after another, we at length came up with our friends about midnight.

As it turned out, we were now entering upon a period memorable for its exposure, deprivations and trying service. Under orders from Washington, Gen. Pope was making strenuous efforts to hold the line of the Rappahannock, until the troops lately under McClellan, on the Peninsula, could come to his assistance. This was at a stage in the war, too, when many prominent people throughout the country really believed that the lack of success on our side had been wholly due to the fact that our self-sacrificing soldiers had been allowed to take life too easy. It was unblushingly affirmed

in many quarters that this was the sum-total of the trouble. The insane theory was, therefore, to have an actual trial, that by mere physical exertion and endurance on the part of the army, regardless of how they might be directed, victories could be won. There was to be not only a disregard of all the ordinary creature comforts, but an almost total abandonment of such effeminate and home-guard habits as eating and sleeping. A reckless contempt was to be shown for such casual incidents as night and day, wind and weather. We were kept on short rations day after day, and at times almost literally starved, when thousands of supplies were conveniently at hand, and had to be burned up before our eyes to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy. We were awakened, time and again, at unholy hours of the night, and required to make tedious, dilly-dally marches, that could just as well have been made at seasonable times. What broken snatches of sleep we were permitted to have were, as often as not, out under the open sky, upon the bare, soggy earth, rained upon like range cattle, when we might have quickly sheltered ourselves, if orders had permitted it. Some of these things were, of course, the result of the disordered condition of the army and the incompetence and neglect of individual men in official stations, but much of it was in response to the popular clamor before mentioned. Numerous vain-glorious dispatches were, meantime, published throughout the North, and the papers flamed with headlines, all of the import that something might be expected now, for the army was, for once, exerting itself.

It would be useless, if not impossible, to attempt to trace upon the map our almost continuous marches and counter-marches during these toilsome, hapless and disastrous days. No one march was very long, and no two were in the same direction. We gradually worked our way up the Rappahannock as far as Sulphur Springs. Every day we were exposed to artillery fire. Twice we were shelled with great vigor. Once a rebel battery threw slugs of railroad iron over among us.

For a time the weather was very hot, the dust horrible and water scarce. Then there were continuous, drenching rains, and mud without stint. Several nights the thunder was terrific, the lightning blazed in our faces, and the rain descended in torrents. During most of the rains we shivered with cold. The country was largely wooded, and, passing

through it in the dark, over poorly-improved roads, marching was unusually slavish. For five days at a stretch we drew no pork, or meat ration of any kind, and other supplies were at the minimum. Men were known to refuse as high as a dollar for a single cracker. Twenty-five cents for a cracker was considered dirt cheap, especially if the seller would wait until pay-day for his money.

In the night of the 22d of August the enemy's cavalry struck our line of communications near Manassas, directly in our rear, tearing up the railroad track, burning bridges, capturing and destroying supplies, etc. This was not the real cause of our short rations, however. We shall see presently that an abundance had already been accumulated beyond where the railroad was interrupted. The enemy's infantry followed immediately upon the heels of his cavalry, and it soon became known to us that a large part of the rebel army was directly between us and Washington.

This was the first instance, on a large scale, of such tactics in the Civil war. Stonewall Jackson led the movement, as he did other similar ones, later. Such moves are often referred to, therefore, as "Jackson tactics." It was reserved for Sherman, Sheridan and others, later in the war, not only to meet such stratagems successfully, but to make similar ones from our side. We had seen Jackson's long columns passing up the river to our right a few days previously, without any one surmising the end aimed at. It was explained now. The points of interest to us were exactly reversed. Every day after this, from morning till night, we could hear the sullen boom of artillery, off north of us, instead of south, where it had been before.

The feasibility of capturing, or at least crippling Jackson's army, which, to the day of his death, Gen. Pope always insisted upon, was at once communicated to the army. It was intimated, in fact, that Jackson had been purposely enticed into making such a move, for the definite purpose of punishing him. In other words, it was asserted that Jackson was at last "trapped." Later on, down in Georgia, when we found the other side deceiving their people with similar stories about Sherman, claiming that they were only "trapping" him, we greatly enjoyed it. We were glad to have some of that kind of "trapping" come our way.

Of course, all the world knows now that Gen. Pope had

nor invited nor expected any thing of the kind. But it does seem reasonable at this date, as it did then, that, with anything like promptness and concert of action, our army might strike the enemy a telling blow before he could unite his forces, or escape.

Yet our corps did not leave the line of the Rappahannock for four days after this, namely, the 26th of August, and that day, as we marched slowly back in the direction of Warrenton, we saw large numbers of both Siegel's and McDowell's corps', showing that they had not moved previous to that either. On the 27th and throughout the forenoon of the 28th, we made little or no headway towards getting anywhere, or striking a blow at anybody. We were under arms during both days and, most of the time, were marching slowly along, but there seemed to be indecision or confusion as to where we were wanted. At different times we marched past other troops, then, while we were delayed, they marched past us. On this last morning, the 28th, two companies of the Twenty-seventh were subjected to the hard duty of marching to Bealton station and back, eleven or twelve miles in all, carrying their knapsacks and full equipments, as guard for an ordinance train. They had barely returned, well fagged out, when the whole corps picked itself up and marched to Bealton, over the same road, going also some distance beyond.

A few days before this we had suffered from excessive and continous rains. Much of the time we were wet to the skin, our feet were almost always wet and sleeping habitually on wet ground, with wet blankets, we chilled with cold and were bedraggled with mud. To-day our course lay through a waterless country, the sun seemed bent upon burning us up, and the dust was as bad as ever. We finally stopped, late at night, and threw ourselves upon the ground, without regard to order, too tired to prosecute a tedious search for water, though our tongues were swollen from thirst.

On the 29th, we moved on, past Warrenton Junction and Catletts Station, to Kettle Run. Here the first pork and coffee were issued that we had received for a week. The bridge over Kettle Run had been destroyed by the enemy, cutting off an immense quantity of army supplies of all kinds. The supplies had been at a point further down the road when the bridge was destroyed, but had been brought back this far, in the hope that, if the bridge could be rebuilt, they might be taken

further. Banks' entire corps was kept out of the battle, which was raging to-day, in our hearing, and which was continued the day following, as a guard for these supplies. Valuable as they were, it was the general conviction among us that the twelve thousand men of Banks' corps should go into the fight, at the risk of losing the supplies. As it was, the battle was lost and the supplies also.

Chaplain Quint was urged afterwards to write, for publication, what he himself had seen during these days on the Rappahannock. Among other things he wrote, "I saw there on the Rappahannock soldiers faint with hunger; considering whether to eat a biscuit or save it until morning; glad to receive the remnants of meat which some others had to spare; roasting green corn, not a luxury, but to satisfy hunger.* * * * I saw on eventful and disastrous days, a whole corps lying idle, within sound of the battle. I saw millions of dollars worth of property destroyed."

It was on the morning of the 31st that this destruction of property occurred. The battle had fatuously gone against the loyal army, for the second time, in the uncanny region of Bull Run. Tenfold more extensive and bloody than the first, which is odiously famous, the Second Battle of Bull Run is little known and scantily appreciated, except by those who were in it, or near by when it was fought. It was such a hotch-potch of blunders and cross-purposes on our side; envy, hatred and personal prejudices among our leaders—not to say positive insubordination and disloyalty—had so much to do with its issue, that few have had the hardihood to give it studied attention. Yet hundreds of brave men died there as only heroes can die, and the full measure of splendid courage and discipline was again exhibited in vain by many.

Orders came to our corps on the morning of the 31st to start hurriedly. The facts, communicated along with the orders, revealed the urgency of the situation. Direct connection between us and the army had already been interrupted. The only way we could reach the army was by a circuitous route, involving the fording of streams, which were rapidly rising. We started about eight o'clock in the morning, and, as the column straightened itself on the road, it was generally understood that the chances were about even whether we were to fight or swim for liberty. It had poured rain in the night, but was only raining gently now.

No one of Banks' corps, present that morning, has probably ever looked upon another such sight as he beheld at that time. As the line of troops marched up the railroad, crossed it, and struck off eastward, railroad cars, which in a line would reach a mile, were wrapped in flames. Worse than all, these cars were mostly loaded with choice bacon, sugar, coffee, crackers and clothing. A few were loaded with ammunition. With the cars were several locomotives. These could not be greatly injured by fire in the time allowed, and the rebels afterward moved them South and repaired them, restoring the bridge across the Rappahannock for the purpose. The fire reached the cars loaded with ammunition after we had passed on a short distance, and one explosion in particular was terrific. The order to burn property had included all wagons and baggage. This part of the order Gen. Banks wisely decided not to execute unless a more pressing emergency should develop, which happily did not. We marched at a straining pace for five consecutive hours, without a halt. There was no interruption, very little was said, and no sign of undue haste was visible. Making a wide detour, around through Brentsville, and fording the Ocoquan and other smaller streams, we returned to the railroad at Manassas. Passing its blackened ruins we pushed on to Bull Run.

The three miles between these two points, Bull Run and Manassas, was the fortunate space that had intervened between our regimental, brigade and division wagon trains and Stonewall Jackson, and saved them from his clutches a few nights before this, when, without warning, he swooped into Manassas, burning everything he could not remove. These trains were quietly parked that night on the south bank of Bull Run, wholly without protection and unmindful of danger. Most of those in charge were asleep. The few who were awake could hear very distinctly every pistol shot at Manassas, and could plainly see the light from the burning buildings, yet not dreaming of the enemy being in the rear of our army, were bewildered as to the cause, and scarcely had a suspicion of it. At the first hint of the real state of the case, however, no one need think that any time was lost in hooking up and moving briskly off towards Alexandria.

The Twenty-seventh was detained several hours near the crossing of Bull Run to guard a field hospital, containing wounded from the recent battle. It is misleading to call it a

hospital, however. It was nothing more than a shady place, where several hundred badly wounded men were lying upon the ground, almost destitute of everything, including nursing and friendly sympathy.

Pittiable sufferers, they occupied acres of ground, with nothing over them except the shade of the trees, and nothing under them except a few evergreen boughs. In their soiled, blood-stained clothing, if there was as much as one well person about to give them a drink of water, before we arrived, we did not see him. It was reported that the only surgeon who had been in attendance had gone away, shortly before our arrival, in search of ambulances to remove them. After awhile an endless train of ambulances arrived, and one by one, they were loaded in. When the last groaning, bleeding victim had been carted away, the Twenty-seventh moved on towards Centerville.

While the battle of Chantilly was being fought our division formed a reserve line, not far in rear of those engaged. Strangers to him personally as we all were, we deeply regretted Gen. Phil. Kearney's untimely death, in this battle. The severest part of the battle was fought during a hard down-pour of rain.

It was now clear to all that our army had, for the time, lost the power of effectual resistance. It was not seized with panic, as was the case at the First Battle of Bull Run: neither was it broken up and demoralized. It was only scattered and disorganized and not able to act unitedly. No successful stand could be made on this side of the Potomac outside of the defences of Washington.

After many inexplicable delays and counter-marches, turning first to one side, then to the other, of the road, often going back, always making head-way slowly, hungry, foot-sore, ragged, unwashed and tired beyond words to express, we finally dropped down, as it were, in the middle of the night, following 5 Sept. 2nd, under the guns of the forts near Alexandria.

The next day, Sept. 3d, we moved up opposite Washington, bivouacking near Fort Richardson. On Sept. 4th Banks' corps recrossed the Potomac into Georgetown on the aqueduct, which, having the water drawn out, served as a bridge. For a second time, baffled and discomfited piece-meal, we had been forced, through no fault of ours, to turn our backs upon

those no braver or better soldiers than ourselves. The Twenty-seventh never saw Gen. Banks again. On account of impaired health, it was said, he was relieved of the command of the corps and given charge, temporarily, of the troops left to protect Washington. We had served under him almost a year. Whatever else he was or was not, we found him to be a courteous and humane gentleman.



GOT ANY PIES TO SELL, AUNTY?



A PICKET RESERVE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAMPAIGNING IN MARYLAND.

As it is in civil life, so it was in the army—present duty demanded attention, rather than past losses and disappointments. Often this very necessity was most helpful, and enabled men to endure what otherwise would have been killing. If the soldiers who served in the Army of the Potomac can claim special credit for anything, it is not so much for the sore privations they suffered, or the unequalled blood they shed, as for the supreme test which their uncalled-for, disheartening reverses imposed upon their love of country and their faith in its ultimate deliverance. If this army was outmaneuvered, taken at a helpless disadvantage and pounded mercilessly yesterday; resolutely and hopefully, if not smilingly, it squared itself for the encounter today. From this standpoint it was a good thing that it had an active, energetic enemy. Both after Second Bull Run and Chancellorsville, it would have been a calamity for the Union army to have remained inactive. When the rebel commander gave it something to do, worthy of itself, he was helping it over a very hard place.

No sooner were we across the Potomac than the air was heavily charged with rumors of a bold, formidable, aggressive movement on the part of the rebels. At once, as if by magic, a wonderful change came over our army. Every one who was the least discouraged or doubtful before, was now buoyant and full of confidence. This change, which was apparent to all, has been ascribed by some to the fact that Gen. McClellan was restored to command. If this applied to other corps it did not apply to ours to a very great degree. It was an inspiration at any time to have a leader of recognized ability, but we had not been serving directly under McClellan and did not share the belief largely that he was the only general who could lead the army to victory.

The forenoon of the 5th was spent in mustering for pay, a duty overdue since the 1st. In the afternoon we marched

a mile beyond Rockville, over the same road we had gone a year before when, for the first time, we tried carrying knapsacks and full equipments. The Twenty-seventh had not quite put down the rebellion in the interval, as most of us had then secretly imagined we easily could do, but it had been a year into which a good deal had been crowded, after all.

Early on the morning of the 6th our division formed in regular line of battle, in front of where we had bivouacked over night, and moved forward in that order quite a distance, as if advancing to an attack. Why this was done is still a conundrum. If it was believed by those in command that an enemy of any size was near, it was a palpable error. It may have been only an act of caution in a time of uncertainty, and in the midst of a multitude of indefinable rumors.

During these days that we spent north of Washington at this time, several things transpired which have an interest in this narrative. The most prominent of these was the organization of the troops lately under Gen. Banks, with some new regiments and others that had been serving elsewhere, into the Twelfth Army Corps, and regularly incorporating it into the Army of the Potomac. We had been a part of that army during the fall and winter previous, but, in the spring, had been detached from it. We were now definitely reassigned to it again. No one of us will ever cease to rejoice that this was done. While without this we might justly have claimed relationship to it and thus inherited a share of its imperishable renown, by this transaction such a course was rendered unnecessary. Henceforth we were acknowledged members of the blood royal. Maj.-Gen. J. K. Mansfield was at the same time placed in command of the Twelfth Corps. As it proved, he was to furnish one of the most glowing pages in its history. He was mortally wounded while moving the corps into battle only a few days subsequent to its organization.

Two new regiments, the Thirteenth New Jersey and the One Hundred and Seventh New York, were also assigned to our brigade at this time, and remained in it until the end of the war. Their appearance when they first came to us was in striking contrast to that of the older regiments. There seemed to be a countless number of them. We had not realized before how large a regiment really was. Their new uniforms, their enormous knapsacks, and their seeming excess of equipments of all kinds, attracting more attention by their

inexperienced way of bundling them up and caring for them, we shall not soon forget. No less in contrast with ours were their bleached faces and soft, white hands. Would such dainty, effeminate fellows ever make soldiers? If they were gayed and tormented about these matters by the older soldiers it was not out of the common. But it was only the few who did such things. Most good soldiers are thoughtful enough to recall the facts about themselves at an earlier date. Almost needless is it to say, that these were both splendid regiments, and that their names will often be mentioned hereafter, never otherwise than in praise.



ORD. SERGT. DAVID EVERHART,
COMPANY E.



CAPT. JOHN W. THORNBURG,
COMPANY B.

The Twenty-seventh itself received a considerable squad of recruits at this time. It is not possible to give the number, much less the names, of those who then joined us, but this was the largest number of recruits that came to us at any one time. The Twenty-seventh received less than one hundred recruits from first to last. The service of the regiment was too arduous

to attract enlistments largely. Whatever the reason was, it is a fact that commands doing garrison duty, or that did not seem likely to be called upon to shed much blood, got the most recruits from voluntary enlistments. All the more credit was it, therefore, to a person who volunteered to go to a regiment where he would plunge at once into active field service and was likely to stand before the enemy's muskets inside of a week, as these recruits really did. As might be expected, such men were made of the right kind of stuff. The writer has no knowledge, personal or otherwise, of any recruit to the Twenty-seventh, coming at this or any other time, who did not prove himself a good soldier. Several of these recruits were killed at Antietam, less than two weeks after reaching us.

For some reason Gen. Mansfield did not come to the corps for several days after his appointment, and "Pap" Williams was in command. In the Official Records of the Rebellion is what he called "The Itinerary of the Twelfth Corps," recording its movements for a few days. In this he says we "Lay upon the field on the 7th." Of course we did! The only difference between our lying on the field that day, however, and any other was one of location merely. We had been lying on one field or another for nearly a month.

On the 9th we moved to Middlebrook, northward; on the 10th, to Damascus, and, remaining in camp there one day, moved, on the 12th, to Ijamsville. This village is on the main line of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, eight or ten miles east of Frederick. Our route this time carried us east of Old Sugar Loaf mountain, though it was in sight for a day or more. The summit was occupied by a signal station. The road we traveled this time was not as rocky as the one we had traveled the previous fall.

On the 13th we moved by the direct road to Frederick. This took us immediately past Mr. Clay's house, in whose orchard we had camped the previous December. Looking northward, we could plainly see our deserted cabins of the previous winter; in fact, some of our boys on the skirmish line passed among them.

The bulk of Lee's army had been at Frederick up to a very recent period. We were liable at any time to encounter rebel scouts or outposts. As the Twenty-seventh led the column, expecting any moment to sight an enemy, though passing over this ground, where we had formerly felt so

secure, and which, indeed, almost seemed like home to us, the sudden and violent changes which the fortunes of war may bring about were forcibly impressed upon us.

There being no bridge over the Monocacy, on this road, we forded that stream. The water was only knee-deep, and warm, so it was no hardship, except to our already badly-worn shoes and tattered pants. Some of our officers had put on their best boots and pants when we came up with our wagons at Washington. To plunge into the water in the river, and then into the dust, shoe-mouth deep, on the other side, caused them to make wry faces, but they did not flinch.

When we emerged from the timber east of the Monocacy, we saw smoke rising from several pieces of artillery, engaged in the open country west of Frederick. It was now clear that no enemy would be encountered short of that point. But, with skirmishers still deployed in our front, we moved on and finally halted in a clover field, adjoining the city on the south.

The weather was very beautiful. As we lay down upon the clean grass, we did so with a sense of relaxation and enjoyment that soldiers do not always have when taking a short rest. Still, something of very great importance was about to transpire. This was nothing less than the finding, by a member of the Twenty-seventh, of the now famous and historic Lost Dispatch, or Order No. 191.

At least one prominent authority on the Confederate side that has come to the attention of the writer cites the unaccountable loss of this paper and its prompt finding and delivery to Gen. McClellan, as one of the mysterious developments in the overthrow of their cause, in which Providence seemed clearly to take sides against them. It is an instance, rather, showing how fatal a small mishap on one side in war may prove to be if taken intelligent and speedy advantage of by the other side. The advantage which accrued to our side, as it was, through the finding of this document, was immeasurable. Gen. McClellan says: "Whoever found the order, and transmitted it to headquarters, rendered an infinite service." If the service was anything less than infinite it was only because a proportionate intelligence and energy were not exercised in taking full advantage of the information contained in the order that was exercised in recognizing its importance and placing it in the hands of the commanding general. What more could a general ask than to have the plans of his antago-

nist for the next several days fully and clearly made known to him, more especially when the plans revealed the fact that the army of his antagonist was divided and widely scattered?

The writer has nowhere, in any book, magazine, or newspaper, seen the statement that this dispatch was found by a soldier or soldiers of the Twenty-seventh Indiana, except where the statement was made by a member of the regiment itself. Writers content themselves with saying that it was found "by a member of an Indiana regiment." In most cases they simply say "by a soldier." Is this an example of the partiality of the world for position and titles? Does this illustrate how easily a name once illumined with real or fancied brightness attracts to itself additional lustre? If this Lost Dispatch had been picked up and its importance recognized by someone already well known, it is not difficult to imagine what explicit and effusive praise, if not increased honor and emoluments, would have been heaped upon him.

The facts relating to the finding of the Lost Dispatch, as well as some of the stupendous results which followed, are probably set forth as clearly and accurately in Gen. Colgrove's communication to the *Century Magazine*,* as will ever be possible, under the circumstances. That communication, entire, is as follows:

"In reply to your request for the particulars of the finding of General Lee's lost dispatch, Special Orders 191, and the manner in which it reached General McClellan, I beg to submit the following account:

"The Twelfth Army Corps arrived at Frederick, Maryland, about noon on the 13th of September, 1862. The Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, of which I was colonel at that date, belonged to the Third Brigade, First Division, of that corps.

"We stacked arms on the same ground that had been occupied by General D. H. Hill's corps the evening before.

"Within a very few minutes after halting, the order was brought to me by First Sergeant John M. Bloss, and Private B. W. Mitchell, of Company F, Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, who stated that it was found by Private Mitchell near where they had stacked arms. When I received the order it was wrapped around three cigars, and Private Mitchell stated that it was in that condition when found by him.

"General A. S. Williams was in command of our division. I immediately took the order to his headquarters, and delivered it to Colonel S. E. Pitman, General Williams's Adjutant-General.

"The order was signed by Colonel Chilton, General Lee's Adjutant-General, and the signature was at once recognized by Colonel Pitman,

* *Century Magazine*, Vol. III, p. 134.

who had served with Colonel Chilton at Detroit, Michigan, prior to the war, and was acquainted with his handwriting. It was at once taken to General McClellan's headquarters by Colonel Pitman. It was a general order giving directions for the movement of General Lee's entire army, designating the route and objective point of each corps. Within one hour after finding the dispatch, General McClellan's whole army was on the move, and the enemy were overtaken the next day, the 14th, at South Mountain, and the battle of that name was fought. During the night of the 14th General Lee's army fell back toward the Potomac River, General McClellan following the next day. On the 16th they were overtaken again, and the battle of Antietam was fought, mainly on the 17th. General D. H. Hill says in his article in the *May Century*, that the battle of South Mountain was fought in order to give General Lee time to move his trains, which were then parked in the neighborhood of Boonsboro'. It is evident from General Lee's movements from the time he left Frederick City that he intended to recross the Potomac without hazarding a battle in Maryland, and, had it not been for the finding of this lost order, the battle of South Mountain, and probably that of Antietam, would not have been fought.

"For confirmation of the above statement in regard to the finding of the dispatch, you are respectfully referred to Colonel Samuel E. Pitman, of Detroit, Michigan, and Captain John M. Bloss, of Muncie, Indiana.

"Very respectfully,

"S. COLGROVE.

"Washington, D. C., June 2, 1886."

In connection with the foregoing communication, in the *Century Magazine*, is the following, under the head of "Note:"

"Mr. W. A. Mitchell, son of Private Mitchell, who, as General Silas Colgrove describes above, was the finder of Lee's order, writes that his father was severely wounded at Antietam. After eight months in hospital he completed his term of enlistment, three years, and three years after his discharge, died at his home in Bartholomew county, Indiana. As his family were then destitute, efforts were made to procure a pension for the widow, but without success. The following letter from General McClellan to the son is of interest:

"TRENTON, New Jersey, November 18, 1879.

"W. A. MITCHELL, ESQ., La Cygne, Kansas:

"Dear Sir: Your letter of the 9th inst. has reached me. I cannot, at this interval of time, recall the finder of the papers to which you refer—it is doubtful whether I ever knew his name. All that I can say is that on or about the 13th of September, 1862,—just before the battles of South Mountain and Antietam—there was handed to me by a member of my staff a copy (original) of one of General Lee's orders of march, directed to General D. H. Hill, which order developed General Lee's intended operations for the next few days, and was of very great service to me in

enabling me to direct the movements of my own troops accordingly. This order was stated to have been found on one of the abandoned camp-grounds of the Confederate troops by a private soldier of, as I think, an Indiana regiment. Whoever found the order in question and transmitted it to the headquarters, showed intelligence and deserved a marked reward, for he rendered an infinite service. The widow of that soldier should have her pension without a day's delay. Regretting that it is not in my power to give the name of the finder of the order, I am,

Very truly yours,

"GEO. B. McCLELLAN."

Two other versions of the circumstances attending the finding of this paper have come to the knowledge of the writer. In both, the credit of discovering the value of the paper, if not the paper itself, is largely accorded to other persons. These versions also differ from each other, even more than they differ from the version given by Gen. Colgrove. The writer has not thought best to undertake to reconcile these different versions, or to decide between them. The one given by Gen. Colgrove is unquestionably the one most current in the regiment at the time, if indeed any other one was then made public at all. The writer, after dilligent inquiry, has failed to find any one among the survivors of the Twenty-seventh, not interested, in some way, in one of the other versions, who remembers to have heard of either of them, until within a recent period. It would almost seem that they are thus debarred by the statute of limitations.

On the other hand, a letter addressed by the writer to Mr. W. A. Mitchell, mentioned in the note quoted above, from the Century Magazine, requesting of him a brief summary of the evidence supporting his father's claim, or any statement he might choose to make in the premises, was not accorded the courtesy of a reply of any kind. The only claim, therefore, that is positively asserted here is, that the important document in question was found by some member or members of the Twenty-seventh, and that, whoever it was, the quick discernment and loyal interest were not wanting, to recognize its value and to see that it was placed in proper hands without delay. It is claimed, furthermore, that this is only a fair illustration of the intelligent, patriotic service rendered by the men of the regiment.

Gen. Colgrove states that, within one hour after the dispatch was sent to Gen. McClellan, the army was in motion. This was true of those troops that were to lead the advance.

The Twenty-seventh did not start so promptly. After starting, progress was slow. Without any known reason, only that those immediately ahead of us did so, we moved very leisurely at best, and spent considerable time at a halt.



CAPT. JOHN M. BLOOS Co. F.

Ex-Supt. Public Instruction of Indiana; Ex President State Agricultural College of Oregon. Recent Portrait.

Almost from the first, there was heavy cannonading ahead of us. The country west of Frederick is open, except where mountain ranges intercept the view. As far as we could see, long lines of men were in sight, all moving slowly forward or at a standstill. After we had passed the Catoctin range of mountains clouds of smoke, ascending from many elevations, showed us where batteries, either Union or Confederate, were in action. The sound of the guns was also borne to our ears, at times with great distinctness. The Twenty-seventh bivou-

acked not far west of Frederick the night of the 13th. The march was resumed next morning, but was still a slow one.

Our column eventually turned off to the right of the road we were on, and made a wide detour across fields, through woods, etc. It may have been intended at first that we should cross over to another road, or move around and strike the enemy in flank. If this was the case, the plan was afterward abandoned, for eventually we returned to the same road again, further on. Much of the ground passed over while we were thus marching cross-country was stony and rough—some of it was precipitous.

As we approached the front we could easily recognize that a serious battle was in progress. We could see the smoke from the infantry lines on the mountain side, and, when darkness began to appear, we could see the flashes from the muskets. This was the struggle for the possession of Turner's Gap, a part of the Battle of South Mountain. It was late before we halted for the night. When we did, we had reached the edge of the battlefield. Very much fatigued, there, on the sloping mountain side, near the pike east of where it passes the summit of South Mountain, we were soon asleep.

This stone pike, it may be remarked in passing, on which the battle of South Mountain was fought, and upon which, or near which, we marched at this time, is the continuation of the old National road, well remembered by most Indiana people whose recollections extend back some years before the Civil war. That road was projected to run from Cumberland, Maryland, to St. Louis, Missouri. This pike was the connecting link between Cumberland and Baltimore. Our winter quarters, east of Frederick, known as Camp Halleck, were near the same pike. The building of the National road, in connection with this eastern extension of it, was the means of bringing a great many Maryland people to Indiana in an early day.

When day dawned next morning, the 15th, we found ourselves in the midst of a great many troops, some of them belonging to corps other than our own, and with which we had had nothing directly to do heretofore. We also found ourselves surrounded by many evidences of the battle of the day previous. After breakfast we resumed our march, and passed on through Turner's Gap. On the way we saw a large

number of dead rebels, dead horses, disabled caissons, broken wheels, muskets, cartridge boxes, and other articles, always found upon a battlefield. Many things indicated that the flight of the enemy had been precipitous.

In the town of Boonsboro, at the foot of the mountain on the west, our column filed to the left, on to the pike leading directly to Sharpsburg. So many wounded rebels had been left behind in Boonsboro, with so many surgeons and nurses to care for them, that it seemed to us as we passed through that the men in gray must be in peaceable possession of the place.

Beyond Boonsboro a short distance we turned into a field and halted. All the troops with which we were moving seemed to do the same. A large number of soldiers, belonging to various divisions and corps, were again in sight. All morning there had been great enthusiasm, and here it took the form of noisy demonstrations. All the men cheered and shouted lustily.

The main reason for this exuberance of spirits was, of course, the victory that had been won. If the victory was not on a very large scale, the men did not understand that, and it encouraged them to believe that other victories were awaiting their efforts.

Another reason why the men cheered and shouted at this time was the presence of Gen. McClellan, Gen. Burnside and other high officials. As we had marched over the mountain, Gen. McClellan, with his endless retinue of staff officers, orderlies, clerks and body-guard, had passed us. After we had halted at this place, Gen. Burnside also came near us and stopped. This was the first and last time the writer ever saw Gen. Burnside. A numerous and showy cavalcade trailed behind him wherever he went.

It was the rule at this stage of the war to cheer whenever officers of high rank appeared. In fact, before Gen. McClellan had passed us, as before mentioned, an officer or officers, riding in advance of him, instructed us to cheer when he should pass by. Some of us have wondered since whether it could be that the General himself was in connivance with these officers. Anyway, here, near Boonsboro, after Gen. Burnside had come up with considerable ostentation and many flourishes, and had received a tumultuous ovation, Gen. McClellan came a second time. At this, everybody went

wild. The cheers and other demonstrations of applause and satisfaction were both loud and long. The soldiers seemed glad to see these high officers, and the officers themselves seemed rather to enjoy being seen.

A considerable time was spent here in this way. Nobody appeared to be in any hurry to terminate the matters in hand, or to proceed with anything else of more importance. Those who care to do so, may now speculate and philosophize as to what might have happened, how much might have been accomplished for humanity, how many valuable lives, in the end, might have been saved, and how the course of history might have been changed, if those generals had been a little nearer the front; if they had been more definitely advised as to the exact posture of affairs at that point, and if they themselves and those about them, had been assiduously engaged in urging forward the operations of the army, striving to promote greater activity and zeal in all quarters, clearing the way here, pushing things along there, all laboring with might and main to strike a speedy and telling blow somewhere. Of all things, the battle of Antietam should be fought to-day, or, at the farthest, to-morrow. The Lost Dispatch states explicitly, over the signature of his adjutant general, that a large part of Lee's army is now absent from our front. By to-morrow evening, or at farthest, the next morning, the absentees are expected back. These things have been abundantly confirmed by the prisoners taken recently. Is this a time for pompous displays of vanity and dilly-dallying measures of various kinds? When the Twenty-seventh moved it followed down the Sharpsburg pike. Sometime towards evening it went in to bivouac above the Pry house, where in the meantime, McClellan had established his headquarters.

This point is west of Antietam creek, but near it, and was near the position of the enemy. While we were here we used water from the spring used by the Pry house. The picture of this house, with its brick spring house, a short distance down the hill, and rather in front of the house, is familiar to the readers of Harper's Weekly, Harper's History of the Rebellion, the Century Magazine, and other publications. To one standing facing this house the position of the Twenty-seventh would be a short distance (not much over one hundred yards) to his left.

We remained at this point throughout the night of the

15th, also all day, and part of the night, of the 16th. The ground we occupied, though not especially low, was protected by higher ground some distance in front. From that higher ground a view could be had of some of the positions of the enemy. Soldiers of the Twenty-seventh relate that Gen. McClellan and other officers came, during the afternoon of the 16th, and were taking observations from this high ground. So many soldiers gathered about them that they drew the fire of a rebel battery. The general did not retire himself, but he gave personal directions for the soldiers to do so. The writer does not personally recall the incident.

The 16th of September, was a quiet day with the Twenty-seventh, and seemed to be the same with all the troops in our vicinity. If much was done in the way of an endeavor to bring matters to an issue it must have been done entirely beyond the range of our vision. The writer remembers distinctly that when we lay down that night there was a division of sentiment among us. Part believed that next day would witness a desperate battle. But others contended that it could not be so, as nothing had been done in the way of preparing for it. There was some artillery firing during the day, and at intervals there was picket firing. Just before night closed in there was heavy musketry on the right.

CHAPTER XIX.

ANTIETAM.

The progress of events brings us now to the most momentous day in the history of the Twenty-seventh—September 17th, 1862. This was signalized by the fierce and sanguinary battle of Antietam, in which the regiment was destined to bear a creditable part, though at great cost. The Twenty-seventh not only suffered a greater loss at Antietam than in any other one of its engagements, but its per cent of loss was also greater. The members of the regiment and its friends are, therefore, constrained to regard it as the most important, as well as the most dramatic, day in its career.

The battle of Antietam derived its name from the creek along which, both before and during the battle, the Union lines were drawn. The rebels called it the battle of Sharpsburg, that village being immediately in rear of their lines. Sharpsburg is fifteen miles up the Potomac river from Harper's Ferry, on the Maryland side.

For about four miles from where the Antietam empties into the Potomac, its banks are high and steep. At that point, owing to a bend in the Potomac, the creek and river are less than two miles apart. Across that narrow neck the rebel leader established his lines of battle, resting one flank on the creek and the other near the river. It was naturally a strong position, with sunken roads, rocky ledges and stout post-and-rail fences to serve as protection for his men, and numerous knolls, ridges and patches of woodland, behind which to conceal his movements.

As the Union army faced its adversary, the ground in front of its left wing was broken and rough. At its extreme left, the creek itself was deep enough to be a serious barrier, and had to be crossed under the enemy's fire. A little more towards its right, the crossing was not opposed, but, once over, the contest had to be waged where there were steep acclivities and deep ravines. At almost the extreme right of

the Union army, however, the fighting was done in wide, gently undulating fields, with narrow strips, or small patches of woodland intervening. The interest of this narrative centers upon this latter part of the battle-ground.

Authorities, and memories as well, differ as to the time when the Twenty-seventh, with the other regiments of the brigade, left its position near the Pry house, east of the creek. It is not very important. It was in the night, after the camp had been wrapped in slumber.

The awakening was not by the usual method of squeaking fife and rattling drum. On the contrary, officers went to the low tents of the men and, stooping down, called in subdued tones. All fires or lights were prohibited and orders were stringent against noises of any kind. Packing up quickly, the column moved stealthily in the murky darkness. No conversation, except in whispers, being permitted, there was nothing to do, but each to follow his file leader and meditate upon the situation.

Daylight found the regiments of the Third Brigade massed close together and resting not far from the buildings of Mr. Melikoff. These buildings stood in low-lying ground, something like one hundred yards east of the Hagerstown pike, and from four to six hundred yards further north, and a little further away from the pike, then another group of farm buildings marked on most maps as Joseph Poffenberger's.

The First Corps, under Hooker, occupies the front line. Our own little corps, for which we are just beginning to cherish a strong sense of pride, is in reserve. In the first gray dawn the pickets open fire. Muskets never seem to crack so loud and wicked as on the picket line when a great battle is expected. A few shots then send the blood whirling to the finger-tips of the whole army. Bang—bang—bang, bang, bang, bang, bang! The musketry increases rapidly, and almost immediately—boom, boom, boom!—the cannon join in, to increase the uproar. These are the signal guns, announcing a day of fate. In a very short time the battle has assumed large proportions. Judging by the uproar, the intrepid and devoted men of the First Corps are swiftly hurled against the enemy in masses.

When the firing begins, the regiments of our brigade fall into ranks, and the Twenty-seventh marches forward of Mr. Melikoff's log barn, only a few rods. The regiment is then

thrown into column of divisions, close order, arms are stacked, and the command given: "Rest at will!" We are now ready for any order that may come.

While we wait, many of the men pour water out of their canteens into their little tin pails, and make themselves a cup of coffee, over the small fires we have been permitted to kindle since daylight. With this black coffee and the crackers and raw pork in their haversacks, they eat a soldier's luncheon. It seems certain that we must very soon join in the battle. Few, if any, can forget that this may be the last food they will taste in this world, or the last, as well men. In fact, for that reason some of the more excitable ones cannot eat a mouthful. Others, not overburdened with sentiment, banteringly allege that they intend to eat all the more on that account. Yet, in one way or another, it is clearly revealed that the situation has awakened grave apprehensions with all. Many arrangements are made, quietly yet openly, which have reference to a possible dire contingency. Valuables and keepsakes are handed to members of the ambulance corps and others, whose duties do not require them to be greatly exposed. Directions are given and requests are made, concerning business matters at home, the care of those dear and dependent, messages to friends, and, in some instances, concerning the final disposition of one's own mortal remains. Among some curious preparations that morning was, that numerous packs of playing-cards were taken out of the pockets and thrown away. This fact was once mentioned in the presence of a veteran soldier, who said he had never seen anything of the kind. The members of the Twenty-seventh will doubtless confirm the statement that it was not only true here, but at many other places, with us.

Our position is a little to one side of the range of the enemy's artillery. We can see dozens and scores of shells as they sail harmlessly by, describing graceful curves. Under other circumstances we might enjoy the display. Numerous large round shot, aimed lower, also go bounding along, plowing furrows in the ground and crashing through whatever they come in contact with.

The wounded are coming back in large numbers. Many, though badly hurt, are able to walk alone, many others are assisted to walk, and some are carried or hauled. Most of those passing near enough have something to say. Every word is one of encouragement and cheer. These heroic men

are torn and bleeding, some of them are dying, but none of them are whipped or demoralized.

Upon the higher ground to our right, one lone, panicked "skedadler" runs by. Judge of the character of the troops in our front when the fact is stated, and it is a fact, that this was the only able-bodied soldier we saw running out of the fight! This one is in a cornfield and runs zigzag among the corn, dodging frantically from one hill across to another in the opposite row, as if trying to escape from a swarm of bees. At the sound of a passing shell he throws himself upon the ground and remains motionless, with his nose rooted in the soil, while the shell goes a mile. This is the more ludicrous to us because we can see the shell, and can see plainly that, besides having passed him before he fell down, it had missed him by a wide margin anyway. Eventually he jumps to his feet and runs as before. While the boys laugh, they also guy him unmercifully, heaping upon him epithets far more true than complimentary. But nothing stops him.

Meanwhile the battle is raging. For three hundred yards in our front the ground rises gradually. It seems to us that if we were over the crest we would be near the conflict. Really it is three-fourths of a mile beyond that. The roar of cannon is incessant and the discharge of musketry is far more than a continuous rattle. There are almost no breaks in the detonations, like reports of individual muskets. There is a succession of great waves of sound, one following another, as if brigades or divisions are firing in rapid, well-timed volleys. Intermingled with the artillery, musketry and cheers of the combatants, are other sounds not distinguishable. It is a commingling and confusion of noises as it rolls over the hill like a deluge.

The progress of a devastating cyclone, with its lashing and snapping of trees, its creaking and grating of buildings rent assunder and toppling over, its screaming and shrieking of men and animals, in mortal terror and agony, and a thousand other ear-splitting, blood-curdling sounds, all added to the rush and roar of the wind, the darkening of the clouds, the blinding of the dust and the rumble and peal of the thunder, is the only other human experience that the writer would venture to compare with a battle, such as we were waiting to enter that morning.

We have waited, since stacking arms, much longer than

we anticipated. It has been a full hour of straining suspense. But the order has come to our corps commander, "Send forward a division." We see Gen. Mansfield riding towards us and surmise correctly that he is coming to order our division in.



MAJ.-GEN. J. K. MANSFIELD.
(Killed at Antietam.)

The old general had much of the courtly, but not offensive dignity which seems to have characterized the officers of the old army, before the war. His bearing that morning as he rode around among his troops, his long white hair streaming in the wind, elicited great admiration. He sat erect and graceful in his saddle and gave his orders quietly but firmly; withal, he was so kind and fatherly,

Before the order "Fall in" is given the boys run to their places, ready at the word to seize their muskets. As they stand thus in ranks they greet the old general with cheers. He removes his hat in acknowledgement, and shouts: "That's right, boys; you may well cheer. We are going to whip them to-day." These statements are received with still more cheer-

ing, especially the allusion to a victory. At the command we take arms and move forward, formed as we are. To our right in plain view are the Third Wisconsin and Second Massachusetts. In support are the Thirteenth New Jersey and One Hundred and Seventh New York.

We move straight toward the firing in front. At one point only the Twenty seventh obliques to the right, to avoid what in Indiana we call a buttonwood pond. With this exception our line, from the starting point to where we finally halt and open fire, is practically straight.

When we arrive at the top of the slope we find ourselves on the edge of a rather smooth and level tract of table land, extending on before us more than half a mile. Advancing on, we come to a narrow strip of open timber, extending back from Mr. Poffenberger's barn. Just before entering this timber we encounter two stake-and-rider fences, bordering a narrow lane. To push these down sufficient for us to scramble over them is only the work of a moment. But it breaks our formation somewhat and, once among the big trees, we halt and readjust our ranks. In the pause we can hear a peculiar singing, humming noise in the tree tops. Looking up, the air seems to be in motion, only there is no movement among the limbs. Twigs and shredded leaves are sifting down as if an army of locusts was at work in this grove. It is canister and shrapnel hurled at the troops in front and at us in tons, by the rebel batteries. Massed as we are, we afford them a tempting mark, though their aim is too high.

During that brief pause the writer, for some reason, happened to notice a large, straight-bodied tree. He took it to be a black oak, from its resemblance to trees of that species in the forests of Indiana. On his return to this grove, in 1889, he was careful to look for this big tree. It was still standing, though it proved to be a gum instead of a black oak.

Among other things, we unslung knapsacks in this narrow strip of woods. We then move on, and, just beyond the timber, the command is given, "Battalion, deploy into line of battle, double quick, march!" The leading division marks time, while the others move promptly up and align with it. The officers, except the colonel, take their positions in the rear, while the forward movement continues at a slow, measured pace.

No soldiers ever had a better example of unflinching

courage or of cool, self-poised leadership than our colonel gave us that morning as we marched such a long distance under fire. His place was really in rear of the line, but he chose rather to ride quite a little ahead of it. With quiet ease he bestrode his horse, setting his face straight to the front, except when it was necessary for him to turn to give commands. About the time the regiment deployed into line one of the men was killed, others were wounded as we advanced, yet he rode quietly on. There was not a twitching of a muscle, not a quaver of the voice, not a movement or condition of any kind, which indicated that he felt himself in the least personal danger, or was in any way influenced by his peculiar surroundings.

Nor is this example of the colonel out of keeping with the balance of the regiment. The alignment could not have been better, the step more regular or the movement more precise and quiet, if we had been passing the grand stand on review. Every man walks erect, looks straight to the front, touches elbows gently to the right, and there is perfect stillness in the ranks.

Since passing through the strip of timber, part of the battlefield is open before us. Both combatants appear to be well nigh exhausted. Our people are mostly retiring slowly, but the enemy show no disposition to follow. Our troops withdraw on a line largely which carries them at a distance from our column. Only one remnant of a regiment moves directly towards us. The men go wild with joy and enthusiasm at the sight of reinforcements. They not only jump up and down and scream with delight, but they also fill the air with their caps, haversacks, canteens, rolls of blankets, and whatever else they have about them to toss upward. They abound in true grit also. Instead of passing around us and on to the rear, as they might honorably do, they about face, reform their ranks, and move back before us, to renew the struggle.

At length we halt and dress the line as usual. Then the Colonel commands, "Guides post!" and gallops around the right wing of the regiment, to take his position in the rear. This is where we are to do our bloody work, and where the bloody work is to be done to us. A person coming here months afterwards, as many of the Twenty-seventh did, will find this position distinctly marked by the cartridge papers dropped at this time. The ground is then thickly plastered

with them and, from one flank of the regiment to the other, the line is as straight as a gun barrel.



During the brief quiet that now ensues let us farther locate this position. We are in David R. Miller's field. His farm house is one hundred and fifty yards or so to our right. We face almost south, with a slight inclination to the west. Seventy steps in front of our line, and exactly parallel with it, is a fence, bordering a cornfield. This field is something like a right-angled triangle. The side next to us is its shortest side. The turnpike, to our right, borders its longest side. Its third side, to our left, borders a cloverfield. If the fence between the cornfield and cloverfield was extended towards our position it would pass through one of our left companies. Hence the extreme left of the Twenty-seventh faces the cloverfield, while most of the regiment faces the cornfield.

The fence running parallel with our line, and seventy steps in front of it, has been partially torn down, but still

affords considerable shelter to men, when lying behind it. Immediately to our left is the timber, known in the history of the battle as "East woods." Across the fields, to our front and right, we can see the white Dunker church, with the timber behind it, known as "West woods." When we first reach this position a house, some distance beyond us, but somewhat to our left, is on fire. The roof may have just fallen in. The flames burn fierce and strong, but not high.



THE DUNKER CHURCH ON ANTIETAM BATTLEFIELD.

As the Twenty-seventh takes position at this point, the Third Wisconsin also takes position immediately on our right. The line of both regiments follows the crest of a slight swell in the ground. At the same time, the Second Massachusetts is lost to our view as it passes into Mr. Miller's orchard. The Thirteenth New Jersey and One Hundred and Seventh New York have been ordered to halt within supporting distance, in the rear.

Though we have not fired a musket while advancing to

this position, when we reach it, and the Colonel passes to the rear, we open an irregular fire. The difficulty is to see the enemy. He is lying down among the corn. Another difficulty is that our own men have not entirely withdrawn from our front. But the men of the Twenty-seventh coolly stand with their muskets at a ready, and, when they clearly recognize a soldier in gray, they take deliberate aim and fire, taking the greatest care that they do not hurt any who wear the blue.

Not for long, however, do we have to watch for and shoot at an obscure mark. Col. Colgrove says, in his report, after speaking of the enemy that was concealed among the corn: "Immediately in front, or beyond the cornfield, upon open ground, at a distance of about four hundred yards, were three regiments in line of battle, and further to the right, on a high ridge of ground, was still another regiment in line, diagonally to our line." These rebels are visible to us from the start, but out of range. Soon after we come to a halt they begin to move towards us.

They would soon suffer more from our fire, but, about the time they arrive in fair range, that same unfortunate misunderstanding about who are our men, and who are not, again prevails for a time, along at least part of our line. It must have originated in the Colonel's caution not to fire into the few Union soldiers still in front of us, but nearer to us. It is mostly the error of line officers and file-closers. Being behind the line, they can not see as clearly as the men in the ranks. It was the only time that such a question was ever raised when the writer was present, and he remembers of looking closely at the advancing rebels. It was impossible, at the distance they were then away, to distinguish them from Union troops, by their appearance alone. In the haze or smoke which rested upon the field, their uniforms looked as much like blue as gray. Their flags also hung down in the still air, showing the same colors as the Stars and Stripes, and the closest scrutiny failed to reveal any difference.

On other grounds, there was no difficulty in deciding. Some of us had observed them since before they began to advance. They were then unquestionably behind the men who were firing upon us, and near a battery, which we could plainly see belching its missiles in our direction, with might and main.

Of course, the matter is not long in dispute, and has no

worse effect than to retard the firing for a time. Even before the question has been settled in all quarters, the voice of the Colonel rings out like a clarion: "Battalion, make ready!" Instantly a hush falls upon the line. From one end of it to the other can be heard the click of the locks, as the hammers are pulled back. Before giving the rest of the command, the colonel says: "Now, aim good and low, boys!" "Aim low, boys, aim low!" is repeated by the line officers. Then the Colonel: "Take aim, fire!"

With instant desperation we all spring to the work of loading and firing at will. Still, those who glance at the enemy will see that that volley was a very damaging one. That the line against which it was directed would certainly have broken before it, if all parts of it had been equally injured, is evident. It appears as if almost half of the men had stumbled and fallen. The others halt and begin mixing among themselves, as if confused about something. We can see the officers exerting themselves very energetically. They wave their swords threateningly, and even seize hold of the men, turn them around and shove them forward. In this, the writer is recounting exactly what he saw himself. The officers were hard put to to keep the line from demoralization.

In the meantime, most of us have loaded and fired again, or even more than once. Our fire soon brings those of the enemy more directly in front of us to a standstill. Instead of trying to advance, they drop down among the corn and increase their fire upon us.

But, slightly to the left of these (our left) is a regiment which continues to advance. They load and fire as they come. They make a slight detour further to our left, apparently to take advantage of a depression of the ground. On and on they press, until they reach the fence, only seventy steps in front of the Twenty-seventh. Those who observe them—how eager and persistent they are, stooping forward like a hunter stalking his prey, at last making one vigorous dash up to the fence and throwing themselves down behind it—will not soon forget the sight.

It is from these men that the Twenty-seventh now receives its worst punishment. It is to the time immediately after they reach the fence that Col. Colgrove refers when he says: "At one time * * * the fire of the enemy was so terribly destructive it seemed that our little force would be entirely anni-



THIRD WISCONSIN,
TWENTY SEVENTH INDIANA,
BATTAL OF ANHILTAM. (BY F. R. GARDNER.)

hilated." So, indeed, it did. Who ever tried to stand before a more withering, consuming blast than we do now? Every one that the eye rests upon, even for a moment, is seen to fall. A soldier makes a peculiar noise in loading his gun, which attracts attention, but when we turn to look at him he falls. Another makes what he considers a good shot, and laughs over it. When others turn to inquire the cause, he falls. A third turns to tell the man in the rear rank not to fire so close to his face. Others glance in that direction, only to see both fall. All of these instances, and others, are observed by the writer at almost the same moment.

We are standing out in perfectly open ground. Not as much as a frail spear of grass shields anyone, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. All stand perfectly erect. From first to last not a man lies down, kneels or stoops, unless he is hurt. Moreover, we touch elbows constantly. As fast as men fall out we close up the gaps, presenting at all times an unbroken front. The file-closers have work to do, and they do it well. There is a continuous shouting of "Close up! Close up!"

How long this continues will never be known precisely. Col. Colgrove says in his report, "It must have been more than two hours." He stated in after years that we were under fire at Antietam two hours and forty minutes. Suffice it to say, that to us it seemed an age. We have fired as high as eighty, ninety, and even one hundred rounds each. Many of our muskets have become so foul that we can no longer ram a ball down them, and we have exchanged them for those dropped by the killed and wounded. In other cases muskets have been exchanged because they were so hot that men were afraid to load them. For some time officers and others have been gathering cartridges from the boxes of those hurt and distributing them to those who remain. It seems a miracle that anyone should still remain unhurt. Very few, indeed, are entirely so. There is scarcely a man on whom blood has not been drawn in some way.

It requires something more than a scratch to send men to the rear. A man in one of the companies—a typical Hoosier, tall, gaunt, and slow-spoken, but every inch a hero—is desperately wounded. He lays his gun down and goes to the rear a short distance and calmly investigates. At length he says, in his drawling way: "Wall, I guess I'm hurt about as

bad as I can be. I believe I'll go back and give 'em some more." So he does. He walks slowly back, picks up his gun and continues to load and fire. In another case a man is mortally wounded and lying upon the ground, exposed to further injury, but he refuses the offer of his own brother to remove him to a place of safety. He bids him, rather, to remain where he is more needed.

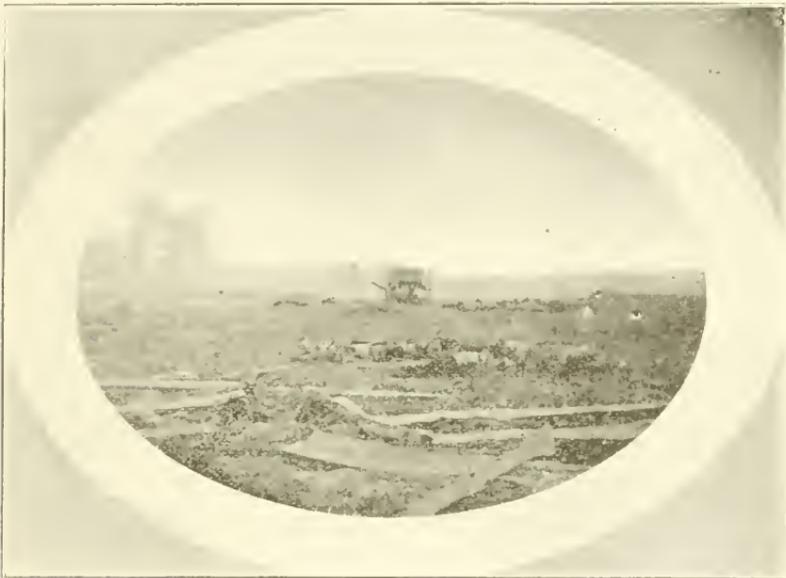
But we have not been firing for nothing all this time. If only a few of us are left, the enemy has suffered in at least equal proportion. It is most unfortunate that our line was not established along the fence, instead of where it is, or, failing in that, that a flanking column was not thrown forward sooner, to enfilade the enemy's line behind the fence. Either course would easily have saved much of the sad, sad loss in the Twenty-seventh and Third Wisconsin.

As it is, those who are thinning our ranks so rapidly are not left to accomplish their work unmolested. The attention of more and more of our men is directed to those behind the fence, and our fire is concentrated upon that point. They doubtless think it is raining lead where they are. After the battle a single rail was found in that fence having forty five musket-balls in it. We observe increasing signs of uneasiness among all the men in our front. There has been a steady stream of them passing to the rear. The writer noticed many different men with muskets spring up quickly at one point along the fence, and run, and drop down at another point. The men in the corn are likewise changing their positions frequently, and circulating among each other, more than they did.

At length the piercing tones of Col. Colgrove's voice are again heard. The command is: "Fix bayonets!" As we are in the act of doing this we see our antagonists rise up and move briskly away, without any regard to order. We, of course, go wild with joy, and begin to cheer with all our might. Simultaneous with our cheers, we hear cheering both to our right and left. A glance shows us that, on our right, the Second Massachusetts has swung around, past Miller's house, and is moving out into the cornfield. On our left, troops of our Second Division have come up through the woods and are now charging into the open ground, in splendid style. Leading them quite a distance, we recognize our grizzled friend of Williamsport, and the subsequent march—

Gen. Green. Bareheaded, with drawn sword, and horse at a stiff trot, his was a figure to remember.

At the command, our line moves forward. Down the modest slope to the tragic fence, over that and on, between the bloody corn rows, with their cut and hackled corn-stalks, advancing our left as we go, we do not halt until near the strong post-and-rail fence, bordering the turnpike. The enemy have leaped this fence and escaped into the timber beyond.



REBEL DEAD IN FRONT OF EAST WOODS.

This practically terminates our fighting for the day. There is more bloody fighting by others, but the Twenty-seventh is not ordered to participate actively. Our brigade is in the act of forming for a further advance, when a strong division of Sumner's corps (Sedgwick's) moves up from a direction somewhat to our left and relieves us. A fact often mentioned by historians in this connection is well remembered by us, namely, that the white-haired Sumner, with his hat in one hand and his sword in the other, led this column into action. He was another old man who still retained the fire and energy of youth.

On being relieved the Twenty-seventh moved back close

to the edge of the East woods, where we replenished our cartridge-boxes and then our equally vacant stomachs. Col. Colgrove says we went into battle without any breakfast. He doubtless did so himself, as the men did also, with the exceptions previously mentioned. Whatever was eaten then was without any orders bearing upon the subject. We also cleaned our guns at this time or, exchanged them for others, of which there were hundreds scattered about everywhere.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to state that the Twenty-seventh was greatly reduced in numbers. It was even more reduced than the long list of casualties would indicate. In addition to those who were finally reported wounded, others should have been so reported, and still others were temporarily disabled. All told, not enough were now present to make one fair-sized company.

Nevertheless, the regiment responded with alacrity to every call of duty. In checking some temporary reverses and in supporting batteries, the Twenty-seventh, sometimes in connection with other regiments of the brigade and sometimes alone, spent what remained of the day. We did not remain long in one place. At no time were we very far behind the battle line, a portion of the time, later in the day, constituting a part of it. Throughout the entire day we were exposed either to artillery or musketry fire, or both.

At one of the times, later in the day, when the exposure was considerable from overshots, Capt. Kopp, of Company F, was mortally wounded. The circumstances attending it were an illustration, both of the curious way casualties may come in battle and of their curious effects. The captain had passed through the extreme exposure of the morning untouched. It is not unreasonable to suppose that many bullets were then fired at him directly, at short range, without any of them hitting him: but now he falls by a stray bullet, not fired at him at all.

Another curious circumstance was that when first hit he supposed the injury was in his lower limbs. He exclaimed, apparently in great pain, that both of his legs were broken. As he was being carried to an ambulance, what was the surprise of all to see him suddenly rise up and walk? The wound was really in his body, but the spinal column had been injured.

About 5:00 P. M. a fresh corps (Franklin's) came to the

front and was formed for a final assault, near the Dunker church. Our brigade was ordered by Gen. McClellan in person to form behind it as a support. All of the regiments responded with a cheer. In the light of what is now known as to the weakness of the enemy's left, at that time, it is most disheartening that the assault was not made. It really seems that the rebel commander could safely take any kind of risk under McClellan's very nose. If the battle had been renewed the weary and smoke begrimed soldiers of Gordon's brigade were ready. On this point Col. Colgrove's testimony is plain and to the point. He says, "At night I was temporarily by you (Gordon), placed in command of the brigade, and the brigade marched to the front, and nearest to the enemy, in support of our batteries in front. Although our men had gone into the fight without breakfast, and had fought all day, they performed this arduous duty, not only without grumbling, but with cheerfulness.

A vast amount has naturally been written about this battle, with more to follow. In this the Twenty-seventh has not been without some share.

Col. Co'grove made his written report five days after the engagement. He states, with commendable accuracy, the salient facts relating to the services and movements of the regiment that day, including, in part, its relation to the brigade as a whole. He refrains, as usual, from fulsome adulations of his own command, and insinuations or reflections as to others. But he shows a disposition always to speak a good word for either, when deserving of it. With reference to our desperate encounter with the enemy, he says :

"The Twenty-seventh Indiana regiment moved to a point designated by you (Gordon), and formed their line of battle on a swell of ground immediately in front of a cornfield, in which the battle had been raging for some time. Our troops in the cornfield, a part of Gen. Hooker's division, had been badly cut up, and were slowly retreating. When we first gained our position, the cornfield, or nearly all of it, was in possession of the enemy. This field was on a low piece of ground, the corn very heavy, and serving, to some extent, to screen the enemy from view. Yet the colors and battle-flags of several regiments, appearing above the corn, indicated the advance of the enemy in force. Immediately in front, beyond the cornfield, upon open ground, at a distance of about four hundred yards, were three regiments in line of battle; and still farther to the right, on a high ridge of ground, was still another regiment in line, diagonally to our line. When we first took our position, it was impossible for us to open fire upon the enemy without firing into our own troops, who

were retreating out of the cornfield. As soon as those troops had filed past my left, I immediately ordered my regiment to fire, which was done in good order. The firing was very heavy on both sides, and must have continued for more than two hours, without any change of position on either side. It was very evident, from the firing, that the enemy was greatly superior in numbers at this point. The only force, during this time at this place, engaged, was the three regiments of your brigade. At one time, during this part of the engagement, the fire of the enemy was so terribly destructive that it seemed our little force would be entirely annihilated. After the fight had raged for about two hours, without any perceptible advantage on either side, some of our forces—I have not learned whose—came up on our left, in a piece of woods on the left of the cornfield, and opened an enflading fire upon the enemy. This fire and ours, in their front, soon proved too hard for them. They broke, and fled in utter confusion into a piece of woods, on the right. We were then ordered to fix bayonets and advance, which was promptly done. Advancing through the cornfield, we change front to the right, * * * * * and had advanced over the larger portion of the ground, when we were ordered to halt. I soon discovered that Gen. Sumner's corps had arrived, and were fresh, not having yet been in the action, and the work of dislodging the enemy from the woods * * * * * had been assigned to them."

Two other official reports, relating to the battle, seem to require attention. One of these, as might easily be guessed, is the report of our own brigade commander, whose reports and other published statements concerning the battles of Winchester and Cedar Mountain have been noticed heretofore. Gen. Gordon does not directly assail the reputation of the Twenty-seventh this time, suprising to relate. But his studied omissions and misleading generalities, considering the facts, really amount to a more serious affront.

During the progress of our sustained and bloody encounter in front of the cornfield, we saw nothing of Gordon. Where he was during this fiery ordeal, or why some move was not ordered by him that might easily have relieved the situation and saved many valuable lives in our regiment, and that of the Third Wisconsin, has never been explained. After the crisis was passed, however, about the time the line came to a halt near the fence bordering the pike, he dashed up to our colonel and, with his customary effusiveness and attention to stage effects, took off his cap and said, in the hearing of all who remained of the regiment, "Colonel Colgrove, I want to congratulate you and your men. You have covered yourselves all over with glory."

Yet, in his official report, which was intended first for

the information of those higher in authority, and was then to be filed away and constitute a record for all time, we find nothing of this kind. His report is, as usual, much the longest and most verbose of any brigade commander engaged in the battle, on either side. Through four closely printed octavo pages in the Records of the Rebellion, he fairly riots in tropes and figures, piles adjectives upon each other, and deals out fulsome compliments right and left. But, to the clash of arms in front of the cornfield, which for duration and severity has few parallels in the entire history of the war, and where the casualties in his brigade were four times as great, and the injury inflicted by the infantry of his brigade upon the enemy ten times as great, as during all the balance of the day, he devotes barely one high-sounding but deceptive sentence. Here it is: "Before this impetuous charge and the withering fire of our line, the enemy halted, wavered, fled in confusion, and sought shelter in the woods opposite, from whence he had emerged."

How long did the enemy "halt" and "waver" before he "fled in confusion?" What did he do while he was thus "halting" and "wavering?" Did he happen to have any deadly weapons along with him, or did he think to use what he had along? There is not the slightest intimation concerning any of these points in this tangle of words. Would anyone imagine from this statement that there was a most desperate and destructive encounter involved here, in which two lines of battle savagely faced each other for from one to two hours, and in which at least two regiments on our side sustained a per cent of loss ranking well up to any that was sustained by any regiment on the Union side during the war; while at least one regiment on the other side, sustained the highest per cent of loss of any regiment in the Confederate army, in any one engagement?" On the contrary, the unavoidable meaning of his statements, as far as they can be said to have any meaning, is that there was a spirited dash, soon over and attended with few casualties.

Moreover, while speaking of the situation at this point, Gordon associates the First Brigade of our division and the Second division of our corps so closely with his own brigade that whatever of credit there is, is thus divided equally among them all. The fact was, as Col. Colgrove plainly states:

"The only force, during this time, at this place, engaged was the three old regiments of your (Gordon's) brigade."

True, in the summing up, Gen. Gordon includes the Twenty-seventh, along with the other regiments of his brigade, in what might possibly be taken as a compliment. He says: "I cannot too highly praise the conduct of my brigade of regiments, old and new." He also names the Twenty-seventh among the old regiments, from which he says he "had a right to expect much," and "was not disappointed," adding concerning these old regiments, "Veterans of Winchester and Cedar Mountain, they can add to their laurels the battle of Antietam Creek."

Another official report demanding some notice is that of Colonel (afterwards General) Knipe. He was temporarily in command of a brigade here, and, in his report, alleges that the Twenty-seventh Indiana fired into the rear of one of his regiments. It is difficult, under all the circumstances, to account for such a statement on any theory that is creditable to the one making it, as, indeed, it is difficult to discuss the matter in a spirit of forbearance, or would be, this case alone considered. But this is the same Knipe with whom we had such agreeable relations afterwards, particularly at Peach Tree creek, and it seems best to pass this break of his by. That the allegation, whatever the motive or information upon which it was founded, could not be true, can easily be established. All official reports concur in placing the Twenty-seventh Indiana on the left of the Third Brigade, where we know it was: while the First Brigade was on the right of the Third, and the regiment named as having been fired into was near the right of the First. This meant an interval of several hundred yards between the two regiments. The advance of the line as thus formed was straight to the front until the enemy was encountered, and after that there was no change in position until the battle at that point was over. Subsequent to that the Twenty-seventh did not fire a musket. So, such an occurrence as the one named was simply impossible.

Col. Fox * credits the Twenty-seventh with a loss at Antietam of 41 killed and mortally wounded and 168 wounded, not mortally; none missing. The writer has not progressed with his labors on the roster of the regiment far enough as yet to be ready to say whether or not his researches will yield results that tally exactly with Col. Fox. His figures will be found in the Roll of Honor on another page.

*Regimental Losses.

The battle of Antietam has not thus far received the popular recognition that it would seem fairly entitled to. Its intensity was remarkable, if not unprecedented. More men were killed and wounded here in one day than in any other single day of the war. It has the distinction, therefore, of being the bloodiest day since the invention of gunpowder, with the possible exception of Waterloo. The battle was also attended with great and far-reaching results, far greater and further reaching than appear to be commonly understood. It is a mistake to call it a drawn battle, as has often been done. From every standpoint it was a Union victory.

In its immediate issues, Antietam was a Union victory—most opportune and vital. If the Union army had lost the battle, or lost the prestige of victory here, it is difficult to see how anything could have been saved afterwards. But throughout the savage contest, notwithstanding a determined and bloody resistance, the Union army steadily beat back its adversary. At the close of the battle it had possession of substantially all the ground fought over, and of all the killed and wounded of both armies, not previously removed. If the victory was not overwhelming, neither was any other, won by either side, in any really great battle of the war. If both contending armies remained sullenly facing each other for a time after hostilities had practically ceased and then one withdrew, almost unmolested, that was also true at other places which have never been recognized as drawn battles, notably at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg.

When the Confederate army retreated from Antietam it did so as a defeated army. It had not only been sorely punished, fully half of its effective strength being killed and wounded, including a due proportion of valuable officers; but its impetuous advance had been effectually checked and its high hopes and ambitions had been withered as in a simoon. Even more than this, it had been forced to turn its back and flee away from the same army it had been defeating in a series of previous battles, to abandon its plans for holding on to Maryland and of moving against Baltimore and Philadelphia. Above all, its roseate dreams of taking Washington, and of dictating terms of peace, had been rudely transformed into substantial realities of quite the opposite character.

On the other hand, the Union army, after the battle of Antietam, was a victorious army. It not only had the outward evidence of victory, but it also had the inward refreshing and inspiration which victories bring to soldiers, and which always mean so much. These results of victory were never more of a God-send than at this time. If there was some disappointment that greater advantage was not taken of the victory, it was only rendered possible by the evident fact and the universal stimulus of the victory itself. That so much had been accomplished was the sole ground of expectation that more would be attempted, if not the sole cause of the eagerness to attempt more.

In its more remote issues the battle of Antietam was, if possible, more opportune and vital than in its direct issues. At this point, especially, it would certainly seem that the facts are not fully known or appreciated. When they are thus known and appreciated, this battle can scarcely fail to take its place along side of other notable battles of history, which have changed the map of the world, or greatly benefited mankind.

The battle of Gettysburg is popularly said to mark the high tide of the rebellion. The statement is evidently true, in a sense, from the standpoint of the rebellion itself. But the reverse of the statement is not true from the standpoint of the other side. In other words, low tide on the Union side was not reached in the summer of 1863. That point must have been reached, on that side, in the early autumn of 1862, just previous to the battle of Antietam. Do intelligent people, as a rule, comprehend how extremely critical and desperate the situation was at that juncture? Certainly at no other did the facts pertaining to the conditions and positions of the armies, the revenues and functions of the Government, and the conduct and spirit of the people, as well as other important contingencies, warrant such appalling apprehensions. So many battles had been fought and lost, so many campaigns had resulted disastrously, there had been so much jealousy, bickering and want of co-operation among those in high places, such vast sums of money had been spent with nothing to show for it, the credit and revenues of the Government were so inadequate to its needs, apathy, greed, place-hunting and open sympathy for secession, were so wide-spread in the states supposed to be loyal; above all, and even overshadowing all, the recognition of the independence of the so-called Confederacy, by England and other foreign nations, was so imminent, that the destiny of the Republic trembled in the balance. At no other time since Washington's bare-footed, starving band of patriots left their bloody footprints in the snows of Valley Forge, have the aspirations of humanity for self-government been so alarmingly threatened with a total eclipse.

The men who did most of the fighting at Antietam had marched there a set of long-haired, filthy, lousey tatterdemalions. The Twenty-seventh may, perhaps, be taken as a fair example of others, in these respects. Our plight was never so sorry at any other time. There never was so much to dishearten and demoralize at any other stage of our service. It had been so long since fresh supplies of clothing and shoes had been available, our marches had been so continuous and toilsome, we had been exposed so much to all kinds of weather, day and night, opportunities to cleanse our persons or clothing had been so infrequent, and we had been reduced to such extremes of destitution in many ways, that we were really objects of commiseration, if not loathsome in our own eyes. Many of the regiment were entirely shoeless, while the shoes of those best provided for would scarcely hang to their feet. The chief comfort of the newest shoes among us was that, after wading streams or mud-puddles, as we did every day, the water necessarily getting in, had every facility for getting out. Pants were out at the seat and knees and frayed off at the bottoms anywhere from the ankles upward. Numbers had no coats, and the coats of others had holes in the elbows, were ripped at the seams, deficient as to tails, soiled and discolored. And, under the conditions named, it goes without saying that all the clothing of all the men was infested with vermin. It was a common practice at this time to turn whatever garment was slept in wrong side out every night, before lying down, to give temporary relief from crawling, scratching and biting graybacks, until the dead sleep of a tired soldier could supervene. Three days after the battle of Antietam the writer stood picket in the village of

Sandy Hook, Maryland. In that public place, in open daylight, he walked his beat, first without a shirt and then without pants, while the remnants of those vermin-infested, dirt-begrimmed articles were boiling in a broken kettle found in the streets. All the other members of a large detail, including the commissioned officer in command, did likewise. There was a spirited, if not acrimonious contention as to who should have precedence in the use of the kettle. The possibility of missing the opportunity was something to quarrel over. Filth and livestock had become unendurable. It may be thought that such things were common during the war, but not on such a large scale and in the immediate vicinity of the National Capital and other populous Northern cities; certainly not because of the sheer inability of the Government to do better for those serving, as it were, under its own direct supervision.

But there were other conditions more serious and far more portentous. During the previous summer and fall large armies had responded to the call of the President. They had been organized, equipped and disciplined, and in the spring had moved out to suppress the rebellion. For a time they had seemed to be uniformly successful. The Army of the Potomac, the one now at Antietam, had at one time forged its way to within hearing of the church bells of Richmond, the city which it was expected to capture. But, after consecrating much of the country between the Chesapeake and the rebel stronghold with loyal blood and dotting it with loyal graves, it had suffered one defeat after another and been scattered and disorganized, through incompetency and inward dissensions, until a remnant of itself—it was north of the Potomac, and many of its friends seriously doubted whether it could successfully defend Washington. Another great army, which had swept victoriously through Kentucky and Tennessee and whose flags and guidons had fluttered in the breezes of Alabama and Mississippi, was at this precise date running a race with its antagonist for the Ohio river. In alarm and consternation loyal men inquired concerning it: "Can it successfully defend Louisville, Cincinnati and the country back of them?" A third great army, designed for the opening of the western rivers, had won the most substantial victories of any of them, with important help from a sister army on at least one occasion. But in recent months it had been so broken into detachments by well-meant though ill-advised orders from Washington, so weakened and decimated by sickness, and, as a result of these, so foiled and harrassed by the enemy, that the question concerning it was, "What has become of it?" In short, almost everything seemed to be going wrong with the Union army. Reports of defeats, surrenders, retrograde movements, disasters and disappointments of various kinds, followed each other in rapid succession. Soldiers in the army, as well as outside of it, really began to give place in their minds to the shameful suspicion that maybe, after all, Northern soldiers were not equal to Southern soldiers on the battlefield. The most fatal, as well as the most discreditable thing that can happen to men under arms, namely, a distrust of their own prowess, and an overestimate of that of their foes, was in the actual process of coming about with many who wore the blue.

Along with the gloomy aspect in the military situation, and largely as a result of it, the Government was in sore straits in other respects.

Not the least of these was the financial problem. Specie payments had been discontinued and the premium on specie was advancing with rapid strides. United States bonds brought less and less in the market every day. There was no money to pay the army. The men who bore the brunt of the battle of Antietam had marched two weeks previously through the capital of the nation, under the shadow of its stately public buildings, with their pay in arrears from four to eight months. At Alexandria, when Pope's army fell back from Second Bull Run, the writer first saw a piece of the fractional currency, now historic. During the battle of Antietam there was not a five-cent "shin plaster," as they were derisively called, among a thousand men, outside of a few officers. Hundreds of soldiers died at Antietam in defense of the very weakened, embarrassed Government that was not able to pay the small pittance it owed them, for their previous service in the field.

The fact that enlistments had been at a standstill at the north and that there was a rising tide of hostility, secret plotting and open opposition with reference to the prosecution of the war, and the farther fact of the impending calamity of recognition of the Confederacy by other nations, need not be discussed at length in this connection. Both of these matters, it must be admitted, continued as factors in the problem of the Nation's struggle for life, as did the other matters that have been mentioned, for a considerable period after this. Possibly none of them were finally settled until everything was settled at Appomattox. The contention here is, that all of them were at an acute stage in the fall of 1862. More than this: no one of them really reached such an acute stage at any other period as at this period. If defeats came to our armies further on they were not all defeated at the same time. If our national authorities had further troubles about money matters they were never again reduced to such extremes that they could not in some measure meet their obligations to the soldiers at the front. If the fire in the rear did not cease until after the one in the front ceased (long after) it was neither so great in volume, nor so aggressive, as it was now. All of these things combined were the indications and the cause of low tide. From the standpoint of the Union side, the tide never was as low at any other time.

The battle of Antietam marked the beginning of a decided change for the better. Many of the reasons for this are obvious in connection with the conditions mentioned as preceding the battle. A Union victory could not fail to improve all of those conditions, particularly a victory here. The armies engaged on both sides here, the fact that those armies were both largely present in their full, effective strength, in mostly an open country, wholly without artificial defenses, the sections in which the two had been principally recruited, the fact that the rebel army here was admitted in all quarters to be the best organized, equipped and commanded of any in the field on that side, all of these facts, and others, gave force to the influence exerted by this victory. No other battle of the war contributed so much towards the final settlement of the question of the relative fighting qualities of Northern and Southern soldiers, and the kindred one of the ultimate possibility of putting the rebellion down by force. No sane man could doubt, after this, that the men from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, the New England states or from any

Northern state, were equal, man for man, to those from Virginia, South Carolina or any Southern state. This carried with it the further postulate that the right kind of leadership, able to combine and use effectively the superior numbers and the greater resources, of the loyal states, was all that was needed to conquer a permanent peace. It is only subsequent to this battle that the proper spirit and requisite amount of energy along these lines can be traced in many quarters.

One indirect result of the battle of Antietam remains to be mentioned. It is really a stupendous one, and surely has been overlooked heretofore by a great many wise and thoughtful people. That fact is that, as a result of the victory here, President Lincoln issued his immortal Emancipation Proclamation!

These considerations have been already too much extended, so that this phase of the subject need not be enlarged upon. Each link in the chain of incidents, however, is a thrilling one. The proclamation had been decided upon, after how much deep, earnest reflection and prolonged, racking anxiety, the world will never know. The one, only condition, earnestly besought on his knees before Almighty God, and expressly stipulated from both God and men, was a victory for the Union arms; one that would furnish the vantage ground to give the proclamation force. The battle of Antietam occurred on the 17th of September and on the 22d of the same month—five days afterwards—the preliminary proclamation was launched into history. Who can believe that this was not the real turning point in the war? This enlisted upon one side the enlightened and humane of all nations. This settled the fate of recognition by England. It awakened sympathy and attracted to our cause friends in that country, whose labors in opposition to recognition form one of the most glowing pages of history. The writer knows of nothing stronger or more eloquent in forensic literature than some of the speeches of John Bright, who fought recognition most heroically. Before it was proposed to free the slaves in the United States, his lips were sealed. But when the Emancipation Proclamation was promulgated he threw himself into the discussion, heart and soul. In one of his speeches to a great meeting of laborers in Birmingham—out of work, because of the suspension of the cotton industry—our blockade having cut off the supply of cotton—Mr. Bright said: "My countrymen, who work for your living, remember this: There will be one wild shriek of freedom which will startle all mankind, if the American Republic is overthrown." Further along he said: "The leaders of this revolt propose this monstrous thing: They propose that over a territory forty times as large as England, the blight and curse of African slavery shall be forever perpetuated." Farther along still he used the following burning words, containing a prophecy already gloriously fulfilled: "As for me, I can not believe in such a fate befalling that fair land, stricken as she now is with the ravages of war. I can not believe that civilization in her journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify those

Who seek to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

"But I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. I see one vast confederation stretching, in unbroken line, from the frozen north

to the glowing south and from the rough billows of the Atlantic, westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific main. And I see one language, and one law, and one faith, over all that broad land, the home of freedom and the refuge for the oppressed of every race and every clime." John Bright and his sturdy calaborers, no recognition, emancipation, Antietam! The great sacrifice of the Twenty-seventh and so many others was not in vain. The immense risk of the living who passed through (though not unscathed) that veritable hell of carnage and death in that open cloverfield and in other localities, was worth all it cost. Victory! Present victory, and final victory!!

The statement will probably be surprising to some, but the question remains yet unsettled as to what Confederate troops confronted the Twenty-seventh and the other regiments of the old Third Brigade at Antietam. The writer has labored assiduously to settle the question in his own mind, without success. The disposition with most is to conclude that they were either the regiments of Colquit's brigade, D. H. Hill's division, or those of Wofford's brigade, of Hood's division, though there are difficulties in the way of accepting either of these conclusions.

As far as the credit of the men of our brigade is concerned, it cannot matter very much how the question is decided, if it ever is. From the beginning to the end of the battle, in the vicinity of where we were engaged, the contest was terrific, and few regiments on either side escaped without losing at least half of their men. One of the chief difficulties in making out the order in which particular commands on the enemy's side were brought forward, or the particular scene of their operations, is that, in their desperate efforts to hold their own, they seemed to hurl men into the fight without much regard to what brigade, division or corps they belonged to; and wherever they were ordered in, or whoever they confronted on our side, they were roughly handled. Many officers, as well as men, were killed, and many reports are, therefore, incomplete or not on record.

For these reasons, as well as the fact that the evidence available seemed inconclusive and contradictory, the writer felt obliged to abandon the hope of arriving at a satisfactory solution of the matter. For a time he was inclined to believe that it was Wofford's brigade, or a part of it—the First Texas, Hampton's Legion, the Eighteenth Georgia, and another regiment not clearly designated—that was of interest in this connection. Many survivors of the Third Brigade will re-

member the fact stated heretofore, and mentioned in the report of Colonel Colgrove, that, when we arrived at the point on the field where we did our fighting, four regiments of the enemy were in sight, or immediately came in sight, at the far side of the cornfield, possibly a little beyond the cornfield. At first they were out of range and massed in some formation or other. But they at once moved forward, deploying into line as they came, until they joined battle with us. The movements of these regiments and the positions they eventually occupied are very distinctly remembered by the writer. It would be difficult, if not impossible, for him to believe that any regiments were the ones in front of us, whose movements or relative positions were stated, or admitted to be, different from what we saw at the time.

The statements of two regimental commanders in Wofford's brigade, Colonel Work, of the First Texas, and Colonel Ruff, of the Eighteenth Georgia, in their official reports, correspond very closely, in many particulars, to what the writer and so many others witnessed. Colonel Work is the only regimental commander on that side, as far as the published reports indicate, who mentions any such a movement by his regiment on this part of the field as the writer and many others remember as being made by one of the regiments in question.

As narrated heretofore, three of the four rebel regiments in question, in their advance through the cornfield, towards our position, halted before reaching the fence, bordering the cornfield on the side next to us. These three regiments did not, at anytime, come nearer than within seventy-five yards of that fence. One of the regiments, however, the one on their right (our left), making a slight detour and following the course of a depression in the surface of the ground, advanced up to the fence itself, and crouched behind it. This brought them considerably in advance of the balance of their line. Colonel Work, of the First Texas, describes just such a movement as this by his regiment. Colonel Ruff, of the Eighteenth Georgia, also mentions other facts which, considered by themselves, would seem to make it certain that he was on the left (our right) of the rebel line. Among other facts that seem to connect his experiences with ours, he mentions some that seem to refer clearly to the Second Massachusetts. If it was not that both of these officers make other statements hard, if

not impossible, to reconcile with conditions as we knew them to have been, there could be little doubt of their's being among the regiments in our front.

There are some facts, also, which, if given due weight, appear to favor the belief that Colquit's brigade was the one of interest in this connection. Comrade Bresnahan, among others, favors this theory. He has given no little attention to the subject, being materially aided by visits to the battle-field, in recent years. His conclusions are, therefore, not to be lightly regarded. The chief difficulty in the way of the writer's acceptance of this conclusion is found in the positive statements of Colquit himself, in his official report. He states definitely that all of his regiments advanced through the cornfield, to the fence on its opposite side. More than this, he says they had passed through the cornfield and formed along the fence on the farther side (the side which would be next to us), *before the Union force* (with which they then had a severe contest) *came on to the field*. Both of these statements represent the facts exactly in reverse of what we know they were with us.

It has often been remarked that large allowances must be made for the statements of brigade commanders, in their official reports. A distinguished student and author of war history has said, "Brigade commanders were generally along with some one of their regiments, or back somewhere; so that they really saw very little of the movements of their brigade. After the battle, they went on and related the erroneous impressions that they had gained from others, arranging things in whatever way they thought might be most to their own credit." After our experience with Gordon, the men of the Twenty-seventh can certainly appreciate this way of putting it. But it is hard to believe that General Colquit could be in error as to two such material facts. No reports of regimental commanders in Colquit's brigade are on record. This complicates the matter very much of determining anything from the reports alone. Three out of five of Colquit's regimental commanders were killed, and the other two were seriously wounded, in the battle. If any reports were made by whoever succeeded to the command, they are not on file. This brigade consisted of the Thirteenth Alabama, and Sixth, Twenty-Third, Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth Georgia.*

* Rebellion Records, Series I, Vol. XIX, Part One.

CHAPTER XX.

MARYLAND HIGHTS.

Our last night on the field of Antietam was spent along the west side of the pike, south of D. R. Miller's barn. From there we marched, on the morning of the 19th. Angling across the pike, we entered the now historic cornfield, thence choosing a course about midway between the Dunker church and the east woods, we kept about that distance from the pike until near Sharpsburg. From the village we wound our way over the hills to the crossing of the Antietam, now forever to be known as "Burnside's Bridge."

We had thus traversed the ground where most of the bloodiest fighting had been done. All the wounded had, of course, been removed, and the Union dead had been buried. But the rebel dead, not carried away by friends, still lay where they had fallen. What a revelation of human nature, and what a chapter in human history, the sights of that morning afforded! Alas! that such a dreadful thing as war should be necessary among men!

No one who passed over this battlefield, to any extent, needs any other evidence to convince him that Gen. Lee did not scruple himself to do what he urged should be the policy and rule of all rebel officers, which was that their losses in battle should be systematically minimized and falsified. He reported his loss in killed in this battle, and in all the other battles and skirmishes connected with the invasion of Maryland, at less than seventeen hundred. No member of the Twenty-seventh will ever believe that we did not see more than that number of misguided unfortunates lying stone dead, and deserted by all save their foes, on that line of march alone, while the battlefield began nearly a mile above where we started, and extended an average of a half a mile on either side of the route we traveled. From D. R. Miller's to near Sharpsburg the ground, in most places, lay about as thick

with dead bodies as sheaves do in a harvest-field before they are gathered and shocked. In many places it would be but slight exaggeration to say they laid in heaps and windrows.

Before starting on the march we had seen the shocking evidences of slaughter along the stout post-and-rail fence bordering the pike, above the Dunker church. It had the appearance of a strong line of men having taken position there and being killed to a man. This was not the case, but several lines had been there, each losing some, until there was scarcely room for another body to lie on the ground. Perhaps along the two or more lanes extending eastward from the pike, particularly along the one since known as "Bloody Lane," the fatality had been greater than elsewhere. There is a very realistic picture extant of Bloody Lane as it was at the close of the battle. It may be a photograph, taken at the time. The ground is literally covered with dead everywhere, and in many places they are lying upon and across each other. The scene is as we remember it. We saw also one dead rebel hanging across a fence, and one hanging in the forks of a tree. The one had been shot while in the act of climbing the fence, and the other while perched in the tree as a sharpshooter.

Those who had been killed dead while the battle was in progress were now swollen and blackened beyond all recognition. It required stout nerves to be able to look at them. But quite a large proportion had probably lived for a time after being shot, some of them until a period now somewhat recent. Some faces had the freshness, and even the peacefulness, of sleep.

The writer has never forgotten, and never can forget, one such face, into which he looked long and thoughtfully. It was that of a mere boy, not over sixteen or seventeen years old. He had light hair and blue eyes, with high forehead and refined, classical features. The purest strain of our Anglo-Saxon blood was in his veins and with it were lofty ambitions and a dauntless courage. Needless was it for the wound, which had been mortal, to testify that it had been received while his face was to the front. His uniform was of fine English broadcloth, and other things about him suggested that some Southern home of wealth, culture and refinement had been robbed of its idol, and that some proud, aristocratic mother had paid the extreme penalty of disloyal and sinful instruction about slavery and secession.

Our destination to-day was the vicinity of Harpers Ferry. We moved rapidly down Pleasant Valley and at the first gap north of the Potomac river, turned and climbed to the top of the Blue Ridge. From there we followed the backbone of the ridge to where it is cut in two by the river. This elevated point is known as Maryland Heights. It overlooks Harpers Ferry and all the surrounding region, being one of the highest peaks of the Appalachian range. An artist might fill a note book by a visit to this interesting place.

While advancing along the crest of the mountain the Twenty-seventh, being in the lead, had skirmishers in front. We were the first Union troops to reach Maryland Heights after its stupid abandonment by those who, a day or two later, disgracefully surrendered at Harpers Ferry. There had been some fighting on the mountain before its evacuation. We found the rebel dead still unburied. The strip of level land on the top of the mountain is so narrow that a small force could defend it against any number of men that might assail it. In many places not more than fifty men could stand abreast in line. There was no sign of live enemies, however. The sun shone benignantly and the signal service men came and waved their flags in the clear air, announcing that the stars and stripes again floated over the whole of Maryland. Towards evening we descended the mountain part way, on the eastern or Pleasant Valley side, to find enough level ground for a camp.

For a day or two it fell to a part of the Twenty-seventh to picket the river opposite Harpers Ferry. It was while engaged in this duty that the immense sacrifice of life occurred, before mentioned,—the boiling of clothes, with their living occupants, in the broken kettle.

The camp of the Twenty-seventh was soon transferred to the western slope of the mountain, where it was established in a more permanent form. For this purpose we occupied the last cleared land, and the last level enough for a camp, high up the western ascent, but near the river.

Somehow our great loss at Antietam did not come over us fully, until we came to pitch tents in regular order at this place. For this purpose the whole regiment was formed, temporarily as it proved, into four small companies. The gaps in our ranks were desperate. Companies A, C, D, F and H had no commissioned officers present for duty. In sev-

eral companies only two or three non-commissioned officers were present. A long list—really a shocking, heart-rending list—of our manliest and most companionable comrades, some of them our greatest favorites, both of officers and men, were gone from us. For many days, soldiers though we were, we were almost inconsolable.

Our quartermaster sergeant notes in his diary that the regiment was in the worst plight at this time for clothing and shoes of any in its history. This confirms what has already been said about our condition previous to the battle of Antietam. Ours was but a fair sample of others. The Confederates were commonly a hard looking lot with respect to clothing, but we would have driven great bargains by even exchanges with them at this period. After a few days fresh supplies began to arrive and, though they came very slowly and in small quantities, we were eventually put in good condition again.

A large detail from our brigade, in command of Lieut.-Col. Morrison, was assigned the work of chopping the timber off of the west side of the mountain. This was done with a view of making it more defensible. In the Twenty-seventh the same men were sent from day to day. It was the writer's good fortune to be one of this detail. It was most agreeable, cheerful work, a delightful change from the tedious round of camp life.

A line of axmen was formed at the first timber line above the camp and worked steadily upward, felling the trees downward. Most of the timber was chestnut, or chestnut oak, and, with a sharp axe, chopped beautifully. The work went on without interruption until the summit was reached. Later a detail was made to set fire to this fallen timber. It was hoped that when the leaves had dried, the whole of it would burn. This proved a mistake. The men had a free, romantic play-spell one evening, in illuminating the mountain side, but after the leaves and twigs were consumed the blackened trunks and limbs mostly remained.

The ranks of the regiment gradually filled up while we were at Maryland Heights. Those who had been away sick or wounded, or on details of various kinds, returned. Those who had been captured at Winchester also reached us here, after their long sojourn inside the inhuman Confederacy. The boys in camp cheered lustily, and with full hearts, at sight

of them. Their identity was revealed in advance, as they approached, by the presence among them of our big soldier, then a lieutenant, Van Buskirk. Captain Davis and Dr. Woollen were also of the number. The latter had unselfishly surrendered himself, or remained dutifully at his post, to be captured, with the sick and wounded in his care, at Culpeper Court House. Lieut. Van Buskirk was always a favorite in the regiment, as indeed were also Captain Davis, Dr. Woollen and most others of these returning captives, regardless of rank.



CAPT. JOSEPH BALSLEY,
COMPANY H.



CAPT. J. M. HAFERLE,
COMPANY K.

As offsetting these gains in part, the Twenty-seventh also suffered a small loss at this time. An order was issued by the War Department permitting men in the Volunteer service to be transferred to the Regular service, if they desired it, for the unexpired periods of their enlistment. It was done mostly as a favor to the officers in the Regulars. By filling up their commands they would be entitled to additional promotion. On the protest of the Volunteer officers, the order was soon countermanded, but not before the Twenty-seventh had lost a few good men, as well as some who, perhaps, were a good riddance. Most of them left us because they preferred another

arm of the service. Of all who went, only one or two chose infantry, and they transferred for other special reasons.

Loyalty to the Twenty-seventh, whose record was now established, alone restrained the writer from transferring to the artillery. Even a slight experience in the army, he has always held firmly, will convince any one that the artillery is by far the preferable arm of the service, particularly for an enlisted man. The artilleryman does not march anything like as much as others, carries no load when he is required to march, does little guard duty, and no picket duty, is allowed liberal bedding, has more freedom in his individual conduct, reaps a larger harvest of glory, and, as statistics show, stands less average risk of getting hurt. Still, the writer will congratulate himself and his posterity to the latest generation, that he remained with the peerless men of the Twenty-seventh.

While we were on the slopes of Mary's and Heights President Lincoln made a visit to the army. No reviews were held, as was the case later, but the President rode around among the camps extensively. He was brought up to the camp of our brigade, though, while the Twenty-seventh had orders to form in line and be ready to receive him, he was not brought to our camp. We were permitted only to see the company of horsemen at a distance.

Our camp was a little off of the main road, it is true, but we have always believed that an intentional slight was put upon us by our brigade commander or some of his staff. The President had come to the army at the earnest solicitation of high officers, that the sight of him might encourage and enspirit the men, but the Twenty-seventh might serve without such help. It had stood like a wall of adamant in the recent battle, while more than half of its number present had gone down before the rain of lead and iron of its adversaries. It needed a little snubbing—at least so thought Gordon and his crowd.

We were likewise disappointed in not receiving a call from our own Governor, Morton, who also visited the Army of the Potomac after the battle of Antietam. There was no juggery about this, however. The Governor found his time cut short by unforeseen exigencies and sent his Adjutant-General to the Twenty-seventh in his stead, to bear to the officers and men his cordial salutations and heart-felt regrets. As

the shadow of Peter, in Apostolic times, falling upon the sick and crippled, proved a help and blessing to them, so the thoughts and words of Indiana's war Governor, even at second hand, caused the burdens to rest lighter upon her soldiers in the field.

We also had other visitors from Indiana while here, in the person of officers' wives and the relatives and friends of different members of the regiment. Some had come on sad missions, connected with the killed and wounded in the late battle. Some had taken advantage of our temporary inactivity and proximity to railroads to have a brief visit with those near and dear.

It was cheering to all, even to utter strangers, to have visitors come from the blessed Hoosier state. It was a veritable Godsend to a whole regiment, at any time, to see a refined, loyal lady in camp. In the next war, when men have to be so long away from friends and the associations of home, ladies who visit the camps must not be quite so retiring and exclusive. A little passing around among the men, a friendly nod or cheerful greeting, even to a strange soldier-boy, cannot harm a lady and may do the sore-hearted boy a world of good. This will still be true even though the soldier-boy should not appear to be any too neat in his personal habits or should seem to have forgotten or laid aside some of the gentility taught him by his far-away, faithful mother.

The Twenty seventh again exchanged arms while in this camp. All the companies received the same kind, namely, Springfield rifles. These were the first and only guns we ever had of American make. We carried them, many of us the identical ones received here, to the end of our service. They had the merit of being light, shapely and well balanced for handling; a good gun—for a time of peace. Uniformly hard, close shooters, they were not.

Meanwhile, September had given place to October, and it in turn, was almost gone. The mellow, golden haze that had rested over field, forest and stream and had imparted a dreamy, fairyland halo to the wide, enchanting landscape, always visible from our camp, was giving place more and more to the cheerless, leaden gray. The winds, which at the first were fresh and bracing, were becoming cutting and hard to bear. After a much longer delay than any one had anticipated, those of us engaged on the mountain saw the long lines

of infantry, artillery and wagons winding from different points down to the pontoon bridge at Berlin, four miles below Harpers Ferry, thence disappearing from view in the defiles on the Virginia side. Most of the army had again invaded the Old Dominion. What purpose or thought it was which delayed our corps, and finally sent us in the opposite direction, to remain for a time, belongs to the things not yet revealed.



FIRST-LIEUT. W. W. DORGHERTY.
(Regimental Adjutant.)

CHAPTER XXI.

DAM NUMBER FOUR AND FAIRFAX STATION.

October 29th, at seven p. m., we left our lofty camp on the side of Maryland Heights. Contrary to all previous expectations our course lay up the river, instead of down or across it. Why, after so many weeks of delay, we should now start in the evening and march all night, is one of the mysteries that must forever shroud the plans, or lack of them, of those days. It could not have been because haste was necessary, and if secrecy was intended it lacked a great deal of being secured. Most of the way, the road we travelled follows the Potomac river, and upon the opposite side were the enemy's scouts. We never marched with more hubbub, and much of the route was ablaze with bright fires.

Some of the men in the newer regiments had not yet learned that, if, when they found themselves getting tired, sleepy or foot-sore, they stopped, built a rousing fire and took things easy, anybody would be unfeeling enough to find fault about it. They learned it with a vengeance that night. Poor Gordon! this was the last time we ever marched under his command, and it mollifies us not a little to recall that he really became patronizing towards us, while heaping his anathemas upon these simple, unsuspecting stragglers from the new regiments. How he spurred his horse in among and upon them, as they sat, or laid, around their comfortable fires, how inconsiderate and even rude he was, as he awakened them out of their restful sleep, and what a night he had of it in all respects, and what a night he made of it for them, as he hustled them around and drove them along, were matters of amusement to us for a long time.

We reached the mouth of the Antietam near morning. Resting there for awhile, it developed that we were destined, for an indefinite period, to guard the upper Potomac. Our brigade line was to extend from above Williamsport to a point

below Sharpsburg. The headquarters of the Twenty-seventh were to be at Dam Number Four, but some of the companies were to be stationed at other points. All went to their posts during the day.

Dam Number Four was one of the feeders of the canal, which follows the river on the Maryland side, and it was important that it should not be molested. If we relieved other troops we did not see them. The Twelfth Indiana infantry had occupied the same ground for a camp the previous winter that we occupied now. There were no signs of its recent occupancy.



CAPT. J. C. WILLIAMS, CO. C. LIEUT. R. S. LOUGHERY, CO. C.

When we arrived at Dam Number Four a rebel picket post was maintained on the opposite side of the river. We often saw their relief as it passed around and the picket was sometimes in sight also. It was soon learned by our authorities that the rebel force consisted of a single company of cavalry. There were many loyal people in that part of Virginia and the information coming through them was reliable. After a few days, therefore, it was decided to send a force over at night with a view of capturing the rebel company. Wisely

managed and with no mishap, the scheme looked feasible, and was worthy of a trial.

One record says "one hundred picked men" were detailed for this expedition; another, that Companies C, E, G and K went. Neither record states whether the men were selected because of their good qualities, or because, if lost, they would not be greatly missed. But, whether for one reason or the other, the writer was of the number.

Two mistakes were made before starting. For one thing, the men should have been given the briefest outline as to the situation. Ordinarily, of course, it is absurd for soldiers to expect explanations concerning what they are ordered to do. Any soldier, worthy of the name, knows that it is his business to obey, and ask no questions. This case, however, was almost of the nature of a special service. A mere handful of men were to cross a wide river, strange to them, operate inside of the enemy's lines, where he was supposed to be in large numbers, and in a region with which they were not acquainted,—all of this in the dark. A very few words would have relieved them of some harrassing misgivings. What was known as to the number of the enemy, a hint as to the plans for their capture, the facts as to the fords or shallow places in the river, with suggestions as to what was to be done in case of unforeseen exigencies, would not have been improper, but helpful. These points all came out afterwards, and the men saw how groundless had been some of their—well, uneasiness.

For another thing, the start from camp should not have been made until conditions were ripe for crossing the river promptly, on arrival at the proper place. As it was, the expedition started soon after dark, marched some distance below, where the boats were in readiness, then waited two hours, or more, for the moon to rise, as it was said. Of course there was not sufficient room for 100 men in the small store, or canal-supply house, at that point. Equally, of course, it was not reasonable that because all could not go in and enjoy the fire, a few persons, especially the commissioned officers, might not do so. But staple groceries and provisions, ropes, oakum, rosin and horse feed,—such legitimate articles as canal boatmen are supposed to need—were not the sum-total of the merchandise kept in that house. Some of us had been there before! Do you see?

No matter what men do themselves, or are willing others

should do, under some circumstances, when they go into a close place, where life or liberty are at stake, they demand leaders with unclouded brains. The mere fact that there is a known possibility of their brains being muddled has a bad influence. During this long, tedious delay, various mischievous and tormenting rumors or suspicions, of other kinds, became current among us. What if there was a mistake about the number of the enemy? What if more should chance to arrive subsequent to our latest information? What if our commander should be misinformed or misled in other directions? Or, what was more plausible, as well as more dreadful, what if some one on this side of the river, seeing so many men under arms and the boats moored to the shore, should surmise our destination, and, by some preconcerted signal, should warn those on the other side? We were lying along the canal, with no pretense of concealment. Canal-boats were passing every few minutes. On them, and straggling along after them, were many men and boys whose sympathies were unknown to us. That some of them might be rebel scouts, on the look out for just such matters, was not a violent presumption. Under such conditions, what a death-trap could be set for us? All these things would have been out of the question, with a later start from camp.

At length, however, we were ferried over, or rather, ferried ourselves over, a few at a time, to the opposite shore. The men to man the boats were furnished from our own number. All proper precautions were taken to have the work done as silently as possible. Here as elsewhere, Col. Colgrove set an example of unflinching courage. He went over in one of the first boats, if not the very first, to cross.

With a few men slightly in advance, in charge of officers and guided by a loyal citizen, we moved briskly but with the utmost watchfulness. Part of the way was through the woods. In the open fields we carried our guns at a trail arms to prevent the glinting of the bright barrels in the moonlight. All went well until we were almost ready to flush the quarry. The rebel company was quartered in a barn, a short distance back from the river. We were approaching it from the rear. In a moment more we would have been in position to cut off all escape. But near the barn was a high rail fence. As we were climbing over this, one of our men accidentally discharged his gun. Instantly we heard the faint notes of a

bugle and, almost immediately, the rebels galloped, with the speed of the wind, around our left flank. It was truly marvelous how quickly they responded to "Boots and Saddles," and were away. Hurrying on, we were barely in time to intercept two of their number, who had been on duty along the river, and capture them, with their horses and equipments. These were the only trophies of the foray.

Our man had, unfortunately, shot himself through the hand, which was amputated at the wrist. We all felt much sympathy for him in his loss. He had been a teamster most of the time previous to this, so his awkwardness was the more excusable. We returned to camp by the same way we had come without further incidents of note.

The month or more we remained at Dam Number Four after this was rather monotonous. Picket duty was again so heavy as to leave no time for much else. The return of wounded and sick continued, so our companies grew to something of their normal, field-service proportions. In consequence of this, as well as to fill the vacancies of Cedar Mountain and Antietam, a large number of promotions were made. Most of these promotions had been recommended while we were at Maryland Heights. The order of the companies in the line was also changed. It all amounted almost to a reorganization of the regiment.

In the promotions of company officers the men were not consulted, or in any way given a voice, as had been the rule heretofore. More than this, several officers were promoted and transferred to other companies with which they had not served up to this time. Most experienced soldiers will probably agree that the first innovation was for the best. If there is any place where popular sovereignty fails it is in choosing army officers. In elections elsewhere the one most unfit and undeserving is chosen as often as the other one, and even more; when it comes to army service, the talkative, seductive, vote-getter, is as apt to turn out a blunderer, overbearing or cowardly as otherwise.

In transferring an officer and placing him over men of another company there is more liability of injustice. It was frequently done with us later. It was rather a curious inconsistency to be thrust upon men who had come into the army voluntarily, to contend to the very death, solely to perpetuate a republican form of government. It was presuming that men

who appreciated self government enough to fight and die for it, were not themselves capable of self government. But the worst feature of such a rule was that it discouraged the men of a company in their hope of promotion, through faithful, capable service. As far as the writer knows, however, those transferred at this time, as well as those promoted in their own pompanies, were wholly acceptable to the men, after a fair trial, if not at first.

General Gordon left us on sick leave at this time. Whether so intended from the first or not, he never returned to command the brigade. The Apostle Paul's "Thorn in the flesh" was never removed. In this we were more favored than was he, for our's was. It is impossible for any one not connected with the Twenty-seventh to understand how much more pleasant and satisfactory to ourselves our service was from this on. To any member of the Twenty-seventh the memory of General Gordon is a whole sermon on the text "One sinner destroyeth much good." For some time Colonel Colgrove commanded the brigade and Major Birge, in the absence of Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, commanded the regiment.

Most of us made repeated visits to the Antietam battle-field at this time. Captain Davis and others entertained those who could attend with a number of informal lectures, or talks, on prison life in Dixie. Lectures of that nature were not as popular, however, then as they are now, more than thirty years after the war.

The weather grew colder. Several snows fell, and it was common to have ice and sleet. Anticipating orders to move, we were loth to spend much labor in preparing winter quarters, but one device after another was resorted to, that we might have fire in our tents, and additions and improvements were made to what had been done before, until all the men were quite comfortably housed. Then orders came to go.

On December 10th, a cold, raw morning, with the roads frozen hard and glassy with ice, we marched southward. At Sharpsburg and the mouth of the Antietam, we found the other regiments of the brigade. We had not seen them for ten weeks, and it would be difficult to make some people understand what a pleasure it was to all of us to be thus reunited.

As one regiment approached another a regular uproar

was started. The air was laden with shouts like these: "Hello, Third Wisconsin," "Hello, Hundred and Seventh," "Hello, Second," "Hello, Thirteenth!" "Hello! Hello! Hello!" And the answering shouts were, "Hello, Twenty-seventh," "Hello, Twenty seventh," "Hello, Twenty-seventh!" intermingled on both sides with cheers, exclamations and laughter.

Journeying on, we camped the first night near by "John Brown's school house," so called because there the grizzled old hater of slavery had concealed the arms, preparatory to the out break at Harper's Ferry. A fine rail fence and a fair-sized straw stack, both in close proximity to where the Twenty-seventh halted, disappeared with something more than usual celerity. Most of us gave some attention to the school house, either that evening or the next morning. As the writer remembers it, it was a small, rudely built, one-oom house of round logs, which few would take to be other than a negro's cabin.

An hour's march the next morning brought us to Sandy Hook. Crossing the Potomac into Harper's Ferry, then the Shenandoah at its mouth, we passed down the Potomac on the south side, under the towering cliffs of Loudon Heights. Men, even a solid column of them, marching amidst such mighty natural upheavals, seemed weak and puny creatures. We soon turned away from the river, in to the rough, hill-country of Loudon county, Virginia, camping for the night about eight miles out.

That night occurred one of those freakish things that seemed to be peculiar to army life. One of 'Lige Jenkin's mules kicked Billy Harris' big Newfoundland dog over a stone fence, twenty feet or more, landing him on his back, in the middle of the supper table of the quartermaster's mess. This mule, as may be imagined, had a reputation to sustain as a kicker and, of course, did it superbly. Dear knows how long it had been playing innocent and waiting for just that kind of a chance at the dog. It all seemed more ludicrous and laughable than can now be set forth in words. Comrade Crose, blessings on his kindly heart, used to dwell upon the odd situation with much enjoyment. The members of the mess had reason to congratulate themselves that it did not occur until after they had finished their supper. They had barely given place to the old darkey cook. What was his surprise and consternation, as he sat quietly munching his

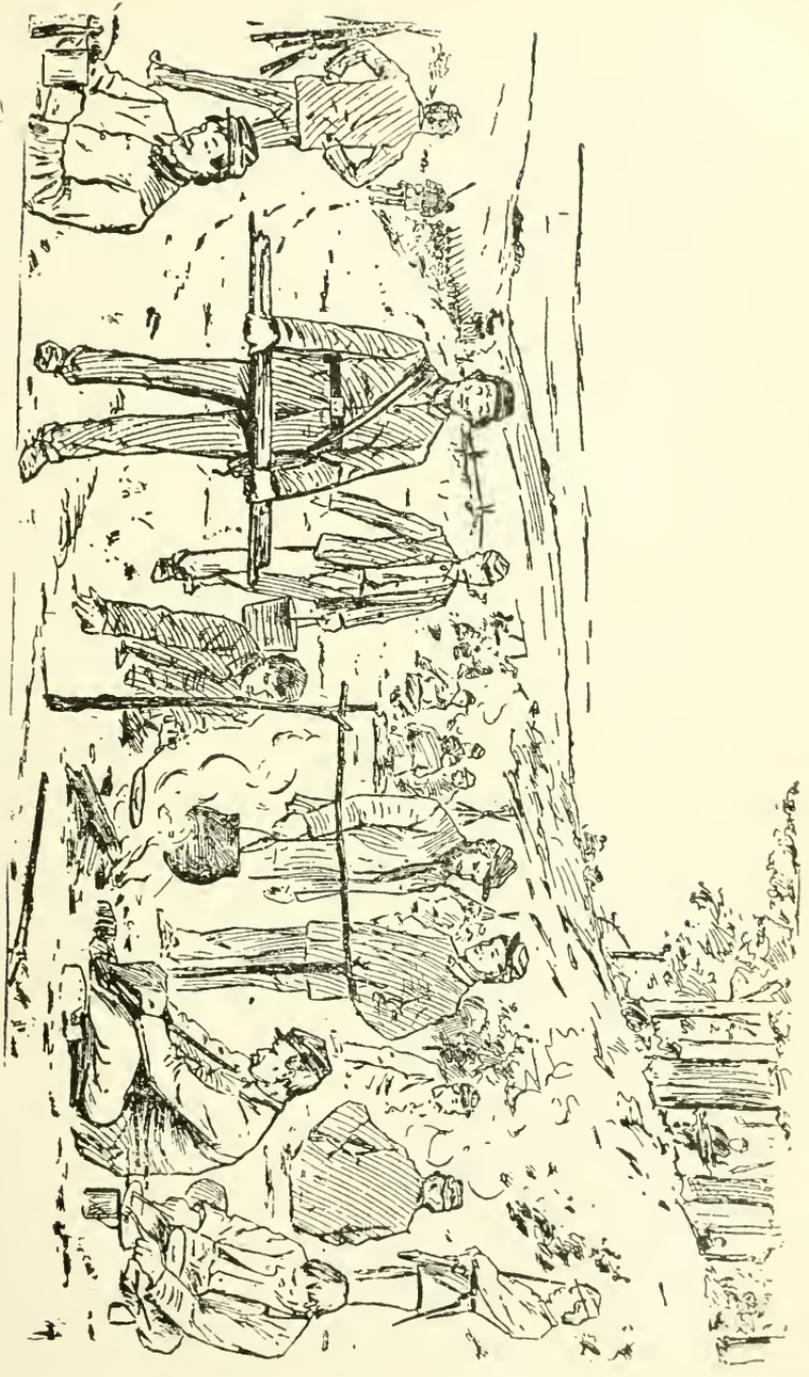
evening meal, to have the dog land where it did. The rest of us thought the quartermaster's mess had no business with such a useless article as a table, anyway.

The third day, the Twenty-seventh waited before starting, until almost noon, for the brigade wagon-train to come up. With it came our old friends of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania, bringing up the rear. We had only seen them occasionally since their transfer from our brigade, shortly after the Winchester retreat. They cheered and we cheered, and all were happy. For a short time they were so related to our brigade again that their paternal old colonel, Murphy, was in command of it.

After the arrival of the train and its escort, we at once moved on. Our regiment served as rear guard. The route was through Hillsborough, around which there was said to be a settlement of Quakers, and on to within four miles of Leesburg. It was in this general region of country that Mosby, the guerrilla chief, operated so long. To-day a party of his men dashed into the train, barely ahead of the Twenty-seventh, captured a team and wagon belonging to a sutler, and were making off with it. But Colonel Colgrove instantly mustered a few cavalymen who happened to be with the column, and, putting himself at their head, galloped in pursuit, and had the wagon back again in no time. The next day another regiment was rear guard, and two wagons were taken and not recovered. Late at night we came up with the brigade on the Little River Pike, east of Aldie. The bright rail fires, circling around on the hills and illuminating the country, were pleasant to look upon. The fumes of boiling coffee filling the air, caused our empty stomachs to cry loudly for food. The rear guard usually comes in late, more tired and hungry than common.

The fourth day we marched over familiar ground to Fairfax Court House, and the fifth, only five miles or less, to Fairfax Station. Our entire corps was here. The other brigades had probably come from the upper Potomac by slightly different routes, as we had seen no signs of them on the way. It was now clear that our destination was the front, down on the Rappahannock. We were all glad of it, though we were not destined to arrive there as soon as present appearances indicated. No command having the right spirit is

GOING INTO CAMP FOR A NIGHT.



content to spend its time idling in the rear, even under the guise of duty.

The same day we had started from Dam Number Four, our comrades at the front had dutifully moved out to assail the impregnable positions of the enemy about Fredericksburg. As we had journeyed laboriously along, making our tiresome marches, they had been fighting a hopeless, but heroic, battle. It was getting to be an old story, sickening its repetition, but we were forced to hear it once more: Our side had lost! This explained our present dilatoriness.

On the 15th, we only marched five miles. On the 16th, we marched ten miles, and camped in the afternoon, in a clean oak grove, on the bank of the Ocoquan. On the 17th, orders were still more vascillating. We packed up, ready to go, then waited awhile. Then we marched a mile, halted suddenly, on the side of the road, waited still longer, and finally went into camp, where we were. On the 18th, we marched back to Fairfax Station, and camped near the railroad, on the same ground we had occupied a few nights previously. Here we remained quietly, industriously doing nothing, until the 25th. That day we moved camp a quarter of a mile south, near the road.

This was a pretty site for a camp, on a gently sloping hillside, with a clean running brook between the officers' quarters and those of the men. We at once built cabins here, covering them with our shelter tents. The great abundance of smooth, straight, pine sapplings adjoining camp, tempted us to do this, besides the nights were too cold and long to be without fire.

If the writer has ever done a mechanical job more to his credit than was the cabin he built there, with a very dull axe, no other tool of any kind, he is not aware of it. It really attracted so much attention outside that commissioned officers of other regiments came and courteously asked the privilege of looking into it. Tom Acton, Ed. Spurgeon, Bill Green, William Sandifer and William Treadway, the familiar names of these last two are not given here because both died nobly for the flag later on, and both sleep in "Unknown" graves, these five stalwart, native-born Hoosiers, each one the very embodiment of true comradeship, cut the necessary logs and carried them to the proper place. Like the Irish hod-carrier said of himself, there was nothing for them to do, they only cut

and carried the logs, and there was another man there to do the work!

Those smooth, straight pine logs, almost exactly the same size at both ends, were ideal in their fitness for the purpose. And, how true and snugly fitted those corners were carried up, how square all of the ends of the logs were, and how evenly they projected; how convenient and cozy the interior arrangement was, with bunks on the side, a fire place in the end that would draw a cat up the chimney, a mantel-shelf above it, to hold our cups and plates, the whole as genial and inviting as any marble front grate, aglow with burning Anthracite. Acton "found" boards for the door and bunks, and carried them on his back something less than five miles, not much less either.

Comforts and joys in this world are wholly relative. No man or family ever felt better satisfied or happier, on moving into a mansion on the avenue, or felt more gratefully its warmth and shelter, than did we happy-go-lucky soldiers in our occupancy of this soldiers' cantonment. Others of the Twenty-seventh had similar ones and doubtless felt similarly about them.

It has been the studied effort all along to keep this narrative above the range of one humble, individual experience. Perchance these few sentences will be indulged, in part as the expression of a deathless appreciation felt by the writer for the unselfish, devoted friendship of these unpretentious but chivalric boys; but more, because this example will serve to illustrate and impress what was true in so many scores of instances in the Twenty-seventh, and in so many hundreds and thousands of instances in the army. Nothing could be truer to facts than the sentence now so familiar to most soldiers of the war for the Union: "Fraternity indeed, if not in word, marked everywhere the true soldier."

The Army of the Potomac still has the name, in some quarters, as it had during the war, of always having had "soft bread." We had it a part of the time while here, sure enough. Being less than twenty miles from Washington, with no other use for the railroad, it was probably easier to supply us with bread than hardtack. Bread seemed nice for a change now and then, but, the quality of both being equal, any soldier with experience in the field, will choose hardtack in preference, as a regular ration.

December 28th, in consequence of a rebel cavalry raid, we were sent down to the Ocoquan river again. We were ordered to take no baggage with us except our blankets. This was to prepare us for swift movements. We remained on a piece of bottom land, along the Ocoquan, over night. It was one of those still, clear winter nights, when the firmament is ablaze with stars and the cold bites noses and ears keenly. If the rails we burned, in our efforts to keep from freezing, have ever been paid for, no wonder the government still has a war debt hanging over it. We sat all night by huge bonfires and, while one side was roasting, the other was cold. In the morning, the cheerful intelligence reached us that, in our absence, the enemy had captured our camp and destroyed everything in it. The report proved untrue, though there was no reason why it might not have been, only that the enemy had not taken it into his head to do such a thing. He had ridden near our camp, and it was entirely at his mercy.*



MAJ. THEODORE F. COLGROVE.

Q. M. SERGEANT CROSS.

For the benefit of those eminent commanders who, in the future, will doubtless consult these pages (?) for information and suggestions concerning the conduct of great military operations, it may be said that, except to guard places or

* The leader of this rebel raid was Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. Such are the changes that come about in this world, that the writer has been proud to have his only son serve recently in Gen. Lee's command, in freeing Cuba.

property, there is no sort of use to be made of infantry in preventing or restraining a cavalry raid. To send infantry out into an open country to head off a column of cavalry, or with some view of stopping it, as was so often done in the late war, is bald nonsense. It is every bit as silly as to send a footman at any other time to stop, or catch, a man on horseback. What could we do as against a cavalry raid, down on the Ocoquan? There was no special ford there to guard, no particular road, no narrow pass and no valuable property. A mounted enemy could ride anywhere within a half mile of us, with impunity, and taunt us with our helplessness.

The last thing to receive notice here was a review by General Williams. What it was that stirred "Old Pap" up to have a review, it is impossible to conjecture. It was his first and last attempt. The review was held in a field a mile or so up towards Fairfax Court House, and was a satisfactory affair to all concerned, as far as is now known.

As will be inferred by what has gone before, we were not anxious to get away from this camp. Protection against bad weather was as good as we could hope for, we had enough to eat, the mails came regularly and duty was not burdensome. Yet a soldier obeys orders. A good soldier obeys with cheerfulness, and so did we, when orders came to go.

January 19th, we started again for the front. This move was in connection with the celebrated "Mud march," of the Army of the Potomac. Unlike the main army, however, while the Twelfth Corps got into the mud for a certainty, it did not stick fast. As Chaplain Quint says, sententiously, "The roads were fordable in some places." We reached Stafford Court House at the end of the fifth day. With the roads in tolerable condition, it was a short, easy, two days' march.

There was one two-day feature about this march, however. That was, we made it on two days' rations. Never before or since, has the writer come so near starving to death. Not dreaming but that more would be forthcoming, all of us naturally consumed the two days rations with which we started, during the time for which they were intended, then did almost literally without during the remaining three days. No pretense was made of issuing anything to us, and there was nothing in the barren and war-scoured country that we could get hold of. A railroad now runs near most of the route we passed over, and one sees little along it to sustain either

man or beast. Assuredly there was nothing there during this trip. Our most successful, lynx-eyed foragers failed to find even as much as a "corn pone" or piece of Southern pie. In rain and mud interminable, we labored along and did entirely without. Our united, oft-repeated cry of "Crackers, crackers," in the ears of our kind hearted and faithful, but helpless Quartermaster, brought us nothing. In the evening of the fifth day, we arrived at our destination, and late that night rations were issued as usual.



J. S. STIMSON, Co. G.

CHAPTER XXII.

STAFFORD COURT HOUSE.

We now entered upon another stay of three months in the same place. The men present will all remember many things about it, and if it is said that the time was rather pleasantly spent, it will be understood as being in a soldier sense. A year before this it would not have been so considered.

We never tarried in a poorer country. The whole Army of the Potomac, more than 100,000 men, was crowded upon the barren, ragged strip of ridges and hollows lying between the Potomac and the Rappahannock rivers. Every elevation on both sides of the railroad, from Acquia Creek to Falmouth, had a camp perched upon it. Our isolation from the outside world was also complete. There was no communication with the North, except by the Potomac river, and every boat upon it, and every rod of its shore, was under rigid military surveillance. The army was thus a world to itself.

Still, many things combined to give us agreeable recollections of this period. We were well sheltered (for soldiers), well clothed, well fed, well treated, and, if not well paid, we were paid something with praiseworthy regularity. We had learned that under these conditions, a soldier could and ought to be contented, if not happy.

And, in addition to these creature comforts, the mails came regularly, the daily papers were on sale in camp every afternoon, and we were allowed all reasonable latitude in the way of visiting other camps, and of entertaining ourselves, or our friends of other regiments, in our own. In short, the higher authorities of the army began here, for the first time, as it seemed to some of us, to show some decided comprehension of the fact that the soldiers were "men of like passions with themselves." Need it be said that the result was quickly apparent? The matter will come up again, but it is certainly true in the army as elsewhere, perhaps more true in the volun-

teer army than elsewhere, that, if the full measure of service is expected from men, first treat them as men. Show some consideration for their rights and interests.



GEN. GEO. B. McCLELLAN.
(First Commander Army of the
Potomac.)



GEN. JOSEPH HOOKER.
(Commander of Army of Potomac
and 20th Corps.)

Our permanent camp, or cantonment, was one mile west of the antiquated, weather-beaten hamlet of Stafford Court House. It was pleasantly situated, to be in such a country, being upon high, solid ground, with good water and abundance of wood near by. The other regiments of the brigade were all located in the same vicinity. The camp of the Thirteenth New Jersey abutted against ours on the west, their most direct way of getting to and from their camp being through ours. The Third Wisconsin and Second Massachusetts occupied ground near each other, northeast of us. Their locations being upon a slightly lower level than ours, gave us a good view of their parade ground. We often watched their drills and dress parades with much satisfaction. The camp of the One Hundred and Seventh New York, the remaining regiment of the brigade, was somewhat farther away, in a southeasterly direction.

After giving the site selected for a camp a thorough

policing, we built winter quarters at once, for the third time this winter, and after the same model. Without even waiting for the quarters to be completed, we had general inspection. The regular routine of camp life, as it should be with soldiers, was also inaugurated at once and uniformly maintained. Reasonable stints of drill were observed, about two hours in the forenoon and two in the afternoon. The squads and companies for drill were usually small in the forenoon, as men who had been on duty the previous night were exempt from drill in the forenoon. The camp guard was light, but a heavy picket line was rigorously kept up, night and day, rain or shine.

It is not an agreeable matter to recall, but picket duty was, at first, largely directed against the men of our own army. For awhile we had orders to shoot any person approaching the picket line from the inside, without the countersign. The removal of McClellan and the unmixed disaster at Fredericksburg, immediately following, combined with other influences, had terribly disheartened many soldiers. They were deserting at this time at the rate of nearly 300 a day. This was confined mostly to drafted men and those from the larger Eastern cities, or to poorly organized regiments. It was not true to any great extent of our corps, and there was not a deserter from the Twenty-seventh during this period. We had not been long directly under McClellan, and had not participated in the late battle. If both of these had been true of us, however, there is no reason to believe that it would have changed things very much. The devotion of the Twenty-seventh to the cause in the interests of which it had volunteered was deeply rooted.

A goodly number of letters were received this winter, by different ones of our boys, openly requesting and urging them to desert. The writer saw a few of such letters. They were not written to him, but to others of his company. They all had the same tenor: It was, that the rebellion could never be put down by force, we were now waging a war solely "to free the nigger," it had already lasted longer than anybody at first believed possible, the money we were getting was worthless, the writer was so lonesome and melancholy, in some instances so destitute, that the soldier was advised and entreated to come home. In some letters, names were given of men who had come home already. These letters were

doubtless one of the means resorted to by the wide, treasonable conspiracy then active throughout Indiana. Weak parents and other relatives, supposed to have influence with particular soldiers, were used as tools by men in the plot. They were induced to write these letters and the very words to be written were often suggested. All such disloyal letters were wholly lost on the Twenty-seventh. They were answered in the negative very plainly, most of them with vicious and profane emphasis. Some of them were sent back to loyal neighbors, to be used as they thought best.

The commissioned officers of the Twenty-seventh took formal action at this time with reference to another form of these developments in Indiana. At a regularly called meeting of the officers a committee was appointed which later reported a series of preambles and resolutions naming definitely the disloyal legislature then in session and tendering the services of the Twenty-seventh to the governor, if needed, for its suppression.

These whereases and resolves, after being adopted by the meeting, were signed in person by all the officers present with the regiment, except one. Those signing were Col. Silas Colgrove, Maj. G. W. Birge, Quartermaster J. M. Jamison, Adj. T. F. Colgrove, Asst. Surg. J. H. Alexander, Chaplain T. A. Whitted, Capts. J. W. Wilcoxson, J. C. Williams, J. A. Cassidy, G. L. Fesler, David Van Buskirk, J. R. Fesler, J. D. McKahin and T. H. Nance, First Lieuts. S. S. Hamrick, J. W. Thornburg, O. P. Ferguson, Thos. Box, James Stephens, J. M. Bloss, Peter Fesler, W. W. Dougherty and W. H. Holloway, Second Lieuts. S. D. Porter, T. W. Casey, Joseph Balsley, W. Rodick, Isaac B. Van Buskirk and J. M. Habberly.

The one exception was First Lieut. Stephen Jerger. A committee was appointed to see him and either obtain his signature or report his reasons for refusing to sign. The committee failed in both respects. The Lieutenant flatly refused to hear the paper read, or to discuss its merits with the committee.

Lieutenant Jerger was a German, a somewhat recent arrival in this country. Being promoted to captain soon after this, he lost a leg at Chancellorsville, and died from the effects of it, shortly after the war. He was a stern, exacting officer, but reasonably competent and faithful. Though his service

was somewhat of a perfunctory or professional character, his devotion to the flag of his adopted country cannot be questioned.

This action of the officers of the Twenty-seventh, on being made public in Indiana, created a great commotion. The resolutions were published in all of the papers and were widely read and discussed, as they were also in the infamous Legislature at which they were largely aimed. In this discussion in the Legislature there was the usual rot about "intimidating free speech," "military dictation," etc., etc. Our surgeon, Johnson, who, having resigned from the Twenty-seventh, was one of the few loyal members of this legislature, boldly stood up for his late comrades in arms, affirming that he personally knew them to be a reasonable, clear-headed body of men, as well as splendid soldiers and intense patriots.



LIEUT.-COL. JOHN R. FESLER.

CAPT. PETER FESLER, CO. G.

The incident may fairly be taken as an indication of what was true at the time of all Indiana soldiers in the field, "regardless of past party affiliations or previous condition of servitude." Incipient treason at home found little sympathy among the soldiers in the army.

During the three months in this camp we received eight months pay. We were paid for four months Jan. 27 and for

four more, April 25. This was really all back pay, as it left three months still due. We were paid wholly in treasury notes, or "Green Backs," as they were called, because printed on green paper. There is some agitation at the present time as to the fairness of this transaction. The course of the Government was precisely the same here, in one respect, as that of any other debtor who, when he cannot pay his obligations in current money, gives his note, leaving the creditor to get what he can for it. In all honorable, private transactions, however, the debtor stands the discount, as it is called. That is, he makes the face of the note larger, or in some other way compensates the creditor for what the note lacks of bringing its face in the open market. But in the case under consideration the debtor did nothing of the kind. He simply handed out his notes for the face of the debt and left his self-sacrificing creditors to take them and get what they could for them, or do worse. Of course they took them. They would have taken them if they had only been worth a tithe of what they really were. They would have taken them and signed a receipt in full of all claims if they had not been worth anything! They were the friends of the debtor, they were! They proposed to stand by him in his troubles, come what might. And they do not and cannot regret it now. Unless their reasons or their wills fail them, they never will regret it!

But, if this debtor, now grown very rich and flourishing, with resources almost unlimited, so much so that he pays all kinds of claims growing out of those disordered times, even paying immense claims when those making them were the admitted leaders in this attempt to ruin him, doing it on the sole ground that he is too rich and great to wrong any one—if under these circumstances, this debtor should happen to remember these self-sacrificing creditors, now almost universally in moderate circumstances, many of them really needy, and should recall this questionable transaction of his, and decide to make it right, even at this late day, such a course might *look well*, to say the least.

This is more of a part than the writer has taken before in the discussion of this question. It is of no great concern to him, personally. As bearing upon the matter, it may be stated here that records of the period under consideration, made by members of the Twenty-seventh, state that apples were sixteen dollars per barrel with us this winter, and eggs

fifty cents per dozen, paid of course in this money. These were wholesale prices, paid by those who expected to sell them again. How much it cost those who consumed them to indulge in a slight reminder of home, in the shape of apples or eggs, may be imagined.

Our regular rations at this time were unusually liberal and varied. In addition to pork, beans, coffee, sugar, rice, molasses and hard tack, with some fresh beef, all of which were abundant and excellent, we received onions, beets, carrots, cabbage, and perhaps other vegetables, occasionally. General Hooker, who was now in command of the Army of the Potomac, received the credit, whether rightfully or not, for this improvement in our supplies, and to use a recently coined expression, it "boomed" him wonderfully in the esteem and confidence of his soldiers.

There were other changes that were equally, if not more inspiring. Things were not out of joint and neglected, as had formerly been the case; not glaringly so, anyway, wherever it depended upon staff officers and others who were making few sacrifices in their country's service. Nothing breeds dissatisfaction and demoralization as quickly in an army as to have it appear that certain favored classes are having it easy, are habitually neglecting their duties, causing delays, suffering and failures, and nothing is said about it. Men lose heart under such circumstances and become sullen and really fractory. They are incapable of acting the part of good soldiers, when they see, not only that they have all the heavy burdens to bear, but that they alone are held to any accountability.

All of us will remember the peculiar situation of the Third Brigade picket line this winter. It is doubtful, though, whether anyone could tell why it was ever established where it was. The line was located far back, along a creek, among hills and gorges, densely overgrown with bushes and trees. At one stretch, it crossed a creek back and forth, several times, without any apparent reason for it. In the daytime it was a lonesome, wierd, ghostly locality, difficult of access and requiring care to traverse. Of a dark, rainy night, it became a veritable Dante's Inferno, demanding as much courage for a lone picket to remain on his beat, as to charge a battery, under ordinary conditions. One night during the winter there was an unusually heavy, wet snow; it accumulated upon the trees

until it broke down and uprooted a great many, and stripped the limbs off of a still larger number. All night long, there was a continuous snapping and roaring in the forests, followed by the crash of the falling timber, until one might have supposed there was a battle in progress. When relieved the next morning the men on picket could scarcely get to camp, as those who relieved them could scarcely get out from camp.

Another night a picket awoke the echoes, in the stillness of the dark jungle, and had the reserve rush to his aid at break-neck speed, through the tangled undergrowth and over the rough ground, by firing his musket at an old horse, that was grazing outside. Nobody believed him when he said he had mistaken the old horse for a mounted rebel scout. They all knew he was only tired of standing out there alone.

Many nights were so inky dark that no one could see anything. Even those objects near at hand could be discerned quite as well with the eyes closed as open. For the relief to cross the various foot-logs, and get around to the different posts, was a great undertaking. At every foot-log one or more of the men fell into the creek, which at the time was a roaring torrent.

Several nights the pole-cats almost stampeded the entire Third Brigade picket line. They were really expected to assail the line every night. The rocky ledges along the creek furnished them a natural place of rendezvous, and, sallying out in platoons and battalions, they were formidable foes. Their military pomp may not have been quite equal to ours, but their equipment for effective, aggressive warfare was hard to withstand. A peculiar advantage they possessed over us was that, if any difference, they were more to be dreaded dead than alive. The old, old maxim is certainly true in a war with pole-cats, if nowhere else, namely, "Discretion is the better part of valor." One of our American humorists says, "He is called a pole-cat, because it is always best to handle him with a po'e, and the longer the pole the better."

There was more snow this winter than the winter before, several very deep ones. One at least, was sixteen inches on the level. There was also the endless amount of rain, peculiar to the South in war-time. One might conclude on noting how all the data of that period are burdened with references to rain and snow, that there was no fair weather whatever. Yet there was. There were very many clear, sunny days this win-

ter, delightfully mild and cheerful. On such days all the camps were full of life. With those off duty, or in the intervals of drill and other responsibilities, numberless pastimes, games, trials of strength and of speed, visits to other camps, shopping errands to different suttlers, etc., etc., were the order.

The hardship and drudgery of picket duty were largely mitigated this winter by the sociability and good fellowship of those detailed for it. No better instance could be cited showing how elastic the spirits of young soldiers were, and how completely they adjusted themselves to all conditions. Fidelity to duty was balanced with relaxation and amusement to



FIRST LIEUT. W. W. DORGHERTY,
ADJT. OF THE 27TH.



LIEUT. J. K. MCCASKEY,
COMPANY I.

the extent that many will remember pleasantly. Around blazing log heaps the men of the reserve played games, spun yarns, related former experiences and achievements (never the least bit colored, of course) cracked jokes (never stale ones) and discussed all kinds of questions, the livelong night. This was not only a pastime, but greatly promoted mutual acquaintance, especially between men of different companies, who saw little of each other at other times. Friendships were then formed that have continued to the present. Despite the uncanny locality, and some as foul weather as only Southern weather could be, in war time, we came off of duty in a cheer-

ful state of mind, and not dreading to have our turn come again.

Another feature of picket duty here (and camp guard as well) that the boys will not forget, was the many clear, far-sounding bugle calls, that were usually the first harbingers of the approaching day. A number of artillery and cavalry commands were encamped in the vicinity, and some of them must have been upon higher ground than most of the surrounding region. The buglers, too, must have been unusually proficient. They could sound a bugle equal to Gabriel himself. Almost the first intimation that the lonely sentinel, pacing his beat in the darkness, would have that light was about to dawn, would be the loud and distinct, but really sweet and beautiful, notes of one of these bugles, sounding the reveille. How that bugler would wake the echoes in every valley and glen and in every nook and jungle! With what a prolonged, stirring crescendo he would sound the last notes. Immediately other buglers would take up the same call and, one after another, the fife and drum corps would join in, with their squeak and clatter, until the whole region to our rear would be in a pleasing uproar.

Twice during the winter, a penalty peculiarly military was executed upon offenders in the Twenty-seventh. Its force and effect would scarcely be appreciated, except by those having an army experience and who understand how much every true soldier prizes his good name among his comrades. On February 4th, three members of the regiment were drummed out of the army, for cowardice at Antietam, and on April 17th, another suffered the same penalty, for stealing money from his messmates. In both instances, the culprits had been formally tried by a regularly constituted court, and sentence duly passed. After having their heads shaved as bare as the palm of one's hand, and, in case of the first three, the letter "C," for coward, and in the case of the last one, the letter "T," for thief, indelibly tattooed upon them, they were placed at the head of the regiment, and a file of men was drawn up behind them, at a charge bayonet. Then, with some fifers and drummers following after them, playing the "Rogue's March," they passed between the two ranks of the regiment as they faced inward, down to the left, thence over the guard line, and out of the camp. That was all. In

some other instances in the army, imprisonment was added to this punishment, but not in these. It should have been added with the last. He was an incorrigible and heartless thief, and the offense for which he was punished was very aggravated. In civil life, a like offense would receive the maximum of time in the state's prison. The writer was not personally knowing to the circumstances relating to the offense of the others, though their guilt was doubtless clearly proved, at least in form. None of the disgraced culprits ever appeared in camp again.

There were not many furloughs granted to members of the Twenty-seventh during this period. Perhaps even fewer enlisted men visited their homes this winter than the one previous. Owing to the expense of the trip and the shortness of the time allowed, as compared to the distance, few cared to go, anyway. But Colonel Colgrove, and several others of the commissioned officers, visited Indiana at this time.

During a part of our stay near Stafford Court House we had the system of company cooks in the Twenty-seventh. It was never regarded with favor among us. We did not seem to get as much good from our rations that way as by the small mess system. Whether all ate more, or the ravages of the gormandizers were more noticeable, or whether the company cooks were wasteful or venial, we never knew. What we did know was that, when we had no company cooks, but divided the rations among small messes, and allowed them to do their own cooking, unless the issue was very short, we had plenty and to spare. That was true of the men generally. But when we had company cooks, no matter how liberal our rations appeared to be, or who did the cooking, there was a general complaint of gnawing stomachs. Hence the company cook was not a favorite with us. All songs and other references to "Mess Tents" stir up only harrowing and unsavory recollections in our minds. At this time, however, orders from higher authority somewhere positively enjoined this regulation. Extra efforts were made by company officers and others (also enjoined by higher authority) to have it work satisfactorily. It may have done better now than formerly, or it may not; but we never tried it again, after leaving this camp.

The best illustration of the difference between the system of company cooks and that of small messes that is possible for

the ordinary citizen is to imagine all the families in a village or in a certain district of a city, regardless of their habits or propensities, giving up their own homes and domestic way of living and begin living in one, common hash-house. Those that have self-respect, not to mention love of order, cleanliness and plenty, would soon understand in that way, something about the company cook system in the army. Yet the War Department, and most of those high up in the army establishment, are intensely set on having a company cook in each and every company.



MAJ. GEN. HENRY W. SLOCUM.
(From a War Time Photograph.)



GEN. THOS. H. RUGER.
(From Photograph Kept by Capt. Williams since the War.)

We participated in three grand reviews during this period. The first was on March 5th, by Maj.-Gen. H. W. Slocum. He had succeeded the lamented Mansfield in command of our corps, while we were at Maryland Heights, but up to this time we had seen little, if anything, of him. As the commander of the larger Twentieth Corps, later on, and of Sherman's Left Wing, in the March to the Sea, and up through the Carolinas, Slocum became widely and favorably known. He never

attained to a higher position, or wider fame, than the members of the Twenty-seventh wished for him and believed him worthy of. He was a quiet, retiring, cultured gentleman, always unassuming and courteous, but as uniformly firm and capable. At this time he could not have weighed much over 150 pounds and was about 35 years of age.

The other two grand reviews were, first by General Hooker, March 18th, then by President Lincoln, April 10th. All of these reviews were held in some rather level fields, something like a mile east of Stafford Court House. There was nothing, either in the display attempted or the services exacted, that could be called unreasonable in any of them.

General Hooker was also a stranger to us previous to this. He had been placed in command of the army while we were absent on the upper Potomac. He was nothing if not theatrical. His appearance upon the field at this review was strongly suggestive of colored lights, made-to-order scenery, character dressing and other stage effects. He came amid the thunderous roar of cannon, mounted upon his noted white stallion, moving like the wind, a hundred or more staff officers and orderlies galloping at his heels. The whole cavalcade was gorgeous and resplendant in shining new uniforms. The gilt and tinsel of their shoulder straps, buttons and ornaments gleamed in the sunlight, and scarlet sashes and various colored banners, guidons and streamers waved and fluttered conspicuously. But if such vanities formerly impressed soldiers with the capabilities of their leaders, their tendency must have been in the opposite direction during the Civil war, especially among the practical, matter-of-fact men of the West. This seems to be very clear in the inner, personal history of those days. Such displays prejudiced men against a commander, if anything.

To this review by Hooker the Twenty-seventh carried, for the first time, the two splendid new flags—the one a regulation national flag and the other the Indiana State colors, which Colonel Colgrove had recently brought with him from Indianapolis. They were furnished by the State, through Governor Morton, as a special recognition of the services of the regiment. These same flags now repose in the flag room of the State House at Indianapolis, duly marked as having belonged to the Twenty-seventh. They were carried until the final muster out.

In the hands of members of the regiment and waving over its sturdy ranks, their silken folds kissed the breezes in nine different States of the Union and in the District of Columbia. By strong and devoted arms they were proudly held above the fighting line at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Resaca, New Hope Church, Culps Farm, Peach Tree Creek and the Siege of Atlanta. More than one fearless hero received his mortal wound while engaged in this extra hazardous, though cheerful, duty. Nearly a score of others have gone crippled through life, because they dared to do the same. Those flags are faded and soiled on account of their long exposure to the sun and rain, they were badly snagged and torn by the exigencies of the hard service through which they passed, and rebel bullets innumerable cut savagely through their once beautiful stripes and starry fields of blue. But they were never dishonored. They were never tainted by the touch of a disloyal hand. Their sacred shadows never, never rested upon a coward.

Not to have given all the soldiers an opportunity to see the illustrious and beloved President Lincoln, while visiting the army, would have been a crime. Much as we all revered him, even then, and implicitly as we all believed in him, many of us never saw him before or afterwards. That sight alone almost compensated us for our entire service in the army. To have lived in his generation without seeing him would be a matter of lifelong regret. And the vision of his tall, angular form, his long, dangling legs, his pants working up and exposing his boot tops, his high silk hat bobbing up and down on his head, as he trotted by on horseback; and his plain, homely and sad, though noble, kindly and inspiring face, as it beamed upon us when we marched by him in review, will be fondly and proudly cherished by each of us, when the resounding salvos of artillery, the brilliant cavalcade of high officers and their retinues, the blare of bugles and the music of bands, the fluttering and drooping of flags and banners, the endless procession of marching and wheeling battalions of trained veterans, and the many other factors of that great and memorable pageant, have faded entirely out of mind.

The President had then the short, rather uneven whiskers, that he seems to have worn during most, if not all, of his administration. Pictures of him were so common that any

one of us would likely have known him anywhere. In that sense we were neither surprised nor disappointed by his appearance. In every respect, however, in which we had not heard about him, and in all those gifts and graces with which our youthful imagination, had endowed him, he measured more than up to the standard. Above all else, the evident fellow-feeling that he had for all true men, and his evident appreciation of the services we were trying to render the country, about which no one could be mistaken who saw him, greatly cheered and encouraged all of us. He seemed even more like "Father Abraham" to us after this than he had before.

The entire Twelfth Army Corps, its full quota of infantry, artillery, and the cavalry on duty with it, except the small numbers on other details, were present at this review. And the details for the various necessary duties had been reduced as much as possible. The ground was sufficiently open and level, so that all were in sight at once. The occasion probably has the additional distinction, therefore, of being the largest number of soldiers any of us ever saw, at any one time.

As the spring advanced various orders began to foreshadow a move. One required the packing of overcoats, and all surplus blankets and clothing, to be shipped to Washington for storage through the summer. These came back to us in Tennessee, the following autumn. In obedience to another order, eight days' rations were drawn by regimental quartermasters, which also required that they should henceforth keep that amount constantly on hand thereafter. In obedience to a third order, one hundred rounds of cartridges were issued to each soldier. This meant that besides having his cartridge box full, every man should have not less than three pounds of powder and lead in his pockets or haversack.

Those writers who speak of soldiers carrying their surplus cartridges in their knapsacks, as many of them do, and as some officers did at the time, do not know of the prudence and forethought of the men of the Twenty-seventh. It was the rule with us, and others, to unsling knapsacks when going into an engagement. A Twenty-seventh soldier knew better, therefore, than to put his extra cartridges in his knapsack. If he ever needed extra cartridges it was at a time when he was not likely to have his knapsack at hand.

Once we had marching orders, but, a rain coming on be-

fore the time to start, the orders were countermanded. There was to be no "sticking in the mud" this time.

On April 20th, a week before the final start, our Corps Badges were issued to us. This was another instance in the army where a little thing exercised a great and salutary influence. A corps badge was a small flannel patch, worn on the hat, or cap, to indicate the corps, and also the division, to which a soldier belonged. The idea is said to have originated with the much lamented Kearney, and finally came to be used everywhere in the army, both East and West. The shape of



SERG. J. B. GAMBOLD, CO. A. SERGT.-MAJ. JAMES R. SHARP.
(Recent Portrait.)

the patch indicated the corps, and the color of it indicated the division. Who decided the matter we never learned, but we always felt glad that the men of the Twelfth Corps had the five pointed star, the same that is on the flag, assigned to them for their corps badge. Being in the First Division, we wore a red star. Members of the Second Division wore a white star, and the Third Division wore a blue star. Other corps had differently shaped emblems, but the colors denoting the divi-

sions were the same in all. One corps in the Army of the Potomac had a sphere, another a clover leaf, another a diamond, another a Maltese cross, another a Roman cross, etc. From the first, much pride and enthusiasm were awakened by these corps badges, naturally increasing later on. Men were led to make exertions and overcome difficulties, which, before, they would not have thought possible, in order to enhance or maintain the reputation of those wearing a certain badge. To this day a red star, or even a white or blue star, wherever it is seen, has a peculiar and mysterious influence over any member of the Twenty-seventh.

These corps badges were eventually placed also on wagons, ambulances, hospital tents, markers, headquarter flags, etc., etc. This put an end to much of the waiting, hunting and confusion that had been so annoying previously. A soldier alone, or a commander leading a column, could often locate himself at once, by this means. A wagon or ambulance rolling by, a small piece of bunting floating from a pennant, even a lone soldier trudging along, or lounging at the road side displaying a certain emblem afforded the necessary hint.

While we were at Stafford Court House Col. Thos. H. Ruger, of the Third Wisconsin, was made a brigadier-general and given command of our brigade. The same General Ruger has figured conspicuously, in high stations in the army, in more recent years. He was no stranger to us now, the Third having been in our brigade all along. A graduate of West Point, like so many other successful generals of the war, he had been out of the army and engaged in civil pursuits for some time. Without losing anything of value in their military training or experience, this mixing with the people, and acquaintance with the affairs of every day life and its practical problems, many believe, was the essential element of success in the careers of these men. It divorced them from some of the pedantic and hampering technicalities of military schools, made them more self-reliant and resourceful, and, best of all, gave them an opportunity to learn men, and imbibe a wisdom and tact in dealing with men, that no school has ever taught, and that few persons who have gone directly from West Point into the army, and remained there, have ever exhibited the least sign of possessing.

At the outbreak of the war, Ruger was a lawyer at Janes-

ville, Wis. He was close to thirty-three years old when placed in command of the Third Brigade. As he continued in command of it until the fall of Atlanta, he had much to do with its record. While he, nor no one else, seemed to strive after wide fame for this brigade, especially not in the way of advertising it by a peculiar, catchy name, its conduct, from first to last, the way it held its ground when sorely beset, the battle losses of its regiments, the reports of eye witnesses who saw it in tight places, particularly the incidental and indirect testimony to be found in the reports of those who confronted it on the many sanguinary fields where it fought, and *their* record of losses, all of these, are interesting to contemplate, especially to one who was in its ranks. And he is not confused by comparing them with others, even with some who, at the time, if not since the facts and figures have been officially made public, were making more pretensions.

There were also an additional number of promotions in the Twenty-seventh during this period. Without intending to reflect in the least upon those previously filling the same positions, and without really doing so in fact, it might be said, in a general way, that every such promotion increased the efficiency of the regiment and was for the good of the service. In most instances, the men vacating positions were themselves promoted; where this was not the case the new officer, because he came up from below, with a wider experience, including the example of the one he succeeded, was able to improve upon what had gone before.

Three of these promotions, in particular, because affecting the Twenty-seventh as a whole, were very fortunate and had a most salutary influence upon its subsequent career. Capt. John R. Fesler, of Company G, was made lieutenant-colonel. Adj. T. F. Colgrove was made major and Lieut. W. W. Daugherty, of Company H, was made adjutant.

Colonel Fesler was almost a model volunteer officer. His unflinching competency and his sterling, manly character commanded deference and respect in all quarters; while his modest, unassuming demeanor and genial disposition gave him an influence over men that they could not get away from.

Major Colgrove knew the tactics as well as he did the a, b, c's, and his intimate relations with the head of the regiment gave it the benefit of his knowledge to an extent that could not have been true of any one else. From this on

blunders on reviews and in other public places, as well as in battles and other tight places, became unknown.

An adjutant has much to do in giving spirit and tone to the daily round of duties in a regiment. Whether anything is done on time or in exactly the right way depends much upon him. A man should bring to the discharge of the duties of that office not only exact military and business training, but quick perceptions and a tireless energy. All of these were possessed by Lieutenant Dougherty. He continued as adjutant until the end, and an improvement upon him in the office could scarcely have been possible.

Thus provided with officers, we were ready for another campaign.—Slocum in command of the corps, Williams the division, and Ruger the brigade. Colonel Colgrove was still at the head of the Twenty-seventh, with John R. Fesler, T. F. Colgrove, and W. W. Dougherty as his principal aides among the fighting contingent. All of the companies were also provided with experienced, capable captains and lieutenants. In the hopeful spirit and the high ambition to excel, which animated every member of it, from highest to lowest, no less than in its improved organization, the Twenty-seventh was never in such a promising condition for effective, telling service as at this time.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

In this chapter upon the part which the Twenty-seventh bore in the battle of Chancellorsville, the writer desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to Comrade Bresnahan, for his able article upon the subject, read at the reunion of the regiment at Washington, Ind., and published in the Indianapolis Journal.

Early on Monday morning, April 27, 1863, the Twenty-seventh, along with the balance of the Twelfth Army Corps, marched briskly out of its home-like camp, near Stafford Court House. Our hearts were never lighter, or our steps more cheerful. In the estimation of common soldiers, as well as exalted commanders, the time had come for action. We all felt that we could do something toward suppressing the rebellion if we had a chance, and we firmly believed that we were now going to have it.

We carried an unusual load, not of clothing, bedding or of personal conveniencies, but of food and ammunition. Every soldier had about his person eight days' rations and one hundred rounds of cartridges. General Slocum says this was more than double the amount of rations ever carried by any troops in that army before. Prior to this, we had never carried more than sixty rounds of cartridges. After going twelve miles, in the direction of the upper Rappahannock, we bivouacked near Hartwood church. Here we met also the troops of the Eleventh Corps.

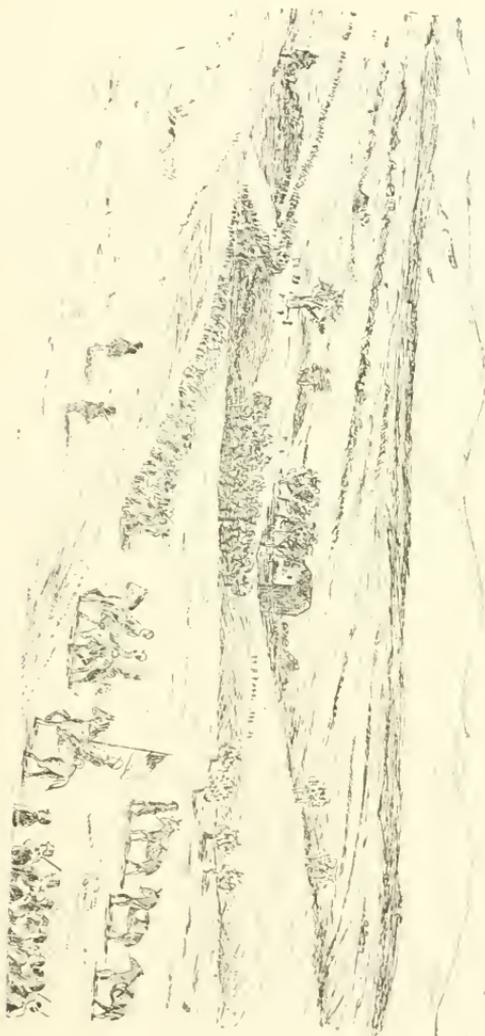
A limited number of small fires were allowed, to prepare supper, but before dark a detail was sent around to make sure that they were all extinguished. Verbal orders were also given prohibiting loud talking, cheering, or any kind of noise. Before the commanding general had passed us on the road, staff officers and orderlies had ridden ahead to caution the soldiers against demonstrations.

Next morning we were again on the road early. Moving swiftly but silently we bivouacked that night near Kelley's

Ford. The same precautions against fires and noises were again enforced.

During the night a pontoon bridge was thrown across the Rappahannock, and early the next morning the Eleventh Corps crossed over. After crossing, however, the Eleventh Corps halted near the river, while the Twelfth Corps crossed

CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK AT KELLY'S FORD ON THE
WAY TO CHANTRELORSVILLE.



and passed to the front. The Twenty-seventh was in the lead of the Twelfth Corps. "Send three or four smart marching regiments to sieze Germaina Ford," Hooker had instructed Slocum. This ford is where the Culpeper and Fredericks-

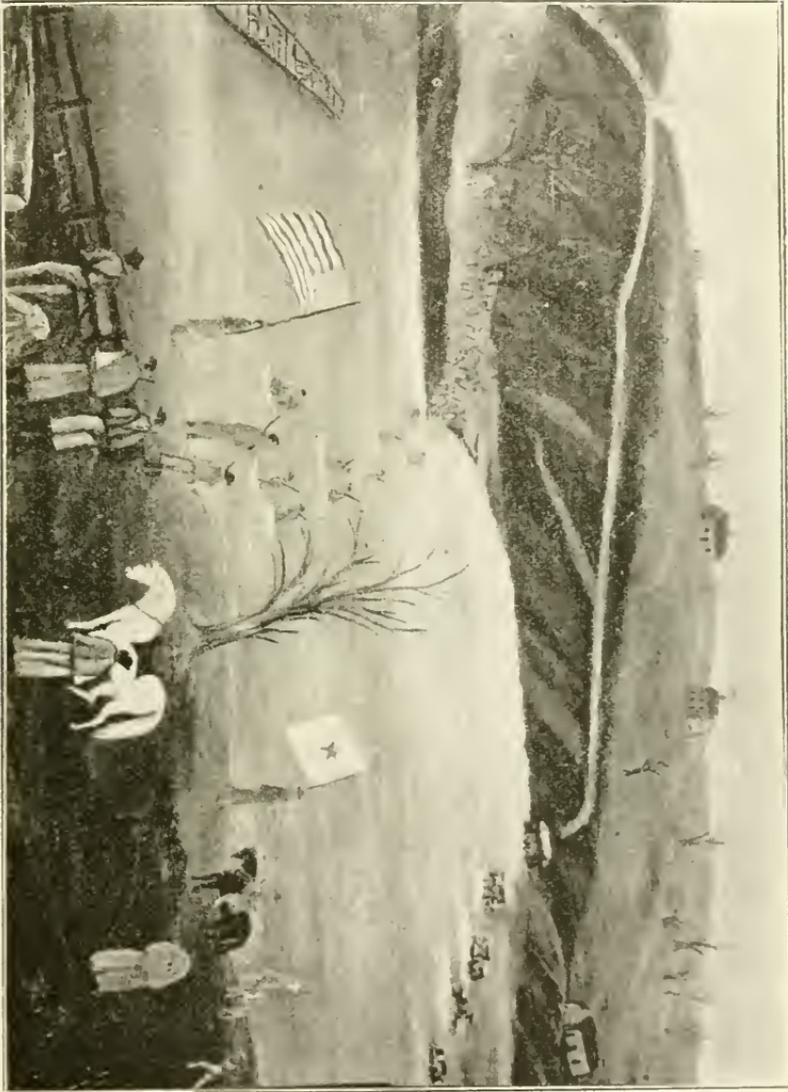
burg road crosses the Rapidan river. There were fifty-six regiments to choose from, but the duty devolved upon the Third Wisconsin, Second Massachusetts and Twenty-seventh Indiana. While the Twenty seventh was the leading regiment, Company C was deployed as skirmishers on the right of the road and Company F on the left. In advance of them, sometimes half a mile and sometimes five rods, depending upon the attitude of the enemy, was a small detachment of cavalry. As long as our direction was southerly, straight out from the river, a plucky force of mounted rebels disputed our progress. They kept carefully out of range of our muskets, but showed little fear of the cavalry. After our sharp turn to the left, eastward, we saw no more of them, though they seem to have annoyed the column behind us somewhat.

The march was truly "smart." The writer was out on the flank of the skirmish line, one hundred yards or so from the road. Heavily laden, passing over much rough ground, covered with various impediments, to keep abreast with the column in the road required vigorous and sustained exertion. After going some miles, the skirmish line was made heavier, and the supports increased. To do this the Third Wisconsin was brought up and marched with the Twenty-seventh, also furnishing the skirmishers on the left of the road.

On nearing Germaina Ford, it was ascertained that a small force of the enemy was posted there. In making dispositions to attack it, which was speedily done, the Twenty-seventh was held in the road as a support, while on either side were the Third Wisconsin and Second Massachusetts, preceded by skirmishers. The enemy, as it afterwards developed, consisted of only about 125 men, recently brought there to rebuild the bridge, which had been destroyed. They had evidently had no intimation of our approach, as part of them were still on our side of the river. By a prompt advance, the entire detail was captured or killed; there were several of the latter.

We had a good illustration, to-day, of the difference between the operations of cavalry and infantry. From early morning the cavalry of the two sides had been raising a great hubbub. A good part of the time their carbines and pistols were popping furiously. There was charging and counter-charging, that fairly shook the earth. Yet the total casualty, as far as it appeared from our standpoint, was one Union cav-

alryman thrown by his horse stumbling, by which he was considerably bruised, and one rebel captured, on account of a similar mishap. But when our cavalry ran on to this rebel infantry, one was killed and two or three were wounded by



CROSSING THE RAPIDAN AT GERMANIA FORD. (From painting by sister of Capt. Williams.)

the first fire they drew. And no sooner had the infantry of the two sides come in conflict than blood began to flow freely.

The next step, after disposing of this trifling opposition,

was to get troops across the stream, to hold the approaches on that side, while a bridge could be improvised. General Slocum gave orders for our brigade to wade over forthwith. The Twenty-seventh moved down to the water's edge and made preparations to enter, but there was some delay. After giving the order to ford the stream, General Slocum had ridden away, as if to give attention to other matters. General Williams and General Ruger were present, with Colonel Colgrove, and it was the writer's understanding that neither of these believed it possible for men to withstand the current. A few mounted men were crossing at the time. The water was mid-side to the horses and terribly swift. Several horses lost their footing and, with their riders, went down the stream, rolling over and over. They eventually made the shore, so that none of them were drowned, but the prospect did look forbidding for footmen to venture in. Presently Slocum returned, and with more impatience and harshness than we ever saw him exhibit on any other occasion, inquired why the crossing was not in progress, adding that when he gave an order he expected it to be obeyed. Then, sitting upon his horse, he personally directed the entrance into the water, at least of the Twenty-seventh, which was the first infantry to cross. As we passed him, he had us join hands, two and two. This worked like a charm. It was simple but effective. Although the water came to our armpits, and was so very swift, with a rough, slippery bottom, no one of us was washed down.

We had taken off our cartridge boxes and some of our clothing, and carried them upon our bayonets. Articles in our pockets, likely to be damaged, were transferred to receptacles higher up on our persons. Some passed such articles to mounted officers. Noticing this, General Slocum said, pleasantly, "Never mind your pocketbooks, boys, but keep your powder dry." Thus our brigade, and the First Brigade of our division passed over. A few members of other regiments lost their footing, and got thoroughly drenched in the cold water, but no lives were lost.

General Slocum does not seem to have been at heart as sanguine of the success of the undertaking as his urgent manner in putting it to the test had the appearance of. In his report he says: "I have never witnessed a scene that tended to increase my confidence in our troops, or that so strongly excited my admiration, as that presented by the two brigades

of Williams' division in fording the Rapidan river. This ford is a very difficult one at all times, the current being very rapid, and the water being, in many places, at least four feet deep. Not only the officers, but every soldier, seemed to appreciate the necessity of speedily gaining the opposite bank; and they seemed to vie with each other in their eagerness to execute the order." He might have added that the soldiers treated it as a species of fun, and that the crossing was accomplished amid much shouting, laughter and merriment.

No sooner was the Twenty-seventh over than we climbed the opposite bank and formed in line a short distance out. As the other regiments came over they joined us on this line, and later all moved out a mile or so from the river and passed the night. That is, we waited with what patience and fortitude we could command for the coming day. Part of the Twenty-seventh was on picket, while the balance acted as the reserve. The cloths of all were wet above the waist, from fording the river, and a cold rain fell during the night.

A temporary bridge was soon placed upon the stone piers of the former one, and, by four o'clock next morning, both corps were across the Rapidan.* We did not start very early this morning, the 30th of April, but by 1:00 P. M. we were near Chancellorsville. This distance is thirteen miles. Arriving there, our brigade diverged from the plank road, near where the Jackson monument now stands, and, going four or five hundred yards obliquely to the right, halted upon the exact ground over which we fought three days later. There we stacked arms and remained almost entirely inactive for forty-eight hours.

O for a Grant, Napoleon, or some one, who appreciates the value of time in an emergency like the present! When we halted that day at Chancellorsville, with three superb army corps, aggregating almost 40,000 men (the Fifth Corps having come up by another road), barely two brigades of the enemy, not over 3,000 men, were between us and the vicinity of Fredericksburg. An advance that afternoon would have found them almost without entrenchments. To assert that we might not have brushed them away and planted ourselves in

*This bridge was built upon the plans and under the supervision of Captain Bloss, of the Twenty-seventh, who at this time was in command of the "pioneers," a detail whose duty it was to keep in advance of the main column and "prepare the way" for it.

the open country above Fredericksburg, opening direct communication with that part of our army opposite that point, is to assert that we had in us none of the qualities of good soldiers.

It is a curious fact, but before we had been at the point where we first halted a half hour, a rumor was current among us that the impending battle would be fought on that ground.



THE MODERN CHANCELLORSVILLE HOUSE.
(Restored on foundation of one burned during the battle.)

It must have been a random guess by some one, though correct. General Hooker had not then reached Chancellorsville himself. If it was already his plan, even tentatively, to deliver battle at that point, he never admitted it afterwards.

The next morning, May 1st, we were called into line and Hooker's famous order, having reference mainly to what the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps had then accomplished, but almost boasting in advance as to what he was going to do, was read to us. Bands played, the troops cheered, and there was enthusiasm generally. Of course, it made us feel very proud to have our own little corps mentioned so flatteringly, all the more as the Twenty-seventh had been so prominently identified with its movements. The shocking blasphemy which Hooker is said to have uttered at this time, namely, that even God Almighty could not prevent him from destroying the rebel army, was not in general circulation among the men.

About eleven o'clock A. M., of this 1st of May, we marched out the plank road, past the Chancellorsville house, perhaps a mile. There we deployed into line of battle and moved a short distance further. The skirmishers in our front, which were not from our regiment, became engaged. Considerably to our left there seemed to be something of a battle in progress. The volleys of musketry at times were well sustained, and the thunder of artillery was severe. We did not come under fire ourselves, except that a few wild shells passed over our heads. The timber was very dense, and we could see little of what was going on. We did not see any rebels. The whole movement was extremely puzzling to us. No other troops, outside of our corps, appeared to be taking part. We passed large numbers of men, both infantry and artillery, as we moved out. They were not even under arms, and laughed and joked with us, as if they thought we might be going out for sport. The aspect of affairs strongly betokened a distressing lack of energy. The column moved slowly like one does when there is some obstruction ahead, as a mud hole or a creek, which is being crossed upon a foot-log. This was probably caused by the troops in front of us deploying into position, and they must have been very deliberate about it.

After finally halting where we had arrived in line of battle, in the thick timber, we remained standing in position a short time, then turned by the right flank, in column of fours, moved into the road, thence back to the place from which we had started. As we again passed by the other troops, which had not taken part in the movement, the customary chaff was

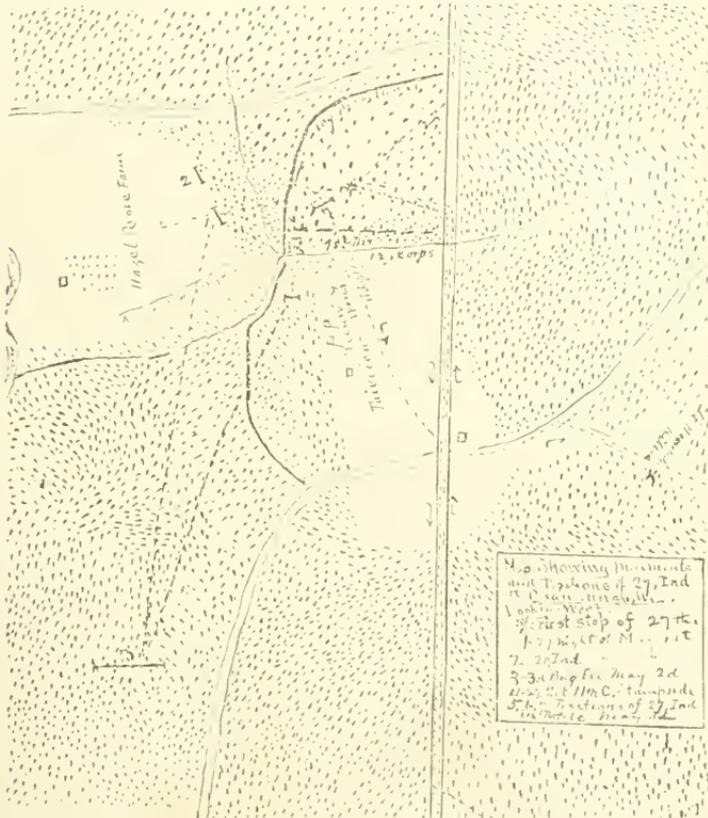
exchanged about Richmond being taken, the war being over, etc., etc. In passing the Chancellorsville house, both going and coming, we saw General Hooker standing on the porch.

On what slender threads great events do hang! This movement which, as far as we could understand at all, we decided must be merely a feint, or demonstration of some kind, while the real blow was struck in some other quarter, we are now told was made with the intention of attacking the enemy in force, with a view of clearing the way to Fredericksburg. We are told, further, that the plan was only abandoned when it was ascertained that the enemy was in too great force and too strongly entrenched.

Once back in the woods, where we had halted when we first arrived on the field, we were ordered to fortify our position. The line, which had been facing east up to this time, was now faced to the south. Along this line we forthwith began to build a log parapet or breastwork, about as high as our shoulders, and to slash the timber for some distance in front of it. This is notable as being the first defenses of any kind we ever built on a battlefield. From this time on we never failed to build defenses, of some kind, wherever and whenever there was even a slight probability of their being needed.

We had progressed well with our work of fortifying when suddenly, beyond the timber to the south of us, a crackling fire of musketry broke out, increasing at once to a savage skirmish. The officers commanded, "Fall in," and the men instantly dropped their axes and ran to their places. They were none too soon, for, almost before we had formed in front of where our muskets were stacked, orders came for the Twenty-seventh to move in the direction of the firing. We started at once, by the flank, double-quick, over our incomplete breastworks, through the slashed timber, crossed the marshy ground and little run, passed up the slope, through a very thick undergrowth, and, at the top, came to a cleared opening or farm. The distance thus passed over was two hundred yards or more. Near the far side of the clearing, two or three hundred yards further, was a farm house, with some out-buildings. The ground descended slightly in that direction to a creek at the further side of the clearing and some distance beyond the house. Beyond the creek was a steep wooded bluff. Around the house, and between it and us, was an orchard.

This clearing or farm is the one known on the maps as Hazel Grove farm. When we reached this farm at this time the men engaged in the skirmish on our side were mostly in sight, scattered about the farm buildings and among the orchard trees, loading and firing with evident energy. Colonel Colgrove continued to lead the Twenty-seventh straight out toward the men thus engaged, still moving by the flank. Minie balls began to sing around us plentifully, and there was



tenth company. Being under such a hot fire, the over-shots aimed at our skirmishers, there was no delay in obeying the order.

Just as we were taking position along the fence, with quite a little flurry, an incident transpired which all who were there will remember. A musket shot in our own ranks rang out startlingly clear and distinct, followed by the moaning of one hurt. A member of one of our companies had shot his own finger off, accidentally as he claimed; but some near him always believed he had done it on purpose. As it was his right forefinger, the case did have a suspicious look.

Our line had barely been established at the fence when a rebel battery opened upon us from the wooded bluff, south of the creek. We were too near the battery to be in much danger from shells, unless they hit some one outright. Those fired were well aimed, however, and passing uncomfortably near us, did considerable damage by exploding among the troops in our rear. After firing shells for a while, canister was tried. This did not continue long. Only a few of those iron balls, about the size of a hulled walnut, had come bounding toward us, tearing up the ground and glancing here and there, when our special favorites, Battery M, First New York Artillery, began firing with tremendous energy immediately at our left. With their usual celerity they had galloped into position, without all of us hearing them. After that the rebel battery had enough to do without pestering the Twenty-seventh.

One of the first shots from Battery M exploded an ammunition chest in the rebel battery. In the light of the explosion we plainly saw a poor rebel thrown into the air, twenty-five feet or more. Not many shots were fired by the rebels after the explosion. Their infantry had, in the meantime, withdrawn also, and quiet soon brooded over the scene. As the fire of our battery slackened, we could distinctly hear the screams of the rebel wounded.

It has developed since that this attack on our pickets was made by Wright's brigade, of Anderson's rebel division. This brigade had been in our front while we were out on the plank road, as narrated above. About the time we withdrew from that position ourselves, they had moved around also, under orders to feel of the Union line at this point. Their alert scouts may have carried the information to the proper author-

ities that the Twelfth Corps had moved away from here, leaving the point exposed, but had not been quite prompt enough in reporting our return. It is amusing, from our standpoint, to read Wright's report of the affair. Among other ludicrous things, he says, in substance, that nothing but the approach of darkness prevented him from capturing our battery. Fifteen thousand of the best troops in the rebel army could not have taken Battery M. It was supported by the Twelfth Army Corps, and nobody ever captured as much as one cannon from it.

The Twenty-seventh did not return to the work of slashing timber and building breastworks, but remained where it was, through the night. Orders were very strict that no one should leave his place in the ranks or, on any account, go to sleep. The situation as night came on did look threatening, though we had learned, as all soldiers did, to obey such orders in the spirit, rather than in the letter. We were careful to remain somewhere near our places, and, if we went to sleep, it would not be such a profound slumber that we would not be ready for any emergency.

Later in the evening an event occurred which showed that, asleep or awake, the men of the Twenty-seventh were capable of acting prudently. Unobserved by us, Birney's division, of the Third Corps, had come up on our right. They were not fully advised as to our position, as we were not of theirs. In posting their pickets, therefore, they got squarely in front of our line. At a time when we were very much exercised, with every nerve at its utmost tension, not knowing when the enemy might appear, suddenly the forms of these men, perhaps twenty or more of them, came into view, silhouetted against the lighter background of the horizon. Nothing but the impulse to take a second thought, so as to make sure of our aim, as well as to make sure of doing the right thing in other respects, kept us from firing upon them instantly. That fortunate second thought enabled the most observing among us to recognize that, for one thing, the men were not advancing toward us. This removed the necessity for great haste and gave opportunity for formal challenge and reply. This developed the fact that the supposed enemies were not only our soldiers, but that they belonged to the Twentieth Indiana regiment. We shuddered at the narrow margin by which a serious mishap had been averted. Every man of us

had stood with his musket cocked and aimed, and with his finger upon the trigger. At a most critical moment a soldier near the writer shouted sharply, "Shoot, damn 'em, they're rebels!" Most fortunately, no one shot.

This was the only time that these two Indiana regiments, containing a goodly number of neighbors and intimate friends, ever found themselves so near together, and it was the only time during our service that another Hoosier regiment was aligned with ours. When we came to investigate, the Twentieth practically joined the Twenty-seventh on the right, only a small space separating the two.

No other incident is remembered as occurring during the night. The next day, May 2nd, dawned clear and beautiful. No signs of an enemy were visible. The night before, however, soon after all had become still, and we were debating in our minds whether to keep awake or run all risks and go to sleep, not much over a mile from us, the two rebel leaders, Lee and Jackson, sitting upon two cracker boxes, had consulted and agreed upon a plan which would greatly affect our surroundings before night. This plan was that Jackson should, this morning, take twenty-five thousand men, march entirely around the right wing of our army, and strike it a hard blow from the flank and rear.

It was designed, of course, that this movement should be entirely concealed from our authorities. But Providence was on our side, and our people were to have abundant warning, if wise enough to heed it. Even before we had finished our modest breakfasts, it was discovered that a column of the enemy was crossing an opening, a little over a mile from us. With the naked eye we could see the glint of their gunbarrels and the white covers of their wagons. The opening was slightly to our left, but the direction of the movement was plainly toward our right.

A section of artillery was brought immediately in front of the Twenty-seventh and began firing upon the moving rebel column. The shells went swishing towards them, and we could see some of them explode in their midst. There would be a temporary break in the column, as though it had stopped, or was going by some other route. Sometimes the men and teams would go on the run, while passing the opening. That was all. Shortly, the column would be moving as before.

As usual, it was not long until different rumors were in circulation, concerning this rebel movement. Prominent among them was the one which, unfortunately, seems to have had the preference with the commanding general. This was that the enemy was retreating. Right then and there, we heard of the dispatch, sent by Hooker to Sedgewick, having this import.

The men of the Twenty-seventh put in most of the forenoon building a line of breastworks at this point, where we had come so hastily. Some of them had, in fact, begun the work in the night or early morning. To the rails furnished by the old fence, poles, logs and such other materials as were available were added, until it all constituted something rather formidable.

About noon Birney's division was ordered to make a reconnoissance in force, out in the direction where the moving rebel column could be seen. In going out it passed across the front of our position. The Twentieth Indiana was in the lead. The company containing some of the writer's boyhood chums was on the skirmish line. With breathless interest we watched them as they moved down the cleared slope, crossed the creek and disappeared in the thick brush of the bluff beyond. They were not fired upon until about the time they passed out of sight. From that time on skirmishing was active. We remained deeply interested spectators, or at least listeners, while Birney's men were pushing farther and farther out, until orders came for us to move also.

It must have been nearly or quite 2:00 P. M. when our division began moving, to the left of the direction taken by Birney. This was almost directly to the left of where we then were. The deployment of the division was slow. When completed we advanced in line of battle very cautiously. We soon found ourselves immersed in a growth of bushes and vines almost impenetrable. With frequent halts and patient readjustments, it was impossible to preserve an alignment or keep the direction, as it was almost so to make any headway. We must have worked our way about a half a mile into this jungle. Our skirmishers were in unusually close contact with those of the enemy. Musket balls were singing over our heads and zipping among the limbs. It looked as though we might be again on the point of a bloody engagement ourselves. Those in the main line could see no enemy.

All at once, almost wholly unannounced by any picket firing, a furious, raging battle broke out directly behind us. We now know that it was a mile or more away, but it did not then seem so far. Not only the musketry firing, but the yelling and cheering, were borne to us with vivid distinctness. Presently there was a cessation in the firing and other sounds, to be renewed very soon, if possible, more desperate as well as more prolonged, than before.

For awhile we supposed this fire in the rear was something duly provided for. Then we began to have unpleasant misgivings, because it was evident that the reports of the guns and all the accompanying noises were becoming more and more distinct, as if our side might be giving ground. Our misgivings were increased, if not confirmed, when we received an order to about-face and move back. After receiving this order all previous caution as to forms was abandoned. Simply doing the best we could to keep our regimental front in fair alignment we moved back briskly, straight toward the firing.

In this retrograde movement the Twenty-seventh reached the cleared ground northward of where it had left it. The impression of the writer has always been that our's was the first regiment of William's division to debouch from the woods. At least it was quite a few minutes before we heard or saw anything of the other regiments of our brigade.

As we emerged from the thick bushes, what a sight awaited us! It simply beggars all description, and the writer will not attempt one. Suffice it to say, that the unfortunate stampede of the Eleventh Corps, caused by the attack of Jackson, mentioned above, was now before us. The clearing just that the point was not wide. Out of the timber, opposite us, a confused, mob-like mass of men was pouring, and it bore down upon us. In it were soldiers of all ranks, of all branches of the service and of many commands. They were entirely without order, did not know where they were going and did not seem to care for anything, only to get farther away from danger. Utterly deaf, alike to commands or appeals, wholly oblivious to all sense of either honor or shame, "aghast and terror stricken, heads bare and panting for breath," ranting, screaming, blaspheming, many of them bawling like babies, they were, for the time being, a vast horde of galloping idiots.

It was a supreme moment for the Twenty-seventh. Would it be overwhelmed and carried away by the awful

tide, as some good regiments doubtless were? How could so few stand alone, among so many?

But Colonel Colgrove was a man for an emergency like this. Without a moment's hesitation he did two things which, of all others, were the right ones to do. With tremendous resolution and firmness he forbade any of the fugitives from pass-



ing through our ranks; and, at the same time, called for the guides, upon which to dress our line. These two masterly provisions not only preserved our ranks unbroken, bringing the company commanders to the front to assist in doing it, but

also gave the men something to do and think about. This was in connection, of course, with the Colonel's exertions mentioned by Comrade Bresnahan. He says, "Colonel Colgrove was equal to the emergency. He stood in his saddle-stirrups and shouted, in a voice as loud as a steam whistle, "Steady John! Whoa, boys. Steady, boys! Whoa, John.' The Colonel's horse was named John, but he and the 'boys' understood the commands all right, and acted accordingly."

The efforts and example of the other officers of the regiment, each in his sphere, was equally conspicuous for prudence and courage. The Twenty-seventh as a whole, was simply perfect in its self-control and discipline. There was glory enough for all. Not a soldier in the regiment wavered. Not one flinched! In the midst of that cyclone of panic, rout and terror, the markers took the positions indicated, the first sergeants aligned upon them, and, one, by one the companies moved up and dressed as usual. It was like clock work. And, being thus formed, the line stood, unmoved and unmovable, through it all!

Before the stampeded forces in front had been entirely turned aside, a more appalling danger of a similar nature threatened us for a while. A battery or two of artillery, and perhaps a squadron of cavalry, had been massed and were standing at attention, on a rise of ground to our left and front. At a certain juncture, without any previous signs of uneasiness, the whole force broke apart and started down the hill, directly toward us, like a huge avalanche. The prospect was very threatening for a moment. Men can hope to defend themselves against other men, but they have a poor chance against maddened horses, hooked up to cannon and battery wagons. Fortunately there was at the foot of the hill a creek or gully which saved us. While we were debating in our minds how best to parry the alarming blow we saw that it could not reach us. Some of the leading horses plunged headlong into the depression, and others rolled over upon them, while still others wheeled to the right or left and disappeared. The battery wreckage which Colonel Colgrove speaks of in his report, doubtless came from this source.

The Twenty-seventh had struck the clearing slightly north of where the fields of the Fairview farm corner with those of the Hazelgrove farm. When the men of the Eleventh Corps had mostly passed by, we moved across the clearing and

formed along the run, which crosses the road west of Chancellorsville and courses along the western edge of Fairview. It was sundown, or after, when we came out of the timber and saw the disaster that had befallen our right wing. It was growing dark before the remnants had entirely passed us. Momentarily we expected the enemy to appear. This he did not do in force, though small parties of scouts or skirmishers came in view more than once. Each time a few shots from our side sent them scampering away.

About the time we moved across the clearing and formed along the little run, the memorable work of the Union artillery in stopping Jackson's assault was begun. Just before it opened, and while some fragments of the stampeded corps were still passing, General Sickles rode up to the Twenty-seventh and inquired for the commanding officer. Finding Colonel Colgrove, he complimented him and his men very highly, but not by the use of the Doxology in long metre. Rising in his saddle-stirrups he said, "Colonel, you have the blankest, blankety blank regiment, by blank, that I ever saw or expect to see, etc., etc." He then explained that the artillery of his corps was massed on the heights of Hazelgrove farm, and was about to open on the enemy; that their position, being on our left, if we did not hold the ground we occupied, his guns could not remain where they were and would likely be captured, as his infantry had not yet been posted to support them. The Colonel assured him, also by a liberal use of blanks, that we would hold our position, and that he could depend upon it. The boys confirmed the assurances of the Colonel, of course, by the usual cheering.

The cannonading, when it was going at full tide, was as heavy and as dreadful in every way as any we ever heard. There were not as many guns in action as at Gettysburg, two months later, but, in the atmospheric conditions peculiar to that May evening, with all the shot hurled into thick timber, only a few rods distant, and the shells cut with short fuses, a thousand harrowing, terrifying noises were multiplied and reechoed, over and over again. The Twenty-seventh was also between the two groups of batteries, quite near to and rather in front of both. On the heights of Fairview, and between that and the road, were almost fifty pieces, mostly belonging to our corps. They fired directly over our heads or slightly to our right. At Hazelgrove were nearly as many more pieces,



THE ARTILLERY IN ACTION AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

which were delivering their fire diagonally across our front, or a little to our left. So we got the full benefit of the unearthly, indescribable roar and commotion of the seventy or eighty cannon, all operated to their utmost capacity, pouring canister, shell and solid shot into those doomed woods, for almost an hour.

All in all, this was a day and evening pregnant with events. We could not feel sure at any time that we were not on the verge of a nasty battle. Everything around us to-night was in a condition of greater or less uncertainty and confusion. There was a constant effort observable everywhere to readjust matters, as well as an unusual determination on the part of all that, come what might, the rebel host should not break through the Union line at that point.

It is due, however, to the soldiers of the Eleventh Corps to say that all of them were not seized with panic. Many of us well remember the line officer, referred to by Colonel Colgrove in his report, who joined the Twenty-seventh with nearly 200 men, and remained with us through a part of the battle, the following day. It is to be regretted that his name was not taken down. The Colonel gives his regiment as the One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania, which is probably an error, as that regiment did not belong to the Eleventh Corps. There were other officers also, with a less number of men, who came and begged the privilege of remaining with us, that they might have an opportunity of demonstrating that they were ready to do their duty. Many individual enlisted men likewise preferred the same request. Most of these left us during the night, after matters had quieted down, to rejoin their commands, some of them taking certificates from our officers, showing where they had been.

It was amusing at the time, and furnished one of the staple sources of fun in the regiment, for the remainder of our service, to note, in the Colonel's replies to the numerous inquiries, how fast his command was increasing, as the result of others joining us. Owing to the confusion and darkness, many staff officers and orderlies, in hunting for various commands and endeavoring to find how matters stood, were obliged to ask what troops occupied the position we held, and how many there were of us. To the question, "Who is in command here?" the Colonel's invariable reply was, "I am, by blank." To the question, "How many men have you?"

his reply at first was, "One regiment." But he began modifying this reply when his command began to increase. When he finally picked up two pieces of artillery, or "Captured a battery," as the boys always expressed it, he uniformly answered, "Two regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery."

The men of the Twenty-seventh remember well the night attack made upon the rebels, by men from the Third Corps. There was considerable claimed for this at the time, and something is still said about it. Those of us who had the best opportunity of observing it do not believe it accomplished anything permanent, beyond the recovery of a small amount of arms and equipments, abandoned by our soldiers in their hasty withdrawal, and the waking up of both armies. This last it did very effectually.

The deployed column, or heavy skirmish line, which made the attack, started forward, not five rods in front of our position. It came from some point south of us, probably at or near Hazelgrove farm. Marching by the flank, parallel with our line, until it arrived squarely in front of where we were, at the command, it faced left, towards the enemy, and moved straight in that direction. The writer was wide awake at the time and remembers the affair distinctly, in many of its details. General Williams complains that he had not been notified of the proposed attack, but the men of the Twenty-seventh were duly notified. We had been doubly cautioned, lest we might fire into those engaged in the attack on our side. The night was not very dark, though a little foggy. We could see the men for a considerable distance, after they started forward, and could hear everything they said or did. The attack could not have been any surprise to the enemy. It seemed to us to be unnecessarily noisy. The commands of the officer in charge could easily be heard a mile.

After facing toward the enemy the line advanced only a short distance before it was fired upon, and forthwith pandemonium was unloosed. A letter written by General Williams a few days after the occurrence has been preserved, and gives a very accurate and spirited pen-picture of the affair, as it appeared to us, as well as others of our division. He says: "A tremendous roll of infantry fire, mingled with yellings and shoutings, almost diabolical and infernal, opened the conflict on the part of Sickles' division. For some time my infan-

try and artillery kept silent, and in the intervals of the musketry I could distinctly hear the oaths and imprecations of the rebel officers, evidently having hard work to keep their men from stampeding. In the meantime Sickles' artillery opened, firing over the heads of the infantry, and the din of arms and the inhuman yellings and cursings redoubled. All at once Berry's division, across the road on our right, opened in heavy volleys, and Knipe (commanding my right brigade, next to the road on the south) followed suit. Best (Williams' chief of artillery) began to thunder with his thirty odd pieces. In front and on the flank shell and shot and bullets were poured into these woods, which were evidently crowded with rebel masses, preparing for the morning attack. I can conceive of no spectacle more magnificently, and indeed awfully, grand and sublime than this night attack. Along our front and Sickles' flank probably 15,000 or more musketry were belching an almost incessant stream of flame, while from the elevations just in the rear of each line from forty to fifty pieces of artillery kept up an uninterrupted roar, re-echoed from the woods with redoubled echo from the bursting shells, which seemed to fill every part of them with fire and fury. Human language can give no idea of such a scene—such an infernal and yet sublime combination of sound and flame and smoke, and dreadful yells of rage, of pain, of triumph, or of defiance. Suddenly, almost on the instant, the tumult is hushed. Hardly a voice can be heard. One would almost suppose that the combatants were holding breath to listen for one another's movements. But the contest was not renewed."

Some accounts of this attack represent that the men on our side went in with their muskets uncapped, and did their work wholly with the bayonet. Whether such statements sound well or not, they do not accord with the facts. The men behaved most creditably in all respects, as far as we were able to judge, but they did not do their work wholly with the bayonet.

There are instances also, where accounts confuse this night attack with the tremendous cannonading previously mentioned here, accompanied with some severe musketry firing, by which the rebel column, which had stampeded the Eleventh Corps, was brought to a halt, and, in connection with which Stonewall Jackson received his mortal wound. These two phases of the clash of arms at Chancellorsville,

though resembling each other in some of their features, most prominently, perhaps, in the part which our batteries took in both, were separate and distinct. The assault led by Jackson was brought to a standstill shortly after dark. Our batteries opened just as soon as they dared without danger to our own stampeded troops. The night attack occurred later. It must have been nearly or quite midnight when it took place.

If, as is claimed, the line making this night attack advanced to the abandoned breastworks, built a day or two previously by Williams' division, and which, after running south, perpendicular to the plank road, for some distance, curved back toward Hazelgrove farm, it was very unfortunate that they were not held. That is where our division line of battle should have been, on the morning of May 3d. As it was, no ground was permanently gained by the night attack. The troops making it were soon withdrawn from in front of us, leaving us to form the front line, and we remained exactly where we stood before the attack was made.

This must have been a busy and trying time for the higher officers. They seemed to be engaged the livelong night, in zealous efforts to obtain an understanding of the situation, which had been so materially changed about dark, and in making preparations for the fateful morning which was so swiftly approaching. The men in the ranks had little sleep. Squatting in our places, with our guns in our hands, we barely lost consciousness for brief intervals. Picket firing and discharges of artillery were frequent throughout the night. The whippoorwills made the air resonant with their plaintive calls, other wild birds occasionally contributing a sharp, startling note.

In the night, or early in the morning, our line moved forward a few rods, crossing to the west bank of the run which, as stated before, borders the clearing known as Fairview on the west. This higher ground, in the angle between this run and the other one of similar size, which comes from the west and unites with this near by, is scarcely a "knoll," though it is referred to in many reports as such. It is only slightly higher than the ground immediately around it. Here, in a space of two or three acres, the Twenty-seventh was to engage the enemy, for not less than four hours, almost continuously, in a determined and bloody encounter.

At first the Twenty-seventh faced both south and west,

though possibly the larger part faced south. That portion of the regiment facing south was behind the line of log breast-works or parapet, partly built by the regiment two days before, and afterward finished by others. The men facing west had no defenses in front of them. The line upon which they were formed was continued on northward, by the Second Massachusetts and Third Wisconsin, of our brigade, and the regiments of the First Brigade, of our division.

The sloping ground between this position of the Twenty-seventh and Hazelgrove farm, to the southward, was covered at this time with a very dense growth of small trees and bushes. It was impossible to see into them, even a short distance. To the westward, however, in the direction towards which most of the brigade faced, and towards which the whole of our own regiment was soon to face, the ground, for two or three hundred yards, and perhaps more, was what used to be called in Indiana, an "oak opening." It was rather level and covered with small, close-barked white oak trees, with very little underbrush. In many places, by stooping down a little, to get below the limbs of the timber that stood in the lower places, one could see through a vista of trees for a quarter of a mile or more.

There was a slight fog when the morning of May 3d finally dawned. This delayed movements somewhat, but it was still early when the enemy's skirmishers began to press forward. They kept mostly under cover for a while, though aggressively working their way close up to our position. The timber favored them in this, and many minie balls whistled and sang around us, or struck something or somebody with a zip, when we could see no enemy.

The first attack in force, in our vicinity, was at Hazelgrove farm, soon after sunrise. It seems that a Union brigade was left there as a sort of decoy, as was said at the time, and was to be withdrawn if attacked. It was a high compliment to the men of the Twelfth Corps that they should be trusted to stand in a second emergency of this nature. The matter was not explained to us beforehand and was not encouraging after our experience of the evening before. The timber between our position and Hazelgrove preventing us from seeing anything of the combat. After a brief firing of musketry, which we could hear distinctly, our troops fell back. The larger part passed around to our left, some distance from us.

A regiment or two, however came, pellmell through the bushes, and passed through our ranks. They were not panic stricken or demoralized, as those of the day previous, yet in little if any better order. Part of them were zouaves, having baggy red pants, and phetz caps, with long tassels.

Barely an instant after these retreating troops had gone to the rear, a column of the enemy swept grandly around the point of timber to our left and front. Two lines deep, in splendid order, they moved down the slope on quick time. Their line of direction carried them slightly to our left. The first fire of the Twenty-seventh was delivered almost as a solid volley. Before we had fired more than twice each, our forces farther to the left opened also. This combined fire was too deadly for mortal man to withstand. It could not have been more than ten minutes, and did not seem that long, before every standing rebel had vanished. But the sloping hillside had the appearance of having had many wagon loads of rusty, grey rags brought and dumped upon it in heaps. These were the helpless forms of the killed and wounded left behind.

This attack was by Archer's brigade, the same that had punished us severely at Cedar Mountain. We had at last got our revenge in good measure. General Archer, after describing, in his report, his attack upon our troops which were withdrawn, as noted above, continues: "After a few moments' halt, to reform our line, which had become somewhat broken by its rapid advance through the wood, I proceeded to attack the wood which I have mentioned as lying diagonally to the front and right. My brigade, which was at the beginning only fourteen hundred strong, and entirely unsupported, attacked with great intrepidity; but the position was strongly entrenched, and manned by vastly greater numbers, and we were forced to retire from within seventy yards of the entrenchments. We again formed and advanced to the attack, and were again forced to retire."

The troops to the left of the Twenty-seventh, which assisted in the repulse of Archer, were the Twentieth Connecticut and One Hundred and Forty-fifth New York. Archer's statement concerning the "vastly greater numbers" on our side, may be taken as an example of how much truth there is, as a rule, in such claims. He says he only had "fourteen hundred strong" at the beginning, and there is nothing to

show that he had lost more than a few up to that time. If, however, he had as many as 1,000 men in line, he had the equal, man for man, of all who fired a gun into his ranks, or who were in a position to do so. We had some wooden defenses it is true, if not "entrenchments," as he alleges, and, owing to the location of our line, if not to the soldiers occupying it, three times his force of the best troops on earth would only have been slaughtered. The Twenty-seventh from its position could pour a raking fire into his ranks, that meant certain destruction to those in them. The second attack mentioned by Archer, was hardly worthy of the name. His men barely advanced far enough to draw our fire, then made haste to fall back again.

After Archer's repulse there was a lull for a few minutes, though skirmishers concealed in the timber south of us again annoyed us considerably. Several of the Twenty-seventh were hit at this time.

A most determined and bloody encounter was at hand, however. Off through the oak woods to the west of us, another rebel column soon came in sight. Advancing to perhaps within 300 yards of our position, and climbing over the abandoned breastworks which were at that point, they were mostly concealed from us for a while by a depression in the ground. Nothing but their flags and some of their gleaming bayonets projected up into view. Presently we saw the flags moving up and down, with a quick, regular motion, and we knew that they were charging upon us, double-quick. The ascent was so gradual that it seemed an age, as we stood at a ready, before their persons were visible. First we could see their hats, then their faces, then their shoulders, etc. They were the best dressed, tidiest and most soldierly-looking lot of rebels that we ever saw; and their splendid courage and military precision will command our profound admiration forever. The writer took more careful note of these things because his station, towards the left of the regiment as it was then formed, prevented him and those near him from taking part in the combat, until later.

As the forms of the enemy appeared over the slight ridge a crackling fire was opened upon them, growing heavier as they approached. The gaps thus made in their ranks were speedily closed, however, and their line came steadily on. Those members of the Twenty-seventh who were in posi-



INFANTRY ENGAGED AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

tion to take part in the firing were considerably distracted lest we, who were rather behind them, might fire into them.

The Second Massachusetts, to our right, was lying down at the time, or partially so, and did not seem to take much part in the firing until the enemy's line was within one hundred yards or less. Then, at the command, the men of the Second arose to their knees and coolly delivered a most scathing volley, after which they continued to load and fire with marked effectiveness. The enemy staggered and hesitated when exposed to the full fire from our side, but continued to advance. At about this time the command was given for the Twenty-seventh to gain ground to the right, double-quick, which should have been done earlier. This gave us all a chance to take an untrammelled part in the fray.

And now began a drama of war which for cool, deliberate action and resolute, unflinching endurance, on both sides, has had few parallels anywhere. Both lines stood out in open ground, the few scattering trees affording scant protection. There was no perceptible difference either way in numbers. When the enemy finally came to what was practically a stand-still, the two antagonists were not more than seventy-five yards apart, and may have been nearer. Both loaded and fired their muskets as fast as they possibly could. In the ranks of both, brave men fell with heartrending rapidity. The colors on both sides changed hands almost as fast as men could handle them. Sometimes they were not raised to a perpendicular after being down before the fearless arm that had essayed to do it was nerveless in death. At first there was cheering on both sides, but soon all that ceased. All time, all thought and all effort came to be concentrated upon barely one thing. With high-wrought, supreme earnestness, and with a savage, fiendish purpose, all strained themselves to the very utmost to wound and kill.

This close, murderous contest continued for a solid half hour. For once, there is a substantial agreement in all quarters as to this. Then, whether from superior endurance in Northern character, or lack of opportunity for Southern dash, or whether some other circumstance turns the scale, the enemy begin to withdraw. They give ground very slowly, almost imperceptibly, at first, and they never break into a run. But their backs being finally turned they move more rapidly, and are soon practically out of range. They fell back to the unoccu-

pied breastworks, near where they had crossed them in their advance.

It seemed to us all at the time, a serious mistake that we did not follow up our advantage and make a counter charge. When the enemy first began to retire a prompt assault on our part, we all believed, would have given us their colors, which at that moment were lying on the ground, well in front of their line, and a goodly number of prisoners. A charge was not ordered, however, and none was made.

After the enemy had withdrawn we gained more ground to the right, and eventually advanced a short distance to the front. This was to readjust our ranks and correct our alignment. We had barely time to make this slight preparation when another column of the enemy appeared in view, advancing to engage us. This kept on the farther side of the abandoned breastworks, before mentioned, but followed their direction and moved around to our left. It finally came over the breastworks, or a part of it did, a short distance, but soon recrossed them again and took shelter behind them. In the position we now occupied these breastworks ran diagonally across our front. The left of the Twenty-seventh was perhaps sixty yards from them, and the right one hundred yards.

When the enemy at length settled themselves behind this log parapet, there began another unusual transaction. If the writer's researches among the reports and histories of the war, and the accounts that he has had from other soldiers as to their experiences, have not been at fault, it was quite unusual. The Twenty-seventh stood out there in open ground and, with the assistance of the regiments farther to the right (though their efforts were largely required on their own front) kept up such a close, scathing fire upon the men behind those breastworks as eventually to silence them,—until they no longer dared expose themselves enough to return our fire. In the phraseology of the modern cowboy, we “got the drop on them.” At first it seemed that most of them had the courage that the situation required. As fast as they could load their muskets they rose up, took good aim, and fired. Then they dropped down again to reload. But we were able to pick them off so unerringly when exposed that they came to consider it too hazardous, and subsided.

Evidently some were too courageous to yield until they were hurt. One, in particular, many of us remember. He

was a large man, with a high, white hat, and a large roll of blankets around his shoulders. After the firing began to decrease perceptibly on the rebel side, despising all danger, as fast as this man could load his gun, his bulky form appeared above the logs, and his aim was very deliberate. It was believed that his shots were every one effective. But his conduct could not fail to attract attention, and more and more of our boys "laid for him." There were doubtless other instances similar to this one.

Later in the war we got to putting head logs on our breastworks. The body of a good sized tree was placed on the top, with an opening between it and the logs below, through which we could point our muskets and shoot. Fortunately this had not been done in this case. We could see the rebels frequently hold their muskets up at arms length and fire, without exposing their bodies. Those shots usually went wild. There was, doubtless, some chance also to shoot through or between the logs, as several of our men were hit, while we stood watching, after all firing over the works had ceased.

This contest at the breastworks continued more than an hour. At length Colonel Colgrove assumed the responsibility of ordering a charge, having in vain ridden in search of General Ruger previously. The charge should certainly have been made before it was. We put on our bayonets, and, as our line swept forward, a line of men belonging to Sickles' corps, having come up in our rear, advanced also. They were two or three rods behind us.

The enemy could not have been fully aware of our approach. They did not rise up until we were within a few feet of the works. We had even become suspicious that they had somehow spirited themselves away and were not there. When they did rise most of them surrendered without further ado. A small number of them foolishly attempted to escape by running, and were simply shot down, like pot-shotted game. The writer saw one such, hit between the shoulders, who could not have been more than ten feet from the one who did the shooting.

Colonel Colgrove estimates the number of prisoners taken at this time at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred. Unintentionally he does his regiment and himself as well an injustice, by saying that the prisoners were captured for the reason that they became entangled in the abattis, or slashed

timber, which of course was on their side of the works. On the contrary, they surrendered solely because the Twenty-seventh advanced upon them at a charge bayonet, with loaded muskets. They knew that to attempt to run or resist meant death.

We remained at the breastworks some minutes and then were ordered to resume our place in the line. The explanation of this retrograde move appears in Colonel Colgrove's report quoted further along. He did not deem it prudent to remain there, after the object he had in view was accomplished.

In connection with this return to our former line, there was a transaction, the recollection of which has always brought both sad and bitter thoughts to our minds. When we arrived at the breastworks, in addition to those rebels who surrendered, a large number were lying there who had the appearance of being dead or wounded. The question was raised among us as to whether all those who were sighing and groaning as if they were badly hurt, were really so, and in fact, whether some of those who appeared to be dead were not "playing possum." A few of the sterner and more unsympathetic ones among us were in favor of harsh measures, to test some of the most suspicious cases. In one instance, a soldier near the writer, insisted that he had discovered a rebel lying in front of him, simulating the symptoms of being stone dead, squinting out of the corner of his eye to see what we were doing. It was with much difficulty that the soldier could be restrained from putting a bullet into the prostrate form of the rebel. Humanity seemed to dictate, however, that these prone, defenseless bodies, most of which were unquestionably in need of pity and kindness, should all have the benefit of reasonable doubt. None of them, therefore, were molested.

But the sequel was infamous. When we turned our backs, some of these miscreants, who doubtless had heard our contention over their cases and knew that mercy and fellow feeling had triumphed in their behalf, now seized their muskets and shot into our ranks, killing, in one or two instances, the very men, who, a moment before, had begged to have them, or others in their condition, spared. The courageous, high-minded men of the Twenty-seventh, whom by such foul, treacherous means, we lost at that time, we have never ceased to mourn in a peculiarly distressing way. On the other hand, our sentiments toward those who could or would be guilty of

waging war in the manner these few rebels did, had better not be expressed. Few of us can believe that their conduct was approved by any large number of the proud, soldierly men who confronted us that memorable day, on that gory field.

The troops making the first attack from the west, following the attack from the south by Archer's men, were of McGowan's brigade, four regiments, all South Carolinians. They were the First Rifles, and the First, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Volunteers. The Twelfth South Carolina Volunteers also belonged to the brigade, but was not engaged, being on other duty. The regiments were in line from their right (our left) in the order named. This brought the Rifles and the Twenty-seventh in conflict with each other. Many facts mentioned in the report of its commander are distinctly remembered by the men of our regiment. About the time the rebel line reached its point of farthest advance, and were finding it difficult to make headway against such a withering fire as was being poured into it, their color-bearer, who was evidently a determined, resolute soldier, forged forward, well in front of all others, and, waving the flag vigorously in our very faces, motioned his comrades to come on. We noted his heroic conduct and no soldier could help but admire such gallantry; yet such a leader in the ranks of the foe rendered victory for us more doubtful, so we rejoiced to see him and his flag both go down, almost on the instant. Of this the Colonel says: "Serg. L. R. Wardlaw, of Company B, siezed the colors and bore them far to the front, placing them in the face of a destructive fire from the enemy, and calling on the regiment to follow. While bearing them wltth such conspicuous gallantry he fell, it is feared, mortally wounded."

We also saw their colors fall several other times after this. At length they were left lying on the ground for some seconds. Just then the retrograde movement was perceptible and, for an instant, it appeared as if they might be going to leave their colors behind. But a soldier dashed back later and recovered them. He came in a stooping posture and returned in the same manner, apparently dragging the colors after him. They were not again raised to a perpendicular, and we often wondered why they were not. As to this incident the report says: "While the regiment was retiring, Capt. J. T. Robertson, of Company B, who was assisting our then

wounded colonel, seeing the colors fall near him, ordered a soldier passing by, and who proved to be a member of the First South Carolina Volunteers, to carry them to the rear. The colors were riddled with shot holes and *the flagstaff was shivered* in several places."

The second line of the enemy which advanced against this point was Colston's brigade, composed of three Virginia regiments and two from North Carolina. This brigade failing to make headway against Ruger's brigade, another, Paxton's, was ordered up also. This was the celebrated "Stone Wall Brigade"—all Virginians. The First South Carolina Rifles and the First South Carolina Volunteers had in the meantime been withdrawn, but the remnant of the other two South Carolina regiments seem to have remained. So, there were now two brigades and a part of another behind those breast-works, none of them able to come over more than a short distance.

Additional extracts from reports and other printed statements, will be given farther on.

After the charge already mentioned, and we had returned to the position we had occupied before it was made, there was another period of quiet. We were surprised that there was not a vigorous advance ordered along our front at this time, as we seemed to have so much the best of the enemy. And all through the years we have cherished fond, roseate visions of "what might have been," if a strong column had been vigorously thrust into this breach in the enemy's line. The troops for it were immediately at hand. The other regiments of our brigade and possibly most of the others of Williams' division, had been relieved and ordered back. But Birney's division, heretofore mentioned in this narrative, had been held close up to Williams' line, and had now relieved part of it. They were stalwart, adventurous veterans, eager for some opportunity to strike a telling blow, and the men to take advantage of a great opportunity. What they might have accomplished if hurled in, and wheeling to the right, had struck the enemy in the direction of the plank road in flank, will never be known, for it was not done. Only this much is certain: many of the great victories of history have been won by such means.

As it was, we stood in line without firing a shot for a short time and then received orders to withdraw in the direc-

tion of Chancellorsville. The immediate reason for the withdrawal of the Twenty-seventh seems to have been that we had really been relieved by other troops. We might have retired when the other regiments of the brigade did, but Colonel Colgrove had asked some of the men whether or not they wanted to be relieved, and they had said not. So we had remained until now. But the troops of Birney's division withdrew along with us. The battle had not gone well with our forces near the plank road and, instead of bringing forward more men, of which there was a surfeit, the supine, ignominious and disastrous alternative of falling back to a new position had been preferred.

It is droll to read in the reports of brigade and regimental commanders of the rebel troops, which seem to have followed us after our retrograde movement began, how they first, accuse each other of hugging the breastworks and lying behind them six or eight deep, then how each claims a conspicuous part for his command (and incidentally for himself, of course) in driving us and those with us, from that vicinity. The God's truth is, that while the Twenty-seventh was as much driven as other Union troops, we did not even know when we started back that there was any considerable force in our front. After arriving almost at the lone house, which constituted the place that gave its name to the battle, looking back, we saw a column of rebel infantry following us. Where they had come from was something of a mystery to us.

The Twenty-seventh took no farther active part in the battle. Halting in the rear of Chancellorsville for a few minutes, our cartridge boxes were replenished, and we were ordered still farther to the rear.

On the way, but during a short halt, we lost one more prominent and worthy member of the regiment, Lieutenant Hamrick, of Company A. After being with the regiment through the entire engagement of the morning, sharing fully its dangers and honors, here, half a mile in the rear, he was to have his name added to the already long list of those who, that day, died for their country. A large round shot, which had passed high over the heads of our men in front, descending, struck him back of the shoulder and, plowing towards his opposite hip, killed him instantly.

It is a satisfaction to note the vast improvement in official reports as the war progressed. They became fuller in details,

truer to facts, more just to all, and less boastful. This was due doubtless to the weeding out of place hunters and wind-bags, as well as to the growing competency of all who remained.

It must be insisted, however, that neither Slocum nor Williams, and not even Ruger, give as clear and detailed accounts, showing the part taken by the Third Brigade on this part of the field of Chancellorsville, as their individual observations, and the reports of their regimental commanders, should have enabled them to do. The same is true, though to a less degree, of the whole of Williams' division, and even the whole of the Twelfth Corps.



CAPT. WM. H. HOLLOWAY,
COMPANY I.



FIRST-LIEUT. S. S. HAMRICK,
COMPANY A.
(Killed at Chancellorsville.)

This is more to be regretted as, being overshadowed by the larger corps of Sickles, by which it was at first supported, with which it was later intermingled in part, and by which most of its regiments were eventually relieved, the Twelfth Corps has not, up to this date, been accorded due credit for what it did at Chancellorsville. This the writer knows to be true. The reason, in a measure, is to be found in the indefinite statements and unfortunate omissions in the reports of the generals named. Even as distinguished and impartial historian as the Count of Paris is vague and unintelligible in his account of the battle as waged on our part of the field. His

many misstatements of fact, reach a climax in a description of a charge by one of Sickles' brigades into the exposed flank of McGowan's brigade. Nothing could be more certain than that this brigade of South Carolinians was wholly put out of the fight by Ruger's brigade. Not a soldier of any other command fired a shot into their ranks.

After our previous experiences, it is particularly gratifying to find that our own regiment has no cause of complaint by reason of the statements of any of the reports. We were not more willing to do our whole duty here than at other times, and, all things considered, our conduct was no more creditable. The crucial test of courage was not equal here to that to which we were subjected at Antietam.

Among several things properly belonging in the report of Colonel Colgrove, but not essential to this narrative, he summarizes the facts as follows :

" Shortly after sunrise on Sunday morning, the 3d, the enemy, having obtained possession of our breastworks on the right, advanced on our line and opened fire.

" In a very short time the whole line became engaged. The enemy advanced steadily, delivering their fire with telling effect. Our whole line stood firm. No part of the line yielded an inch or wavered. The enemy poured in regiment after regiment of fresh troops, determined to break the line; but whenever or wherever they made their appearance they found our fire so deadly that they were forced to halt and seek shelter behind the timber and rises in the ground. After the battle had progressed an hour or more, my officers notified me that the ammunition was running short. I immediately rode up to the right of the line to find you (Ruger). I found that all the other regiments were also running short of ammunition. I could not see you, and was informed that Captain Scott, assistant adjutant-general, had been wounded and left the field. I immediately ordered the whole line to fix bayonets and charge, which was done in gallant style. The rebels fled before us like sheep, and took refuge behind the breastworks and reopened fire upon us. After delivering a few rounds, I ordered a second charge. Our men charged to the breastworks on the extreme left of our line. In some instances a regular hand-to-hand fight took place. The enemy soon gave way, and, being in our abatis, they were soon thrown into the utmost confusion. While endeavoring to retreat through the brush and tree tops, they became mixed up in a perfect jam, our men all the time pouring in the most deadly fire. I can safely say that I have never witnessed on any other occasion so perfect a slaughter. Many of them made no attempt to get away, but threw down their arms and came into our lines. I think I am safe to say that we took from 150 to 200 prisoners and sent them to the rear.

" In short, the enemy at this time had been driven from our front, over the breastworks, through the abatis, into the woods beyond, in utter

confusion. All this time there was heavy firing going on on our right, and was fast gaining our rear. I soon ascertained that our forces were being driven back. I immediately ordered our line to fall back, which it did in good order, and formed again on the original line of battle.

"By this time many of our men were entirely out of ammunition, and but a few rounds remained to any. The enemy were still advancing on our right and our forces falling back. At this critical moment I received orders from you to fall back in good order, which was done."

Colonel Colgrove uses strong language in commending the other regiments of the brigade. Those who know him will know they were fully earned, otherwise the Colonel would never have written them. He was a man of very positive convictions, and, above all things, he hated a coward. He says:

"To say that the three old regiments—the Second Massachusetts, Third Wisconsin and Twenty-seventh Indiana—fully sustained the reputation they won at Cedar Mountain and Antietam, is the very highest compliment that can be paid them. I consider these the three best regiments I have ever seen in action.

"I had the opportunity also of witnessing the manner in which the One Hundred and Seventh New York and Thirteenth New Jersey regiments acquitted themselves during the engagement, and take great pleasure in stating that the officers and men behaved handsomely and fought bravely. Troops of their experience could scarcely have done better."

Few commanders, as a rule, wrote better reports than General Ruger. His reports usually set forth the facts and circumstances very fully and clearly, though always brief and modest. But, as has been previously stated, when he comes to speak, in his report of this battle, of the prolonged and determined contest, in which all of his regiments bore such a creditable part, namely, the repulse of the formidable and repeated assaults of the enemy, which came from a westerly direction, during that sanguinary forenoon at Chancellorsville, General Ruger seems to lack exact information. After speaking of the assault by Archer's rebel brigade and its signal repulse, he barely mentions a further advance by the enemy and says: "This new assault was checked, and in part by the bayonet." This statement is not only too brief, but it is also somewhat ambiguous. Histories founded upon such reports could not be expected to do full justice to the men concerned.

The omission from General Ruger's report of any reference to the charge, led with so much wisdom and spirit by Colonel

Colgrove, is also noticeable. Such matters were seldom omitted from reports where superiors meant to be courteous and just to subordinates. But in the Colonel's modesty the General may not have been fully apprised of the facts.

General Graham, a brigade commander in Birney's division, kindly volunteers some statements in his report, that affords pleasant reading for those interested in the Twenty-seventh. He says, "I cannot close my report without mentioning the gallant conduct of Colonel Colgrove, of the Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, and his men, who formed a part of the brigade that we relieved in the woods, during the hottest of the fight. Instead of retiring with the rest of his brigade, he remained with us until his ammunition was entirely exhausted, when he retired in good order. His coolness under fire and the admirable discipline and steadiness of his men cannot receive too much praise."

The official reports of commanders who led the opposing forces at Chancellorsville are not lacking in interest, in the side lights and incidental confirmations that they furnish to this narrative, as well as in stating some facts which we were knowing to at the time.

It provokes a smile to read, in many of these reports, rather grandeloquent descriptions of their first occupancy of the line of log breastworks, to which reference has frequently been made heretofore. They then speak also of advancing against "a second line of works." All partisanship aside, the unvarnished truth is that, with the exception of General Archer, any reference on their part to capturing breastworks, or advancing against breastworks, is pure vanity. As has been stated, during the conflict with Archer's men, a part of the Twenty-seventh stood behind the line of log breastworks, built by the Union army (partly by ourselves) two days before. But almost immediately after Archer's final repulse, we moved away from those breastworks and, from that time on, not a single Union soldier was behind them. The writer knows whereof he speaks. It was absolutely no more to "capture," "scale" or "mount" them than any other windrow of logs in a forest.

And, as for a second line of "defenses" or "breastworks," there was none. Even General Williams speaks, in his report, of his division "Throwing up such defenses of logs and earth as was possible, from the scarcity of tools at hand."

The writer knows this to be an entire mistake, as least as far as the Second Massachusetts and Twenty-seventh Indiana was concerned. Neither of these regiments prepared a stick or clod at this point, and it does not seem possible that the Third Wisconsin did either, if indeed any of Williams' division did.

It is quite curious, as well as a great pleasure, to note also how uniformly, and in what positive terms the rebel commanders on this part of the field refer to the severity of the battle, as waged in the vicinity of our position. Colonel Hamilton, who commanded McGowan's brigade after the latter was wounded, says, "The brigade soon became very hotly engaged, *particularly the two right regiments.*" Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison, of the First Rifles, says, "About one hundred yards in front of the breastworks, the enemy appeared in heavy force *on our right.*" Lieutenant-Colonel Brockman, Thirteenth South Carolina, says, "At this point, the Thirteenth fought with great coolness and gallantry, firing steadily under a galling fire of shell, grape, canister and spherical case, with small arms, *mainly on the right.*" General Colston, commanding Trimble's division, says, "Colston's brigade, under Col. T. V. Williams, immediately advanced to the support of the first line, and became hotly engaged. Colonel Williams being wounded and Lieutenant-Colonel Walker, who succeeded him in the command of the brigade, being killed, the command devolved first on Lieutenant-Colonel Thurston, Third North Carolina, and he being wounded, Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, First North Carolina, assumed command. Here Colonel McDowell, First North Carolina, was wounded and Major Stover, Tenth Virginia, was killed. By this time the enemy were advancing in very strong force *towards the right of our line*, and were about outflanking us *on the right.*" Colonel Nadenbousch, Second Virginia, says, "The line occupied by the enemy ran perpendicular to ours, the left resting near the breastworks, and about one hundred yards to the right of the position occupied by my regiment. *At this point* the regiment encountered a destructive fire of musketry, by which upwards of sixty officers and men fell killed and wounded. Here, too, our gallant brigadier-general, Paxton, fell mortally wounded, near the head of the regiment." Other reports contain allusions similar to these quoted. To understand them properly, it must be borne in mind that their right was our left.

The Third Brigade (ours) occupied the extreme left of the Union line, and confronted the extreme right of the rebel force. The Twenty-seventh, being the left regiment in the Union line, the Second Virginia was undoubtedly in front of it at the time referred to by Colonel Nadenbousch. We see, therefore, that the Twenty-seventh and its valiant and trustworthy sister regiments of the Third Brigade seem to have made quite a positive impression upon the men in gray that morning.

It has been well said that, while the Union army really outnumbered its antagonist in the Chancellorsville campaign, more than two to one, yet, the forces on our side were so clumsily handled that in every important passage at arms, if the sides were not substantially equal, the preponderance was, in most cases, in favor of the enemy. This was undoubtedly true in every instance where the Twenty-seventh participated. As already stated, putting the number of Archer's brigade even lower than would seem probable from his own statement, the number of men actually in position to do execution against him, was less than his, rather than greater.

With reference to the relative strength of McGowan's brigade and Ruger's, leaving out regiments not engaged, the same was true, again. This was apparent at the time, to those who were in a position to observe the facts. The two lines corresponded, both as to length and density, in a curious way. In two reports of regimental commanders in McGowan's brigade the number carried into action is placed at 300 each. Both statements are made to indicate the large percentage of loss the two regiments sustained. It is not likely, therefore, that the estimate was too high. But the number killed and wounded in the other two regiments exceeded that of the two which gave their whole number as 300 each. So it seems reasonable, that they at least equaled the others in numbers, before the battle. That would give a total of 1,200 for the four regiments of McGowan's brigade, somewhat outnumbering Ruger's brigade, with the One Hundred and Seventh New York and the Thirteenth New Jersey not engaged, as they were not, during that part of the battle.

Ruger's brigade had the advantage common to all soldiers receiving an assault—the delivery of the first fire; and they reaped the benefit of it in full, by coolly waiting until the enemy was in good range, then taking deliberate aim. As against this, the enemy had the impetus and inthusiasim

gained in a very spirited charge. The least lack of steadiness or discipline among us would have been fatal.

In the subsequent encounters, on what was almost the same ground, if there was any preponderance of numbers, it was not on our side. When the One Hundred and Seventh New York and Thirteenth New Jersey came into line with us the other side was reinforced by Colston's brigade. When some of the regiments of Sickles' corps were thrown forward, all of Ruger's brigade was withdrawn except the Twenty-seventh, and, at this juncture, Paxton's brigade, and probably other troops also, arrived to strengthen the enemy. Thus, all the way through, on this part of the field, there was no great inequality of numbers either way, especially not in our favor.

After the death of Lieutenant Hamrick, as previously narrated, the battle seemed to be raging fiercely again at the front, and orders came for the Twenty-seventh to return there. It might have been alleged that four hours continuously under fire, with the great losses already sustained, was enough to exempt the men of the Twenty-seventh from further exposure. And the alacrity and enthusiasm with which they formed their sadly depleted ranks, as well as the briskness with which they started toward the point of danger, has often been a subject of proud recollection to the writer. But the regiment was not needed. After going a short distance towards the front, another halt was ordered, and eventually the men spent the night along the road leading to United States Ford, perhaps a mile from Chancellorsville.

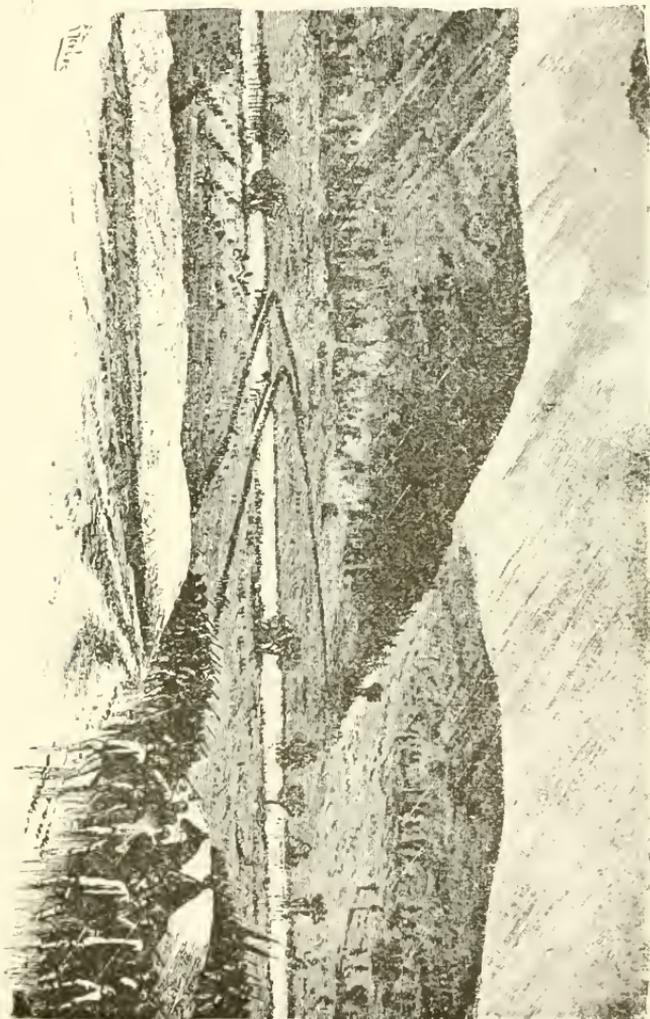
The next day we relieved troops of the Eleventh Corps in the trenches, at the extreme left of the Union line, where it joined the Rappahannock river. Nothing worthy of note transpired here, except the shelling of the wagon train parked on the north side of the river, by the rebel artillery. This occurred early one morning.

Without knowing it, probably, the rebels also had the range of our field hospital, which was north of the river in the vicinity of the wagon train. There was an immense commotion for a time among the wounded. Men who had not been able to walk at all before the shells began to fall near them, were then able to make a fair out at running. Some who could not walk and could not even crawl, reached places of safety by rolling over and over. These things we who were with the regiment did not see, of course. The shells were fired

from our immediate front and they passed diagonally across our left.

As so often happened after battles, it rained very hard every day for several days, succeeding this battle. Particularly during the night of the 5th and the morning of the 6th, there was an unusually heavy rainfall.

RE-CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK AT UNITED STATES FORD, RAINING.



On this latter morning, slightly after daylight, the Twenty-seventh moved away from the trenches, and an hour later, with our brigade, crossed the river at United States Ford, to the north bank. Once over, all the regiments seemed to have

orders to move directly, and almost without regard to each other, back to their old camps. The rain scarcely ceased for a moment all day. Darkness was just coming on when tired, wet, bedraggled with mud, sore with disappointment, and almost heart-broken over our losses, we reached our old camp, filed to the rear by companies into the familiar streets, and disbanded. The campaign symbolized by that one word, that one lone brick house in the wilderness—Chancellorsville—was at an end.

The Twenty-seventh lost at Chancellorsville 32 officers and men killed and mortally wounded, and 118 officers and men wounded. After a protracted and very diligent search four names had to be consigned to the "missing" or "unaccounted for" column. Later on it was learned that at least some of these were killed in our movement away from the breastworks, recounted heretofore, and it is believed that the whole four were killed or mortally wounded at one stage or another of the contest. They did not turn up either among the wounded who escaped across the river, or among those who were taken prisoners. None of the Twenty-seventh were permitted to go over the ground after the battle, so it was possible that one who fell killed or mortally wounded unnoticed by those near him, should not be identified afterwards.

The Third Brigade lost in this battle, 7 officers and 74 men killed, 37 officers and 434 men wounded, and 68 men missing.

The losses of the South Carolina Brigade, as reported by Lee's Medical Department, were as follows: Killed 46, wounded 323.

The same authority gives the following losses:

Archer's Brigade, killed 42, wounded 280.

Colston's Brigade, killed 113, wounded 466.

Paxton's Brigade, killed 49, wounded 435.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BETWEEN THE BATTLES.

The first night and the first few days after returning to our old quarters near Stafford Court House, the harsh, relentless side of war came home to us closer, perhaps, than at any other time during our service. It was our experience after Antietam over again, with added and aggravated features. The writer has always considered a certain song, extensively sung during the war and since, as not only maudlin in sentiment but a libel upon the facts. In dismal, plaintive tones it represents the soldier as "Tenting on the old camp ground," and "Wishing for the war to cease," with other *et ceteras*, among which "Many are in tears." Every bit of it, except the tenting, was and is untrue to life. As the world knows, the song was written by a conscript, and an experienced soldier can readily imagine what must have been his woe-begone, homesick plight at the time.

But when we turned into our company streets that night after returning from Chancellorsville, and set about readjusting ourselves to former conditions, it required resolute will-power to sustain us. The bare facts were so pitiless! Some whole messes were entirely wiped out; not a man was left to claim the deserted hut. In others only one, or perhaps two, remained. In all there were shocking vacancies. Some companies had no commissioned officers; others had but one, and none had more than two. Those who had endeared themselves by long and capable service and many acts of thoughtful kindness, were gone. A roll of thirteen noncommissioned officers was reduced, in most cases, to four or five. A company, at roll-call, looked like an ordinary detail for guard. And those forever lost to us, known to be dead, left unburied in the hands of the enemy, henceforth to fill nameless graves, and for no good purpose, in many instances were the noblest, truest, worthiest of us all. Is it a wonder that it almost broke our hearts?

A loss sadly noticed at the time, and one which never ceased to be felt, was the breaking up of the glee club of Company C. This squad of singers has been mentioned heretofore. They came into more and more prominence, relatively, as our service lengthened. They used to sing "Louisiana Low Lands Low," "Old Kentucky Home," and other sentimental songs, as well as the standard patriotic songs of the time, in a delightful way. Many pleasant hours had been passed in camp listening to their sweet singing; while the weariness of many a toilsome march had been relieved or forgotten, under the spell of some ringing song.

At times when strength seemed about to fail and the spirits of all the men were at a low ebb, the Colonel, or someone else, would call for a song. "Where are you, boys, could you give us a song?" At this, the soprano, whose voice was really feminine in its intonation, would start "John Brown," or "Rally the Flag, Boys." Others would take up the strain, and all who could sing would join in the chorus, until, from one end of the column to the other, would resound a tremendous volume of melody. And it never failed to help. Feet did not feel quite so sore, nor limbs quite so weary; knapsacks and guns did not seem quite so heavy, nor distances quite so long. But all this was over after the battle of Chancellorsville! The soprano, a glorious, good soldier, as well as one of the brightest, most companionable boys that ever lived, was shot through the body and died in a few hours. Two others of the glee club were so badly wounded that it practically ended their service with the Twenty-seventh. The boys were sorely, sorely missed!

"O for the sight of a vanished hand,
And a voice that is forever still!"

But duty called! The next day after our return, by orders, we had a general cleaning up of camp, arms, clothing and equipments. The second day, Williams' division was reviewed by General Slocum.

Shall it be related that this was the first time that the Twenty-seventh was the happy recipients of a warm and universal cordiality from the officers and men under whom and with whom we were serving? We had received compliments before, of course, and had made many friends, both in high and low stations. But there was always something lacking,—

evident reserve or coldness somewhere. Now, for once, it was all the other way. From corps commander, down to the men in all the regiments, every one was openly and heartily cordial. Smiles, compliments and cheers greeted the Twenty-seventh on every hand! General Slocum fairly beamed upon us, and aides and orderlies clapped hands and waved guidons as we passed corps headquarters going out. General Williams, stern, gruff old "Pap," was heard to say to someone by his side, as we passed him: "That's a fighting regiment for you!" Maybe all this did not cheer our hearts? Maybe we did not brace up and resolve to be more and more worthy of such treatment.

Being the only Indiana regiment in the corps, our position was peculiar. Most Eastern people had strange notions about Indiana previous to the war, if they are really rid of them now.

For six weeks, near Stafford Court House, we tried hard to pull ourselves together again, and take up the broken threads of army life. Squad, company, battalion, and even brigade drill, all had a place in our round of duties. In the language of more recent days, it was "no soft snap" to serve in the Twenty-seventh. Even when some might have thought proper to take things easy we were disposed to "hustle." Colonel Colgrove had gone home on account of the wound he had received at Chancellorsville, and Lieutenant-Colonel Fessler was in command of the regiment.

Almost every day there was a booming of cannon off towards the Rappahannock. This was always followed by a camp rumor or "grapevine dispatch" accounting for it. In these camp rumors, Hooker was sometimes south of the Rappahannock river, with Lee wholly at his mercy, and sometimes Lee was north of the river with the advantages all reversed. Or it was some other equally improbable story, equally discredited by those who heard it. The army appeared to be "all torn up," abnormally restless, full of foreboding and anxiety. But, withal, there was absolutely nothing of that discontent which borders on demoralization, much less insubordination. We had met with a most inexcusable, and therefore most discouraging, defeat. Neglect and incompetency we had been the victims of before. This time thousands of the best soldiers, the bravest of men and the purest of patriots, had been sacrificed by outrageous and criminal worthlessness.

We find President Lincoln writing to General Hooker at

this period, inquiring what his plans were, and urging him to do something, giving as a reason that he did not believe that the people would stand a period of inactivity, following such a disappointing campaign. Nothing could better demonstrate the immeasurable superiority of the unconquerable Union Army than facts such as these. What a lofty spirit inspired it indeed. If it was hard for the people to bear such a defeat, how much harder for the soldiers in the field? Yet well do we all remember the many expressions of unshaken faith in the cause, and of unswerving devotion to duty among the boys at this time. Plain, unlettered men, serving in the ranks



SURGEON W. H. TWIFORD.

FIRST-LIEUT. F. D. RUNDOLL,
COMPANY G.

as private soldiers, with no more at stake in the war than other humble citizens, as they gathered in little knots through the day, or at their picket reserves at night, said again and again, as they discussed the situation between themselves, that they knew their cause must be right, they believed that somehow it would yet succeed, and they affirmed their unalterable determination to stand by it to the bitter end!

Immediately after the battle of Chancellorsville a number of Indiana friends again came to the regiment. It did all of us good to see them. Even those of us not personally acquainted with any of them were cheered and encouraged to

set eyes upon them. We knew they were from Indiana and sympathized with us and our cause. Their errand was mostly to look after wounded ones in the recent battle, or the more hopeless errand of obtaining the bodies of the dead. Our wounded which were left in the enemy's hands were nearly all brought into our lines later, under a flag of truce, upon the request of our authorities. The dead could not be recovered. Upon the pretence that it would reveal important military information, permission to have men go over from our side and search for the dead and bring them back or bury them, was refused. That the real motive was to conceal their neglected condition seems more probable. What military information a hundred or so men, searching in the thick woods of the Chancellorsville battle field could glean, is hard to imagine.

All exaggeration aside, the enemy frequently did not give civilized attention to the Union dead that the fortunes of war left in their hands. Sometimes they buried them after a fashion, but frequently they did not. This we know, sad to relate, was the case at Chancellorsville. Those of the Twenty-seventh who re-enlisted as veterans camped upon this battle-field, and were over the ground upon which the regiment fought, after Lee's surrender, in 1865. It may be well to state furthermore that they had marched there all the way from Nashville, Tenn., by way of Atlanta and Savannah Georgia, up through the Carolinas and Virginia. They not only found a large number of skeletons which had been so poorly buried as to have been uncovered by animals, and even by the wash of the rain, but they also found many which had evidently never been buried in any way. Some of these last had been their comrades in the Twenty-seventh, identified beyond all question. There was no excuse for not burying the dead of the Twenty-seventh, beyond mere inhuman carelessness, as the ground where our dead fell was open, with nothing to conceal a dead body from sight. The veterans very properly halted in their march homeward, long enough to give respectable interment to the bones of these unburied heroes.

The bringing in of the wounded from Chancellorsville was the occasion of the usual number of surprises. A few were brought in and eventually recovered whom we had thought, from what seemed to be good evidence, had been

killed. On the other hand, many, whom we believed to be prisoners only, with or without wounds, were now found to have been killed, or mortally wounded, while a few remain unaccounted for to this day. Precious as their lives were to themselves, they gave them to their country in such an inconspicuous way that even the fact could not be certainly known. Those of the wounded able to stand the journey were mostly sent on at once to the hospitals at Washington and places farther north. But the Twelfth Corps had an immense hospital, in tents, near Aquia Creek Landing. The worst cases were kept there, of course. Several of the Twenty-seventh boys were of this number. They were visited by members of the regiment as often as seemed possible, under the circumstances.

Poor fellows! There was the maximum of human suffering in that hospital. Severe wounds that had received only the merest excuse in the way of attention for ten days after being inflicted, with the patient almost entirely destitute of bedding, shelter or food, and worse than destitute of sympathy or cheer, might well be complicated and hopeless at the end of that time, if not so at first. Think of an active, spirited young fellow of twenty, tingling with life and energy to his finger tips before now, doomed to lie in one position on his back for eleven long months, his thigh bone shattered by a musket ball, four inches of it removed, and his limb held in a swing, suspended from above! That was a Twenty-seventh soldier. He never fully recovered from the shock and died soon after the war. His case was only an example of many, many others.

Several members of the regiment died at this hospital before we left Stafford Court House. In diaries and letters in possession of the writer are some very impressive facts concerning these men. What a high type of citizenship and manhood they exemplified? Rome and Sparta, in their palmyest days, could furnish nothing better. After a most determined, persistent struggle for life, when they finally became convinced that there was no longer any ground for hope, these courageous, devoted ones, sent messages of love, comfort and cheer to the dear friends in the far away Indiana home, while their parting words to comrades in the regiment were as stirring as high bugle notes. More than one of them said it was hard for him to die, life had seemed full of promise and he had

looked out upon it with fond, ardent hopes and ambitions. But inasmuch as the interest of the country required it, he could die cheerfully. With his last breath he exhorted to Loyalty and Courage and, "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams," so he closed his eyes to all earthly things.

As the warm season advanced there was uneasiness among the authorities concerning the healthfulness of the army, if it should remain in the region occupied by it so long. After infinite cleaning and readjusting we finally moved our camp bodily, on the 27th of May. Our new camp was located south-east of where we had been so long, near that of the One Hundred and Seventh New York.

June 4th, we had marching orders. We packed up on short notice and were ready to go. All day we waited, momentarily expecting orders to start. No orders came and at night, by some sort of authority, we unpacked, put up our tents again and went to bed. These were the orders that it was said nothing was known about at corps headquarters.

June 9th, the paymaster came again, on one of his always acceptable visits. He paid us for two months. It may not have been the best of money, badly depreciated, as is now pointed out, but it was far better than none.

We now drilled regularly, every day. Duty was not too hard, merely enough to drive away ennui. It is a pleasant reminiscence to this day to call up the times in camp when the regular routine went forward without interruption, each day, each hour almost, having its duties, but none of them being burdensome.

Our ranks during these days were also filling up somewhat from returning convalescents, those who had been sick or wounded. Some who had been away on detached duty also returned at this time. There were always some men away in the medical, commissary, or quartermaster's department, or at some of the numerous headquarters.

On the 13th of June, we moved camp a second time. This move was military, rather than sanitary. It was to put the brigade or division in the right position with reference to some moves that had recently been made by others. At least, so it was said. But the move was too military, or proved to be,—too much like so many other military moves of the period,—a blunder.

The day was very hot. We started at sunrise and marched some five miles southeast, across the railroad and nearer the Potomac river. Here, under orders, we established our camp upon a high hill, where the abandoned winter quarters of another regiment were still standing. These we took down, and carried the fragments some distance, pitching them over a precipice into a deep ravine. The dried mud, with which the huts had been daubed, and all the other small litter, we carried in our rubber blankets and disposed of likewise. With brush-brooms we then carefully and laboriously swept the ground perfectly clean and bare, far beyond where our guard line was to be.

After this, each mess, acting under instructions, built bunks or raised beds to sleep on. Each one was eighteen inches from the ground, supported by forks. The bottoms of these bunks were made of small pine poles, laid close together and covered with fine pine boughs, our regular resort for a soft bed. "Soldier feathers" we called them. Over these bunks we stretched our shelter tents, high enough up to give us comfortable room under them. The whole plan and arrangement was good. The location on the high hill was admirable. It afforded us a view of a wide sweep of country and gave us the benefits of every breeze, from every direction. Already we began to enjoy these things in anticipation. It had required the entire day, a busy, toilsome one, too, to march so far and do so much hard work. But we were in good heart. We were nicely fixed now. No chance for filth or dampness. No more sleeping on the ground. In fact, would you believe it? no sleep for us anywhere that night!

Just when we had about finished everything, beds ready spread; supper cooked; night hanging her sable curtains around us, dreadfully fatigued, all that remained to do was to eat and then—"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." What is that we hear! Is that drummer stringing up his drum? Why, mercy on us, it's the Long Roll! In less than an half an hour our supper is gulped down, our knapsacks, like John Brown's, are "strapped upon our backs," our lovely camp is dismantled, and we have started, tired and sleepy as we are, on an all night's march. Those who have done a hard day's labor, out in the sun, in the Spring or early Summer, when not much used either to the labor or exposure, will appreciate our situation.

The invasion of the North had been decided upon by the leaders of the rebellion. If the dark cloud of Chancellorsville had any silver lining, it was this: The Southern leaders were so inflated by it that it gave them wild and unreasonable visions of conquest and tribute. This, in turn, gave the people of the North another rude but much needed awakening from their apathy concerning the spirit and aims of the insurgents, and afforded the Army of the Potomac another chance to grapple with its foe under more favorable conditions.

This movement of the rebels began on the 9th or 10th of June, and was known to our authorities even before it began. Its full scope was, of course, not known, as that was only tentative in the minds of the Southern leaders themselves; but even that was outlined in the information in possession of our people. It seems passing strange, therefore, that we should have had such a very excessive day's toil put upon us, to be followed by such a wearisome and altogether unbearable night's march, when a move was so certain, within a day or two at farthest.

With almost the usual cheerfulness and gaiety, the column marched away from the light of our burning camp conveniences, into the murky darkness. Stepping off briskly, we had not gone a mile until each man was brought up short, by running against his file leader. This was repeated a hundred times during the night. The roads were gorged with artillery and trains. Sometimes we went a mile and sometimes not more than two rods, then halted, not to break ranks and rest, but to stand expectantly in the road and wait. Recent heavy rains, followed by dry, warm weather, had made the roads hard, but terribly rough, with multitudes of deep ruts and chuck holes. In the darkness no one could see any of these impediments, the only recourse being to judge of them by the flounderings and exclamations of those in front. To-night was the only instance in his life when the writer remembers going soundly to sleep, so much so as to lose all consciousness, while walking along the road. Some went to sleep in this way so soundly that they fell headlong on the ground without waking up. The strain upon them was more than they could endure.

About daylight the next morning we arrived at the old town of Dumfries, on an estuary of the Potomac, below

Mount Vernon. There, out on the open common, between what was left of the town and the water, we halted, that is, stopped, because those in front of us did. Of course after such a hurried starting, and an all night's march, we were not going to remain here? But we did. Without further orders or instructions of any kind, we laid out there, on that treeless, shelterless plain, all through that blistering June day, and through the night following.



E. R. BROWN,
Co. C, 27TH IND. AT 19.
(War of the Rebellion.)



A. H. BROWN,
Co. I, 161ST IND. AT 18.
(Spanish-American War.)

TWO GENERATIONS OF SOLDIERS.

The hardships of a soldier's life, forsooth! The real hardships, those necessarily incident to the service, were cheerfully borne, especially by regiments like the Twenty-seventh. These unnecessary hardships were of the nature of injuries and indignities, inflicted upon the army by the neglect and willful shirking of duty by indolent, ease-loving staff officers and others, of whom there were legions. They were then strutting and masquerading in their showy uniforms, and have been shouting ever since over their distinguished services and numerous promotions. A long day's march, on the 15th, brought

us to Fairfax Court House. Eight or ten miles of the road we had passed over five times before, and all of it three times.

An incident occurred to-day, the like of which is always remembered gratefully by soldiers. While we were lying along the road resting, the corps commander came riding by. "Clear the way, there!" shouted a line officer. "Never mind, boys, don't get up; my horse is not as tired as you are. We can go around," General Slocum said, in a kindly voice.

After a day's delay at Fairfax, we moved to Drainsville and the next day to Leesburg. In the vicinity of Leesburg we tarried ten days. General R. E. Lee, of the Confederate army, was really directing the movements of our army. That is, we were conforming our movements to the movements of his. So when we moved, and in what direction, was for him to say.

While near Leesburg, three men of our division were shot to death for desertion. The execution was in the usual military form and was the first any of us had witnessed. But the writer, being on guard duty that day, saw it at a distance only. A more detailed account will be given of a like proceeding later, of which he had a nearer view.

Three days after our coming to Leesburg, the first mail came to the regiment since leaving Stafford Court House. This delay of a week in the mail service indicated that all was not in perfect order there either.

The work of digging at the old fort at Leesburg, putting it in better repair, was done by orders from Washington, with the thought of a small force being left there, to guard the fords on the Potomac against the crossing of cavalry, when raiding around our army. It was hard for us to understand the sense of it at the time, as there did not appear to be the slightest probability of our needing the fort. The noted cavalry battles at Aldie and Middleburg occurred while we tarried here. Not more than eight to twelve miles away, the cannonading could be heard very distinctly.

On the 26th of June the regiment crossed the Potomac into Maryland at Balls Bluff. A pontoon bridge had been laid for the purpose some time previous. We were going now precisely in the opposite direction from which we had sought to cross, at this same place, almost two years before. Our march, after crossing, was up the river, following the towpath of the canal. It rained all day, a steady drizzle.

Camping that night at the mouth of the Monocacy, we marched next day, still along the canal, to a mile beyond Petersville.

The movements in which we had a direct part for the last two days constituted one of the reasons for the change in army commanders, which occurred at this time. It was General Hooker's plan to push a column up the Potomac, threatening, if not attacking, Lee's communications. The authorities at Washington did not approve of this. They feared, if our army hugged the river and the mountain ranges so closely, Lee might suddenly swing around and interpose between us and Baltimore and Washington. This complication, with others, led to Hooker's resignation. The Washington authorities may have been wrong then, as they were so many other times, but there was a Providence in it. The Almighty was watching over the destinies of the Republic, and it could not be that Hooker would be in command at Gettysburg.



MAJ.-GEN. GEO. G. MEADE.

(A good portrait of him in 1863. Commanded Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg.)

The appointment of General Meade was received among us in a very quiet, undemonstrative way. There was no strong feeling one way or the other as to him personally.

The change, however, from Hooker to him unquestionably increased the confidence and buoyed up the spirits of the men of the Twenty-seventh. Little that was definite was known of Meade among us. We had seen him a few times, and knew that, as the commander of the Fifth Corps, he was ranked among the capable and rising men of the army. His order assuming the command was received with favorable comments. It had an evident tone of modesty about it, and modesty was a great rarity in those parts. It would not be the least exaggeration to say that it was always a little scarce in the Eastern army.

A change in plans was evident, in the direction of our march on the following day, the 28th. We turned sharply back, almost in the opposite direction from what we had been going, and at a pace that indicated decision. We passed through Pentonville and Jefferson and camped near Fredrick City.

This seemed the most like home to our boys of any place this side of Indiana. How kindly and hospitable the people were, and what a land of glorious plenty surrounded it! The contrast between the utter waste and desolation of that portion of Virginia bordering on the Potomac, and this section of Maryland, as we saw it, can scarcely be imagined. On the one side were no growing crops; fields were entirely bare and almost every fence rail gone; not a horse, cow, pig or fowl could be seen in a day's march. North of the Potomac, everywhere, were vast fields of magnificent wheat, just ready for the reaper; corn was in tassel and shooting out its silken ears; while meadows, orchards and gardens, most abundant and luxurious, were to be seen on every hand. To these were added live-stock and poultry of all kinds, in both quantity and quality, surpassing almost any other section of the United States.

The city of Fredrick, as on the occasion of our other visits, was overflowing with plenty. In fact, it was in some respects, rather too overflowing for the best order and discipline of the army. As we marched out on the road leading north, the next morning, the fence corners were well filled with soldiers who had not been losing sleep and who were not usually guilty of straggling. Many others, who kept along with the column, found it necessary to occupy, first one side of the broad road and then the other. The whole Twelfth Army Corps

was not drunk, however. There were a few notable exceptions. The steady, drizzling, rain which was falling, helped to cool the brain and restore those in need of it to a normal condition; but the sloppy roads put those in a sorry plight whose attitude varied occasionally from the perpendicular.

We hear something in recent years about certain classes of persons being refused accommodations at hotels, chiefly on account of the circumstance of their color. The reason back of that seems to be that certain other classes refuse to be found in their company. Since being at Fredrick this time the writer has had a clearer understanding of such matters, though the question of color was not then raised with him. He and a comrade, now a gentleman of wealth, leisure and social dignity in one of the large cities of Indiana, dropped into a restaurant at Fredrick for a dish of ice cream. The place was crowded, and without thinking at all of what the direful consequences might be, we took seats at a table at which were seated two lieutenants, about our own age, resplendent in blue and gold. Instantly they forsook the table, leaving their dishes entirely untasted. If they had been suddenly exposed to some deadly contagion they could not have bolted out more unceremoniously. The reason was that they could not eat at the same table with enlisted men! The landlady explained later that they had expressly stipulated that in no case was this to be allowed. While she was busy we had come in, and had unwittingly broken over so obvious and necessary a rule. But, inasmuch as the pay had been in advance, the landlady had no reason to feel badly over it, and the two Indiana soldiers surely did not; so, if anybody did, it was the two blooming lieutenants.

Most of the way to Pennsylvania, after leaving Fredrick, the infantry marched through the fields, on either side of the road, giving up the latter wholly to the artillery and trains. Frequently several columns moved on parallel lines. Mounted pioneers kept ahead, selecting the best routes, clearing away obstructions and using the fences and other materials at hand to fill up the ditches and bridge the smaller streams.

There were many advantages in moving in this way, the most important being that the army could move farther in the same time, and in a more compact, aggressive or defensive mass. It was also easier on the men. There were no tedious delays in starting in the morning, or late arrivals in camp at

night, while the yielding soil of the fields was more grateful to the feet than the hard surface of the roads.

The country passed through was mostly open and, in a general way, rather level. It was a sight to stir the blood, as, from an elevation, one could look over a stretch of country and everywhere see thousands upon thousands of our veterans in blue. Slowly moving northward, it required but slight reflection to be impressed with the grandeur of their mission, as well as that of their appearance. The panoplied hosts of Freedom, they were the champions of the Union of the States, and of the hopes of all humanity in self-government. It was known, even then, that they were sturdily advancing to an encounter that would shake the world.

There must have been something unusual about the spirit of the army on this march. As a rule there was considerable noise on a march, unless men were very tired from long continued and extreme effort. They joked each other, guyed stragglers or citizens, whom they met along the way, and cheered at whatever they happened to see. Men were commonly ready to cheer anything from a drove of woolly-headed little darkies, to a division sweeping over the enemy's entrenchments—one of the sublimest sights ever vouchsafed to human eyes. But a member of the Twenty-seventh records in his diary, that we marched nearly two hundred miles without seeing anything to evoke a cheer, and scarcely anything to laugh at. Some of the exuberance and flow of animal spirits which usually characterized the men must have been absent. The writer, while temporarily on detached duty, saw a division of another corps, on its way to the field of Gettysburg, after the battle had been joined. So silent were they that he had no warning whatever of their approach, until their head of column filed around a turn in the road. The impression was so peculiar that it has remained with him ever since. In regular formation, a knot of mounted officers in front and rear of each regiment, the men in perfect ranks, in files of four, line officers and file closers on either side, all were reaching out in long, rapid steps. Regiment after regiment fairly glided by, with no word spoken, that could be heard a rod away.

At a village near the Pennsylvania line, a group of young ladies stood by the way-side and sang patriotic songs. This brought out round after round of rousing cheers from the

troops. They were, in all probability, as much pleased to see the loyal girls as to hear the loyal songs.

The second day after leaving Fredrick a band of roving rebel scouts caused a flurry in our column and a slight delay. Some rebel cavalry was passing somewhere to the eastward of us, on one of their periodical rides around our army. Those in question now must have been part of this force. As we were moving quietly along, with scarcely a thought of the enemy—bang! bang! went a few guns ahead somewhere. It was said then that the commanding officer of one of the newer regiments, which happened to be leading that day, claimed that his men had not been instructed in the skirmish drill, and begged that some other regiment be brought to the front. At all events, those in advance of the Twenty-seventh moved to the side of the road and we went forward at a double-quick. It was the old story, however, the mounted raiders being careful to keep out of the way of infantry. When we arrived at the front, and had thrown forward our skirmishers, they had vanished.

Early in the evening of June 30th, we camped half a mile north of Littlestown, Pennsylvania. We were at last upon free, northern soil. The line between Maryland and Pennsylvania is the original "Mason and Dixon's Line," so often mentioned in the discussions on slavery before the war. This line was first surveyed and established by two men by the names, respectively, of Mason and Dixon. Its prolongation across the continent had, in the law known as "The Missouri Compromise," been made the permanent boundary between free and slave territory.

This June 30th, 1863, was, in an important sense, the last day of an era—the era of slavery domination in the United States. The next day was to witness the beginning of a battle which, in the estimation of an ever-increasing number of people, marks a great turn in the history of the human race. What report shall this diminishing band, whose humble achievements we are following, be able to give of itself in this overshadowing crisis?

CHAPTER XXV.

GETTYSBURG.

Little known before, the name which heads this chapter is now one to conjure with. No other geographical name in the annals of the great war recalls at once so much of the enthusiasm, pride and glory of those old, heroic days. Around it hangs a mysterious and enchanting halo, which only increases as time goes by. With those who were there on the first, second and third of July, 1863, the mere mention of the name awakens stirring recollections and tender emotions.

It must have been near seven o'clock on the morning of the first of July, a fair, pleasant Summer morning, when the First Division of the Twelfth Corps started back through Littlestown and filed onto the Baltimore pike, the direct road to Gettysburg, distant ten miles. The Twenty-seventh led the infantry column. We pressed steadily along, through an open, fertile country, though there was no evidence of haste in any quarter.

To those not advised of the orders under which the army was acting, our movements soon became mysterious. The writer's impression is that when we started in the morning, or very soon afterwards, we heard rumblings of artillery. It is certain that artillery firing early became so distinct and rapid that many were apprehensive that the decisive battle, impending some days, might be on. This apprehension was increased by the fact of our keeping skirmishers out so carefully, when we could see so far ahead, as well as by the many rumors that always circulate at such a time. Still the pace was not increased and, slowly as we had been moving, when we reached the hamlet of Two Taverns, half way to Gettysburg, we filed leisurely into a field, under orders, and went into bivouac.

This greatly increased our perplexity. The sounds of battle ahead of us had grown more and more fierce. There was no longer room for doubt that a large force on each side was engaged, and that musketry firing was mixed with that of the artillery. For some years most of the soldiers of the

Twelfth Corps were greatly puzzled over our orders this morning. The corps could easily have joined in the battle of the first day. The distance from our starting point to the battlefield might have been traversed by noon.

The trouble was that General Slocum, our corps commander, was acting under the direct orders of General Meade, whose headquarters were at Taneytown, with no means of communication with Slocum, except by courier. Up to this time it was not Meade's plan that more than a small part of his army should advance as far as Gettysburg and while he shared the prevalent conviction of his soldiers that a serious conflict with the enemy was near at hand, he was not expecting that it would begin to-day. Neither commander of the two great armies was expecting this. Neither of them realized that the opposing forces were approaching so near together.

General Meade had tentatively decided that he would offer battle along the line of Pipe Creek, and had partly matured his plans to that end. This line the Twelfth Corps had already passed. General Slocum's orders, therefore, were to move his corps as far as Two Taverns, and there await further instructions.

So, here we were, General Meade, at Taneytown, was farther away from Gettysburg than ourselves. While we were worrying because orders did not come, carrying us into the battle, the one from whom the orders should emanate learned of the emergency later than we did.

But we had not tarried long at Two Taverns before a courier was seen to dash up to corps headquarters. He was followed by a second, then a third. Their horses in a lather and jaded, proved that they had come a distance and ridden fast. Our surmises that the arrival of these horsemen betokened a move for us were quickly confirmed. They were from General Howard, at Gettysburg, informing Slocum of the state of affairs at that place; the seriousness of the conflict, the lamented death of General Reynolds, the sore need of more men, and urgently requesting him to bring his corps forward. Slocum was not under Howard's command, but following a wise military maxim, he decided to march instantly to the sound of the enemy's guns.

Any soldier will recall how a knot of aides and orderlies, gathered in a circle about their chief, would break apart and dissolve in many directions, after these fresh arrivals. Thus

it was now. More promptly almost than it can be told, we had received orders and were on the way. The baggage trains, and the sick and disabled were sent to the rear, non-combatants and stretcher bearers were instructed to report to the surgeon, and the column pressed forward on quick time. After this, those not in good form for marching could not keep up.

Every rod towards the front brought the various noises of the struggle more distinctly to our ears. Many who have given considerable attention to the history of the battle do not comprehend the intensity of this first day's encounter at Gettysburg. For the number seriously engaged, few other battles equalled the first day at Gettysburg in the per cent of loss sustained.

When we reached the point from which the ground begins to break off towards the valley of Rock Creek, the tremendous crash and din, though still three or four miles distant, seemed almost at our feet. As Culps Hill and Cemetery Ridge loomed into view, we could scarcely believe that the scene of action was not on our side, rather than beyond, those heights. While rising above them higher and higher, and reaching far around the horizon, was a cloud of dust and smoke, of ever-increasing density.

About two miles from Gettysburg, our First Division diverged from the pike and field off to the right, towards the Hanover road. We at length halted, and formed line of battle facing Wolf's Hill. The orders were to take possession of this eminence. The Twenty-seventh, being still in the lead, was instructed to advance one company as skirmishers and follow with the others, as a support. In the openings along the crest of the hill we could see mounted men in gray.

But when the men of Company G, which was on the skirmish line, moved forward they met with no opposition. They had about reached the top of the hill, while the balance of the regiment was in a wooded ravine near the bottom, when a halt was called. Information had been received just then that our army had withdrawn from beyond Gettysburg, and that the possession of Wolf's Hill was no longer desirable. We therefore about faced and returned to the division, with which, after some delay, we moved back to the vicinity of where we had left the pike, at which point we spent the night.

Apparently we had accomplished nothing this first day at Gettysburg. Yet it has since developed that we did exercise a positive influence in shaping affairs at that critical time. How much this had to do in determining the final issue of the battle can only be conjectured. It appears that, following his partial success beyond the town of Gettysburg, preparations were being made by the enemy for an assault upon Cemetery Ridge. All that was lacking was the arrival of a lagging brigade. Instead of hastening forward it halted back somewhere, and sent word that a threatening Union force was approaching the town on the Hanover road. The report seems not to have been fully credited but, lest it might be true, another brigade was detached, to go out in that direction.

The Union force referred to was, evidently, our First Division, which, in the meantime, had drawn back from the direction of the Hanover road. But so much time was consumed in ascertaining the facts that the contemplated assault on Cemetery Ridge was not made that day, and did not take place until the following evening, when it was repulsed, after a hand-to-hand encounter. It was certainly desirable, not to say more, to have the struggle for the possession of this vital point, the unquestioned key to the Union position, postponed until more thoroughly fortified and until more troops were available for its defense.

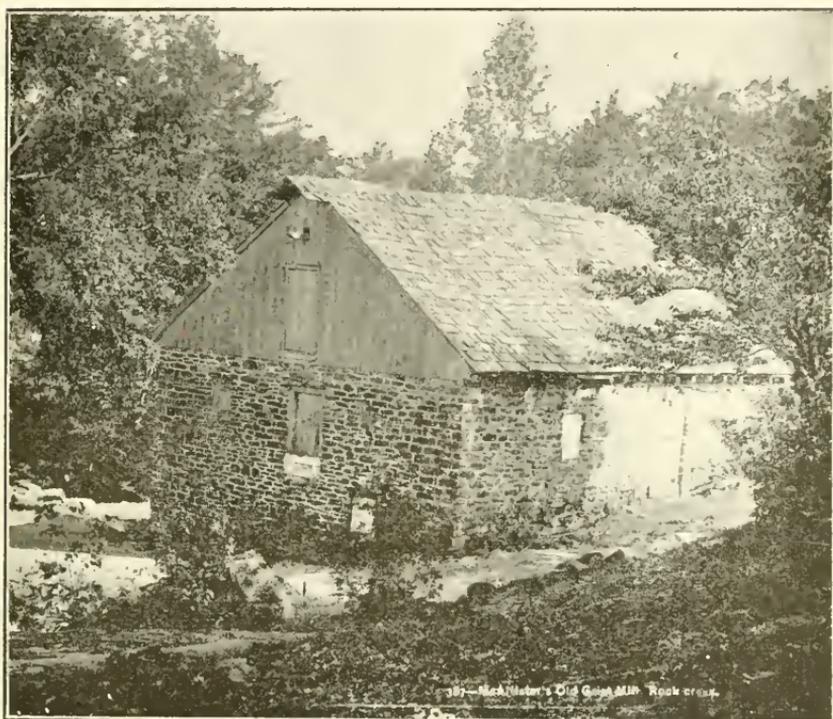
On the morning of the 2d, the Twenty-seventh was ordered to make another movement, alone, in the direction of the Hanover road. This time Company F was put on the skirmish line. After advancing several hundred yards the men of F encountered the enemy and a brisk skirmish ensued, continuing for perhaps an hour. The enemy was posted in a wood directly in front of our line, and in a stone house and outbuildings, somewhat to the right. Our line was in open ground at first, but at length an advance was ordered on the left and a house, in that direction, was taken possession of. This strategy not only prevented the enemy from getting possession of the other house, as he was endeavoring to do, but afforded our skirmishers a position of some advantage.

The body of the regiment was not ordered to take part in the action, however, and there was no positive order, or special

attempt made, to dislodge the enemy from the stone house, as some have understood.*

Company F lost in this skirmish one killed and four wounded. The time occupied by the movement and skirmish was perhaps two hours.

While the foregoing was in progress, Colonel Colgrove



OLD MILL AT GETTYSBURG.

Near First Position of 27th, in McAllister's Woods.

was notified that he had succeeded to the command of the brigade. General Slocum having been assigned to the command of the right wing it gave General Williams command of the corps and General Ruger the division. These changes also brought Lieutenant-Colonel Fesler into command of the Twenty-seventh.

*Adjutant Bryant (Hist. 3d Wis. p. 186) seems to be under the impression that this stone house was the same as the one on the bank of Rock Creek, from which sharp shooters annoyed our lines during the battle of the 3d. Intelligent men of our Company F insist that, so far from being the same, the two houses were nearly a mile apart.

About the time of these changes, our division moved to the position near which it was to make its record on this field. It had not been gone long when a force of Union cavalry appeared in the vicinity, and the Twenty-seventh was ordered to follow after the division.

Marching back to the Baltimore Pike, we moved on it towards Gettysburg. North of Rock Creek we filed to the right, and found the division forming in line of battle along Rock Creek at the base of Culps Hill and in McAllister's Woods opposite. Our brigade was on the right of the division, and the Twenty-seventh was assigned a position on the right of the brigade. This first position of the Twenty-seventh was in McAllister's Woods, well down towards the old mill. Along this line the brigade constructed breast-works, but in front of the Twenty-seventh was a ledge of rocks which largely served the purpose.*

Our regiment remained in this position quietly until in the evening, though there appears to have been some shifting and interchanging by other regiments. During this interval our Company A was sent to the right and front, on outpost duty, but with them, also, the time seems to have passed uneventfully.

The experiences of all of the regiments of the brigade were so nearly identical at this time that Lieutenant-Colonel Morse's well-written paper, upon the part taken by the Second Massachusetts, in the Gettysburg campaign, may be quoted as describing our own. He says, "All was quiet through the morning and well on into the afternoon. But shortly before sunset, the favorite time for rebel attack, the sound of fierce battle broke out on our left, which from the horse-shoe-shape of our line, seemed almost in our rear. This was the attack on Sickles's Third corps. * * * * *

"The fire of musketry and cannon constantly grew heavier and above the roar of the guns the rebel yell could be heard coming nearer and nearer. From our position we could look across about a mile of open country, in the direction of the fighting; but thick woods then intervened and concealed all that was going on. Every eye was turned, of course, towards

*Compare reports of Colonel Colgrove as brigade commander with that of Colonel Crane, One Hundred and Seventh New York and Lieutenant-Colonel Fesler, Twenty-seventh Indiana, Rebellion Record, Reports on Gettysburg, p. 812 et seq.

those woods, fearing lest any moment we should see our troops driven back, and the enemy appear. This anxiety was increased when the wounded came streaming back out of the woods in such numbers that it seemed that our line must have broken. But, about the same time, we saw the staunch Fifth Corps move forward to the support of Sickles, and, almost simultaneously with their disappearance in the woods, the firing redoubled, indicating that the fresh troops had become engaged.

“Staff officers and orderlies now came riding toward Williams’ division, and we knew that our turn had come. It was nearly dark when we filed across the Baltimore pike, towards the terrible crash of arms in the woods, and we were soon under a random fire of artillery. * * * * *

“When we marched into the woods it was fairly dark, and the musketry fire had almost ceased. The artillery fire continued at intervals, but the indications were that the Fifth Corps had repulsed the enemy, and that our front was unbroken. We were halted in the woods and, I think, formed in line, but almost immediately orders came for a counter-march.”

The fighting on this second day at Gettysburg, as would naturally be inferred from the extract, was again raging and bloody. It was all done in a few hours in the evening, but was a contest between giants. Here, on the left, where the struggle was the most prolonged, the men on the rebel side were of Longstreet’s corps, while the Union army was represented by the Third Corps, reinforced towards the close by troops from the Fifth Corps, and others.

General Sickles was the hero of the day. He was censured by General Meade at the time, for taking the position he did, farther to the front than the one he was expected to occupy. Others believed, also, influenced most likely by erroneous or incomplete information, that he had made a mistake, if nothing more. But the trend of sentiment is now much more in his favor. Recent critics appear disposed to accord to him the credit of forcing the enemy into battle on this ground, instead of turning the Union position. If this was really true, posterity will owe him a great debt. The undoubted thing for the Union army to do was to fight here and now. General Sickles lost a leg in the action. The Twenty-seventh always remembered him after his fiery speech to Col-

onel Colgrove, complimenting the regiment so highly, at Chancellorsville.

General Green and his brigade, of the Second Division of our corps (formerly our own "Pap" Green), also won for themselves imperishable fame, this second evening at Gettysburg. Green's brigade alone was left on Culp's Hill, when the balance of the Twelfth Corps moved over to the support of Sickles. During the interval it was assailed by the rebel column designed for the entire corps. Many times outnumbered, but favored by position, the brigade fought with conspicuous gallantry. It not only defended successfully its own position, but deployed its line and held a part of the ground previously occupied by others.

After receiving the order to return to our former position, the experiences of the several regiments of the brigade diverge somewhat. In fact we here enter upon a period of not a little uncertainty as to particular movements, and one during which there was considerable confusion and consequent anxiety as to the situation. The exact sequence of events during this period seems involved in a hopeless tangle. Many individuals, perhaps most who were present, appear to think that they can tell the story just as it was, but no two can seem to agree as to details. The cause of these troubles is probably to be found largely in the inexorable closing down of night and of darkness, so importune for our side, as well as in the changes in the vicinity of Culp's Hill, which took place in our absence.

There can be little doubt, however, as to the more important facts. That the Third Brigade arrived at the scene of the conflict on the left too late to be of any material service is unquestioned. Whether any of the regiments put forward skirmishers, formed lines of battle, or made any other dispositions looking toward actual hostilities, or whether they simply halted in the column, because those in front of them did, matters little. No one of them took any material part in the battle at that point.

That our stay on the left was brief also, is equally certain. Orders soon came for the return march. And whether the rumor concerning the advance of the enemy upon our position during our absence was in circulation among us before we started to retrace our steps, as some assert, or whether it became current later, there could have been no hint of it in the orders which sent us back.

The Twenty-seventh returned to its former position without delay. As it approached the place where it had formerly been, behind the ledge of rocks, those in advance could discern shadowy forms of men, moving about in the darkness. Who they were could not be told. On being challenged, sounds, as of splashing water, was the only response. It was inferred later that this part of the line had been held by pickets or skirmishers of the enemy and that, upon our return, they had withdrawn beyond the creek.

But very soon the Twenty-seventh had orders to move out a second time, being led to the vicinity of the Baltimore Pike. Finding here the other regiments of the brigade the gravity of the situation first became fully known to us. The case was strongly suggestive of Chancellorsville, in that matters had gone wrong in our absence. All will remember with what vehement determination the men vowed that the result should not be what it had been at the other place.

We remained along the Baltimore pike, resting at will, for a considerable time. As bearing upon this period of delay and anxiety, General Williams makes a surprising statement in his official report. He says that he did not himself learn of the advance of the enemy and of their occupancy of a part of our breastworks, until after his return from the council at General Meade's headquarters, near midnight. He farther states that he then, for the first time, as it would seem, appraised General Slocum of these facts. Assuming these statements to be true, and there is no ground to conjecture why they should not be, the delay is not only explained, but the conclusion is unavoidable that some of the incidents of this wearisome night occurred nearer morning than some of us have been in the habit of thinking.

Several soldiers of the Twenty-seventh tell of a discussion or conference between a knot of officers, which they overheard at this point. Faces could not be distinguished in the darkness, and, except when speaking unusually loud, the parties to the conference could not be recognized by their voices. General Williams and Colonel Colgrove are distinctly remembered, however, along with others. The question was as to what should be done in view of the attitude of the enemy. Part favored an immediate assault, night though it was, with the view of regaining the lost ground. They reasoned that, coming in so late in the evening, the enemy could

not be formidable in numbers, or well prepared for defence. Delay would enable him to reinforce, and strengthen himself in other ways. Prominent among those urging such a course it was no surprise to find Colonel Colgrove. On the other hand, no one seemed to oppose it strenuously, at least not in tones sufficiently distinct to be recognized. There was only a murmur of dissent. The measure was too radical, and would be attended with too many risks. The discussion or consultation was somewhat prolonged. At length, as the party was separating, General Williams was heard to say, in substance: "We will hold the position we now have until morning. Then, from these hills back of us, we will shell hell out of them."

Almost immediately after this announcement the Twenty-seventh started and again marched back to the position it had first occupied in the morning, in McAllister's woods. There it spent what remained of the night. If any other regiment of the Third Brigade, whose position had been south of, that is down the creek from, the little meadow, did not also return to it, the reason could not have been because the enemy stood in the way. On the contrary, those regiments whose positions had been north of the meadow could not return to them, because the enemy already occupied them.

Thus finally terminated the second day at Gettysburg, in the experience of the Twenty-seventh. We must have had it quiet from this until daylight. Major Colgrove, in a letter yet to appear, says, "We fought several little battles during the night," but by the word "we" he must refer to other troops of our army, rather than to his own regiment. No other statement, written or oral, is known to the writer, indicating that there was much to disturb the sleep of the over-taxed soldiers along Rock Creek, or around the edge of the meadow, from now until the dawn of day.

Colonel Morse, in the paper quoted from above, relates that Colonel Mudge, of his regiment, and himself had, between them, no other bedding that night save one rubber blanket. Upon this they both laid down, back to back, and slept quite comfortably. The statement furnishes a pathetic glimpse of army life. Colonel Mudge, a sturdy soldier and patriot, was killed in the action of the early morning following.

Most soldiers probably had a more liberal supply of bed

ding here than that, though meager enough always. The worst feature in the problem of rest and sleep, under such conditions as prevailed at times like this, was what to do about one's belt and shoes. With strictest orders to lay on our arms, and the evident liability of an attack at any moment, these were removed at great risk. Yet they were very disagreeable bedfellows, or became such before morning. After being upon one's feet so much through the day, besides feeling cramped and sore, they swell and become feverish during the night, and make loud and persistent appeals to be let out for airing and relaxation. The body likewise protests urgently against the long-continued weight and restraint of the belt. Whatever was true here, both the belt and shoes were usually slipped off, at least for a time, before morning.

As the fires are built under the great boilers of a mill while most of the operatives are asleep, so the plans which decide the fate of armies are largely formed and orders for their execution are issued, while most of the fighting contingent of all ranks are taking their rest. Generals Lee and Jackson, sitting on two empty cracker boxes, near the Union lines at Chancellorsville, after the majority on both sides were deep in slumber, decided upon the reckless flank movement which, wisely opposed, would have cost them their army; but which really stampeded one of our corps, and, infinitely worse, unmanned our commanding general, and won them the battle.

Just before midnight, this second night at Gettysburg, General Meade held a council of war at his headquarters with his corps commanders. It was convened at a small farmhouse, in rear of the cemetery, on the Taneytown road. Some authorities assert that the room in which the council deliberated was only 10 x 12 feet in size. While it may have been larger, it was still a small room, with furniture of the plainest variety and well worn. General Slocum says: "A rickety bed stood in one corner and a cheap pine table in the center of the room."* The time was close to eleven o'clock, and the only light was that of our army candles.

Under such circumstances these men who, to the end of the world, will have a conspicuous place in history, and who we soldiers looked up to as occupying very high stations, met and consulted as to "What shall be the order of the day for

* North American Review.

to morrow?" Those present seem to have been as modest and unpretentious as their surroundings. Adjutant Bryant aptly says they "were as calm, as mild mannered and as free from flurry or excitement as a board of commissioners met to discuss a street improvement."

The reply of General Slocum, our corps commander proper, to the question before the council was a model of sen-



GEN. MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS AT GETTYSBURG.
(The Council of War Was Held Here.)

tentious brevity as well as military sagacity. It also showed that he was in touch with his soldiers now, as at other times. He simply said, "*Stay and fight it out.*" That was exactly what the Twelfth Army Corps was ready to do, here and everywhere. No more fitting motto could have been devised for its flags and standards. This was the sentiment, substantially, of all the members of the council. In this particular, as in others, this council of American generals is historic. It has passed into a proverb that "Councils never fight." This

was, therefore, a notable exception, for it did. Every member said fight. Men of heroic mold abounded at Gettysburg.

It seems a droll situation that General Meade should look askance at our "Pap" Williams during this conference, with thoughts running through his mind not expressed openly, somewhat as the host might look at an uninvited guest at a wedding. He wondered why General Williams was present. It did not occur to Meade that Williams was in command of the Twelfth Corps, temporarily, and, as such, had been summoned to attend the council.

The matter of shelling the rebels which had come into the position of some of the regiments of the Twelfth Corps was not forgotten. The batteries of the corps were placed in position while it was yet dark, and the light had barely dawned when they opened with tremendous energy. This fierce cannonade ushered in the third day at Gettysburg with us. It was kept up, without slacking or intermission, for about a half hour. The batteries had been placed in groups, so as to pour a converging fire into the timber occupied by the enemy. We were nearer the enemy than the men operating the guns, some of the shot passing over our heads, as was the case at Chancellorsville; though we could not see or hear as much of the effects of the fire as we had on the former occasion. Whether or not any "h—l" was shelled out of the rebel occupants of Culps Hill, as General Williams had threatened, could not be told at our distance. That a goodly quantity of that article was "raised" in their vicinity, by the torrent of shot and shell striking and bursting among them, we could easily believe.

Early in the morning, also, the Twenty-seventh moved to its left, into the works built the previous day by the Third Wisconsin. This position was farther up Rock Creek, and facing toward it. On arriving there, we at once found ourselves exposed to the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters across the swale, at the base of Culps Hill, as well as from those more in our front. While the regiment was in this position, Company A returned from its out-post duty and resumed its place in the regiment.

At the next stage of importance we come upon another much disputed point. With reference to the time in the morning when the order was given which sent the Twenty-seventh and Second Massachusetts upon their ill-fated assault, the opinions of those concerned differ widely. Some are sure it

was as early as five A. M., while others are equally positive it was after ten. Some claim that this was the first serious clash of arms that morning on the line held by the Twelfth Corps, while others assert that it was almost the last. Curiously, in none of the extensive written data of the period, available to the writer, is the hour definitely stated, in such language as to carry with it the impression that the one making the statement meant to be exact. While almost all officers, and a considerable proportion of enlisted men, carried watches, all written records fail to show that anyone happened to look at his time-piece, and was therefore qualified to state precisely what the hour was.

To this the official reports constitute no exception. All of the officers making reports either use the indefinite word "about," or in some other way give the reader to understand that they were not certain as to time.

General Ruger's report, while indefinite like others, undeniable favors the theory of a late hour. After referring to the artillery fire, heretofore mentioned, he describes various movements made by his orders and others. Then he adds: "This state of things continued until about 10 A. M., the enemy maintaining the attack with great constancy, throwing forward fresh troops from time to time, suffering severely, but gaining no advantage, while our loss was comparatively slight. At this time, I received orders to try the enemy on the right of the line of breastworks, to the left of the swale, with two regiments, and, if possible, to force him out."

Colonel Colgrove, reporting as commander of the Third Brigade, says: "Early on the morning of the 3d, before it was fairly light, the battle commenced on our left, on that portion of the line held by the Second Division, and almost simultaneously the enemy's sharpshooters, from the breastworks and large ledges of rock on our left, opened fire upon us.

"I immediately deployed sharpshooters from the Third Wisconsin and Second Massachusetts in front of our breastworks, covered by a small belt of timber, and returned their fire briskly for about two hours. About this time the firing on our left, which had been very heavy, was fast receding, and loud cheering was heard along our lines. It was evident to me that General Geary had dislodged the enemy, and had retaken the breastworks occupied by him the day before.
* * * * At this juncture, Lieutenant Snow, of your staff,

came up and said: 'The general directs that you advance your line immediately.'"

Lieutenant Colonel Fesler, as commander of the Twenty-seventh, makes no statement as to the time the assault was ordered, and none from which any inference can be drawn as to the hour.

Lieutenant-Colonel Morse, (then major) of the Second Massachusetts, says in his report, "At daylight on July 3d, our skirmishers, Company E, Captain Robeson, became engaged. Firing was kept up until 5:30 o'clock, when the regiment was ordered to charge the woods in front of us."

But in his paper, quoted from above, Colonel Morse names seven o'clock as the probable hour of the charge, and admits that it may have been later.

The difficulties attending the settlement of the problem are thus apparent. The foregoing quotations are given that those interested may consider them as deemed best. The first shots on the skirmish line were fired close to four o'clock, or, to be exact, at 3:50 A. M. The batteries of the Twelfth Corps, according to the report of Lieutenant Muhlenberg, who was in command, opened precisely at 4:30.

Colonel Colgrove, though in command of the brigade, remained most of the time near his own regiment. When Lieutenant Snow, of Ruger's staff, was seen to approach him the conviction was universal among us that something serious was on hand. Lieutenant Snow was the bearer of an order which most unfortunately, had not been put in writing, and the exact terms of which will never be certainly known this side of Eternity. Whatever they were, the colonel took some pains to make sure he understood them, and whatever understanding he had of them, he doubted the possibility of accomplishing the end contemplated. A sergeant of Company F, of the Twenty-seventh, was near enough to the colonel to hear his words, and he well remembers that the colonel pulled his nose, as was his wont when pondering a difficult problem, and repeated, as if to himself, "It cannot be done, it cannot be done." Then he added, "If it can be done, the Second Massachusetts and the Twenty seventh Indiana can do it." After which he proceeded to execute the fatal order, as he interpreted it, which was that two regiments should assault the position of the enemy across the swale, at the base of Culp's Hill, with a view of turning his flank and driving him out. Dis-

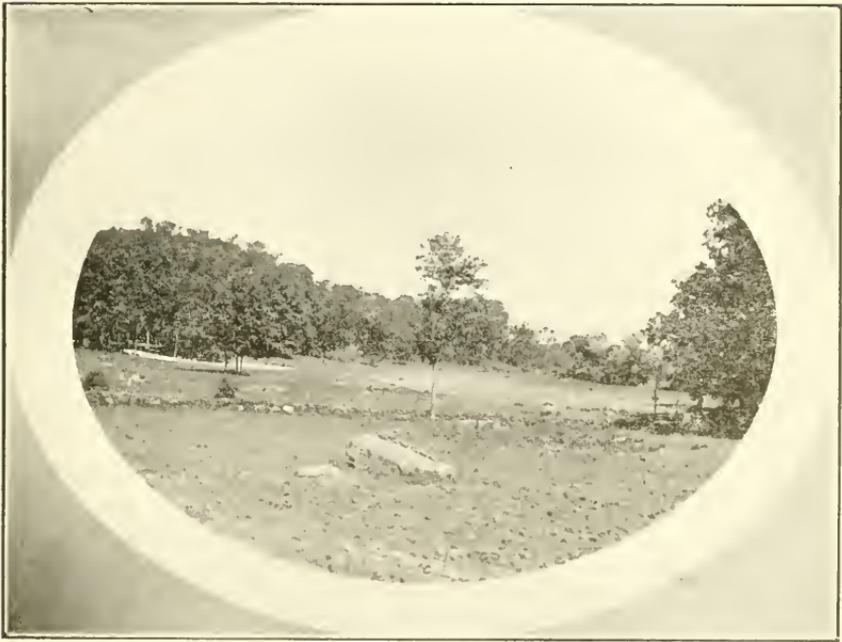
patching his orderly to Colonel Mudge, of the Second, with the order to charge the enemy's works in his front, Colonel Colgrove communicated the order to Lieutenant-Colonel Fesler in person. Colonel Mudge likewise doubted the correctness of the order, as brought to him. He questioned the orderly, "Are you sure it is the order?" When advised again that it was he said, "It is murder, but it is the order." Then, in brave tones he commanded, "Up, men, over the works; Forward, Double-quick!"

But before the Twenty-seventh could obey the order to charge, it was first necessary for it to change front, a movement which, under the circumstances, required considerable time. This is a point often overlooked or forgotten in canvassing the tremendous events of this morning. The Twenty-seventh was still occupying the position which the Third Wisconsin had occupied the day before, which faced in a direction almost at a right angle to the line of the charge. Moreover, the Thirteenth New Jersey, being in the angle between the Twenty-seventh and Second Massachusetts, it was necessary for it to move, in order to give the Twenty-seventh an unobstructed passage. The order was that the Twenty-seventh should about-face and make a half wheel in battalion formation, while the Thirteenth should move by the left flank out of its way. But as the Twenty-seventh about-faced and swung around, at a double-quick, the Thirteenth, by an error in orders, failed to move promptly enough. Hence the two regiments, already exposed to the enemy's fire, ran plump into each other. For a brief space they were intermingled upon the same ground, in some confusion.

It is doubtful if any one can give a correct account of how the Twenty-seventh was extricated from this situation. Colonel Colgrove was present and gave commands directly to both regiments. All who were present will remember the shrill, piercing tones of the Colonel's voice as he gave the final command, "Twenty-seventh, charge! Charge those works in your front." This command was repeated by Lieutenant-Colonel Fesler and other officers and, with a wild, prolonged shout, the regiment leaped over the breastworks, where a part of the Thirteenth New Jersey had been, and was off!

The first 100 yards was down a hillside of moderate slope, covered quite thickly by oak and hickory saplings, from four

to eight inches in diameter. Over this space the line swept rapidly, with unbroken ranks. A few were hit during this part of the movement, but not enough to make any noticeable change in the formation, or check the progress. This was true also for the next few rods. Those to the left of the colors in our line, as it then was, and possibly others, will recall the ghastly spectacle of the four officers and several men of the Second Massachusetts, lying among the young trees, apparently dead, as we passed down the incline.



THE MEADOW OR "SWALE" AT GETTYSBURG, LOOKING TOWARDS ROCK CREEK.

The woods to the left in the picture contained the enemy's breast works, upon which the Twenty-seventh Indiana and Second Massachusetts charged. The point aimed at by the Twenty-seventh is far back in the picture, to the left; the Second Massachusetts was this side of the Twenty-seventh. The Second fell back, at first, behind the stone wall, shown in the picture.

When the edge of the open meadow was reached, as if by common understanding, the pace of all was quickened. The position of the enemy was now in clearer view, and the natural and universal impulse seemed to be to rush upon it. The increased fire of the enemy, which was also perceptible, may have been an additional stimulus to hasten matters to a con-

clusion. Killed and wounded men were dropping from the ranks more and more. Officers were instant and fervent in steadying the line and urging it forward, while the men exhorted and encouraged each other to hurry on.

This meadow, or "swale," as it is often called in the reports and in other writings, was, at this time, a soft, boggy piece of ground, devoid of timber of any kind, and scant one hundred yards wide, straight across, where the Twenty-seventh struck it. It dipped slightly towards the center, near which there was a small open drain or ditch. The surface of the ground raises somewhat more rapidly on the Culps Hill side, being a little rugged and considerably strewn with boulders, after the timber line is reached. The enemy's defenses were two or three rods back from this line.

The writer would not venture to say just how far the Twenty-seventh had advanced into the meadow when it was met by the scathing, fatal volley which all remember so well, and which so many have substantial reasons for remembering. It may have been half way across, less or more. It was a terrific volley. It was one of those well-aimed, well-timed volleys which break up and retard a line, in spite of itself. Major Colgrove says it appeared to him to knock the three right companies right down. The major must have had his eyes for the moment upon these companies, for to others it seemed the same with other companies. To those who had the whole line in view it almost appeared that a crevasse had opened in the earth and swallowed the regiment, bodily.

But the Twenty-seventh did not halt, much less turn back, more is the pity. With quick glances right and left, to find some one to close up on and touch elbows with, those unhurt continued on and on. From the point where the deadly volley was encountered the line advanced several rods. Reckless of danger, both officers and men forged ahead and called and beckoned to others to follow.

Meanwhile the fire of the enemy, which immediately after the sharp volley was somewhat scattering, again became hot. The men in our front had had time to reload their rifles, while others were evidently rallying to their assistance. The line against which the Twenty-seventh was advancing was nearly four times as long as ours, and seemed heavier. The air was alive with singing, hissing and zipping bullets. It can readily be seen now that our case was foredoomed, and

that persistence meant only annihilation; but few, if any, in our ranks saw it in that light, at the time. On the contrary, the sentiment strongly prevailed that a little more energy and unity of effort would give us success. We were invincible. We must not and could not fail. A supreme, concerted dash, which we were capable of making, would land us inside of the enemy's entrenchments.

For these reasons it was deemed a great mistake by some that others stopped to fire their muskets. The temptation to do this was strong, when there was an instant of forced delay, with the enemy in open view. One doing so, however, led others to do the same, and, with many thus engaged, the impetus of the charge was gone. Then followed a period during which the enemy's fire was returned by the Twenty-seventh with its usual energy, and doubtless also with its usual effectiveness. The line also continued to advance, though not rapidly. Men stepped to the front as they loaded, then halted to take aim and fire. Many who were thus fearlessly leading, or earnestly engaged in cheering others forward, were shot while in the act.

To Adjutant Dougherty is accorded the credit of first recognizing the hopelessness of further sacrifice. His natural fighting propensity averaged well up to that of a wild cat, but he was cool, calculating and expert. He is said to have first suggested that an order to fall back should be given.

Frequent reference has been made by different persons, to the hesitancy with which the men of the Twenty-seventh obeyed the order to withdraw, when communicated to them. The difficulties in the way of their hearing the order accounts for this in part. Of course, their eagerness and determination to accomplish their purpose also had much to do with it. It can be truthfully said, to the glory of American soldiers, that no order was ever given to desist from any desperate, or even impossible undertaking, that there were not protests against it. And it was true here, as at most other times, when a move was ordered by a command engaged in action, men deeply engrossed in the work in hand awoke to the fact after the movement began, that they were left alone.

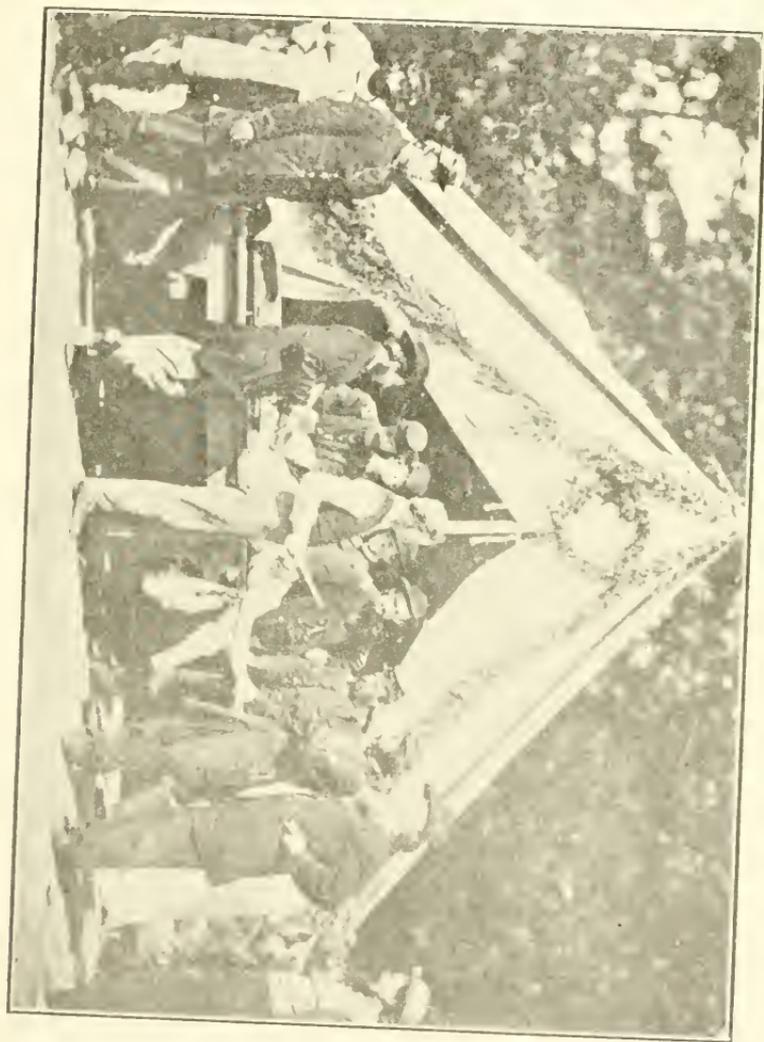
Once faced to the rear, our line moved rapidly, but without undue haste or disorder, back to the breastworks we had crossed in our advance. In these works the regiment spent the balance of the day. It has been claimed by some that

the Second Massachusetts built these works the day previous, that is, July 2.

As usual, our color guard was the first to suffer in this assault. After the heavy volley mentioned, not more than one or two of them remained. Several of the older members were still absent, from wounds at Chancellorsville; but the guard had been filled to the maximum of nine members, two days before, at Littlestown. Color-Sergeant Files was among the last, if not the last, of the nine to go down. With his accustomed fiery zeal and courage he waved the colors and pressed forward, challenging the men to come on. At length he was severely wounded, and following that event, the colors, within a few minutes, changed hands so many times that no one has been found able to give a connected account of the tragical episode. It is especially to be regretted that more than one who, it is believed, during that brief interval, fearlessly seized the flag, with the laudable purpose of keeping it afloat, was shot dead so quickly that his gallant deed was not even definitely noted. Persons at some distance saw the colors successively falling and being raised again, while those nearer by were too much engrossed in the battle to be aware of it. This was possible because, owing to the delays caused by this crucial experience with the flag, it dropped to the rear somewhat. Various claims have been put forward and various statements made bearing upon this subject. The number of persons who, at this time, of their own motion, picked up the flag after it had fallen, and carried it for brief intervals, until they paid the penalty of their loyalty to the glorious old banner with wounds or death, has been variously stated. Some place it higher than the facts seem to warrant. On the other hand, some are evidently too conservative as to the number. As to names, that of Private Christopher Melker, of Company G. is the only one furnished. The evidence appears conclusive that he sacrificed his life here, rather than see his country's flag fall to the ground.

At a time when the impetus of the charge was about lost, Adjutant Dougherty observed the colors prostrate on the ground, slightly in rear of the line, as it then was. He promptly picked them up and bore them forward himself. For a time he courageously flaunted them in the face of the enemy, aiming in this way to enspirit and beckon the men forward. The line was almost at a stand-still, however. The

men were engaged very energetically loading and firing their muskets, but could not seem to make much headway. The enemy's fire was very rapid and effective. Having occasion to go elsewhere, in the line of duty, and not deeming it best to detail a soldier from the already depleted ranks to carry the



AMPUTATION SCENE.

colors, the Adjutant hastily planted the staff in the soft ground of the meadow, and left them standing thus. When the regiment was ordered to fall back Adjutant Dougherty again gave his attention to the colors. He found them where he had left

them but, just as he took them in his hands, a soldier volunteered his services to carry them, and the Adjutant committed them to his keeping. Adjutant Dougherty is not able to name the soldier, though the statement of another that this was Alonzo C. Bugher, of Company B, is not disputed, that the writer is aware of.

Two features of our experience crouching behind those low and ineffectual breastworks, throughout the tedious afternoon, and until night closed in, have become memorable with us. One was the unusually close and damaging fire from the enemy's sharpshooters, to which we were exposed, and the other was the piteous, unbearable appeals of our wounded comrades, left behind when we returned from the charge, together with the heroic efforts made to recover them.

The breastworks were not high enough nor sufficiently tight to afford complete protection from the direct fire in front. They had evidently been constructed in great haste, with scanty materials and appliances. Stones, logs and rubbish had been piled in a rude windrow, with some dirt added, from a shallow trench behind. It required the utmost watchfulness not to expose the person above them, while a rifle ball was liable to come through in many places. Besides the fire from the front, the enemy held the ground beyond Rock Creek, now to our right. In fact, the house and rocky ledges on the hill, beyond the creek, were really somewhat behind us, and the sharpshooters with which they were infested had a raking fire along our line, rather from our rear. Had it not been for the timber, our position would have been wholly untenable. The tops of the trees, standing on the lower ground, between us and the enemy, projected up and concealed us largely from their view. The thick branches served, also, to stop or deflect their bullets to a considerable extent. With some exceptions, the fire of the enemy seemed to be at random. Stray shots would find their way to us, from several directions, at almost any time and without provocation. There were some points, however, where they had an open range. It was impossible for any one to remain long in one of these places and escape injury. In one or two instances persons disregarding this fact paid the penalty with their lives. All in all, the situation was critical. Four of the Twenty-seventh were killed and from fifteen to twenty were wounded here, during the afternoon.

But some had to have their fun, even under such circumstances. After learning of the specially exposed points along the breastworks, they amused themselves by the common trick of holding a cap above the works at those points, on a stick or ramrod. It was done deftly, as if a soldier might be peeping over. Such efforts were usually rewarded by a close shot, frequently piercing the cap.

This ruse was also worked for another and more practical purpose. Men watched with muskets at a ready, while another operated the decoy. If a gray form appeared over the enemy's breastworks, or even a puff of smoke arose, in response to the exposed cap, Union compliments were sent in that direction instantly. This was not all. No need to imagine that the men of the Twenty-seventh spent this time wholly in cringing or hiding. All the afternoon they were busy, if by hook or crook, they might fire a shot where it was likely to do execution. The problem was, how to keep up the supply of ammunition. If the enemy was not made to suffer in proportion to the injury he inflicted upon us, he is welcome to the odds.

It has always appeared mysterious to us why the hill, across the creek, opposite our position, was permitted to remain in possession of the enemy. In fact, why that exposed flank of their line was not attacked as a means of driving them from Culps Hill, and of winning the battle, was not apparent. Part of the time, at least, the troops were at hand to do this. There may have been obstacles in the way, not known to us. Once or twice artillery was brought to bear upon the house from which the sharpshooters annoyed us so much; but, if they vacated it for the time, they returned again as soon as the artillery ceased.

If a battery could have found a position somewhere near the Twenty-seventh, it would have had opportunities to do execution that are seldom afforded. During the combat with Geary's division the enemy, after each repulse, would fall back behind Culps Hill. They could be seen from our position, flocking out of the timber like droves of sheep. They were largely beyond the range of our muskets, but artillery, throwing canister, or spherical case, it seemed to us, might have mowed them down in windrows.

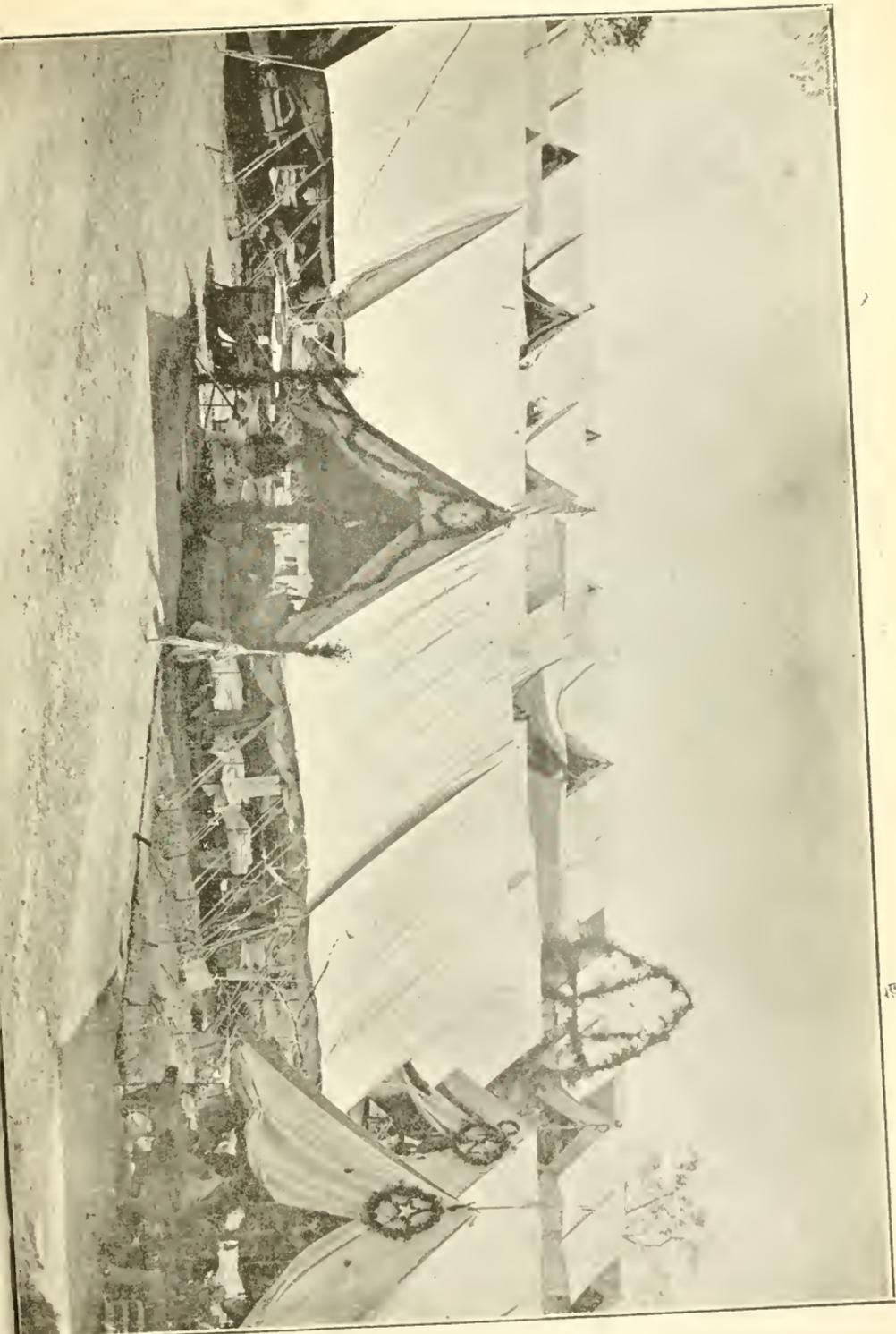
Two other incidents, which occurred while we were in the cramped position behind the low breastworks, will be

remembered. One of our lieutenants, thinking to rest his tired limbs, and at the same time get an enlarged view of the surroundings, tried standing up behind a small tree. It was not large enough to cover him entirely, but by standing with his side to it, only a small part of his clothing and possibly a little of his body, was exposed. Hardly had he assumed the position, when spat, spat, spat, three balls, in quick succession, struck the tree immediately opposite him. At this the lieutenant drew the laugh upon himself by promptly resuming his place in the trench.

Later in the day, three rebels grew weary of their situation along Rock Creek, exposed to the hot sun as they were, and where they could not get back to their own side without great exposure, so they concluded that they would come in and surrender. But before they reached our lines, their own men, supposing they were deserting probably, opened fire upon them. They therefore stopped in doubt as to what they should do. At this Colonel Colgrove leaped over the breastworks and, running down to where they were, brought them in. It was rather an unusual proceeding for a brigade commander, but it worked all right. Why he was not hurt was miraculous.

As to the episode of our wounded: Some of them laid out, not only without surgical aid, but wholly exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, and without water, until darkness made it possible to go to their assistance. This was only those not able to move without help, however, and who had not received it earlier. If the assault was made as early as seven A. M., or even at nine or ten A. M., the suffering involved is too severe to contemplate.

After the regiment returned from the unsuccessful assault, the stretcher-bearers continued at their work of carrying in the wounded until compelled to desist by the enemy firing upon them. After their work became hazardous, to the extent that one or more of them was hurt, they continued it until positively forbidden by orders. Even after this, personal friends, in defiance of orders or danger, went to the rescue of some of the poor sufferers. Their outcries from pain and thirst and their direct appeals for help were irresistible. In different instances they called the names of those who they hoped might take pity on them, sometimes calling one after another of the names on the roll of their companies. More than one of our



men, when they heard their names called in this appealing way, by mess mates and "bunkies," could bear it no longer. Leaping over the breastworks, like men inspired, they rushed down to the meadow, gathered the helpless, suffering victim in their strong arms, and bore him to a place of safety and succor.

Why the enemy should fire upon an unarmed man, doing such a noble deed, is beyond human ken; but they seemed to be especially energetic in doing so. No one ventured upon such a mission that did not run the gauntlet of a rain of lead.

With reference to this rescue of our wounded, Adjutant Bryant says, "An incident that occurred soon after the Twenty-seventh Indiana had fallen back illustrates the heroic quality of its soldiers. Some of its wounded officers and men were lying where they had fallen, in the swale. Several of the men volunteered to go out and bring them from the field, and were severely wounded in the attempt to succor their comrades. But this did not deter others from the attempt. It became necessary to forbid this deadly exposure. In such actions, forming no part of general history, never finding place in our public records, the knightly courage and chivalric spirit of the American soldier shone out in deeds worthy of a Bayard or a Sidney."

With reference to what transpired on other parts of the field, this third day at Gettysburg, still another requisition is made upon Adjutant Bryant. His account of the experience common to all of the Third Brigade, can not be improved upon. He says, in part, "The silence along the front of our line from eleven o'clock until one, boded mischief. All felt that a blow was to be dealt somewhere. The enemy were massing their artillery. By noon they had one hundred and forty-five guns in position in front of our left center, along Seminary Ridge, then held by Longstreet and Hill. A large number of these were so placed that, if their shells should fly over the Union position on Cemetery Ridge, and a little to the southward of it, they would find their beds in Culps Hill and in the ground occupied by our division.

"At one o'clock Longstreet gives the signal, and one hundred and thirty eight cannon opened upon us. Our artillery, under General Hunt, replies with eighty guns. The enemy's fire is largely concentrated upon the point of our line which they intend to assault; but thousands of the over-shots of their

guns, planted farther to their left, come shrieking, whirling and howling into the woods where our division is crouching in its breastworks. The cannonade, the most terrible ever witnessed in the new world, lasted for over an hour. It seemed to us much longer, and almost to paralyze our senses. The limbs were crashing and falling from the trees above us. Huge shells were striking the great rocks about us, either exploding or breaking. Others were bursting in the air. Others, with spent force, went whirling overhead, with a screeching sound, terrible in itself.

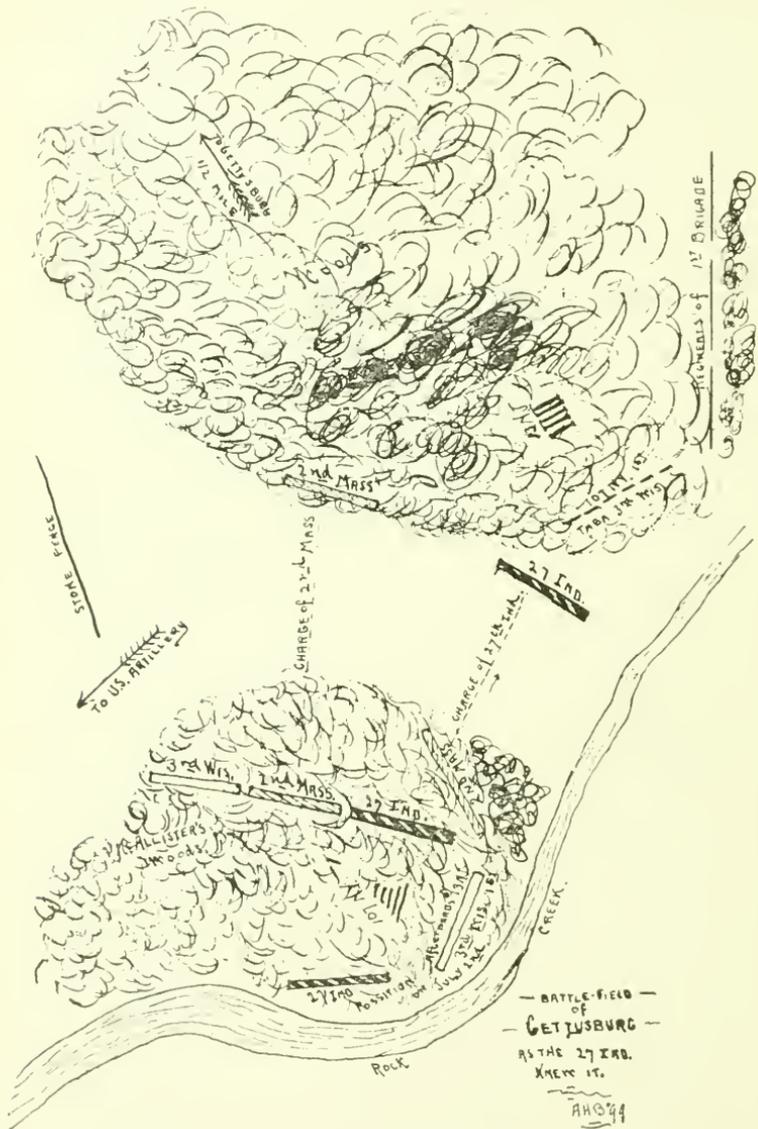
“From glimpses through the woods we could see our artillery on Powers Hill suffering terribly; the poor horses, struck by shell, leaping high in the air and falling dead; the cannoneers working their guns with wild energy, while shots fell about them at every second. A glimpse on the Baltimore pike, which we could get looking up the vista of the swale, showed the crowd of wounded artillerymen, stragglers and non-combatants scampering to the rear. The hour seemed an age. Shells are bursting on all sides, in front, in rear, overhead. General Meade’s headquarters, to the west of our position, on the Taneytown road, an old stone farm-house, is riddled with balls. Some of his staff are hit; their horses, clustered about the door, are shot down. It seems almost impossible to exaggerate the terrific grandeur of that cannonade.”

It is the writer’s understanding that, in the number of guns engaged and the energy with which they were served, this artillery duel, at Gettysburg, has never been equaled by field batteries, since the dawn of creation.

From our position we could see next to nothing of the infantry engagement which followed — Pickett’s famous charge, and its successful repulse. It is widely noted. It had about it certain theatrical, as well as tragical, features, well calculated to awaken popular interest and applause. Not often in the history of the world, have so many and such superb soldiers on both sides, met in fierce and deadly conflict, in such an open country, with such interesting and picturesque surroundings, and such momentous issues involved. Never did men wage war more heroically. Yet this was not the battle of Gettysburg, at least not all of it. It was not as conspicuous in actual blood-letting as is sometimes thought.

The final termination of Pickett’s charge, as it appeared to us, is also graphically described by Adjutant Bryant.

" During this attack and its terrific musketry fire, on the left center, we held our line on Culps Hill in breathless suspense: for we knew that, with our center broken, the plight of our



army was desperate. Soon a wild cheering, so different from the rebel yell, swept along our lines towards us. As regiment after regiment brought the glad Union cheer nearer and

nearer, we knew that the issue had been favorable to our side, and a great anxiety was lifted from our minds. Presently an aide from General Meade brought his congratulations, announcing that the Confederate attack in strong force had been repulsed, with great slaughter and the capture of thousands of prisoners. What strength we had left was expended in cheering."

Thus the third and decisive day at Gettysburg wore to a close. No recollection or written account is in evidence relating to any alarm or disturbance during the night which followed. It rained quite hard, and many were wet to the skin in the morning, though few had been aware of the rain until then. Rations were short and, under other circumstances, the discomforts might have borne heavily. But from our position, there was no sign of an enemy. General Lee had at least drawn his army away from in front of Culps Hill. With the quick intuition that soldiers acquire, and which is seldom at fault, it was concluded that, unless our side assumed the aggressive, the contest here was over. The victory was ours! How decisive it was, or how much more so it might yet be made, we did not greatly exercise ourselves over. That the struggle had been unusual in its magnitude we well knew, and that of the immeasurable loss, by far the larger part had fallen upon the enemy, we could plainly see. We had known the desperate humiliation and grinding sense of shame that comes to soldiers, when compelled to turn their backs upon the battle field, leaving its trophies of arms and equipments, and its priceless treasures of killed and wounded in the hands of the enemy; and to have the other side do so this time, was glorious. The Fourth of July is often called "The Glorious Fourth," perhaps not always with deep sincerity. The members of the Twenty-seventh have no difficulty, in common with many others of their fellow soldiers, in recalling one genuinely glorious Fourth of July.

When the morning had advanced somewhat, our brigade was ordered upon a reconnoissance. Marching back on the Baltimore Pike, we again cut across to the Hanover road. On that road we marched in to Gettysburg and, passing through the town, returned to our point of starting by way of the Baltimore Pike. On this circuit, of five or six miles, we saw nothing of the enemy, except dead and wounded. We had further opportunity, later, of going over considerable por-

tions of the field. No pen can describe the appeals to sympathy and the horrors which were there revealed. No imagination can picture them, unaided by experience.

The killed of both armies at Gettysburg aggregated considerably over five thousand. If this number of dead bodies alone were scattered over that space at any time, the sight would be one to remember with a shudder, through life. Add to this the manner of their death and the condition of their bodies—many terribly mutilated and disfigured, now swollen and decomposed,—their lips as thick as one's hand, their eyes wide open, with glassy, glaring eyeballs, unspeakably hideous and



DEAD ON FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

revolting. Add again, a back ground of an infinite amount of guns and parts of guns, scattered everywhere, torn and injured clothing and equipments, broken wheels and disabled wagons and cannons, hundreds of dead horses and hundreds more crippled, poor, mute sufferers, not to blame for war. Still another very revolting feature of a great battle-field that might not be thought of, if not mentioned, is that the surface of the ground, besides being everywhere gashed, seamed and trampled, is blackened, greased and besmirched, until one cannot think of remaining upon it or near it. A member of the

Twenty-seventh says in his diary, with reference to this field, "May God spare me from ever witnessing another such a scene," and adds, "I will never again go over a battle-field from mere curiosity, before the dead are buried.

Rather more persons have written about the battle of Gettysburg, bearing directly or indirectly upon the relation of the Twenty-seventh to it, than upon most other points in the regiment's history. Considerable that has fallen under the writer's eye has been complimentary, some has been eulogistic.

The official reports of our commanders are taken up, to an unusual degree, by the barest statement of facts, which were voluminous and more or less complicated. It has been the rule of the writer to quote liberally from these reports, but in this case there does not seem to be anything that would add to the interest of the narrative, except what is quoted in other connections.

Adjutant Bryant's excellent history of the Third Wisconsin Volunteers has already been quoted from extensively. This volume constitutes not only a clear and concise, though modest, record of the one splendid regiment, but is also incidentally an invaluable contribution to the history of every other regiment in the brigade. Of the charge of the Twenty-seventh Adjutant Bryant has this to say: "The Twenty-seventh Indiana, on the right, was terribly exposed, not only from the rocks in front, but from the flank; and after losing twenty-three men killed, eight officers and seventy-nine men wounded, the regiment, seeing how hopeless was the effort to carry the position, fell back, under orders." The same author adds, in the same connection: "Gen. Edward Johnson, who commanded the Confederate forces on Culps Hill, speaks thus of the assault of the two regiments: 'In the meantime, a demonstration was made in force upon my left and rear. The Second Virginia, Stonewall brigade, and Smith's brigade, of Early's division, were disposed to meet and check it, which was done to our entire satisfaction.'" This is a plain statement of the force against which these regiments had to contend in that bloody assault—one entire brigade and one extra regiment from another brigade—all firing from cover, upon two small regiments, charging in the open, besides troops firing on their flanks.

It is very comforting to the survivors of the Twenty-seventh to have in recent years a more cheerful light thrown

upon the heavy loss of the regiment at Gettysburg. For a time the great sacrifice of life there seemed all the more grievous because apparently fruitless. It appears now, however, that the assault, though the result of a misconception of the situation, or of orders, was not entirely without favorable results. On this point Adjutant Bryant says: "The charge of the two regiments gave Geary and his supports their opportunity. The Confederates had thus their attention drawn to their left, and changed a large part of their force to resist this danger. This gave Geary an excellent opportunity to charge. He did so, supported by other troops. At this instant General Ruger came up on the left of our regiment (Third Wisconsin) and, seeing the situation and opportunity, he ordered Colonel Hawley to bear to the left a little, and go in on the right of Geary's line. We did so, the regiment crossing the swale at a double quick, by the left flank. Then facing to the front, we moved in on Geary's right, and swept the rebels over our breastworks, made the day before, and down across Rock Creek."

We are especially fortunate, on several accounts, in having a manuscript letter, written by Maj. T. F. Colgrove to his young sister shortly after the battle. The major was a son of Colonel Colgrove and, as has appeared heretofore, served with the Twenty-seventh from the start, beginning as sergeant-major. At this time he was probably the youngest officer of his rank in the brigade; but there was not a more competent major, or all around tip-top soldier, anywhere. As a level-headed, persistent fighter he was "a chip off the old block." In that respect one type answered well for both—that was a bulldog. This sister, to whom the letter was written, was a comely girl, whom we all remember as coming frequently to the regiment with her mother. At this time she was about twelve. The portions of the letter of interest in this connection are as follows:

CAMP OF TWENTY-SEVENTH }
 INDIANA VOLUNTEERS, }
 July 22, 1863. }

DEAR SIS—Shall I tell you of the fiery ordeal the Twenty-seventh and Second Massachusetts passed through? When the massed attack on the extreme left wing was made, on the evening of the second day, the Twelfth Corps boys were

ordered to that wing, to support or relieve the line. The entire Union line was about six miles long, and we held the extreme right of it. But such was the formation that we had only about one and a half miles to go to reach the other extreme flank. When we arrived near the position which was in need of support we formed line of battle and put out skirmishers, but by this time the enemy had been checked, and we were soon ordered back to our former position.

“Chancellorsville number two! The wily enemy had driven out the few occupants of our works, during our absence, and had taken possession of the same. * * * * We fought several little battles during the night, and in the morning the fight commenced in earnest.

“After a few minutes Colonel Colgrove, commanding brigade, received orders to advance the line. The aide de camp who brought the order to Colonel Colgrove, made a mistake. It should have been ‘Advance the skirmishers,’ instead of ‘advance the line.’ Nineteen dead Massachusetts men and eighteen dead Indiana men are the fruit of that mistake.

“The Second Massachusetts was ordered to charge the enemy’s works on our left and front. The Thirteenth New Jersey was ordered to occupy the Second’s place, when it should be vacated. The colonel of the Thirteenth gave the order, ‘Right face, by file left, march.’ [Describes confusion resulting from this mistaken order].

“Colonel Colgrove saw how it was and, directing Colonel Carman how to move his men out of the way, added, ‘Colonel Fesler, move your regiment into those works,’ meaning the Thirteenth’s works. But before we reached them, we heard Colonel Colgrove say, ‘Twenty-seventh charge, charge those works in your front!’

“By this time the Second had nearly gained the enemy’s works, and were fighting nobly. The Twenty-seventh rushed on, with a cheer; officers vying with each other as to who should be foremost in leading the charge, and the men striving to outdo one another in courage and daring. The enemy held their fire mostly until we reached a place in the opening, not much more than fifty yards from their works. Then, what a murderous fire they poured into us! You would need to see the melting line to know. The first fire seemed to

knock the three right companies right down. Everything living seemed doomed to destruction.

“But this did not make the men falter one bit. I never saw them so determined. Undaunted as ever, they pressed on. But we received orders to return to our works. A farther sacrifice of life was useless. It was with difficulty that we got the regiment back, so enthusiastic were the boys in pressing on. They knew who they were fighting, and vice versa. It was some of Jackson's old corps, that we have met so often.

“Geary of our Second division, now became engaged again, and we had rest, but not quiet. The enemy's sharpshooters were exceedingly annoying. They were in an old stone house, to the right of our line of works, and behind some huge rocks on a high hill, almost in our rear. They soon killed a man of Company A, one of Company D, one of Company C, and one of Company K, besides wounding Captain Fesler and fifteen or sixteen men.”

Two or three brief expressions have been put in print referring to the Twenty-seventh at Gettysburg, that have pained and irritated the survivors since they first became aware of their existence. In the report of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts, for 1863, occurs the following: “At about seven o'clock orders were given the Second regiment and one other, to advance across the open meadow and take the position of the enemy.” After this follows a description of the prompt movement and bloody reception of the Second, and the manner of its withdrawal. In the midst of this description is interjected this sentence: “The regiment on our right falls back in disorder.”

In the sketch also of Lieutenant-Colonel Morse, quoted from heretofore, a delightful paper in most respects, occurs this statement: “From my position, near the left of the line, I could see that we were alone, the Twenty-seventh Indiana having broken when half way across the meadow.” These two expressions are so similar as to suggest their common authorship, but as to that the writer has no positive information.

It is due Colonel Morse to state that, in response to a letter of a former officer of the Twenty-seventh, calling his attention to the words in his paper, he has disclaimed all thought or purpose of saying or intimating anything disrespectful or discreditable, and speaks cordially of the conduct of the Twen-

ty-seventh at Gettysburg and elsewhere. But the writer still feels at liberty to express something of the disappointment and annoyance that every former member of the Twenty-seventh must experience at finding such a statement in print, more especially in such a connection. Whatever meaning the words were intended to have, the natural and unavoidable interpretation which readers will put upon them cannot be satisfactory to the survivors of the Twenty seventh or to the friends of that regiment. Moreover, there is another aspect of the case that gives such expressions a much deeper sting. It is more than strange, it is amazing, that a few of the battle-scarred survivors of one of the regiments of the old brigade should meet and listen to a paper, prepared by one of their own number, yet such an expression as this—thoughtful it cannot be, much less complimentary—is the only one recorded, indicating that there was any recollection of another, sister regiment, with theirs in the same brigade for three years, and here at Gettysburg, if not at other places also, sacrificed some of their lives in their interest, as well as in the interest of flag and country. This is a species of comradeship that kills!

As to the record in the Adjutant-General's office of Massachusetts, it will likely stand as it is, until time shall be no longer. The undeniable truth is, however, that it conveys erroneous impressions; it cannot fail to do that much, even if not interpreted as a direct, intentional stigma. It is the more offensive to those concerned, because so positively contrary to the facts, and so uncalled for in every way.

The Twenty-seventh neither fell back in the sense which seems to be implied, that is, because it could not or would not stand and face the exigencies of the situation; nor was there disorder in its ranks when it did return to the position from which it had started. On the contrary, the Twenty-seventh forged ahead and, undaunted and undismayed, it was persevering in its assigned duty until it was ordered to desist and return to its own side of the swale. The brigade commander, Colonel Colgrove, in his official report of the battle, distinctly avows the responsibility for this order. After recounting the antecedent facts, he says: "It became evident to me that scarcely a man could live to gain the position of the enemy. I ordered the regiment to fall back behind its breastworks." If the Twenty-seventh had desisted from the attempted assault solely upon the order of its own commanding officer,

the case would be the same. That is precisely what the Second Massachusetts did, not only here, but at Winchester, Cedar Mountain and Antietam, as its own records show. As far as the writer knows, no word of criticism or insinuation has ever found expression in any quarter, with reference to it. Why should the case be different with another regiment? And, concerning the matter of order, there is always more or less rot and affectation in certain quarters in an army about "order." The manner in which the Twenty-seventh moved away from the point of danger at Gettysburg was very much the same as that of the Second in doing the same thing. The fact is, both regiments made the movement in admirable order. Notwithstanding the bloody resistance they had encountered, the tremendous loss they had suffered, and the deadly fire to which they were still exposed, they were perfectly cool, under the complete control of their officers, attentive to commands, and ready to obey any order, whether to stand, to advance or to fall back! That, in battle, is sublime order.

In addition to the fact that the Twenty-seventh was obliged to make a preliminary move under some difficulties, and was therefore not able to start abreast with the other regiment, there are some other facts which it is only fair should be understood, now that the question has been raised. The meadow was wider at the point where the Twenty-seventh was ordered to cross it, made more so in effect by its obliquing to the right, as Colonel Colgrove states in his report. The enemy was stronger and more advantageously posted at that point, their line being longer if not denser in front, with other forces to the right and rear. Owing to the convex shape of the enemy's line, the Twenty-seventh, when it appeared upon the scene, drew the fire away from the other regiment to some extent, offering a more conspicuous mark. There were no large boulders or trees out any distance in front of the enemy's position at the point where the Twenty-seventh confronted it, neither did the ground have a conformation offering any foothold or lodgment. The enemy along Rock creek, in the stone house and outbuildings on the bluff beyond, and crouching behind the boulders and ledges of rock farther down, had a raking flank fire into the Twenty-seventh as it advanced.

In these respects, and in others growing out of them, the conditions under which the two regiments operated were

somewhat different. There never should have been any hint of disparagement or of invidious comparison in the case. Both regiments were foredoomed from the start. Under circumstances so overwhelmingly hopeless, in fact so pitifully helpless, very slight incidents were liable to effect considerable results, and whatever happened was largely the result of chance.

Possibly more has been said in this connection than should be said. The immeasurable gravity of relations such as this at Gettysburg tended to foster and almost necessitate intimate and even sacred ties between these two regiments. For the Second Massachusetts, as an organization, and for a large part of the officers and men composing it, the members of the Twenty-seventh Indiana have none but words of hearty commendation. Never, in any of our regimental reunions, or where two or more of the Twenty-seventh have talked socially together of these army experiences, has the Second failed to receive its full share of the praise and good will expressed. If any one should impugn the character of any of the regiments of the old brigade in the presence of a Twenty-seventh soldier, he would certainly suffer for his temerity. But if any one asserts, or intimates, that the Twenty-seventh came short of any other regiment, or was at any time or place surpassed by another, it is the province of this narrative to show that it is either a mistake or a calumny.*

The following letter of Lieutenant-Colonel Francis, also of the Second Massachusetts, is self-explanatory :

LOWELL, MASS., August 1st, 1886.

JOHN R. RANKIN, ESQ., Indianapolis, Ind. :

MY DEAR SIR:—I have read with great interest your communication of the 17th ult. I am at a loss as to how to proceed to reply, for I am surprised beyond measure that anything should be written derogatory to the fame of the Twenty-seventh Indiana.

My individual opinion is, and I believe my brother officers have the same opinion, that no better or more reliable regiment existed in the service than the Twenty-seventh Indiana. Its record of losses places it in the front rank. I have just looked over the Massachusetts Adjutant-General's report

*See Note on Gettysburg Index.

(1863) of the part taken by the Second Massachusetts at Gettysburg. As I read it I can see no intended reflection cast upon the action of the Twenty-seventh Indiana in falling back as they did (although if it was to be written now a clearer explanation would appear), for the same could have been said of the Second Massachusetts, or any other regiment, attempting the same thing. It meant annihilation and, under the circumstances, it became imperative to fall back, without regard to order.

I hope to forward your letter to General Gordon, with a suggestion that it would be well for him to answer that part of your letter that refers to his treatment of the Twenty-seventh Indiana, for I believe it was far from his intention to write one word that could offend a member of your regiment. I send you by this mail two pamphlets, prepared for the Second Massachusetts Association. One of them tells, in a feeble way, of the plucky work done by the Twenty-seventh Indiana at Chancellorsville and illustrates the opinion that the Second Massachusetts then had, now have and ever will have, of your noble and perfectly reliable regiment.

Very respectfully yours,

JAMES FRANCIS.

This gentleman followed Colonel Morse as lieutenant-colonel of the Second. In connection with the cordial and appreciative expressions of his letter, it is fitting that the fact should be mentioned here, as it was a fact, that a large part of the enthusiasm and impetuosity exhibited by the men of the Twenty-seventh, in the charge at Gettysburg, was because they, in large part, were under the impression that the regiment was making the charge, not so much to assault the enemy's position, as to succor the Second Massachusetts and relieve it from a perilous situation. This impression was natural because the Second had started first, and because of the further fact that, when the Twenty-seventh had swung around, so that the scene of the conflict was fairly open to their view, the dominant features of the field were the killed and wounded of the Second covering the ground, with the remnant hotly engaged down in the meadow. This understanding of the matter must also have prevailed in the Second, to a greater or less extent. At the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1895, the

writer and other members of the Twenty-seventh, chanced to meet a former member of the old Second Massachusetts. He expressed himself as delighted to see them as they were more than delighted to see him. And one of the first things he said was, "By gracious, I never shall forget how grandly the old Twenty-seventh Indiana came to the rescue of the Second at Gettysburg!"

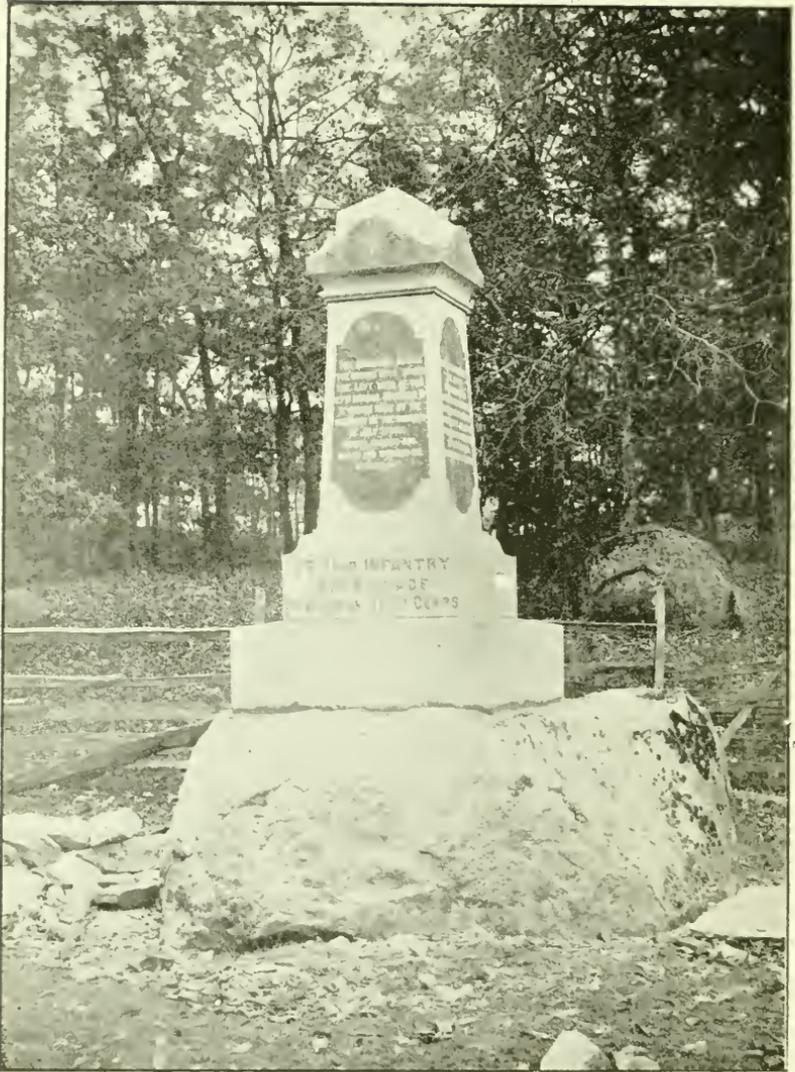
The visitor to the battlefield of Gettysburg will now find, standing upon one of the large boulders, behind which our wounded took shelter at the edge of that now sacred meadow, a small, unpretentious granite shaft, erected by the State of Indiana. An inscription upon it reads as follows :

THIS MONUMENT MARKS THE SPOT OVER
WHICH THE LEFT WING OF THE
TWENTY-SEVENTH INDIANA ADVANCED, IN
A CHARGE BY THE REGIMENT, ON
THE MORNING OF JULY THIRD, 1863. NUM-
BER ENGAGED, 339. KILLED AND
WOUNDED, 110.

Further up in the same meadow, upon another boulder, stands another modest shaft, erected by the survivors and friends of the Second Massachusetts. The two are quite similar in size and design. An inscription on this last reads :

FROM THE HILL BEHIND THIS MONUMENT, ON
THE MORNING OF JULY THIRD,
1863, THE SECOND MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY
MADE AN ASSAULT UPON THE
CONFEDERATE TROOPS AT THE BASE OF CULPS
HILL, OPPOSITE. THE REGIMENT
CARRIED INTO THE CHARGE, 22 OFFICERS
AND 294 ENLISTED MEN. IT LOST
4 OFFICERS AND 41 MEN KILLED AND MOR-
TALLY WOUNDED, AND 6 OFFICERS
AND 94 MEN WOUNDED.

Neither story is overembellished in the telling. Moderate in size, design and cost, neither of these monuments appeals to the unthinking and sensuous. But standing there side by side, day and night, in shine and storm, through heat and



MONUMENT OF TWENTY-SEVENTH INDIANA, ON FIELD
OF GETTYSBURG.

The regiment was posted in the timber behind the monument. In the charge it came down the slope, passing over the ground where the monument now stands and out into the open meadow. The granite boulder upon which the monument stands was there during the battle, and some of our wounded laid behind it all day.

cold, as the faithful sentinels of the two regiments so often stood in the old days, they will forever continue to tell, to those who will reflect upon it, a thrilling story of courage, daring and sacrifice. The men whose immortal conduct they severally commemorate came, at the call of duty, from widely separated homes, and they differed as widely in former occupations, habits and associations. Each had provincialisms of speech and manner, strange, if not grotesque, to the other. But they were one in a common love and loyalty for a common country and flag, and friendly rivals only as to which should be the best soldiers of the Republic and go the farthest and sacrifice the most, even unto death.

The dead of the Twenty-seventh at Gettysburg were eventually removed, as were all the other Union dead, to the National Cemetery. This is located upon the high ground immediately adjoining the citizens' cemetery, which gave name to the historic ridge. The National Cemetery did not impress the writer as being quite equal, either in its arrangement or the condition in which it is kept, to other places of the kind he has visited. Still it is a most sightly place. Overlooking, as it does, a large part of the battlefield, one cannot stand among its circling rows of modest headstones and look abroad upon the vast number of monuments, and the pieces of artillery, marking the positions of the various commands on the field, without deep and surging emotions.

"With footsteps slow let travelers go,
And move with solemn tread,
Above these cherished mounds so low
Where sleep our patriot dead.

" Their warm heart's blood poured freely forth
Our Nation's life to save,
If there's a sacred spot on earth,
It is these soldiers' graves."

This cemetery has one distinction which will always endear it to those who, for other reasons, are equally interested in others. It will be forever closely associated with the deathless name of Lincoln. His brief oration, delivered when the site was formally set apart for its present use, will continue as one of the gems of the English language as long as that language has an existence or a history. Even the fact that he was present, and took part in the ceremonies of the dedication, can never be forgotten.

It was an especial disappointment to the writer to find so many of the graves marked "unknown," and the names on the headstones of so many others evidently misspelled. This rendered it impossible to identify or count the graves containing the remains of our own honored dead. There are eighty graves in all, in the space allotted to Indiana. How well do we know that all of them, and the hundreds from other states, who here have found a resting place, are richly entitled to the distinction of those,

" * * * * * O'er whose tomb
Immortal laurels ever bloom."

Colonel Fox gives the loss of the Twenty-seventh at Gettysburg, at 24 killed and mortally wounded; wounded, not mortally, 86.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BACK TO THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

On the morning of the 5th, it was early known that the enemy had abandoned the battle-field of Gettysburg entirely. History will doubtless blame General Meade for allowing him to get away without at least attempting to strike him a fatal blow, or, failing in that, without moving more promptly and with more energy, to strike one later. In failing to do either he gave indisputable evidence that, at this time at least, he was lacking in some of the qualities of a great general. The men of the army had no other thought only that an advance would be ordered from some point on our line on the 4th. When this was not done, orders to move, with the view of gaining some other position of advantage, were momentarily expected, night and day.

Finally, on the evening of July 5th, we moved back to Littlestown. We could see that the move was general, the entire corps being along, but the march was not an urgent one. There did not seem to be any hurry in any quarter. The next day we marched still more leisurely, making only seven miles, in the direction of Frederick. But on the 7th, we moved as if a decision had finally been reached, and, somebody knew what it was. General Slocum says of this, "Although many of the men were destitute of shoes, and all greatly fatigued, by the labor and anxiety of a severely contested battle, as well as the heavy marches which had preceded it, a march of twenty-nine miles was made this day."

Just out of Frederick westward, we were considerably shocked to see the body of a man dangling at the end of a rope. It was looped with a cutting tightness around the neck, while the other end was securely fastened to the limb of a tree. We were still more shocked when we discovered that we knew the man. He had frequently been in our camps, a small, sandy complected fellow, apparently not in good health, and not prepossessing in any way. His avowed mission was selling maps and songs. A day or two previous to this, posi-

tive evidence had come to light that his real business was that of a rebel spy. He was, therefore, hung up without ceremony.

There has been no little contention in recent years, among the thousands who witnessed this ghastly spectacle, as to whether the tree that served this patriotic purpose was an apple tree, or of some other species. The question is certainly not important. When the writer saw the body it was without clothing except a shirt.

After passing through Frederick, we were moving or camping mostly among familiar scenes again, and were bewildered every day by the changed conditions that these army maneuvers can bring about. Our marches were at first over the identical roads we had traveled going to the battle of Antietam. After arriving in the vicinity of that battlefield, many of the roads and most of the villages were those with which we had become well acquainted on our marches after the battle of Antietam, and during our sojourn at Dam Number Four. Crampton's Pass, Boonsboro, Keedyville, Smoke-town, Fair Play, and, finally, Williamport, recalled former experiences. The prospect of fighting another battle here, where everything was so quiet and peaceful less than a year ago, when we were last here, was another object lesson to us that, "It is the unexpected that happens in war."

Roundabout and dilly-dally as our marches had been, favored by a flood in the Potomac river, and numerous other impediments to the enemy's march, we overtook him before he could escape into Virginia. His two points for crossing were Falling Waters, near Dam Number Four, and Williamsport. His line of defense was drawn from one of these places to the other, in a semi-circle bowing outward. He had selected positions strong naturally, and had had time to fortify quite thoroughly.

The closely drawn lines around the enemy's position, the repeated building and strengthening of breast-works for ourselves, the hourly and sometime momentary expectation that we would receive orders to attack, the frequent moves and maneuvers which tended to increase that expectation, and the dreadfully hard rain that fell just when we finally thought the supreme moment had come,—all of these facts, and many others—we will all recall. The time from July 11th to the 14th was consumed in that way.

The writer's impression is that the men of the Twenty-

seventh were not sanguine about attacking this fortified position. It is possible that the bulk of the army did not share our misgivings about it. An experience such as we had just had at Gettysburg, of being hurled against breastworks, was one that men did not commonly care to repeat very often. We were eager, as usual, to have something done, and, it is hoped, did not ask exemption from doing our share of whatever was decided upon; but the feeling of the regiment must have been one of relief, if not of positive gladness, when it was known that the enemy had withdrawn. Whatever unnecessary delays had been permitted before this, or whatever mistakes had been made, leading to inaction, the remedy was not to be found in a rash course here. Surely some move was possible by which we could have it out with our antagonists under more favorable conditions than these. Those critics who inveigh against General Meade for not assaulting Lee's position at this point are themselves at fault, if what we of the Twenty-seventh saw counts for anything. Repeated instances in the history of the war impress the lesson that it is folly and crime to try to make up by recklessness and sacrifice, in assaulting strong, fortified positions, for what had been lacking before, in energy and forethought.

The escape of Lee across the Potomac meant for us a return to the Rappahannock. It was a long ways off, but it was our inevitable destination. This was the common understanding among the men. Of course there was talk about our advance getting possession of gaps, heading off the enemy and forcing him into battle, intercepting his trains, so richly laden with Pennsylvania plunder, and so on. But if such statements were put in circulation for the purpose of misleading any large part of the army, they failed signally. If General Meade had published the fact in orders, stating in so many words, that he expected to move cautiously along, covering Washington, until Lee reached a position south of the Rappahannock, his soldiers would not have been more convinced that that was really his plan.

A glance at the map will show that from Williamsport, Maryland, to Kelly's Ford, or Rappahannock Station, Virginia, is a long walk. In making the distance we marched almost three hundred miles. Considerable of the way was through a country we had seen before. The first day after leaving Williamsport took us over the battlefield of Antietam,

through Sharpsburg, and on to Maryland Heights. In the days succeeding, we camped awhile in Pleasant Valley, near Sandy Hook, on ground that we had occupied on two former occasions. For a third time we crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, thereby invading the Old Dominion for the fourth time. For the second time we passed under the end of Loudon Heights, marching on to Hillsborough. For the fourth time we camped near Snickersville, and so on.

From Harper's Ferry, through Hillsborough, Snickersville and Upperville, thence through Manassas and Thoroughfare Gaps, to Hay Market, we found it a rough, though not an overtaxing journey. The roads, besides being hilly and uneven, had not been improved, and did not seem to lead to any particular point. One night we marched until very late, and, footsore and weary, we waded an indeterminate number of creeks, or waded the same creek an indeterminate number of times. After we finally came up with other troops and stopped for the night, a member of another regiment asked one of our boys whether we had found any creeks on the way. He replied, "Yes, we found one, but we struck the darned thing end-ways."

One of these late marches—this one or another—was prolonged and made more annoying and wearisome, by halts and countermarches, as it was reported, on account of a too-liberal use of "commissary." Another night, not long after taps, following a hot, toilsome day, a heavy thunder-shower, with a whirlwind accompaniment, came along. Most of our "pup"-tents fell flat when we needed them worst. It is never quite to one's liking to be rudely awakened in the early stages of a much-needed sleep, and be forthwith turned out in the darkness and rain, in one's shirt tail. Who except these Twenty-seventh soldiers could accept such a position with any equanimity? They howled with delight. To them it was all very funny.

This was again the season for berries, and we had as many as we could use. There was also a fair supply of apples in the orchards along the way, though not always a wholesome variety. The weather was mostly hot in the day time, but the nights were cool. When we camped, a few pickets were put out to keep faithful vigil, while all the others slept like children at home. This long march, therefore, was something like a summer outing.

The writer happened to be near the Colonel and Surgeon, on some temporary detail, when the regiment was moving out of camp the morning we left Sandy Hook. While the sympathetic and faithful Surgeon sat on his horse his skillful eyes rested intently upon the bronzed, lean and haggard athletes in the ranks, as they filed by, in their soiled uniforms and their unkempt beard and hair. At length he said: "Colonel, these boys, almost every one of them, are sick enough to be in bed, if they only knew it." A campaign of over a month, with its accompanying incidents—its march of four hundred miles, its exposure to heat, dust and rain; irregular, poorly cooked and often insufficient food; frequently shut up to abominable water and as frequently tempted by famishing thirst to drink too much, whether good or bad; meager opportunities to wash the person or clothes; no such thing as unbroken sleep or rest, and, above all, and added to all, the indescribable wear and tear of the battle and its issues, who can tell what it was to go through one such? But when we finally came out of the broken and mountainous region of country and found ourselves in the open, level section north of Warrenton, Virginia, we were really in fair condition again. We had recuperated on the march.

At the little town of Greenwich, after we had passed the Bull Run mountains, we had an object lesson on the power of a rag. A house or houses (whether one or more the writer does not recall), surrounded by considerable enclosures, were wholly undisturbed by the deluge of war surging around them. Patches of corn in roasting ear, thrifty vegetables growing beautifully, trees laden with ripe, luscious apples and other tempting fruits, fences in perfect repair—not a stick amiss or a thing molested. All around, everywhere else, was utter desolation. Between the two armies everything in sight had been taken or destroyed. Why this single exception? Nothing but this: Over this property waved a very small English flag! Yet there are people who say there is nothing in a flag, save a little sentiment.

We reached the Orange and Alexandria railroad at Catletts Station. As we approached Warrenton Junction, apprehensive that we might run into an outpost of the enemy, a locomotive suddenly whistled behind us and a long train of loaded cars at once rolled past. The train reached the station fully abreast of our skirmish line. This was more energy

and enterprise than we had ever before seen in the "cracker department." It almost equaled what we saw a year later, in Georgia. There, as the army advanced, the bridge-builders were so expeditious that the railroad trains beat the infantry soldiers across some of the streams.

We tarried at Warrenton Junction for a short time. General Slocum had his headquarters in a large plantation house, half a mile north of the station, on the east side of the railroad. We again found water scarce in this vicinity, until some one thought of the unusual expedient of digging down to the under-drains, or tile, on the improved land. In that way an unfailing supply of reasonably good water was obtained.

July 31, our division advanced to the Rappahannock, at Kelly's Ford. The next morning the Twenty-seventh crossed the river. Companies F and G were sent forward as skirmishers, and the column swung out as though we might be leading the way straight to Richmond. But, after going a bare mile, we halted temporarily, as it appeared at first. Later we went into bivouac and remained there three days, when we tamely returned to the north bank of the river. Nothing has ever come to light explaining the reasons for this show of boldness. A considerable drove of cattle, and another smaller one of sheep, were confiscated on the south side of the river by the quartermaster's department and driven over. There were also extensive confiscations of potatoes, roasting ears and vegetables of various kinds, with a few pigs and calves added; though the quartermaster's department will have enough to answer for without being charged with these.

We remained here in a quite way, swimming and fishing in the river, cleaning up and mending our clothing and equipments, reorganizing and drilling a little, until the 16th of August. One of these days was a day of fasting and prayer, religiously observed, it is to be hoped, by at least a few. It was not very religiously observed by the majority. People in the army were too much like they are at home for that. No rations were issued that day, but if any one had rations left over there was no law against him eating them. Another one of these days, rather more to the liking and habits of the average soldier, was pay day. The pay master again settled with us for two months service.

Of course, one of our duties here was to maintain the

inevitable picket line. Naturally enough this was established along the river. The Rappahannock at this point is never very formidable, not being over seventy-five yards wide. It was now very low and could be easily forded, almost any place. This seemed to be the occasion of not a little anxiety, particularly in higher official circles, perhaps with reason. Orders to the pickets were very strict, accompanied by many cautions and mysterious intimations of impending dangers.

One very dark night in particular, when it was raining gently, a New Jersey officer of the day took it into his head that our picket line was going to be "gobbled up," as the boys expressed it, unless something unusual was done to prevent it. Consequently he ordered that not a soul on picket should, on any account, have a particle of sleep.

It chanced that day, that the detail from the Twenty-seventh, from thirty to fifty men, had mostly been assigned to one station. The detail was in charge of a corporal, acting as a sergeant. It will be remembered that, after the battle of Gettysburg, the size of commands were often greatly out of proportion to the rank of the officer.

This corporal saw what labor he was going to have in trying to keep his men awake, and that it would probably end in failure and consequent trouble. So, he decided upon a plan of his own. Calling his men around him he asked them whether, if he should try to favor them, they would appreciate it enough to do what they could to help him out with it. Then he explained that, if they would all lie down where he could easily find them, with their accoutrements in easy reach, and would have the situation sufficiently in mind so that they would be at themselves as soon as awakened, the two reliefs not on post might all go to sleep. He would himself do the watching, both for the enemy and the Grand Rounds.

No need to relate that all were ready to promise, and, as it developed, they all kept their promise to the letter.

All went well, and the night wore away. The reliefs were changed regularly, on sharp time, and, as far as known, every man on post was wide awake and watchful. Whenever a relief came in, the men at once snuggled themselves under their rubber blankets, and were soon sound asleep.

Along towards morning, the corporal was sitting alone in the murky darkness, the rain was pattering gently, but everything else was as silent as the grave. He had been a little

uneasy with reference to the outcome of his disregard of instructions, and his nerves were at a high tension. His ears were strained to catch every sound, from every direction. When he was just thinking that, in all probability, the officer of the day would not come now, after all, his sharp ears detected the faintest click of a saber, only a short distance away. Instantly he was after his men. One by one he caught them by the shoulders and fairly stood them upon their feet. In a trice it was, "Who comes there? Halt, Grand Rounds! Advance. Sergeant, and give the countersign. Turn out the guard, the Grand Rounds! etc, etc."

Then the officer of the day fairly exhausted himself in complimenting the Twenty-seventh men. They could always be depended upon, they could. Nowhere else had he been so received. He would like to see the enemy that could catch the Twenty-seventh soldiers napping. And more in the same vein. He will likely never know, unless he reads these pages, what arrant hypocrits and pretenders those Indiana men could be on occasion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NEW YORK.

We were now about to have an experience that was quite out of the ordinary for soldiers serving in the field, in time of active hostilities. We were to have a ten days' visit to the commercial metropolis of the country—New York City.

Uncle Sam is much like other uncles, with some differences. Like the general run of uncles, he has an eye to business. When he has people about him, eating at his table and enjoying his favors, he aims that they shall earn what they get. And if, when they are in his employ, he gives them a play-spell or sends them away on a pleasure trip, so called, he is peculiarly uncleish in having some scheme for his own advantage back of it. That was undeniably true in this instance.

Uncle Sam's method of procedure in this case will also remind some of the course of other uncles, at other times. He did not come to us and say, "Boys, you have been doing well lately. I appreciate your services very much. I have, therefore, arranged a little trip for you. Here are your tickets, and here is a little pocket money; go and have a good time." Uncles seldom do that way. On the contrary, Uncle Sam was hardly ever so close mouthed with us as he was at this time. So far from informing us where he was sending us, and making some special provision for our enjoyment of the trip, he was unusually careful to withhold from us every vestige of information on these points. Not the least sign or hint did he permit us to have by which we could guess our destination or make any estimate of what we might find it agreeable to have along with us. It is doubtful, indeed, whether on any other occasion, during the three years or more that we remained in intimate relations with him, his success was so marked in keeping us from prying into these things, somehow. It was proof positive that he could be shrewd and self-contained when he tried. In this case the matter he was expecting us to look after was one that put him on his mettle.

A few days after the battle of Gettysburg there had been a serious riot in New York. It was not complimentary to that city, as some things we saw and heard after our arrival there were not, but maddened crowds of men had assembled themselves and committed numerous depredations and crimes, including arson and murder. The provocation was that a draft was then in progress, deciding who should serve in the army. These hoodlums did not want to go to the army, therefore they raised mobs and rushed into the places where the draft was being conducted, scattered the men engaged in the work and siezed and destroyed the draft lists and other necessary articles. Their lawlessness went to the extent also of hanging innocent and unoffending negroes upon lamp posts, and burning a colored orphan assylum, containing over 700 homeless orphans. They committed these last outrages because they had been told that the war was being waged in the interest of the negroes.

The reason for troops being sent to New York at this time was to prevent a repetition of these things. New draft lists had been prepared and another draft was about to be made. Several thousand veterans from the Army of the Potomac were therefore to be on hand. Any disorder, or resistance to law, was to receive their attention.

On the 15th of August we received orders to get ready for a move, and the next morning we started. In all such cases in the army, the question of destination is raised forthwith. Sometimes it is easily inferred by what can be seen, or from what presently transpires. At other times, it is divulged by some one who knows, and soon comes to be an open secret with all. In this instance, however, those who knew, if any did, kept it well to themselves; and all signs by which we usually judged were either absent or indefinite and contradictory. Our brigade commander, General Ruger, was going along, with his staff and belongings, but not all of his regiments. We were ordered to go "light," that is, to leave some of our heavier baggage behind, but we were taking so much along that it might not be necessary for us to return after the balance. One of the most puzzling facts was that the officers were ordered to take their horses, and that remains a puzzle to this day. They had no use for them and were not likely to have.

We marched directly to Rappahannock Station. There

we found trains of flat cars, which we were ordered to board, and, without delay, started northward. The ride to Alexandria was very enjoyable. It was a lovely Sunday afternoon, clear, cool and calm. Almost every mile of the way was as familiar to us as the old path to school, at home. We could recall many things, as we passed along, that had transpired here and there. How indelibly the region between the Potomac and the Blue Ridge was imprinted upon the memories of thousands of Northern men, during the eventful years of the war!

Riding on flat cars, without seats, would not ordinarily be considered a very luxurious mode of travel. It must be remembered, however, that this was the first ride of any kind, except the short one from near Hoosier City to Sandy Hook, that most of us had taken since our first arrival at Washington. Two thousand miles and more of foot-travel, as soldiers go, was a good preparation for enjoying almost any kind of a railroad ride.

At Alexandria we marched to an open square, or common, in the western edge of the town and went into bivouac,—of a very temporary kind. There was not room to take half the regular distances, and poles and stakes suitable for putting up our tents were not available. Still, we were fairly comfortable. The ground occupied by the Twenty-seventh was grassy and clean, and the weather remained dry and warm.

We learned subsequently that eleven regiments were detailed for this expedition. Most of them were Western regiments, presumably because they would be less liable to have kindred or other alliances in New York that might interfere with their service. A few Eastern regiments were sent, among them being the Second Massachusetts of our brigade. This was another indication of the prestige of the Third Brigade. Three of its regiments were detailed for this picked expedition, with the brigade commander in charge of the whole.

We remained at Alexandria from Sunday until Wednesday, waiting for boats to transport us. We had surmised as much, though there was little to indicate it. And, if we were to go on by water, it was a natural inference that our destination was some point along the rivers or sea-coast of Virginia or North Carolina.

While at Alexandria we had no camp guards. The only restraint anyone was under to remain in camp was the evident liability of an instant move. There was some going about, but the privilege was not abused. Peddlers abounded. The ubiquitous "commissary" was also in evidence. The regiments occupying the ground next to ours were from Ohio. They put up more old fashioned fist-fights than the writer has ever witnessed anywhere else, in the same length of time. Every few minutes, as it now seems, the cry of "fight" was raised. Sure enough, if one cared to look, a regular set-to was on hand. Neither the officers, nor any one else, seemed disposed to interfere in these knock downs, except to see fair play.

On Wednesday, the 18th, under orders, we marched through the town of Alexandria to the river front, and immediately embarked upon the steel propeller Merrimac. As soon as the required number were aboard she swung out into the stream and dropped her anchor. She drew too much water to navigate the Potomac at night. We were, therefore, to wait until morning.

To us land-lubbers, the Merrimac seemed a ship of immense size, and a curiosity in many ways. Up to this time the only water crafts we had seen were such as then navigated our smaller western rivers. At this date a screw propeller was a little new on the ocean.

The Merrimac had been built for carrying freight mostly, having a small cabin and few state rooms. The Third Wisconsin and Second Massachusetts, of our brigade, along with our regiment and the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Ohio, of another brigade, this last almost as large as the other three, easily found room and shelter in her spacious apartments. She was registered as having a carrying capacity of nearly 2,000 tons and, while we were aboard, drew 16 feet of water. Her huge compound engines and polished steel machinery, working so silently, with scarcely a jar or quiver, caused our inexperienced eyes to bulge out not a little.

The soldiers were allowed the liberty of the ship, except state rooms and cabin. We had our regular rations with us. Coffee was cooked in bulk, by steam. In other respects we lived as usual. With our blankets, we slept upon the bare floor. The officers boarded at the ship's table.

Early on the morning of the 19th, with much shouting

and jollity on the part of the soldiers assisting in the work, and much creaking and grating of chains, the capstan went round and round and the anchor came slowly up. Then, with a tremor throughout her whole anatomy, the great leviathan turned her prow down stream and started on the voyage.

Just at that point Uncle Sam did a very gracious thing. He removed the only restraint there was upon our enjoyment of the situation, by telling us where we were going. We were on our way to New York City. We were to have an all day ride down the Potomac, and across the Chesapeake bay. Then, on the bosom of the wide Atlantic, we were to sail to our destination. How delightful it all was! Of course, we were taking our guns with us, and we had not emptied the cartridges out of our boxes, either. Neither were they blank cartridges, such as had been used in New York before. But if it was agreeable to have all visions of the river and coast regions of Virginia and North Carolina dispelled, as with a magician's wand, it was no drawback to reflect that we had our muskets along where we were going, and had something to load them with. If there was any one thing that the average Twenty-seventh soldier desired more than another, at that period, it was to have a good, fair shot at an out-and-out Northern Copperhead.

Long distances of travel are not new to the writer now; but the supreme enjoyment of that quiet sail down the Potomac, on that far away August day, is as fresh in memory at the present hour as if had occurred only last week. There was nothing of special interest to be seen except Mount Vernon. This every patriot should go and look upon once in his life, even if he has to cross the continent to do it. We all remember also how Fort Washington appeared then, and how we watched for Acquia Creek Landing, only to have an indistinct vision of its charred ruins, as we steamed by, almost at the opposite side of the river.

The glare of the sun that day was relieved by a slight haze, and the air was deliciously cool, without being chilly. We could lounge on deck, climb into the rigging, go below, play games, cultivate the acquaintance of men of other regiments,—or just sit still by ourselves and enjoy the ride. As we seemed to glide along, the river became wider and wider, the ever-changing kaleidoscope on the shores receded

farther and farther away, and the great ship became smaller and smaller relatively. Before we entered Chesapeake Bay, the Potomac was so wide that it seemed itself a bay. It was hard to tell, indeed, where the river ended and the bay began. It was hard, too, with the eye, to keep directions. In the morning we had started almost due south. Now, the land was so distant and dim, and the sun, having changed his position, hung so low in the horizon, in such a golden, mellow light, that, before we were aware of it, we seemed to be turned around, and going due north.

We had crossed well over the Chesapeake bay before night. About sunset, off to our right, could be seen indistinctly, a dark ridge, resembling a low-lying cloud bank. That, they said, was Old Point Comfort. Near its lower extremity was a spot, a little more distinct, not unlike the roof of a great barn or shed, or the shadowy outlines of an immense weather-beaten straw stack. That, we were told, was Fortress Monroe. These riveted our attention, because their names were in the papers every day during the years of the war.

It required but a short time for the soldiers to be on the best of terms with the sailors. The jovial, easy-going old captain came about as near resigning in our favor as he well could. The boys took hold freely and assisted in all the work of sailing the ship, from heaving coal to going aloft. For twenty or thirty of them to seize the spikes and turn the capstan, in weighing anchor, was great fun.

No better example could be found, showing how widely people may differ in many respects, yet speak the same language, be of the same blood and live under the same flag, than to take a representative number of these boys from Indiana, never before out of the State, and compare them with these men, who all their lives, had followed the sea. The peculiar language of the sailors, their modes of expression, the names by which they designated the things connected with their daily life, their pronunciation of names, with the spelling of which we were more or less familiar, etc., etc., almost dumbfounded us. For them to lift or move anything, or pull on a rope, never failed to attract our attention, and often drew a fair-sized audience of Western men. In raising heavy wooden buildings in Indiana, we had sometimes seen one man stand out in front and give the he-o-he, so that all might lift together. But these sailors did not pretend to exert themselves in any

way without a similar performance. It may be that they saw it amused us and carried it to extremes, but one of them alone, pulling on a rope not larger than a clothes line, put the he o-he's in for himself.

But with the close of the first day all the pleasure and most of the interest of the writer, in the journey to New York, had a sudden and dismal ending. He would not mention the fact only that his experience was that of a large majority of the Twenty-Seventh. He remembers the balance of the voyage all too well, though not by any means on account of the enjoyment of it. He has laughed about it many, many times, too, but he was far from laughing at that time.

We had not been out on the ocean long until most of the Twenty-seventh became violently seasick, and a large proportion of them remained so as long as we were on the vessel. During the first night we could hear the muffled roar of the wind and the lash of the waves against the ship, indicating that we were getting well out to sea, and that it was not very smooth. Before morning the writer was very sick. He tried the theory of perfect quiet until nearly noon the following day. Then, getting no better, but rather worse, he decided to try the air upon the open deck.

The ship was out on the great ocean. No land was in sight in any direction. There was nothing in sight beyond the confines of the ship, except a shoreless expanse of rolling, plunging and dashing water. The ship itself, which had seemed so large, now seemed a mere speck in such a boundless space, and a mere toy in the power of the waves. Experienced ones said this was nothing, it was no storm; the wind was only a little "fresh," but some of us wondered how it would be if there was a storm.

A large per cent. of the men on deck were arranged along the ship's rail. There was scarcely room there for another person. And those who occupied that position were not there because it afforded a better opportunity for observation. They were not looking at anything in particular. In fact, they were not interested in anything in particular. As far as they were able to comprehend anything at all, they supposed that they were about to die; and as far as they were able to care for anything at all, they devoutly wished they might die speedily. Most of their time was diligently occupied in paying tribute to Neptune. In other words, they had to vomit until it was

a miracle that their stomachs should contain anything more to throw up. In more recent years the writer invariably gets sick if he crosses a mill pond, but no subsequent experience has quite equaled that.

We saw no land all day. Several ships were sighted, going in various directions. The only one we came very near to was a large side-wheeler, which we overtook and passed. It was laden with a part of our expedition, and had started ahead of us.

The second morning found us running along the New Jersey coast, approaching the New York harbor. To those who felt well, this approach to and sail up the harbor must have been a rare treat. Most will at least recall how we watched the schools of fish, changing the color of the water here and there, the rolling of the porpoises, the droves of gulls following the ship, lighting on the water to pick up the crackers we threw them, sometimes flying so close to us that we could almost touch them, the taking on of a pilot, passing through the Narrows, with the forts so close on either side,—their great, black guns pointing toward us, and their flags dipping in salute. Then, as we made our way up towards the city, we took in what we could of that gigantic panorama of water and land; the ships of all nations, and boats and crafts of all descriptions, moving and at rest; the various islands, and miles and miles of wharves and docks, and the numberless points of interest in the cities beyond.

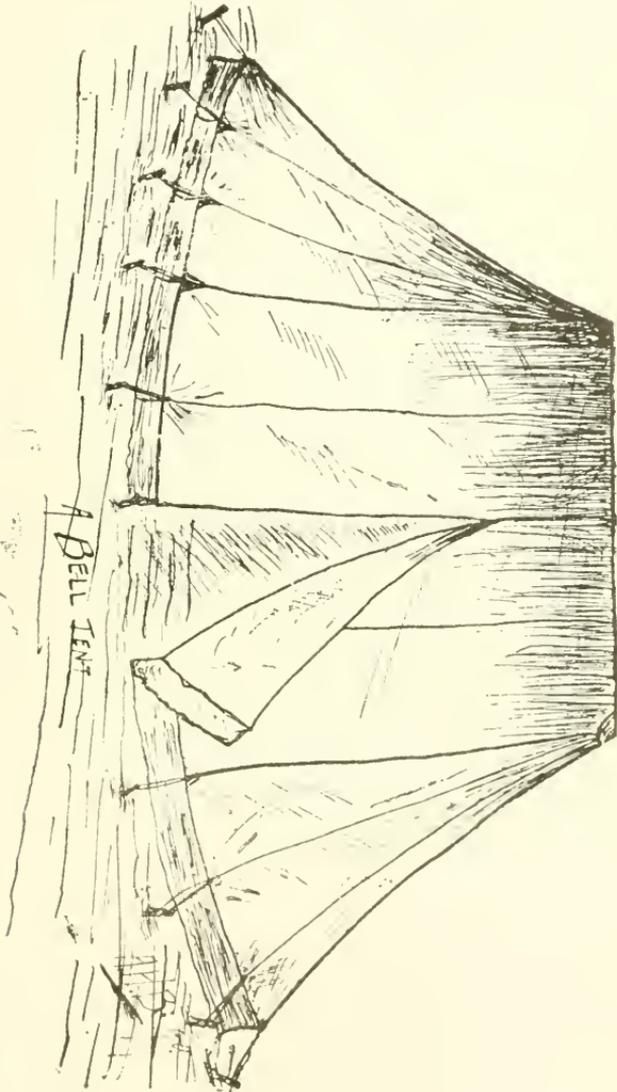
Near Governors Island, the Merrimac dropped her anchor, temporarily, and General Ruger went ashore to report and to ask for orders. During this delay the Russian fleet, which visited our country in war time, was anchored not far away. Much importance had been attached to its arrival, and we strained our eyes to see all we could of it. It was understood even then that, curious as it might seem, the fierce, autocratic Russian Bear had plainly intimated to all concerned, that he had a friendly interest in Columbia, even if she did stand for the absolute equality and freedom of all men, and that all who had any designs against her had better look a little out.

The delay was not tedious, but it must have been an hour or more before the Merrimac resumed her course and landed us at the foot of Canal street, North River. When we had debarked, the Twenty-seventh parted company from the other

regiments and marched down the second or third street back from the river, directly to Battery Park.

While landing and on the march through New York, we were the objects of more jeers and insults, and were obliged

OUR FIRST TENTS.
 (Plate not received in time to insert in proper place.)



to listen to more expressions of hatred and disloyalty towards the Government, and more open avowals of sympathy for the rebels in the South, than we ever met with in all the other cities we visited, North or South. Part of it came from wo-

men and children, but much of it came from men. Nearly every word of it had the accent of some foreign tongue.

Battery Park was to be our camp ground during our stay in the city. At first we pitched our tents more towards the western end, in the vicinity of old Castle Garden. Within a day or two we moved almost to its eastern extremity, opposite South Ferry. We put up our shelter tents there in regular order, and lived as usual, except that we were served with meals ready cooked, by parties not connected with the regiment. The food was abundant and was eaten with relish, though there were often visible evidences that the kitchen was not kept as scrupulously clean as some other kitchens are.

While it is not down in the books, the boys still remember the "Battle of Battery Park," as we called it. The evening we arrived there the Colonel found it necessary to use his sword, in connection with an instance of insubordination. Two or three men defied, first their company officers and then the Colonel, and there was some vigorous sword exercise for a while, slapping, hacking and prodding, indiscriminately. The Colonel chanced to have at the time only a light, dress sword belonging to the quartermaster, his own heavy sabre being back on the ship. Otherwise the ending might have been tragical.

Possibly the whole matter should be omitted from these pages. It never again had its counterpart in the Twenty-seventh and was caused now by whiskey. The men most concerned were, ordinarily, the best of soldiers. The incident we always considered in the light of a joke.

The drinking places were as open to soldiers in New York as to others. No discrimination could be arranged for. The Colonel himself had this set before him in a vigorous fashion. After the trouble with the men, just mentioned, he went into a saloon, opposite the camp, and, in some formal manner, forbade the proprietor selling his soldiers liquor. He was asked who in blank he was, any how, and, with sundry adjectives and expletives, such as saloon men (if not army officers) are commonly well supplied with, he was given to understand that his authority was not recognized at all in that establishment. His soldiers, if they had the money, could have anything in the place, did he mind that? So it continued to be.

But here may be a hint for temperance legislation. From

this on, the restraint was placed wholly upon the consumer. It was enacted that the minimum of excess should henceforth meet with the maximum of punishment. And there never was a time in the history of the regiment, when intoxicants were obtainable at all, that there was less disorder, or other visible effects of their use.

Every day but one, and every evening but two, during our stay in New York the men not on duty went out into the city, almost at will. The evening before and the whole of the day and evening upon which the draft was made, we stood by our guns. That is, we remained in camp, with everything in readiness for instant action.

Unhappily, many of us were too young, or inexperienced, to reap the best advantages from a visit to a great city. There was also a lack of pocket money with some. That may have been a blessing in disguise, though it seemed a grievous deprivation at the time. Without the faintest dream of having any such a call for money, most of our allowances had been promptly sent home after the previous pay day, and the modest sums retained had about gone for other uses. The writer sent home urgently for money and received it—at Tullahoma, Tennessee.

New York itself was far from being then what it is now. Any one of a dozen cities of our reunited and regenerated Republic of the present day have far more in them to interest and instruct a visitor than the metropolis then afforded. The greatest wonder to most of us was doubtless the city itself—its location, size and greatness, its stately buildings, its thronging, busy streets and the ceaseless din and hub-bub of its vast, uncounted industries.

Our Western merchants usually visited New York at least twice a year, before the war. From them, and others, we had heard of some of its noteworthy places. These, as far as we could recall them, we tried to hunt up and visit. Barnum's museum headed the list, as a rule. A. T. Stewart's great store, Washington Market, Central Park, Trinity Church and church-yard, etc., etc., had a place on most lists.

It was very common for Western people visiting New York at this period, to go over to Brooklyn and hear Henry Ward Beecher, at least once. His fame as a great preacher had reached everywhere. But he was absent during our visit. The leading theatres were also closed for the hot weather,

though some of none too high a grade were open, and received patronage from some of us that we do not now recall with pride, as did also other species of amusement and indulgences that every true man can only regret, later in life.

Every day we came to be on better terms with the citizens of the vicinity. At first many of them had not only resented our presence in the city, but they had been mortally offended at our occupancy of the park, and the refusal of our guards, under their instructions, to allow them to pass through. The day after our arrival, being Sunday, hundreds of them came and, when they found their privileges in the park restricted, they became very indignant. Even the city police undertook at first to force our guards, in the interest of these citizens. Martial law had not been declared in New York, and there was some question as to the rights of the military. This, we understood at the time, was why the park fence soon ceased to be our guard line, and no attempt was made after that to close any gate to the citizens. But the space occupied by our camp we held inviolate, and no citizen was allowed to invade it without permission.

All of this friction soon vanished. Within a day or two after our arrival, it came to be an assured fact that any soldier from the Army of the Potomac had a sure and abiding friend in any city policeman, wherever he might meet him. A marked change was early apparent also with the people. They became greatly interested in our military exercises. Our guard mounts and drills were always witnessed by large numbers of them and, if the weather was pleasant, an immense multitude was invariably on hand to admire and applaud our dress parades. The fact that we had seen service at the front, and especially that we had actually been in so many bloody battles, gave us an evident prestige with them. All positions, all virtues and all graces pay ready homage to valor.

The citizens were warming to us personally, too, as we were warming to them. Some of us were forming personal acquaintances and receiving numerous little favors. Some had relatives come on from home to visit them, and a still larger number had relatives and friends residing East, who called upon them. The situation was delightful, with a prospect of its getting better and better. A rumor was current that we were to remain in New York for at least another week. It was a lovely Sunday morning, and we were very

happy. But, as a peal of thunder out of a clear sky, we received orders before noon of that day (September 5), to march, and before dark were aboard ship for the return passage.

This time we were taken directly from Battery Park by a smaller boat out to the Mississippi, the exact mate of the Merrimac. Only the three regiments of our brigade were embarked on this ship, though all our baggage and effects, including officers' horses and those in charge, were loaded with us this time; while on the trip coming these were on a separate vessel. The Third Wisconsin and Second Massachusetts marched to Battery Park and were transferred to the Mississippi in the same manner as ourselves, as were also the baggage and animals. Both of the latter were raised up from the small boat to the deck of the ship by means of a derrick, with ropes and windlass. The loading consumed almost the whole night. One of the horses struggled out of his support, while being hoisted up, and fell back, twelve or fifteen feet, to the deck of the small boat, but it did not injure him permanently.

During our whole time in New York our camp swarmed with little street gamins, selling papers, peddling various articles, singing simple songs, playing on instruments of music, performing some little trick or acrobatic feat, doing any and everything to turn a penny. Bright and quick, in their way, as chipmunks, some of them were attractive and their accomplishments were surprising. All of them seemed to be entirely homeless, either from choice or necessity. They were more than willing, not only to share our meals, but also to sleep with us, or to sleep anywhere about the camp. Now that we were leaving the city, scores, if not hundreds of them, begged to accompany us. We already knew too much of the vicissitudes ahead to indulge many of them in their ambition. Still, a few of them were, in one way or another, taken along. They were with us until we reached the Rappahannock and afterwards, but just when they left us, or what became of them, the writer is not advised. Some middle-aged man, not unlikely leading an honorable, useful life, may read these pages and recall that he was one of those diminutive waifs that drifted away from the great city with the Indiana soldiers.

Early the next morning, before some of us were awake,

the Mississippi pulled up her anchor and moved down the bay, headed for the Potomac direct.

The return passage resembled the one going, except that the sea was more quiet, and not so many were sea-sick. Some, however, who were well throughout the former passage were now desperately afflicted. This evened up matters in different ways. Where they had made light of those sick before, they now received similar treatment; and where they had been considerate and helpful, they found it agreeable to get their pay in kind. It is often thus.

If possible, this captain was more jovial, and had a warmer heart for soldiers, than the other. Both of them were stout, heavy men, with an endless flow of good feeling for all the world, and they both humored and indulged the men with muskets, as if determined to give them as much of a holiday as possible, while riding with them. This one could spin sailor yarns like oil running out of a bung hole. There was little time, when he was in sight at all, that he did not have all the boys around him, listening to his Munchausen-like tales, that could find standing room within hearing. Our former experiences with the sailors were simply duplicated also. Most of us could not be certain that these were not the same men, transferred to another ship.

By 2:00 P. M., of the third day we were again at Alexandria, and that night we occupied the same open square where we had waited previously.

At this point we received a very hurried visit from Governor Morton. There was some disappointment, in that he did not arrive until it was almost too dark to see him well, and his time was so limited that he could only say a few words to the regiment. Still, it cheered and encouraged us greatly. The prestige of Indiana as a state, and our own state pride, were greatly enhanced by the exceedingly favorable impression he made upon the troops from other states, which had flocked around to see and hear him. His stalwart form, and the few words he spoke, which were even more stalwart than his form, set the men from other states on fire. They never ceased talking about it. The good people of Indiana will never know the full measure of the debt they owe Oliver P. Morton, for the unstinted loyalty, the colossal ability and the tireless energy, with which he rallied her citi-

zens to the support of the Union, and stimulated and strengthened her soldiers in the field.

The balance of the trip back to the army was too well written up by Chaplain Quint of the Second Massachusetts to admit of being rewritten. He says :

“ We left Alexandria (our three regiments) about two A. M. on Thursday, September 10th. Our expectations that transportation by rail would be furnished to us as it had been to other troops of our expedition were frustrated and we started over a road familiar to the army of Virginia, and in parts to us, as our native state. The present march was the first direct and entire one over the straight road, though we had before been over roads parallel for the same distance.

“ We made eight miles that day. What a waste that country is! About seven miles from Alexandria is Annandale—called a ‘dale’ doubtless from its being situated on an elevated plain, just as the South calls itself ‘chivalric’ because it whips women and sells babies. Annandale was made up of half a dozen houses; now it comprises one or two houses, and the balance in chimneys. There was also one fence, a weak attempt—a kind of ‘poor but loyal’ fence, probably. There is a small stream just south of this, on the south bank of which we camped.

“ At four A. M. reveille. At six A. M. we were on the road. And so was a long train of fresh horses, going to the army under cavalry escort. The method of security was by attaching—say fifty—horses on each side of a long rope extending from a wagon in front to a wagon in rear. It was amusing to see the starting after any halt; the horses’ legs being on all sides of every rope at once.

“ But it was not amusing to have the affair on the road. Despite all efforts at peace, the cavalry managers tried to interfere with us continually. If we halted, they halted. When we started, they would make an effort to break our line. At one place they succeeded in driving a wagon of our detachment into a ditch, and breaking some part. As more trouble was likely to ensue, our commander wheeled a guard across the road. Thereupon a young lieutenant drew his pistol on the guard; but a dozen Indiana bayonets pointing instantly at his breast, he quickly concluded to postpone his funeral, which would certainly have been provided for the moment he had fired a shot.

“ At a subsequent attempt of that train to make trouble, the butts of muskets were used with great success, the only mistake being in not using the steel, for we were clearly in the right. The dust, too, was a nuisance. Imagine a road covered with the dryest and finest powder—cavalry starting it up—and you can conceive of a road in which a decent breath was next to impossible. Add the want of water, and pity the troops. And then we met an immense train of empty wagons of sutlers, coming on under escort—it seemed unendurable. How many a soldier will recognize such a description!

“ But we had some relief; having passed through desolate Fairfax, we arrived within half a mile of Centerville, and halted. * * * Here the men had their dinner, such as it was. And then passing between the old breastworks, we went to Bull Run.

“ Having had a march of seventeen miles already, there being no need of haste, the men being footsore and tired, there being plenty of water there, and none of any consequence for miles onward, after a rest the order came, of course, to ‘fall in.’ We did so, and went on three miles to Manassas Junction, and got in camp after dark, and obtained a little dirty water; to be roused up at four A. M. again.

“ Then to start and to see no signs of life for miles, except as the army gave them. Chimneys were plenty. Indeed, if any enterprising man wants ready made chimneys, as being handy in case of building, he could doubtless drive a good trade, and lay in a large stock on this road. Four miles brought us to Bristow Station—to accomplish which reversely last year cost us twenty miles of detour. At Bristow we found friends, the Thirty-third Massachusetts, whose splendid band played for us as we moved on. There was the spot where, last year, we witnessed the burning of half a mile of cars; the one building then standing being now gone.

“ A few miles farther, on the edge of Kettle Run, was the spot where we lay all day idle, in sound of the battle of Manassas—with as many troops, I think, as Fitz John Porter was cashiered for the alleged reason of not bringing in; the number which, it was stated, would have secured victory. From that point the heat was intense. There was literally no water. The men suffered accordingly. But after occasional rests, we halted at Catlett’s, where a little moist dirt was tried to quench thirst; halted for two hours within a mile of our destined camp, and so got wet, but relieved, by a thunder shower.

“ The next morning we marched to Bealton, every inch of the road historical and familiar. The march was pleasanter for the rain of the day before, and another that morning had laid the dust. The evil of occasional muddy spots was more than balanced by the absence of clouds of dust. All day the sunshine and clouds strove for mastery. Sometimes it was intensely hot, but then a friendly cloud would interpose its sun-shade, and relieve us. Miles more brought us to camp. How pleasant it seemed to get back. The Thirteenth New Jersey were drawn in line and welcomed, with cheers, each of our regiments back to the stout old Third Brigade; and so we settled down.

“ We have moved since. We heard that day the noise of artillery as we were getting home again.”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TO THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

The move mentioned by Chaplain Quint in the previous chapter was a short one only, made the second day after our return from New York. The regiments of the brigade left behind then had been scourged with sickness in our absence, and it was thought best to change the camp. It aroused our suspicions, however, when we were ordered to elevate our bunks. There are few recorded instances when we received such orders that it did not presage a move. In this instance we moved the next day.

Early on the morning of September 16, with our division the Twenty-seventh crossed the Rappahannock, near where our camp had been, and marched southward to Stevensburg. We could see that a large part of the army was involved in the advance. Troops not closely related to us were ahead the first day. The next day the march southward was continued, but no other troops were ahead of the Third Brigade except cavalry. As we neared the Rapidan river we did considerable extra marching, in order to keep behind timber or hills, so the enemy could not see nor molest us. We at length halted in the vicinity of Raccoon Ford.

The river at this point is not over seventy-five yards wide. Immediately on the opposite bank were the outposts of the enemy, and slightly farther back we could see the fresh dirt of his entrenchments among the bushes. When we arrived our cavalymen were making lots of noise with their carbines and the men on the other side were returning the fire with equal energy. For a time after the cavalry was relieved by the infantry the relations between the two sides were extremely hostile. The least exposure on the part of either drew the fire of the other instantly. For this reason picket details had to be changed entirely at night. In some instances individual pickets could not be relieved at all through the day.

A detail from the Twenty-seventh was required to maintain one post at a point where the hazard was exceptional and

must have been inadvisable. The larger part of a company was stationed in an ordinary frame house, in point blank range of the enemy's works. The men were placed there after dark one evening and required to remain until after dark the following evening. Their position was only tenable by their lying low and keeping the enemy in ignorance of their presence. A musket ball would cut through the walls of the house at any point as easy as through a paper box, unless it happened to hit a studding. One day in particular, that the writer happens to know about, the rebels seemed to have a suspicion that all was not right in this house. At intervals all day they sent balls whizzing through it. They had men, too, who could hit a mark. The night previous an officer had unintentionally left his little, double-pocket haversack hanging in an exposed place. When light dawned in the morning, zip, zip, two balls pierced the haversack in quick succession.

That same day two colonels from the Third Brigade took it into their heads to venture out and take observations along the picket line. It was reported among the rabble with muskets that the visit was the result of a convivial time the two had been having together in one of their tents. Those who know something of colonels, these two in particular, will have their own opinion about that. Anyway, when they came back to camp, they had very bland, child-like expressions on their faces, and stole furtive glances at each other, out of the corners of their eyes, in a way that gave a hint of something. Considerable nimble running and very lively dodging, which some of our pickets saw, as well as sundry bullet holes through a blouse or two that had eagles on their shoulders, furnished a fuller explanation.

But infantry never relished this species of warfare, and within forty-eight hours an amicable truce was arranged between the men of the two sides, whereby such individual carnage came to an end. There was also the usual exchange of newspapers, bartering of coffee for tobacco, inquiries after the fate of relatives and friends inside of the respective lines, etc.

On the 20th, our division moved back from the river, perhaps a mile, and went into camp, in a more regular way. Before that we had been very much restricted about fires, noises and everything likely to draw the shot of the rebels.

It was while in that cramped situation that the military execution took place, heretofore mentioned. The man's name, or boy's—he was only twenty—was Albert Jones. It was said that he was really from Indiana, though he had belonged to a Maryland regiment, and that his real name was not Jones. His offense was desertion and was aggravated, having been repeated under circumstances that added to its enormity.

The troops had been previously advised in orders of the work in hand. A detail of enlisted men from each regiment had been made to serve in the firing squad. The guns of the detail were loaded by others, not connected with it. Half of them were loaded with balls and half without, so that no one would need know that he had fired the fatal shot.

At the hour appointed all of the division, not on other duty, marched, under arms, to the field designated, and formed on three sides of a square. There were probably 5 000 soldiers present, of all ranks. The position assigned to the Twenty-seventh was directly opposite the open side of the square, and at that open side a freshly dug grave was plainly visible. Very soon, the provost guard and the firing squad arrived, conducting the prisoner. The latter was seated in an open ambulance, with a chaplain beside him. Behind these followed another open ambulance hauling a coffin. This gruesome procession moved slowly up and formed about the grave, the provost guard being alligned on either side of it. The coffin was taken out of the ambulance and placed on the ground in front of the grave, and the prisoner was seated upon it, facing the square of troops. The firing squad, divided into two platoons, was formed in front of the prisoner, facing towards him.

Then there was an interval during which, at our distance, we could hear nothing. We were informed afterwards that at this time the finding and sentence of the court-martial and the order for the execution were read, prayer was offered by the chaplain, and the prisoner shook hands with the chaplain, the captain of the provost guard, and others who he felt had befriended him, bidding them good bye, etc., etc., after which he was blindfolded.

These preliminaries over, there was a withdrawal of all parties to a safe distance, except the firing squad and the prisoner. The latter sat upon his coffin alone. For a very solemn moment all was silent. Then the commander of the firing

squad called the first platoon to attention and, in slow, measured tones, gave the command, Ready—Aim—Fire! A sharp volley rang out, almost as the report of a single musket. As we strained our eyes, we saw the body of the wretched deserter fall slowly forward a short distance, then lurch more heavily side ways, and roll off upon the ground. The second platoon of the firing squad was not needed.

Two or three surgeons gathered about the prostrate form, and gravely stooping down and making the necessary examinations, pronounced the man dead. So it was recorded.

The body was then placed in the coffin, the fatal wounds were laid bare and the troops were marched by in two ranks, that they might have a nearer view of what had been done. Approaching the coffin, the ranks were separated, one passing on either side. There were five bullet holes, all in the breast, one for each loaded musket. The open palm of a man's hand would easily have covered them all.

The face of the dead man had a youthful appearance, and was not coarse, brutal and debased as the faces of the reckless and criminal so commonly are. On the contrary it was rather intellectual and refined. The execution evidently made a deep impression upon all, though not a word was uttered in condemnation of it. More than this, it was heartily approved by every one. The only regret that found expression in the Twenty-seventh was that we could not have some of our own deserters there, to serve them in a like manner.

But the Twenty-seventh, and a large number of the troops with which we were associated, were upon the eve of startling developments affecting them personally. General Meade had made this move from the Rappahannock to the Rapidan upon his own motion. His reason was that, some days before, he had learned of Longstreet being detached from Lee's army, with his command, to reinforce the rebel army in Georgia. On the 19th and 20th of September, while we were lying so close to the Rapidan, and to the position of our adversaries, the battle of Chickamauga was being fought. Even before it began, Meade had received orders from Washington not to bring on a battle here. The authorities there hesitated at that period about fighting two great battles at one time. Just as though that was not the only way to prevent the enemy, with his shorter and more direct lines of communication, from concen-

trating first against one of our armies, and then against another.

We heard of the battle of Chickamauga on the 22d. Before that it had been decided that we should go to that far-away section of country, involving a journey of about 1,200 miles. During a conference at Washington, when the question of how to reinforce the Army of the Cumberland was under discussion, the superintendent of military railroads was sent for and was asked, "How long will it require, with the facilities available, to transport 20,000 soldiers from the Rappahannock, in Virginia, to Bridgeport, Alabama?" After stipulating a very few conditions, he replied promptly, "Six days." To the question, "When can you begin?" he replied unhesitatingly, "To-night." That settled it.

Just how it was determined as to what troops should go to the Western army, the writer has met with no authoritative statement. There was a report that General Meade protested against the sending of the Twelfth Corps, preferring to part with other troops, though, as far as the writer's researches have extended, no positive confirmation of this report has turned up. The natural inference seems to be, that the Eleventh and Twelfth, being the two highest numbers connected with the Army of the Potomac, if any corps were to be detached entire, the lot would fall to them. Besides, as a whole, the troops composing these two corps had been connected with that army a shorter time than others. At all events, the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps were to go. General Hooker was to have command of the two, in some sense as a separate army.

The first intimation of a move reached us on the 23d. A few of the higher officers doubtless knew earlier of our destination, but definite information came to the most of us only by degrees. That which first foreshadowed something unusual was an order to draw eight days' rations. That of itself was not unusual, but the men of another corps near us did not receive the same orders.

When we moved, on the 24th, we moved to the rear, back through Stevensburg and thence to Brandy Station, on the railroad. Here orders came to turn in at once our mules, wagons, etc. This was more than we had done a few weeks before, when starting to New York. So we concluded it meant something more than a temporary absence. Of course the air was

full of rumors. That we were going west was one. That we were going to the seacoast was again rumored. Perhaps other points were mentioned. Those who were out, spying around, saw some of the troops embark on cars and start northward.

All day, on the 25th, we lay in suspense at Brandy. In the forenoon another deserter was shot, belonging to the One Hundred and Forty-fifth New York. The regulations for the execution were the same as a few days previous, except that not so many troops were taken out to witness it.

On the 26th, our brigade marched to Bealton Station, as did also most, if not all, of our division. This march was a tantalizing mystery. It imposed a hardship, to all appearances, wholly unnecessary. If the cars could carry us 1,186 miles, why not the other ten? After trudging the ten miles, in sight of the railroad all the way, and crossing the Rappahannock on the railroad bridge, which was apparently in perfect repair, we found cars waiting at Bealton. As soon as our turn came, the Twenty-seventh got aboard, and this proved to be the place where we took final leave of Old Virginia. It was almost dark when we arrived at Bealton and we left there in the night.

Early next morning found us in Washington, at the foot of Capitol Hill, on the west. There was then a track connecting the railroads from across the Potomac directly with the Baltimore & Ohio railroad.

Though the rumors of our going west had been asserted with more and more plausibility, there was still some doubt about it until now. When we reached Washington and did not receive orders to vacate the cars, we considered the point as finally settled.

The engine which had pulled us in had been detached and taken away. Two other trains, besides ours, stood on the track, in the same way. Shortly, a monster camel-back engine backed around the curve. It was coupled on to the first train, backed it up and coupled it to the second, backed both up and coupled them to the third. Then, after some shrill whew! whews! it moved sturdily forward with all three—around past the Baltimore & Ohio depot, and out on the straight track towards Relay Junction.

All the troops cheered lustily and long, especially the men of the Twenty-seventh. Still, with us there was some

sudden revulsion of sentiment. We had never felt quite satisfied with our position in the Eastern army. We seemed so far away from home there and so much isolated from the soldiers with whom it was natural that we should affiliate. And, because of these things, as we believed, we had been the victims of some unjust aspersions and our days had been made more burdensome and galling than necessary, with few to sympathize or encourage. As will appear in these pages, our minds have never been entirely disabused as



ASS'T.—SURG. G. V. WOOLLEN.
(Recent portrait.)



ASS'T.—SURG. G. V. WOOLLEN.
(In war time.)

to the facts, whatever new developments have come about to explain the facts.

But, now that a change was coming, we could see that the question had two sides. The Twenty-seventh had, at this time, its full share of the pride, which all who were ever connected with it will always cherish, for the Army of the Potomac. We all believed in it, heart and soul, and we all gloried in being identified with its history. All of us insisted that its failures and defeats were the result of incompetency and mismanagement on our side, as opposed to the best troops and the best directed efforts of the enemy. Over and over we had asserted that, as a rule, no soldiers could be braver or more

heroic in battle. We had had occasion to do this because of the belief so widely prevalent in the West, and nowhere more so than among our friends and relatives in the Western armies, that the Army of the Potomac was a "paper-collar," "soft-bread," "feather-bed," "review and dress-parade" army, and that it would not fight. These things were constantly being said to us in the letters we received, or whenever any of us met Western people or Western soldiers. The disagreeable nature of our situation was that we were thus between two fires. Because we were from the "wild and woolly West," pronounced Indiana "Ean-dy-an-ny," spoke of being "raised," made a liberal use of the word "heap," as an adjective of quantity and, in general, sharpened our *a's* and slurred our *'ings*, while we were not any too particular about blacking our shoes and dusting our clothes—because of these things and other similar ones—many of the people whom we were every day defending in our letters to our friends and to the Western newspapers, were every day bandying and ridiculing us to our faces, and some of them were lying about us shamelessly in *their* letters to friends and to Eastern newspapers. Of course, mere personal jibes and twittings counted for little, but insinuations and assertions affecting our manhood and soldierly qualities—the very points upon which we were standing up for them—were different.

In addition to these things, we were convinced then of the rigorous character, relatively, of service in the Army of the Potomac, aside from its bloody battles and their issues. On top of the crucial test of all patriotic devotion and all soldierly virtues, put upon the men of the Eastern armies, by their numerous uncalled-for defeats, and their repeated buffetings and disappointments, which were in such striking disproportion to what they had a right to expect; the long-sustained physical efforts they were required to make, the exposures they endured and the deprivations they suffered, as compared with other armies, are not well understood in some quarters, even to the present day. We had had the opportunity to learn something of them before this.

Nevertheless, if the question had been left to a vote of the Twenty-seventh that morning whether or not we should now leave the Army of the Potomac, the negative would probably have won. Anyway, we were going with many sincere regrets. It goes without saying that no vote was

asked for or taken. We were ordered to go, and that was the end of it with us, regardless of what our preferences might be. Seven days hence we would be in Alabama. A few incidents of the journey doubtless demand a place in this volume.

Men in other regiments seem to have found the trip a disagreeable one. The Twenty-seventh did not find it so. True, we rode the entire distance in freight cars, and were somewhat crowded, the floor space of the cars alone considered. But we were permitted, at will, to ride on top or inside of the cars, and, in that way, had plenty of room. At night, some using the benches and others the floor, there was room for all to lie down, and sufficient sleep and rest were thus obtained every night. In addition to what was given us along the way by the loyal people, and the rations we had with us, the Government had provided supplies of hot coffee and some cooked food at all of the points where the trains were to stop. It was easy to do this, as other soldiers were stationed at those points, and they attended to it. The weather was most delightful, being the Indian Summer of the various sections passed through.

The route taken on this transfer was, first by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad via Relay Junction, Harpers Ferry, Cumberland and Romney, to Bentwood, on the Ohio river. There we left the cars, boarded at Bealton, and marched across the river on a bridge, formed of freight barges, into Bellaire, Ohio. Thence we passed through Zanesville, Columbus and Dayton, Ohio; Richmond, Indianapolis and Jeffersonville, Indiana; Louisville, Kentucky, and Nashville and Murfreesboro, Tennessee, to Stevenson, Alabama. Adjutant Bryant gives the exact distance as 1,196 miles. It would be a long, interesting journey at any time, affording a look at far-famed scenery, rich agricultural districts and populous cities.

The energy, foresight and attention to minor details, particularly the anticipation of and provision for the wants of the soldiers, evident all along the way, had a good effect. We were impressed every hour that back somewhere there was a head and a heart to plan right things for us, and a will to execute. A traveler making a journey across the continent now, on a first-class ticket, would not find his connections better arranged for, and his comforts, if more expensive and luxurious, would not be more carefully looked after. It was also a joy and an inspiration, which will linger with us to the end

of life, to receive, not only the food and delicacies, but the warm-hearted expressions of sympathy and encouragement, which came to us at every stopping place in Ohio and Indiana. The beaming eyes, winsome smiles and brave cheering words, no less than the kindly deeds, of the loyal women and girls, not only rewarded us for what we had done, but made better soldiers of us in the time to come.

The celebrated Brough and Vallandigham campaign was then in progress in Ohio. It lacked but a few days of the election when we passed through. Many of the Twenty-seventh, possibly a majority of them, had, previous to the war, been members of the same party as Vallandigham. But we were all on the other side now. None of us could brook the idea of a man who had been convicted of being in secret alliance with armed rebellion, being voted for governor of the great, loyal state of Ohio, much less elected to that office.

The first run that the train made, after starting across the state, the boys found themselves at a disadvantage. At times when the train was moving too fast to alight from it, yet not fast enough to prevent our hearing them, men would tantalize us by shouting for Vallandigham, and frequently for Jeff Davis. We had our guns, of course, but shooting under the circumstances was a more radical measure than seemed advisable. At the first stop, however, the boys prepared themselves. They filled their haversacks with a plentiful supply of David's favorite weapons, namely, "Smoothe stones from the brook." It was most amusing to witness the result when the next group of men, thinking to take advantage of the fact that we were on a moving train, began to shout their taunting hurrah's. How they did dodge and scamper, when it began to rain good-sized stones in their midst! The same method was pursued, with the same laughable and gratifying results, until we finally passed out of Ohio.

The Twenty-seventh was shown some special consideration on the journey by General Slocum, and perhaps others. When the move was inaugurated the paymaster was making one of his periodical visits to the corps, but had not yet reached the Twenty-seventh. About the time we first crossed the Ohio, General Slocum chanced to come around where the Twenty-seventh was. In response to our cheers he complimented the regiment on its orderly behavior and enquired "How are the Twenty-seventh boys standing the trip?" Among the

many replies he received, some one, not backward about expressing his sentiments, shouted, "We would feel better about passing through Indiana, if we had some money." "Haven't you been paid off?" the General enquired, with evident surprise and interest. "No, No!" the men replied. "Well now," he continued, "I will see to that." And he did. That evening beyond Zanesville, our train ran in on a country siding, while an express train dashed by. A note was dropped from the express, for our colonel, informing him that the paymaster was aboard and would begin paying us at Zanesville. When we arrived there, we found him waiting for us, and all through the night, by the dim light of our candles, he went from car to car, until he had given the last man two months' pay.

We also gave General Slocum credit for arranging it that the Twenty-seventh should remain at Indianapolis all of one day. The troops changed cars at Indianapolis, but most of them only remained there a short time. We arrived in the early morning and were told then that we would not likely go out before night. Inasmuch as many of the parents, wives, children and other relatives and close friends of the members of the regiment had been notified by personal telegrams of our coming, and had purposely met us there, this arrangement was a great kindness.

The General's hint to one of our Twenty-seventh boys, at Indianapolis, was also characteristic of the man. This Twenty-seventh soldier chanced to see the General at a time when he seemed to be at leisure, so he made bold to speak to him of what was uppermost in his mind. He told him that we were to pass through his own, home town, that he had not been at home, nor absent from the regiment a single day, since enlisting, now more than two years, and asked the General if he might not stop and see his people for one day. General Slocum could command 50,000 soldiers like a skilled chess player can manage his pieces upon the board. Here we see one of the secrets of it. With much sympathy he replied, in substance, "Soldier, I am very sorry, but I cannot give you a furlough; no one except the secretary of war, or some one acting by his authority, can do that. Still, if I had served in the regiment that you have, for over two years, without being at home once, or absent from duty a single day, and was passing directly through my own home town, I would most certainly stop for just a little while, on my own

responsibility. And I will say this much: If you conclude to do the same, and should get into trouble over it, I will do all I can to help you out."

Though anticipating somewhat, it may be stated in this connection that officers were detailed by the General's orders and left at Louisville, where stragglers would first encounter military rule and where those without passes or furloughs would be taken into custody. These officers were armed with full power to take charge of all late comers of the Twelfth Corps and bring them on to the front. This made it easy for those who stopped off at home to overtake us without serious detention. It is scarcely necessary to say also that all such were sent to the regiment at once, when they reached the corps, and nothing farther was said about it.

But only a limited number could stop off, even for a short time. The regimental organization, and that of each company, had to be maintained, and the property and equipments which we had with us had to be cared for. It called, therefore, for heroic self-denial on the part of some. Most of the Twenty-seventh passed within an hour's ride of their homes, and many of them within actual sight. The writer sat in the open door of the freight car, by the side of a comrade when the train passed his father's house, which stood within a stone's throw of the track. With all that we had been called upon to do and to witness, and with what, in all probability was yet to come, the impulse to stop was very strong, if only for the next train.

In this the unselfishness and true comradeship of the boys were again exemplified. Men of families, or whose parents were known to be quite old, or in feeble health, and those who, for any reason, had special occasion to go home, were urged to do so. While the unmarried, and those not having any special call to stop off, generously offered to remain and do double duty. The recollection comes up unbidden that much of this had a sequel. Several of those who then saw home and friends, partly through the kindness and encouragement of officers and comrades, never saw them again; while some who then voluntarily denied themselves the opportunity, for the sake of others, never had the opportunity recur. When these crossed the Ohio river they were never to recross it in the body.

The train conveying the Twenty-seventh left Indianap-

olis early in the evening and arrived at Jeffersonville in the forenoon of the next day. There we left the cars again and were taken over the river on a ferry boat.

In Kentucky things began to have a familiar look. War in one locality is much the same as in another. There were more houses and less naked chimneys, more fences and growing crops, and not so many open spaces and barren fields, through Kentucky and Tennessee, than through Virginia. But the same ubiquitous blue uniforms, the same mystical and potent "U. S.," painted or stenciled upon almost everything movable, and some things that were not, the same earthworks and blockhouses at the bridges and culverts, etc., etc., were in evidence.

When we first began to come in contact with the soldiers of the Western armies our faith was shaken still more as to the desirability of the change we were making. In the cities in rear of those armies we would naturally see many of their sick and convalescents. The blackened, fleshless victims of malarial fevers and camp diarrhœa constituted a class of sufferers that we had seen nothing of before this. The sight of them almost appalled us. We learned later that these cases had come mostly from the armies serving along the Mississippi and other Western rivers. Those scourges had not prevailed extensively in the Army of the Cumberland, and were almost unknown in it after it reached the mountain districts of Tennessee and Georgia.

The ride from Louisville to Nashville was the roughest and most disagreeable of any part of our long journey. This seemed to be caused largely by the reckless manner in which the trains were run. It was impossible, a good part of the time that the train was in motion, to sit or lie still, much less to sleep.

We passed through Nashville without leaving the cars, though it required the best part of a day to switch the trains around and get them started south again. The speed from Nashville on was as slow in proportion as it had been fast this side of that point. Almost every little station south of Nashville had been named over and over again in the dispatches relating to the progress of the war. On Sunday morning, about daylight, October 4, 1863, we leaped out of the cars into a fog so thick that it could almost be cut into chunks. The train had come to a standstill, and there seemed

to be a number of switches, or sidings, extending along the base of a mountain that was higher than we could see in the fog. Where they had not been freshly tramped down, rank weeds, higher than our heads, were to be seen everywhere, growing out of a rich alluvial soil. A few cheap, wooden houses, now much the worse for neglect and abuse, stood back from the sidings. Nearer were immense piles of boxes and barrels, all marked "U. S." When enough of us had gotten off to begin to raise some commotion, a man poked his bare head out of a tent near by, to see what was the matter. "Where are we?" some one of us inquired. "Stevenson, Alabama," he said, gruffly, and drew his head in again.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TULLAHOMA.

The evidence was not long in developing that the troops had been brought West for something more than ornament. Less than two hours after getting off the cars at Stevenson we were getting back onto others—open flat cars this time—and were destined shortly to be racing hither and yon, at our old calling of trying to head off rebel cavalry. In the West it was Wheeler and Forrest who occupied the position filled by Stewart and others in the East, and who attended industriously to the matter of riding around our army, burning railroad bridges and destroying other property. In this instance it was Wheeler.*

The utter folly and uselessness of employing infantry against Cavalry when making such a raid, further than to reinforce certain weak points, or to guard important isolated crossings, has been mentioned heretofore. The belated passenger who, arriving after the train has gone, starts on foot to overtake it, is only jeered at by onlookers. Not a whit more rational is a commander, who sends a few thousand infantry to prevent a body of mounted men from crossing a railroad a hundred miles long, or with the expectation of striking them while crossing, when they can go over it equally as well at one point as another. Whether we had brought this species of lunacy with us, or whether it was indigenous in the West, as well as East, “deponent answereth not.”

The cars carried us back over the same route we had come, first, to Dechard, and then—it is impossible at this date to determine where. The different regiments of the brigade manifestly did not remain together, though this the writer has found nowhere expressly stated. The Twenty-seventh had a large detachment on “French leave,” back in Indiana or on the way somewhere. It had another considerable detachment with the regimental baggage and stores,

*The same “Fighting Joe” of recent history.

which were also behind. What remained of the regiment may have been further subdivided and sent to different points. Anyway, diaries tell different stories with reference to this period, hard to reconcile. The writer is confident that he came on the cars, after various detentions, as far north as a burned bridge, not far below Murfreesboro. He is equally confident that Colonel Colgrove was in command of this part of the Twenty-seventh, large or small.

The brigade, or most of it, must have pulled itself together again a day or two after this at Christiana, a little further south. The writer can not be mistaken about having had charge of a picket reserve there much larger than was common for persons of his rank, and in it were details from most, if not all, of the regiments. There was much bloodshed. A drove of hogs in the vicinity suffered terribly. The impression seemed widely, and perhaps violently, prevalent that regulations with respect to foraging were different in Tennessee from what they had been in Virginia. The only regulation that was rigidly enforced by the one in command that day was, "Don't let me *see* you kill any hogs, or *see* any confiscated property."

After a short stay about Christiana, the line of march was gradually southward. With various halts and possibly some counter-marches we arrived at Tullahoma on the 11th. Most of the time on these marches we had been in a good country, naturally. Our bivouacks and periods of rest had often been in fine beech, poplar and walnut groves. Near the village of Bellbuckle we camped for a time among some of the largest, finest yellow poplars that the writer has ever seen outside of Indiana. The ground in many places was also thickly strewn with beech and hickory nuts.

Since arriving from the East we had for the first time come into contact with colored troops. There had been much heated discussion over the matter of arming the late slaves. Direful things were threatened by the Southern authorities if it was done, some of which were carried into effect later. At the North few opposed it, or questioned its propriety, except those whose loyalty was not above suspicion. An admirable expression of the sentiment of the army upon the subject was made by a soldier of the writer's acquaintance, belonging to another regiment. He was asked in a scornful tone, when at home wounded, whether he wanted "a nigger

to stand aside of him in battle." He promptly replied, "No! I want the nigger to stand in front of me." So it was often said by the soldiers in the field, if a negro could stop a rebel bullet, or, better still, if he could stop the rebel from shooting the bullet, let him come on. It was a little hard on those white regiments that had been guarding bridges, and doing other duty in the rear, to be relieved by colored soldiers and sent to the front, but the members of the Twenty-seventh had no occasion to find fault with that.

The colored troops which we saw at this time impressed us with the exactness with which they executed their orders. A colored soldier on guard controlled all the country in sight of him, and he knew no such thing as rank. That some of our officers were called to a halt and marched off to the officer of the day because they inadvertently strayed too near the colored guard line, afforded us more than one good laugh at their expense.

During the last day before reaching Tullahoma we crossed another creek "endways." The number of times we waded the one creek, or as Chaplain Quint says, "walked through it," would probably seem incredible if stated in these piping times of peace.

Chaplain Quint also makes some witty observations in this connection about the leader of a column of marching men being required to walk and carry a load. The horses for our mounted officers had not yet overtaken us and some of them could make no other terms with fate on this march than to "foot it," like the balance of us. The Chaplain was among this number and, in his meditations while trudging along, he came first, to the conclusion that the one who has charge of men marching on foot ought always to be required himself to go in the same way. Later, he decided that he not only ought to be required to walk, but also to carry a load, and the further the Chaplain went the heavier the load he was disposed to lay on the leader. Others had worked out the same conclusions, earlier in the war, though perhaps not able to state them in quite such attractive English.

While at Tullahoma this time we camped upon the bluff at the northwestern corner of the town, really in the town. The first days after our arrival there were devoted to a very wet rain. When the rain finally ceased we ventured out of our tents, stretched our limbs, and began to take our bearings.

Matters in Tennessee were quite different from what they had been in Virginia, in many respects. The general aspect of things was not so different from Indiana. Neither were the people all disloyal, and there was not such an evident tone of hostility everywhere. A Union soldier could feel somewhat at home. Quite a proportion of the citizens he met were in full sympathy with him. And, while the signs of war were evident on every hand, the country had not been laid waste as it had been where we had mostly served. Fresh meat and vegetables were as cheap in Tullahoma as they have been in the average Northern town since the war. No soldier with any money at all would forage sweet potatoes; he could buy them for less than he considered it worth to dig them. On the whole we rather like the prospect.

Just at this time an army incident transpired that carried us all entirely away. A number of officers and soldiers assembled at the station one day with the band, to see and greet one whom they had learned incidentally was to pass through on the cars. We had all known of him, but no one of us had ever seen him. When the train arrived he stepped out on the rear platform. He was then a major-general and held the highest command of any one in the United States army—the reward of his previous successes. Yet he wore a faded coat, the buttons of which indicated the rank of brigadier-general, and in his demeanor he was as bashful and modest as a school boy. What he said could not be heard a rod away. No need to say that this was General Grant.

The sight of this plain, unassuming Western man, with his Western ways, brought our hearts right up into our throats. We cheered with a wild abandon, Bless God! the days of our serfdom were over. At last we were under men who could think of something besides brass buttons, tinsel and gilt lace. There were to be other standards of excellence than parades and reviews.

A little later the following entries were made in the diary of a Twenty-seventh soldier: October 23, to Dechard; October 24, to Anderson; October 25, to Dechard; October 26, to Tullahoma. Brief, but true. With more detail, these entries mean that, under orders, which had every appearance of being serious, we started to the front. We carried ten days' rations of bread, five of meat and an extra supply of ammunition. The first day we marched to Dechard, over a good road and

through a level country—an easy march of fifteen miles. The next day we toiled up the rocky side of the main chain of the Cumberland Mountains and descended again on the opposite side. We went over the mountain exactly where the railroad goes partly under it. There had been little or no road there before. The only time it had ever been used, we were told, was while the railroad was being built. With infinite labor we pulled the artillery and baggage wagons up by hand on one side and eased them down again on the other. In



GEN. U. S. GRANT.
(From war time photograph.)

places ledges of rock rose from one to three feet, almost perpendicular, and in others the wheels cut down in the soft, black soil squarely to the hubs. That night we camped at Anderson's depot

After crossing the mountain the road follows down the Crow Creek Valley, a very wild and picturesque locality, hemmed in by high mountains. Near where we camped was a spring large enough to run a mill. It issued from a cavern in the side of the mountain into which a man could walk almost upright. Beech nuts were again plentiful.

Next morning there was a delay in starting. When the start was made we took the back track; and the march that day and the following one were the exact counterparts of the two previous days, except that the direction was reversed. The fourth night found us back at Tullahoma, upon the precise spot from which we had started. Several thousand men had just had a nice promenade, of some seventy miles, for their health.

The explanation of this transaction, current at the time, was to the effect that an order was issued for our division to go to the front and the Second Division to remain in the rear. But General Geary, the commander of the Second Division, objected. He was a large man, with a rugged, if not violent, disposition. When he learned of the arrangement he went to the higher authorities and made a disturbance. He complained that the First Division had too often been preferred over his. It had been given all chances to distinguish itself, while his division had been kept in the background. Whether this report was true or not, our division was ordered back and the other division went forward. Williams' division guarded the railroad and Geary's division participated in "the Battle Above the Clouds." In the absence of any other, this explanation is given for what it is worth.

It proved that the Twenty-seventh was now to settle down to a life of garrison and guard duty, lasting over five months. The experience was new and opened to us another phase of army life. The other regiments of the brigade and division were sent to other points, where we saw little or nothing of them. One company of the Twenty-seventh was sent to Poor Man's Run, two miles below Tullahoma, to guard the bridge at that point.

The seniority of Colonel Colgrove was probably why the Twenty-seventh was retained at Tullahoma. It was undoubtedly the post of honor, being the headquarters of the corps, divisions and brigade, and on other accounts, the center of interest for that district of country. We had with us one live major-general and two live brigadiers. Tullahoma was also a military "post," with a post commander, post provost-marshal, post quartermaster, etc. In a large hotel building near the depot was a regularly equipped general hospital and near the town, on the northeast, was a regularly constructed fort, mounting some heavy guns, and garrisoned by a Kentucky

artillery company. Colonel Colgrove was Post Commander and Captain Williams was Post Provost-marshal.

Before the war, Tullahoma had been a prosperous town of a thousand inhabitants. It has an unusually high altitude, making it a cool, healthful place, and it was, and is still, a summer resort of considerable note. It had been greatly distressed by the war. The rebel army had been there the previous winter and it was now a stopping place for many of our troops. The best that could be done, one building after another was burned or torn down. Not over three hundred people were in the town at this time.

The second day after our return to Tullahoma our camp was moved to a point between the railroad and the fort. There we at once prepared such quarters as would enable us to pass the winter with some comfort, though the materials were not available to do as well as we had formerly done. These quarters we occupied until Spring.

The following headlines from a diary, kept by a member of the Twenty-seventh, will recall to any survivor of the regiment some of the most prominent features of that winter's experience. On picket and patrolling the railroad. Out with forage train. Parties and dances in town, ditto, ditto in the country. Veteranizing. Guerrillas capture foragers. Cold New Years. Guerrillas wreck railroad trains. General Slocum going away. Veterans start home at midnight. Hunting rabbits and turkeys. Veterans arrive from Nashville. Many other veterans march through. Hovey's babies to the front.

The exactions of picket duty at Tullahoma were very severe. To maintain an unbroken line of pickets around the place was impracticable; but several posts, with good reserves, were established out on all the roads and other probable entrances. There was considerable fine weather, of course, but some of it was as venomous as anybody ever saw. That winter averaged colder than either of the others we spent in the army. No record of the temperature at Tullahoma has turned up, but a statement that the thermometer stood at four degrees below zero, on the morning of January 2d, 1864, at Bridgeport, Alabama, seems authentic. To go on picket every other night, out under the open sky, through an entire winter, is an irksome, slavish, health-destroying life. That

was what most of the Twenty-seventh did there, regardless of rank.

Yet clouds had silver lining then, as they are believed to have always. Wherever a survivor of the Twenty-seventh can be found, at the present time, the chances are that he will recall the winter at Tullahoma with a smile. The matter of parties in town and country, hinted at in the above quotation, will likely have something to do with the smile. In and around the village there seemed to be even more than the usual number of young ladies. Many of them belonged to Union families, some having brothers or fathers in the Union army. Only a short time sufficed for most members of the regiment to be on at least calling terms with some of these. Few indeed were the men who did not spend more or less time in their society. No one was the worse for it either, unless it was through some fault of his own. The writer can testify, being in a position later on, where he had the opportunity to learn more of the facts, that the untraveled, unpretentious people of Tullahoma, young and old, were worthy of more sincere consideration and esteem than they received in all cases. Their motive largely was to lessen the hardships and deprivations of soldiers for the flag. At least two of our Twenty-seventh boys were married at Tullahoma, and brought their wives with them to Indiana, when on veteran furlough.

That the usual amount of rough-and-tumble sport, pranks, games and various pastimes, were kept up this winter, doubtless might be taken for granted. The trick of throwing men up in a blanket had a greater run here than ever before. Whenever several persons wanted to show some one a little special attention, particularly if they wanted to visit upon him a mild punishment for real or fancied misdoing, they invariably seized him and tossed him up in a blanket a few times. In many messes this was the standing penalty for the violation of a mess rule, or any little transgression or failure. If one did not see to getting water or wood, when it was his turn, was not prompt in coming to his meals, permitted his traps to lay around in the way, above all, if he was grumpy and cross, he was sure to find himself sailing in the air, under the uplifting force of a strong blanket or tarpaulin, in the kindly but determined hands of his messmates. Even commissioned officers were not all exempt. No one would have

thought of subjecting some of them to such an ordeal; but in some instances officers stepped so far aside themselves, that they were almost obliged to take their turn at this exercise, like little men, or do worse.

The Twenty-seventh had more enjoyment of the brigade band this winter, and saw more of its members, than had been the case previously. This band had formerly belonged to the Second Massachusetts and for that reason, likely, it commonly remained close to the Second. What music the Twenty-seventh received was at second hand. This winter the band was at Tullahoma most of the time.



“BLANKET EXERCISE.”

(Plate kindly loaned by Chaplain Biederwolf, 161st Ind.)

It must have been a very superior one, really an aggregation of artists. General Sherman and General Howard, as well as thousands of other soldiers, have testified to the peculiar impressions made upon them by the music of this band.

Almost every evening during the winter at Tullahoma, when the weather would at all do, the band gave concerts, frequently until late at night. The writer recalls very distinctly the delightful impressions that these serenades made upon him. Many times he was awakened out of his sleep by

the inspiring strains of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and other patriotic pieces. One of the favorites of this band, of a different character, was "Old Gray Horse, Get Out of the Wilderness."

This was the winter, of course, when the question of re-enlistment for another three years, or during the war, had to be acted upon. Desirous of securing the further services of those trained, disciplined soldiers whose terms of enlistment would expire during the following Summer, Congress passed a law offering an installment bounty of \$400, a furlough of thirty days, and what has proved to be the empty honor of being called a veteran, to all soldiers who had already served two years or more, and would now re-enlist for another three years. The matter was not pushed with much energy in the Twenty-seventh. The officers seemed to be rather conservative about it themselves. There was no enthusiasm over it in any quarter. What might have been the result if fuller explanations had been made, or additional effort put forth, can not now be told. As it was, less than half of the regiment re-enlisted, not enough to entitle it to be called a veteran regiment. Those who thoughtfully decided to re-enlist unquestionably acted a prudent part. It seemed to some that there were substantial reasons why they ought not to do so. Of those who did not re-enlist, the writer does not know of a single one who did not show by his conduct after coming home, that he had some plan of life previously studied out, and something that was creditable to him.

The veterans seem to have had a glorious visit to Indiana. They were permitted to come as an organized regiment, bringing the colors, musicians and a full complement of officers with them. They were formally welcomed back to the State by Governor Morton, in a highly eulogistic speech. Everywhere they went they were met with wild demonstrations of honor and cordiality, by all the people. The entire thirty days was one continuous round of gaiety, of dinners, receptions and parties, given in their behalf. The blessed Hoosier women and girls, in particular, left no room for doubt that Virtue honors Courage. With glowing eyes and sweetest smiles, they gave their heartiest approval and encouragement. A number of the boys closed the bargain with the girls they had left behind at first, and had corresponded with for over two years, and were happily married.

At the expiration of the thirty days the men reassembled at Indianapolis and returned to the field in the best of spirits. They shared the fate of almost all returning veterans at this period and had to march from Nashville to Tullahoma. The trains from Nashville south were so heavily taxed in accumulating stores at the front that transportation could be furnished to very few soldiers, going in that direction.

The only hostilities from the enemy at Tullahoma were from guerrillas. These at times were bold, as well as treacherous, and were considerable of an annoyance.

As previously noted, the people in the town and immediately around it, particularly to the east and north, were quite generally loyal. At least, there were enough in those sections who were loyal to make it too hazardous for bushwhackers. But not far south, and southwest, was a section of country where the rebel sentiment was rampant. Lincoln and Franklin counties, situated in that direction, had early been hot beds of secession. When the majority of the people of Tennessee voted to remain in the Union, as they did at the only election ever held over the question having any pretense of fairness about it, these two counties called conventions and passed ordinances of secession, withdrawing from Tennessee and asking admission to the state of Alabama.

That fact, by the way, has helped the writer to understand the doctrine, and practical operations, of secession. It stands to him as a demonstration of what would have been the rule, if the rebellious states had succeeded. Any state, county, township or school district, dissatisfied, from any cause, with its relations, could then have dissolved them at will. Ambitious politicians, and unscrupulous schemers of every kind, could have resorted to these measures at any time to further their ends. That meant anarchy. The shooting to death in the Civil war of the hot-headed, unreasonable and unreasoning monster—Secession—was a long step in the direction of stable, law-abiding government.

The people in the above direction from Tullahoma encouraged guerrilla warfare and bushwhacking, harboring and assisting in hiding those engaged in it. It was surprising, as well as shocking, that people of the highest standing, both morally and religiously, or who had been such, did this. The writer personally knew of instances of white-haired, tottering men and women, who for forty years had maintained active rela-

tions with Christian churches, yet who when asked if they had seen certain persons lately would say No, and call upon God to strike them dead if they were not telling the truth. Yet the one asking the question had seen the persons inquired after go out of their presence barely a moment before. Instances of this kind were repeated over and over. That was the spirit of the rebellion. Some phases of the war to which this narrative relates do not really belong to the sphere of political or governmental science, but fall properly under the head of demonology.



LIEUT. J. M. JAMISON.
(Regimental Quartermaster.)



FIRST LIEUT. S. D. PORTER.
Co. A.

Below Tullahoma some distance the railroad passed through a thinly settled, wooded country. Not far from that point, on the west side of the track, was a region of deep ravines, and steep, rocky hills, all thickly covered with trees and bushes. This region furnished the marauders a vantage ground, from which to sally out and to which to retreat. Their attacks upon the railroad were always late in the after-

noon, and before they could be pursued far, darkness would come to their aid. By morning they would be dispersed, and, in appearance and by profession, they would be the most harmless and inoffensive of citizens.

Twice during the winter, trains were thrown from the portion of the railroad track that was under the supervision of the Twenty-seventh. No lives were lost either time, and the destruction of property was not large. Before the villains could kill, burn or plunder to any great extent, our men were upon them.

The most serious affair in which any of the Twenty-seventh had a part, while the regiment was at Tullahoma, is described very clearly, and in detail, in an order which General Thomas issued in relation to it. That order in full is as follows :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Jan. 1, 1864.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 6.

It having been reported to these headquarters that between seven and eight o'clock on the evening of the 23d ult., within one and a half miles of the village of Mulberry, Lincoln county, Tenn., a wagon, which had become detached from a foraging train belonging to the United States, was attacked by guerrillas, and the officer in command of the foragers, First Lieutenant Porter, Company A, Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, the teamster, and two other soldiers who had been sent to load the train (the latter four unarmed) captured. They were immediately mounted and hurried off, the guerrillas avoiding the road, until the party was halted about one o'clock in the morning, on the bank of Elk river, where the rebels stated they were going into camp for the night. The hands of the prisoners were then tied behind them, and they were then robbed of everything of value upon their persons. They were next drawn up in line about five paces in front of their captors, and one of the latter, who acted as leader, commanded "ready," and the whole party immediately fired upon them. One of the prisoners was shot through the head and killed instantly, and three were wounded. Lieutenant Porter was not hit. He immediately ran, was followed and fired upon three times by one of the party, and finding that he was about to be overtaken, threw himself over a precipice into the river, and succeeding in getting his hands loose, swam to the opposite side and, although pursued to that side and several times fired upon, he, after twenty-four hours of extraordinary exertion and great exposure, reached a house, whence he was taken to Tullahoma, where he now lies in a critical situation. The others after being shot, were immediately thrown into the river. Thus the murder of three men, Newall E. Orcutt, Ninth Independent Battery, Ohio Volunteer Artillery; John W. Drought, Company H, Twenty-second Wisconsin Volunteers, and George W. Jacobs, Company D, Twenty-second Wisconsin

Volunteers, was accomplished by shooting and drowning. The fourth, James W. Foley, Ninth Independent Battery, Ohio Volunteer Artillery, is now lying in hospital, having escaped by getting his hands free while in the water.

For these atrocious and cold-blooded murders, equalling in savage ferocity any ever committed by the most barbarous tribes on this continent, committed by rebel citizens of Tennessee, it is ordered that the property of all other rebel citizens living within a circuit of ten miles of the place where these men were captured be assessed, each in his due proportion, according to his wealth, to make up the sum of \$30,000, to be divided among the families who were dependent on the murdered men for support as follows: Ten thousand dollars to be paid to the widow of George W. Jacobs, of Delavan, Walworth county, Wisconsin, for the support of herself and one child. Ten thousand dollars to be paid to the widow of John W. Drought, of North Cape, Racine county, Wisconsin, for the support of herself and two children. Ten thousand dollars to be divided between the aged mother and sister of Newell E. Orcutt, of Burton, Geauga county, Ohio. Should the persons assessed fail within one week after notice shall have been served on them, to pay the amount of the tax in money, sufficient of their personal property shall be seized and sold at public auction to make up the amount. Major-General H. W. Slocum, commanding Twelfth Army Corps, is charged with the execution of this order.

The men who committed the murder, if caught, will be summarily executed, and any person executing them will be held guiltless, and will receive the protection of this army; and all persons who are suspected of having aided or harbored these guerrillas will be immediately arrested and tried by a military commission.

By Command of

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS.

WM. D. WHIPPLE, A. A. G.

The foregoing affair, in all of its details, was shocking, but it revealed the characters we were dealing with and put us on our guard. Our forage trains continued to go into that same region all Winter, and no more of our men were molested. Lieutenant Porter, "Sam," as he was called by his intimate friends, had the hearty sympathy of all of us. He has never fully recovered from the barbarous ordeal to which he was then subjected.

An effort was made immediately to apprehend and punish the perpetrators of this crime. A large number of persons were arrested, both as principals and accessories, and brought to Tullahoma. Later a military commission was convened, and was in session many days, trying them. The understanding was that several of them were found guilty and sentenced to death; and there was a report afterwards that they had been executed in the penitentiary at Nashville, where they

were sent after being convicted. We of the Twenty-seventh always had our fears, not to say doubts, about the latter report being true.

The money mentioned in General Thomas' order was promptly collected and paid to those to whom, by the terms of the order, it was due. For this purpose a regiment, the One Hundred and Fiftieth New York, recently attached to our brigade, was sent into the neighborhood where the crime was committed. A surprising fact in this connection, that the writer happens to know of, was that most of the money was paid promptly, and much of it was paid in gold. The people were thus vastly more able to pay their assessments than anybody had supposed them to be.

Under the provision that property should be taken and sold, in cases where the money was not forthcoming, several bales of cotton were levied upon and brought to Tullahoma to be exposed for sale. As Post Provost marshal Captain Williams had charge of this latter transaction. To facilitate it a five or six-line notice was inserted in a Nashville paper. The first to see this, apparently, were the treasury agents, whose business it was to prevent the army from dabbling in cotton. They made their appearance in Tullahoma without delay, but the sale was not interfered with. At the present writing cotton is quoted at four cents per pound. This cotton brought *sixty-three and one-half cents*, cash, at public auction. These were war prices!

The organization of the Twentieth Corps, which occurred at this time, by the consolidation of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, and the addition of other troops, making three strong divisions, had some features about it that were agreeable to us, and others that were quite the reverse. We were pleased to have a larger corps; the Twelfth Corps, as it was, with all our pride in its record, was too small. It never had regularly but two divisions, and those were hardly up to the standard for size. In consequence, the corps had been overshadowed by larger corps and deprived of proper credit. This was true both at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. It was next to impossible, in the nature of things, for a small corps to attain to the prestige of a large one. To give us a larger corps, therefore, was in the line of our ambitions.

But to lose General Slocum and to have the number of our brigade changed (from Third to Second) were both highly

unsatisfactory. Neither of these things should have been done. General Slocum was given command of the Twentieth Corps later, and developments, both before and afterward, proved that this should have been done at the start. It was said at the time that the Eleventh Corps men were responsible for the fact that the Twentieth Corps used the badge of the Twelfth Corps. When it was proposed to make the badge of the new corps a combination of the two former ones—a star and crescent—they said, “No, let it be the star alone.” So it was, and we were thus permitted to wear our red stars on to the end. For this we owe them a great debt. It may be



MAJ.-GEN. GEO. H. THOMAS.
(Commander Army of the Cumberland.)

a little late to suggest it now, but if they had only thought to go a little further and suggest that the name of the Twelfth Corps and its commander also be retained, our obligations to them would have been vastly increased.

Our brigade should also have been allowed to retain its old number. Some may ask, with a sneer, “what’s in a name?” But thoughtful people know that there is something nevertheless. When it carries with it thoughts and associations that incite and inspire to high endeavors, there is much in a name. Throughout almost the entire period of their active

service, the several regiments, now under General Ruger, had been known as the Third Brigade. Without really intending it, they had come to call themselves, and others had come to call them, by that name, in almost the same sense that certain brigades were known as "The Iron Brigade," "The Excelsior Brigade," "The Irish Brigade," etc., etc. To change the number, therefore, amounted to a legal (or illegal) prohibition of something that was not only convenient from long usage, but was a matter of pride and ambition as well. There was not a little lost to the army, through frequent changes. New commanders, strangers to antecedent facts, often turned everything topsy turvy. Men with axes to grind also secured transfers and interchanges in their own interests. What were the wishes, or what the reputation, or even the lives, of a thousand or so men, if they stood in the way of their ambition? But the history of this subject unquestionably shows that, other things being equal, those regiments that remained in the same relations, and larger commands that preserved the same organizations, for the longest periods, not only made for themselves the best names, but actually rendered the best service.

In this same connection the troops lately from the Army of the Potomac were regularly incorporated into the Army of the Cumberland. This we have always rejoiced over. We wanted to remain in the West, now that we were here; and, remaining in the West, we wanted to be fully identified with the Western army. The Army of the Cumberland already had an enviable record, and Gen. George H. Thomas, its commander, had already established himself as one of the few really great generals of history. The survivors of the Twenty-seventh have always cherished the fact with especial pride that their regiment sustained actual, vital relations with those two illustrious armies—the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the Cumberland. It was the only regiment from Indiana that was favored with that distinction.

All of the foregoing reorganizations and changes grew out of another transaction of great import. That was the promotion of General Grant to the command of all of the armies of the United States, and of General Sherman to succeed him as commander of the Military Division of the Mississippi. The latter embraced all of the Western armies. Nothing ever occurred in the career of the Twenty seventh that had, in all

respects, as satisfactory an outcome, and that through all the years, has so comforted and rewarded the survivors of the regiment for their toils and sacrifices, as the fact that they served with, and became thus historically related to, this rare military genius and incomparable army comrade. To have blacked officers' shoes or driven a mule team under Sherman was glory enough for an ordinary lifetime.



GEN. W. T. SHERMAN.
(From a war time photograph.)

Dr. Woollen tells of a good hit, sprung upon him during this period, at the expense of his profession. While the Twenty-seventh was at Tullahoma, the Doctor was appointed surgeon-in-charge of a large general hospital at Murfreesboro. This was a high compliment to the Doctor, his age considered, but that has nothing to do with the story. As one of the steps in securing discipline in the hospital and ridding it of numerous species of disorder and incompetency, with their resulting filth and contagion, among which was hospital gangrene, the Doctor early established a system of rigid weekly inspections, according to Army Regulations. At the first inspection he found much that confirmed him as to the call for such a course, as well as some crude but sincere preparations.

Upon approaching a certain bed in one of the wards, however, he could see at a glance that everything was in striking contrast to some that he had found before that. Here was a trained soldier. All the sur-

roundings were neatly tidied, the bed was clean, made up perfectly and all of its accessories arranged in apple-pie order. On its foot sat its occupant, convalescent, as the majority in the hospital were. When the Doctor drew near the man rose to his feet and saluted, then stood at attention. The Doctor briefly complimented him and was passing on, when the man said, "I see you don't know me, Doctor." Dr. Woollen took a second look at him, but was obliged to confess that he did not recollect him. "Why," said the man, "I belong to your regiment, the Twenty-seventh Indiana." The Doctor expressed his pleasure, and again complimented the man on his evident soldierly qualities, remarking upon the fact also that he had been detailed to do duty away from the regiment a considerable part of the time. The man then stated that he also had been absent on detached duty when taken sick. "What have you been doing?" was the natural inquiry of the Doctor. With a wave of his hand and a twinkle in his eye, the man replied, "I have been engaged in the same occupation as yourself, Doctor, I have been brigade butcher."

Many of the Twenty-seventh will doubtless remember the incident about the coffin, at Tallahoma. Among the quartermaster's stores, kept in the old depot, not very carefully guarded, was a lot of plain, unpainted poplar coffins. All who were about the building, as most of us were occasionally, were accustomed to seeing them, piled up in one end of the disorderly room. But at length, one of them came up missing. Rather a strange thing to steal, was a coffin. Still the quartermaster had to account for them, the same as for other property, and he did not care to pay for one out of his own pocket. The search for it was entered upon somewhat hopelessly, however, as no one could think of anybody having any use for a coffin, except to split it up for kindling, in which case it would be useless to hunt for it now. In this respect the searching party, as well as the quartermaster, was soon agreeably surprised. Before going far they found the missing article, snugly stowed away in a soldier's quarters, in a perfect state of preservation. *He had taken it to use as a cupboard.*

A certain squad of Twenty-seventh boys (though scarcely boys now) still have fun among themselves, when they meet, as they only can at long intervals (for half the continent divides them), over a little episode at Tallahoma, with reference to an oyster supper. They thought it would be nice to have such a supper, at the house of one of the friendly citizens. They were to furnish the oysters and all the necessary adjuncts, while the friendly people of the house were to furnish the room for the assemblage and the cooks, inviting for this purpose sundry young ladies of the town. No need to state that here was the real attraction. All went well, but the supper was unaccountably long in preparation. Some of the boys, better acquainted than the rest, had suggested that, if the ladies did not understand how to cook oysters, they would be only too glad to assist them. Their services were declined with thanks. The ladies knew perfectly well how to cook oysters. Very late, the guests were at last called into the dining room. As they sat down to the table, the hostess apologized, very humbly, for the tedious delay, and expressed the fear that the boys would not find the oysters very good. She said she had *boiled them for over an hour and yet they would not get tender!*

CHAPTER XXX.

RESACA.

On Tuesday morning, April 28, the Twenty-seventh, having bidden good-by to friends, turned away from familiar scenes and marched out of Tullahoma. It was now entering upon the famous battle summer of 1864. The day proved to be sultry, and there was soon a radical discarding of overcoats, blankets and surplus clothing. Soldiers early learn to be wary about what they try to carry on a march; but when there is a possibility of more cold weather, and some uncertainty as to how fast or how far the march is to be, the impulse is strong to hold on to articles of comfort. In addition to the heat to-day the movement was sprightly. Consequently the road was speedily strewn with various articles that the boys concluded to dispense with. Towards evening there was an April shower. Dechard was our stopping place for the night.

This time the column diverged eastward from the railroad at Dechard, and saw it no more between that and Bridgeport. The second night, after an all day's ascent of the mountain, we stopped at University Place. This was another one of those localities the extreme beauty and attractiveness of which was marred only by the fact that a bloody war was raging. The rebel General Polk, of whom we are to hear later, had some leading part in establishing the college here. In descending from the mountain our course lay down the valley of Battle Creek. The roads were rough at best, and the rains falling every day did not improve them.

On Sunday, May 1, Bridgeport was reached, the Tennessee river was crossed, and the march continued on to Shellmound. This was the first day since starting that it did not rain.

A half day's march on the 2d brought us to Whitesides. This was the rallying point for our corps. We were again with troops here with which we had long been associated, but which we had not seen since the past summer. A marked

change had come over the weather. When we started early the following morning the ground was frozen. The stop for dinner that day was in the shadow of Lookout Mountain. In the afternoon we passed around the base of Lookout, into the Chattanooga Valley, and camped not far from the town. Another early start on the 4th took us over Missionary Ridge, through Rossville, and into camp for the night at Lee and Gordon's mill.

For several days we had been marching over notable ground. Most of the names along the way, even the names of small villages and little streams, had been blazed many times over in flaming headlines. The latter part of the march to-day had been over the battlefield of Chickamauga. The evidences of its severity were still very apparent. The timber splintered and scarred, the ground strewn with fragments of all kinds of articles used by armies, and the unburied, or half buried and now uncovered, skeletons of human beings again impressed us shockingly with the fact that war is the same everywhere. Almost every member of the Twenty-seventh had near relatives, or intimate personal friends, in the battle of Chickamauga, many of whom lost their lives.

On the 5th we marched in the direction of Ringgold. Passing Rock Spring we camped for the night at Pleasant Grove church. The following day we did not move. Taylor's Ridge still separated us from the main body of our army.

This whole region of country is very broken. Running from northeast to southwest are numerous "ridges," so called. They are really formidable mountains. They are practically impassable, except through certain low places, or gaps, to be found only at intervals of several miles. Between these ridges the ground is often very rough, cut up by small streams and deep ravines. In war time only patches of the ground, here and there, were cleared.

On the 7th we passed through Nickajack Gap, a break in Taylor's Ridge. It is a long, narrow, rocky defile, wild and picturesque, and associated with Indian history and legends, as so much of this region is. A few men could defend Nickajack Gap against an army; but the passage of the Union army through it had not been disputed. We stopped at a place bearing the suggestive name of "Trickum," otherwise known as Anderson Postoffice.

We had now arrived in close proximity to the bulk of

Sherman's army. It was at this time confronting another "ridge," known as "Rocky Face." Sharp cannonading was in progress in many places, and there had been some sharp fighting by the infantry.

Perhaps before going further a few words as to the general situation may aid in understanding what follows. The rebel army against which ours was now advancing was commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, one of the ablest of their military men. He had an army of between sixty and seventy thousand, all told. To combat this rebel army Sherman had about an even one hundred thousand, of all ranks. This difference was not great, considering that Sherman was the aggressor, and that the further he advanced the more it would deplete his army, to keep open his line of supplies. His well-understood purpose was to advance upon and capture Atlanta, then, as now, considered the "Gate City" of the South. Its possession by the Union army would greatly cripple the rebellion. The struggle for its possession could not, therefore, be otherwise than fierce and prolonged.

Sherman was already far in the interior of the enemy's country. The railroad over which he received his supplies was liable to interruption at any time, as far back as Louisville, Kentucky, and had to be carefully guarded the whole distance. Over it must come an average of one hundred and forty-five car loads of stuff daily, or suffering must ensue.

But never was an army more thoroughly reduced to a basis of actual necessities. We have seen that when the Twenty-seventh started out at first, it had more than thirty teams of its own. On the return from Coonrod's ferry we saw a hundred or more wagons marked as if they might belong to General Banks and his staff. On this Atlanta campaign a regiment was limited to one four-mule team and a company to one pack mule. Officers of all grades were practically denied all transportation for personal effects. A loss to this narrative has been that the regimental books were sent to the rear at this time and no member of the Twenty-seventh has set eyes on them since. Another change ordered at this time was that a considerable number of men employed about company and regimental headquarters, in the medical and commissary departments, etc., who heretofore had been excused from all other duty, were now required to take their muskets and go into the ranks in time of battle. The plan

was that all who consumed supplies must contribute to the fighting strength.

Returning now to the narrative of events, we find Sherman's army assembled in front of Rocky Face ridge, mostly near a gap known as Mill Creek, or "Buzzard's Roost." This gap was held by the enemy, who had strongly fortified it, and it would seem that, even before the arrival of our division, Sherman had decided not to attempt to take the place by direct assault. Such an attempt would make it more of a buzzard's roost than ever. On the contrary, he had decided upon one of the flank movements for which this campaign became famous. General McPherson had been sent to try a passage through Snake Creek Gap, another opening in the same chain of mountains, several miles to the southwest. Snake Creek Gap was found unguarded and McPherson's army promptly passed through.

The Twentieth Corps being ordered to follow McPherson, the Twenty-seventh started at midnight on the 9th, and passed through Snake Creek Gap the next afternoon. This gap receives its name from a creek, whose tortuous course resembles the trail of a snake, and which passes through this opening in the mountains. It would be difficult to find a wilder, more uncanny-looking place, than Snake Creek Gap. Here one could study nature in its untamed, gigantic aspects. In many places the rocks tower very high on both sides of the road, and the narrow space between the cliffs is often filled with tall trees and a dense growth of under brush and vines. Damp and shadowy, and resonant with reverberating noises and echoes, it seemed like the entrance to a cavern.

Our brigade at length camped upon low ground, along Snake creek, at the eastern extremity of the gap. In the night there was a heavy thunder shower, accompanied with a high wind. Many tents were blown down and in an incredibly short time the water of the creek began to overflow the camp. Never was the old brigade so quickly routed and discomfited. Bareheaded, shoeless and pantless, the men stood not on the order of their going, but gathering their worldly effects in their arms, went skurrying to the higher ground along the hillsides. The rapid flashes of lightning not only guided their course, but also exposed their condition and conduct to onlookers.

Even before the Twentieth Corps had entirely cleared

Snake Creek Gap the rebel commander evacuated Mill Creek Gap, and the region of country adjacent, and moved back to Resaca. This point had been previously fortified, as if in preparation for such a move. That a battle would be fought here soon became evident.

The country around Resaca is rough and, at this date, was largely timbered. It required considerable time, therefore, to locate the positions of the enemy, and get ready to attack them. For two days our part of the army seemed to be waiting for roadway. When we finally began moving to the left, to the northward of the town, progress was gradual. Most of the time heavy skirmishing was going on in our hearing. On the 13th and 14th of May, there was savage fighting. We took no part directly, though we were frequently exposed to overshots.

On the evening of the 14th, a portion of our division was given an opportunity to demonstrate what it could do. As we were moving to the left the enemy made an impetuous attack upon a part of our line, near where we happened to be, and broke through it. The infantry was giving ground in some disorder and a battery of artillery was on the point of being taken, in fact, was already inside of the enemy's line. But General Williams, our division commander, promptly formed his Third Brigade (ours was now the Second Brigade) and thrust it into the breach. The movement was admirable, both in its manner and in the success which it could not fail to realize. The tide was forthwith turned, the enemy was sent whirling backward, the battery was saved and all lost ground was recovered.

It was curious how quickly this incident put an end to the previous ill feeling of some of the men of the Western army towards those who had recently come from the Army of the Potomac. This was particularly true of those who witnessed it. The foolish impression was more or less prevalent in the Western army that the reason why the Army of the Potomac had not taken Richmond was because it would not fight. This did not seem to have its origin in sectional prejudice, for we who belonged in the West were no more exempt from the accusation than others. The statistics of battle losses, and other facts about the severity of battles, were not as well known then as now. When the Twenty-seventh was passing through Tennessee, on its way from the Army of

the Potomac, an Indiana regiment was guarding the railroad over which we traveled. It had been organized at Camp Morton at the same time that the Twenty-seventh was, and had started to the field about the same time. Up to this point in its service it had only met the enemy in one insignificant engagement, and then had been captured bodily. This record, if not blameworthy, was certainly nothing to boast of. The foregoing pages may indicate, in a feeble way, what the record of the Twenty-seventh had been. Yet the members of the other regiment taunted us, as we passed by, with such shouts as "All quiet on the Potomac," "Fall in for soft bread," "Hello, paper collar soldiers," "Hadn't you better stop and black your shoes," etc., etc. But the way our Army of the Potomac men handled themselves, and the way they handled the enemy at this time largely put a stop to such things.

Old "Pap" Williams evidently thought of these matters in this connection. He was a Western man himself, at least by adoption, and was in full sympathy with Western people and their ways. But he could not resist the temptation to even up with men when he had such a good opportunity. As the men of the line that had been broken came tumbling back, and officers appealed to him with much warmth to come to their assistance, he said, "Yes, yes, get your men out of the way. I have some soldiers here (barely a slight emphasis on the word soldiers) from the Army of the Potomac, who can take care of these rebels."

By the morning of the 15th the Twentieth Corps had mostly reached the vicinity of its assigned position. After some preliminary moves the Twenty-seventh finally took its place in the line of the brigade, which was formed along a timbered ridge (not a mountain) overlooking a wide ravine, along which the ground was somewhat open. The whole line then moved forward across the ravine and open ground, almost to the crest of the next ridge, which was not as high as the first had been. This advance brought some of the regiments to our left out into the cleared fields, near the log farmhouse of one J. F. Scales. This house was some two miles north of Resaca, near the railroad, on its west side.

In this position the Twenty-seventh was on the right of the brigade. The Second Massachusetts joined us on the left, while next to us on the right was the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, of the First Brigade. The enemy's main entrenched

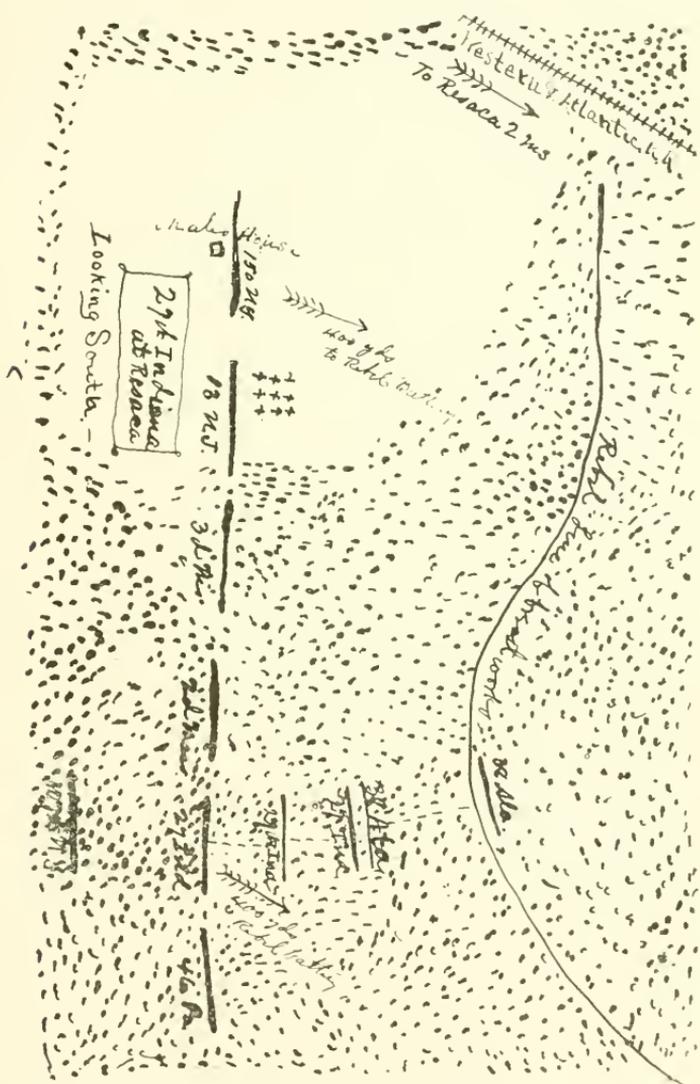
line was one hundred and twenty yards in front of ours. Further to our left his line curved back somewhat, to conform to the ridge upon which it was located, and was, therefore, further away from the Union line. The ground between the two lines varied considerably, but it was all more or less timbered, except just about the Scales house. As has been said, the line of the Twenty-seventh was not quite upon the crest of the ridge, but slightly back from it. After the crest was passed the ground immediately in our front descended gradually, through open timber, for eighty yards. Forty yards further on, upon quite a steep bluff, was the enemy's line, behind a good breastwork of timber and earth. The fact will be clear to all soldiers that nothing but the trees, which stood between the enemy's line and our own, and which hid the one from the other, prevented active hostilities from the start.

When the writer, and others formerly connected with the Twenty-seventh, visited this field in 1895, the land near the position of the regiment had been cleared. A cotton field extended from the swale, back of where our line was, forward to the base of the bluff occupied by the enemy's line. A log farmhouse stood near the exact spot where the right of the Twenty-seventh rested against the left of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania. The various positions were identified beyond a doubt and the distances were carefully measured. The ground not having been cleared at that point, the excavation for the enemy's breastworks were still plainly visible.

The thought underlying the enemy's action on this part of the field of Resaca, and which brought on the engagement at this point, was the same that we shall see so frequently controlled him in this campaign, namely, to take advantage of our side before it was fully established. We had only begun on our breastworks, therefore, when the advance of the enemy was reported. The attack began on our left and swept towards our right, which was another characteristic of the enemy throughout the campaign.

While we were busily engaged upon our breastworks, a sharp fire suddenly opened along our skirmish line. As our skirmishers were under express orders not to fire their muskets, except under very strong provocation, Colonel Colgrove galloped his horse out to ascertain what the matter was. Company G was acting as skirmishers, and the boys surmised that Capt. Peter Fesler would hear things from the colonel that

he had been known to hear before. On the contrary, when the colonel had inquired the cause of the firing, he was requested to come to the point where Captain Fesler was. He there saw, what others had seen, that the enemy's skirmishers were not only pushing forward, but that their main



line was coming over their breastworks and forming in front of them. The evident design was to assault our position.

It was very fortunate that Colonel Colgrove had gone forward as he had. He was thus enabled to set a trap for the

enemy which gave us an easy victory. Hurrying back to the Twenty-seventh he moved it forward almost half-way to the enemy's breastworks. There he had the men lie down where they were largely screened from view. They were to remain in that position until he gave the word. The company on the skirmish line was to resist as long as possible, then quietly fall into its place in the regiment. At the command the whole line was to rise up, fire a careful, deliberate volley into the ranks of the advancing enemy, then charge them with the bayonet.

These preliminaries had barely been arranged when the rebel line swept forward. No soldier will ever forget the surging emotions started within him by the announcement, "They're coming, boys!" or, what is still more thrilling, the actual sight of the advancing column! A moment, under such circumstances, seems an age. At this time the men of Company G disputed the ground inch by inch. Then, one by one, they quietly rallied to their places in the ranks. Down the hill, and out into the more level ground moved the men in gray! Unconscious of danger at this point, their steps were firm and their ranks in order. Will Colonel Colgrove never break the silence?

At length, when the rebel force was only thirty-five yards away, the Colonel, speaking in slow, distinct tones, said, "Now, boys. Ready, aim, fire!" Then he fairly shrieked the one word "Charge!" and all the other officers repeated the word, with deeply surcharged feelings, "Charge!" Poor men of the misguided South! It was all over in one terrible minute of time, and the story is soon told. Thirty-three of those men who, a moment before, were advancing so confidently, lay dead at our feet! Fully as many more were too badly wounded to be able to move without assistance; thirty-five others, including the colonel, were in our hands as prisoners: while the balance simply turned and ran so promptly and swiftly that we were not able to get them. Many of them must have thrown down their guns to facilitate their flight, as the ground was covered with them.

As a further evidence and trophy of victory the Twenty-seventh captured the flag of the advancing rebel column. It reposes at the date of this writing in the flag room of the State Capitol, at Indianapolis. The members of the regiment

and their friends occasionally go there and take a look at it, merely to recall those old days.

The battle, however, was not over. Those of the enemy who escaped with arms, on reaching their breastworks and finding that they were not pursued, faced around and opened fire upon us. Though weak at first, others must have soon come to their aid. It was not long until the fire became scathing. Seventy yards with a rest is a dangerous range. Colonel Colgrove gave the order to lie down, and forthwith we hugged the earth passionately, endeavoring meantime to return the fire. But the convexity of the bluff in front of us, while it afforded us some protection, at the same time hindered us in seeing our foes. We were also exposed to a flank fire, so that our situation soon became critical.

At this juncture the Colonel, upon the suggestion of the Major and other officers, gave the order to return to our own incomplete breastworks. The attention of the men was called to the fact that in passing up the slope, there would be extra exposure, and they were instructed to move promptly, without regard to order. The movement was, therefore, made with slight loss.

Following this return to our first position, a second rebel line, consisting apparently of two regiments, advanced from the works rather to our left. This attack fell upon the Second Massachusetts, as well as ourselves. It came with ardor and was maintained with persistence. Still, it did not stand long, under the combined fire of our two regiments. Being repeated a second time, somewhat more to our left, our two regiments swung out in counter-charge. This is the phase of the battle to which Adjutant Bryant refers when he says, "The Twenty-seventh Indiana and Second Massachusetts wheeled to the right (left) and opened fire on the flank of the advancing host, while the other regiments gave them volleys in their front."

Our advance at this time was to within fifty yards of the enemy's works. Many of our brigade have always believed firmly that their line might have been driven, if not routed, at this time. General Williams seems to intimate as much in his report. He says, "I made no effort to pursue, as my orders were to cover and protect the left, and I was ignorant of the condition of affairs with the assaulting column on the right."

During the entire engagement, even after the infantry fire had practically ceased, we were exposed to an annoying fire of artillery. After we had returned finally to our breast-works one of our good soldiers, Barney Cullen—a real character among us—was killed by a shell. The rebel artillery on the higher ground to our right, known at the time as "The fort" was captured, or practically so, by a part of the Twentieth Corps. Its capture figured somewhat, in more recent years, in a presidential election. The capture was effected by the brigade commanded by Colonel (as it was then) Ben-



FIRST LT. GEORGE T. CHAPIN.
COMPANY I.
(Mortally wounded at Resaca.)



CAPT. J. W. WILCOXEN.
COMPANY A.

jamin Harrison. Another rebel battery off to our left, was more of an annoyance to our line than the one captured.

The rebel troops in front of the Twentieth Corps at Resaca belonged to Stewart's division of Hood's corps. The claim is made by writers on that side that their assault failed because, through a misunderstanding, Stewart undertook to do alone what his and Stevenson's division were to do jointly. The claim is that these two divisions were ordered to attack the Union line at this point, this afternoon, and arrangements had been made to that effect. But just before the attack was made General Johnston, the rebel commander, learned of the

crossing at Lay's ferry, of a part of Sherman's army, and decided not to make the projected attack. His orders to that effect reached Stevenson in time to keep him out of the fight, though they failed to reach Stewart in time to prevent him from bringing it on.

In view of the facts as we saw them, the above statements seem very strange. The engagement along our front continued for at least an hour and a half. During all of this time the enemy was acting upon the offensive. Though not resolute or determined to a marked degree, he still manifested some spirit and persistence. If the battle was brought on under a misapprehension, that it should be continued as a losing fight for so long, or that it should require so much time for those in control to come to an understanding among themselves, seems mysterious. Whatever may be the facts, however, on this point, it was certainly fortunate for them that other troops were not put in. To have doubled the force against Williams' division, or to have doubled the enthusiasm back of the assault, would only have doubled the loss sustained, and the disappointment of defeat. The assault as it was, was so very ineffectual, so very far from the least sign of success, that it is impossible to conjecture what might have rendered it otherwise. Not over half of Williams' division took any part in the battle, and those that did take part were only getting fairly at it when the battle was over.

The rebel force which first attempted to assault the position of the Twenty-seventh was a consolidation of the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-eighth Alabama Regiments. Colonel Lankford, the officer captured, had been the colonel of the latter, but the two organizations were at this time under his command. Colonel Colgrove met this gentleman shortly after the war. He was very friendly and jokingly accused the Colonel of playing him a "Yankee trick," at Resaca. Colonel Colgrove did not deny the charge, but pleaded that "anything is fair in love and war."

The circumstances attending Colonel Lankford's capture are still distinctly remembered by many of the Twenty-seventh. He was a short, stout-built man, and when taken, was sweaty, red in the face and puffing like a wood chopper. Of course he could not be otherwise than greatly crestfallen over the way matters had turned. He came very near losing his life, partly through a misapprehension. It happened, naturally,

that the first members of the Twenty-seventh to reach him were enlisted men. They did not think of the point of honor involved in a person surrendering to one of his own class; while it seemed that Colonel Lankford was quite strenuous about it. Before he could make himself understood more than one soldier would have shot him, if others had not prevented them. They thought he was too slow in giving up his sword. When it was ascertained what his contention was, it required but a moment for one of our commissioned officers to step forward and receive the sword.

To Elijah White, of Company D, belongs the honor of first laying hands on the rebel colors. In a case like this, where a line of men dashes forward in a body, there is no great propriety in giving the credit of special captures to any one person. With most of the men, under such circumstances, the fact that they remain dutifully in their places, and perform well the parts assigned them, stands in the way of their making the capture. Not only so, but, in doing this, they supply the force, they make the impression upon the enemy, which alone renders the capture possible. In other words, it is the command, the organized body of men, that really makes the capture. But, as far as any one man is entitled to the credit of capturing this rebel flag, it unquestionably belongs to White. The writer has no personal interest in the matter, and his rule has been not to attempt to settle the disputes of the men of the regiment. This seems to be entirely one-sided, however. Though the label upon this flag in the State House divides the honor between White and another, the prevalent sentiment of the men who were present is certainly decidedly against it.

Colonel Colgrove wrote to the adjutant-general of Indiana a few days after the battle of Resaca, that this flag had inscribed upon it the name of the regiment, namely, the Thirty-eighth Alabama, and the following battles: Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and Tunnel Hill.

No official reports were made on this Atlanta campaign until after its close; then all of the battles, and other matters of interest, were reported at one time. The manifest improvement in reports as the war progressed has been previously referred to. It is pleasant, on that account, to read these reports. Almost without exception, they evince a thoughtful

care not to say anything but the exact truth about their own commands or others; and quite as much concern is evident to be just and courteous towards others and to say a good word about them, when it comes in the way, as to do the same for themselves or their own commands. Some of these reports constitute quite satisfactory histories, in outline, of the campaign.

Colonel Colgrove was absent from the Twenty-seventh when the reports were called for, on account of his wound at Peach Tree Creek. The duty of reporting for our regiment devolved, therefore, upon Lieutenant-Colonel Fesler. His own personal modesty is exemplified in the brevity of his report. With respect to Resaca he says: "Sunday, May 15, advanced, by General Ruger's orders, driving the enemy's pickets, until within two hundred yards of his rifle-pits. We were then halted in line of battle, with skirmishers deployed in front, about seventy-five yards. About four o'clock the Thirty-eighth Alabama Regiment made a charge on the Twenty-seventh, which was handsomely repulsed, with a loss of their colors, thirty-five prisoners, including Colonel Lankford, commanding the regiment, and thirty-three killed."

General Ruger gives a very accurate description of the ground occupied by his brigade, one that would enable a person to locate it at any time. Of the Twenty-seventh he speaks as follows: "On the right, the Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers captured the flag and commander of the Thirty-eighth Alabama, and thirty odd prisoners."

General Williams speaks in the same strain. He says: "The colors and colonel, with other officers and men, of the Thirty-eighth Alabama, were captured by the Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, Colonel Colgrove, of Ruger's brigade, and the division took about one hundred and twenty-five prisoners."

The battle of Resaca was fought on Sunday, May 15. On Sunday, May 25, 1862, the Twenty-seventh was in the battle of Winchester. On Sunday, May 3, 1863, it was in the battle of Chancellorsville. Ten days after this battle, on May 25, it was in the battle of New Hope Church. Thus no May passed, during its history, without a battle, and during one May it had two battles. It had four battles in the month of May, three of them being on Sunday.

The casualties at Resaca were not equal to what we had

been accustomed to, yet the evidences were not wanting that, in places, the enemy suffered very severely. The effectiveness of the fire of the Twenty-seventh must have been unusual. The single volley fired into the ranks of the Alabamians was one to remember. Thirty-three killed dead, in addition to the wounded, by the discharge of less than two hundred and fifty muskets, is exceptional in warfare. A conservative officer of the Twenty-seventh, who went over the field with a party of others, reports that it was the observation of all that the rebel dead covered the ground more thickly in front of our position than at any other point, though their loss was evidently in excess of the Union loss at all points.

The so-called "fort" or battery, captured by Harrison's brigade, is reported by the same officer as being a small natural sink, or basin, around which the soil had been somewhat rudely heaped up, so as to afford some protection to those inside. It had been the center of a tremendous fire. The ground was dug into holes, scarred and pulverized, every bush and switch was cut into shreds, and an officer and seventeen men were lying dead, aside of the captured guns. These last had the appearance of having been killed mostly by artillery.

The enemy evidently abandoned this part of the field of Resaca in considerable precipitation. Many things indicated this. At one point forty-five boxes of musket cartridges, calibre 58, were left snugly stacked up, in perfect condition. At another point were twenty boxes of artillery ammunition, calibre 12 pounds. But the wildest and most inexcusable haste was shown in their heartless abandonment of their wounded. These they had largely deserted, leaving them in their helpless suffering. An extreme case was that of a rebel major, found upon the amputating table, some distance back of the battlefield. The surgeons had doubtless abandoned him while in the very act of amputating his leg. When the advance of our brigade came up the poor man was just coming out from the influence of the anæsthetics, and begged pitiously for some one to shoot him. He wanted to die, rather than to suffer longer.

The amputating table was a temporary contrivance, arranged under an old out-shed, near a poor log dwelling-house. Close by the table was a large pile of arms and legs,

which had been cut from other victims. All were entirely deserted! Not a surgeon or nurse about. Chivalry!

Color Sergt. Peter Ragle was wounded through the shoulder in the battle of Resaca, and Corporal Stephenson, of the Color Guard, was wounded by the same bullet. Corporal John H. Langford, of Company K, carried the state flag in this battle. He passed through here unhurt, but had been wounded at Chancellorsville and was wounded again at New Hope Church.

It is pleasant to recall the relation of mutual confidence, as well as esteem, evinced by all of the regiments of the brigade at Resaca and subsequently, as indeed it is to note the evident reasons for it. The three newer regiments took their places here, if they had not done so before, with the three older regiments, as real veterans. The Thirteenth New Jersey, One Hundred and Seventh and One Hundred and Fiftieth New York, were the three newer regiments referred to. The One Hundred and Seventh New York was in support of the Twenty-seventh during most of the engagement. Every man among them seemed to be desperately in earnest, and not only ready but anxious to take an active part in the work in hand.

All battles had their amusing, laughable incidents. It was one of the blessings of the situation that the men would remember them after the battle was over, and recount them to each other. It enabled them to dwell less upon those phases of war that are naturally so shocking. Resaca had its share of these incidents and some of them remain as traditions among the men to the present time.

A ludicrous circumstance occurred on the return from the advanced position, where the Twenty-seventh met the Alabama men. Without knowing it, two men of different companies had become hitched together. The knapsack strap of one was looped over the end of the other's ramrod. The fact was only revealed to them when, going at a double-quick, under fire, they undertook to pass on different sides of the same tree. Here they were brought up short. But instead of stopping and unhooking themselves, they tried, rather, to break themselves apart. So there they were, see-sawing like an untrained team trying to start a heavy load. All the other men had passed them and the rebel bullets were barking the tree, cutting the limbs and throwing up the dirt. At length the true state of the case seemed to have dawned upon them and they stopped and calmly disengaged themselves. Fortunately, neither of them was hit.

Another incident equally amusing in some of its aspects, had other features more serious. A man in one of the companies, in some way, lost the hammer off of his musket, about the time the action was beginning. He therefore went to the Colonel and in something of a whining tone, said, "Colonel, what shall I do, I have lost the cock off of my gun?" The Colonel said, "D-n it, come on, you can soon get another one." The Colonel

meant, of course, that it would not be long, probably, until some one would get hurt and the man could then have his gun. All the men laughed and might have forgotten the circumstance except for what followed.

When the Twenty-seventh swept forward on its charge, a rebel was overtaken, who at once surrendered. No one took him to the rear, however, and, in the melee which followed, he was forgotten. When the Twenty-seventh was again returning to its own breastworks, in such haste, who should they pass but this rebel. Some of them had gone by him and he must have thought all had done so. Anyway, true to his "Southern chivalry," he was in the act of shooting one of our soldiers who had already passed him.

But the man with the hammerless musket appeared upon the scene again. Instead of picking up another musket he was using the detached handle of a frying pan in place of the hammer. When he saw what the rebel was about to do, he dexterously brought his musket around and whack! he took the cap, with the frying-pan handle. The rebel, of course, went down. It was an illustration of how much depends, not only upon the gun, but the man behind it.

It was here at Resaca also that Captain Balsley's Irishman, Dan, got the best of the provost guards. On the way, somewhere, when coming from the Eastern army, Captain Balsley had recruited a fresh arrival, from over the briny deep. The older members of the company had tormented the raw recruit not a little by telling him, among other things, that it was a very dreadful thing to go into a battle, and that he would be sure to get panicked in the first one and run away. This probably stimulated him to do his best and show them a thing or two. In the counter-assault upon the Alabamians, Dan was, therefore, in the front rank. Spying a rebel behind a tree, he rushed up and seized hold of him. With vigorous jerks and kicks and many loud demonstrations of triumph and satisfaction, he brought him to the Captain. The Captain, in turn, ordered Dan to take his prisoner to the rear, which he proceeded to do with much pride and pomp.

Back some distance Dan encountered the provost guard, with a line duly established, both to take care of prisoners and to prevent able-bodied soldiers from running out of the fight. "Halt, there!" they said to Dan. "Halt the devil," said Dan. "Captain Balsley he told me to tak this mon to the rear, so he did." But they persisted. "Halt! We'll take care of the prisoner; just leave him with us." "Och! to hell wid yes, ye durty spalpeens," roared Dan. But, as if willing to oblige them all he could, waving his hand back in the direction from which he had come, and where the fighting was still in progress, he said, in his blandest tones, "There's plenty ov 'em right over there. If ye's want wun, jist step over and get wun for yer'self."

CHAPTER XXXI.

NEW HOPE CHURCH.

The night of May 15, following the battle of Resaca, was rainy and cold for the season. Owing to all the conditions, therefore, it was cheerless, if not gloomy. The loss in the Twenty-seventh, though more than half the aggregate loss of the brigade, was so much less than we had been accustomed to that, in a sense, we congratulated ourselves on getting off so light. Still, soldiers had sensibilities as well as other people, and even a small loss at this time cut deep. De Quincy's celebrated description of the broken string and the costly pearls dropping, one by one, into the sea, does not present a situation anything like as pathetic as the ever-recurring, inexorable losses of a company or regiment. What are pearls, even the most costly of them, compared with trained, courageous, devoted soldiers, who have served so long and who so richly deserve to live and enjoy some of the rewards of their sacrifices?

All was quiet along our front through the night, though there was some savage picket firing farther to our right. When morning came we were not surprised to find the enemy gone. Our pickets had heard and reported things during the night that indicated as much. Neither was there a question in the mind of any one about our army pursuing.

Almost as much time was required for Sherman's army to move out of its hampered position around Resaca as was required in getting into it. The whole of it was forced into the few narrow, crooked and poorly improved roads. For that reason the Twentieth Corps was obliged to swing around considerably eastward. The Twenty-seventh crossed the Connessauga at Green's Ferry, near where we had been engaged, and marched that day to the vicinity of Bryant's Ford, on the Coosawatta. The next day we crossed the Coosawatta in the rain and made our way laboriously southward. In the afternoon the rain ceased, but our progress was still slow and wearisome. We halted for the night three or four miles east

ward of Calhoun. This evening, at the end of two days of tedious marching, we were not twenty miles, in a straight line, from our starting point. The night was pleasant, with a bright moon, and after supper our brigade band gave us some of their cheering music. The spirits of all were quickened very perceptibly.

May 18, the camp was aroused at 3 A. M., but the march was not resumed until after 9 A. M. After starting the march was again delayed for want of road room. Heat and dust were also prominently in evidence. It is understood now that Johnston had decided to assail a part of Sherman's army to-day. He was advised of its scattered condition and was aware also, of course, of the difficulties in the way of its concentration. He hoped, therefore, to gain some advantage from these things. But one of his division commanders, Hardee, was so slow in his movements that nothing was done. Sherman divined Johnston's purpose, however, and the latter would have found the Union army not wholly unprepared for him. These facts explain why such urgent efforts were observable among us to push forward. Still, the roads over which we passed were so very poorly adapted to the requirements of an army that, with all our exertion and by marching until late at night, we only made twenty miles.

On the 19th, for some reason, we did not move until afternoon. When we did start we soon found that the enemy was disposed to resent our further advance, and our column was thrown into battle formation. Our division was to the left of the road upon which we were approaching Cassville. With skirmishers out, and sometimes engaged, we moved through alternating timber and brush and plowed fields up to the edge of the town. At one point the Twenty-seventh was halted near a farmhouse, on elevated ground. A section or so of Battery M, First New York Artillery, was unlimbered near the house, perhaps in the yard, and was firing slowly upon the enemy. Sitting in a chair near the guns was "Pap" Williams, coolly giving orders to the gunners, between puffs at his pipe. A diary says: "Colonel Colgrove was put under arrest to-day for halting the column." No further facts have developed concerning this circumstance, and there could have been nothing serious about it, if any of it was true. The harvest moon was largely obscured that night by fog, but the

Twenty-seventh put in the most of the night in building breastworks. Picket firing continued a good part of the time.

It is also a part of history now that General Johnston had decided to offer battle here at Cassville. He believed that in the topography of the country barely out of the town, on the south, he recognized an ideal defensive battlefield. But later he understood two, out of three, of his corps commanders to be lukewarm about the advisability of it; so he abandoned the plan and moved on.

The next day, May 20, the Union army advanced into the town and took possession. This seems to have been done in a more literal sense than was often the case. Being exactly between the lines, while the two opposing armies were drawn up in hostile array, most of the people of the place had abandoned their homes in great haste, without attempting to carry much with them, or to put anything away. It was said that the rebel commander had urged, and almost compelled, them to do this. When, therefore, our army entered in the early morning, everything was at their disposal. There are statements made about soldiers feasting in kitchens and cellars, of revelries in parlors and drawing-rooms, of performances on pianos and other musical instruments, and of unusual and extravagant uses to which various articles of luxury and art were devoted here, that were not often true even in those unhappy years. It need scarcely be said that a great preponderance of Union soldiers did not approve of such things, much less do them. Few persons have stopped to consider what a small amount of private property was wantonly destroyed during the war, considering all the facts. The army was very large, the scope of country invaded was immense, the war lasted four years, there was much wealth and many articles of value in the South, and more than all else, the people were unusually bitter, spiteful and nagging with Union soldiers; and seldom kept faith with them in any shape or manner. The property that was taken from motives of plunder or permanent personal gain was infinitely less. In all of the years of his service the writer did not know of a dollar's worth being taken from that motive.

For three days our part of the army rested quietly at Cassville. That is, the fighting contingent rested. Such days were always notably busy ones for those who had anything to do with supplying the necessities of the men. This

suspension of hostilities was largely ordered so that shortages and losses of all kinds might be made up. Our commissaries received orders here to provide the troops with twenty days' rations of everything except meat. That would mean immense activity with them and in the transportation department. The camp of the Twenty-seventh here was near a large flowing spring of cool, clear water, which added much to the enjoyment of the rest.

On the last day of our stay at this point the non-veterans of the Second Massachusetts, having been mustered out, started for their far-away homes. Few would have predicted, three years before, when they enlisted, that they would not only be needed the full period of their enlistment, but that their time would expire while serving with an army in the midst of an arduous campaign in northern Georgia. The writer cannot speak of these men as individuals; but as a class, they had richly earned exemption from farther sacrifices.

On the 23d we were up at 2:30 A. M. and at 4 o'clock moved out with quick steps and earnest purposes in further pursuit of the enemy. Being assigned the advance, our brigade marched past the troops of the Twenty-third Corps and crossed the Etowa river on a pontoon bridge, previously laid by the engineers. We halted near Euharlie, in the middle of the afternoon. The Etowa river is called "High tower" by the uneducated people living along it,—a corruption of the real name.

The country passed over to-day was the best we saw in Georgia. The farms along the Etowa river are fine. There was no need of any meat ration being issued. The men supplied themselves bountifully with fresh pork. The hogs were not such as John McElroy's chum in Andersonville described the Georgia hog to be, namely: "A piece of skin with hair on both sides." On the contrary, these hogs were "Fat and well-favored."

No army ever swept forward with a grander, more imposing impetus than did Sherman's army to-day. Those who saw it, filling all the roads, its ranks compact and orderly, all the men spirited and confident, will have no difficulty in understanding the old, old statement, "Terrible as an army with banners."

On the 24th, we had another day of prolonged, slavish

marching. Most of it was in the rain, with very sultry intervals, ending with a hard rain in the evening. Our corps seemed to be going through a country where a very limited number of people had ever wanted to go before. Though the roads leading in other directions were improved somewhat, and had the appearance of having been traveled, those leading in the direction we were moving were mere cowpaths, traversing back districts. Few improvements of any kind were visible and the land was largely broken and barren. The scant inhabitants of the country had every appearance of being in extreme poverty.

An examination of the map will show why Sherman was thus moving his army out, away from the railroad, and away from the more traveled wagon roads. With Kingston as a base he was cutting across lots and flanking around the formidable positions of his adversary at Allatoona Pass, and the mountains adjacent. We camped that night at Burnt Hickory. The men of Williams' division might have claimed that evening the right to vote in Georgia, hold office, sit on juries, etc., with much show of reason to support the claim. Each and every one of them had enough Georgia clay and mud sticking to him to constitute him a genuine freeholder.

The 25th was another hot morning, and was destined to be hot in another sense before night. We started rather late. After going a short distance our division diverged to the right, taking the road to Dallas. The other two divisions of the Twentieth Corps kept on the road leading by New Hope Church. Our division found the bridge over Pumpkin Vine creek partially destroyed and there was some delay while it was being repaired. We finally passed the creek, and had reached within two miles of Dallas, where we stopped for dinner. Here urgent orders came to return and join the other two divisions, over on the other road. They had run into the enemy. We hastily retraced our steps as far as Pumpkin Vine creek, then moved down its north bank to the road we were seeking. The impression was more or less current at the time that we had taken the wrong road and were, therefore, obliged to make this movement, but that was an error.

This road, upon which the Second and Third Divisions had been marching, is one leading from the vicinity of Burnt Hickory, or Huntsville, in something of a direct course, to Marietta. At the crossing of this road with the one leading

from Ackworth, on the railroad, to Dallas, is New Hope Church. The country in that region is mostly very broken, and at this period was almost wholly covered with brush and timber. At this point Geary's division, which was in the lead, had found the way blockaded by rebels. After a vigorous march of some five miles, we found the other two divisions waiting for us. There had been some fighting prior to our arrival, but not as much as it now appears there should have been.

This was another instance in the war where a slight delay was fatal. It is now known that the rebel army had only preceded our advance column at this important crossing by a little. While, therefore, our Second and Third Divisions were waiting for Williams' division to come up, it was not only giving the enemy time to bring up other troops, but also to improvise the breastworks, and plant and protect the batteries, which wrought our repulse. General Sherman says this delay was by request of General Hooker, who asked for the postponement of the attack until the arrival of his First Division. If there was a compliment to the First Division implied in the fact that the other two stalwart divisions of our corps should wait by the roadside, inactive, while we were hurried from a point five miles away and put in the front, the satisfaction of it is largely neutralized by the additional fact that the golden opportunity for success was thus allowed to pass. General Hooker had missed imperishable fame for himself, and a victory for his cause which could scarcely have been less than decisive, ending the war in a month, by a few hours delay at Chancellorsville—but the lesson was not heeded here.

Immediately following our arrival, our division passed to the front and prepared for battle. Ascending a high ridge the division was formed in three lines, on the right of the road, a brigade in each line. The Third Brigade was in front, the Second (our's) next, with the First in the rear. Two regiments from our brigade were not in line, having been assigned to other duties. The Second Massachusetts was guarding a bridge to the rear, and the Thirteenth New Jersey was half a mile or so to the right, protecting that flank. The positions of the remaining regiments of the brigade in line seem to have been as here stated, though there is some diversity of testimony. The One Hundred and Seventh New York

was on the left, joining the road. Next on their right was the Third Wisconsin, then the One Hundred and Fiftieth New York, and, lastly, the Twenty-seventh, on the right of the brigade. Colonel Ketcham, of the One Hundred and Fiftieth New York, says in his report that his regiment occupied the right of the brigade, but he also says the Third Wisconsin joined him on the left, which was true in the above arrangement. Lieutenant-Colonel Fesler, of the Twenty-seventh, says our regiment was on the extreme right, and Captain Williams, of Ruger's staff, also gives the above, in his diary, as the order of the regiments.

Without delay, the three lines thus formed moved forward. The skirmishers soon became hotly engaged, but steadily advanced. The ground the Twenty-seventh passed over was heavily wooded. In many places the undergrowth was very dense, reminding us of the thickets about Chancellorsville. The shot and shell from the enemy's batteries crashed through the timber, cutting off limbs, blazing and splitting the trees, like tremendous bolts of lightning. The skirmishers were instructed to keep under cover as much as possible, following the method prevalent in the West. They dodged, therefore, from tree to tree as they pushed forward, imitating the warfare of Indians. Several times they cut off the enemy's skirmishers in this way, and a number were captured and sent to the rear.

When we had gone about a mile, over broken and undulating ground, our brigade passed lines with the Third Brigade. That is, they filed to the rear by companies, while we advanced as we were, to take their places. Hence, the old brigade was again in the front line. It seemed a little curious that, where there were so many good soldiers, there could not be a battle without matters working around in that way.

But there was to be no delay. The order was still "Forward." The resistance was increasingly stubborn and determined, but the line forged along. The main line had come up with the skirmishers, and the two were beating their way through the jungle together, with the enemy only a short distance ahead.

Suddenly, a most terrific fire of both musketry and artillery was opened upon us. We were at the foot of, or passing up, a gentle slope. On the crest, barely a few rods distant,

was a long parapet blazing with fire and death. The undergrowth was so dense that few, if any, of us were aware of what we were coming to, until the storm burst. It came with so little premonition on our part, that it almost seemed as if the position had been purposely masked, and that we had been decoyed to our death. This impression may have prevailed among us to some extent afterwards. It is scarcely necessary to say that such was not the case. The timber which, for lack of time and means, the enemy could not cut away, had, until now, prevented them from seeing us, as well as us from seeing them.

It would be impossible to conceive of a more appalling, terrifying, if not fatal, rain of lead and iron than this one, which our line met at New Hope Church. The canister and case shot in particular, hissed, swished and sung around and among us, barking the trees, glancing and bounding from one to the other, ripping up the ground, throwing the dirt in our faces and rolling at our feet, until those not hit by them were ready to conclude that they surely would be hit. Milton's words were none too strong to apply to the situation :

“ Fierce as ten furies and terrible as hell.”

Yet the boys only cheered the more defiantly, and, while loading and firing with all their might, gained ground to the front. Just in the hottest of the fight there was a downpour of rain. In the damp and murky atmosphere the smoke from our muskets, instead of rising and disappearing, settled around us and accumulated in thick clouds. The woods in which we were immersed became wierd and spectral. Eventually it became almost a battle in the dark. When we were finally brought to a standstill it was impossible to make out with any distinctness even the position of the enemy. Our aim was directed almost wholly at the flashes and reports of their guns.

The contest must have been prolonged for almost, if not entirely, an hour. At length Colonel Colgrove decided that it was not possible to drive the enemy from his position and that to continue the effort was a needless sacrifice. He therefore drew the regiment back a short distance. A little later we were relieved by the men of the Third Brigade and darkness came on almost immediately, bringing the battle to a close.

This engagement is now uniformly designated by the

title at the head of this chapter, namely, The battle of New Hope Church. By many of those engaged in it it was called at the time, "The Hornet's Nest," and "Hell Hole." In letters and reports of the period it was often called the "Battle of Dallas," and sometimes "The Battle of Pumpkin Vine Creek." This latter name is now applied to an engagement which occurred two days after the battle of New Hope Church, further down the creek, in the direction of Allatoona. "Hornet's Nest" and "Hell Hole" are illustrations of the aptness, as well as the readiness, with which soldiers found names for any and everything.

Lieutenant-Colonel Fesler's official report of the battle of New Hope Church, in full, is as follows: "Occasional skirmishing from the 16th of May until the 25th of May, when the regiment arrived at New Hope Church, near Dallas, Georgia. About 4:00 p. m. of that day General Ruger ordered Colonel Colgrove, commanding the regiment, to take position on the right of the brigade and move forward. After advancing about 500 yards the enemy opened a very heavy fire upon the regiment, with musketry and canister, from their rifle pits, and after fighting about forty minutes, the regiment was compelled to fall back, with a loss of five killed and forty-six wounded."

General Williams, in his official report, gives a very clear outline of the engagement: he says in part:

"I received an order from the commander of the corps to counter-march and move as rapidly as possible to the support of Geary's division. I marched left in front, recrossed the creek, and finding my way along the left bank, crossed again on Geary's route, and, after a rapid march of over five miles, came up with Butterfield's and Geary's divisions massed on the road toward New Hope Church, and passed to the front. Receiving orders from the corps commander to put my division in order of attack, I deployed the division in three lines of brigade front. * * * The division, without sufficient halt to recover breath, moved promptly in advance for a mile and a half, driving the enemy before us, and forcing back his strong skirmish line and heavy reserves at double quick. It was quite dark when the column reached the foot of the slopes upon which the enemy were strongly entrenched, and across which he threw shot, shell and canister in murderous volleys. During the advance the Second (Ruger's) Brigade passed lines with and relieved the Third (Robinson's), which was leading. * * * The division forced its way close up to the enemy's works, but darkness, rendered doubly dark by dense clouds pouring rain, put a stop to further efforts. * * * The major-general commanding the corps followed the advance brigade of my division in this attack, and I feel confident will bear testimony to the steady-

ness, good order, perseverance and spirit with which it went forward until darkness put an end to the conflict."

General Ruger, in his official report, after covering substantially the same ground as General Williams, adds :

"The brigade attained a position in some portions of the line, nearer the enemy's works than any other of our troops, some of its dead being in advance of the position afterward occupied by the line of skirmishers of the troops which relieved the First Division.

As bearing upon this fact, mentioned by General Ruger, Captain Williams records in his diary, that the body of Private Kutch, of Company 1, of the Twenty-seventh, was found nearer the enemy's works than that of any other Union soldier. Kutch had joined the regiment as a recruit the previous winter. The Captain well says, "Brave Kutch!"

Curiously enough, the troops which our division fought at New Hope Church were the same that they fought at Resaca,—Stewart's division of Hood's corps. The conditions being more than reversed, it is not surprising that results should, in a measure, be reversed also. The moral to be derived from the two instances seems to be that it was futile and wrong, armed as men were in the war of the Rebellion, for one army to assault another, of anything like equal strength, in its chosen and fortified position. What we might have accomplished had we been given an opportunity to reconnoiter the position and come to an understanding of its situation, or had had a more open country and the light of day, in which to operate, as was the case with our adversaries at Resaca, can only be a matter of speculation.

The battle of New Hope Church was on the second anniversary of the Twenty-seventh's first baptism of fire at Winchester. It was therefore our second battle on the 25th of May, and our fourth and last in the month of May, not counting Newtown or Buckton station. The Twenty-seventh had three men wounded, and killed at least one of the enemy, in the affair at Newtown, on the 24th of May, 1862; while on the day previous, the 23d of May, Company B, of the Twenty-seventh, participated in the sharp encounter at Buckton.

General Ruger reports but one man taken prisoner from his brigade at the battle of New Hope Church. Only one! Alas, that one happened to be one of the truest, most unselfish, devoted friends that the writer has ever known—and he never returned. Guileless as a child, affectionate and confiding as a

woman, patient and genial as a saint, his white-winged soul went up to God from that Lazar-spot at Andersonville, in the summer following his capture. Heaven pity the fiends in human form who could deliberately take the life of such a noble man and patriot, by the slow, heartless process of exposure and starvation! Himself a stranger to passion, wholly free from hate or malice, he was bearing arms solely from a sense of duty, as he saw it, solemnly laying his life on the altar of country, to secure the blessings of liberty and republican government to others. He could not have refused his last cracker, or the last drop of water in his canteen, to a suffering Confederate soldier.

To an acquaintance in another regiment, whom he met in prison, and who lived to bring the word back, he related that, in some way, he became separated from the Twenty-seventh about the time it retired from in front of the enemy's works, and, becoming confused as to directions, walked straight into the enemy's lines. He saw a squad of men cooking their suppers around a little fire and, going up to them, inquired for the Twenty-seventh Indiana. They were rebels, and at once forced him to surrender.

"His were the virtues that our grandsires knew,
The steadfast faith, the sturdy loyalty,
And the clean soul that, like a compass true,
Holds straight in any sea.

* * * * *

"'Twas like him that he went unheralded!
'Twas like his generous heart to give his all.

* * * * *

"'Tis of such brain and brawn that God has made
A Nation, setting wide its boundary bars,
And to its banner giving the high aid
And courage of the stars."

The Twenty-seventh was fortunate in its unusual exemption from rebel prison experiences. With the exception of those captured at Winchester, only a small number fell into the enemy's hands. That was earlier in the war and their period of captivity was short, and a veritable play-spell, compared with what befell prisoners in 1864.

Were it not that this one case comes so close home to him personally, the writer might not think it within his province

to go further than merely to mention this blackest page in the long, black record of the slave holders' rebellion. No document of any length, however, relating to that rebellion, should be permitted to find its way to posterity without containing at least some expression of the abhorrence which all enlightened and brave men must ever cherish for that most monstrous of all episodes in our embittered civil war.

At the time of that war the writer was a youth, in his teens. He has now reached the point in life whence the tide sets rapidly towards the open sea. He does not admit that he ever had a vestige of malice or hatred in his heart with respect to those who were engaged in the rebellion, and any asperity or ill temper, that may have been engendered in the progress of that strife, have long since disappeared. What he writes here he believes to be purely a matter of history. The conclusions set down are the result of a prolonged investigation of the subject, and, as he has reason to hope, an unbiased, judicial consideration of all the facts and circumstances.

1. The deprivations and indignities of Union prisoners in the earlier stage of the war were the result of the peculiar doctrines and convictions generally taught and believed in the South, with reference to a Northern man caught there, with arms in his hands. According to the prevalent teaching and belief of that section he was not really a soldier, not a person belonging to a recognized, legitimate army, but a lawless raider, an armed "nigger stealer," and, therefore, an outlaw. Given the cause, the effect was a matter of course. The humanity and civilization of some would prevail over their dogmas, but not so of most.

2. At a certain stage of the war it became the definite, clearly understood policy of certain prominent Southern leaders to increase and intensify the deprivations and indignities of Union prisoners to a degree that was meant, if necessary, to be ruinous and fatal. The special motive for this was the fact that the National authorities had armed the negroes, and had refused to exchange prisoners unless negro soldiers were recognized as such, and exchanged the same as the others. The plan of the Southern leaders was, therefore, to make the lot of white prisoners in their hands so rigorous, absolutely so murderous, and on such a gigantic scale, as to force the National authorities to their terms. The enormities of Andersonville, Millen and Columbia were not incidental

or unavoidable—not the result of inattention on the part of those higher in authority and the abuse of power on the part of those lower in authority—but they were instances where prisoners of war, taken in honorable warfare, disarmed and helpless, but brave, devoted men, were coolly and deliberately selected to be made the victims of suffering, even to the extent of a slow and horrible death, in order that their outcries, or their pitiable, desperate condition, might compel their friends to do a thing which they could not be compelled to do by more honorable means. In other words, these rebel prisons of 1864, were instances on a huge scale, by Americans against Americans, of premeditated torture for ransom.

3. It was in pursuance of this definite, clearly understood policy that men of harsh, cruel and brutal natures—conscienceless, merciless and inhuman—were studiously sought out and designedly selected and given unrestricted control of prisons. In other words, the sole and only reason that such men received their appointments was because it was believed that they were capable of doing, and would do, exactly what they did do.

4. The location of prisons, particularly that of Andersonville, was controlled by the same policy. The thought was to get the prison away, where the condition of the prisoners could be concealed, not so much from the National authorities and the outside world, as from the humane, enlightened and Christian people among themselves.

5. There are many strong, if not conclusive, reasons for believing that one of the parties to this policy, if not the originator of it and chief factor in its execution, was the head of the Confederate government, so called, namely, Jefferson Davis. While there is no reason to believe, as it would be almost impossible for any one to believe, that the brave, capable men who were leading the armies at the front knew anything of the policy, there can be little doubt that Davis, and those immediately associated with him in the government, not only knew of it, but actively aided and abetted in its adoption and execution.

6. The plea of poverty or straightened circumstances cannot be accepted as palliating to any great extent, much less as excusing, most of the admitted facts. That prisoners should be penned in a shelterless field for a whole year, in the midst of a heavily timbered country: that thirty-five thousand

men should be forced to occupy a space of ground too small for ten thousand, in a region where land could be bought for a dollar an acre; that this seething mass of humanity should perish for the lack of sufficient pure water, in a locality where flowing springs and running brooks are abundant; that human beings should be permitted to die like rotten sheep from scurvy, when, as one of their own number cited at the time, a few wagon loads of green corn, easily obtainable in the vicinity, would have prevented or stopped it—these admitted facts, under these undeniable conditions, cannot be satisfactorily accounted for, much less justified, on the plea that the Southern people were impoverished. This is leaving out of the question the matter of insufficient and unwholesome food; though it is notorious that Sherman's army found a condition of great plenty, as far as food supplies were concerned, in its march through the same State, at the close of the same season.

7. The Southern people as a whole cannot be justly charged with this indelible stain upon the American name. It may be true that slavery had blunted their consciences and sensibilities, and that passions engendered in connection with the war were so inflamed, that they consented to, if they did not actively engage in, measures which, under other conditions, they would have abhorred, as all civilized people are supposed to abhor them. But it should not be forgotten or overlooked that it was a Southern man, one in full sympathy with the rebellion, who furnished the fullest and most authentic exposition of the conditions at Andersonville, as they really existed. His protest, filed with the Confederate authorities, and preserved with the Confederate archives, constitutes a prominent part of the irrefragible testimony that those conditions did really exist. It was also largely in response to the public sentiment awakened at the South by this protest, and by the publication of the facts in other ways, that an exchange of prisoners was eventually agreed to, and the stigma thus terminated.

The rain which poured down during the battle of New Hope Church continued at intervals through the night following. The earth was soaked with water and the darkness, in the shade of the thick foliage, rendered it almost necessary that we should lie down supperless, upon a dismal bed. Any soldier who remembers of spending the night under very

uncomfortable and restless circumstances, as most who were there doubtless will, can have the satisfaction that he was not the only one who had that experience. Here is what General Sherman says concerning himself that night: "I slept on the ground, without cover, alongside of a log. Got little sleep. Resolved at daylight to renew the battle, and to make a lodgement on the Dallas and Allatoona road if possible."

The loss of the Twenty seventh at New Hope Church was: Killed and mortally wounded, 8. Wounded but not mortally, 43. Missing, 1.



ONE OF THE TWENTY-SEVENTH'S REGIMENTAL FLAGS.
 (Presented to Co. K by people of Jasper and carried as Regimental Flag at Antietam. All the men are Co. K men. Recent picture.)

Above plate and those of Capt. Wellman and Maj. Mehringer kindly loaned from Wilson's History of Dubois Co.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A UNIQUE CAMPAIGN.

Some difficulty has been experienced in deciding upon a name for this chapter. For a while it was proposed to call it "the battle of a hundred days." Considering some of the things referred to in it that name would not have been out of place, though slightly misleading, considering the time actually covered by the chapter.

The battle of New Hope Church was the beginning of the long series of battles and skirmishes, the incessant picket-firing and cannonading, the oft-repeated manoeuvres for new positions and the successive flank movements, by which the enemy was compelled to abandon the mountain fastnesses north of the Chattahoochee river, about the 10th of July. In fact, substantially the same methods were pursued and the same experiences were continued from the initiatory movements in front of Rocky Face Ridge, May 5, until Atlanta was ours, September 2d. Scarcely an hour passed during that period, day or night, that any soldier of Sherman's army did not hear the boom of cannon, if he was not in close proximity to the sharp crack of muskets. For almost exactly four months very few days went by with anyone, and not many consecutive hours, without hearing the swish of a shell or the zip of a bullet. Those who kept a careful account affirm that the Twenty-seventh was under fire one hundred and eleven of these one hundred and twenty days.

Lieutenant-Colonel Fesler, in his official report, gives more than a hint of what befell the regiment from this time forward, aside from the regular battles. He says, "From May 25th to July 20, the losses in the Twenty-seventh were from five to fifteen a week, in killed and wounded." After reporting the battle of Peach Tree Creek, which occurred on July 20th, he continues: "The 22d of July I advanced, with the brigade within two and one-half miles of Atlanta, and was ordered into position near the left of the railroad, and was under fire of the enemy's pickets or sharpshooters until the 24th of August."

The physical labor and exposure of this period, particularly the first eighty days of it, were prodigious. As near as can be computed at this date close to, if not exactly, twenty-five times the Twenty-seventh constructed regular systems of breastworks, or parapets, within the eighty days. Most other regiments, of course, did substantially the same. Often this was done in the intense heat of that semi-tropical summer. It was always done in great haste, under the extreme pressure of an impending attack, several times actually under fire.

As it rained during the battle of New Hope Church, as well as the day before and the night following, so it did almost every day for the next fifteen or twenty days succeeding. And these were rains! With little, if any warning, history seemed to be repeating itself. "The windows of heaven were opened and the floods descended." Neither was there any bow of promise in sight, witnessing that another deluge was not at hand. These heavy rains not only caught us repeatedly without the least shelter, but they came, again and again, while we were crouching in narrow clay trenches or rifle pits, which the least water speedily transformed into hog wallows; or they drenched us to the skin while we were lying flat on our stomachs, in the effort to screen ourselves from well-aimed bullets. Though the days were always warm and sunshine usually followed the rain, it was true here, as it had been in Virginia, our clothes being wet, a cold night frequently ensued.

Yet, strange as it may appear, these were days of good cheer among the soldiers, often days of great joy and delight. Everybody laughed and was as merry, played as many pranks and had as much fun, as was commonly true in the same length of time under other conditions. Men uniformly went to their tasks and bore all of their hardships cheerfully, often joyfully, and not infrequently they did hard, disagreeable and even desperate things, with veritable shoutings of glory.

General Sherman's peculiar relation to his soldiers, as well as the unexampled success attending his operations, had everything to do in bringing about these results. It was here that he blazed out, full orb'd, into the one ideal commander of a volunteer army. In the wonderful genius he displayed in grasping peculiar situations, and in his marvelous adaptation of means to ends, he will, in many respects, stand forever without a rival.

Throughout this entire campaign Sherman was constantly with and among his men. There was no telling when he might appear in the midst of any regiment, or ride up to any picket post. Without being the least patronizing, or obsequious, above all, without lacking anything in dignity, his manner was wholly free from airs of superiority or haughtiness. If he desired information he questioned the one nearest to him, or the one who, owing to the position he occupied at the time, seemed most likely to know, regardless of rank. If, for any reason he stopped for awhile, as he often did, and a circle of men gathered around him to listen to what he was saying, even venturing to ask him questions (they were always eager to do both), it did not seem to annoy him at all. His replies to them were always courteous and usually candid, though brief. He seemed uniformly to treat all of his soldiers, regardless of rank, as if he considered them full partners with himself in the enterprise, equally interested in its success, and worthy of being trusted to almost any extent.

It goes without saying, that General Sherman's soldiers fairly idolized him. They called him "Uncle Billy," and that meant everything. It meant the extreme of admiration, devotion and obedience. Sherman's army really reached the point where it trusted him always and blamed him never. To this there were no exceptions. None remained to weaken the rest. With one mind and one heart, all were ready and anxious to undertake whatever he ordered. In this we, who had been in the Army of the Potomac, were not in any respect behind those who had served under him from the beginning. Our confidence in commanders had been sorely tried, but we dropped into this so naturally that we could give no date to the experience.

Sherman's example had its influence, also, upon his subordinates. Some of them may not have needed it. He himself says of General Thomas, "Between Thomas and his men there existed a most kindly relation. He frequently talked with them in a most familiar way." This was certainly more true at this time of all high in authority than it had ever been before.

This campaign, of all others, was a time to see generals of high rank. A famous man, and even several famous men, was an every day sight. Four or five, often more, of the men whose names are now historic, any one of whom if still alive

would excite universal interest by a visit to any of our cities, could be seen almost daily, halted temporarily at some cross-roads, or conferring together under a clump of trees. Their headquarters, when they had any, were always located among their men, near the front. They knew how their men fared and their men knew that they fared very little better than themselves.

History does not record another instance, probably, where soldiers of all ranks were thrown as much upon their own individual responsibility, and were allowed as much latitude for



SURG. JOHN H. ALEXANDER. CAPT. JAS. STEPHENS, CO. E.

individual action, as during this campaign, unless it was in the subsequent career of the same army, under the same generals. There was a relaxation, if not a suspension, of much of the conventional military restraint to an extent that we of the Twenty-seventh had never experienced before. Camp guards were unknown. Roll calls were few and far between. Restrictive orders were not promulgated morning, noon and night. No sleep was lost by anyone, lest a chicken, goose or pig might be killed. The hateful, senseless knapsack was given a permanent leave of absence. If an officer or soldier

fancied a hat more than a cap, he might wear one, and little attention was paid to color or shape. It seemed to be taken for granted in all quarters that all connected with the expedition were not only patriotic and well-meaning, but capable and trustworthy, and could be relied upon to do their duty. Why is it that the conventional military man, or so-called "soldier" of the academy, and of the militia, never can learn this?

A picture of a Twenty-seventh soldier at this time would show him to be lean and weather-beaten; not an ounce of surplus flesh upon him, and his skin as brown as a bun. His clothes would be soiled, and his hair and beard might be long and probably unkempt. If an enlisted man and on the march, the only worldly effects visible, aside from the clothes on his back and his ever-ready musket and its belongings, would be a small roll of stuff hanging upon the left shoulder and crossing over to the right hip. That roll would contain, at most, one rubber poncho, one woolen blanket, one piece of shelter tent, and, possibly, an extra shirt and pair of socks. It often contained nothing but the rubber poncho and piece of tent. Dangling somewhere would be the little tin pail and frying pan. Often a light ax, or hatchet, was suspended to the belt, carried in turn by different members of the same company, or mess. Impaled upon a bayonet, or carried in the hand, a chicken or other fowl, or a piece of fresh meat, too large to find a place in the haversack, was not an infrequent sight, when the order to move had come suddenly and the march did not promise to be a long one.

As a rule, each soldier received his own rations here, and cooked and ate them in such ways, and largely at such times, as seemed to him best. For cooking, the only utensils known were the aforesaid pail and frying-pan, and the ramrod, or a wooden stick of similar proportions. These last were used to hold the pail over the fire, and to broil the meat. Held thus in a hot flame, whatever was in the pail was soon cooked, and a piece of salt pork or fresh meat was soon ready for the palate of the hungry man.

The first effect of the heat upon the salt pork—"sow belly"—when held in a hot fire, was to bring out the salt and crystalize it upon the surface. This was washed off, a time or two, with water poured from the canteen, the pork being held in the fire again between each washing. In case of fresh

meat the salt had to be added, of course, instead of being washed off.

When the meal was ready the soldier sat complacently down upon the ground, tailor-fashion, with his victuals arranged conveniently around him. A cracker served as a plate for his meat, which was laid upon a stone, chip, piece of bark, or clean spot of ground. When none of these were in sight, the toe of his shoe answered just as well. Some people might not see much comfort—not to say luxury—in such primitive and somewhat rude conditions, but this much can be said of them, in the instance referred to: The food invariably tasted good, and the soldier, veteran that he was, wasted little time or thought in considering the matter in any other light. It is needless to add, that any true picture of a Twenty-seventh soldier and his surroundings on the Atlanta campaign would have many features in common with a picture of him on any other campaign, particularly after the first few months of our service.

This was soldiering under "Uncle Billy" Sherman. Is it any wonder that the army was at its best? Victory was in the air. Atlanta was sure to be ours. Secession was doomed. There might be temporary reverses, the best of plans were liable to miscarry sometimes. But ultimate triumph—glorious and complete—was no longer a question. Hallelujah!

To say these things here may appear like a digression from the narrative: but to say them somewhere has seemed to be necessary to a proper understanding of it. Indeed, it may be a part of the narrative itself.

Any attempted description, in consecutive order, of the daily movements of the Twenty-seventh during a considerable part of this period, especially any attempt to name or describe many of its particular locations, with a view to future identification, would be of doubtful propriety. It seems hardly probable that the numerous separate points, in the extended region between Dallas and Kenesaw Mountain, will ever receive the attention bestowed upon other places rendered conspicuous by the war, some of them far less deserving of it. The scope of country here was too large.

Soon after the battle of New Hope Church Sherman began gradually extending his line to the left and drawing it in correspondingly on the right. In these movements many troops passed in rear of our position, largely at night. We

remained almost stationary for five days. When our bivouac was shifted, as it was a time or two, it was not far. The second day after the battle the regiment moved a short distance, across the road, with the view of getting into a more sheltered position. We had barely stacked arms when one of our men was killed by a stray bullet. Several others were hit during the day. General Williams had a similar experience with his headquarters. He had re-located them, in what seemed to him a safer place, and had opened out his map for a quiet season of study, when he was hit by a glancing ball. The wound was not serious, and only caused old "Pap" to express his sentiments in characteristic language. But he did not move again.

Nights and Sundays were favorite times with the enemy for picket firing and attacks on our advanced positions, in which the artillery on both sides commonly took a hand. No matter how quiet it was at other times, we came to be expectant and watchful at these periods. Night attacks, after opening at one point, often extended until a long line had participated. Frequently one would begin far away, to the right or left, and, like a thunder shower, would approach nearer and nearer, with increasing clatter and roar. Finally it would reach our front and, after raging with greater or less intensity for awhile, would pass on, to die away at length in the opposite direction. This always awakened the whole army and most of it would be under arms.

After President Lincoln's order, early in the war, directing that special activities should not be planned for Sunday, and that when, without detriment to the service, they could be postponed to another day, it should be done, there were at least some signs observable on our side of respect for the day. But on the other side the reverse seemed to be true. If the enemy was inactive all the balance of the week, he was not so on Sunday.

One of the days, when the lines were in close contact, in the memorable thickets around New Hope Church, was the Lord's day. A large number from the brigade assembled at a point slightly to the rear, and the chaplain of the One Hundred and Seventh New York conducted Divine service. Meanwhile muskets were not only cracking vigorously on the picket line, but the ping and zip of rifle balls united their music with that of the hymns and the doxology. The service,

however, was maintained regularly to the end, with no diminution either in attendance or interest. It is doubtful whether this instance has many authentic parallels in history.

General Sherman gives a vivid word-picture of the situation in his army during the closing days of May. They will portray the experiences of the Twenty-seventh as really as if written for them alone. He says, "Meantime Thomas and Schofield were completing their deployments, gradually overlapping Johnston on his right, and thus extending our left nearer and nearer to the railroad, the nearest point of which was Acworth, about eight miles distant. All this time a continual battle was in progress by strong skirmish-lines, taking advantage of every species of cover, and both parties fortifying each night by rifle-trenches, with head-logs, many of which grew to be as formidable as first-class works of defense."

By the first of June the enemy had let go entirely of the region about Allatoona, and soon after had fallen back to a line in which Kenesaw, Pine and Lost Mountains were the dominating features. With respect to this, General Sherman adds, "With the drawn battle of New Hope Church and our occupation of the natural fortress of Allatoona, terminated the month of May and the first stage of the campaign."

Following each retrograde movement of the enemy, we made a corresponding advance. On June 1st, we moved to our left three or four miles. The next day we moved twice, both times directly towards the enemy, and both times we entrenched. From this on, for several days, three things transpired every day, with commendable precision. Two of them never failed. One of these was cannonading and picket firing on our immediate front, and the other was a deluge of rain. The third thing, which seldom failed any day, was a short move to the front or flank. If it was to the front, it meant hot work for the picket line, and a system of entrenchments when a halt was called. Several times there was a second advance, and a second system of entrenchments, the same day.

The repeated heavy rains at this time rendered the roads, which before had been a disgrace to any country, next to impassable. For a few days rations could not be brought out from the railroad in sufficient quantities. At a critical period, when supplies were getting very scarce, the Twenty-seventh

was fortunate enough to forage a fair sized beef, which did much towards tiding us over.

On June 7th and 8th, we were holding a line along a creek in front of Lost Mountain. There was a short interval during which the rain ceased and the weather was really fine. A magical change was at once observed in the increased cheerfulness and exuberance of everybody. Our brigade band came up to the breastworks and played several pieces, among them, "Johnny Fill Up the Bowl" and "Home, Sweet Home." This, of course, was done as much for the benefit of the rebels as our own. And it did not seem to be lost upon them. Immediately following this serenade their pickets proposed a short truce, which was heartily approved by our boys on upping the outposts. Besides some friendly intercourse, under proper restraints and safeguards, the usual exchange of newspapers and bartering of coffee for tobacco were indulged in. In a diary in which this incident of the friendly relations between the pickets is assigned to June 8th, the record for June 9th is, "*Rebel pickets driven one mile.*" This was characteristic of the times. This was war.

Another diary, kept by one who was liable to be accurate in such matters, gives the strength of the different regiments of the Second Brigade at this time as follows: One Hundred and Seventh New York, 418; One Hundred and Fiftieth New York, 480; Thirteenth New Jersey, 318; Third Wisconsin, 355; Second Massachusetts, 120, and the Twenty-seventh, Indiana, 247.

The wet weather had not ceased permanently. It returned again, if possible, with increased violence. Rain fell on the 9th. So it did on the 11th. On the 12th it rained hard all day. On the 13th it rained all day and all night.

On the 14th, a shot from a Union cannon killed General Polk of the rebel army. He was standing at the time on the crest of Pine Mountain, with Generals Johnston, Hardee and others, taking observations of the Union positions. A Southern history says he was hit in the breast by an unexploded shell. At least a dozen batteries, and more than a hundred gunners, claim the distinction of firing the fatal shot. Infantry regiments innumerable claim it was fired by the battery they were supporting, and probably half the soldiers in Sherman's army claim they saw it fired. The latter claim would be hard to disprove, as the shot was fired in open day

light and the mountain was visible to a large part of the army. The fact, as Sherman states it, is that this shot was one of a hundred or more, fired by several batteries in volleys. So it would be impossible, or almost so, to tell by what battery the shot was fired, much less who sighted the gun. General Polk had been or was a bishop in the Protestant Episcopal church.

Inasmuch as he had been originally educated for a soldier, it can be understood the more readily why he might, under some circumstances, lay aside, temporarily, the exalted work of the Christian ministry to become a commander in an army. That he could so far depart from the teachings of the Holy Bible, which he had solemnly avowed to be his sole and only guide, and so far belie the spirit of the Man of Nazareth, whose he was and whom he served, as to unsheath his sword in a rebellion against the Christian republic of the United States, begun solely for the maintenance and extension of human slavery, horrified and outlawed as it was in every civilized corner of the globe, except in the Southern states, is a conspicuous example of the blindness to which even men of God are sometimes given over. His Master's words were verified in his case: "He that taketh the sword shall perish with the sword."

Adjutant Bryant recounts a characteristic incident of General Sherman, which occurred about this time. He says, "The General happened to be near the head of the regiment. Hearing a sharp firing in a ravine some half a mile distant, he desired to know what it was. A mounted lieutenant of some other command happened to be riding along the road near by. Sherman, well covered in his water-proofs, so as to be hardly recognizable, called to the officer to ride down to where the firing was, find out what troops of ours were in there, and report to him. The lieutenant, not liking such exposure, said: 'Excuse me, sir, I am a non-combatant' (with the accent on the bat). 'A what, sir, a what, sir?' growled Sherman, 'a non-combatant? I did not know I had such a thing in my army. What is your name, sir?' By this time the quartermaster saw whom he was talking to and, with apologies, hurried off to get the information desired."

Another incident equally characteristic, is current at this date, and seems likewise to be authentic. The General was riding along side of a supply train, which was trying to make

headway over the vile roads of the period. Coming to a team that was stalled and the driver whipping and swearing shamefully, Sherman said, "Stop that, stop that, sir!" Looking up the driver saw who it was, but at the same time saw that the general had nothing visible about him to indicate his rank. With the quick intuition of a soldier, a way out of his dilemma flashed into his mind. Assuming an air of offended dignity, he said, "Who the blank are you?" Without thinking but what the man was sincere, the General told him who he was. Apparently more offended than ever, the driver replied, "O, you go to blank! Every old duffer who comes along, wearing a greasy blouse and a slouch hat, can't play himself off to me as General Sherman." The General saw the point, and with the suspicion of a smile rode on.

No more accurate or expressive description of life with us for the few days following can be given than to quote, word for word, a diary in the writer's possession, written at the time, by a soldier in the Twenty-seventh. "June 15th, advanced two miles. Heavy skirmishing all the way. Entrenched. June 16th, sharp-shooters troublesome. Heavy artillery duel. Shells riddled the timber among us. June 17th, rebels fell back early. We advanced two miles. Entrenched twice. Hooker and Sherman came around in the evening. June 18th. Rained last night and continued all day. Heavy skirmishing all day. Heaviest kind of cannonading. Ration of whisky. Some rather merry. June 19th, advanced two miles. Enemy abandoned two lines of works. Rain, rain. June 20th, moved two miles to the right. Lay till 4 P. M., then advanced three miles, finding no enemy."

By skillful maneuvers the enemy was thus forced out of one position after another. A long line of battle is never straight, but necessarily curves and zigzags about, to conform to the lay of the land. This often enables an antagonist, by advancing part of his force to a certain point, to fire into the flank or even into the rear of this crooked line, in some of its turns and angles. In that event a change is almost certainly necessitated. When the change is made it may be only to find that the new position is as faulty and untenable as the old, or is speedily rendered so by another move of the foe.

In this way the rebels were forced to abandon, first Lost Mountain and then Pine Mountain, as well as the regions adjacent. Then, though holding on to Kenesaw, they had to

swing back and extend their left, little by little, until finally their line, after passing from east to west along the northern slopes of Kenesaw, turned sharply south at its western extremity and extended in that direction two or three miles.

In the closing sentences from the diary quoted above, the movements are mentioned by which the Twenty-seventh, along with the balance of the Twentieth Corps, came to occupy a position near the southern extremity of the Union line, as it confronted that of the enemy. This position was along the Powder Springs and Marietta road, west of the latter town.

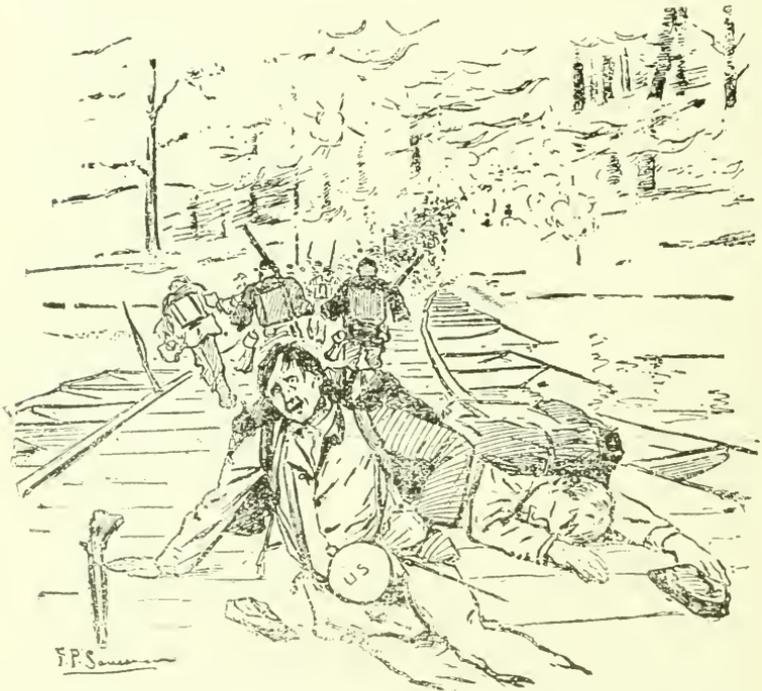
Here, on the 22d of June, was fought the Battle of Kolb's farm. There was not enough of this engagement to go around, therefore the Twenty-seventh, though present and witnessing much of it, took but little part. It was another instance where the rebel General Hood tried the "Jackson tactics" unsuccessfully. It seems that "Pap" Williams was the first to become apprised of Hood's plans. In his report he says:

"About 3 P. M., hearing there were credible rumors of an attack, I reported in person to the major-general commanding the corps, at Kolb's house, and received orders to deploy my division in one line and throw up breastworks without delay. The information seemed reliable that the whole of Hood's corps was advancing to attack us. I had barely reached the left of my line (conveying the orders in person to each brigade commander, as I returned from the corps headquarters), before the peculiar yell of the rebel mass was heard as they emerged from the woods and dashed forward toward our line."

General Ruger gives a very clear and accurate account of the engagement, as it relates to his brigade. He says:

"In accordance with orders I placed the brigade in position in one line formation, the right resting near the Marietta road, and connecting with General Hascall's division of the Twenty-third Corps, which meantime had come up by the Marietta road. * * * * In accordance with orders such breast-works were made as could be constructed by rails and other material within reach. In front of the left two regiments of the brigade (the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers and One Hundred and Fiftieth New York Volunteers) the ground was open about 300 yards to the front. The First Brigade prolonged the line to the left, along the crest of the ridge. * * * Next on the left of the brigade, and between the First and Second Brigades, was Battery M, First New York Artillery, light 12-pounders. Very soon after coming into position, the attack of the enemy was made by Hood's corps. His columns, in approaching, were subject to a fire from batteries in commanding positions, and were much disorganized. In the immediate front of the brigade and of the First Brigade the enemy emerged from the cover of the woods in the

open ground, and was immediately received by a fire of canister from Captain Woodbury's battery. The Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers and One Hundred and Fiftieth New York Volunteers, in whose front the ground was open, giving a good view of the enemy, now opened fire. The first line of the enemy was followed closely by his second, and that by his third. The second soon closed up on his first line, which had halted, and was even disordered before receiving the musketry fire. In a short time all three lines were repulsed and driven back in a confused mass, with heavy loss, the third line advancing but a short distance from the shelter of the woods. The enemy making the attack was Stevenson's division of Hood's corps."



THE CHARGE OVER THE BRIDGE.

General Ruger does not mention the fact that a large number of the enemy took refuge along the creek in the ravine between the lines, fearing to ascend the slope back of it, and were handled very roughly later on. They seemed to be crowded into that depression in almost a compact mass. They were partly screened from the fire of our line directly in front of them, but our men farther to the right could reach them with a damaging flank fire, while some of our batteries had an enfilading range upon them that was terrible.

The commander of one of these batteries, who could not from his position see the effect of his fire, or even tell when he had the range, rode up to the Twenty-seventh and asked the men to cheer when his shots seemed to be doing execution. After a few trials he succeeded in dropping his missiles, and exploding them, squarely in the midst of the cowering, defenseless enemy. The men of the regiment cheered, and then followed the most galling, merciless shelling of men, corralled where they could neither defend themselves or escape, that it ever fell to our lot to witness.

From first to last, the enemy was severely punished in this battle. As appears in General Ruger's report, the part of the line held by our regiment was not attacked directly. We had little to do but stand to our arms and witness the slaughter. Bryant tersely says: "It was an episode of most murderous war." He also quotes the following from a correspondent of the New York Herald:

"Along the little stream ran a rail fence. The rebels had crowded behind this for protection, but were literally mowed down. The torn, bloody knapsacks, haversacks and frequent pools of blood, were ghastly evidences of how they suffered. The stream was choked up with bodies and discolored with blood. In the ravine and around the house, where they had crowded for shelter, their bodies lay piled on one another."

Newspaper statements are often exaggerated, but this reference to "pools of blood," and the water in the little stream being "discolored" by it, unusual as it is, even in war, is confirmed as being literally true, by conservative eye-witnesses in the Twenty-seventh. Different ones have affirmed that they had always supposed such language to be figurative only, until they had passed over this fatal field. They here saw not pools of human blood only, but also places where it had run in streams over the ground for considerable distances. And the stagnant water in the brook was plainly affected by it, in many places.

Following the battle of Kolb's Farm, skirmishing continued daily, as also the daily crowding upon the enemy's position, and the constant building and strengthening of breastworks.

The 27th of June was the day of the assault upon the enemy's position on the slopes of Kenesaw. This is known as the Battle of Kenesaw Mountain. Fortunately for us, our

division was not of the number chosen to make the assault. Our side suffered a decided repulse. Sherman frankly admits that the assault failed, and almost admits that he himself had little hope of its success. He justifies it, however, by alleging that, if it had succeeded, it would have greatly shortened operations for the possession of Atlanta, and that he was almost forced to make it as a means of discipline to his army. With respect to the latter consideration, he says, in substance, that he had been manœuvring the enemy out of positions, and flanking around strongholds so much that he thought there was danger of the men allowing all of their stand-up, square-toed fighting qualities to slip away from them. If Sherman, or any one else, had any suspicion that this quality was already gone from the men, his mind must have been quickly disabused by what he witnessed in this assault. No soldiers were ever more dauntless or heroic. It was another case of "Into the mouth of hell."

In the massing of troops preparatory to the assault, some changes were made in our line, and, had it been successful, we were prepared to take full advantage of it. That was all we were called upon to do. Of course we heard much, for there was much to hear—a rumble and roar of cannon and a rattle and din of musketry, such as invariably accompanied a fierce battle. The weather was extremely hot.

After the battle of Kenesaw Mountain there was a truce for some hours along the whole line, that the dead might be hunted up and buried, and the wounded cared for. During this truce all sounds of strife ceased. Many from both armies mingled freely together in friendly conversation. With the men on both sides there was a constant curiosity to know more about the other fellows. This curiosity, if not gratified, grew with each passing day. The air of mystery which an army always presents to its adversary was probably the cause of this. The men of each army know that the other army exists, perhaps that it is in the near vicinity, and that it is a tremendous engine of death, requiring the utmost watchfulness. But beyond these facts they know very little. Except in battle, they really see next to nothing of each other. A pile of fresh dirt on a distant hillside, the glint from a few gun barrels among the trees, now and then a form gliding across an opening, these are all they ever see. Is it any wonder that they are desperately anxious to see and know more?

Moreover, the conditions were strangely anomolous in our war. The men of both armies had belonged in the same country. Thousands who were now on opposite sides had been personal acquaintances and friends before the strife began. We had quite a number of men in the Twenty-seventh who had been born and brought up in the South. They knew as many soldiers in regiments from North Carolina, Virginia or Kentucky as they did in their own. These men wanted to see and hear from friends. We all wanted to compare notes with "Johnny Reb," learn something of his way of doing things, and hear from his own lips how he liked it, as far as he had gone.

On July 1st, the non-veterans of the Third Wisconsin started home, having served out the three years of their enlistment. They had been excused from detail for some days. Many and sincere were the expressions of regret at parting, appreciation of, and respect for, duty nobly done and good wishes for the future. The ties that bound those who stood by each other during three years of such service as we had seen together were very strong.

On Sunday, July 3d, we were awakened at 1:00 A. M. While our thoughts were busy recalling where we had been one year before that morning, and speculating as to what was in store for us this day, the rumor was confirmed that the rebel army had, at last, abandoned its strong position about Kenesaw. To follow it was our next duty. The sun was barely showing signs of rising when we moved out. The Twenty-seventh was assigned the advance, with Company F on the skirmish line. In this order we moved up to and passed through the city of Marietta. It looked to be rather a pretty place, but was largely forsaken by its inhabitants.

Our army took a large number of prisoners to-day. They were mostly stragglers, and more or less of them were doubtless really deserters. In this connection a very unusual event transpired. George Gore, of Company D, unaided by any one, brought in five live prisoners. He carried their muskets, while they marched before him and carried their own equipments. During a halt of the regiment, he went to a farmhouse, some distance away, on the lookout for something better than army rations with which to refresh the inner man. As he approached the place he saw a row of muskets leaning against the outside of the dwelling. Not suspecting but that

they belonged to a party of Union soldiers, he went on, only to find five Confederates sitting at the table inside, eating their dinner. It was too late to retreat and Gore thought if anybody had to surrender he would rather it would be the other fellows. So, drawing his gun upon them, he ordered them to come out and precede him to camp. It was a clear and well-authenticated case of the five-to-one theory upon which the South began the war, only it was reversed. The men did not avow themselves to be deserters, though they could not have been very determined or resolute in their loyalty to their cause.

If there was ever a time when we could meet the enemy five to one, though we were never foolish enough to have such a thought, it was to-day. Our spirits were high. The enemy had again shown us his back, and under such circumstances as to encourage us greatly. We reasoned that, with all the time which had elapsed, in which to recruit and concentrate its army, if the rebellion could not hold such positions as the mountainous regions about Alatoona and Kenesaw afforded, there could be little doubt that it was now nearing the last ditch.

We met the first serious resistance of the day some five miles beyond Marietta. Forming line of battle, we soon found that another system of entrenchments confronted us.

This brings up a feature of the war not mentioned before, in this narrative. The rebel commander here had a force of several thousand negroes, as every rebel commander had, which, under the direction of competent engineers, put in their whole time constructing defences. Before one position was abandoned, another was prepared. Not only so, but, as in this case, intermediate defences were constructed, to delay the pursuit and prevent our army from gaining any advantage while theirs was in motion. No need to say that this was an immense help. It was one of the ways, therefore, that the negro question entered into the practical conduct of the war. At the start many on our side, some of them sturdy defenders of the Union, contended that our army, in putting down the rebellion, should not molest slavery in any way. It must maintain perfect neutrality with respect to that institution.

But it soon became manifest to all reasonable people that such a course was impracticable, as well as suicidal. The insti-

tution of slavery was openly used to help the rebellion. The slaves not only took care of the women and children at home while their masters were in the army fighting, and even raised a surplus to send to the army for its maintenance, but actually came and assisted the army itself. This gang of slaves increased the effective strength of the rebel army as much as if they had been mustered into it. Those engaged in the rebellion saw this clearly. Senator Hill, in his frenzied appeal to the people of Georgia, to rise against Sherman, on his march to the sea, said: "Every negro with his spade and axe can do the work of a soldier." This is why it became "a military necessity," as Lincoln expressed it, to free the slaves. As our army would burn a mill or foundry, or destroy a railroad, to prevent the enemy from using them against us, so it became imperative to strike at slavery.

The glorious Fourth of July was ushered in, with us, this year, by our bands playing National airs. They began so early that these were the first sounds that greeted many of our ears, on awakening. How delightful and inspiring the sweet strains were, as they were borne to us on the calm, fresh morning air! No soldier of those old days has ever heard, what seems to him, such impressive, soul-stirring band music as he heard then. Usually in the hush of evening or sometimes in the early morning, as was the case now, before the confusion and excitement of the day had begun, our thoroughly trained musicians, with their hearts in their work, rendered the numbers appropriate to those eventful times, better than they can ever be rendered for us again.

The regular music, of another sort, also opened early, namely, cannonading and picket firing. During the day our division moved to the right, perhaps two miles. Our bivouac that night was in a dense thicket, with very strict orders to sleep with all of our accoutrements on, and within easy reach of our guns.

Such urgent precautions against an attack favored a false alarm which, sure enough, came before morning. A lot of loose animals (some say mules and others beef cattle) got among the sleeping men. Upsetting a stack of muskets, two or three of them were discharged. These were followed by loud shrieks of pain and terror from those hit or trampled upon. Instantly, pandemonium reigned. Men, partially awakened out of a deep sleep, went wild and were liable to do almost

any foolish thing. The whole brigade, if not the whole division, seemed on the verge of a stampede.

But an officer or two, blessed not only with cool heads and quick wits, but with stentorian voices, roared, "Steady, men! There's nothing the matter; steady!" As if by magic, all was quiet in a trice, and the men dropped down again and were asleep, almost as quickly as they had been roused up. It has been stated that, when morning came, no one could be found who would acknowledge that he was awake or knew anything of the occurrence. As no one had been recognized in the inky darkness, that was a slick way to evade all reproach. The episode was an almost exact reproduction of what happened just after the battle of Cedar Mountain.

On July 5, the enemy was again conspicuous by his absence. We advanced over his abandoned breastworks. One, who claims to have kept a careful count, avers that this was the tenth regular system of defenses, not counting many isolated, or incomplete ones, since leaving Dalton.

For a period of several days, just now, the weather was intensely hot. During most of the day the atmosphere had a furnace temperature. The rebels were pushed to within about two miles of the Chattahoochee river. Towards the last skirmishing was heavy. From the tree tops upon the elevated ground, where we finally halted, we could see the buildings in our long sought and earnestly coveted prize—Atlanta. Field glasses were in requisition, and many were the ragged, dirt-begrimed and vermin-infested soldiers, who, after so many days of wilderness-journey, climbed up to these Pisga heights and gazed long and wistfully, and not without faith, into this "Promised Land."

There was a move of uncertain length and direction on the 7th, and, at the end of it, the erection of a line of breastworks. The direction, in general, was towards the right. The heat remained torrid. Our position, when we halted, was on one of the main roads between Marietta and Atlanta. The day following we were greatly annoyed by the dust, raised by passing teams. A tree-top vision of Atlanta could also be had from this point. The view was brighter and faith was strengthened.

Here we remained stationary for awhile, though other parts of the army were active. Schofield's and McPherson's armies passed up the river and crossed over. When the rebel

commander learned of this he evacuated the position in our front and withdrew behind the Chattahoochee and practically within the defenses of Atlanta. Our pickets were advanced to the river, but soon arranged a truce with the rebel out-posts on the opposite shore. For a day or two matters were more quiet and peaceful than they had been for many weeks. It really seemed odd without the everlasting pop, pop, on the picket line. Except for the occasional boom of cannon, far off to our left, we might have fallen into a hopeless state of enervation.

The time was improved here by a general cleaning up. It may sound barbaric, but it was really delightful to all that we again had it within our power to boil alive some of our most venomous and blood-thirsty enemies! Stern measures were imperative. To accomplish this, every pot, kettle, or other vessel that would hold water and stand fire was in demand. As it was at Sandy Hook, Maryland, after the second Bull Run and Antietam campaigns, men stood picket and did other duty while most, if not all of their garments were boiling in suds, or hanging on limbs to dry. A sudden call to march would have found whole battalions, if not brigades, in a stark condition of nativity.

An interesting fact is related in connection with the first crossing of the Chattahoochee by our troops. As the advance swiftly pushed over, and dashed up the opposite bank, a rebel picket post was captured. One of the men had been writing home, and the unfinished letter, as well as the writer, was taken. The words he had been in the act of putting down contained strong assurances to his friends that he was not in any danger. They need not have any uneasiness about him. The "Yanks" were raising disturbances in some quarters, but there was not the slightest probability of them disturbing his repose. Who, alas! in the army can forecast the future? Before the ink was dry on the paper, even before the thought could be fully expressed, both himself and his letter were in the hands of his enemies.

Another incident had its beginning here, which is more directly connected with this narrative. During our truce with the rebel pickets along the Chattahoochee, members of the Twenty-seventh became in a measure intimate with a lieutenant and a number of his men, belonging to the Tenth Georgia, Confederate, regiment. The privilege of bathing in

the river was freely accorded to both sides, and there was quite a little interchange of courtesies, as well as commodities, between our boys and these Southern youths. Warm-hearted, full of fun, ready to give or take a joke, never harsh or ill-tempered in their language, in all, except their uniforms, they seemed one with ourselves. But while our association with them was in progress, we received orders to march. The next day we crossed the Chattahoochee and, the third day after crossing, we took part in the battle of Peach Tree Creek. After it was over we found the names of the Georgia lieutenant, and several of his men, on the head boards marking the graves of those killed in front of our regiment. The thirty years and more which have gone over our heads since then, have not entirely removed the pain which we have always felt when recalling this episode of war.

The rebel defenses immediately north of the Chattahoochee were the most elaborate of any we met with on this campaign. General Sherman says this "*le-tre-du-pont*," as he calls it, "proved one of the strongest pieces of field fortifications I ever saw." The system extended, in a semi-circle, from the river above the railroad bridge to the river below it. The total length was about five miles, and throughout the whole of it there was a formidable earthwork, with ditch, escarpment, embrasures, etc. In front was the customary abatis, while behind was a line of block houses, bomb-proof ammunition cellars, wells of water and all of the other provisions and safe-guards of a regular fort. To construct these must have required a stupendous outlay of labor. Yet all were turned in a day, and abandoned as useless.

Among other things, we had regular inspection while on the Chattahoochee,—the first since leaving Tullahoma.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PEACH TREE CREEK.

Our days of quiet, rest, cleaning-up and refitting ended on the 12th of June. That day about noon we started up the Chattahoochee to Vining's Station, and crossed the river on a pontoon bridge, at Paice's Ferry, a short distance above. Passing by troops of the Fourteenth Corps, we camped in a rough country, though in a fine oak woods, at eight P. M. We had for several days regaled ourselves on luscious blackberries. To-night we gathered a rich harvest of huckleberries. Both of them reminded us of Indiana.

On the 15th, we moved on towards Atlanta, and that night we entrenched. It was not safe now to put in much time anywhere without this precaution. On the 19th, we moved still farther to the front, camping on the bank of Peach Tree Creek. The marches these two days had not been long. The weather had become more pleasant,—neither too warm nor too much rain. The nights were especially comfortable.

On the morning of the 20th of July we advanced across Peach Tree Creek. We were now only four miles from Atlanta. The bluff on the northern side of Peach Tree at this point is perhaps thirty feet high, almost perpendicular, butting close up to the channel of the creek. On the southern side, there is quite a strip of marshy bottom land, and after passing this, the ascent to the higher ground beyond is gradual. There were positive indications, as we moved across the creek and up the opposite slope, that we had come about as far as we were to be permitted to come without vigorous opposition. There was brisk firing on the skirmish line and a rebel battery was dropping shells wherever it could in such a timbered region, endeavoring thus to hinder and delay our progress.

From near the point where we crossed the creek, a narrow country road angled to the right, passing diagonally up the slopes and across the ravines on the south side, and uniting with a more prominent road, leading from Howell's Mills to Atlanta, about a half mile beyond. Williams' division was moving out

on this country road, first mentioned. Geary's division, which had forced the passage of the creek the evening before, and Ward's division, which crossed after us, bore to the left, and were taking positions on the ridges and plateaus out in that direction. All of the land in our front or near us was wooded, except some small patches around a cluster of vacant cabins, slightly in advance of where the Twenty-seventh halted. To our right, and a little behind us, was a division of the Fourteenth Corps.

The time until after three P. M., was spent in crossing the troops over the creek and moving into position. The indications at that time were that we were about ready for a farther advance. The firing in front was more rapid, indicating an advance of the skirmish line. Some pieces of our division artillery were passing up the road, as if they might be needed ahead. Suddenly the musketry, off to our left, broke out into heavy and rapid volleys. The cheers and yells, which also reached us from that direction, plainly indicated that another battle was on. The enemy was making a sudden and vigorous attack.

Until now we had not been in battle formation. We had only compacted our lines on the hillside, as if to make room in the rear for others. But under urgent orders we at once formed in order for defense, double-quick. The First Brigade took position on the right of the road, and the Third Brigade on the left. Our brigade (the Second) was stationed in the rear, in support of the others, on ground just vacated by troops of the Fourteenth Corps. Their partially completed breastworks we worked like beavers to strengthen.

Almost immediately our First and Third Brigades were furiously assailed. The rebels swept in the skirmish line with their line of battle. Both musketry and artillery opened in heavy volleys from the start. Very soon the wounded began to come back, and it was not long before we were expecting orders to advance to the assistance of the first line, or to see them withdraw to the rear of our position. As the battle raged it seemed to be heaviest on our left, where Ward's and Geary's divisions were. But our First and Third Brigades were also firing volley after volley, without cessation.

Among other riderless horses that we observed at length, running at large, was one that we all recognized as being General Knipe's, the commander of the First Brigade. The report

naturally passed along the line that General Knipe had been killed. This was soon disproved by his coming back himself. He was on foot. His horse had been so badly wounded that he considered it unsafe to ride it. He had therefore dismounted and turned it loose. His errand back was to secure one regiment to come to his assistance. The enemy, he said, was threatening his right flank, by passing down a ravine between his right regiment and the left of the Fourteenth Corps.

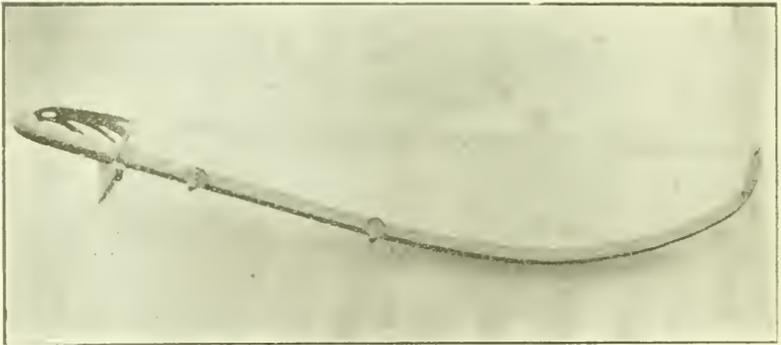
General Knipe was enquiring for General Williams; but General Hooker being present, while General Williams was not present, Hooker, after some parley, gave Knipe verbal orders to take the Twenty-seventh. To reach the desired position it was necessary for us to cross an open space of sixty or seventy-five yards, where the regiment would be exposed to a cross fire at close range. General Knipe and Colonel Colgrove therefore pointed out the place where the men were to form. It was along the remnant of a fence bordering a ravine. They were instructed to make a dash for the point indicated, without regard to order, and, once there, to open fire and hold the position at all hazards. At the word of command, the Twenty-seventh cleared the opening in eager precipitation, and were speedily taking part in the fray.

The situation was the same as it usually was on both sides during the war. A former colonel of a Mississippi cavalry regiment related to the writer after the war, that General Forrest, at a certain battle, said to him when he reported for orders, "It don't matter where you put your regiment in, Colonel, there's good fighting anywhere along the line." So it was here. The only difficulty was that there was not space enough assigned to the Twenty-seventh for all the men to get into line. They did, therefore, as men sometimes do in forts, but what we never did at any other time: Those not able to get position in the front line loaded their muskets and handed them to those before them to fire.

To the left there was open ground, but in front and to the right there was a jungle of trees and bushes. In the latter, the enemy could approach very near without being observed. The assault was very persistent. When compelled to fall back, the rebels would immediately reform and return to the attack, or others would return in their stead. It appeared to us that they would only retire into the thicket a short distance and then return again. In fact, we were often the victims of a

damaging fire of musketry when we could see no enemy. For this reason, orders were eventually given to continue firing into the dense woods, even after the enemy had retired and were not in sight. The men who loaded and fired their own muskets exclusively used over a hundred rounds of cartridges. Some used many more than that. The engagement continued until fairly dark, when the enemy withdrew finally.

Our loss, though severe, was again less than we had been accustomed to. It was four killed and thirty-six wounded. Among the latter was Colonel Colgrove. An unexploded shell, which otherwise would have passed harmlessly over, struck the limb of a tree and glanced downward. The colonel was at the time reclining on his side, in rear of the regiment. The shell struck under him, passing between his arm and body. Such was its terrific force that it lifted him up several



COL. COLGROVE'S SWORD, STRUCK BY CANNON BALL AT PEACH TREE CREEK. PRESENTED BY THE COLONEL TO JOHN BRESNAHAN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

feet and whirled him over and over. It was strange that he was not killed, but he was hurt more seriously than the first examination indicated. Besides the injury to his arm, a contusion developed in his side, which, sloughing off, made a desperate wound. He finally recovered, though he never again commanded the old regiment. The sword the Colonel was wearing at the time he has since presented to Comrade Bresnahan, formerly of Company A, now residing in Washington, D. C. It bears the marks of the tremendous force of the blow, being bent and twisted like a piece of tin or scrap-iron that has passed through a hot fire.

A party of former members of the Twenty-seventh, including the writer, visited the battlefield of Peach Tree Creek in September, 1895. After some difficulty, they found the exact spot where the regiment was engaged. The entrenchments, dug the night after the battle, substantially where the line had been during its progress, served as the best guide to identification. The ground had not been improved, and the old parapet remained very clearly marked. The graves where we buried our dead comrades at the close of the battle were also distinctly visible, though apparently empty. The slabs of sandstone which we set up for headstones were still in place. We inferred that the bodies had been removed to the National Cemetery.

Our location during the battle was about a fourth of a mile east of the old Atlanta and Howell's Mill road, and immediately east of the first deep ravine in that direction. It was this ravine that was on our right while we were engaged. A branch of it also curved eastward and partially covered our front. The ground between this ravine and the above road was occupied by men from the Fourteenth Corps.

Of course, many circumstances of the battle were vividly recalled. The facts relating to the Twenty-seventh being ordered in were distinctly remembered. They were as follows: While we were lying in reserve, with our brigade, not long after we had seen General Knipe's riderless horse and heard the report that the general had been killed, the general himself came hurrying back from the front. He was a mercurial, demonstrative little man always; but now he was wrought up more than common. He was frantic. Without appearing to address himself to any one in particular, he inquired for General Williams, and added that he wanted a regiment to support his right flank. His line was in danger of being turned, and his own Forty-sixth Pennsylvania was suffering badly. These facts were stated in loud, impassioned tones, and with many vigorous gesticulations. General Hooker was sitting on his horse so near the Twenty-seventh that his voice could be easily heard, without his speaking loud. Shells were whistling and screaming everywhere, and minie balls frequently found their way over to us, but he was as calm and self-poised as if he had been resting in the shade, bordering a Northern harvest field.

When he found what Knipe wanted he turned and

pointed to a regiment near by and said, "There, General Knipe, take that one." "No-o, no-o, I don't want that one." Knipe fairly screamed, with long drawn emphasis on the noes. In the meantime he had not stopped, but had hurried by, still calling for General Williams. Hooker called, "Here, General Knipe, General Knipe! come here!" Knipe did not hear, or affect to hear, at first, and one of Hooker's staff started after him, calling him to come back. Knipe finally turned and came back a few steps. Hooker this time pointed to the Twenty-seventh and said laconically, "Take that one." "All right!" said Knipe, "I'll take that one," still speaking in high tones and drawing out his words. Then, coming up to the regiment, as the men had fallen in ranks, he shrieked, "Twenty-seventh Indiana, I want you. This old brigade never has been whipped, and it never will be whipped." After which followed what has been narrated.

Another incident was recalled, which occurred later, and in which General Knipe figured also somewhat humorously. He passed in rear of the Twenty-seventh while we were hotly engaged. He was still afoot and carrying his sword in his hand, unsheathed, as it had been before. He was also in his high state of excitement and was urging and encouraging the men, with all his former demonstrativeness and energy. A sergeant of the Twenty-seventh said in very bland tones, "General, have you any chewing tobacco?" "Yes, I have some tobacco," the general replied, in the same high-keyed, long-drawn tone. And, jabbing his sword in the ground, with great energy, he produced from his breeches pocket a small piece of "plug," and handed it to the sergeant. The latter began turning it over and "sizing it up," as the boys now say, trying to decide whether or not there was too much of it for one good chew. When the general saw what the sergeant was about he said in a perfectly natural, though, plaintive, tone,—all of his strained, keyed-up condition entirely gone,—"*That's all I've got.*" All the boys in hearing laughed heartily, the sergeant took out his knife, cut the tobacco in two parts, put one in his mouth and handed the other back to the general, who thereupon pulled his sword out of the ground and went on his way.

The boys making this visit could not fail to remember how thick the rebel dead laid in our front after the battle was over, particularly in the small ravine near our line, and

on the slopes beyond it. In front of both the Forty-sixth and Twenty-seventh, dead bodies frequently lay across each other. Neither could the piteous moans and complaints of the wounded, continuing all through the night, fail to come to mind. The vacant cabins before mentioned, which were now on our left, were used as field hospitals. One or two of the rebel wounded which had been carried there were loud and instant in their outcries.

Lieutenant-Colonel Fesler's official report of this battle, entire, is as follows: "July 20th, at Peach Tree Run, Colonel Colgrove was ordered by General Ruger to take a position on the right of General Knipe's brigade. It was done with some difficulty, as the enemy was about to get on General Knipe's right flank before the regiment could get the position ordered. Soon after getting in position Colonel Colgrove was severely wounded, and the command of the regiment devolved on me. About 10 P. M. the enemy fell back, taking their killed and wounded with them. The loss in my regiment was four killed and ten wounded." Colonel Fesler did as much towards suppressing the rebellion as most men in his station in the army, but it was not done by writing official reports, after the battles were over.

General Williams gives such a clear and easily understood description of the field, and particularizes concerning the battle in such an interesting way, that his report is quoted at length. He says:

"The division crossed the creek early in the morning and, passing through Geary's division, followed a farm road along a wooded ridge, which intersects the Howell's Mill (or Paice's Ferry) road at the house of H. Embry. At this point the enemy had established a large post, strongly entrenched. The head of my column having reached a group of deserted houses about 600 yards from Embry's, I was ordered by the major-general commanding the corps to halt. Knipe's brigade was massed on the right, and Robinson's on the left of the road. Ruger's brigade, in the rear, was moved to the right to connect with the Fourteenth Corps. Later in the day Geary's division was brought up on my left. One brigade occupied an eminence separated from my position by a deep, wooded hollow or ravine, which, passing between our positions, turned to the left behind Geary's advanced brigade, and terminated in the open ground, where was posted one of Ward's division. One of Geary's brigades lay at the foot of the hill occupied by his advance and near the lower end of this ravine. A similar ravine, but of less depth, lay between my position and the Fourteenth Corps, which, having somewhat refused its left, was constructing rifle-pits at an angle to the ridge I occupied, and considerably to the right and rear. My whole

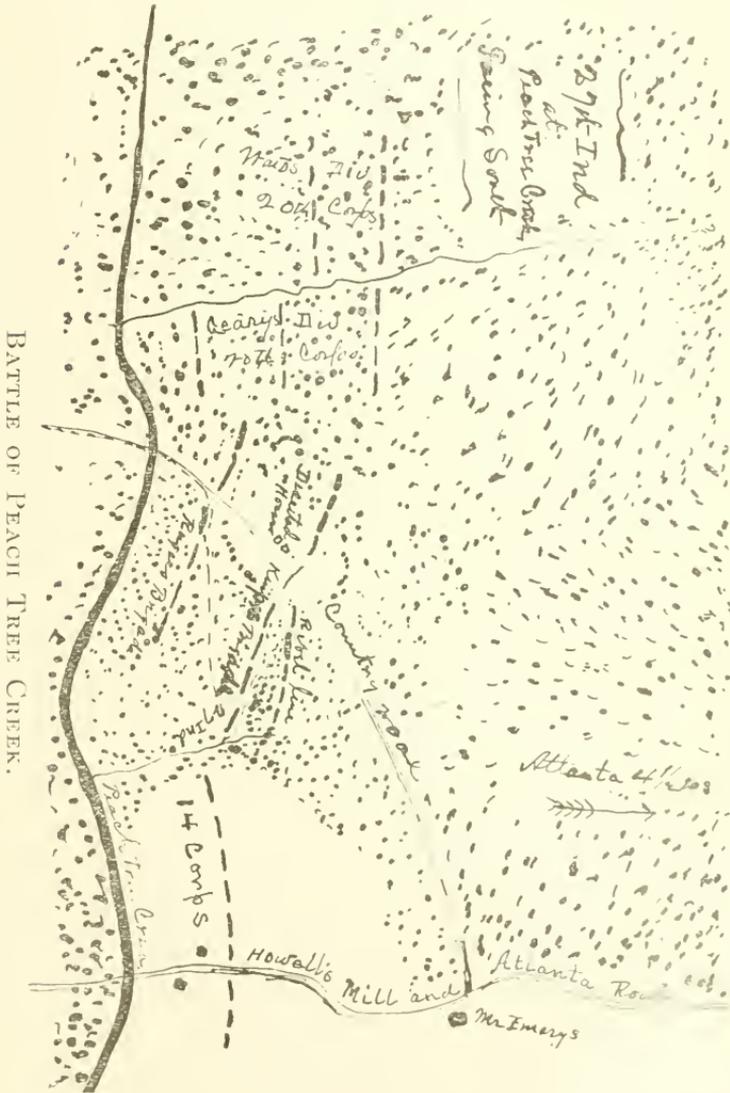
front was covered by dense woods and thickets. About 3:30 P. M. I was in the act of advancing a section of artillery and a strong reserve to the skirmish line, for the purpose of dislodging the enemy from his breastworks at Embry's house, when heavy volleys of musketry, commencing on the right of the Fourth Corps, and rolling in an increased volume toward my position, warned me that the enemy were attacking in force. I immediately ordered Knipe to deploy his brigade at double quick across the ridge in advance of the group of houses, and Robinson to extend from Knipe's left, along a farm road, on the north edge of the ravine, to connect with Geary and cover the ravine. Ruger's brigade was held in reserve to await the development of the attack. * * * * * Hardly had these dispositions been made before the enemy advanced upon us in great force, driving in our skirmishers with his line of battle, and, under cover of the thickets and undergrowth, coming close upon our lines before being seen. His main attack was along the ridge in the direction of Embry's house, but strong columns were sent down the ravine upon the right and left. That on the right, passing my flank unseen, fell upon the left regiments of the Fourteenth Corps. Finding from the enemy's fire that he was moving down the right ravine, I ordered a regiment (the Twentieth-seventh Indiana Volunteers) from Ruger's brigade, to re-enforce Knipe's right. This regiment, with one wing of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, on Knipe's right, speedily checked and drove back the enemy on this flank, and held the ground until the close of the action. In the left ravine the enemy advanced in stronger force and, pushing his way down to the lower end, momentarily forced back a brigade of the Second Division. He suffered severely, however, for his temerity. The fire of Robinson's brigade swept across the lower and through the upper portion of the ravine, while the brigade of the Second Division, rallying across the lower end, poured volleys through half its length. A section of Woodbury's light twelve's, throwing canister, helped much to expel the enemy from this part of the field.

In the meantime, Knipe's brigade, in the center, had heroically withstood and thrown back several repeated assaults. * * * * * I cannot too strongly praise the conduct of my division on this occasion. Not a regiment was broken or shaken, but without cover and in a fair field, a little over two-thirds of my command received and rolled back the repeated assaults of a numerically superior and confident force of the enemy. Prisoners were taken from two different corps."

This Battle of Peach Tree Creek proved to be the last battle, worthy of the name, that the Twenty seventh was to participate in. Several of our boys were yet to be killed and still more wounded, but the Twentieth Corps did not again confront the enemy in serious battle while the Twenty-seventh remained in it as an organization.

As the regiment had an honorable share in all the glory won here, it may be worthy of remark that this was one of the conspicuous examples, of which there were many others, furnished by other troops in this campaign, showing that the

Union army had come to be, if it was not so from the start, different from any other army known to history, in that it could not be stampeded, or panic stricken, by sudden and unlooked-for attacks, even though they came in great force and from the flank or rear. This man Hood, who had com-



BATTLE OF PEACH TREE CREEK.

manded one of the corps of the rebel army since the beginning of this campaign, was now in supreme command, having superseded Johnston only a few days prior to this battle. He had formerly been in the rebel army in Virginia. His

troops were in our immediate vicinity at Antietam. He had failed to see that the success of Jackson's flank attacks had been more apparent than real; and further, that their apparent success was because of the weakness and lack of co-operation among the higher officials on our side, rather than because large bodies of soldiers were at fault. As we have seen, he tried this species of tactics several times while this campaign progressed, always with disastrous results to his cause. Now that he had a wider field he was destined to persist in his infatuation until his army was largely sacrificed. His experience here should have convinced him, as it was calculated to convince anyone, that he was the victim of a delusion. These Union soldiers would not give ground when properly commanded, and could not be forced to do so, unless they were fairly whipped. The enemy might come at an unexpected time, or from an unexpected quarter, all that was needed was to give them a reasonable chance, and they would fight at one time, or facing in one direction, as well as another.

General Knipe well says: "This fight was a fair stand-up fight, neither party having protection in the shape of breast-works." Had it not been for alert, competent commanders our army would have been in no position for defense. As it was, some parts of it were caught in flank, others were caught in isolated positions, and the assault upon all was preconcerted, sudden and furious. Yet very slight were the advantages even temporarily gained. Along our entire division front not a man wavered. The first lines, formed in great haste, without any previous opportunity to study relative positions, were maintained to the end. Reinforcements were not called for, except to fill gaps, left open by an oversight, and reserves were not brought into action. Of all things, there was no encouragement here for rebel leaders to adopt "Jackson tactics" in the future.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LAST MONTH.

The 21st of July was spent by the Twenty-seventh on the same ground where we had stood during the Battle of Peach Tree Creek, and where we had also spent the night. In the night we built a good line of breastworks, which we strengthened and perfected after daylight. We next buried our own dead and those of the enemy nearest to us. The wounded had been mostly cared for by others before this, except a few of the enemy, that had fallen in obscure places. These were carefully looked after to-day.

On the 22d, the Twentieth Corps advanced up close to the enemy's main line of defenses, north of the city of Atlanta. The skirmishers met with some resistance in this advance, but there was no severe fighting along our front. A line of works was finally constructed by us, under fire of both musketry and artillery.

This was the day on which occurred the severe engagement known as the Battle of Atlanta. It was brought on by a large part of the rebel army making a circuit around the flank of the Union army and assaulting it from the flank and rear. The battlefield was east and southeast of the city, and some four or five miles from our position.

The troops engaged in the battle of Atlanta on the Union side mostly belonged to the Army of the Tennessee. General McPherson, the popular and brilliant commander of that army, was killed early in the action. His untimely death was greatly deplored. The rebel assault, coming from the direction it did, was unlooked for, and was impetuous and persevering, but it was signally repulsed. In its final issue this battle was a very positive Union victory.

The Army of the Tennessee fully maintained its record in the battle of Atlanta. Notwithstanding that its defenses were "turned," which means that the enemy approached from an entirely different direction from which its defenses had faced, the men of that army simply climbed over on the

opposite side of their defenses, and bravely stood their ground. They did more than this. Later in the battle, other rebel troops came out of Atlanta, from the direction that they had been expected originally, and attacked the men engaged on our side. Our soldiers were thus between two fires, and the fact seems clearly established that some of them sustained two assaults at the same time, coming from opposite directions, and successfully repelled both. That was the kind of men that were marching under the old flag at this time!

It was believed by many that the Twentieth Corps might have broken into Atlanta during this battle of the 22d of July. Skirmishers from our brigade advanced up closer to the city, and with less apparent resistance, than was the case at any other time, previous to the final evacuation of the place. It is not improbable that, in the absence of a large part of the rebel army, a determined assault, at the right point, might have succeeded. The rebel generals frequently took great risks, in stripping one part of their line to strengthen another part. The trouble on our side in this case was to find the weak point and to get the necessary troops into position to assault it, in the short time allowed, strangers to the locality, as all of our generals were.

On the 23d, the situation had again become normal. The enemy had taken a position behind a strong line of works. All day long there was a ceaseless cracking and banging of muskets and the regular booming of cannon.

On the morning of the 24th, John K. Whetstone, of Company G, was killed while the pickets were being relieved. It was the order to relieve the pickets before daylight, but for some reason there was a slight delay and it cost a worthy soldier his life.

On the 25th, there was a noticeable increase in the intensity of the artillery fire, heavier guns being brought into use. During the day and after nightfall there seemed to be extensive conflagrations in Atlanta, kindled, as we supposed, by the fire of our heavy guns. Just before dark the Twenty-seventh relieved the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York at the front, in a slight rain.

The 27th of July was the Thirteenth New Jersey's day. They were assigned the duty that day of abating a nuisance that had been the occasion of considerable annoyance and loss. Between the picket lines of the two armies stood a house

where rebel sharpshooters could secrete themselves and have a good shot at whoever might expose himself on our side. The Thirteenth was ordered to sally our and seize the house, capture those who were in it, and burn it to the ground. This they did most handsomely, in plain sight of both armies. The facility and dispatch with which they gathered in those sharpshooters and set fire to the house, was well worthy of the tumultuous applause that they received. The enemy did not seem to comprehend what was intended until they saw the smoke ascending skyward. They then opened with their artillery with great fierceness, but without avail. The Thirteenth pluckily held its ground until the complete destruction of the building was assured, when it withdrew in good order. Fifteen prisoners were captured. The brigade provost marshal records that this made a total of 69 prisoners captured by the brigade, up to that time in the month.

On the 28th, we first heard of General Hooker's resignation of the command of the Twentieth Corps. He did this because General Howard was appointed to succeed General McPherson as commander of the Army of the Tennessee. Howard had formerly served as a corps commander under Hooker and the latter now resented the idea of having the former given a higher command than he himself exercised. General Hooker had won the respect and confidence of the soldiers of all ranks in the Twentieth Corps during the progress of the campaign, but if any tears were shed in the Twenty-seventh over his departure they were quickly dried when it was announced that General Slocum was to return to the corps. Though General Hooker possessed some brilliant gifts, and is entitled to some credit for what he did in suppressing the rebellion, impartial history will not accord him a place of great eminence, either as a soldier or a man.

On the 29th of July a step was taken which was repeated frequently later. This was a sudden dash forward by the picket line, the object being to seize and hold ground closer up to the enemy's main line. To accomplish this it was necessary to rout or capture their picket line. At this time the coveted ground was taken and held and one hundred prisoners were captured.

The method adopted in this case and in others was substantially the same. At a preconcerted signal our picket line leaped from its cover and rushed forward to the point design-

nated, which in this instance was the rifle pits of the enemy's pickets. With as little ceremony as delay our men precipitated themselves into the midst of the occupants of those rifle pits. They fired at us when they first saw us coming, but their aim was too hasty to be effectual, a thing that had been definitely counted upon. Before they could reload we were upon them, and our muskets being still loaded, they could do nothing but surrender. The surprising thing about these episodes was the slight casualty, commonly attending them. To-day one hundred men, supposed to be on their guard, with loaded muskets in their hands, were rushed upon and captured, in open daylight, without their taking anybody's life.

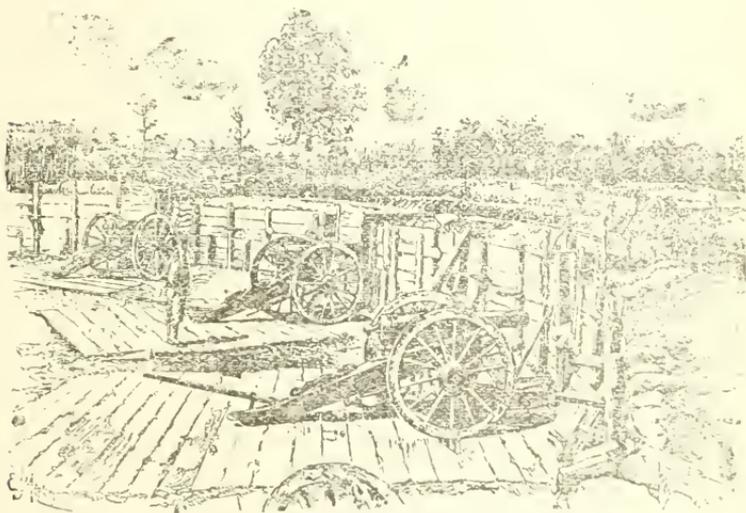
After the ground was once gained by these sudden dashes, the next thing was to hold it. At this point soldiers became gophers. With amazing dexterity and speed they dug holes for themselves in the ground, with picks and spades; some would do the digging, while others, with their muskets, attended to the enemy. In an incredibly short time quite secure rifle pits were ready.

The enemy, stationed further back, usually pelted men occupied in this way with all the fury possible, using both musketry and artillery. Frequently they advanced a line by way of a counter charge. Sometimes they drove our skirmishers back by these means, though not often. With the help of batteries and sharpshooters in our rear, we generally held the positions once gained. After we had gained the advanced position to-day and had entrenched, a well aimed shell penetrated a rifle pit containing five Twenty-seventh men, wounding one of them. The other four abandoned the pit under musketry fire at close range, but all escaped unhurt.

From this time until the 25th of August, almost a month, operations similar to those mentioned heretofore, and such as usually pertain to a siege, went steadily forward. The position of the Twenty-seventh remained in the vicinity of the Howell's Mill wagon road, north of the city. Near this road, on the east side, the enemy had a formidable earth-work, or fort, with outlying breast-works and rifle pits. We persistently worked up towards this fortification. At the end of the time named, our advanced rifle pits were in short musket range of it, so close that its heavy guns were silenced for the most part. On this advanced line there was almost con-

stant musket firing and the exposure was considerable. Two of our men, Thomas F. Pratt, of Company F, and George W. Stout, of Company B, were killed during this period. A number of others were wounded. Back of this line was another, not so exposed, and farther back still was a third, where men were comparatively safe. Against artillery fire, however, men were not safe anywhere. Details sometimes of entire regiments and sometimes of smaller commands, took turns in occupying the most exposed lines.

The month of August was not as hot as July had been. Some days the sun blazed upon us without mercy, but others were more tolerable, and the nights were comfortable.



SAMPLE OF ATLANTA BREASTWORKS.

In parts of our breast-works we arranged a cover of brush with the leaves on. This enhanced our comfort very much. In some instances these shades were ordered down. Those issuing orders in the army did not always think it necessary to give reasons for them. In this instance we supposed it was because the enemy would know, when they saw us arranging things so comfortably, that we did not contemplate any aggressive movement with respect to themselves. Of all things they must have no rest.

The most difficult problem with respect to our personal comfort day after day was, how to get sufficient sleep? In

addition to picket duty, or watching in the advance rifle-pits, where all sleep was wholly out of the question, much of our other duty was done at night. The pickets were relieved, and most of the going back and forth from the rear to any advanced position, had to be done while it was dark. All of these matters caused more or less disturbance, and materially interfered with the sleeping hours, not only of those who were doing the duty, but of others as well. Then, alarms were of almost nightly occurrence. If they did not reach the point of a call to arms, requiring all of us to fall into line and remain so until the danger had passed, they still resulted in every man being awake. As to sleep in daytime, myriads upon myriads of flies, enterprising, hungry, and venomous beyond description, swarmed in our camps like an Egyptian plague and rendered any attempt to do that a period of veritable torture. That Atlanta was finally taken was not the fault of the flies and other pests of the region. They did their full share towards defending it.

It was a mystery to us at the time what governed the firing of artillery during this siege. General Sherman and others have explained some of it subsequently, but much of it will doubtless never be accounted for. At any hour, day or night, one side or the other was liable to open up a furious cannonade. Perhaps, just before dawn some morning, or at some other hour through the night, or, it may be, at some hour through the day, the rebel artillery would suddenly begin, and, for a time, the air would be full of flying, hissing, swishing, screeching and bursting missiles. If it was in the night, the pyrotechnic display would be sublime. At another time all the concomitants would be the same, only it would occur at an entirely different hour. So with the artillery on our own side. There were seasons when it would all seem to be in operation. The solid earth would tremble with the terrific detonations, and the air everywhere would become sulphurous with the smell of gun-powder. At another time all would be as quite as a May morning.

During the most of the period that the siege of Atlanta was in progress, the railroad trains came up close to our camps with pleasant regularity. Supplies averaged as plentiful and good in quality as they usually did, under other circumstances. There were only a few days that the mails did not arrive from the North, keeping us posted as to affairs at home. Occa-

sionally our communications were interrupted, for short intervals. But such was the machine-like organization of the army, and the marvelous energy and efficiency of all its parts, that these interruptions were reduced to the minimum, both as to number and duration. Throughout this entire campaign the army was far better supplied than was Pope's army in front of Washington, in 1862. In the one case, the distance from the base of supplies was fifty miles, and in the other, five hundred. In the first instance, there were fifty thousand men or less to provide for, in the second, not less than one hundred thousand. Such is the difference when every man does his duty.

From about the 17th or 18th of August, members of the Twenty-seventh began to surmise that some radical change of plan was in contemplation. Diaries written at the time make these disclosures; and it is curious how well they fit in with what has since been made public. At this precise date General Sherman came near making the move he made later, placing the Twentieth Corps back at the Chattahoochee river and, with the rest of his army, seizing the West Point and Macon railroads. It shows how lynx-eyed and quick witted soldiers became. He did not issue definite orders to this effect, he only made some preliminary moves with this end in view. Then certain developments led him to try to accomplish the same result in another way. Still the men saw enough in the movements of supply trains to the rear, and the loosening up and transfer of other agencies and conveniencies, which hover in the region behind an army, to enable them to divine a good part of the truth. "Uncle Billy," they said, "is about to try some other plan for getting into Atlanta."

On the 22d there was an armistice on the picket line, arranged by the pickets themselves. This proved to be the last time that the non-veterans of the Twenty-seventh had the opportunity of meeting, in this way, their friends in gray. In fact, this was designed to be the last day that they would be required to duty at the front.

On the 23d the Muster-out Rolls arrived, and the regiment was moved back into the third line,—supposed to be out of danger.

The following day we policed the camp thoroughly, and put up tents in regular order. This was on the principle that a man shaves and puts on his best clothes when he is going

to be married, or hung, also when he is going to do nothing. The boys said at the time that if it meant anything, it meant we were about to move. They never had much confidence in extra preparations to enjoy camp life. Hence, they were not surprised to receive marching orders that same night.

This was the movement of the Twentieth Corps back to the Chattahoochee river, to protect the bridge there and prevent the rebel army from going northward, while Sherman, with the balance of his army, swept around and seized the railroads over which Atlanta and its garrison still received supplies. This was the last march the Twenty-seventh ever made, and it was made entirely at night. The distance was not over eight miles, but we were delayed in starting, waiting for other troops to pass our position and practically the whole night was consumed.

It is hard for anyone to realize now what a trivial affair we then considered such a march to be. It is sometimes said that a man can get used to anything. The statement when made is usually intended to be an exaggeration. The things that soldiers did get used to doing, however, and did without giving them a second thought, would appal them at the present time. To gather up all of one's worldly effects, including bedding, extra clothing, a part of a tent, provisions for several days, and most important of all, the trusty old musket, with its accoutrements and from sixty to one hundred rounds of ammunition, and carrying all of these, trudge along hour after hour, in the dark, was then accepted as a matter of course.

The Twentieth Corps took up a strong defensive position, forming a half circle around the south end of the railroad bridge over the Chattahoochee, and proceeded to fortify it very thoroughly. Of course the Twenty-seventh went into the front line and bore its full share of the danger and toil. There was nothing else to do. There was no other line, except the front line. As one of the boys wrote, "We had to grin and bear it." Thus the time went by until the 30th of August. On that day we did two apparently contradictory things. We first completed our muster-out rolls, then worked the balance of the day on the breastworks. Meanwhile General Slocum had arrived and assumed command of the Twentieth Corps. When he rode around the lines no regiment greeted him with heartier cheers than the Twenty-seventh.

The few remaining days that we had to serve would seem shorter, and attended with fewer misgivings, with him in command. As a regiment we were not given greatly to hero worship, but General Slocum suited us first rate.

During this month of August there were two developments in the Twenty-seventh, one having reference to enlisted men, and the other having reference to commissioned officers, both of which awakened no little interest. The matter having reference to enlisted men was the date of their muster-in, particularly as bearing upon the date when their term of service rightfully expired.

We have seen that one of our early experiences in Camp Morton was to be mustered into the service. It was the universal understanding at that time that we were then being mustered into the service for which we had enlisted, and that, as a matter of course, our term of three years began then and there. All of the circumstances attending the transaction, and those following after it, were certainly such as to give us that understanding, as they must have been especially designed for that purpose. The mustering officer was an officer in the United States army, his questions and investigations all had reference to our fitness for service in that army, the oath administered was the one administered to United States soldiers and the three-years-or-during-the-war clause was included in it. On the other hand, not a word was said or a suggestion made, from the beginning to the end, about any other service or form of obligation. The conclusion was, therefore, unavoidable that, after the transaction was concluded, we were regularly in the army, and that our term of service was in progress.

So it was considered, not only by ourselves, but by others. It was definitely held over our heads that we were henceforth liable to all the pains and penalties of soldiers for any violation of orders or regulations, the penalty for absence without leave, or desertion, in particular. Later on, we were paid from that date and in descriptive lists and other papers, that date was always given as the date of our muster-in.

But when the time drew near that, according to this general understanding, those first mustered at Camp Morton would be entitled to be mustered out, the fact developed from somewhere that the date of muster of all the original members of the regiment was registered on the books as having taken

place on September 12th, 1861, a full month after it had taken place, according to the foregoing view of it.

Who had been instrumental in making such a record? Nobody knew. By whose knowledge or consent had it been made? Nobody pretended that it was by the knowledge or consent of those most concerned. What could be done about it? The officers of the regiment said they could do nothing, directly. All of them exercising any command over the men had succeeded to their positions long after the objectionable record had been made.

What course were the men to pursue under the circumstances? The writer was very sick at this time and with him the question of when he could start home, was entirely obscured by the more serious one, would he ever be able to start home? In reality he was not able to travel until long after the date when the wrong entry concerning his muster-in would have permitted his muster-out. He feels free, therefore, to say that few things in the three years of unsparring, self-sacrificing service which these men gave, in such a laudable way, to their country, has impressed him as being so much to their credit as their conduct and spirit in this connection. No more convincing proof could be adduced of their stalwart good sense, as well as their stalwart patriotism, and their lofty ambition to maintain their own reputation, and that of the regiment to which they belonged, unsullied to the end. To be doomed to spend another month in the trenches, when they had been rightfully cherishing an expectation of an early departure for home, was, in itself, no trifling matter. Aside from any considerations of danger, it involved deprivations, annoyances and toils, manifold and sore. Persons disappointed, through the fault of others, in their reasonable expectation of reaching home at an appointed time do not commonly accept the situation with equanimity, though provided for in a good hotel, and not altogether destitute of other comforts. In comparison with instances such as these, however, the prospect before our Twenty-seventh men was simply overwhelming.

With some being killed every day—buried an hour or two afterwards in a shallow trench, in an inhospitable country, without coffin, shroud or ceremony—the problem assumed a seriousness many times multiplied. As a matter of fact, two of the men here referred to were killed after they had served the full time for which they had enlisted and were more than

entitled to a different form of muster-out. If it is hard to think of death coming to one earlier in his service, how doubly hard is it to think of his falling when his time has really expired, and dear ones are expecting his return?

But the desperate feature of the case remains to be mentioned. That was the bald, hideous injustice of the transaction, and the stinging insult to the manhood and self-respect of those concerned. The hardest thing that an enlisted man ever has to do in the army—a thing that he can scarcely bring himself to do at all—is to submit in silence, and go forward and do his duty, when some palpable wrong is done him, or some unquestioned right is denied him, in sheer disregard and contempt of his human intelligence and sensibilities. To be treated in some matter vitally affecting himself as if he were nothing but a dumb animal, a mere thing, and not resent it in some way, is far more trying than any battle, campaign or bed of languishing. Such exasperating indignities are usually inflicted by ignorant, thick-skulled, low-down wretches that a man who has any real soldier in him cannot help but know is his inferior in every way, shape and manner on earth, except the purely accidental and temporary circumstance of rank. To pass them by, therefore, without a conflict, and leave the future to make it right—which is invariably the best way—is almost impossible, with a soldier of average courage and spirit. Soldiers of all ranks, even up to the highest, are not entirely exempt from such experiences, though none are so liable to have them, or quite so helpless in view of them, as a man in the ranks. Yet, silent submission and cheerful obedience constituted the course decided upon in this instance. A detail for duty on the skirmish line, from one of the companies, raised the question one morning, whether or not it was their duty to go. They did not refuse to go, they simply said to the officer in command, “We have served out our time.”

This was reported, of course, to Colonel Fesler, and he came and conferred with the men at once. In the end, he gave them some good advice. He said, in substance, “The record of your muster-in is undoubtedly erroneous, but none of us here had anything to do in making it, and neither have we any authority to change or disregard it. The matter will be referred at once to those who have power over such matters, and there is every reason to believe that they will act promptly and rightfully in the premises. In the meantime, it is for you

to say what your conduct shall be. You have been good soldiers so far; there could be none better. The army in which we are serving is at a critical stage in its operations. The campaign in which all of us have been so long engaged, while apparently about to be crowned with complete success, has not as yet been so crowned. Anything like insubordination or mutiny never has a right look, more especially in good soldiers, and it would certainly look worse now, and be more liable to be misunderstood, than at almost any other time. If"—

But before the Colonel could go on some one "raised the yell," as the saying was: that is, cheered; and that terminated the interview, and ended the matter finally. The detail went into the trenches with alacrity. So did all subsequent details. What was disappointment, wounds or death, compared with a charge of unfaithfulness or dishonor? It was not long until an order came to muster out the regiment on September 1st.

Following shortly after the above development, affecting the enlisted men of the Twenty-seventh, was another, affecting the commissioned officers, in almost exactly the same way. This was a ruling that each successive muster would be regarded as a re-enlistment. Therefore, any officer who had accepted promotion subsequent to his original muster-in was not to be mustered out with the regiment. This affected every officer in the Twenty-seventh except two, and it was only because they had been shamefully treated before that, that it did not affect them.

As in the other case, this created no small stir. It is still a source of quiet amusement in certain quarters that certain officers who, when the enlisted men were in trouble, had pooh-poohed and said, with lofty indifference, "such things were to be expected in the army; never mind them!" now raved and swore terrifically. The writer has come upon such bad words as "tyrannical," "outrageous," "forced impressment," "conscripted," etc., etc., that were written down in this connection. It seems also quite certain that the very thing that was strongly advised against in the former case was now done. That is, a deputation, armed with sundry Whereases and Wherefores, "We respectfully request," "We urgently demand," and so on and so forth, was dispatched to those whom, it was believed, could have the hateful ruling rescinded. It makes all the difference sometimes whose ox is gored. Still, to say, or intimate, that anything really improper

or compromising was done by our officers would be misrepresenting the facts. They, too, decided to remain at the post of duty, until relieved in a regular way.

The course pursued by both officers and men in this connection was in striking contrast with that of many others during the war, sometimes those occupying the highest stations. We have seen that, at this very time, our own corps commander, because he felt himself slighted over the promotion of another officer, was taken with the sulks, threw up his command, and went to the rear. At least one other corps commander did the same thing, in connection with the same incident. Both of them were appealed to in the same form, and in almost the same words, that was the case with our enlisted men, though ineffectually.* Both continued to draw their salary, but neither did anything further toward putting down the rebellion.

The public at large is surely too much attracted by the glamour of noted personages, and history is sometimes too partial to a few favorites. It was not unusual in the Civil war, as it has not been unusual in all wars for the benefit of humanity, to make appeals to men who had already sacrificed almost everything except life itself. The men appealed to had already served long and diligently in positions of almost unnoticed and unrequited toil and exposure. For some special reasons they were asked to do still more, and they seldom refused. They were urged to consider the peculiar demands of some crisis and to subordinate self and self-interest still further for the common good, and, God bless them! they were ready to do it.

But, at the very same time, and under the same or similar circumstances, other men, occupying conspicuous positions, men who had really never known what it was to sacrifice anything for anybody, when appealed to do something unusual, or that was a little distasteful or humiliating, refused utterly. Vital interests might be pending, past records might be involved, and great opportunities might be beckoning—it was all in vain. Is it right that men like these should be remembered, that their names should be blazoned on the pages of history and their forms be embodied in bronze and marble, while the others are passed by and forgotten?

* Sherman's Memoirs, Vol. II, page 100.

Thus the time passed until the evening of August 31st. That evening our brigade band came to our camp and favored us with one of their incomparable serenades. Matchless as we had always considered their music to be, it seemed sweeter, especially more pathetic, now than ever before. The inevitable "commissary" was also in evidence, and some became merry in that way. Not so with most of the boys.

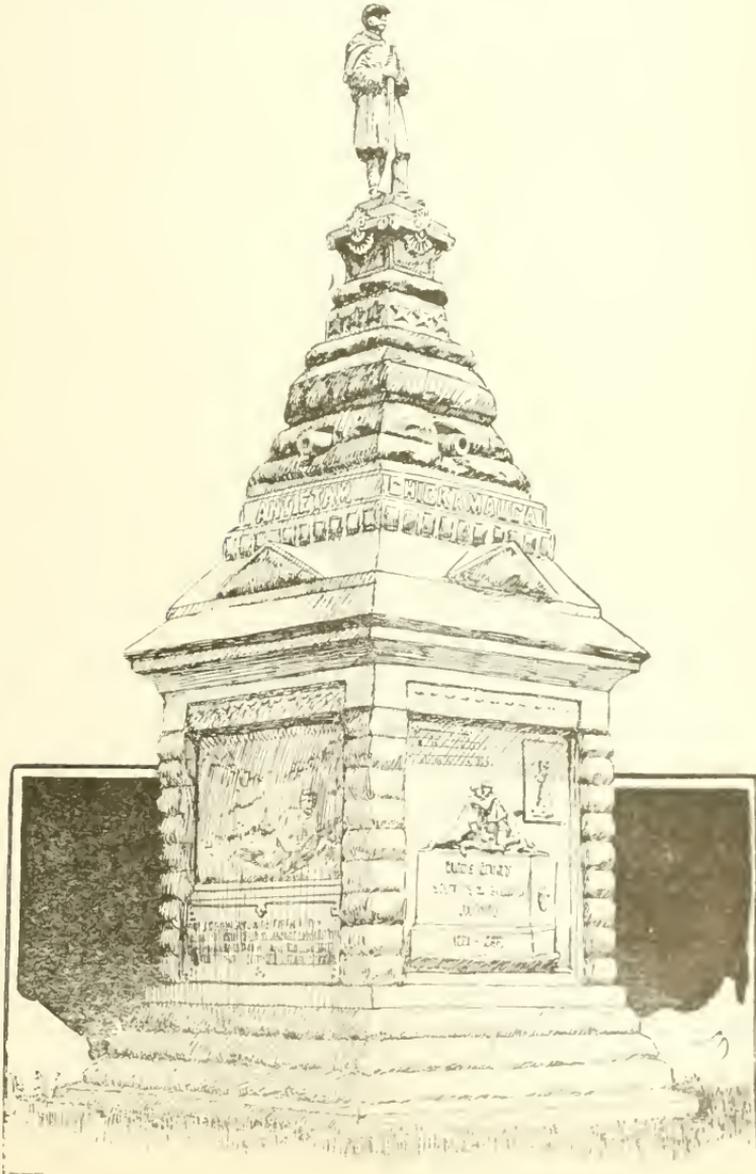
The serenade impressed us more deeply with what was about to take place than we had realized before. Those emotions which are peculiar to a long parting between true and tried friends were deeply stirred within us. There was a tremendous tugging at our heart-strings.

The brave men of other regiments—how faithfully and unflinchingly they had stood by us through all of the eventful, over-taxing period of our association, and how we honored and trusted them! As individuals, we knew comparatively few among them. Not many of them were known to us personally by sight, and especially not by name. But as members of this or that regiment we knew them all, and seemed to have a personal regard for each one.

The veterans and recruits of our own regiment were likewise to be left behind. A thousand acts of kindness and incidents of courage and heroism bound them and us "as with hooks of steel." Our discharge also meant a final separation from those who were going home with us. We began to see, as we had not seen so clearly before, that there was to be an entire, ruthless breaking up and casting off of those ties and associations which had been forming and maturing for so long.

Alas, alack! We did not then begin to comprehend half the truth! How could we? Was it to be expected that any of us could so penetrate the future as to comprehend the full meaning of that parting? Men shook hands and separated there, on the bank of that far-away Southern river, who, through the entire three years of that desperate, bloody war, were more than brothers to each other. When not separated by sickness or wounds, occupying the same narrow "bunk," sheltered, when sheltered at all, by the same little tent, covered, when covered at all, by the same blanket, often hovering close together to make up for each other what the blanket lacked in warmth; as between themselves absolutely counting nothing their own, "dividing the last cracker," "drinking from the same canteen," the only rivalry or contention ever

known between them being as to which should be the most unselfish and thoughtful towards the other, and surrender the most for the other's good. Yet, though a third of a century has passed away since that Summer day, and children then unborn are telling their children, themselves well grown, how Grandpa was a soldier for his country, away back in the 'sixties, those men have never again clasped hands or looked into each other's faces. Nor will they ever again, except in a land where war shall be no more.



Soldiers' Monument, Jasper, Ind. Home of Co. K.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOME.

There is an impressive little poem extant which depicts the home coming of a company from the Civil war. The point of the poem lies in the fact (and the surprise and consternation of the people over the fact) of the reduced number of the company. The announcement that it was coming home, after its long absence, naturally awakened intense interest. A large number of people assembled at the railroad station to meet and greet it. When the train finally arrived all eyes were strained to see its members alight. At last, after some delay, one only, infirm, weather-beaten, battle-scarred soldier came out of the car and descended to the platform. That was the company! He was so changed that nobody knew him.

The case of the Twenty-seventh was not so extreme as that, of course; but the regiment that came home was in striking contrast to the one that went away. The men coming at this time represented the regiment. All accounts agree in giving the date of muster-out of those who came at this time as the final termination of the existence of the Twenty-seventh. Yet there was but slightly over one hundred of them. Quartermaster Jamison, who ranked as a first lieutenant, was in command. After deducting the veterans who had been transferred to another regiment, and the officers who had been held, under the ruling heretofore mentioned, this was what remained. The muster-out occurred in the camp on the Chattahoochee, on the morning of September 1st, by a Captain Weeks, of the regular army. Pay and discharges were not given the men, however, until Louisville, Kentucky, was reached, and there the final dissolution came.

After being mustered out, the men turned in their guns and equipments. In the evening they crossed to the north side of the river. On the morning of September 2d they started home, on the top of freight cars. At Marietta it developed that the railroad was broken up by rebel cavalry, causing a delay there of two or three days. The same was true at

Chattanooga. The men of the Twenty-seventh came out of the latter place on the first train leaving there after the road was repaired. It was a train of open flat cars, and without seats, of course.

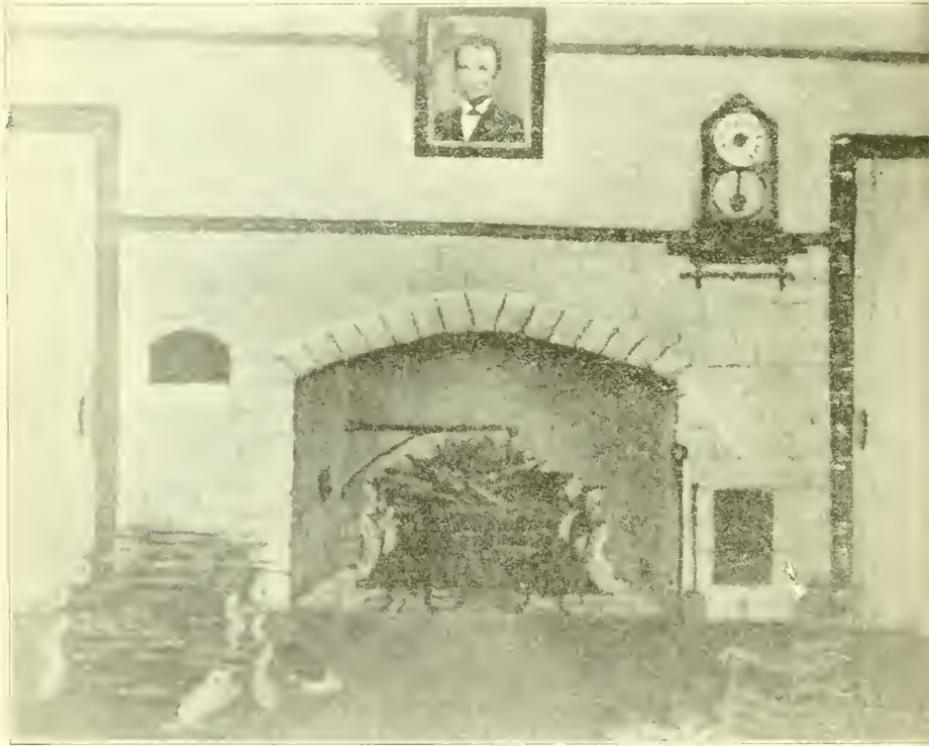
The men did not arrive at Louisville until the morning of September 13th. (A passenger train now goes over the same route, from Atlanta to Louisville, in sixteen hours). In the evening of September 13th, as darkness was coming on, the men were called into a paymaster's office, at Louisville, and were paid in full, including one hundred dollars bounty. They were also given their discharges. Most of them at once crossed over to Jeffersonville or New Albany (there were no bridges spanning the Ohio at those points at that time) and took the first trains out for their homes. The Twenty-seventh Regiment Indiana Volunteers was no more.

The home coming was in no case attended with any public demonstrations. There was no booming of cannon, ringing of bells, blare of brass bands, or cheers. In some respects the occasion resembled the return of Rip Van Winkle, after his twenty years sleep; and in others the return of a run-away bridal couple, when the old folks decline to be reconciled. It had become too common to have men go away to the army and come back, and there were too many people that were only sorry that any were able to return. But neither of these last facts seemed so painful to some of us as the first one, which was that we had really almost been lost sight of and forgotten, by a great many people, of whom we had hoped better things.

When one Twenty-seventh soldier, that the writer has occasion to remember about, alighted from the train, at the village station, unannounced, the faces of all the people were turned up to him, as he came out on the platform and descended the steps, as blank as if he had been an industrious beggar, asking for alms. When he approached a young man, who had been a former neighbor, with somewhat effusive greetings, surely pardonable under the circumstances, the young man either did not, or affected not, to know him, and could not be brought to a very vivid recollection of him. As he walked out to his home, in the country, another former neighbor rode along with him on horseback. The soldier had been sick and was obliged to sit down frequently to rest, but the man did not offer to let him ride. When he arrived at

home, though his dear old father and mother opened wide their arms, in a fond, passionate welcome, and shed copious tears of joy over his return, an uncle, who happened to be present, did not as much as offer to shake hands with him. He had been on the wrong side in the war to suit the uncle.

This one instance may not be a good illustration of the



A TYPICAL INDIANA FIRESIDE BEFORE THE WAR.

“The winds of heaven never fanned,
The searching sunlight never spanned,
The borders of a better land
Than our own Indiana.”

end, as what has been written heretofore is doubtless an imperfect portrayal of the beginning and middle, of the service and experience of the men of the Twenty-seventh. This is taken from real life, however, and like the balance, has the merit, at least, of not being overdrawn.

It is not really within the scope of this narrative as first

decided upon to pursue the history of these men further. It seems almost necessary, however, to account for those left behind, when the term of service of the regiment proper expired. Most of the commissioned officers were mustered out, by order, on November 4, 1864.

One hundred and twenty-nine of the enlisted men had re-enlisted as veterans while the regiment was at Tullahoma. All of those still living were transferred to the Seventieth Indiana, as well as all recruits whose terms of service had not expired, and a due proportion of commissioned officers with them. The details of their subsequent experiences have not been supplied to the writer. They are understood to be substantially the same as other members of the Seventieth, however. That regiment made the march to the sea with Sherman, and afterwards up through the Carolinas. After the rebels had laid down their arms, Sherman's army continued its march, in peace, on to Richmond and Washington. We have seen heretofore that our own Twenty-seventh boys who re-enlisted encamped on the battlefield of Chancellorsville, just two years to a day after they had been in battle there at first.

At Washington they participated in the Grand Review, one of the most memorable pageants, and surely the most remarkable one, that the world has ever witnessed. The spectacle of a victorious army of two hundred thousand veteran soldiers, marching through the streets of the Capital of their country, at the close of a bloody four-years war, without a single captive, without a penny's worth of booty, without malice in their hearts toward any one, without a disposition even to gloat over a fallen foe; glad and cheering only because the Union had been restored, the Republic was safe and home was in sight—who had ever seen such a spectacle before, and who will ever see such a one again?

When the term of enlistment of the Seventieth expired, in June, 1865, our veterans, and recruits whose time was not yet out, were transferred to the Thirty-third Indiana. It was not long after this, however, until the Thirty-third was ordered to Louisville, Kentucky, to be mustered out. This occurred July 21, 1865, and all former members of the Twenty-seventh were mustered out at that time. Without further statement of the fact, therefore, it will be understood that wherever the

word "veteran" occurs in this volume, whether in the roster or elsewhere, this, very briefly, was their history.

The first reunion of the survivors of the Twenty-seventh was held at Gosport in 1885. It was wholly informal and without large publicity. About forty former members of the regiment were present. Since then very successful and delightful meetings have been held at Greencastle, Seymour, Washington, Martinsville, Edinburg, Bedford, Greenfield, Indianapolis, Bloomington, North Salem, etc.

To print all of the able addresses, poems and various papers presented at these re-unions would alone require a volume. Most of them have been by persons not formerly connected with the regiment, and have been so complimentary, so outspoken in their kindly appreciations of the character and services of the Twenty-seventh, as to render their publication, under the auspices of the regiment itself, of doubtful propriety, able as they have been intellectually, and highly as they have been appreciated. Space remains in this volume for one or two only.

The following original poem was read by Dr. John Clark Ridpath, at the camp-fire, in connection with the re-union of the Twenty-seventh Indiana Association, in Meharry Hall, DePauw University, Green Castle, Indiana, July 2, 1886.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH. WELCOME!

I.

O ye men who flew to arms
 In the midst of war's alarms,
 Fell in line without a word,
 Seized the musket and the sword,
 Turned from home to march and fight
 In the battle for the right,
 There is welcome here for you
 O ye men who wore the blue!

II.

Ye whom bugles sounding far
 Called and marshalled forth to war;
 Ye to whom it seemed the best
 To lose your lives and save the rest,
 Come and camp to-day a while
 In the light of Freedom's smile,
 Hear the cheers that ring for you
 O ye men who wore the blue!

III.

Near a lifetime 'tis ago
 When the madmen struck the blow,
 Dared the people, kindled strife,
 Sought to take the Nation's life,
 Smote old Sumter as she sate,
 Would have rent each noble State
 From the Union—but for you,
 O ye men who wore the blue!

IV.

Armies rose and wheeled away
 In that great heroic day;
 They were lost awhile from sight
 In the thickest of the fight;
 In the curling battle smoke
 Where the gray lines reeled and broke,
 You were hidden long from view,
 O ye men who wore the blue!

V.

But you came through dead and dying
 With the old flag proudly flying!
 And the cheer of victory
 Rising to the distant sea
 Told the world how freemen fight,
 In the cause of truth and right,—
 Told how brave a band and true
 Were the men who wore the blue!

VI.

History with generous pen
 Hath enrolled you all for men!
 She hath set your battles down
 In the world's book of renown!
 Not a name shall e'er be lost
 Of that patriotic host
 Who with wounds and death in view
 Braved it all and wore the blue!

VII.

On old Cedar Mountain's side,
 By the Rappahannock's tide,
 At Antietam's bloody Bridge,
 On the Cemetery Ridge,
 From the Tennessee's red banks,
 Hard on Johnston's broken flanks,
 To Atlanta's walls and through
 Marched the men who wore the blue!

VIII.

Some came home or deaf or blind,
 Some had left their limbs behind,
 Some were scarred with wounds and torn,
 All were bronzed and battle worn;
 But you came with spirits high,
 With the flashing of the eye,
 And the land was proud of you,
 O ye men who wore the blue!

IX.

Not a braver regiment
 Than the Twenty-seventh spent
 Hope and health and blood and life
 In those awful years of strife!
 Not a firmer stood at rest,
 Not a nobler bared its breast!
 Not a line more tried and true,
 O ye men who wore the blue!

X.

Years have fled, and ye are here
 To revive with song and cheer
 Memories that drift afar
 From the grand old days of war!
 In this classic, loyal hall
 Light your camp-fire, roll the ball!
 Welcome here, ye brave and true—
 Welcome all who wore the blue!

At the same time Sergt. Lewis P. Stone, of Company I, read the following paper. For what it reveals of army life, as well as illustrating the varied character of the exercises at a camp-fire, it is deemed worthy of a place here.

HARDTACK AND BACON.

In 1861, when the alarm bells of war were sounded and old men and boys alike came marching up a hundred thousand strong, or more, to see about the racket (or words to that effect), there appeared in camp a mysterious stranger—who he was, from whence he came or what kind of stuff he was made of, were questions often discussed but never solved—and to those who knew him best this was no surprise, for never was there a harder subject. He was tortured in boiling grease, immersed in water day after day, was reduced to a powder by being confined in a bag and pounded with stones, was transfixed by sticks and scorched before merciless camp fires, to make him reveal his parts. His body was made the food of devouring worms—but they only served to intensify his cohesiveness. Meekly he bore the indignities and wrongs that were heaped upon

him, but with peerless devotion he maintained the mystery of his hardness, like all good soldiers. Not only this, but he came to stay and he stayed. He was in the first three months' service and then veteranized "for during," and never was there a truer, better soldier. At first mistrusted and abused, he gradually won his way to the confidence of the soldier, until he finally, not only conquered their respect, but love, and by common consent, they called him by the endearing name of "Hardtack." In the flush and enthusiasm of their new found love the boys said that he was "just good enough to eat," and although he was numerous—millions of him—yet scarcely was he sufficient to appease their voracious appetite. 'Tis said "there are empty voids this world can never fill," and I guess that's so—for with the millions upon millions of hardtack devoted to this purpose, never was the cry of "hardtack, hardtack, more hardtack," ever hushed in the army. One by one he disappeared—fell as martyrs to a cause; until few were left to tell the story of a devoted, though hopeless effort.

With characteristic self-denial, Comrade Crose spared one of the original hardtacks from the fate of all others that fell into his hands. And so, to-night, through his kindness, I have the pleasure of holding up before you, boys, one of the old veterans of the war.

He was born at Fortress Monroe in 1861, following McClellan's army nearly to Richmond; thence was shipped back to Pope's army; was in the battle of Second Bull Run, and was rescued from slaughter on that bloody field of carnage, and there honorably discharged by the order of Pap Jameson—and sent to the home of his rescuer in this city. Look at him! think of him! a quarter-century old, and yet no moss grows on his back—as bright and slick and hard as ever. But we must not forget that amid the scoffs and jeers of persecutors and the vicissitudes of war, he had one friend, who from the first, stuck closer than a brother could. She was always true to him. Such unselfish devotion as she lavished upon her lover was seldom seen before, and perhaps to her devotion, more than any other cause, was due the triumph he finally achieved over the affections of the soldier. With her loving hands many rough places were made smooth. She prepared the way, as it were, before him. She poured out rivers of her fatness that he might be made rich. No sacrifice that she could make for him was refused. And yet, while we may remember her devotion and speak in praise of her virtues, such are the restrictions of society that we dare not call her by the pet name we loved so well, and must therefore be content to call her—Bacon. But to us she could never be so sweet by any other name as that we called her then. Hardtack and his help-meet entered into limitless combinations, which, if they could all be given, would paralyze a modern devotee of the culinary art. Some of these preparations were good—some were bad, but none were ever so vile as to long go begging for some one to take it in. War, they say, makes men cruel and inhuman, but I never saw a soldier turn a cold shoulder on anything good to eat. Someway they largely lived by eating. In the camp, on the march, on the battlefield, everywhere you could hear the cry "Hardtack and—bacon, more hardtack and—bacon," and the nearer we came to the Johnnies, the louder grew the call. It seemed to whet the appetite, and on such occasions we would always be short of

this commodity. It had a wonderfully quieting effect upon the nerves at that trying moment, just before the ball opens, and the fun begins. Nibbling at hardtack, soaked in bacon juice, has saved many a fellow an attack of buck-ague—steadied his legs and kept his face to the enemy. Defeat was never known to an army well equipped with hardtack and bacon. All honor to hardtack and bacon.

At the camp-fire in connection with the reunion of the Twenty-seventh at Martinsville, Mr. J. W. Fesler, a son of Col. John R. Fesler, of the Twenty-seventh, delivered the address found below. It is given a place, not only for its own sake, but as illustrating the sentiments of our children, the parts they take in our reunions, and the part they will eventually take in the affairs of the country.

THE SONS OF VETERANS.

The grandest privilege of the young man of 1861 was to enlist in the Union army. The grandest privilege of the young man of 1889 is to hold a father's honorable discharge from the Union army. For after the lapse of a quarter of a century it must be the verdict of every patriotic American citizen that the records of that memorable struggle for Union and liberty is the brightest page in our country's history, and renders immortal the name of every Union soldier.

The record of those four terrible years furnishes a story of patriotic devotion, patient endurance and heroic self-sacrifice that cannot be told too often; a story which, as long as men continue to honor noble deeds, must awaken the loftiest sentiments and call forth the noblest impulses of the human soul. And why should it not be so? No army was ever moved by purer motives or for a grander purpose. It was an army of patriots; not hirelings. It was an army that fought not for men, but for principle; not for conquest, but for a united country; not to enslave, but to free. Fired with the inspiration and determination that must come from fighting for such a cause, this grand old army neither paused nor swerved until its starry banner waved once more over a reunited country, wherein all men are equal and every man is free.

So, I say, the young man of to-day who can point to a father's honorable record in the Union army has inherited a legacy, and enjoys a distinction, of which he may well feel proud.

It is fitting, then, at these regimental reunions, where a few surviving comrades meet to exchange a kindly greeting, and recall the experiences of other days, that something should be said in behalf of the Sons of Veterans, whose high duty it must ever be to guard zealously and preserve at whatever cost, the results of your victories. For it is they, not you, who will receive the full rewards of your sacrifices and to whom must be entrusted the results of your achievements. Whatever benefits you are to receive must come largely from a consciousness of duty well and honorably done, in an hour of your country's need. All else must rest with a grateful people.

It follows, therefore, that the holiest obligation, the highest and most

sacred duty, of Sons of Veterans to-day, is a just appreciation, and a sincere and grateful remembrance of the immortal lessons taught by the rebellion. This is all that we can do; it is the very least that we should do. With the old veterans passing away by thousands annually, it is a matter of but few years until the last one shall have answered his last roll-call. And this is the saddest reflection of all—the fact that the day must come when not one man of all that army will be left to tell the story. The duty of Sons of Veterans thus becomes more imperative with increasing years and demands that the same patriotism which inspired the boys of '61 to risk all in defense of the flag, now demands that their sons shall be none the less ready to uphold with honor what they secured with blood.

The sentiment which to-day finds expression in such language as "that will be a happy day for this Republic when the last beggar of the Grand Army is securely planted," and that "the war has left us as a legacy only a grand army of pensioners and office-seekers," is an insult to our hero-dead and the basest ingratitude to our soldier-living. Let all such enemies say what their small souls and treasonable hearts may prompt them to say, but they cannot take away one iota from the legacy the war has left coming generations. It has left us an army of pensioners; but that list constitutes the nation's Roll of Honor; and full and complete justice will never be done until that list includes the name of every man who wore the blue. And if there are office-seekers among them, the people have more than once said none others are more capable or more deserving. But it has left us more. It has left us a nation that to-day unfurls a flag before the admiring eyes of all the world that is known to be the emblem of "The grandest national idea, the brightest national hope, and the firmest national union that has ever blest the history of human government."

So, I repeat, the first and highest duty of Sons of Veterans to-day lies in the grateful remembrance and continued acknowledgment of an obligation that can never be adequately paid.

Of late years there has been a tendency in certain quarters to discourage all reference to the history of the rebellion, for the reason that it might tend to keep alive the memories of the war. Such efforts have invariably met the rebuke they deserve, and that will be a dark day in our history when it is otherwise. The safety of the Republic demands the memory of the Union soldier and the cause for which he fought shall be perpetuated. It demands that the cause for which two and one-half millions of volunteer heroes went forth to battle and to die if need be shall never be misunderstood; it demands that the memories of Vicksburg and Shiloh, of Antietam and Gettysburg, of Libby and Andersonville shall not die; it demands the cause for which the immortal Lincoln lived and died; the cause for which that true patriot and consummate statesman, Oliver P. Morton, gave his best energies and undying love; the cause for which Grant and Logan, Thomas and Hancock, Sherman, Sheridan and Colgrove fought, shall never be forgotten. There is and there always must be a distinction between the cause of the Union and the cause of the rebellion, so long as there is a difference between loyalty and disloyalty; between union and disunion; between patriotism

and treason; between right and wrong, and no lapse of time nor any amount of "gush" about the "brotherhood of man," can blot out the difference.

This sentiment only? Admit it. But it is a sentiment that means a truer patriotism, a nobler manhood, and a more intelligent citizenship; it is the sentiment that is to-day building the greatest soldiers' monument on the earth, to commemorate the services of Indiana in the war—a monument that will stand as an eternal witness of the patriotism, courage and valor of those whose memory it perpetuates. Yes, it is the sentiment that made a member of this very regiment, while suffering intense pain a few months ago, from the loss of an arm at Chancellorsville, bear it with heroic fortitude, and thank God he was suffering for his children and his country, and he is only one of ten thousand such.

May the memory of the Union soldier, then, live as it deserves to live, so long as there is a veteran on the earth; so long as there is a son of a veteran on earth; aye, so long as the fires of patriotism burn in the hearts of men, may their memories live. For, with such an influence at work, the spirit of American patriotism can never die; this lavish expenditure of blood and treasure will not have been in vain, and the saddest period in our country's history will be remembered only for the lesson it has taught and the blessings it has secured.

On behalf of the Sons of Veterans, then, for whom I speak to-night, I pledge eternal love, reverence and honor. Your lives shall ever be to us an inspiration and a blessed memory, and when the last one of you shall have answered the bugle call of the Great Commander, there will be no prouder citizen than he who can say, "I am the son of a Union soldier."



MAJ.-GEN. N. P. BANKS.
(Plate delayed.)

BEARING UPON GETTYSBURG.

More or less pressure has been brought upon the writer, not all of it from outside of himself, to have him give expression to some strong statements and make some rather harsh retorts, concerning certain officers of the Second Massachusetts, in connection with the words in the report of the Adjutant General of that state, referring to the Twenty-seventh at Gettysburg, and other similar matters. While anything that might raise serious questions, or that might be considered ill-tempered, would not be proper in itself, or meet the approval of most of the survivors of the Twenty-seventh, the plain statement of some other facts will be less liable to objections and perhaps be justified, not only as throwing light upon this one subject, but as showing, at the same time, one of the phases of army experience, as we in the Twenty-seventh saw it.

A certain number of the officers of the Second Massachusetts, particularly of the earlier officers of that regiment, manifested what seemed to be a decided aversion for the Twenty-seventh and all connected with it, at the start; and, as far as they remained with the Second, continued in that course until the end. They were as careful, more especially, not to have any intimate or friendly social relations with anyone connected with our regiment, officers as well as enlisted men (if not with all other regiments except their own), as if the whole of us were confirmed Asiatic lepers. Among themselves they were singularly unbending, jovial, often prankish and even rowdyish. But when it came to others, above all, the Indiana men, it was a severe case of the Jew and the Samaritan over again.

The attitude of these officers toward enlisted men of all regiments, those of their own regiment more than of others, was notorious. It was extreme in its severe exclusiveness, and suffocating in its august uppishness. Nobody ever saw or heard of anything like it, anywhere else in this country, either among volunteers or regulars.

The writer has served on picket when an officer from the Second Massachusetts was in command. For the entire twenty-four hours, the officer would not deign to speak, as much as a word, to anyone on the detail, except such as pertained strictly to the most formal matter of official duty. Like a gloomy owl, he sat far apart, by himself, looking wise and important, but saying nothing. If he relapsed in his grand and awful dignity, during the entire time, as much even as to eat a mouthful of food, he was careful that none of us should see it. We had our rations with us, of course, and cooked and ate them; had our jokes and fun, when not on the relief doing duty, and whiled away the time as agreeably as possible. But the officer would none of it. No one present must see that he was human.

The relations that should be observed between officers and enlisted men, however, is a military question, not relevant in this connection. True, General Sherman says of General Thomas, "Between Thomas and

his men there existed a most kindly relation. He often talked with them in a very familiar way." All who served under "Uncle Billy" know that he habitually did the same. But then—Sherman and Thomas were not original officers of the Second Massachusetts!

But when it comes to the relations of an officer in one regiment to another officer, of the same or superior rank, in another regiment, especially when the two regiments are necessarily thrown together a great deal, the case is different. A former officer of the Twenty-seventh, who in the army was the peer of any officer of his rank anywhere, a thoroughly competent, dignified, gentlemanly officer, and one who, since the war, has gone out and made easy conquest of large wealth and of high official and social position, writes that, though related officially to the officers of the Second Massachusetts so long and so intimately, when it came to personal or social relations, many of them, including the chaplain, did not encourage as much as a speaking acquaintance with him, or with any of the officers of the Twenty-seventh. A civil question or a common courtesy was almost invariably answered with a cold stare, or an insolent rebuff! This statement has been confirmed by a number of former officers of the Twenty-seventh.

It must be confessed that it is not an easy task to think or write of such a condition of affairs with absolute composure. At the start, the officers of the Twenty-seventh were not quite social outcasts! One was the grandson of a former president of the United States, and the brother of a future president. With him in the regiment were judges, bank presidents, clergymen, attorneys, physicians and various other civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries. Several of the younger officers were university students or graduates. If these officers were novices in military affairs, as most Western officers were, they were all in that respect that they claimed to be. As they did not deserve snubbing because of what they really were, neither did they because of what they pretended to be and were not.

Later on, the Twenty-seventh came to have many as good officers, as such, as could be found in the army. This is a deliberate statement, controvert who may. They were thoroughly posted as to their duties and invariably performed them thoroughly. In addition to this, they were as royal souls personally as ever breathed. This is but a meager, and perhaps unnecessary, tribute from one who knew them so well and has pondered their character and conduct so long. While rather too modest and unassuming (if those could be faults), they were well-born, fairly well educated, brainy, courageous and clean. Some of them were Christians. Yet, here were men, in no way their superiors, either in rank, competency, or as men—often their juniors in age—affecting an air of cold exclusiveness—of a lofty, haughty, arrogant disdain—for them and theirs!

Truth to tell, these things have been a paradox and stumbling block to the writer from that day to this. These officers, who were guilty of this offensive conduct, were understood to be descended from some of the oldest families of New England. They boasted of the number of university men among them, and some of them—the chaplain, at least—were supposed to be Christians. All of these points have been repeat-

edly put forward by their friends, if not by different ones of their own number, as being to their credit, and as constituting a part of their title to fame—the Christian feature, in some instances, being made especially prominent.

If, however, these last facts were true of these individuals, what, in the light of the other facts, stated herein, becomes of the widely accepted theory that high birth, education and religion make men more catholic in their ideas and more unselfish and agreeable in their conduct? In view of all the facts in the case, what shall be done with the oft-repeated doctrine that a noble ancestry, and enlightened mind and Christianity, beget courtesy, graciousness and brotherhood? In other words, if the course pursued by these officers was not rank codfish, dense ignorance and coarse, brutal heathenism, what was it? Shades of Harvard University and of Puritanism! Divine example of the man of Nazareth!

As remarked heretofore, these considerations are given a place here, as an important, if not a necessary, feature of this narrative. They serve to show something of one phase, and a prominent one, of the history of the the Twenty-seventh. In daily contact with these persons, some one or more of them at all of the various headquarters—pushing themselves as they did into places of prominence—with them in absolute control, for the first year, at brigade headquarters, it can be readily understood what it was, in some peculiar respects, to serve in the Twenty-seventh, and why such items as these connected with the battle of Gettysburg, and other similar ones, are to be found in reports, public records, etc. As far as the writer is informed, no other regiment in the Union army had its path, rugged enough at best, so planted with thorns, by those long and closely associated with it, as was that of the Twenty-seventh.

It must be understood, though, that the facts mentioned were not characteristic of all of the officers of the Second Massachusetts. It may be that they were not all of the purest strain of Puritans, as they were not all university men! Or was it because they were not all Christians, of the same type? There were exceptions, anyway, and, towards the last, there were notable exceptions. It is for this reason that the situation is delicate and that statements along this line are hard to frame, if not of questionable utility. No one will conclude surely, that sweeping, job-lot criticisms are intended in this connection, as there is no general sense of injury or soreness to prompt them. The writer, personally, has substantial reasons for the kindly recollections that he will always cherish for different Second Massachusetts officers—one in particular. Other former members of the Twenty-seventh, both officers and enlisted men, received similar courtesies from those who wore shoulder straps in the old Second, and still have similar impulses concerning them. No offense or disrespect is meant for those not guilty—nor indeed for others. This is mostly history.

THE REGIMENTAL ROSTER.

In the army the roll, or list of names, of a company, or of a detail or squad of men, is called a "roster," though in the Twenty-seventh, in common conversation, that name was not often used. As the command was "Fall in for roll-call," so it was usually "the company roll," or "the roll" of this or that body of men.

The writer has found the study of the regimental roster—that is the rolls of the several companies—a matter of peculiar interest. This has been the same whether the study has been incidental, in preparing the roster for publication, or whether it has been direct, for its own sake. No other portion of the history will yield better returns for the time spent, either in the way of information or of pastime. The story or stories told by the roster, if not presented in pleasing form, consisting only of names, dates and isolated statements, will, nevertheless, awaken thought, and will sometimes touch the heart.

The writer has spent considerable time in looking over the roster of the Twenty-seventh, with a view of making out the descent of the men of the regiment, that is the race, or stock, of people to which they belonged. This, in some cases, is attended with difficulties, of course, and the conclusions reached can not be positive and unequivocal. Still, anyone qualified for such a study will find it both interesting and profitable. We had in the Twenty-seventh not only the representatives of the bravest and most warlike races of the world, but we had also a preponderance of the very names that have fought in all of the battles for liberty and the rights of men, known to modern history, particularly the war of the Revolution and of 1812.

The writer has also found it interesting to run over the names on the roster with the view of simply noting the important and often tragical facts that abound so plentifully in connection with individual names, and, in some instances, to trace these facts along the line of the history of the regiment, or in relation to certain classes of persons. In other words, he has sought to answer the question, what is the record of this or that person? or, what is the record of some particular two or more persons, in some way related to each other, as indicated by the roster?

As illustrating the results of such investigation, the roster shows that a soldier in one of the companies was wounded four times, in as many different battles. He recovered from all of these wounds, however, and turned up smilingly for other battles. He re-enlisted as a veteran, marched with Sherman to the sea, up through the Carolinas and through Virginia, to Washington. But, at Louisville, Kentucky, where he had been sent for muster-out, a short time before he was to start for home, he accidentally wounded himself slightly, as it first appeared, with a hatchet, while cutting tent stakes. From this wound he died.

A study of the roster also reveals the fact that a large number of men were wounded in every battle they went into and that, on the con-

trary, a large number of others went into every battle and skirmish and were not hurt in any of them. In one of the companies, at least, there was a man who was wounded in each successive battle, until he was finally wounded mortally. In one of the battles his company was detached and was not engaged. Being away on some duty when the company was detached he did not know of it. When he came up, good soldier that he was, he followed the regiment into battle and was wounded, the only one of his company exposed to fire that day.

No regimental roster of the civil war deals justly, however, with a large number of individual soldiers. Opposite the names of a large number of the Twenty-seventh, it will be observed, there is nothing set down except the word "veteran," or the date of muster out. Many of these men were in every battle with the regiment, and were always present for duty. They were tiptop soldiers in every way. But because they did not get wounded or receive promotion, there is nothing said about them. That they did not get wounded was not their own fault, and that some of them were not promoted was not because they did not richly deserve it. Yet the roster not only fails to give men such as these credit for anything they did, but it puts them exactly on a par with those who found ways of dodging battles and who made blank records in other respects. In recent years the rosters and discharge papers of soldiers show the battles they were in, whether wounded or not, and also indicate something as to the kind of soldiers they were in other respects.

With respect to tracing on the roster the facts concerning particular classes of men, large or small: in one of the companies of the Twenty-seventh were two devoted brothers. One of them was killed in the first battle they were in, early in the fight. The other not only passed through that battle unscathed, but was never touched in any subsequent battle, though he was in them all. There were many other instances in the regiment not far different from this. The writer was under the impression that there was an instance where one of two brothers was killed in one of the first battles, while the other escaped there and at several other places, only to fall in one of the last battles. This he has not been able to verify from the roster.

There were several instances in the Twenty-seventh where three brothers were together in the same company. In two instances that the writer knows of, personally, the fathers were along in the same company with their three sons. In three different Twenty-seventh companies will be found six of the same name—six Williamses in Company D, six Deputys in Company H and six Kemps in Company K. The latter were two sets of brothers, three from each family. The writer has not been informed as to the others.

The roster also shows five Laughlins in Company B, five Whites in Company D, five Van Buskirks in Company F and five Feslers in Company G. There were four Allens in Company A and four Smiths and four Fiddlers in Company D. Common names were represented in the Twenty-seventh, in the aggregate, as follows: Sixteen Smiths, fourteen Williams, ten each of Jones and Davis, nine each of Browns and Kemps, and seven each of Whites and Evans.

It can scarcely fail of being a matter of interest to trace on the

roster the fortunes of any two or more names that are the same, and have the appearance of being out of the same family. The interest is greatly increased if we strive to put ourselves in the places of those whose names have attracted our attention and in the places of fathers and mothers at home. It is not difficult, then, to imagine how the strain increased and the sacrifice became harder to make, as one after another fell in battle or died of disease.

There are several instances where the roster shows that two of the same name in the same company, apparently brothers, were both killed, either in the same, or different battles. In one instance, at least, two pairs of the same name, in the same company, were killed in the same battle. The 1st day of May, 1863, was muster for pay. The captain of one of our companies, for lack of paper, copied the muster roll on a drumhead, and still has that roll. It shows forty-one present for duty. Of that number, five were killed and twenty-three were wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville, fought the second day after the muster. Of eight corporals on that roll, three were killed and two were wounded at Chancellorsville, one was killed and one wounded at Gettysburg, just two months later, leaving one of the eight, present for duty. Some of the companies may have exceeded this.

The roster of a company is of peculiar interest to one who saw much service with the men whose names are upon it. It is a pleasure to him simply to read it over, and he will want to do so occasionally, just for the sake of old times. There was a time, most likely, when he could repeat the company roll entirely from memory. He remembers distinctly when all of the men answered "here," to their names. The very intonations of the "orderly's" voice, as he ran the names over so rapidly, and the tone of each individual voice in responding "here"—no two of them being exactly alike—come back to him from that far-distant past, and it all seems as yesterday. He is able also to read between the lines. Not only every name of a person, but every place, date and fact as well, is a catch-word which as if by magic, recalls incidents and events to his mind until he is soon engrossed in the

"Memories that drift afar
From those grand old days of war."

It has been a surprise, as well as a disappointment, to the writer to find the material lacking for a complete and satisfactory roster of the Twenty-seventh. The same would be largely true of any Indiana regiment. The data in the adjutant-general's office of the State are both incomplete and inaccurate. The names of some well-known members of the Twenty-seventh are not found in that office at all, and many very important facts concerning a large number are conspicuous by their absence.

The writer has not had access to the records in Washington, bearing upon the roster of the Twenty-seventh. They are not open, or have not been to the general public. From some facts that have come to the writer's knowledge, in an incidental way, he has his fears that if published, they will not be as correct as could be desired, with reference to this regiment in particular.

With the exception of original commissions and the promotions of commissioned officers (which itself is not perfect) no record was kept by the adjutant-general of Indiana of promotions, and none such was kept of wounds, either having reference to officers or men. The main trouble with respect to the latter was that no reports of such facts were made to that office by the officers of the various regiments, certainly not of the Twenty-seventh. When it came to the matter of promotions of non-commissioned officers, therefore, and the more important one of wounds (and in many cases of deaths) it was necessary, in order to fill out the roster of the Twenty-seventh, to go "wool gathering," here and there, among published lists in newspapers, records in diaries and wherever else the facts were likely to be found in an authentic form. In this the utmost care and conscientiousness has been exercised and, as far as the roster goes, it cannot lack much of being strictly correct.

Previous to the battle of Gettysburg, complete lists of the casualties in the Twenty-seventh were not published in any Indiana newspaper, as far as the writer has been able to learn. The published letters relating to Buckton, Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam and Chancellorsville were all more or less lacking as to these important facts. For these reasons, the roster undoubtedly falls short of giving the full number of wounds, as it is known to do in giving the full number of promotions of non-commissioned officers. But of all things, the roster has not been padded in any respect. Only known facts have been given a place in it, and no uncertain or doubtful things have been guessed at or manufactured.

Only a part of the residences of the men, previous to enlistment, being given in the Indiana Adjutant-General's report, and so many of those given being manifestly incorrect, no attempt to give any such residences in the roster has been made.

The date of muster-in of the original members of the regiment has also been omitted. The reason for this will appear in the body of the history. The Indiana Adjutant-General's report gives this date as September 12, 1861. This was so manifestly unjust in effect, if not incorrect in form, that the men who were alive and had not re-enlisted, were mustered out September 1, 1864. The correct date of muster-in varied with different companies, running from the 8th to the 18th of August, 1861.

The fact of the transfer of the veterans, and recruits with unexpired time to serve, to the Seventieth Indiana has likewise been omitted from the roster, for brevity's sake. That fact is mentioned in other connections and it was not deemed necessary to repeat it after each individual name.

The word "disability" in a roster, as all soldiers will understand, means that an examining surgeon, or Board of surgeons, had recommended a discharge on the ground that the man was not physically able for duty. In army phraseology he was given a "Certificate of Disability."

No soldier of the Civil war will need to be told what is meant by the letters V. R. C. They refer to the "Veteran Reserve Corps," an organization, brought into existence as the war progressed, composed mostly of wounded men, who were still able to do certain kinds of duty, such as guarding prisons, warehouses, etc. Instead of discharging men, therefore, who were not able to go back to their companies, they were transferred to the V. R. C.

FIELD AND STAFF.

COLONEL.

SILAS COLGROVE, promoted from lieutenant-colonel Eighth Indiana; commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; Military Governor of Culpeper county, Virginia; Post Commander at Tullahoma, Tennessee; commander of brigade at battle of Gettysburg; member of commission for trial of Indiana conspirators; promoted brigadier-general by brevet, Aug. 7, 1864; wounded at Chancellorsville and Peach Tree Creek.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.

ARCHIBALD I. HARRISON, promoted from adjutant of Eighth Indiana; commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; resigned Nov. —, 1861.

ABISHA L. MORRISON, promoted from captain of Company A, Nov. 19, 1861; resigned Jan. 11, 1863; disability.

JOHN R. FESLER, promoted from captain of Company G, Jan. 12, 1863; commanded regiment at battle of Gettysburg and Peach Tree Creek (after wounding of colonel); with regiment in every battle and skirmish, from first to last. Mustered out Nov. 4, 1864.

MAJORS.

JOHN MEHRINGER, brought Company K into camp as its captain, but not commissioned; commissioned major, Aug. 30, 1861; resigned Jan. 15, 1862; re-entered service and attained to rank of brigadier-general by brevet.

WILLIAM S. JOHNSON, promoted from captain of Company C, March 15, 1862; resigned July 10, 1862.

GEORGE W. BURGE, promoted from captain of Company E, July 11, 1862; resigned Feb. 9, 1863.

THEODORE F. COLGROVE, promoted from adjutant Feb. 27, 1863; mustered out Nov. 4, 1864; with the regiment in every battle and skirmish.

ADJUTANTS.

ROBERT B. GILMORE, promoted from sergeant of Company A; commissioned Sept. 3, 1861; transferred to first lieutenant of Company A, 1862; mortally wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862; died Oct. 16, 1862.

THEODORE F. COLGROVE, promoted from sergeant-major, Nov. 19, 1862; promoted to major Feb. 27, 1863.

WILLIAM W. DOUGHERTY, transferred from first lieutenant of Company II, Feb. 27, 1863; with the regiment in every battle.

QUARTER-MASTER.

JAMES M. JAMISON, commissioned Aug. 26, 1861; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

CHAPLAIN.

REV. THOMAS A. WHITTED, commissioned Sept. 12, 1861; resigned Jan. 4, 1863.

SURGEONS.

JARVIS J. JOHNSON, had been captain of Company G; commissioned Sept. 12, 1861; resigned July 30, 1862; prisoner at Winchester, Virginia.

WILLIS H. TWIFORD, promoted from assistant surgeon Sept. 27, 1862; resigned July 14, 1864; chief operator Twelfth Army Corps, 1863.

JOHN H. ALEXANDER, promoted from assistant surgeon July 15, 1864; mustered out Nov. 4, 1864.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS.

GREEN V. WOOLLEN, commissioned Sept. 7, 1861; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864; left in charge of hospital at Culpeper, Virginia, Aug., 1862; taken prisoner and held as a felon with other officers under General Pope; afterwards released and appointed surgeon-in-chief of Artillery Division, Twelfth Army Corps; surgeon in charge of Seminary hospital at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, &c., &c.

WILLIS H. TWIFORD, commissioned June 3, 1862; promoted surgeon Sept. 27, 1862.

JOHN H. ALEXANDER, commissioned Sept. 27, 1862; promoted surgeon July 15, 1864.

REGIMENTAL NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

SERGEANT-MAJORS.

THEODORE F. COLGROVE, appointed Sept. 12, 1861; promoted regimental adjutant Nov. 19, 1862.

WILLIAM W. DOUGHERTY, promoted from private in Company G, Nov. 19, 1862; promoted to first lieutenant of Company H, Jan. 1, 1863.

JOHN K. McCASKY, promoted from private in Company C, Jan. 1, 1863; promoted to second lieutenant of Company I, Feb. 14, 1863.

JOSEPH E. WHITE, promoted from sergeant of Company G, Feb. 14, 1863; promoted to second lieutenant of Company G, March 13, 1863.

JAMES R. SHARP, promoted from corporal of Company C, March 13, 1863. Mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT.

JOHN A. CROSE, promoted from sergeant of Company A, Sept. 1, 1861; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

COMMISSARY SERGEANTS.

SIMPSON S. HAMRICK, promoted from sergeant of Company A, Sept. 1, 1861; promoted to first lieutenant of Company A.

TARVIN C. STONE, promoted from sergeant of Company A, Oct. 16, 1862; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

HOSPITAL STEWARDS.

JAMES M. RAGSDALE, promoted from private of Company G; died at Darnestown, Maryland, Oct. 22, 1861.

DAVID HANSEL, promoted from Company A, Nov., 1861; Veteran.

PRINCIPAL MUSICIANS.

WILLIAM WILCOX, mustered in Sept. 1, 1861; mustered out by order of War Department, date unknown.

JOHN F. TRAFZER, mustered in Oct. 24, 1861; mustered out with band June, 1862.

AMERICUS S. APPLGATE, promoted from fifer of Company C, June, 1862; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

BAND.

Mustered in Oct. 24, 1861; mustered out by order of War Department June, 1862.

BENJAMIN F. BRUNER.

THOMAS CARSON.

SANFORD M. CUSTEIN.

THADDEUS W. COLEMAN.
 GEORGE FRIEDMAN.
 JOHN FLEECHART.
 CYRENEUS F. HORTON.
 JOHN M. HAMMOND.
 REUBEN C. HAMMOND.
 OLIVER A. HAMMOND.
 MICHAEL J. JANDEBEUR.
 EZRA F. JACKSON.
 WILLIAM H. KING.
 REDMON LASWELL.
 CHARLES MINHART.
 COLUMBUS G. NEELEY.
 ALFRED A. PALMER.
 MATHIAS SMITH.
 FERDINAND SCHOEMAKER.
 ISEDORE SCHOEMAKER.
 SAMUEL H. STUCKEY.
 JOHN M. STUCKEY.
 FRANCIS V. SCALES.
 WILLIAM C. WARNER.

COMPANY A.

Greencastle, the home of Company A, is a university town. Asbury University, now known as De Pauw University, was the most largely attended, before the Civil war, of any institution of its class in Indiana. While a considerable number of Company A did not live in Greencastle, several living outside of Putnam county, and while the company was not "a college company," there were, nevertheless, a sprinkling of men in the company who had attended college a longer or shorter period, and the influence of the university was clearly traceable in many others. The company contained more than the average of wide-awake, ambitious young men, of some education, and of evident force and ability.

For the first fifteen months or more, Company A was on the right of the regiment. It was, therefore, always in the lead when the column marched right-in-front. The vision of its comely, soldiery men pressing forward, with regular, graceful steps, which, at every sharp turn in the road, was afforded to those farther back, is still easily recalled.

Captain Morrison, afterwards lieutenant-colonel, had seen service in the Mexican war. After the first battle of Bull Run he felt called to do something, and started out to raise a company, putting his own name down at the head of the list. Twelve days later he reported to Governor Morton that he had over one hundred men ready, to go into camp.

The company left Greencastle August 7, after an open-air dinner and a public reception, given them by their friends and the citizens generally. There was a great outpouring of people, and abundant demonstrations of cordiality. Company A has always remained a favorite with the residents of Greencastle and Putnam county, being accorded a large space in the public prints, as well as in public esteem, both of which it has so richly merited. Company I being from the same county, no other regiment is probably more widely known in that region, or more generally credited with being a superior organization, than the Twenty-seventh.

Company A was, of course, the first company in the Twenty-seventh to arrive with full ranks at Camp Morton. This, it is understood, decided in every case the order of the precedence of the companies, and the consequent rank of the captains.

Aside from its rank, Company A always had a prominent standing in the regiment. The roster shows that one of its sergeants was made regimental adjutant and two others were made regimental commissary and quartermaster sergeants, respectively. In due course of promotion, also, its captain became lieutenant-colonel of the regiment.

A few days after its arrival in Camp Morton, the members of Company A filed a petition with the Governor, asking to be sent to Terre Haute and incorporated into a regiment being organized there, from their own congressional district, exclusively. Their wish was not granted, and it is to be hoped that the members of the company are now heartily glad of it, as the members of the other companies of the Twenty-seventh certainly are; though the latter knew nothing of the petition at the time.

The roster of Company A shows a total enrollment, officers and men, of 114. Three officers and sixteen men were killed or mortally wounded in battle—16.6 per cent. Eleven of the company died of disease, accidents, etc., making a total of 30,—or 26.2 per cent.

In the following roster of Company A, as in the rosters of all the other companies, it will be understood that "Transferred to V. R. C." involved subsequent service (in most cases to the end of the period of their enlistment) in the Veteran Reserve Corps, the nature of which has been explained heretofore. So it will be understood, also, that the word "Veteran," following any name, carries with it the fact that that person, after serving two years or more, re-enlisted for another period of three years. The veterans of the Twenty-seventh were all transferred, after the regiment was mustered out, first, to the Seventieth Indiana, and later to the Thirty-third Indiana, as has already been stated. They marched with Sherman, first to the sea, at Savannah, Georgia, and then up through the Carolinas and Virginia, to Washington, D. C.

ROSTER OF COMPANY A.

Prepared by Lieut. Rankin, John Bresnahan and others, showing promotions, wounds and manner of getting out of the company, with dates of same, as far as known.

CAPTAINS.

- ABISHA L. MORRISON, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; promoted lieutenant-colonel Nov. 19, 1861.
- JOHN W. WILCOXEN, promoted from first lieutenant Nov. 19, 1861; wounded at Winchester and Antietam; mustered out Nov. 4, 1864.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- ROBERT B. GILMORE, promoted from sergeant of Company A to adjutant of the regiment Sept. 3, 1861; from adjutant to first lieutenant of Company A Nov. 19, 1861; died Oct. 16, 1862; wounds, Antietam.
- SIMPSON S. HAMRICK, promoted from sergeant of Company A to commissary sergeant of regiment, Sept. 12, 1861; promoted from commissary sergeant to first lieutenant of Company A Oct. 17, 1862; killed, Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- SAMUEL D. PORTER, promoted corporal, to sergeant, to orderly sergeant, to second lieutenant, Sept. 18, 1861; to first lieutenant May 4, 1863; wounded, Antietam and Elk River; discharged April 18, 1864.
- JOHN R. RANKIN, promoted from private to orderly sergeant; to first lieutenant April 19, 1864; wounded at Gettysburg; mustered out Nov. 1, 1864.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- JOHN F. PARSONS, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; resigned Dec., 1861.
- WILLIAM VANORS DALL, promoted from sergeant to orderly sergeant; to second lieutenant Feb. 7, 1862; killed, Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

ORDERLY SERGEANTS.

- PHILBURD S. WRIGHT, reduced to the ranks unjustly; discharged Dec. 13, 1862; wounded in leg at Antietam.
- WILLIAM ALLEN, promoted from sergeant to orderly sergeant April 1, 1862; killed, Cedar Mountain, Virginia, Aug. 9, 1862.
- JOSEPH T. DENNIS, promoted from sergeant to orderly sergeant; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

SERGEANTS.

- JOHN A. CROSE, promoted quartermaster sergeant of regiment.
- TARVIN C. STONE, promoted to commissary sergeant of regiment; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- NOAH ALLEE, promoted from corporal to sergeant, Feb. 1, 1862; killed at Cedar Mountain, Virginia, Aug. 9, 1862.
- BENJAMIN F. CROSE, promoted from corporal to sergeant, June 1, 1862; discharged, disability, April 24, 1863. (Died before reaching home.)
- JOSEPHUS B. GAMBOLD, promoted from corporal to sergeant; wounded in hand. New Hope Church, Georgia; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

CORPORALS.

- JAMES BALLARD, promoted to corporal Sept. 1, 1861; wounded in thigh, Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862; killed, Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
- CHARLES M. BOWEN, wounded in leg, Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862; amputation; discharged Sept. 8, 1863.
- SPENCER C. MONNETT, discharged March 14, 1863, for wound in left shoulder, Antietam.
- JACOB MICHAEL, killed, Winchester, Virginia, May 25, 1862.
- WILLIAM O. KENYON, killed, Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
- CHRISTOPHER C. SHOWALTER, wounded in right leg, Antietam; killed, Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
- MANUEL NICEWANDER, wounded in head, Cedar Mountain; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOSEPH N. BILL, promoted to sergeant Nov. 12, 1863; veteran.
- MARION J. ALLEE, wounded at Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Resaca and Peach Tree Creek; veteran. (Died from an accidental wound received at Louisville, Kentucky, July, 1865.)
- GEORGE TINCHER, wounded, Gettysburg; veteran.

PRIVATES.

- WILLIAM T. AKERS, mustered out Sept. 4, 1864.
- ASBURY ALLEN, discharged May 11, 1863; disability.
- GEORGE W. ALLEN, discharged Dec. 15, 1862; disability.

- JAMES ALLEN, killed, railroad accident near Alliance, Ohio, Sept. 16, 1861.
- GEORGE BALES, killed, Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.
- WILLIAM BALES, veteran.
- AMBROSE D. BETTIS, transferred V. R. C., Aug. 24, 1864.
- JOHN BRESNAHAN, wounded, Antietam; discharged March 8, 1864; loss of right arm at Chancellorsville.
- HENRY BROWN, deserted, Sept. 17, 1862.
- JAMES M. BROWN, recruit; transferred to Seventieth Regiment.
- WILLIAM H. BRANN, discharged Oct. 31, 1862; wounds at Antietam.
- WOODSON BRYANT, captured at Winchester, veteran; mustered out July, 1865.
- WILLIAM BURCH, discharged Nov. 21, 1862; disability.
- HIRAM BUSBY, captured at Winchester; discharged Oct. 5, 1863; wound at Chancellorsville.
- FRANCIS BUTLER, wounded, Antietam; transferred to regulars January 15, 1863.
- JOHN S. D. DAY, transferred to regulars, Nov. 23, 1862.
- JAMES DEWITT, captured at Winchester; killed at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
- WILLIS DEWITT, discharged Dec. 11, 1862; disability.
- GEORGE H. DODD, transferred V. R. C.; mustered out Sept. 4, 1864.
- WILLIAM DODSON, wounded, Cedar Mountain and siege of Atlanta; veteran.
- SIMPSON EVANS, discharged Oct. 28, 1862; wound in right shoulder at Cedar Mountain.
- HENRY G. EVANS, transferred to regulars Oct. 27, 1862.
- WILLIAM ELLIOTT, veteran.
- SAMUEL FELLOWS, wounded in head at Gettysburg; transferred V. R. C.
- JAMES M. FOSS, discharged Oct. 22, 1862; wounds at Antietam.
- ERI A. GAMBOLD, wounded Antietam, veteran.
- CHARLES W. GIBBONS, wounded Cedar Mountain; died Baltimore, Md., June 19, 1863, small pox.
- EVAN T. GRIDER, discharged January 7, 1863, wound at Cedar Mountain.

- JASPER H. HADDEN, killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
- JOHN W. HANSELL, killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
- DAVID HANSELL, promoted hospital steward; veteran.
- JAMES T. HARDEN, wounded New Hope Church, May 25, 1864, veteran.
- ALEXANDER HINKLE, transferred to regulars, Nov. 23, 1862.
- THADDEUS HUNT, killed, Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.
- WILLIAM H. HOSTETTER, mustered out September 1, 1864.
- FRANCIS M. HUTCHINGS, transferred to regulars, Nov. 23, 1862. Killed at battle of Opequon, Va. Sept. 19, 1864.
- JESSE JACKSON, died March 27, 1862, Winchester, Va., pneumonia.
- ELIJAH JENKINS, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- LINDSEY LAMB, veteran.
- BENJ. F. LANDIS, mustered out September 1, 1864.
- PHILIP A. LANE, discharged Nov. 13, 1862; wound of right arm, Antietam.
- JOHN LAYTON, killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
- SYLVESTER LAYTON, captured at Winchester, died of chronic diarrhœa and debility, Annapolis, Md., Dec. 27, 1862.
- JOHN LEWIS, veteran.
- JESSE C. McCOY, died of erysipelas, Frederick, Md., March 12, 1862.
- MARION MONNETT, discharged May 19, 1862; disability.
- WILLIAM MCGREW, veteran.
- WARDEN T. MERCER, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- HENRY A. MOYERS, wounded in foot at Antietam; killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.
- THOMAS PEARSON, discharged Nov. 26, 1862, disability.
- RICHARD A. PROCTOR, killed at Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9, 1862.
- VALENTINE PROCTOR, transferred V. R. C.; wounds, at Chancellorsville.
- JASPER N. PARSONS, discharged for disability Dec. 2, 1861.
- VAN L. PARSONS, discharged for disability Jan. 14, 1862.

- WILLIAM M. PARSONS, wounded June 22, 1864; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN J. PALMER, died of typhoid fever, Darnestown, Maryland, Nov. 12, 1861.
- NOAH J. PALMER, captured at Winchester; wounded in shoulder at siege of Atlanta; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN B. PRICHARD, veteran.
- ABRAHAM PATTERSON, recruit; discharged for disability, Maryland Heights, Oct. 28, 1862.
- CHARLES R. RAWLINGS, died of typhoid fever, Darnestown, Maryland, Nov. 20, 1861.
- HENRY RUTHERFORD, discharged Jan. 29, 1863; wound at Antietam.
- THOMAS ROBERTS, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- HENRY A. RUSSELL, a Maryland recruit; deserted May 28, 1862.
- PATRICK RYAN, recruit; captured at Winchester; discharged April 24, 1863, Stafford Court House, Virginia; disability.
- LEVI M. SHOWALTER, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JAMES S. STEELE, discharged Jan. 10, 1863; wounded at Antietam.
- JOHN W. SMITH, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- WILLIAM L. SMITH, recruit; transferred to Seventieth Indiana, Nov. 4, 1864.
- JOSEPH H. SMITH, recruit; wounded at Antietam and Resaca.
- JAMES E. SMYTHIE, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- DAVID STEWARD, died of general debility, Smoketown, Maryland, Dec. 24, 1862.
- WILLIAM STEWART, wounded, New Hope Church, Ga.; veteran.
- JOHN L. MESLER, veteran.
- STEPHEN HARVEY, deserted Aug. 9, 1862.
- SAMUEL M. STIGGLEMAN, discharged for disability Jan. 14, 1862.
- HENRY SQUIRE, veteran; shot through breast at Antietam; also wounded at Chancellorsville and captured at Peach Tree Creek.
- WILLIAM H. TURNER, died of rheumatism and debility, Frederick, Maryland, Dec. 24, 1862.

- SAMUEL J. WALN, veteran.
 W. W. WARNER, wounded, Chancellorsville; veteran.
 THOMAS WELLS, captured at Winchester; wounded, Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
 ELIJAH H. WILKINSON, taken prisoner at Cedar Mountain; wounded in groin at Chancellorsville; also wounded at Resaca; veteran.
 CHARLES E. WISHMIER, wounded at Cedar Mountain; killed at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863.
 DANIEL B. WATTS, recruit; transferred to Seventieth Regiment, Nov. 4, 1864.
 JOHN G. WILSON, recruit; transferred to Seventieth Regiment, Nov. 4, 1864.
 MICHAEL P. VORIS, recruit; transferred to Seventieth Regiment, Nov. 4, 1864.
 HARRISON YOUNG, transferred to V. R. C.; gunshot wound in mouth at Antietam.
 JOHN T. DOUGHERTY, transferred to regulars, Nov. 23, 1862.
 GEORGE W. MORGAN, recruit; discharged for disability, Nov. 15, 1862.
 EARL MOORE, recruit; captured at Cedar Mountain; died, Fairfax Station, Virginia, Jan. 14, 1863; disease.

COMPANY B.

This was one of the two companies in the Twenty-seventh accredited to Daviess county, though other counties were represented in it. An officer of another regiment, who at one time sustained close relations with this company, has made the statement that the proportion of thoughtful, self-poised men in its ranks was unusual. No better example could be found of how the citizens of this Republic stand ready to defend it. A call comes to a typical interior village of Indiana. The flag has been assailed and the institutions of the country are in danger. The village is not a county seat, and lawyers do not abound. But, without delay, a physician or two, an equal number of ministers of the gospel, still more business men, clerks, school teachers and students promptly enroll their names. Enough of the sons of the thrifty farmers in the surrounding country, to make one hundred in all, are easily obtained, and the company is ready to go into camp. That was our Company B.

The names of the men indicate that Scotch and Scotch-Irish predominated in the company, as in others. Their instinct of patriotism, founded in love of liberty and good government, was, therefore, a matter of inheritance; likewise their courage and tenacity of purpose.

The highly commendable conduct of Company B at Buckton has

been noticed heretofore. The company books were lost at that time, which has increased the difficulty of preparing a satisfactory roster. As the case stands, one hundred and sixteen names are upon its roll. Of these, eleven were killed or mortally wounded in battle, while the same number died from disease, making a total loss of twenty-two.

ORIGINAL ROSTER OF COMPANY B.

With promotions, wounds and manner of getting out of company, with dates of same as far as known.

CAPTAIN.

JACKSON L. MOORE, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; resigned Feb. 17, 1862.

LIEUTENANTS.

WILLIAM E. DAVIS, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; promoted captain March 15, 1862; resigned Jan. 9, 1863; prisoner from May to Sept., 1862.

JOHN W. THORNBERG, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; promoted first lieutenant March 15, 1862; promoted captain Jan. 10, 1863; transferred to Seventieth Indiana, Nov. 4, 1864; mustered out June 8, 1865; commanded Company I, Seventieth Indiana, on March to the Sea and up through the Carolinas; wounded at Gettysburg.

SERGEANTS.

THOMAS W. CASEY, promoted second lieutenant March 15, 1862; promoted first lieutenant January 10, 1863; wounded, Gettysburg; mustered out Nov. 11, 1864; ex. term.

WILLIAM HUBBARD, promoted second lieutenant Jan. 10, 1863; discharged Dec. 12, 1863; wounds at Chancellorsville.

IRA BRASHEARS, discharged June 17, 1863; loss of right arm at Chancellorsville.

JACOB RAGLE, promoted orderly sergeant; discharged 1862 (precise date unknown); disease.

JOHN G. LITTLE, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

CORPORALS.

PETER RAGLE, promoted sergeant; wounded, Resaca; veteran.

- MICHAEL WALLICK, promoted sergeant; captured at Buckton, Va.; wounded at Resaca; mustered out Sept., 1864.
- LEWIS KETCHAM, discharged at Camp Halleck, Sept. 20, 1862, disability.
- ELISHA GUTHRY, wounded, Buckton; killed Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.
- WILLIAM J. WILSON, discharged 1862 (date unknown); disability.
- JOHN RUSSELL, captured Buckton, Va.; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- SILAS P. WAGONER, discharged 1862; sickness.

PRIVATES.

- JOHN E. HAYS, promoted corporal, sergeant and first sergeant; veteran.
- JOHN R. DUNLAP, musician; discharged Jan., 1862, disability.
- JAMES T. McHOLLAND, musician; transferred to V. R. C.; infirmity.
- GEORGE E. DAVIS, teamster, died Dec. 12, 1861, disease.
- JOSEPH ACHOR, took transfer to regulars, 1862.
- DUNCAN ACHOR, discharged for wounds at Resaca.
- MILTON L. ALLEN, wounded Buckton, discharged Jan.—, 1863, disability.
- THOMAS ANDERSON, veteran.
- DANIEL ARFORD, discharged, 1862; wounded at Antietam.
- STEPHEN BORDMAN, died Nov. 12, 1861, disease.
- ALONZO C. BUGHER, wounded siege of Atlanta, mustered out Sept., 1864.
- ENOCH M. BRUNER, veteran.
- THOMAS R. BRUNER, transferred V. R. C.
- THOMAS BOWERS, discharged 1862, disability.
- BENJAMIN F. CHESTNUT, died Nov. 27, 1861, measles.
- WILLIAM S. CHESTNUT, transferred V. R. C., cause not stated; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN W. CUNNINGHAM, discharged 1862, disease.
- GEORGE M. CRITCHLOW, wounded Cedar Mountain; veteran.
- JAMES COATS, mustered out with regiment, September 1, 1864.

- THOMAS CHILES, mustered out with regiment, September 1, 1864.
- ALEXANDER CALLAHAN, wounded siege of Atlanta; veteran.
- WILLIAM CON, veteran.
- WILLIAM R. CARSON, killed at Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9, 1862.
- JONAS DAVIS, captured at Buckton; veteran.
- ANDERSON DICHERT, killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.
- JAMES P. P. DENTON, wounded at Buckton, Gettysburg, and New Hope Church; veteran.
- THOMAS J. EATON, discharged 1862, disease.
- JOSEPH EDWARDS, teamster, mustered out Sept., 1864.
- WILLIAM J. FLINN, wounded Antietam, killed New Hope Church, Ga., May 25, 1864.
- WILLIAM M. FLINN, wounded at Gettysburg; veteran.
- MARTIN FIDLER, discharged 1861, disease.
- LEVI F. FAITH, wounded Antietam, Gettysburg and Resaca; veteran.
- GEORGE W. GORE, wounded New Hope Church; veteran. Captured five Confederates.
- JOSHUA GAUGH, died Philadelphia, Pa., May 14, 1862, disease.
- JOHN HUBBARD, wounded Antietam; took transfer to another regiment.
- WILLIS HUBBARD, captured at Buckton, died Belle Isle, Va., prisoner.
- JOSEPH C. HANNAH, wounded at Antietam.
- WILLIAM HANNAH, mortally wounded New Hope Church; died Chattanooga, Tenn., June 12, 1864.
- ROBERT HERRON, discharged 1863; wounds at Chancellorsville.
- JOHN S. HACKLER, died of measles, 1861.
- GEORGE W. HERRONDON, wounded Antietam; died September 19, 1864; wounds Siege of Atlanta.
- HIRAM HORRALL, wounded Chancellorsville and Resaca; mustered out with regiment, Sept. 1, 1864.
- HIRAM HULAN, took transfer to regulars.
- HENRY HARRIS, transferred to hospital, sick 1861; no further report

- ISAIAH HOVERSTOCK, died Stafford Court House, Va., 1863.
- ANDREW J. KELLER, veteran.
- HIRAM KINNEMAN, teamster part of time; wounded at Antietam; mustered out with regiment, Sept. 1, 1864.
- MICHAEL KELLER, veteran; wounded Gettysburg.
- SAMUEL KINT, discharged 1864, from Chattanooga.
- DORY KINNEMAN, transferred to navy, 1862.
- CHARLES LUTZ, discharged 1862, disease.
- JAMES O. LAUGHLIN, wounded at Buckton; transferred to V. R. C.; wounds at Antietam.
- JOSEPH H. LAUGHLIN, mustered out with regiment, Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN D. LAUGHLIN, mustered out with regiment Sept. 1, 1864.
- JACOB LAWYER, mustered out with regiment Sept. 1, 1864.
- WILLIAM LAUN, captured at Buckton; transferred to V. R. C., wounds at Antietam.
- MICHAEL LITTEN, discharged 1862, disability.
- HARRISON LEE, wounded at Resaca; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- WILLIAM B. MATHEWS, captured at Buckton; killed, Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
- JOHN MORATTA, captured at Buckton; veteran.
- DANIEL L. McCARTER, wounded at Buckton, Antietam and Gettysburg; mustered out with regiment Sept. 1, 1864.
- WILLIAM McMULLEN, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- GEORGE NUGENT, disappeared; suspected of desertion.
- JOHN NUGENT, discharged. 1862, disability.
- BARTLETT O'CALLAHAN, captured near Winchester; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- McHOWEL POINDEXTER, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- HENRY L. PITMAN, promoted corporal; discharged 1862, disability.
- CRAIG STOTTS, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN W. SUMNER, wounded on Rappahannock in Pope's campaign; discharged 1862, disability.
- REZIN SUMNER, wounded, Antietam; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

- JOHN SHARUM, captured, Buckton, Va.; discharged, 1863, disability.
- CHARLES W. STANLEY, wounded, Buckton; captured, Winchester; took transfer to U. S. regulars, Oct., 1862.
- GEORGE W. STOUT, killed in rifle pit near Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 10, 1864.
- WILLIAM L. SHIVELY, wounded, Antietam; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN SPARKS, wounded and a prisoner at Buckton, Va.; mustered out with regiment Sept. 1, 1864.
- RICHARD TRUEBLOOD, wounded, Peach Tree Creek, Ga.; mustered out with regiment Sept. 1, 1864.
- ANDREW J. VEST, captured, Buckton, Va.; mustered out with regiment Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOSEPH B. S. WILSON, discharged at U. S. hospital; disease.
- JAMES WAGONER, killed, Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
- THOMAS S. WIRTS, took transfer to regulars, 1862.
- DANIEL WEBSTER, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- PIERSON WAGLEY, died, Darnestown, Md., Dec., 1861, disease.
- ANDREW J. WILLIAMS, wounded, Antietam; veteran.
- NEEDHAM WORRALL, discharged, 1861, disease.
- ABNER WILSON, promoted corporal; wounded, Resaca; mustered out April 1, 1864.
- JAMES WORRALL, discharged, 1862, disability.

RECRUITS.

- WILLIAM ALFORD, mustered in July 15, 1862.
- CHARLES COMBS, mustered in March 12, 1862; wounded, Antietam.
- HARRY M. CORRELL, mustered in July 15, 1862.
- JOHN DEARMIN, mustered in March 10, 1862; discharged in 1865.
- RUSSELL DAVIS, mustered in July 15, 1862; wounded, Antietam; transferred to Seventieth Indiana Nov. 4, 1864.
- HENRY GIRAUN, mustered in July 15, 1862; wounded, Antietam.
- JAMES F. HERENDEN, mustered in March 31, 1864.
- JOSEPH D. LAUGHLIN, mustered in Aug. 8, 1862.

JOHN PONTIUS, mustered in Oct. 22, 1864; mustered out July 13, 1865.

SANFORD H. SHIVELY, mustered in Aug. 14, 1862; wounded, Antietam.

JOHN R. LAUGHLIN, discharged; wounds Antietam.

CHARLES U. CORRELL, mustered in March 31, 1864; died of sickness near Atlanta, Ga., 1864.

JOSEPH RICHARDSON, died, Dam No. 4, Maryland, 1862.

SAMUEL TODD, killed at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.

COMPANY G.

Though known as an Edinburg company, seven counties in Indiana and one in Kentucky were represented in Company C, increased by two more later on. The company contained a large proportion of bright, sprightly young men, with rather more than the average of education, good manners and personal neatness. It frequently attracted attention and was the subject of favorable comment on account of the soldierly appearance, both of officers and men. It left Edinburg August 12, 1861, entering Camp Morton the same day. For several months at the start its officers did what was not the best for themselves; they employed, at their own expense, a civilian drill-master to instruct the company. This was one Ben Valliquette, of "La Belle France." Like all European drill-sergeants, Ben could swear in most of the languages of the globe. But he knew also how to smooth the wrinkles out of a raw recruit. As a result of his diligent labors Company C was well up in the drill.

The fact has already been related that, when Company C became Color Company, the people of Edinburg and vicinity provided a beautiful and costly silk flag for its use. Its duties in connection with that flag, and the fidelity with which it discharged them, doubtless resulted in fewer of the company returning from the war.

Company C was detailed for other duty and did not get into the Battle of Cedar Mountain, as previously narrated. If the exceptional loss of Company I in that battle (which acted as Color Company) had fallen upon Company C, its aggregate battle loss would have been extreme. As it was, 18 of the 106 men, of all ranks, borne upon its rolls, were killed or mortally wounded in battle. It also lost 10 from disease and 1 in a rebel prison, making 29 in all—27.2 per cent.

For obvious reasons the writer is in possession of some additional facts concerning Company C. Twenty of its men either died of disease, were discharged for disability, skulked out, or deserted (only three of the latter), and were never in battle. Five more were never in battle, for other reasons, not discreditable. Hence only eighty-one of the Company were ever in battle. To the credit of those eighty-one, therefore, stand 18 mortal wounds and 66 wounds not mortal.

These facts are stated, not to disparage other companies, but, rather, to show what was true of all, if the facts were obtainable. The probability

seems strong that some other companies even exceeded Company C in these respects. Other regiments were required to make greater sacrifices than the Twenty-seventh.

ROSTER OF COMPANY C.

With recruits, promotions, wounds, etc., and reason of quitting the company, with dates of same, as far as reported.

CAPTAINS.

WILLIAM S. JOHNSON, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; promoted to major March 15, 1862.

JOSIAH C. WILLIAMS, promoted from second lieutenant of Company I Sept. 29, 1862; struck by ball on foot at Winchester and on leg by piece of shell at Antietam; wounded in thigh at Chancellorsville; Post Provost marshal, Tullahoma, Tenn.; acting Division Provost Marshal general; commander Twelfth Corps headquarters guards; Brigade Provost Marshal on staff of General T. H. Ruger; resigned Oct. 5, 1864.

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

ISAAC D. COLLIER, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; resigned Dec. —, 1861.

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

JOHN FORELANDER, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; promoted first lieutenant Jan. 1, 1862; resigned Sept. 30, 1862; failure of sight.

FIRST SERGEANT.

JOHN T. BOYLE, resigned to accept position in C. S. department Oct., 1861; elected second lieutenant Jan. 1, 1862; promoted captain April 16, 1862; permitted to resign under charges of cowardice Sept. 28, 1862.

SECOND SERGEANT.

OLIVER P. FURGUSON, promoted first sergeant April 16, 1862; second lieutenant Sept. 29, 1862; first lieutenant Oct. 25, 1862; in command of the company at Winchester, Chancellorsville (after the captain was wounded), Gettysburg and on the Atlanta campaign; regimental ordnance officer; mustered out Nov. 4, 1864.

THIRD SERGEANT.

JACOB A. LEE, promoted first sergeant Oct., 1861; second lieutenant April 16, 1862; first lieutenant Sept., 1862; rendered distinguished service on Banks' retreat; mortally wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862; died at Boonsboro, Md., Oct. 24, 1862.

FOURTH SERGEANT.

NOAH N. SIMS, promoted second sergeant, Company Commissary, entire service.

FIFTH SERGEANT.

LEWIS D. PAYNE, Color Sergeant of regiment; mortally wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862; died Oct. 25, 1862; place not reported.

CORPORALS.

WILLIAM P. JONES, reduced to ranks (rather arbitrarily) for insubordination; deserted to enemy March 6, 1862.

JAMES R. SHARP, company and regimental clerk; promoted sergeant-major April 12, 1863; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

ROGER S. LONGHERY, promoted sergeant April, 1862; second lieutenant Oct. 25, 1862; wounded and captured at Chancellorsville; mustered out Nov. 4, 1864.

GEORGE W. WEIR, wounded at Antietam and transferred to V. R. C.; date not reported.

ISAAC D. HARTER, promoted sergeant April, 1863; wounded at Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

WILLIAM H. BEESON, promoted sergeant Sept. 1, 1863; prisoner at Winchester; wounded at Chancellorsville and mortally wounded at New Hope Church; died at Cassville, Ga., June, 1864.

JOHN Q. A. CARVIN, promoted sergeant Dec. 23, 1862; discharged July 15, 1863, for disabling wound at Chancellorsville.

WASHINGTON DOREN, on Color Guard; promoted sergeant Jan. 29, 1863; mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; died May 14, 1863; place not reported.

PRIVATES.

AMERICUS S. APPLGATE, fifer; promoted Principal Musician of regiment, June, 1862.

- HIRAM APPLGATE, drummer, a boy; discharged Feb. 6, 1863; disability.
- JOSEPH APPLGATE, discharged Oct. 28, 1862, for wounds at Antietam.
- CHARLES S. APPLGATE, father of above three, discharged Jan. 31, 1862; too old for the service.
- ALLEN APPERSON, discharged Oct. 27, 1863, for wounds at Gettysburg.
- JOSEPH AIKENS, died at Frederick, Md., Jan. 4, 1862; disease.
- ELON ANDREWS, wounded at Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JAMES A. ALEXANDER, wounded at Antietam; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863, with 12th U. S. Infantry.
- WILLIAM ABBERCROMBIE, a tramp; deserted at Indianapolis a few days after enlistment.
- THOMAS J. ACTON, wounded at Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN ACTON, died Baltimore, Md., Dec. 25, 1861; measles.
- EDMUND R. BROWN, promoted to corporal; declined promotion to sergeant over those absent wounded; wounded at Antietam; mustered out Oct. 1, 1864.
- MERRICK S. BROWN, wounded at Antietam and Chancellorsville; transferred to V. R. C., date not reported.
- JOHN S. BAKER, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- GODFREY BAKER, died Frederick, Md., Jan. 1, 1862; pneumonia.
- JAMES H. BASS, wounded at Antietam; took transfer to regulars, Oct. —, 1862.
- THOMAS BROWNING, discharged Jan. 6, 1863, for wound at Antietam.
- JACOB BROWNING, discharged December 1, 1861; disability.
- JOHN BARGMAN, discharged May 22, 1863, for wound at Antietam.
- SAMUEL BEEMER, promoted to corporal and to sergeant; datee not reported; three wounds at Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JAMES BRADBURN, wounded at Antietam and Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN CHEATHAM, killed in front of picket line, near

Smithfield, Va., March 13, 1862; first man in the regiment killed by the enemy.

WILLIAM J. CLARK, transferred to gunboat service Feb. 1862.

HENRY CRAWFORD, teamster, died at Kelly's Ford, Va., Sept. —, 1863; disease.

STARK CUTSINGER, discharged Jan. 10, 1863; lost a leg at Antietam.

DANIEL J. COLVIN, mortally wounded at Gettysburg; died in 12th Corps hospital, July 6, 1862.

WILLIAM CLINE, died at Darnestown, Md., Nov. 18, 1861, measles; first death in company.

JAMES CALHOUN, deserter on Winchester retreat; was seen north of the Potomac.

JOSHUA CHAMBERS, badly wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged for same April 24, 1864.

JOHN DINN, discharged Dec. 15, 1862, for wound at Antietam.

JAMES DINN, wounded at Chancellorsville; veteran.

WILLIAM DOYLE, discharged March 31, 1863, for severe wound at Antietam.

WILLIAM DEVET, captured at Smithfield, Va.; discharged July —, 1862, as a paroled prisoner.

GEORGE EAST, promoted to corporal; on the Color Guard; Color Bearer; wounded at Antietam and Gettysburg.

WILLIAM G. EVANS, died at Strasburg, Va., May 21, 1862; disease.

EMANUEL FULP, wounded at Winchester, Cedar Mountain (in ranks of another company) and mortally wounded at Antietam; died Nov. 15, 1862; place not reported.

ROBERT L. FOSTER, promoted to corporal, to sergeant and first sergeant; dates not reported; wounded at Gettysburg and New Hope Church; veteran.

WILLIAM FRY, wounded at Antietam; veteran.

JACOB FILLMAN, promoted to corporal and sergeant; transferred to V. R. C. for wound at Gettysburg; date not reported.

JOHN GARDNER, killed at Antietam. Sept. 17, 1862.

JOSEPH GARRISON, died, Frederick, Md., Jan. 29, 1862; pneumonia.

- WILLIAM GREEN, discharged April —, 1864, for loss of arm at Chancellorsville.
- DANIEL GREER, wounded at Chancellorsville and New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- ROBERT GEARY, discharged Jan. 13, 1863, for loss of hand; accidental discharge of his gun.
- JOHN E. HART, wounded at Resaca; veteran.
- JOHN HAND, wounded at Antietam and Gettysburg; discharged April 11, 1864, for latter wound.
- JOHN HINCHEE, wounded at Resaca; veteran.
- OLIVER JOHNSON, colonel's orderly and cook; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- EDMUND C. JONES, wounded at Antietam and Chancellorsville; discharged June 30, 1863, for latter wound.
- JOHN JOYCE, wounded at Chancellorsville and Resaca; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- IRA KYLE, wounded at Front Royal, Va., July 3, 1862; discharged Oct. 25, 1863; wound at Antietam.
- THOMAS J. LAY, wounded at Antietam; took transfer to regulars Nov. —, 1862.
- MARTIN L. LAYMAN, killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
- JASPER N. LAYMAN, wounded at Antietam and Chancellorsville, transferred to V. R. C., date not reported.
- JOHN LEWIS, promoted to corporal; mortally wounded at Antietam; died Sept. 26, 1862, place not reported.
- THOMAS MILLER, discharged Dec. 27, 1862; disability.
- RICHARD MORTZ, court martialed for cowardice at Antietam; court martialed and drummed out April 18, 1863, for theft.
- JOHN K. McCASKY, company and regimental clerk; promoted to Sergeant-Major Jan. 1, 1863; wounded at Winchester. See Company I.
- JAMES N. McCOWEN, discharged April 26, 1863; disability.
- GEORGE W. McGAFFICK, wounded at Resaca; veteran.
- JASPER N. NUGENT, one of the three who stood in line of Company C through entire battle of Antietam; died of disease at Stafford Court House, Va., Feb. 16, 1863.
- ALLEN OAKS, transferred to V. R. C. for wound at Antietam; date not reported.
- DAVID PARKER, wounded at Antietam and Gettysburg; transferred to V. R. C.; date not stated.

- MORGAN PITCHER, wounded at Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN H. PARR, killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
- CHARLES F. PLYMATE, detailed as teamster; wounded at Resaca; veteran.
- ALEXANDER PICKENS, discharged May 30, 1862. disability.
- EDWARD QUILLEN, killed at Winchester, Va., May 25, 1862.
- NATHAN RICHARDSON, discharged March 18, 1864, for severe wound at Antietam.
- JOHN RUNKLE, promoted corporal; wounded at Antietam and Chancellorsville; died of latter wound at Washington, D. C., Oct. 25, 1863.
- EDWIN SPURGEON, wounded at Antietam and New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JEROME SIMS, promoted corporal for gallantry at Antietam; on Color Guard; killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
- LOUIS SMITH, wounded at Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- EPHRAIM SHOLL, transferred to V. R. C. for wound at Antietam, date not reported.
- WILLIAM SANDIFER, killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
- JOHN TREADWAY, wounded at Antietam; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN B. VANCELEIF, promoted to corporal; wounded at Chancellorsville; veteran.
- JOHN WELLS, wounded at Antietam; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JESSE WELLS, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.
- WILLIAM WAYLAND, discharged Jan. 6, 1863, for wound at Antietam.
- DAVID WAYLAND, wounded at Antietam and Chancellorsville; transferred to V. R. C. for latter wound, date not reported.
- LUTHER WINDSHIP, company teamster; died Frederick, Md., Dec. 31, 1861, disease.
- LEVI W. WILLIS, promoted to corporal April 1, 1863; transferred to V. R. C. for wounds at Gettysburg.
- JOHN YOUNG, veteran.

JOHN ZIGLER, promoted to corporal for gallantry at Antietam; killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

RECRUITS.

JAMES C. ROUSE, mustered in Jan. 8, 1862; promoted to corporal; discharged Jan. 1, 1863, for wound at Antietam.

WILLIAM TREADWAY, mustered in June 28, 1862; captured at New Hope Church, Ga.; died in prison at Andersonville, date unknown.

JAMES ELLIOTT, mustered in April 1, 1862; died of disease at Bridgeport, Ala., March 14, 1864, while on detail with Battery M, First New York Light Artillery.

JOHN ELLIOTT, mustered in April 1, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville.

COMPANY D.

In the office of the Adjutant-General of Indiana, the residences of all original members of Company D is recorded as Lawrence county. This was true of most, but not all. The fact has been mentioned heretofore that several from Jackson county were in the company. There were also a few from other counties.

There was also considerable diversity in this company with respect to occupation and plans of life, perhaps more than in others. The county seat of Lawrence county has given its name to the celebrated Bedford stone, now used over a wide area of the country. The stone industry had not attained to the gigantic proportion in that region before the war that it has since. Still, for that reason and others, this company differed somewhat from other companies in the character of its men. This did not militate against their character as soldiers, however, or against the service they rendered.

The company left Bedford August 12, 1861. The men spent that night under the trees in the State House ground at Indianapolis, entering Camp Morton the next morning. The roster shows a total enrollment of 120. It lost 22 in battle and 14 from disease and other causes, a total loss of 36. Fourteen members of the company took transfers to the regulars in 1862. There were also a large number transferred to the V. R. C. at various times.

ORIGINAL ROSTER OF COMPANY D.

Giving promotions, wounds, and manner of getting out of company, with dates of same as far as reported.

CAPTAINS.

THEODORE E. BUEHLER, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; resigned May 23, 1862.

JOHN A. CASADAY, promoted from first lieutenant Company E, April 16, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.

THOMAS J. BOX, promoted from first lieutenant May 4, 1863; wounded at Gettysburg; promoted from first sergeant to second lieutenant June 2, 1862; from second lieutenant to first lieutenant June 2, 1862; wounded through chest and prisoner at Cedar Mountain.

FIRST-LIEUTENANTS.

JAMES M. KERN, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; resigned Dec., 1861.

THOMAS PETERS, commissioned Feb. 14, 1862; resigned May 29, 1862.

GEORGE H. STEPHENSON, commissioned March 29, 1864; lost right arm, Resaca; mustered out Nov. 4, 1864.

SECOND-LIEUTENANTS.

MEREDITH W. LEACH, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; died Dec., 1861; disease.

DANIEL R. CONRAD, promoted from corporal; commissioned Jan. 4, 1862; died Jan., 1862; pneumonia.

JOSEPH BALSLEY, promoted from first sergeant June 2, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg and Antietam; promoted to captain Company H Dec. 11, 1863.

SERGEANTS.

THOMAS W. PETERS, promoted first lieutenant.

THOMAS J. BOX, promoted second lieutenant, etc.

JOHN PALMER, discharged Jan. 15, 1863, wounds at Antietam.

SILAS N. WHITLER, wounded Cedar Mountain; discharged March 7, 1863, wounds at Antietam.

STEPHEN J. REYBURN, wounded Antietam; died Aug. 1, 1863; wounds at Gettysburg.

CORPORALS.

WILLIAM K. REYNOLDS, discharged June 8, 1862, disability.

JOHN REID, veteran; transferred Seventieth and Thirty-third Indiana.

- AUSTIN N. WILDER, wounded Cedar Mountain Aug. 9, 1862; discharged March 7, 1863, wounds at Antietam.
 JOHN BRIDWELL, discharged, wounds at Antietam.
 JAMES RIGGINS, discharged Oct. 24, 1862.
 ANDREW J. BANKS, discharged May 8, 1862; disability.
 DANIEL R. CONRAD, promoted second lieutenant.
 SAMUEL F. KERN, died Feb. 1, 1862; pneumonia.

PRIVATEs.

- SAMUEL R. LEWIS, musician; went into ranks; killed at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.
 FLAVIUS POTTER, musician; took transfer to regulars Oct., 1862.
 JAMES M. SEIBERT, wagoner; went into ranks; promoted corporal and sergeant; wounded at Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
 JAMES ALEXANDER, discharged Oct. 29, 1863; wounds, Chancellorsville.
 HENRY ALLBRIGHT, died June 7, 1862; wounds, Winchester.
 ISAAC R. ALLEN, took transfer to regulars Oct. 24, 1862.
 ENOCH ANDERSON, died July 11, 1863.
 WILLIAM B. ATCHINSON, killed on Mississippi Flotilla Jan. 15, 1862.
 JOSEPH BALSLEY, promoted sergeant, orderly sergeant and second lieutenant.
 BLOOMFIELD BEAVERS, killed Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9, 1862.
 JOHN BOWDEN, died Feb. 5, 1862; disease.
 HERMAN H. BOSSE, discharged Oct. 24, 1862; reason not reported.
 ROBERT BRANNUM, deserted Aug. 14, 1862.
 WILLIAM BRANNUM, deserted Aug. 15, 1862.
 JOHN BROTHERS, died June 2, 1862; disease.
 JAMES BURK, wounded, Antietam; veteran.
 ELISHA B. CALLAHAN, discharged Dec. 17, 1862; disability.
 DAVID CARTER, died Evansville, Ind., July 10, 1864; disease.
 BRISON CARTER, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
 EDWARD M. CAVINS, killed, Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

- ELIHU CLAMPITT, wounded and captured at Winchester, Va., May 25, 1862; mustered out Feb. 13, 1863; disability.
- JONATHAN A. COOPER, discharged; wounds at Chancellorsville.
- ELIJAH S. CRAWFORD, discharged Sept. 27, 1862; wounds, Cedar Mountain.
- JAMES H. CULBERTSON, killed at Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9, 1862.
- JOHN DAVIS, discharged Dec. 27, 1863; disability.
- LEONARD DAVIS, discharged June 11, 1862; disability.
- PERRY DAVIS, died 1863; disease.
- LEROY S. DODD, discharged Dec. 10, 1861; disability.
- GEORGE W. DONICA, killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
- JAMES DODSON, discharged Aug. 3, 1863.
- FRANCIS M. DOUGLAS, discharged Feb. 16, 1863; wounds, Antietam.
- CHRISTOPHER C. FIDDLER, discharged, for wounds at Antietam. Date not reported.
- JOHN W. FIDDLER, took transfer to regulars Oct. 14, 1862.
- WILLIAM FIDDLER, died Oct. 5, 1862, wounds at Antietam.
- JOHN P. GARRETT, discharged, wounds at Gettysburg.
- TERRELL W. GERBERT, took transfer to regulars Sept. 24, 1862.
- JOHN A. HENSHAW, killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.
- EDWARD A. HOSKINS, discharged Dec. 17, 1862; disability.
- PETER ISAAC, captured at Winchester, Va., May 25, 1862; died in prison, Lynchburg, Va., July 28, 1862.
- JOHN M. JACKSON, took transfer to regulars Oct. 24, 1862.
- CLEMENS JOHNSON, discharged Nov. 20, 1862; wounds at Cedar Mountain.
- JAMES M. JOHNSON, wounded, Resaca; mustered out Oct. 6, 1864.
- THOMAS M. KERR, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN W. KNIGHT, took transfer to regulars Oct. 24, 1862.
- WILLIAM LEWIS, killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

- JAMES LITTEN, took transfer to regulars Oct. 24, 1862.
JOSEPHUS D. LYNN, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.
TIMOTHY MORAN, took transfer to regulars Oct. 24, 1862.
WILLIAM E. MULKY, died Washington, D. C., Sept. 19, 1863; wounds at Chancellorsville.
ASA NEAL, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
HENRY NEIMAN, transferred to V. R. C.
FRANCIS M. NICHOLAS, took transfer to regulars Oct. 24, 1862.
THOMAS NUGENT, promoted second lieutenant of Company H.
WILLIAM PATTERSON, discharged April 24, 1863; disability.
DANIEL PHILLIPS, transferred to V. R. C. July 1, 1863; wounds at Antietam.
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, discharged April 24, 1863; wounds at Antietam.
H. C. F. L. PHALMAN, discharged Dec. 24, 1862; disability.
EBENEZER QUACKENBUSH, mustered out September 1, 1864.
EDWARD E. REYNOLDS, wounded New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
ADAM SCHARDEIN, died June 18, 1862; wounds Winchester, Va., May 25, 1862.
HENRY LOUIS SCHNEIDER, discharged April 18, 1863; disability.
SAMUEL SIMPSON, wounded Resaca; discharged Sept. 1, 1864.
GEORGE A. SKINNER, took transfer to regulars, Oct. 24, 1862.
WESLEY SLIDER, died April 3, 1863; disease.
HEZEKIAH SMITH, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
LORENZO DOW SMITH, discharged Jan. 5, 1863, disability.
WILLIAM A. SMITH, deserted April 4, 1863.
WILLIAM H. SMITH, killed Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.
WILLIAM D. STEEL, wounded Resaca; veteran.
GEORGE H. STEPHENSON, promoted corporal, sergeant and first lieutenant; wounded Gettysburg.

WILLIAM H. STEVENSON, promoted corporal ; wounded Resaca ; veteran.

JOHN SUTTON, deserted June 17, 1862.

LEWIS B. THOMPSON, took transfer to regulars Oct. 24, 1862.

WILLIAM THOMPSON, deserted Aug. 14, 1862.

NATHAN TINDER, died Feb. 11, 1862 ; disease.

ELIJAH TUNNEY, promoted corporal and sergeant ; died July 6, 1863 ; wounds at Gettysburg, Pa.

SASHWELL TURNER, took transfer to regulars Oct. 24, 1862.

SMITH TURNER, discharged May 6, 1863 ; disability.

PETER UNPHRESS, killed Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

ABRAHAM WAUGHTELL, veteran.

ELIHU M. WELLS, took transfer to regulars Oct. 24, 1862

ADAM WILLIAMS, died Dec. 9, 1861 ; disease.

LABAN WILLIAMS, killed, Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863

RUFUS WILLIAMS, wounded at Gettysburg and New Hope Church ; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

JOHN YOUNGER, captured, Winchester ; died in prison at Lynchburg, Va., Sept. 10, 1862.

RECRUITS.

JOHN L. ASHER, mustered March 22, 1864 ; wounded Resaca.

CHARLES M. ASH, mustered Sept. 2, 1862 ; wounded Resaca.

GEORGE W. BERKSHIRE, discharged Oct. 1, 1862 ; disability.

WILLIAM H. BRYANT, mustered Sept. 2, 1862.

SAMUEL A. DUGAN, mustered Dec. 11, 1862.

JOSEPH FIDDLER, killed Antietam, Md., September 17, 1862.

ELIAS GRACE, died Dec. 12, 1862, wounds at Antietam.

RICHARD H. GREENWOOD, mustered Aug. 25, 1862.

THOMAS HALL, killed, Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

JOHN KIMBREL, deserted May 3, 1863.

BENJ. F. KILGORE, mustered July 15, 1862 ; promoted corporal, sergeant and first sergeant : wounded at Gettysburg and Resaca.

JOSEPHUS D. MYERS, discharged April 7, 1863 ; wounds at Antietam.

JOHN PARK, mustered April 4, 1864.

MICHAEL SEEGAR, died June 27, 1862.

GEORGE WILLIAMS, took transfer to regulars, October, 1862.

DANIEL B. WILLIAMS, mustered Aug. 15, 1862; promoted corporal; wounded Antietam and Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

ELDRIDGE WILLIAMS, mustered Aug. 15, 1862; died Nov. 12, 1862; wounds at Antietam.

ELIJAH WHITE, mustered Sept. 6, 1862; captured rebel flag at Resaca.

COMPANY E.

The writer has misgivings about doing full justice to Company E. Its members have appeared to be worse dispersed than those of other companies, and those accessible have not been able to furnish the necessary data. Available records have also appeared to be less complete concerning this company than others. The astounding fact has developed that the names of several bona fide members of the company are not found in Terrell's reports. This has been accounted for by the statement that when the company was first mustered in more than the maximum number of men were present, and that these were taken along anyway, their names being added to the roll as fast as vacancies occurred. With respect to promotions and wounds the writer is persuaded that the roster of Company E is less complete than others, incomplete as all others are.

All told, 122 different names are upon Company E's roster. Its battle loss was 18, and its loss from disease, etc., 10. The company reports 26 veterans, a larger number than any other company.

Three women, related to some of the members of Company E, went out with the company, and remained with it for several months.

ORIGINAL ROSTER OF COMPANY E.

With recruits, promotions, wounds, etc., and manner of quitting the company, with date of same, as far as reported.

CAPTAINS.

GEORGE W. BURGE, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; promoted major July 11, 1862; Provost-Marshal of Culpeper, Va.; wounded at Cedar Mountain; resigned February 9, 1863.

GEORGE W. FESLER, promoted from second lieutenant of company G, Oct. 1, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg; resigned Nov. 21, 1863.

LIEUTENANTS.

JOHN A. CASSADY, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; promoted captain of company D.

JAMES STEPHENS, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; promoted first lieutenant April 16, 1862, captain Nov. 22, 1863; wounded at Antietam and New Hope Church; mustered out Nov. 4, 1864.

SERGEANTS.

THOMAS D. HENDERSON, discharged Nov. —, 1864; disability.

WILLIAM P. HARRIS, resigned to act as the Colonel's orderly; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

THOMAS W. HILL, killed at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

GEORGE W. RODDICK, promoted second lieutenant April 16, 1862; dismissed July 18, 1863; charges not reported.

PATRICK CURLEY, captured at Winchester; died at Washington, D. C., Nov. 11, 1862; prison hardships.

CORPORALS.

JOHN DYE, discharged June —, 1863; reason not reported.

ABSOLAM McDONALD, discharged 1863, for wounds at Cedar Mountain.

JOHN HAYMAN, discharged Nov. —, 1863; disability.

WILLIAM P. ELLIS, promoted to orderly sergeant; wounded at Gettysburg and Resaca; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

BETHUEL M. CLARK, promoted orderly sergeant; date not reported; promoted first lieutenant March 29, 1864; transferred to Company A, Seventieth Indiana, Nov., 1864; mustered out with that regiment.

THOMAS McGEE, mustered out September 1, 1864.

JOHN JONES, mortally wounded at Cedar Mountain; died at Alexandria, Va., Aug. 18, 1862.

ROBERT R. BRATTON, promoted sergeant; wounded at Antietam, Gettysburg and Resaca; veteran.

PRIVATEs.

ELISHA STEPHENS, drummer; a boy, one of the stayers; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

EDWARD W. KELLEY, went into ranks; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

MICHAEL McCORMICK, wagoner; discharged Jan., 1862; disability.

- HENRY C. AUSTIN, wounded at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg; veteran.
- ANDREW J. ARNOLD, captured at Winchester; wounded at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg; veteran.
- DANIEL ALTON, promoted to corporal and sergeant; date not reported; wounded at Antietam; mustered out Dec., 1864.
- THOMAS AKSTER, promoted corporal; wounded Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- WASHINGTON AKESTER, wounded at Chancellorsville; veteran.
- WILLIAM AMOS, discharged April 6, 1864; cause not reported.
- JOSEPH T. BARBOUR, wounded at Chancellorsville and Peach Tree Creek; mustered out Sept. 4, 1864.
- DAVID BROWN, captured at Winchester; wounded at Chancellorsville; veteran.
- JAMES BROWN, discharged Feb., 1862; disability.
- ELISHA BLACK, discharged, 1863; disability.
- WILLIAM C. BOYD, captured at Winchester; died, Lynchburg, Va.; date not reported, prison hardships.
- JOHN B. BOYD, captured at Winchester; wounded at Gettysburg; veteran.
- JOHN BONNER, wounded at Chancellorsville; transferred to V. R. C.; date not reported.
- JAMES M. BOMER, veteran.
- ELI E. BARNES, promoted corporal; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN CONNELLY, detached to gunboat service Jan., 1862.
- JOSEPH CARROLL, captured at Winchester; killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
- SOLOMON COX, mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; died May 14, 1863; place not reported.
- JAMES M. CHAPMAN, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.
- ROBERT CRAYS, wounded on picket, Strasburg, Va., May, 1862; discharged Dec., 1862; disability.
- MICHAEL COCHRAN, detached to Battery M, First N. Y. Light Artillery, April 30, 1862.
- LEWIS CLARK, died, Alexandria, Va., Dec. 11, 1863; cause not reported.

- JAMES H. DOUGHERTY, promoted to corporal; wounded at Resaca; veteran.
- WILLIAM DOANE, wounded at Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 15, 1864.
- JOSEPH A. DAVIS, wounded at Antietam; veteran.
- JAMES EDWARD, veteran.
- DAVID EVERHEART, promoted to corporal and to sergeant, dates not reported; wounded at Chancellorsville and Peach Tree Creek; veteran.
- EDWIN FREEMAN, wounded at Antietam; transferred to V. R. C., date not reported.
- JOHN FITZGERALD, wounded at Antietam; discharged 1863, disability.
- JONATHAN GREGORY, discharged 1863, cause and exact date not reported.
- BENJAMIN T. GREGORY, captured at Winchester; died Washington, D. C., Dec. 7, 1862, prison exposure.
- THOMAS B. GREGORY, killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.
- DAVID GRANY, deserted, date not reported.
- WILLIAM GAINOR, died Fredrick, Md., Dec., 1861, disease.
- GEORGE GESLER, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864; died on the way home, cause not reported.
- MARTIN V. GILLY, wounded at Antietam; veteran.
- JOB GILLY, wounded at Chancellorsville; transferred to V. R. C., date not reported.
- JAMES HERINSHAW, killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.
- JACKSON HOPPER, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; mustered out Nov., 1864.
- JOSEPH HAWKINS, died at Williamsport, Md., Dec. 2, 1862, disease.
- WILLIAM HENNING, wounded at Antietam; subsequent history not reported.
- HENRY HUSKES, died at Washington, D. C., Sept. 12, 1862, disease.
- GEORGE W. HONEY, died near Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 14, 1864, disease.
- WILLIAM S. JONES, wounded at Antietam and New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOSEPH R. JONES, wounded at Antietam; veteran.

- JOHN JACKSON, wounded at Chancellorsville and Resaca; veteran.
- JOHN R. KELLER, killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.
- THOMAS LAYTON, died Jan. 9, 1862, disease, place not reported.
- JOHN LATTIMORE, veteran.
- NATHAN LOGAN, killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.
- ANDREW LANGTON, wounded at Antietam and Chancellorsville; discharged for latter, Feb. 19, 1864.
- JAMES LASHLEY, wounded at Gettysburg; mortally wounded at New Hope church; died June 25, 1864, place not reported.
- ERASTUS LANE, wounded at Antietam; transferred to V. R. C., date not reported.
- EMANUEL McLANE, transferred to V. R. C. for wounds, date and place not reported.
- WILLIAM H. MEARS, wounded at New Hope church, Georgia, May 25, 1864, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- FREDRICK S. MEARS, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN MURAT, wounded Antietam, Resaca and Atlanta; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- ROBERT R. MARSHALL, wounded at New Hope church; veteran.
- JAMES MAXWELL, wounded at Resaca; transferred to V. R. C.; date not reported.
- SAMUEL T. OSMAN, transferred to V. R. C.; for wounds at Gettysburg; date not reported.
- JOHN F. PALMER, promoted corporal and sergeant; dates not reported; veteran.
- NELSON PURCELL, wounded at New Hope church; veteran.
- PHILLIP ROSS, killed at Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9, 1862.
- JOSIAH ROBINSON, promoted corporal; wounded at Antietam; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- GREEN STREET, discharged, 1862; date and cause not reported.
- BERRY STREET, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; mustered out Feb. 7, 1865.
- THOMAS J. SWAN, deserted May 3, 1863.
- DANIEL S. SPARKS, killed at Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9, 1862.

FRANKLIN SMITH, killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.

JAMES B. L. SHEPHERD, veteran.

ELIJAH H. TOMMY, wounded at Antietam; leg amputated; discharged Feb. 17, 1863.

JOHN A. THOMAS, wounded (severe) at New Hope church; veteran.

JOHN J. WILLIAMS, died, Darnestown, Md., Nov. 9, 1861; disease.

JOHN WEBBER, killed at Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 20, 1864.

WILLIAM H. WILSON, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

SAMUEL S. WEAVER, promoted to corporal and sergeant; date not reported; captured at Winchester; wounded at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and Resaca; veteran.

CHARLES H. WEAVER, promoted corporal; captured at Winchester, wounded at Chancellorsville; veteran.

SAMUEL F. WEBBER, veteran.

JORDON WELCH, wounded at Resaca; veteran.

SETH WHITE, wounded at Cedar Mountain and New Hope church; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

GEORGE W. WHITE, transferred to V. R. C. for wounds at Chancellorsville; date not reported.

AMOS WHITE, wounded at Antietam and Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

IVY (or Ira) WILSON, died, Winchester, Va., March 21, 1862; disease.

JOHN WILLIAMS, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

ALBERT G. WILLIAMS, discharged Sept., 1862; cause not reported.

WILLIAM WAGONER, promoted to corporal; wounded Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and Peach Tree Creek; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

JOHN G. WALLACE, promoted corporal; wounded at Chancellorsville and Resaca; veteran.

RECRUITS.

HILLIARD G. BALDWIN, mustered in July 28, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

JAMES S. BOYD, mustered in Jan. 8, 1864; wounded at Resaca.

- DANIEL CLAYTON, mustered in July 28, 1862.
- JEFFREY J. COX, mustered in March 26, 1864; wounded at Resaca.
- JOHN F. CHAPMAN, mustered in Aug. 1, 1862; wounded at Antietam.
- JOHN B. JONES, mustered in March 26, 1862; mortally wounded at Cedar Mountain Aug. 9, 1862; date and place of death not reported.
- MARION JONES, mustered in Feb. 12, 1864.
- MARION McADAMS, mustered in Feb. 12, 1864; wounded at New Hope Church.
- JARRETT W. MARTIN, mustered in Feb. 12, 1864.
- DANIEL MOUCHAM, mustered in March 3, 1864; wounded at New Hope Church.
- PHILIP OSMAN, mustered in March 3, 1864; wounded at Resaca.
- WILLIAM STIPES, mustered in July 28, 1862; wounded at New Hope Church.
- NOAH P. STUCKEY, mustered in March 26, 1864.
- ANDREW WHITE, mustered in March 26, 1864; wounded at Resaca.
- THOMAS WHITE, mustered in March 26, 1864.
- ROBERT S. WILSON, mustered in March 26, 1864.

GOMPANY F.

This Company was peculiar at the start in at least three respects. First, it had three very tall men for commissioned officers; two of them being the tallest men in the regiment, and one being the tallest in the Union army. Secondly, it had more tall men than any other company in the Twenty-seventh. Thirdly, the homes of its members were the most widely scattered over the state.

Company F was frequently called "The New Albany Railroad Company." It was also twitted good humoredly as hailing from "between the two state prisons." New Albany and Michigan City, at opposite extremes of Indiana, almost three hundred miles apart, were represented in the company, as well as many of the towns between them. The prominent reason for this was that several of the company had been employes of the railroad connecting these two points.

An officer of such giant-like stature as Lieutenant (afterward Captain) Van Buskirk could not fail to invest a company with some special interest. This is still more evident when it is remembered that in his disposition and habits he was almost as different from others as in his stature. He was remarkable for his simple, unaffected and kindly ways. He was always approachable, to everybody and he had no hesitancy in

approaching others. A major-general was no more to him than a private soldier. Owing to his absolute sincerity and utter absence of asperity, as much as to his size, no one ever took offense at anything he said. Some of the younger officers of Company F ranked high as military men and the company was always considered as equal to the best.

This company arrived in Camp Morton August 7, 1861. It shows a total enrollment of one hundred and five. Its battle loss was twelve, and from other causes eight.

ORIGINAL ROSTER OF COMPANY F.

Showing promotions, wounds and manner of getting out of the company, with dates of same, as far as known.

CAPTAIN.

PETER KOPP, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; wounded at Winchester; mortally wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862; place and date of death not reported.

LIEUTENANTS.

FRANCIS OTTWELL, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; resigned to enter V. R. C. June 24, 1862.

DAVID VAN BUSKIRK, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; promoted first lieutenant July 1, 1862, and to captain Sept. 19, 1862; prisoner at Winchester; resigned April 26, 1864, disability.

SERGEANTS.

JOHN D. McKAHIN, promoted second lieutenant July 5, 1862, and captain of Company H Oct. 1, 1862; wounded at Antietam.

JOHN M. BLOSS, promoted first sergeant July, 1862, first lieutenant Sept. 17, 1862, and captain April 27, 1864; wounded at Winchester, Antietam, Chancellorsville and Resaca; served extensively as commander of Pioneers and superintendent of bridge and stockade building; mustered out Nov. 4, 1864.

JAMES CAMPBELL, promoted second sergeant July, 1862; discharged (date unknown), wounds at Antietam.

HARVEY DODD, transferred to ambulance corps in 1861; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

JAMES G. BAKER, promoted first sergeant Sept., 1862, and first lieutenant April 27, 1864; mustered out Nov. 4, 1864; wounded at Gettysburg.

CORPORALS.

- ISAAC VAN BUSKIRK, promoted Regimental Wagon-Master Sept., 1861, and second lieutenant Sept. 18, 1862; mortally wounded at Chancellorsville; died Acquia Creek, Va., May 20, 1863.
- JAMES DAVIS, promoted sergeant; discharged 1862 (date unknown), disability.
- ISAAC VAN BUSKIRK (No. 2), discharged 1864 (date unknown), disability; prisoner at Winchester.
- JOSEPH V. KENTON, promoted to sergeant; wounded at Antietam; discharged Jan. 3, 1864, for wound at Gettysburg.
- ELIJAH McKNIGHT, promoted sergeant; killed at Gettysburg July 3, 1864.
- CALVIN ARTHUR, promoted sergeant and orderly-sergeant; wounded at Antietam and Atlanta; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- WILLIAM W. OSBORNE, sent to general hospital Baltimore, Md., 1861; subsequent history unknown.
- BARTON W. MITCHELL, finder of Lost Order; discharged, date unknown, wound at Antietam.

PRIVATES.

- GEORGE W. GOINS, fifer; died Feb. 27, 1862, disease.
- WILLIAM S. OTTWELL, drummer (a boy); discharged June 24, 1862, disability.
- JOHN SOUTH, wagoner; discharged 1863, date unknown, disability.
- THOMAS ARD, wounded Antietam and Chancellorsville; transferred to V. R. C.
- BENJAMIN ARTHUR, wounded at Newtown, Va.; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JAMES S. ARTHUR, discharged, date unknown, wounds at Antietam.
- DAVID BUTTLER, detached to Western gunboat service Jan., 1862.
- WILLIAM BROWN, died of disease at Darnestown, Md., 1861, date unknown.
- BENJAMIN F. BOURNE, prisoner at Winchester; transferred to C. S. department, 1862.
- ENOCH G. BOICOURT, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864; an excellent soldier.

- JOSIUA BUNNELL, discharged, date unknown, wound at Antietam.
- WILLIAM BARNES, died of disease at Darnestown, Md., 1861, date not reported.
- JAMES H. BURK, took transfer to regulars Oct., 1862; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- DANIEL BURK, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN CAMPBELL, wounded at Antietam, Gettysburg and Resaca; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- BENJAMIN V. CAMPBELL, died of disease, Camp Halleck, Md., 1862; date not reported.
- ALFRED L. CANTWELL, mortally wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862; date of death unknown.
- DAVID COOK, prisoner at Winchester; mortally wounded at Resaca, May 15, 1864; died May 27, 1864.
- JESSE K. DENNY, died of disease, Berryville, Va., 1862; date not reported.
- DAWSON DENNY, wounded at Antietam; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- THOMAS DOUGLASS, took transfer to regulars Oct., 1862.
- HENRY DANIELS, transferred to V. R. C.; date unknown; too old for active service.
- WALLACE EDWARDS, took transfer to regulars Oct., 1862.
- WILLIAM W. EDWARDS, wounded at Winchester; discharged, date unknown, wounds, Antietam.
- GEORGE EDWARDS, wounded and prisoner at Winchester; killed at Resaca, May 15, 1864.
- WILLIAM EADS, discharged, date unknown, wounds at Antietam.
- JAMES M. FOSTER, discharged, 1862, date unknown; disability.
- THOMAS J. FREEMAN, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- THOMAS M. GASCON, discharged, date unknown, wounds at Antietam.
- SAMUEL GASCON, promoted corporal and sergeant, dates unknown; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN GILLASPIE, mortally wounded at Antietam; died Dec. 22, 1862.
- WILLIAM H. GILLASPIE, discharged 1862, date unknown, wounds at Antietam.

- HENRY C. GABBERT, wounded at Winchester and Antietam; discharged 1862, date not reported.
- TILLMAN H. GENTRY, discharged, date unknown; loss of leg at Antietam.
- ROBERT GREGORY, took transfer to regulars Oct., 1862.
- EPHRAIM M. GOSS, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN GROVES, promoted corporal; wounded at Gettysburg; veteran.
- REUBEN HENDRICKSON, wounded at Gettysburg; killed at Resaca, May 15, 1864.
- MICHAEL HEALEY, prisoner at Winchester; discharged 1862, date unknown; disability.
- GREENBERRY HANCOCK, discharged 1862, date unknown; disability.
- WILLIAM H. HUSHAW, wounded at Gettysburg; veteran.
- SAMUEL HOLLER, wounded at Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- MARTIN HOOVER, wounded at New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOSEPH E. JOHNSON, promoted corporal and sergeant; dates unknown; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- ROBERT JOHNSON, reported a deserter after the battle of Winchester, May 25, 1862.
- LEONIDAS JAMES, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN LARKINS, prisoner at Winchester; wounded at New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- FRANKLIN LEMMONS, wounded at Winchester and Gettysburg; veteran.
- ABRAHAM LUYSER, prisoner at Winchester; killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
- HENRY LUTZ, deserted Aug., 1862.
- JAMES LEFEVER, deserted Aug., 1862.
- THOMAS MCGINNIS, promoted corporal; wounded at Antietam; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- PHILLIP McMANNIS, discharged; date unknown; wound at Antietam.
- LINDSEY A. MULLEN, wounded at Antietam; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- MARTIN O'CONNELL, died of disease, Chattahoochee River, Ga., 1864; date unknown.
- FRANCIS A. OTTWELL, discharged; wound at Antietam, date unknown.

THOMAS P. OTWELL, discharged June 24, 1862; disability.

JOHN PARIHAM, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

ARTHUR PRATT, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

THOMAS PRATT, killed in rifle pit, Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 1, 1864.

JOHN REAM, discharged 1864; date not reported; disability.

WILLIAM C. RILEY, wounded at Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

ENOCH RICHARDSON, wounded at Resaca; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

PETER RYAN, discharged, date unknown; wound at Gettysburg; only recorded case of recovery from peculiar wound in head.

THEODORE F. RODGERS, promoted corporal; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

CHARLES SMITH, transferred to V. R. C.; date unknown; debility.

MARK C. SHEPHERD, lost a finger by accident; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

HENRY SIPES, died Nov. 23, 1861; measles.

JAMES D. SHERMAN, wounded at Antietam and Resaca; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

ROBERT M. TATLOCK, died Frederick, Md., 1862, date unknown; disease.

JOSHUA TATLOCK, discharged, date unknown; wound at Antietam.

THOMAS TODD, died at Washington, Dec. 3, 1862.

JOHN THOMAS, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864; died before reaching home.

JOSEPH D. TROLLINGER, promoted corporal; mortally wounded at Chancellorsville; date and place of death unknown.

DAVID B. VANCE, discharged, date unknown; wound at Antietam.

SAMUEL REED VINSON, discharged, date unknown; wound at Antietam.

HENRY VAN VOORST, company and regimental clerk; declined promotion over others; wounded at Antietam, Chancellorsville and Resaca; discharged Oct. 13, 1864.

JOHN VAN BUSKIRK, promoted corporal, sergeant and

orderly-sergeant, dates unknown; wounded at Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

MICHAEL H. VAN BUSKIRK, promoted corporal; prisoner at Winchester; wounded at New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, discharged, date unknown; wound at Chancellorsville.

JOHN WILLIAMS, discharged, date unknown; loss of leg at Antietam.

ALFRED WILSON, mortally wounded at Chancellorsville; died, Washington, D. C., July 8, 1863.

GEORGE W. WELCH, wounded at Resaca and New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

BENJAMIN F. WHITE, died of disease; date and place unknown.

JOHN WEAVER, wounded at Antietam and Resaca, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

RECRUITS.

FRANK EBERLING, mustered in April 1, 1864.

JAMES B. GELLESPIE, mustered in April 5, 1862; discharged, date unknown; wound at Antietam.

HOWARD HENSLEY, mustered in March 5, 1862; discharged, date unknown; wound at Antietam.

CHRISTOPHER SNEIDER, wounded at Chancellorsville; deserted from hospital and re-enlisted in another regiment.

COMPANY G.

As Company G was from Morgantown and vicinity, it was natural that Brown and Johnson counties should have representatives in it, as well as Morgan. In another respect, also, this was a border company. It hailed from the border between Union and Secession sentiment. A Union soldier need not go far from Morgantown to find himself in the enemy's country. This was true, of course, of all the men in the Twenty-seventh, if not all Union soldiers from Indiana. Anyone who enlisted in the Union army from Indiana knew that he would thereby incur the hostility of near neighbors, if not relatives. But the case of Company G was more pronounced than most others.*

This company arrived in Camp Morton, August 12, 1861. Surgeon Johnson came as its captain. When, rather against his wishes, but more in the line of his previous experiences, he was made surgeon, John R.

* It was in this region that, after the presidential election in 1896, the modest headstones marking the graves of Union soldiers were daubed with red paint, as a mark of opprobrium.

Fesler was advanced to captain, and others accordingly. That all of the commissioned officers should thus be Feslers was unique. The captain and second lieutenant were brothers, and the first lieutenant was their cousin. No need to say that the positions came to all of them in an honorable way. True to the army custom of giving short, handy names to everybody, these officers were known among us as "Captain John R.," "Lieutenant Pete" and "Lieutenant George." Later it was "Colonel John R.," "Captain Pete" and "Captain George." Whether on the skirmish line alone or in the battle front of the regiment, Company G could be relied upon. A large number of its members are well remembered by those of other companies. Its enrollment was one hundred and fourteen. It lost fifteen killed and mortally wounded in battle, and eighteen from sickness and other causes.

ORIGINAL ROSTER OF COMPANY G.

With promotions, wounds and manner of getting out of the company, and dates of same, as far as known.

CAPTAIN.

JOHN R. FESLER, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861, promoted lieutenant-colonel June 12, 1863, with regiment in every battle or skirmish: mustered out Nov. 4, 1864.

LIEUTENANTS.

PETER FESLER, commissioned August 30, 1861, promoted captain Feb. 13, 1863; transferred to Company E, Seventieth Indiana; served till end of war.

GEORGE L. FESLER, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861, promoted captain Company E, Oct. 1, 1862.

SERGEANTS.

CHARLES A. KELSO, wounded Cedar Mountain, Va.; mustered out Sept. 1, 1862.

JAMES H. TERHUNE, killed at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.

SQUIRE O. W. GARRETT, promoted first sergeant; promoted second lieutenant Oct. 1, 1862; first lieutenant Feb. 13, 1863; resigned March 2, 1863.

JOHN F. M. STEWART, veteran.

FLETCHER D. RUNDELL, promoted first sergeant: second lieutenant Feb. 13, 1863; first lieutenant March 3, 1863, mustered out Nov. 4, 1864.

CORPORALS.

SAMUEL COUGHRAN, promoted sergeant; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

ANDREW R. VAN SICKLE, promoted sergeant and first sergeant; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

HIRAM REYNOLDS, detached to gunboat service February, 1862; hung Nashville, Tenn., 1864, for murder.

JOHN P. FLETCHER, killed Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

MOSES BEAVERS, died Frederick, Md., Nov. 20, 1862; disease.

BENJAMIN F. HENSLEY, discharged Feb. 14, 1862; disability.

SAMUEL W. FLEENER, died Darnestown, Md., Sept. 8, 1861; disease.

JAMES M. FESLER, promoted sergeant; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

PRIVATES.

ARTHUR B. DOUGLASS, musician, discharged Oct. 7, 1862.

EDWARD FUGATE, musician, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

MOSES FUGATE, teamster, discharged Dec. 18, 1862.

JOHN ATKINS, promoted corporal; wounded Gettysburg; transferred to V. R. C..

L. C. ANTHRUM, killed Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS, captured at Winchester; discharged; loss of leg at Gettysburg.

AARON ALLEN, wounded at New Hope Church; veteran.

ISAAC BROWN, veteran.

JOHN B. BAKER, promoted corporal; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

ELISHA BAILEY, captured at Winchester; veteran.

HENRY C. BEVAN, veteran.

WILLIAM J. BLUE, veteran.

ELIJAH BAKER; promoted corporal; wounded Antietam; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864

ROBERT W. COFFEE, veteran.

REUBEN CAMPBELL, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

JOHN H. CAYWOOD, veteran.

ANDREW J. CHASE, discharged Frederick, Md., Feb. —, 1862; disability.

ROBERT S. DAVIS, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

THOMAS DAVID, mustered out 1862.

D. T. DAVID, killed Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

JAMES DAVENPORT, died Baltimore, Md., October —, 1862.

ERASMUS DAVENPORT, died Frederick, Md., Dec. —, 1864

ABEL DEITZ, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

WM. W. DOUGHERTY, promoted sergeant-major; promoted second lieutenant Company H, Feb. 1863.

WM. P. FUGATE, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

AARON FLEENER, wounded at Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

HENRY J. FLEENER, died of disease; place unknown.

HENRY FRY, taken prisoner Winchester, Va., May 25, 1862; died Richmond, Va., in prison.

SAMUEL O. FLETCHER, promoted corporal; veteran.

JACOB C. FISHER, discharged; wounds at Antietam.

JACOB GILMORE, discharged; wounds Chancellorsville.

WILLIAM GLADDEN, died Frederick, Md., Jan. 11, 1862; disease.

MARSHAL GARDNER, veteran.

THOMAS HILLMAN, mortally wounded at Chancellorsville. Date and place of death unknown.

CHARLES HORNER, prisoner at Winchester; died Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 1, 1864; disease.

WILLIAM J. HENSLEY, killed Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.

JOHN W. HUTCHINSON, discharged; disability.

EMERY HOWELL, veteran.

NOAH P. HILLMAN, veteran.

JAMES JACOBS, wounded Resaca; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864

PETER D. JACOBS, veteran.

JOEL KEMP, promoted corporal and sergeant; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

GRANVILLE KEMP, promoted corporal; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

PETER KEMP, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

GEORGE W. KANE, died Frederick, Md.; disease.

JAMES P. KELSO, wounded Chancellorsville,

ROBERT KUTZLEH, discharged, date not stated; disability.

THOMAS KEPHART, prisoner Winchester; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

GEORGE KENT, discharged for wounds at Gettysburg; date not stated.

- JAMES J. LANE, wounded at Antietam; veteran.
- JOHN LESTER, died Frederick, Md., Jan. —, 1862; disease.
- CHRISTOPHER MELTON, discharged, wounds at Gettysburg.
- ROBERT MELTON, wounded Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- WILLIAM MATHEWS, died Frederick, Md.; date unknown.
- MATHIAS McCLANE, discharged 1862; disability.
- JOSEPH McCLANE, captured at Winchester; discharged Dec. 10, 1862; disability.
- SHELLY MARTIN, deserted Feb. 10, 1863; reported to Capt. Fesler in North Carolina, 1865; mustered out in 1865.
- WILLIAM H. OBENCHAIN, discharged Feb. —, 1862; disability.
- TIMOTHY L. PRATT, wounded at Antietam; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- GEORGE W. PROSSER, lost leg at Atlanta, discharged; veteran.
- JOHN F. PATTERSON, discharged 1862; disability.
- JOHN ROBISON, died camp Jo Holt Oct. 31, 1861; disease.
- CHARLES ROBISON, captured at Winchester; died in prison Richmond, Va., July, 1862.
- ZACHARIAH ROOD, veteran.
- PETER ROONEY, promoted corporal; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JAMES M. RAGSDALE, promoted hospital steward; died near Darnestown, Oct., 1861; disease.
- JAMES SCRAGGS, started in March, 1862, to return from Bunker Hill, Va., to Harpers Ferry; never heard from; believed to be murdered.
- ELIJAH SMITH, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- E. F. STIMSON, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOSEPH V. STIMSON, Gen. Ruger's orderly; wounded by bayonet thrust at Cedar Mountain, and gun-shot at Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN TOMEY, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- SAMUEL TOMEY, prisoner Winchester; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

- JOHN N. THOMPSON, veteran; transferred to Seventieth and Thirty-third Indiana.
- ASA B. TERHUNE, killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
- NATHAN D. F. TERHUNE, discharged; loss of leg at Gettysburg.
- JOHN D. WHITTED, discharged, Fredrick. Feb., 1862; disability.
- GEORGE W. WRIGHT, drummed out at Stafford Court House, Va., for cowardice at Antietam.
- J. M. WRIGHT, captured at Winchester, Va.; died in prison. Richmond, Va., 1862.
- WILLIAM J. WELLS, wounded. Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- SILAS H. WELLS, discharged, 1862; disability.
- HENRY C. WELLENS, died of wounds at Antietam; date unknown.
- WILLIAM WEEKLY, wounded, Gettysburg; veteran.
- JOHN K. WHIETSTINE, killed in front of Atlanta, Ga., July 25, 1864.
- JOSEPH E. WHITE, promoted sergeant-major; promoted second lieutenant March 13, 1863; wounded, Chancellorsville; resigned Nov. 21, 1864.
- GEORGE WEMER, captured at Winchester; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN M. YOUNG, promoted corporal; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

RECRUITS.

- ROBERT BARNHILL, mustered in March 8, 1862.
- JOHN S. COFFEE, mustered in March 27, 1864.
- GEORGE PATE, mustered in March 5, 1862; wounded at New Hope Church, Ga., 1864.
- ADAM SNAPP, mustered in April 2, 1862.
- MELVIN SANBORN, mustered in March 19, 1862.
- ANDREW J. WEEKLY, mustered in March 27, 1864.
- JAMES WOOD, mustered in March 15, 1862.
- LYFUS HOLT, mustered in Aug. 11, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.
- JEPHITHA ENGLE, mustered in April 8, 1862; marked as a deserter; thought to be an error.
- FRANCIS BETCHMAN, mustered in April 2, 1862; killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

ROBERT McLAUGHLIN, killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.

COMPANY H.

The men of this company, on the face of the records, did not receive their just dues, in several respects. Like some other companies, the name of the county in a which a part, but not all, lived, was put down in place of the postoffice address of its men—Jennings county. Just as though that was what was wanted, or would be of any service afterwards! The writer has not been able to find where many of the company really did belong. Of the three original commissioned officers of Company H, one resigned inside of six months and the other two inside of a year. The records do not show whether or not this was justifiable. Among them the blame concerning the postoffice address item doubtless rested. One other member of the company received a commission as second lieutenant, but was dismissed soon afterwards, under circumstances not fully approved by disinterested parties. After that, every commissioned officer the company had was appointed over it, not only without its consent, but from outside of its own ranks. In other words, of the one hundred and eight enlisted men in the company, only one was rewarded with a commission, in the three years of its service, and that one with the result named. No questions are here raised as to the fitness of those appointed. On its face, it could not be right. If, as reported under breath, at the time, it was the result of pique and malice on the part of Colonel Colgrove, it should not only stand as a blot on his record, but the recurrence of a similar wrong should be rendered impossible in the future. Some of the statistics of Company H are the following: Whole number enrolled, one hundred and fourteen; killed and mortally wounded, twelve; died of disease, etc., sixteen; prisoners at Winchester, eleven; veterans, nine. These figures do not tally with Colonel Fox's, but he credits this company with the loss of one commissioned officer; and, being in error on that point, raises the presumption that he may be on others.

ORIGINAL ROSTER OF COMPANY H.

CAPTAINS.

ALLEN HILL, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; resigned June 16, 1862.

JOHN McKAHIN, promoted from second lieutenant Company F, Oct. 1, 1862; resigned March 14, 1863.

JOSEPH BALSLEY, enlisted as private in Company D, Aug. 15, 1861; promoted sergeant Sept., 1861; orderly sergeant Jan., 1862, and to second lieutenant June 2, 1862; commanded Company D, Aug. 9 to Sept. 17, 1862, and July 4 to Oct. 11, 1863; promoted captain Company H,

Dec. 11, 1863; wounded at Antietam and Gettysburg; mustered out Nov. 4, 1864.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

JAMES D. HUDSON, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; resigned June 24, 1862.

WILLIAM W. DOUGHERTY, promoted from sergeant-major Jan. 1, 1863; promoted adjutant March 1, 1863.

STEPHEN D. LYON, promoted from civil life, February 28, 1863; was with the regiment as civilian drill master; taken prisoner at Winchester; honorably discharged Oct. 20, 1863; wounded at Chancellorsville.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

THOMAS STEWART, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; resigned Feb. 10, 1862.

THOMAS NUGENT, transferred from Company D; commissioned second lieutenant Oct. 11, 1862; discharged Oct. 20, 1863; loss of leg at Gettysburg.

SERGEANTS.

NEHEMIAH WALTON, promoted second lieutenant Feb. 10, 1862; dismissed, Oct. 10, 1862; justice of dismissal questionable.

GEORGE W. BRADSHAW, promoted first sergeant Feb., 1862; discharged June 21, 1862; disability.

GEORGE W. BATCHELOR, promoted second sergeant Feb., 1862; taken prisoner Winchester; killed Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

JOHN H. MATNEY, transferred to United States Marines Jan., 1862.

JAMES W. REED, taken to hospital Frederick, Md., 1862; never returned to regiment; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

CORPORALS.

VOLNEY WALTON, in Color Guard; wounded Antietam; veteran.

ALONZO OLMSTEAD, wounded Antietam; veteran.

THOMAS H. ADAMS, promoted sergeant June, 1862; transferred V. R. C.; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

JOSEPH ROSEBERY, discharged June, 1862; disability.

- MATHIAS TERWILEGAR, regimental blacksmith; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- GEORGE W. COONS, promoted sergeant July, 1863; veteran.
- NEWTON H. FITZGERALD, promoted first sergeant June, 1862; wounded and captured at Cedar Mountain; died at Fortress Monroe after release.
- WILLIAM CUNLIFF, promoted first sergeant Nov., 1862; wounded in head Lost Mountain, Ga., June 5, 1864; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

PRIVATES.

- JOHN M. CONGDON, fifer; went into ranks; took transfer to regulars Jan., 1863.
- GEORGE W. EARHART, drummer; discharged Jan. 10, 1862; disability.
- ROBERT BRAND, wagoner; captured at Winchester; discharged Nov., 1862, disability.
- WILLIAM R. ADAMS, died Alexandria, Va., Jan., 1862; nostalgia.
- ALBERT E. AMMONS, mortally wounded, grape shot in head, New Hope Church, Ga., May 25, 1864.
- ZODA BUTLER, promoted corporal Color Guard; severe wound Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- GREEN BIAS, died Frederick, Md., Jan. 11, 1862; pneumonia.
- ADAM BIAS, wounded and taken prisoner Winchester May 25, 1862; wounded Gettysburg; veteran.
- JONATHAN BAKER, promoted corporal; wounded Antietam; took transfer to regulars Oct., 1862.
- ABRAHAM BAKER, discharged May, 1862; disability.
- JOHN BEADLE, discharged, date unknown; wounds Antietam.
- LUTHER BEADLE, killed Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.
- GEORGE W. BEASLEY, discharged date unknown; wounds Antietam.
- ALLEN BRYANT, wounded Resaca, severe; veteran.
- DANIEL W. BAILIFF, absent from regiment after 1862; mustered out September 1, 1864.
- HENRY BRATHOUSE, discharged; date unknown; wounds Antietam.

- CALVIN BROOKS, died at Winchester, Va., March, 1862; fever.
- ADAM BROWER, promoted corporal; prisoner Winchester; wounded New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 12, 1864.
- JOHN M. BROWER, prisoner at Winchester; died Fort Delaware Oct. 22, 1862, effects prison life.
- PHILIP COX, wounded Cedar Mountain and New Hope Church; through head and through leg; veteran.
- WILLIAM H. CHAMBERS, died Alexandria, Va., April 25, 1864; disease.
- JOHN COMBS, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOSHUA DEPUTY, wounded badly Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- HARVEY DEPUTY, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- THOMAS R. DEPUTY, injured Culpeper, Va., July, 1862; discharged Nov., 1862, disability.
- ZACHARIAH DEPUTY, sent to hospital July, 1862; never returned to regiment; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOSEPH B. DEPUTY, discharged 1862, place and exact date unknown; disability.
- WILLIAM DEPUTY, killed Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.
- FRANCIS DOOLEY, wounded Cedar Mountain and Gettysburg; transferred V. R. C.
- JOSEPH DINGMAN, discharged for cowardice, Feb., 1863.
- ROBERT DIXON, discharged Feb. 1, 1862; disability.
- HENRY DEPUTY, died, Frederick, Md., Jan. 12, 1862; consumption.
- TIMOTHY M. DOLAN, discharged Feb. 1, 1862; disability.
- CLEMENT DUNLAP, discharged Dec., 1862; disability.
- AUSTIN DUNLAP, wounded, Antietam; discharged 1863, date unknown; disability.
- THOMAS DORCETT, wounded, Antietam and New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 12, 1864.
- JOHN L. FILES, promoted corporal and sergeant; Color Sergeant of regiment; wounded, Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- WILLIAM FRANCIS, wounded at Cedar Mountain; took transfer to regulars Oct., 1862.
- HENRY A. FARRIS, promoted sergeant 1863; veteran; taken prisoner after transfer from Twenty-seventh.

- WILLIAM H. FARTHING, died, Washington, D. C., May 10, 1863; wounds at Chancellorsville.
- JOSHUA L. FOSTER, wounded; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JAMES M. FOWLER, wounded, Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- REUBEN HOLBROOK, prisoner, Winchester, Va.; veteran.
- THOMAS HUNT, wounded, Resaca; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- HARVEY B. HILL, killed Dec. 7, 1861, accident on railroad.
- THOMPSON HUDSON, discharged Jan. 10, 1862; disability.
- MARTIN F. HALL, captured, Winchester; died, Washington, D. C., Nov. 21, 1862; prison life.
- FRANCIS M. JAMES, wounded, Resaca, severe; mustered out Sept. 12, 1864.
- EMANUEL C. JAMES, discharged 1863; wounds at Antietam.
- OREN J. JAYNE, died, Frederick, Md., Jan. 22, 1862; consumption.
- HORACE JUDKINS, discharged 1862; disability.
- ANDREW JONES, prisoner Winchester; wounded Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- LEWIS KING, wounded, Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- SAMUEL S. LEMMING, killed, Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1864.
- JOHN E. LETT, wounded, Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- THOMAS J. LETT, killed, Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.
- ENOCH LAYTON, discharged, date unknown; wounds at Antietam.
- WESLEY A. MALCOLM, discharged May, 1862; disability.
- RICHARD MUSTER, killed in railroad disaster near Pittsburg, Pa.; date not reported.
- WILLIAM MUSTER, promoted corporal; wounded at Antietam; veteran.
- JOHN MUSTER, wounded, Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

- JOHN M. McCONNEL, prisoner, Winchester; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- HENRY McCASLIN, killed by comrade, through mistake, at Conrod's Ferry, Md., Oct. 24, 1861.
- HIRAM W. MARLING, promoted corporal July, 1863; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- ROBERT McCLANNAHAN, killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
- PATRICK MURPHY, wounded and prisoner at Winchester; died in prison, Lynchburg, Va.; date not reported.
- FRANCIS M. NEEDHAM, wounded, ——; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- GRIFFITH OGDEN, wounded at Winchester; discharged Jan. 3, 1863, wounds at Antietam.
- DENNIS W. OGDEN, discharged for wounds at Antietam; date unknown.
- JAMES M. RICHARDS, wounded and prisoner at Winchester; wounded in front of Atlanta; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- OLIVER SHEPHERD, promoted corporal and sergeant; wounded at Antietam and Gettysburg; transferred to V. R. C.; date unknown.
- WILLIAM STATTON, killed at Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 20, 1864.
- GRIFFIN STRADLEY, veteran.
- SAMUEL H. STEEL, wounded, Antietam; mustered out for wound; date unknown.
- PARKER TRUELOCK, died, Winchester, Va., April 18, 1862; fever.
- JAMES M. TOWN, discharged, 1862; disability.
- JOSIAH W. TOBIAS, wounded, Antietam; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JAMES TODD, wounded, Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- WILLIAM T. TEMPLES, teamster; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN TAPP, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JAMES WOOD, promoted corporal and sergeant; good soldier at first; mixed with woman and deserted, Tullahoma, Tenn., April 15, 1864.
- JOHN W. WALTON, prisoner at Winchester; died in prison, Lynchburg, Va., July, 1862.

ALVA WALTON, discharged, May, 1862; disease.

ELISHA M. WHITSETT, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

NICHOLAS WARNER, wounded, Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

RECRUITS.

Those living transferred to Seventieth Ind., Nov. 4, 1864.

HARLAN ANDERSON, mustered in Aug. 11, 1862; wounded Gettysburg.

JAMES R. BALDWIN, mustered in Aug. 11, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg; died Jeffersonville, Ind., Oct. 11, 1864.

PERRY BOOHER, mustered in March 14, 1862; wounded Antietam.

WILLIAM F. COX, mustered in March 31, 1862.

FRANKLIN GARSAGE, mustered in Aug. 11, 1862; wounded Gettysburg.

JAMES BOOHER, mustered in Jan. 12, 1862; killed Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

JOHN MEEK, mustered in March 31, 1862; mortally wounded Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

JAMES EDWARDS, mustered in Aug. 11, 1862; hurt Oct. 11, 1862; mustered out non-compos.

GRANVILLE HOLT, died Maryland Heights, 1863; disease.

COMPANY I.

This company had its origin in a voluntary organization, "The Putnam County Grays," formed at Putnamville in May, 1861. After the Union reverse at Bull Run the Grays voted to enter the United States service. But the company was already too small and a few connected with it could not go to war. Therefore, new members were added and the company re-organized. The same commissioned officers were re-elected. Company I also hailed from "a border state." If the Southern Confederacy did not dominate some of the country close to Putnamville, the spirit of it did. The writer knows of two villages in that section of Indiana where the defenseless wives and daughters of Union soldiers were not only ostracised from society and treated to sneers and insults when they appeared in public, but were sent threatening anonymous letters. The wearing of butternuts for breastpins (because the uniforms of rebel soldiers were a butternut color) and cheering for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy, were too common to be noteworthy.

Company I was a badly mixed, oddly assorted lot of patriots. Not only big men and little, old and young, native and foreign were in the

company, but the cultured language of the student was intermingled with the drawling dialect of the backwoods Hoosier and the neat and tidy uniforms of some contrasted with the soiled garments of others, the grease spots upon which resembled a map of one of the hemispheres. Most of the men were cheerful and happy, while others were continually grumbling and finding fault. In some of the tents a noisy contention, verging on a riot, was usually in progress.

But Company I was there to stay. If Fox's Regimental Losses can be relied upon no other company from Indiana has a relative battle loss equal to our Company I. The highest loss in any one Indiana company reported by Fox is that of Company B, Nineteenth Indiana. He credits that company with a loss of twenty-five out of an enrollment of one hundred and fifteen. Our Company I lost twenty-five out of an enrollment of one hundred and five. It is true that Fox does not give it credit for such a loss; but there can be no mistake about it having it. The company also lost ten by disease.

ORIGINAL ROSTER OF COMPANY I.

Showing promotions, wounds and manner of leaving the company with dates of same as far as known.

CAPTAINS.

JOEL W. MCGREW, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; resigned Dec. 1, 1861.

TIGHLMAN H. NANCE, elected from first sergeant; commissioned Dec. —, 1861; wounded at Cedar Mountain; resigned Feb. 13, 1863.

WILLIAM H. HOLLOWAY, commissioned Feb. 14, 1863; resigned Oct. 4, 1864.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

GEORGE WHITFIELD REED, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; killed Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9, 1862.

WILLIAM H. HOLLOWAY, promoted from first sergeant, Oct. 1, 1862; promoted captain.

GEORGE T. CHAPIN, commissioned Feb. 14, 1863; wounded at Antietam; mortally wounded at Resaca May 15, 1865; died at Nashville, Tenn., date not stated.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

JOSIAH C. WILLIAMS, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; promoted captain Company C.

GEORGE T. CHAPIN, promoted from first sergeant; commissioned Jan. 1, 1863; promoted first lieutenant.

JOHN K. McCASKY, promoted from sergeant-major of regiment; commissioned Feb. 14, 1863; discharged May 20, 1864; wounds at Gettysburg.

SERGEANTS.

TIGHELMAN H. NANCE, first sergeant, promoted captain by election Dec. —, 1861.

GEORGE T. CHAPIN, second sergeant, promoted second lieutenant.

JOSEPH B. SELLERS, third sergeant wounded at New Hope Church; leg amputated and mustered out.

LEE H. ALLEE, fourth sergeant, promoted third sergeant March 28, 1862; first sergeant March 28, 1863; wounded New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

JOSEPH GILMORE, fifth sergeant, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

CORPORALS.

ROBERT GOOD, first corporal, killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.

ISAAC HADDEN, second corporal, discharged Nov. 25, 1862; wounds at Antietam.

JAMES STEERS, third corporal, wounded at Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

JAMES F. NOSLER, fourth corporal, promoted sergeant March 28, 1862; took transfer to regulars Nov. 6, 1862; wounded at Antietam.

WILLIAM H. HOLLOWAY, fifth corporal, promoted to first sergeant Jan. 1, 1862; second lieutenant Nov. 14, 1862.

JOHN B. CLAPSADDLE, sixth corporal, wounded at Antietam; mustered out with regiment.

ABRAHAM HADDEN, seventh corporal, discharged, Philadelphia, Pa., March 2, 1862; disability.

SAMUEL TURNER, eighth corporal, took transfer to regulars Oct. 28, 1862.

MUSICIANS.

SAMUEL P. McCORMICK, fifer, discharged June 2, 1862; disability.

JOHN A. CONKLIN, drummer, went into ranks; took transfer to regulars Oct. 28, 1862.

WAGONER.

TIGHELMAN A. WRIGHT, mustered out September 1, 1864.

PRIVATE.

JOHN Q. ADAMS, wounded Antietam; discharged Feb. 7, 1864; disability.

CYRUS ALEXANDER, died at Maryland Heights, Oct. 22, 1862; disease.

WILLIAM K. ALEXANDER, discharged; disability; date unknown.

HAMILTON H. ASHER, mortally wounded at Resaca; died June 14, 1864, Nashville, Tenn.

ISAAC ADAMS, discharged Alexandria, Va., Feb. 8, 1863; disability.

MICHAEL BECK, promoted corporal; wounded at New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

DANIEL BECK, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

JOHN P. BEARD, promoted third corporal and second sergeant; mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

SAMUEL M. BUTCHER, discharged Dec. 15, 1861; disability.

CHARLES BROWN, known as Old Junk, discharged April 15, 1863; disability.

LORENZO D. CRAWLEY, discharged 1862; date and cause not reported.

WILLIAM J. CULBERTSON, deserted Nov. 11, 1861.

ISRAEL G. COWGIL, discharged Jan. 29, 1863; disability.

EDWARD W. CLARK, took transfer to regulars Oct. 28, 1862.

ANSON H. CLARK, discharged Nov. 18, 1863; disability.

THOMAS DEVERAUX, killed at Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9, 1862.

LEWIS W. DREUHR, discharged at Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 6, 1862, for wounds at Antietam.

THOMAS J. DODSON, killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

WILLIAM L. DOUGLASS, wounded, Antietam; died at Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 27, 1863.

- WILLIAM DELAHUNT, mortally wounded, Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.
- ELIJAH C. DAVIS, transferred to navy, Jan., 1862.
- HENRY EAKIN, wounded at Antietam; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- FRANCIS M. FROGGET, discharged March 12, 1863; disability.
- WILLIAM B. FERGUSON, promoted corporal; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- GEORGE W. FRAZIER, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN L. GILMORE, wounded at Antietam; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JAMES A. GRIMES, died, Strasburg, Va., May 22, 1862; disease.
- JOHN C. HADDEN, discharged Dec. 30, 1862; disability.
- JOHN C. HEATH, transferred to V. R. C., date and cause not reported; returned to regiment; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN HIXON, wounded, Gettysburg; transferred to V. R. C., date not reported.
- JOHN HOWARD, wounded at Chancellorsville; veteran.
- IRA HUNT, wounded at Antietam; mortally wounded at Gettysburg, Pa.; died Aug. 13, 1863.
- JOHN HUSSEY, died at Philadelphia, Pa., April 22, 1862; disease.
- JAMES M. HALL, discharged Dec. 17, 1862; wounds at Antietam.
- WILLIAM R. HALE, veteran.
- MARION HARRIS, died Darnestown, Md., Dec. 1, 1861; disease.
- LEE HAZLEWOOD, wounded at Chancellorsville; veteran.
- JOHN W. HESTER, discharged, Baltimore, Md., June 4, 1862; disability.
- CHARLES W. KENDALL, took transfer to regulars Oct. 28, 1862.
- AMOS KERSEY, captured at Winchester; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- GABRIEL C. LEWIS, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- CHARLES H. LEWIS, killed, Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9, 1862.
- GEORGE LAWRENCE, wounded Antietam, veteran.

- WALTER LOGAN, died, Berryville, Va., April 1, 1862; measles.
- REUBEN LUCAS, wounded, Cedar Mountain, Gettysburg and New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- WILLIAM H. MICHAEL, discharged, Williamsport, Md., June 29, 1862; cause not stated.
- GEORGE D. MARTIN, killed, Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9, 1862.
- JOHN M. MARTIN, killed, Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9, 1862.
- JOHN S. McMAINS, mortally wounded, Chancellorsville; died May 20, 1863.
- THOMAS MORGAN, deserted July 2, 1863.
- GEORGE MORGAN, discharged, Hagerstown, Md., June 30, 1862; disability.
- MICHAEL MCKINNEY, veteran.
- THADDEUS M. NANCE, wounded at Antietam; veteran.
- AMOS NICHOLSON, deserted April 18, 1862.
- REUBEN NEWMAN, wounded at Antietam and Chancellorsville; veteran.
- CARMAN A. NEWMAN, killed, Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862; jugular vein severed.
- WILLIAM H. O'NEAL, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- SAMUEL OLIVER, transferred V. R. C.
- WARREN PERRY, wounded at Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 17, 1864.
- MARVIN PERRY, took transfer to regulars, Oct. 28, 1862.
- JAMES PARSONS, veteran.
- JOHN W. PATRICK, mortally wounded at New Hope Church; died July 8, 1864.
- SAMUEL PICKENS, died, Jeffersonville, Ind., July 22, 1864; disease.
- DANIEL RILEY, discharged Dec. 23, 1862; disability.
- EZRA K. SWARTZ, discharged Nov. 27, 1862; disability.
- GEORGE B. SMITH, deserted April 10, 1862.
- JOSEPH W. SMITH, wounded at Antietam; killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
- WILLIAM H. STORMS, wounded at Antietam; discharged Feb. 28, 1863, disability.
- AARON S. STEWART, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN SCOTT, wounded Antietam; veteran.

- * ABRAHAM A. SWARTZ, killed Cedar Mountain, Va.,
Aug. 9, 1862.
- LEWIS P. STONE, promoted sergeant; veteran.
- JAMES STEVENS, transferred to V. R. C.
- MARTIN C. TUGGALL, promoted corporal and sergeant;
mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- DAVID W. TUGGALL, killed Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug.
9, 1862.
- HENRY B. THOMAS, died Maryland Heights Sept. 28,
1862, disease.
- JACOB VARNER, took transfer to regulars Oct. 28, 1862.
- DAVID WILSON, wounded at Antietam; took transfer to
regulars Dec. 5, 1862.
- JESSE YOUNGER. Not accounted for.

RECRUITS.

- JAMES B. BRADSHAW, killed Peach Tree Creek, Ga.,
July 20, 1864.
- THOMAS C. FAITH, mustered in Sept. 10, 1862.
- ROBERT W. FAITH, mustered in Aug. 21, 1862; mortally
wounded Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862; declined the
offer of his brother to assist him off of the field; urged
him rather to remain in the ranks, where he was needed.
- MANFORD KUTCH, mustered in Aug. 21, 1862; killed at
New Hope Church, Ga., May 25, 1864; body found near-
est rebel works of any Union soldier.
- ALFRED A. KECK, mustered in Sept. 1, 1862; wounded
Antietam; transferred to Seventh Indiana.
- DAVID B. McDONALD, mustered in Aug. 15, 1862; killed
Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1862.

COMPANY K.

This was another company first organized as a home guard company. In August, 1861, it voted to enter the United States service, and immediately went into camp at Jasper "Camp Edmonston." The county auditor and recorder both abandoned their offices to continue with the company. Here the ladies of Jasper presented the company with the flag, mentioned elsewhere. There was no mistake made when the country's sacred emblem was committed to such hands. The fact that Company K was mostly composed of Germans has also been stated in other connections. Though they differed thus from most of the men of the other

companies, they were always favorites in the regiment. There was never a doubt about their courage. In addition to this, they were cheerful, good humored and full of fun.* Colonel Fox credits Company K with the largest relative battle loss of any company in the Twenty-seventh—twenty out of an enrollment of one hundred and four. Later investigation shows that Company I exceeds this. But Company K stands next to Company I in the Twenty-seventh, and not far behind any company from the state. This company also lost ten by disease, and is credited with fifty-six wounded, in addition to those that were mortal. Ten members of Company K re-enlisted as veterans.

ORIGINAL ROSTER COMPANY K.

With promotions, wounds and manner of leaving the company, and dates of same, as far as known.

CAPTAINS.

JOHN MEHRINGER, promoted to major before commissioned.

RICHMOND M. WELLMAN, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; wounded at Winchester; resigned Sept. 30, 1862.

LIEUTENANTS.

STEPHEN JERGER, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; promoted captain Oct. 1, 1862; lost leg at Chancellorsville; discharged Aug. 9, 1863.

ARTHUR BERRY, commissioned Aug. 30, 1861; resigned Dec. —, 1861.

SERGEANTS.

JOSEPH MEHRINGER, died Jan. —, 1862; disease; place not reported.

JOHN HABERLE, promoted second lieutenant, Jan. 1, 1862; first lieutenant, Oct. 1, 1862; captain, Jan. 1, 1864; wounded at Gettysburg; mustered out Nov. 4, 1864.

GEORGE MEHRINGER, wounded at Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

JOHN B. MELCHOIR, discharged April 21, 1863; wounds at Cedar Mountain.

THOMAS KNOX, discharged Dec. —, 1862; disability.

* A member of Company K adds: "They were good skirmishers also; especially for hen roosts, potato patches and other enemies of the country."

CORPORALS.

FREDERICK VOGEL, wounded at Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

ANDREW STEIGEL, Color Guard; promoted sergeant; wounded at Gettysburg and Resaca, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

FERDINAND GRASS, discharged Oct. 14, 1862; disability.

DAVID BERGER, wounded at Antietam; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

JAMES C. THOMAS, wounded at Gettysburg and New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

FREDERICK GITTER, promoted sergeant; veteran.

GREGORY HALLER, killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

F. X. SERMERSHEIM, promoted sergeant; wounded at Antietam and Gettysburg; veteran.

PRIVATES.

RHEINHART RICH, fifer; veteran.

CONRAD ECKERT, drummer; went into ranks; promoted corporal; discharged Oct. 6, 1862, for wound at Cedar Mountain.

WILLIAM SUDDETH, wagoner; died June 9, 1862; disease; place of death not reported.

JOHN ACKERMAN, wounded at Chancellorsville and New Hope Church; veteran.

ANTON BROCHART, transferred to V. R. C.; date and cause not reported.

CONRAD BECK, wounded at Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

DAVID BRADLEY, died; Chattanooga, Tenn.; June 20, 1864; disease.

JOSEPH BERGER, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

COLE BURTON, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

JAMES BURTON, veteran.

BERNARD H. CASTEINS, transferred to gunboat service Feb. 18, 1862.

JAMES CAVE, discharged Jan., 1862, disability.

JAMES A. COOPER, died Frederick, Md., Jan. 22, 1862, disease.

BARNEY CULLEN, killed by a shell Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

- EDWARD DUFFEY, wounded Antietam; veteran.
- JAMES DUFFEY, mortally wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862; date and place of death not reported.
- JOHN DONNELLY, killed at New Hope Church, Ga., May 25, 1864.
- XAVIER DONHAUER, mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; date and place of death not reported.
- JAMES DILLON, killed at Harper's Ferry, Va., May 29, 1864.
- AUGUST DONNERMANN, promoted corporal in 1863; wounded at Peach Tree Creek; veteran.
- FREDERICK DORN, discharged Sept. 24, 1862; cause not reported.
- CELESTINE ECKERT, wounded at Cedar Mountain and siege of Atlanta; veteran.
- THOMAS EVANS, wounded at Gettysburg; transferred to V. R. C.; date and cause not reported.
- JOSEPH EVANS, mortally wounded at Antietam; died at Frederick, Md., Jan. 22., 1863.
- EDWARD EVANS, wounded at Gettysburg and Resaca; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN FUHRMANN, lost a leg at Chancellorsville; discharged Sept. 16, 1863.
- RUDOLPH GRIM, reported a deserter after Banks' retreat, May 25, 1862.
- JACOB GARDNER, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.
- JOHN E. GARDNER, discharged for wound at Antietam; date not reported.
- PAUL GEPPNER, wounded at New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- FRIEDOLIN HAGE, discharged Sept. 1, 1862, for wound at Winchester.
- LEONARD HALLER, wounded at Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 15, 1864.
- BERNARD HOCK, killed at Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9, 1862.
- H. K. HENDRICKS, prisoner at Winchester; never returned.
- WILLIAM HARBISON, wounded at Antietam; discharged for loss of arm at Chancellorsville; date not stated.

- FRAZIER J. HOFFER, promoted to second lieutenant Oct. 1, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
- ABEDNEGO TRUMAN, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.
- BENJAMIN F. KEMP, wounded at Gettysburg and New Hope Church; veteran.
- JAMES H. KEMP, killed at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
- WESLEY KEMP, transferred to V. R. C., date and cause not reported.
- DAVID B. KEMP, wounded at Gettysburg; veteran.
- WILLIAM E. KEMP, promoted corporal; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- SILAS D. KEMP, wounded at New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- HENRY KUNKLER, deserted 1862; returned and wounded at Chancellorsville; not reported further.
- BERNARD KNUST, wounded at Cedar Mountain, Antietam and siege of Atlanta; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN H. LANSFORD, promoted corporal; wounded at Chancellorsville and New Hope Church; veteran.
- HENRY LONGE, wounded at Antietam and Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 22, 1864.
- MICHAEL LAIKAUFF, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged Feb. 19, 1864.
- JOHN MEISTER, discharged for wound at Cedar Mountain; date not stated.
- JACOB MATHIAS, lost a leg at Resaca and discharged; date not stated.
- JOSEPH MEYER, discharged 1863; date and cause not stated.
- WILLIAM MONROE, killed at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.
- CONRAD MEHNE, promoted to corporal and to sergeant; date not stated; killed at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.
- CYRUS MORRIS, discharged April 12, 1863; cause not reported.
- JOHN NOBLE, killed at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.
- LAWRENCE OFFER, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; not reported on further.
- FERDINAND OESTICH, died Oct. —, 1862; place and cause not reported.
- ADDISON PADGET, wounded at Antietam and Chancellorsville; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.

- JOSEPH REIS, veteran.
- WILLIAM RICHTER, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOSEPH ROELLE, promoted corporal, 1862, and orderly-sergeant, 1864; veteran.
- RUDOLPH REISIN, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- THOMAS STILLWELL, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- CHRISTIAN SCHRAKER, wounded at Resaca; mustered out Sept. 12, 1864.
- PAUL SCHMIDT, discharged Oct., 1863, for wounds at Chancellorsville.
- ANDREW SCHUBLE, killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
- JOSEPH SCHROEDER, wounded at Winchester and Gettysburg; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- JOHN SEIFERT, wounded at Antietam; discharged Dec., 1862; cause not stated.
- ELI STOLLGUP, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.
- RICHARD SUDETHS, died at Darnestown, Md., Nov. 18, 1861; disease.
- PETER SIEBEL, wounded at Chancellorsville; reported a deserter.
- DANIEL SIEBEL, wounded at New Hope Church; mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- MATHIAS SCHMIDT, mustered out with band, June 4, 1862.
- FREDERICK W. SCHMIDT, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1864.
- GEORGE W. STRINGER, veteran.
- JOHN J. SMITH, transferred to V. R. C. for wound at Gettysburg; date of transfer not reported.
- JOSEPH SCHINDLER, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- FERDINAND SCHUMACHER, mustered out with band Aug. 4, 1864.
- ORBAGAST VOLLMER, died at Washington, D. C., Dec. 20, 1862; disease.
- GEORGE VUNDER, mustered out Sept. 1, 1864.
- FERDINAND WINDER, discharged Dec., 1862, for wounds at Antietam.
- THOMAS S. WELDON, wounded at Gettysburg; veteran.
- RANSOM WALLACE, veteran.
- GEORGE YOCHIRIN, killed at Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9, 1862.

RECRUITS.

ANTHONY BERGER, mustered in Feb. 24, 1862.

JOHN E. GARDNER, mustered in March 28, 1864; discharged for wounds; date of discharge or place wounded not reported.

LEANDER JERGER, mustered in Feb. 24, 1862; promoted second lieutenant at once; promoted first lieutenant July 1, 1864; mustered out Nov. 4, 1864.

JOHN CONRAD, killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.

KILLED AND MORTALLY WOUNDED.

WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA, MAY 25, 1862.

Company A, Corporal Jacob Michael; Company C, Edward Quillen; Company D, Henry Albright, Adam Schardein.

CEDAR MOUNTAIN, VIRGINIA, AUGUST 9, 1862.

Company A, Orderly Sergeant William Allen; Sergeant Noah Allee, Richard A. Proctor; Company B, William R. Carson; Company D, Bloomfield Beavers, John H. Culbertson; Company E, Sergeant Thomas Hill, Corporal John Jones, Philip Ross, John B. Jones; Company I, First Lieutenant George W. Reed, Thomas Deveireaux, Charles Lewis, Henry Lewis, George D. Martin, John W. Martin, Abraham Swartz, David Tuggall; Company K, Bernard Hock, George Yochirn.

ANTIETAM, MARYLAND, SEPTEMBER 17, 1862.

Company A, Second Lieutenant William Van Arsdol, Jasper Hadden, John W. Hansel, John Layton; Company B, Joseph C. Hanna; Company C, First Lieutenant Jacob A. Lee, Color Sergeant Lewis D. Payne, Corporal John Louis, Emanuel Fulp, John Gardner, Martin Layman, John H. Parr; Company D, Joseph Fiddler, Elias Grace, John A. Henshaw, William H. Smith, Eldridge Williams; Company E, James Herrinshaw, Nathan Logan, Franklin Smith; Company F, Captain Peter Kopp, Alfred L. Cantwell, John Gillespie; Company G, William J. Hensley, Robert McLaughlin; Company H, Luther Beadle, William Deputy, Samuel S. Lem-

ming; Company I, Corporal Robert L. Good, Carmen Newman, Robert W. Faith; Company K, Corporal Gregory Haller, John Conrad, James Duffey, Joseph Evans.

CHANCELLORSVILLE, VIRGINIA, MAY 3, 1863.

Company A, First Lieutenant Simpson S. Hamrick, Sergeant James Ballard, Corporal William O. Kenyon, James De Witt; Company B, William B. Matthews, Samuel Todd, James Wagoner; Company C, Sergeant Washington Doren, Corporal Jerome Sims, Corporal John Zigler, Corporal John Runkle, William Sandifer; Company D, Captain John A. Cassady, Edward M. Cavins, George W. Donica, William Lewis, William E. Mulky; Company E, Joseph Carroll, Hilliard G. Baldwin, Solomon Cox; Company F, Second Lieutenant Isaac Van Buskirk, Joseph Trollinger, William Williams, Alfred Wilson; Company G, Sergeant James H. Terhune, Asa B. Terhune, Thomas Hillman; Company H, James Booher, William H. Farthing, Robert McClannahan; Company I, Thomas J. Dodson, John S. McMannis, Joseph W. Smith, David B. McDonald; Company K, Second Lieutenant Julian F. Hoffer, Xavier Donhauer, James H. Kemp, Andrew Schuble.

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, JULY 3, 1863.

Company A, Corporal Christopher C. Showalter, George Bales, Thaddeus Hunt, Charles E. Wishmeyer; Company B, Corporal Elisha Guthry; Company C, James A. Alexander, Daniel Colvin, Jesse Wells; Company D, Sergeant Stephen J. Reyburn, Sergeant Elijah Tummy, Thomas Hall, Samuel R. Lewis, Josephus D. Lynn, Peter Umphress, Laban Williams; Company E, James M. Chapman, William H. Wilson; Company F, Sergeant Isaac McKnight, Abraham Lister; Company G, Sergeant John P. Fletcher, L. C. Anthrum, D. T. David, Lyfus Holt; Company H, Sergeant George W. Batchelor, Thomas J. Lett; Company I, Sergeant Joseph Gilmore, Ira Hunt; Company K, Sergeant Conrad Mehne, Jacob Gardner, Abednego Innman, William Monroe, John Noble, Eli Stollcup, Frederick W. Schmidt.

RESACA, GEORGIA, MAY 15, 1864.

Company A, Henry A. Moyees; Company B, Anderson Dickert; Company E, Thomas B. Gregory, John R. Keller;

Company F, George Edwards, Reuben Hendrickson; Company G, Francis Betchman; Company H, John Meek; Company I, First Lieutenant George T. Chapin, Hamilton H. Asher; Company K, Barney Cullen.

NEW HOPE CHURCH, GEORGIA, MAY 25, 1864.

Company B, William Hanna, William J. Flynn; Company C, Sergeant William Beeson; Company H, Albert E. Ammons; Company I, John W. Patrick, Manford Kutch; Company K, John Donnelly.

PEACH TREE CREEK, GEORGIA, JULY 20, 1864, AND SIEGE OF ATLANTA.

Company B, George W. Stout, George W. Herendon; Company E, John Webber, James Lashley; Company F, Thomas F. Pratt; Company G, John K. Whetstine; Company H, William Statton.

AT VARIOUS PLACES.

John Cheatham, Company C, on picket, Smithfield, Va.; William B. Atchinson, Company D, Mississippi Flotilla, Jan. 15, 1862; James Dillon, Company K, Harpers Ferry, Va., May 29, 1864.

DIED OF DISEASE, ACCIDENT, ETC.

COMPANY A.

James Allen, Alliance, Ohio, Sept. 16, 1861, railroad accident; Benjamin F. Crose, April, 1863, place not stated, disease; Charles W. Gibbons, Baltimore, Md., June 19, 1863, small pox; Jessie Jackson, Winchester, Va., March 27, 1862, pneumonia; Sylvester Layton, Annapolis, Md., Dec. 22, 1862, cause not stated; Jessie C. McCoy, Fredrick, Md., March 12, 1862, cause not stated; John J. Palmer, Darnestown, Md., Nov. 12, 1861, typhoid fever; Charles R. Rawlings, Darnestown, Md., Nov. 20, 1861, typhoid fever; David Steward, Smoketown, Md., date not stated, general debility; William Turner, Fredrick, Md., Feb. 24, 1862, cause not stated; Earl Moore, Fairfax Station, Va., Jan. 14, 1863, disease.

COMPANY B.

Stephen Bordman, Nov. 12, 1861, place not stated, disease; Benjamin F. Chestnut, Nov. 7, 1861, place not stated,

measles; George E. Davis, Dec. 12, 1861, disease, place not stated; Joshua Gaugh, Philadelphia, Penn., May 14, 1862, disease; Willis Hubbard, died while a prisoner, Belle Isle, Va., Aug., 1862; Isaiah Hoverstock, Stafford Court House, Va., 1863, date and cause not stated; Pierson Wagley, Darnestown, Md., Dec., 1861, disease; Charles U. Carroll, near Atlanta, Ga., Aug., 1864, disease; Joseph Richardson, Dam No. 4, Md., Dec., 1862, disease; John S. Hackler, 1861, measles, place and date not stated; Green Overton, Indianapolis, Ind., Aug., 1861, before muster in.

COMPANY C.

Joseph Aikens, Fredrick, Md., Jan. 4, 1862, disease; John Acton, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 28, 1861, disease; Godfrey Baker, Fredrick, Md., Jan. 1, 1862, disease; Henry Crawford, Kelley's Ford, Va., Sept. 1863, disease; William Cline, Darnestown, Md., Nov. 18, 1861, measles; William G. Evans, Strasburg, Va., May 21, 1862, disease; Joseph Garrison, Fredrick, Md., Jan. 29, 1862, disease; Jasper Nugent, Stafford Court House, Va., Feb. 16, 1863, disease; Luthur Windship, Fredrick, Md., Dec. 31, 1861, disease; James Elliott, Stevenson, Ala, March 14, 1864, disease; William Treadway, in prison Andersonville, Ga., exposure and starvation.

COMPANY D.

Second Lieutenant Meridith W. Leach, Camp Halleck, Md., Dec., 1861, disease; Second Lieutenant Daniel R. Conrad, Camp Halleck, Md., Jan., 1862, pneumonia; Corporal Samuel F. Kern, Camp Halleck, Md., Feb. 1, 1862, pneumonia; Enoch Anderson, July 11, 1863, place and cause not stated; John Bowden, Feb. 5, 1862, place and cause not stated; John Brothers, Jan. 2, 1862, disease, place not stated; David Carter, Evansville, Ind., July 10, 1864, disease; Perry Davis, disease, place and date not stated; Peter Isaac, Lynchburg, Va., July 28, 1862, hardships of prison life; Wesley Slider, April 3, 1863, disease, place not stated; Nathan Tinder, Feb. 11, 1862, disease, place not stated; Adam Williams, December 9, 1861, disease, place not stated; John Younger, Lynchburg, Va., Sept. 10, 1862, prison hardships; Michael Seegar, June 27, 1862, place and cause not stated.

COMPANY E.

Sergeant Patrick Curley, Washington, D. C., Nov. 11, 1862, prison hardships; William C. Boyd, Lynchburg, Va., date not reported, prison hardships; Lewis Clark, Alexandria, Va., Dec. 11, 1863, cause not reported; Benjamin T. Gregory, Washington, D. C., Dec. 7, 1862, prison hardships; William Gainor, Frederick, Md., Dec., 1861, disease; George Gesler, on his way home, date and cause not reported; Joseph Hawkins, Williamsport, Md., Dec. 2, 1862, disease; George W. Honey, Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 14, 1864, disease; Henry Huskes, Washington, D. C., Sept. 12, 1862, disease; Thomas Layton, place not stated, Dec. 9, 1862, disease; John J. Williams, Darnestown, Md., Nov. 9, 1861, disease; Ivy (or Ira) Wilson, Winchester, Va., March 21, 1862, disease.

COMPANY F.

George W. Goins, Feb. 27, 1862, disease, place not reported; William Brown, Darnestown, Md., date not reported, disease; William Barnes, Darnestown, Md., date not reported, disease; Benjamin V. Campbell, Camp Halleck, Md., date not reported, disease; Jessee K. Denney, Berryville, Va., 1862, disease, precise date not reported; Martin O'Connell, Chattahoochee River, Ga., disease, date not reported; Henry Sipes, Nov. 23, 1861, measles, place not reported; Robert M. Tatlock, Fredrick, Md., disease, date not reported; John Thomas, died on his way home, disease, date and place not reported; Benjamin White, disease, date and place not reported.

COMPANY G.

Corporal Morris Beavers, Camp Halleck, Md., Dec. 20, 1861, disease; Erasmus Davenport, Frederick, Md., Dec., 1861, disease; James Davenport, Baltimore, Md., Oct., 1862, disease; Jephtha Engle, believed to have died of disease, but place and date unknown; Henry Fry, died while a prisoner, date and place unknown; Henry J. Fleenor, known to have died of disease, but place and date not reported; Corporal Samuel W. Fleenor, Darnestown, Md., Sept. 18, 1861, disease; William Gladden, Frederick, Md., Jan. 11, 1862, disease; Charles Horner, near Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 1, 1864, disease; George W. Kane, Frederick, Md., date and cause not stated; John Lester, Frederick, Md., Jan., 1862, disease; John

Robison, Camp Jo Holt, Oct. 31, 1861, disease; Charles Robison, in prison Richmond, Va., July, 1862, hardships; J. M. Wright, in prison Richmond, Va., July, 1862, prison hardships; William Mathews, Frederick, Md., date and cause not reported.

COMPANY H.

Sergeant Newton H. Fitzgerald, Fort Monroe, Va., date not stated, prison hardships; William R. Adams, Alexandria, Va., Jan., 1862, nostalgia; Green Bias, Frederick, Md., Jan. 11, 1862, pneumonia; Calvin Brooks, Winchester, Va., March, 1862, fever; John M. Brower, Fort Delaware, Del., Oct. 22, 1862, prison hardships; William H. Chambers, Alexandria, Va., April 25, 1864, disease; Henry Deputy, Frederick, Md., Jan. 12, 1862, consumption; Martin F. Hall, Washington, D. C., Nov. 21, 1862, prison hardships; Harvey B. Hill, killed in railroad accident Dec. 7, 1861, place not reported; Oren E. Jayne, Frederick, Md., Jan. 22, 1862, consumption; Richard Muster, near Pittsburg, Penn., date not reported, railroad accident; Patrick Murphy, Lynchburg, Va., date not reported, prison exposure; Parker Truelock, Winchester, Va., April 18, 1862, fever; John W. Walton, Lynchburg, Va., July, 1862, prison exposure; James R. Baldwin, Jeffersonville, Ind., Oct. 11, 1864, cause not reported; Granville Holt, Maryland Heights, Md., disease, date not reported.

COMPANY I.

Cyrus Alexander, Maryland Heights, Md., Oct. 22, 1862, disease; James A. Grimes, Strasburg, Va., May 22, 1862, disease; John Hussey, Philadelphia, Pa., April 22, 1862, disease; Marion Harris, Darnestown, Md., Dec. 1, 1861, disease; Walter Logan, Berryville, Va., April 1, 1862, measles; Samuel Pickens, Jeffersonville, Ind., July 22, 1864, disease; Henry B. Thomas, Maryland Heights, Md., Sept. 28, 1862, disease.

COMPANY K.

Sergeant Joseph Mehringer, Jan., 1862, disease, place not stated; William Suddeth, June 9, 1862, disease, place not stated; David Bradley, Chattanooga, Tenn., June 20, 1864, disease; James A. Cooper, Frederick, Md., Jan. 22, 1862, disease; Ferdinand Oestich, Oct., 1862, place and cause not reported; Richard Suddeth, Darnestown, Md., Nov., 1861.

disease; Orbagast Vollmer, Washington, D. C., Dec. 20, 1862, disease.

WOUNDED, BUT NOT MORTALLY.

This is not a complete list. There are very few names, if any, on this list, that should not be upon it, great care being exercised in that respect. But it has been impossible to get a full list of the wounded.

Field and staff, Colonel Silas Colgrove, Chancellorsville and Peach Tree Creek.

Company B, at Buckton, Va., May 23, 1862; William L. Allen, James P. P. Denton, James O. Loughlin, Daniel L. McCarter, Charles W. Stanley, John Sparks, Corporal John Russell, Corporal Elisha Guthry.

WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA, MAY 25, 1862.

Company A, Captain John W. Wilcoxon; Company C, Emanuel Fulp. John K. McCaskey, Ira Kyle; Company D, Eli Clampitt; Company E, Sergeant Patrick Curley; Company F; Captain Peter Kopp, George Edwards, William W. Edwards, H. S. Gabbert, Franklin Lemmons; Company H, W. W. Fitzgerald, Adam Bias, Patrick Murphy, Griffith Ogden, James M. Richards; Company K, Captain R. M. Wellman, Fredolin Hager, Paul Geppner, Joseph Schroeder.

CEDAR MOUNTAIN, VIRGINIA, AUGUST 9, 1862.

Company A, Corporal Emanuel Nicewander, William Dodson, Simpson Evans; Charles W. Gibbons, Evan T. Grider, Charles Wishmeyer; Company B, George M. Critchlow; Company C, Emanuel Fulp; Company D, Lieutenant Thomas J. Box, Sergeant Silas W. Whitler, Corporal Austin N. Wilder, Elijah I. Crawford, Clemmens Johnson; Company E, Captain G. W. Burge, Corporal Abner McDonald, Seth White; Company G, Sergeant Charles A. Kelso, Joseph Stimson; Company H, Phillip Cox, Francis Dooley, William Francis, Nicholas Warner; Company I, Captain Tighlman H. Nance; Company K, Sergeant John B. Melchoir, Corporal Conrad Eckert, Celestine Eckert, Bernard Knust, John Meister.

ANTIETAM, MARYLAND.

Company A, Captain J. W. Wilcoxon, Lieutenant Samuel D. Porter, Sergeant Filburd S. Wright, Corporal James

Ballard, Corporal Charles M. Bowen, Corporal Spencer Monnett, Corporal C. C. Showalter, Corporal Marion J. Allee, John Bresnahan, William H. Brann, Francis Butler, James M. Foss, Eri A. Gambold, Philip A. Fair, Henry A. Moyers, Henry Rutherford, James S. Steel, Henry Squire, Harrison Young; Company B, Daniel L. Arford, William J. Flynn, Levi F. Faith, George W. Herronden, Hiram Kinneman, James O. Laughlin, William Laux, Daniel S. McCarter, Rezin Sumner, Charles Combs, Sanford H. Shively, John R. Laughlin, John Hubbard, William Shively, Andrew J. Williams, Russell Davis, Henry Graun; Company C, Joseph Applegate, James A. Alexander, M. S. Brown, E. R. Brown, James H. Bass, James Bradburn, Thomas Browning, John Bargman, Stark Cutsinger, John Dinn, William Doyle, George East, William Frye, John Hand, E. C. Jones, Ira Kyle, Jasper N. Layman, Allen Oaks, David Parker, Nathan Richardson, John Runkle, Edwin Spurgin, Ephraim Sholl, John Treadway, William Wayland, David Wayland, George W. Weir, James C. Rouse, John Wells; Company D, Sergeant John Palmer, Sergeant Stephen J. Rayburn, Corporal Austin N. Wilder, Corporal John Bridwell, Corporal Daniel B. Williams, James Burk, Francis M. Douglas, Christopher C. Fiddler, William Fiddler, Daniel Phillips, George W. Phillips, Joseph E. Myers; Company E, Lieutenant James Stephens, Sergeant B. M. Clark, Corporal R. R. Bratton, Daniel Alton, J. A. Davis, Edwin Freeman, John C. Fitzgerald, Martin V. Gilly, William Hennig, William S. Jones, Joseph R. Jones, Andrew Langton, Erastus Lane, John Murat, Josiah Robinson, Elijah H. Tummy, Amos White, John Chapman; Company F, Lieutenant J. D. McKahin, Sergeant John M. Bloss, Sergeant James Campbell, Corporal Joseph V. Kenton, Thomas Ard, Calvin Arthur, James S. Arthur, Joshua Bunnell, John Campbell, Dawson Denney, William W. Edwards, William Eads, Thomas M. Gascon, William H. Gillaspie, James B. Gillaspie, Henry C. Gabbert, Tighlman H. Gentry, Howard H. Hensley, Philip McMannus, Thomas McGinnis, Francis Ottwell, James Sherman, Joshua Tatlock, David B. Vance, Samuel R. Vinson, Henry Van Voorst, John Williams, John Weaver, Barton W. Mitchell; Company G, Elijah Baker, Jacob C. Fisher, James J. Lane, Timothy L. Pratt; Company H, Corporal Volney Walton, Corporal Alonzo Olmstead, Corporal Jonathan Baker, John

Beadle, George W. Beasley, Henry Brathouse, Austin Dunlap, Thomas Dorset, Joshua L. Foster, Emanuel C. Jones, Enoch Layton, Dennis W. Ogden, Orren Shepherd, Samuel H. Steel, Joseph W. Tobias, Perry Booher; Company I, Lieutenant George T. Chapin, Corporal Isaac Haddin, Corporal John B. Clapsaddle, John Q. Adams, Lewis W. DeWenter, William L. Douglas, Henry Eaken, John L. Gilmore, James M. Hall, George Lawrence, Joseph W. Smith, John Scott, Alfred A. Keck, Sergeant James F. Nosler, Ira Hunt, Thaddeus M. Nance, Reuben Newman, William H. Storms; Company K, Corporal David Burger, F. A. Semmersheim, Edward Duffy, John E. Gardner, William Harbison, Bernard Kunst, Henry Longe, Adison Padget, John Seifert, Ferdinand Winder.

CHANCELLORSVILLE, VIRGINIA.

Company A, Corporal Marion J. Allee, John Bresnahan, Hiram Busby, Valentine T. Proctor, Henry Squire, William W. Warner, Elijah H. Wilkinson; Company B, Lieutenant William Hubbard, Sergeant Ira Brashears, Robert Herron, Hiram Horrall; Company C, Captain Josiah C. Williams, Lieutenant Roger S. Loughery, Sergeant Isaac D. Harter, Sergeant John Q. A. Carvin, Corporal William Beeson, Corporal Samuel Beemer, Joshua Chambers, William Green, Daniel Greer, J. E. Hart, Jasper N. Layman, Morgan Pitcher, Louis Smith, James Dinn, John B. Vancheif, Merrick S. Brown, John Joyce, Thomas J. Acton, David Wayland, Edmund C. Jones, John Elliott, John Young, William Treadway; Company D, James Alexander, Jonathan A. Cooper; Company E, Captain George W. Fesler, Abaslon McDonald, Henry C. Austin, A. J. Arnold, Washington Akester, Joseph D. Barber, David Brown, David Everhart, Job Gilly, John Jackson, Andrew Langton, Samuel Weever, Charles H. Weever, Geo. W. White, Amos White, Corporal William Wagoner, Corporal John G. Wallace, John Bonner, James M. Bomer; Company F, Thomas Ard, William C. Rilly, Henry Van Voorst, Christopher Sneider; Company G, Lieutenant James E. White, James P. Kelso, Jacob Gilmore; Aaron Fleenor; Company H, Lieutenant Stephen D. Lyon, James M. Fowler, James Todd, Nicholas Warner; Company I, Corporal James Steers, Lee Hazelwood, Reuben Newman, Warren Perry, John Howard; Company K, Captain Stephen Jerger, Ser-

geant George Mehringer, Corporal Frederick Vogel, John Ackerman, Conrad Beck, John Tuhrman, Leonard Haller, Harry Kunkler, John H. Lansford, Michael Leikauff, Adison Padget, Paul Schmidt, Peter Seibel.

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

Company A, Lieutenant John R. Rankin, Corporal Marion J. Allee, Corporal George Tincher, Samuel Fellows, Thomas Wells; Company B, Captain John W. Thornburg, Lieutenant Thomas W. Cosey, Wm. N. Flinn, Levi F. Faith, David L. McCarter, Michael Keller; Company C, Allen Aperson, Elon Andrews, James Bradburn, Corporal George East, Sergeant Robert L. Foster, Jacob Fillman, John Hand, David Parker, Corporal Levi W. Willis; Company D, Captain T. J. Box, Lieutenant Joseph Balsley, Sergeant George W. Stephenson, Corporal Samuel B. Williams, Sergeant Benj. F. Kilgore, Rufus Williams, James M. Seibert, John P. Garrett; Company E, Captain George L. Fesler, Sergeant B. M. Clark, Sergeant W. P. Ellis, Sergeant R. R. Bratton, Corporal John G. Wallace, Corporal William Wagner, Henry C. Austin, A. J. Arnold, Thomas A. Kester, James B. Boyd, William Doan, James Lashley, Samuel T. Osman, Samuel S. Weever; Company F, Sergeant Joseph Kenton, Sergeant James G. Baker, John Groves, Reuben Hendrickson, W. H. Hushaw, Samuel Holler, Franklin Lemons, Peter Ryan; Company G, John Atkins, Alexander Andrews, Christopher Melton, Robert Melton, Nathan Terhune, William J. Wells, William Weekly, George Kent; Company H, Captain Joseph Balsley, Color-sergeant John L. Files, Corporal Zoda Butler, Francis Dooley, Andrew Jones, Lewis King, John E. Lett, John Muster, Olliver Shepherd, Harland Anderson, James R. Baldwin, Franklin Garsage; Company I, Lieutenant John K. McCasky, John Hickson, Reuben Lucas; Company K, First Lieutenant John Haberle, Corporal Andrew Streigel, Corporal James C. Thomas, Corporal Gregory Haller, Corporal F. A. Sermersheim, Thomas Evans, Edward Evans, Benj. D. Kemp, David B. Kemp, Joseph Schroeder, John J. Smith.

RESACA, GEORGIA.

Company A, Corporal Marion J. Allee, Joseph H. Smith, Elijah H. Wilkinson; Company B, Sergeant Peter Ragle, Sergeant Michael Wallack, Corporal Abner Wilson; Com-

pany C, John Hinchee, John Joyce, George W. McGaffick, Charles F. Plymate; Company D, Lieutenant George W. Stephenson, James M. Johnson, Samuel Simpson, William H. Stephenson, John L. Asher, Charles M. Ash, Benjamin F. Kilgore; Company E, Sergeant W. P. Ellis, Sergeant R. R. Bratton, Sergeant David Everheart, Corporal James H. Dougherty, John Jackson, John Murat, James Maxwell, Samuel S. Weever, Jordan Welsh, Corporal John G. Wallace, Jeffrey J. Cox, Philip Osman, Andrew White, James S. Boyd; Company F, David Cook, Henry Van Voorst, Sergeant John Van Buskirk, John Weaver, Captain John M. Bloss, John Campbell, Franklin Lemon, Enoch Richardson, James D. Sherman; Company G, James Jacobs; Company H, Allen Bryant, Joshua Deputy, Thomas Hunt, Francis M. James; Company K, Corporal Andrew Streigel, John Mathias, Christian Schraker.

NEW HOPE CHURCH, GEORGIA.

Company A, Sergeant J. B. Gambold, James F. Hardin, William Stewart; Company B, James P. P. Denton, George W. Gore; Company C, Orderly-Sergeant Robert L. Foster, Daniel Greer, Edwin Spurgeon; Company D, Edward E. Reynolds, Rufus Williams; Company E, Captain James Stephens, William S. Jones, William H. Mears, Nelson Purcell, Seth White, Marion McAdams, Daniel Moucham, Robert R. Marshall, William Stipps; Company F, Captain John M. Bloss, Corporal M. H. Van Buskirk, Martin Hoover, John Larkins, George Welch; Company G, George Pate, Aaron Allen; Company H, Corporal William Cunliff, Adam Brower, Phillip Cox, Thomas Dorset; Company K, Paul Gepner, John E. Gardner, John H. Lansford.

PEACH TREE CREEK AND ATLANTA.

Company A, Corporal Marion J. Allee, Henry Squire, William Dodson, Noah J. Palmer; Company B, Alonzo Bugher, Richard Trueblood, Alexander Callahan; Company E, Sergeant David Everheart, Joseph D. Barber, Jackson Hopper, John Murat, Berry Street, Corporal William Wagoner; Company F, Orderly Sergeant Calvin Arthur, Daniel Burk; Company G, George W. Prosser; Company H, James M. Richards; Company K, Corporal August Donnerman, Lawrence Offer, Celestine Eckert, Bernard Knust.

AT VARIOUS PLACES.

Lieutenant Samuel D. Porter, Company A, Elk River, Tenn.; Benjamin Arthur, Newtown, Va., May 24, 1862; Robert Crays, on picket, Strasburg, Va., May, 1862; Emanuel McCane, place and date not reported; Ira Kyle, Front Royal, Va., July 3, 1862.

PRISONERS

A list of those taken prisoner as far as reported. Evidently not a complete list.

Surgeon J. J. Johnson, remained at hospital at Winchester; Assistant Surgeon G. V. Woollen, remained at hospital at Culpeper.

COMPANY A.

Captured at Winchester, Woodson Bryant, Hiram Busby, James DeWitt, Sylvester Layton, Noah J. Palmer, Patrick Ryan, Thomas Wells. Captured at Cedar Mountain, Earl Moore.

COMPANY B.

Captured at Buckton, Captain W. E. Davis, Corporal, John Russell, Corporal Michael Wallack, Jonas Davis, Willis Hubbard, William Laux, William B. Mathews, John W. Sharum, John Sparks, John Moratta. Captured at Winchester, Bartlett O'Callahan, Charles W. Stanley.

COMPANY C.

Captured at Smithfield, William Devit. Captured at Winchester, Corporal William Beeson. Captured at Chancellorsville, Lieutenant R. S. Loughery, Joshua Chambers. Captured at New Hope Church, William Treadway.

COMPANY D.

Captured at Winchester, Elihu Clampitt, Peter Isaac, John Younger. Captured at Cedar Mountain, Lieutenant Thomas J. Box.

COMPANY E.

Captured at Winchester, Sergeant Patrick Curley, Corporal Charles H. Weaver, A. J. Arnold, David Brown, James B. Boyd, William C. Boyd, Joseph Carroll, Benjamin T. Gregory, Samuel S. Weaver, George W. White.

COMPANY F.

Captured at Winchester, Captain David Van Buskirk, Corporal M. H. Van Buskirk, Benjamin F. Bourne, David Cook, George Edwards, Michael Healey, John Larkins, Abraham Luyster.

COMPANY G.

Captured at Winchester, Alexander Andrews, Elisha Bailey, Henry Fry, Charles Horner, Thomas Kephart, Joseph McClain, Charles Robison, Samuel Tomey, J. M. Wright, George Werner.

COMPANY II.

Captured at Winchester, Lieutenant Stephen D. Lyon, Sergeant George W. Batchelor, Corporal Adam Brower, Adam Bias, John Brown, Reuben Holbrook, Martin F. Hall, John M. McConnell, Patrick Murphy, James M. Richards, John W. Walton. Captured at Cedar Mountain, Corporal N. W. Fitzgerald.

COMPANY I.

Captured at Winchester, Amos Kersey.

COMPANY K.

Captured at Winchester, H. K. Hendrickson.

VETERANS.

COMPANY A.

Corporal Joseph N. Bill, Corporal Marion J. Allee, Corporal George Tincher, William Bales, Woodson Bryant, William Dodson, William Elliott, Eri A. Gambold, David Hansell, James F. Hardin, Lindsey Lamb, John Lewis, William McGrew, John B. Prichard, John L. Messler, Henry Squire, Samuel J. Waln, W. W. Warner, Elijah H. Wilkinson.

COMPANY B.

Sergeant John E. Hayes, Sergeant Peter Ragle, Thomas Anderson, Enoch M. Bruner, Thomas R. Bruner, George M. Critchlow, Alexander Callahan, William Cox, Jonas Davis, James P. P. Denton, William M. Flinn, Levi F. Faith, George W. Gore, Andrew J. Keller, Andrew J. Williams, Michael Keller.

COMPANY C.

Orderly Sergeant R. L. Foster, Corporal John B. Van Cleif, James Dinn, William Fry, John Hinchee, George W. McGaffick, Charles F. Plymate, John Young.

COMPANY D.

Corporal John Reed, Corporal William H. Stephenson, James Burk, William D. Steel, Abram Waughtell.

COMPANY E.

Orderly Sergeant B. M. Clark, Sergeant Robert R. Bratton, Sergeant David Everheart, Corporal James H. Dougherty, Henry C. Austin, Andrew J. Arnold, Washington Akester, David Brown, James M. Bomer, Joseph A. Davis, James Edward, John B. Boyd, Martin V. Gilley, Joseph R. Jones, John Jackson, John Lattimore, Robert R. Marshall, John F. Palmer, Nelson Purcell, James B. L. Shepherd, John A. Thomas, Samuel S. Weaver, Samuel F. Webber, Jordon Welch, Charles H. Weaver, John G. Wallace.

COMPANY F.

Corporal John Groves, Franklin Lemmon, William H. Hushaw.

COMPANY G.

Aaron Allen, Isaac Brown, Elisha Bailey, Henry C. Bevan, William J. Blue, Robert W. Coffee, James H. Caywood, Corporal Samuel O. Fletcher, Marshall Gardner, Emery Howell, Noah P. Hillman, Peter D. Jacobs, John H. Thompson, William Weekly.

COMPANY H.

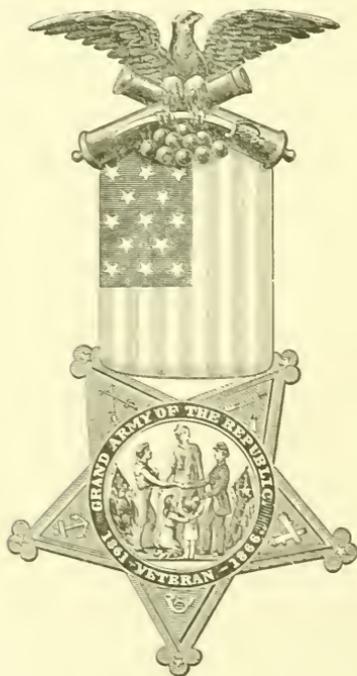
Sergeant George W. Coons, Corporal Volney Walton, Corporal Alonzo Olmstead, Adam Bias, Allen Bryant, Phillip Cox, Sergeant Henry A. Farris, Reuben Holbrook, Griffin Stradley, Corporal William Muster.

COMPANY I.

Sergeant Lewis P. Stone, Corporal Hamilton Asher, Lee Hazlewood, John C. Heath, John Hixon, John Howard, George Lawrence, Thaddeus M. Nance, Reuben Newman, Michael McKinney, James Parsons, John W. Patrick, John Scott, William R. Hale, James Stevens.

COMPANY K.

Ordely Sergeant Joseph Roelle, Sergeant Frederick Gitter, Sergeant F. X. Sermersheim, Reinhart Rich, John Ackerman, James Burton, Edward Duffey, August Donnerman, Celestine Eckert, Benjamin F. Kemp, Joseph Reis, George W. Stringer, Ransom Wallace.



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